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The Battle of the Star
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair beautifully curly in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winifred Balston

From the day we started to school, Charity Whitlon and I used to meet in the old room of the room, and I never saw her anything else until that day. She had been in the habit of giving me something to use on my hair, and I was very happy to have her now. On one of the days that I knew her, she gave me a new bottle of Spanish Liquid.

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Mayfield faced a little old house, where I often went to see my aunt. When I was little, Charity, always occupied the room at the rear of the house, and I used to look out for her at the window. I always dropped some change in her hat when she was out and she never seemed to know who was giving."

"One day before I was leaving her, she gave me a gold coin in his

New Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and moulting problem at a price that covers the cost of posing, advertising, and selling. It's perfect for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your "bob." 20 minutes drying and presto! You have a mass of beautiful ringlets, waves and curls. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
Illinois at LaSalle Street, Chicago
Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon.

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Chicago, III.

Gentlemen: Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of $1.50, plus a few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly satisfied with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name
Address
Town

NOTE: If you are not satisfied with the postal parcel, $2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.
PARAMOUNT
greater than ever
in 1928! . . . . . .

"Beau Geste," "Chang," "Underworld," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wings"—only a few of the high spots but enough to show that 1927 was Paramount's year by a wide margin. Now look at 1928!

These eight are only the start! Then there are Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Thomas Meighan, George Bancroft, Esther Ralston, Florence Vidor and the rest!

Paramount will be greater than ever in 1928! Because only Paramount is making pictures for this "new world" with stars attuned to these changing times! See them or you miss the best screen entertainment of 1928!

Paramount Pictures
Just What Does Fame Amount To?

GLORIA SWANSON, high priestess of its glamour, tells also of its disillusionments in the next number of Picture Play. You will admit that she knows her subject, for no star has tasted the sweets of greater success, nor has any star been more beset by the problems of maintaining the stellar position than Miss Swanson. Nor, we may add, of rising above the rumors and gossip that have followed every step she has taken toward the topmost rung of the ladder of success. In this extraordinarily candid interview will be found something to interest every fan, while Miss Swanson's own adherents will find their idol revealed as never before.

Other Revelations in the April Picture Play will include Virginia Morris' delightful "Memoirs of a Fan," in which this popular writer gives early impressions of certain stars before they became famous. Dorothy Mackaill discusses with Myrtle Gehart the Hollywood personality, that picturesque composite of clothes, manners, conversation, and interests, which has evolved from the continuous display of success in the motion-picture colony. This is a most unusual story. Margaret Reid tells, in her customary authoritative fashion, all about the vaudeville engagements which many of the stars are filling nowadays. William H. McKeeg gives his impressions of the new picture on which Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are working, and Malcolm H. Oettinger contributes, as usual, an interview which is sure to arouse controversy. All in all, next month's Picture Play will fairly bristle with interest and "aliveness."
For Your Entertainment—
The Following Pathe-De Mille Studio Productions

“CHICAGO”
Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. A giddy wife who tries to fool her husband, does fool a jury, but doesn’t get away with it after all. From the stage success by Maurine Watkins. Directed by Frank Urson. Easily the sensation of 1928.

“THE BLUE DANUBE”
Leatrice Joy; with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. All the romance that’s in the famous waltz. Austria, land of lovely ladies, where romance is a delight and an art. . . Paul Sloane, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“STAND AND DELIVER”
Rod La Rocque; picturesque, keen, sparkling. He fought—he had to. He hated, for it was natural. He loved, for what an alluring girl she was! A Donald Crisp Production, Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“SKYSCRAPER”
William Boyd; fresh from his success in “Dress Parade” is a riot as a roughneck riveter. Laughs and love in a delectable drama. Howard Higgin, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“HOLD ‘EM, YALE”
Rod La Rocque; a drama of youth, joyous, likeable, unrestrained. E. H. Griffith, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

“THE NIGHT FLYER”
William Boyd; a railroad drama that’s an entertainment special straight through to the trans-continental popularity terminal. What a succession of successes for this engaging young star! Walter Lang, Director, James Cruze, Supervisor.

“MIDNIGHT MADNESS”
Jacqueline Logan, with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. Its very title reeks of strange people, mystery, suspense! Harmon Weight, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

“THE LEOPARD LADY”
What the Fans Think

Does Paramount "Kill" Stars?

PARAMOUNT has become the "killer" of stars—and their worst crime, has been the killing of Pola Negri as a star. Recently I noticed a beautiful front-page picture of Pola in a newspaper. The accompanying new item explained that upon the expiration of Miss Negri's contract, Paramount will not renew it, due to the fact that lately she has not been the drawing card of her early American years. Also, this would place her in the ranks of the has-beens. To Paramount I would say, is it any wonder your stars "die," when you consider the screen material given them?

Wallace Reid was on the verge of being "killed" at the time of his death, due to the namby-pamby stories Paramount gave him. What happened to those Realart stars—Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Mary Miles Minter, and the rest? They all passed out because Realart was more or less of a passing fancy of Paramount. Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Warner Baxter, Betty Bronson, Alice Brady, Lila Lee, Dorothy Dalton, all excellent star material, "died" because of the dictatorship of Paramount.

Very soon Paramount will realize that they themselves are slipping, if they have not already read the handwriting on the wall. Valentino's fight with them is proof of the pudding. The fact that they are offering two-reel comedies and a news-reel is evidence to me that Paramount has slipped from its high horse. Not that this is a disgrace, because other large concerns have been and are doing it, but Paramount, due to its exclusive production of feature photoplays and specials in past years, has always seemed to me everything that its trade-mark implied: Paramount—above par. But not any longer. In their efforts to commercialize art, they have overlooked talent and ability.

Florence Vidor evidently did not turn out to be another Gloria Swanson; Betty Bronson never was star material—they should have known that—Clara Bow won't last, either; her stuff is a rehash of Realart material. You can't blame Lois Wilson for quitting. Bebe Daniels proved a good sport, but her pictures are again falling back into their old rut. Consider "Swim, Girl, Swim" and "She's a Sheik." "Señorita" was her best, but to Paramount Bebe is a type, not an actress, which I declare is wrong. Thomas Meighan is not an actor, either, any more. He's a problem. There's too much of the Paramount influence in all his pictures, even though it is said he has the upper hand, so far as his productions are concerned. They can get new talent cheaper, it is true, and put it across as well, if not better, than the old, reliable talent. But does the reaction of the public remain the same? The answer is emphatically NO!

Pola Negri, unfortunately under contract to Paramount, naturally comes to such an ultimate conclusion. An ambitious foreigner, she came to this country to establish herself. She was a wonderful actress. She is a wonderful actress, with her emotional powers ever growing. Paramount, in its quest for new and cheaper talent, has ignored the talent of their established stars. Pola Negri suffered not so much from poor stories as she did from neglect. Paramount was too busy bringing trivial players to public notice, so, naturally, we saw a great deal of such players and their reliable talent had to take a back seat. This is dangerous and most unfortunate for any star, but to think that the star of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood" should meet with such a fate is outrageous.

Perhaps it is for the best that Pola does separate from this company. Pola can be independent, now, and she can show Paramount her real worth and what they have missed—that is, if she chooses to join another company.

Edinboro, Pennsylvania,

Novarro Perfect? Well, Nearly.

Quite a few times Ramon Novarro has spent his vacations in New York, but always as he would arrive I would be leaving for the other end of the earth. I had just about resigned myself to the cruel fate which denied me a glimpse of my favorite star, when the improbable happened—both in the same place at the same time!

Have you ever noticed that those whose paths have crossed that of Ramon Novarro always describe his raven locks, his olive complexion, his unassuming manner, the cut of his clothes, etcetera? But his voice, the keynote to his personality—they overlook that!

Somehow voices have always affected me. Ever since babyhood I have catalogued persons according to their voice—the curse of a trained ear, but nothing can irritate me quicker or more thoroughly than an uncultivated voice—a voice shrillish or screechy. Obsession? Quién sabe?
What the Fans Think

Believe me, when Ramon Novarro speaks, the gift of sight is not necessary. You can shut your eyes and see vividly, what he is describing. From his voice you know what he is about, be it gentle or exuberant, feline, quiet, respectful, determined and, above all, an innate gentleman. Oh, yes, he has a decided accent, but don't let this get in the way of the main point. After hearing and seeing him, I shall hereafter believe anything Herbert Howe and others choose to say concerning him.

What did I ask you if Novarro can play the piano? Can Paderewski?

Florence Simon.

New York City.

Some One Please Explain.

I wonder if any of the fans who read your excellent magazine can explain something to me. Why is it that the foreign actors are so much more attractive than the home-grown variety?

Not long ago, the thought occurred to me that the only movie actors in whom I am interested were born in other lands. They are, in the order named—Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Victor Varconi, Carl T. Roland.

In this list we have a Mexican, two Englishmen, a Hungarian and a Spaniard. It seems to me that the American actor to me is only satisfactory and can only be fairly well. And, perhaps, the answer is that the gentlemen of the screen who are born in Fondinck, or New York, are too much like the boy next door to be romantic.

Marie Price.

San Pedro, California.

"The Big Parade" Overrated?

After witnessing what was reputed to be one of the most stupendous motion-picture productions, and also one that was boomed from the four corners of the earth by the purest of intentions, I felt it only just to express my keen disappointment.

It is my personal belief that if ever a film came under the heading of being overrated, that film is "The Big Parade." Had not it been for the gestures, and all around good acting done by Karl Dane, it would have been in my opinion, lacked interest altogether.

I do not wish to pull anything to pieces, but I hate to hear that film classed with such titles as "Once Upon a Time," "Hypocrite" and "Bean Gestic." They were pictures worthy of the name.

Lawrence Boyer.

10 Colton Street, Harpurley, Manchester, England.

Can Olive Borden Act?

I have come to the conclusion, after seeing "The Joy Girl," that Olive Borden has no acting ability. All she did was pose—there wasn't a natural movement about her. She was worth seeing for scenes such as "The Monkey Talks," but they are blasted now. Yet, I really think that if the little lady would come down to earth and be herself, she might gain such faith of opinion of her own importance, it would show in her work. It will be to her advantage the sooner she learns that she is not the "race" or "ancestry" of the screen.

I had occasion to spend a few days in Hollywood, and what amused me most was seeing Olive and her retinue pile out of her big car at the Fox studio. I thought a scene was being taken and looked around for the camera, but the gentleman with me explained the amusing situation. I certainly expected to see a boy in nothing less than Arabian garb, step out next with a marmoset in his charge, but apparently Olive hadn't thought of that.

I should like to have seen the expression on Elinor Patterson's face had she been there, and I felt sure Jerry Miley must have got a kick out of Olive's ostentation. I suppose snobishness and the vulgar display of sudden prosperity are to be expected.

Give me human beings like Charles Farrell. Success hasn't gone to his head, and I cannot visualize the star of "The Hunchback" dragging a retinue along with her to the studio that would bring a blush to the face of an East Indian potentate. Fortunately, the potentate's prestige won't be flaunted in such a manner, for the simple reason, that he had it all his life.

Yes, when Olive comes down to earth once more, her work will show an improvement.

René Volney.

795 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Important—If True.

May I make my importance for 1929? Don Alvarado will have succeeded Valentino as the greatest idol of the screen. John Gilbert will lose rather than gain in popularity.

Ronald Colman will not succeed as a star and will go back to featured leads.

Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion, DeMille costars, will have become individual stars.

Janet Gaynor will have become the only worthy successor to Lillian Gish.

Maria Corda will be established as the greatest foreign actress in America.

Greta Garbo, like Theda Bara, will have faded into oblivion.

Dolores del Rio, and not Vilma Banky, will wear the name of Gloria Swanson.

Buster Keaton and Sydney Chaplin will have failed to click as star comedians. Thomas Meighan and Viola Dana will have retired.

Conrad Veidt, unlike Emil Jannings, will prove a dismal flop in the country as a character actor.

Phyllis Haver will be hailed as the most versatile actress on the screen.

George A. Abbate.

630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

It Isn't Fair.

I've been reading the various criticisms of the fans in Picture Play for many months, and I should like to say I am of the same opinion as Maevie Croton concerning Conrad Nagel.

I readily agree with her that Mr. Nagel's shortcomings as an expressionist the picture "The Snob" were something worth speaking of. It seems strange that he hasn't made greater strides, as I think he is a very fine actor.

I should also like to know what has become of the little lady who worked in that picture with Mr. Nagel. I shall forever forget her, and I'm afraid that other than child seems to stand out in a class of her own. To me, her acting was the greatest example of juvenile talent I have ever witnessed. I'm sure she failed to see the child.

What is the trouble with the motion-picture industry? Don't they care to give the public the best of directors and actresses or is it true that the whole business is a family affair?

Mary F. Leutz.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Sweet Revenge.

Thumbs down on Maria Corda who is appearing in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," a picture I never expect to see, nor any other that she makes. She has already shown her professional jealousy, and lack of sportsmanship, by trying to shut Vilma Banky in the eyes of her own profession, as well as with the fans, by naming a colliè puf of questionable pedigree "Miss Banly!" That is all I ever want to know or hear of the Corda persona.

Personally, I've had my revenge. A friend of mine was presented with an ignama from Central America and as the poor thing had no namesake she was called "Miss Corda," which she now answers to.

Vilma Banky is the sweetest, most appreciated gift Hungary has ever given to American filmgoers. To the majority of the fans love and respect her, because her private life demands respect.

I'm also a Gordon.

2119 Addison Street, Berkeley, California.

A Couple of protests.

Just recently I saw "The Way of All Flesh." It is a picture every one should see. Emil Jannings is great. He isn't handsome. I do not know whether he has "it," or anything of that sort, but he has something far better—an understanding of human nature. Therefore, he acts like a human being. He has a tremendous appeal of no matter what sort of a rôle he plays you cannot help but sympathize with him.

Now for a protest. Why was Belle Bennett cast in such a mediocre part as the "sight in the above picture? Was some one trying to be funny?

Protest number two. In regard to the Wallace Reid Memorial. It is all right to honor the dead, but is it all right to spend one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on a memorial that can never do any one the least good? What about the living who are suffering and even flying from the lack of a little money? If you must have this memorial, why not make it of some benefit? I'm sure Wallace Reid would be the first to agree with me and, not meaning to be sarcastic, here is a place where Mrs. Wallace Reid can apply some of the principles she preaches.

If I were to say just what I thought of such a waste of money, this probably wouldn't be printed, so I'll close by just saying, "Think it over, Fans."
What the Fans Think

If he would shave off that hideous thing on his chin and put a little nocad on his bones, he might look almost human. Ramon Novarro won my heart with his acting in "The Prisoner of Zenda." I have seen many pictures since but think he did some of his best acting in this first one. I do hope he will soon have some good pictures. It would be a shame if he should leave the screen. He is a great actor.

As for Ronald Colman, I think it is a shame to spoil Vilna Banky's pictures with his. I also think it would be fine if some one would put a tack on Adolphe Menjou's chair. He needs to have a terrible lot of conceit taken out of him.

It is a shame that Viola Dana is not given some decent pictures to act in. There isn't a better actress on the screen, I know she is a good emotional actress, because I can still remember "Blue Jeans," "A Weaver of Dreams" and many other pictures in which she played years ago. Then they started putting her in comedies and it was all over.

Among those I like of the newer celebrities are Louise Brooks, William Haines, and John Gilbert. I think those who make me wonder how they ever got there are Dolores del Rio, Olive Borden, Betty Bronson, Joan Crawford, and Lois Moran. Janet Gaynor is wonderful little actress and is plain enough to appeal to everybody as a "regular girl." College pictures get rather monotonous, but there are a few I laugh at them. "Brown of Harvard" was, of course, the best of all.

I like historical pieces, too, they save you no end of trouble and make you want to read. For instance, my interest in "Madame Pompadour" has been thoroughly aroused since seeing this picture, and right here I wish to say that I do hope Antonio Moreno will not desert the screen for the megaphone. He is a consistently good actor and looks as young to-day as he did ten or more years ago, and he is same looking.

Chara Bow is a wonderful actress and gets better lodging with every picture. Lars Hanson is also fine, and I hope to see in many pictures, and—I hope to read hundreds more fan letters in Picture Play.

ANOTHER FAN.

Toronto, Canada.


current issue

Harry! for Bebe

Here's to Bebe Daniels! May she never aspire to be other than the world's greatest comedienne! The popularity of Bebe's pictures is proof positive that the public welcomes a relief from the heavy, melodramatic, sex pictures now in voice. The most delightful thing about Miss Daniels' plays is, she does not try to make you laugh at situation to make a laugh. Her comedies are wholesome, the gags sensible, her performances superb.

I say "atmospheres" twice. Why? Simply because I knew I could relax, forget occurrences of the day, enjoy a play full of action, thrills, heart interest and see a priceless imitation of a girl air banks.

I am not averse to the highly romantic dramas, but too much is too much, and Bebe's pictures offer the quickest relief from these pictures. It is evident that other people are of the same opinion, for there always is a spontaneous burst of applause during the showing of her pictures which proves the soundness of her performances.

JANETTE RAYBOUD.

2045 Clairmount Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A "Comeback" from Corinne and Juanita.

We are just two millions girls ready to defend the memory of our beloved Rudy. Let Elion Gardner call our letters "silly and sickening." We do not mind what she says. Speak up, all fans! let us tell the world that we are always ready to defend Rudy's memory and to uphold him on all occasions. Rudy is the best. "In our hearts he lives forever!"

A word to Miss Joan Perula and Eldred Peal. If you are growing so tired of Mr. Novarro, keep away from his pictures. There are others who love and admire him. Maybe we need a new set of brains, Eldred Peal; but, all the same, we will always see a good picture from this one. We also wish to thank Carmencita and Lolita of Manila, Philippine Islands, for their recent letter in Picture Play.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

Additions to the New Game.

You were kind enough to publish my letter in the December issue of the heading "A New Game for the Fans." As a result, I received several letters from fans, telling me how much they enjoyed the game. Some asked me to send in additions to the game, so I add the following:

If he saw Edie Cantor through his love, would Charlie be in the same street? If they had Malcolm Waite, would people think Phillip Strange because he had Olive Tell him not at. If Miss Bowl, Barbara Kent enter the beauty contest, will it make Hazel Keener to have Janet Gaynor mother's consent? If you Arthur Rankin first place because he had Ben Baird through a misunderstanding? If some one asked, "Has Josephine Dunn the best work you of the Junior stars?" would it make Nancy Nash her teeth and almost Turner Savage? If they had Jack Perrin potatoes to pay a bet last, would Bob Steele them because he felt sorry for him? Would be then have Anita Loos, them, actually on purpose?

LEONA WEBER.

6306 Bonita Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Stars in the Flesh.

My first glimpse of Clara Bow, the super flapper of the screen, occurred as I stood in line at the Paramount studio. With her flaming-red hair—not natural—her big brown eyes and thickly made-up face—she is most spectacular. Full of pep—that Clara! I spotted the temperamental Jettie Gould, tripping daintily out of the DeMille studio. She was not as exciting, but I won't say that she's a raving beauty. Fascinating, yes—and how! Don Alvarado is positively handsome and dainty—too dainty. It is wrong. He is going to prove a sensation in "The Drums of Love," D. W. Griffith's new production.

Bebold sweet May McAvoy, whom I had the pleasure of seeing many times during the filming of "Ben-Hur" and "The Flaming Fogide," and I're you eyes. Pretty as any young lady would want to be—and as small as a minute. Lon Chaney, the man of a thousand faces, whom I seen in odd looking—but what a dandy fellow!

Now, I'm not going to tell you that Gloria Swanson is beautiful—she isn't. Her eyes are blinding, her nose peculiarly shaped and her skin dark, but nev—

Continued on page 12.
"Don't make a monkey of yourself" I sat down at the piano

cried Bob as

B O B was always putting his foot into things.

I was spending my vacation with him when I met his cousin, Helen. Instantly all other girls faded out of my life. It was love at first sight. But unfortunately she didn't seem to feel the same way about me.

Like all young lovers, I confided my troubles to the nearest willing ear. It happened to be Bob's.

"You've got nothing to worry about," he insisted when I finished my tale of woe.

"Just leave it to me. All you need is a little publicity...."

Right then and there I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

The very next day he announced that he'd just had a long talk with Helen and, according to him, put me over big!

"Boy! What I didn't tell you is nobody's business!" he exulted. "When I got through with my little song and dance about what a whit you are at the office, I pulled my trumpet card—and believe me, it boosted your stock sky high!"

"What was it?"

"Well, you see, she's crazy about music. So I went and forgot that you can't play a note, and told her you are an accomplished pianist!"

"But Bob...."

"Not another word! I've got you sitting pretty, now. If by any chance you're asked to play—just say that you've sprained your wrist playing tennis. I'm some little fixer, eh?"

That very night we were all invited to the Carey's party. On the way over I sensed a big difference in Helen—a difference that made my heart beat fast with a new hope. Perhaps, after all, Bob was a good fixer.

A little later in the evening we were all gathered around the piano, listening to the rather indifferent performance of one of the guests.

I Am Asked to Play the Piano

"I'm just dying to hear you play!" cried Helen. "I've heard so much about your talent! Won't you play something for us?"

"Yes!" "Yes?" "Please!" came from all sides.

With a smile I bowed low....and replied that it would be a pleasure!

Glancing up I saw Bob's grin change to amazement. This was not part of the plan! Calmly ignoring his frantic signals I walked over to the piano.

Quick as a flash Bob followed me. "For the love of Pete get away from that piano," he whispered excitedly, "don't make a monkey of yourself. If Helen ever hears you play she'll think everything else I told her is baloney!"

Turning to the guests in an effort to save his own skin, Bob announced, "Perhaps we should wait until some other time. You see, his wrist was slightly sprained in tennis this afternoon...."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I broke in, and as he looked at me dumbfounded, I sat down at the piano.

"You never asked whether I knew how to play!" I countered.

"Of course not! Last summer you didn't know one note from another—how was I to guess you'd blossomed into an accomplished pianist overnight?"

"Not overnight, exactly," I smiled. "Although it almost seemed that way! Remember that Free Demonstration Lesson in music I insisted you should take?"

"You don't mean the one that was supposed to show you how to play without a teacher, do you?"

"The same! All the fellows and it was a four o'clock appointment and I was crap-shit for it. Well, it happened to be the best bit of luck that ever came my way, and I didn't say anything about it because I didn't want to create the least trouble at the piano. All the course certainly is wonderful!"

"So you really are an accomplished pianist! The joke's on me, all right!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say 'accomplished,'" I laughed. "But enough of a pianist to get a lot more fun out of life than I used to!"

You, too, can learn to play without a teacher

The above story is typical of you, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this remarkable "at home" method that has been adopted half a million people all over the world to increased pleasure and financial gain. You don't have to know the slightest thing about music. First you're told what to do—then a picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. You learn at home in your own easy way. You study when you please—and as much or as little as you please. There are no threousend scales—as laborious exercises. You play simple familiar melodies by note right from the start.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated free book and our free demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how any one can learn to play his favorite instrument in almost no time and for just a fraction of what all other methods cost.

If you really want to learn to play—if new friends and good times, social popularity and increased income appeal to you—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Now slip the coupon and send it before it's too late. Instructional supplies furnished in checks or cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 223 Franklin Bldg., New York.

Without any further hesitation, and with a secret smile at the surprise I laid up my sleeve, I began the first notes of Irving Berlin's famous "Russian Lullaby!" The fascinating irresistible strains seemed to throw a spell over the guests. One by one they quietly moved nearer the piano until soon I was completely surrounded by rapt listeners.

Bob was so stupefied that all he could do was to stand there in open-mouthed amazement. On and on I played—losing myself in my music. I forgot Bob's astonishment—forgot the glow of admiration in Helen's eyes—forgot everything but the beautiful melodies that always seemed a new world for my adornment. Swept away by the sheer magic of Berlin's genius, I was unaware of the slightest tribulation that followed my playing until thunderous applause shook the room.

That brought me to myself with a start. For the rest of the evening I was the lion of the party.

Bob could hardly restrain his curiosity until we were safely home.

"Boy! You sure stepped that party dead!" he exclaimed. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard you actually playing! Why didn't you tell me you knew how?"

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

223 Franklin Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home!" and your introduction to Dr. Percy Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

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Harpology and Composition Drums and Trips Central American

Automatic Finger Banjo (Plectrum, 5-Strings or Tenor)
What the Fans Think

through it she is a great actress, a loyal trouper and photographers wonderfully.

Wait till you see the good-looking James Murray on the screen! You know, he is King of the Crowd and plays the part of "The Crowd" and "In Old Kentucky." Girls, as well as boys, are going to rave

about him.

We shall fall for the charm of Irene Rich. She is very, very attractive, and is a wonderful person.

Culver City, California.

Whew!

So Ramon Novarro would flop were it not for his publicity, would he? Though now I read every word that is written of him, and never buy a magazine unless it contains his picture or an article about him, he was my favorite actor long before I ever read a novel about him.

When first I saw him in "Trifling Women," I was immediately attracted by his marvellous acting, his youth and freshness, his countenance and course, by his physical beauty. What I read later, of his gentle and idealistic nature, merely confirmed what I already knew.

Here is an actor as ridiculous as to deny that he is handsome. I try not to allow pulchritude to influence my opinions of a man's performance, but, for instance, may be very handsome, and a nice enough young man, without being my idea of an actor. But Ramon Novarro, who could not possibly, in his operation, the greatest actor of them all! He has been forging ahead quite steadily. Each performance is an improvement, and, perhaps, seems no one, not even himself, could do better, he astounds us by improving upon perfection.

The case with him that his friends point him as an imponestly perfect human are unfortunate in their prejudices. When they insinuate that his admirers lack brains, they become positively insulting. I, for one, prefer to believe that there is such a person as Ramon in existence.

Though I have read of great souls in "The Life of a Technicolor," Ramon Novarro is the first one whom I have had the pleasure of seeing in the flesh. I cannot describe the sensations I felt while near him. It was as if something were in the presence of something sacred.

And now it seems as a dream. Yes, I can almost agree that Ramon Novarro is no wonderful, too, too good to be true. C. R. M. 415 North Sweeter, Hollywood, California.

What is an Artistic Picture?

There is a tendency among some interviewers and magazine writers to wax enthusiastic about the "popular" value of a picture and pretend to attempt for art. A famous director is quoted as saying that he believes in making pictures for the major, and that as far as he is concerned, he does not dare a darn if he never makes an artistic picture. An actor in slapstick comedies passes the opinion that he's tickled to death he can play in films that please the mob, and that he wouldn't appear in an artistic picture on a bet.

Now, if by artistic pictures something different is meant, I heartily agree with them. However, if they are being contemptuous about such pictures as "Faust," "The Merry Widow," "The Way of All Flesh," "The Little Journey," "Variety" or Chaplin's films, I'm afraid I can't join in with their jeering. In fact, it is just such films as these that have kept up my enthusiasm for the movies.

Directors and actors who are incapable of understanding pictures in attempting nothing beyond their comprehension, but surely they shouldn't boast of their ignorance. A great respect shown their more ambitious coworkers would be more in order, I think.

Joan Perula
San Francisco, California.

A Lecture.

Why do some fans "pan" the incomparable Gloria so? Don't you ever stop and wonder what the reason should be? That you once raved about her when she was a successful picture, how you used to boast about the photograph she sent you? Oh, yes, you have! And you still like Gloria Swanson—you just won't admit it.

Don't be a hypocrite and condemn her when she is not riding the waves. Besides, what good will this petty criticism do, anyway? Nothing except perhaps reflect on your opinion.

Oh, "The Loves of Sunya" was a failure, and so you think "Sadie Thompson" will be.

A true fan does not desert her favorite when she has made a bad picture. Just wait until "Sadie Thompson" is released, won't you? Then it will be Sadie's second independent venture! You know, deep down in your heart, that you will!

I've been a movie fan so long that I can tell when a real picture is made, but I still like Gloria Swanson, best of all—before, now, and to-morrow! In my opinion she is the best actress on the screen, and although she is not the most beautiful, she is true to life, a superwoman!

So let's give Gloria a hand, and please don't turn your picture to the wall! If any way helped you again to become her devoted admirer than my little lecture hasn't been in vain.

Miriam Rosenblum
South Valley Street, Collinsville, Alabama.

Syd, the Brother of Charlie.

Having had the honor of meeting the most charming, patient, diplomatic, and humorous man on this earth, I wish to state that America, England, and Hollywood should be very lucky to belong to him. He is Syd Chaplin.

I have just finished appearing as an extra in his new film "A Little Bit of Fluff," during seven strenuous days—but I feel it would take seven years to describe adequately the never-failing kindness that characterizes all his behavior, and the charm of manner pervading all his work.

Say, did you ever try to climb a balcony, in a pinch, with hands pulling roughly at both you ways? Ever take a hand at chancing under and over tables; at being elbowed and knocked and rammed and just done with by a surging crowd? If you did, I'll bet you didn't come up smiling.

Syd did—all of that and more—sometimes six or seven times a day. Do you wonder that we extras were tired? But not for long. For Mr. Chaplin seemed always to come forward at the right moment and turn our fury or silly gesture, to start us all laughing, and harass us again. A disheveled, exhausted Mr. Chaplin—but still smiling.

He perfumes himself. Knocks, grazes, bruises and trampled fingers are all part of the day's work for him; and you can take it from me that if a dummy was used in that balcony scene, it did not represent him.

One day there was a row on the set. Such things will happen, and there was a great deal of shouting and noise. We gathered around interested, but alarmed.

"No more clamor," said Wyckoff, who was in charge of the balcony. "Up on the balcony a heated voice was clearly heard above the din:"

"You mind your own business! What's it good for?"

We swung round in one movement, and saw two other combatants, engaged in a far fiercer argument than the original couple who were indeed forgotten. Arm's were whirling wildly around as the antagonists writhed here and there. They were Syd Chaplin and the Dummy, and heard such a roar of laughter in my life, followed by deafening applause. Some diplomatic way of ending a scene, eh?

But Syd smiled modestly and made the dummy bow to the clapping.

I am proud to be one of his most faithful and sincere admirers.

Mary Lyttol
146 Norwood Road, West Norwood, S. E. 27, London, England.


Looking back, it appears that the principal argument in "What the Fans Think" has been the attempt to convince others that our ideal lover is the screen's "perfect type." Many have been the arguments employed to bring about the conversion of others to our manner of thinking.

Perhaps this letter might help solve the problem.

To those of us who are bored with the ordinary, everyday type of lover, such as perhaps our own Bill, Bob, or Jack might be, and who long for an ardent lover who cares naught for consequences, John Gilbert is the ideal lover.

Or perhaps some of us are stirred by love-making of a gentler type. The kind that is serious, sacrificial, and solemn. To these Ronald Colman is the ideal lover.

To lovers of anachronies, caviar, orchids, ermine, first nights, and sophistication to the nth degree, I offer Adolphe Menjou as our ideal lover.

To the spoiled, pampered beauty, surfetted with admirers—or, yes men—and who longs for a lover who is different, and to whom she should be his Jack Mulhall appeal as the ideal lover?

Would not the timorous maiden whose life is perhaps dominated by a fanatic parent, look upon that bold, rash, self-confident Bill Haines as an ideal lover? For not would his egoism and imperturbability overcome such inconsequential obstacles as a fanatical parent?

The zealous maiden who looks upon love as God's greatest gift would find in the pure, sacred, devoted and inspired being of Ronald Colman her ideal.

Then, too, there may be some who, like the writer, find a screen lover who embodies the qualities enumerated above, in other words, one whose technique is well-nigh perfect. To this humble scribble Clive Brook suggests such perfection.

So you see, dear fans, the screen has any number of "perfect" or "ideal" lovers. It all depends on what manner we individually measure their perfection.

Grace O'Donnell
224 West Ninety-eighth Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Something Ought to be Done.

Much has been said recently about breaking up the cast of Ronald Colman and Viola Banky, and I wish, however,
Where do YOU want to Grow New Hair?

Decide NOW! Let me cover that spot with new hair in 30 days, or I'll mail you a check—I'll be the LOSER, not you!

WHEN approaching baldness threatens—when hair gets thinner and thinner on the temples, the forehead, the top of your head—that's the time to accept this no risk offer. I positively grow new hair—or you pay NOTHING!

New Hair in 30 Days—Or No Cost!

Thinning hair, falling hair, dandruff, dry, scaly scalp—DANGER SIGNALS ALL! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary salves, massages, tonics and oils, which you know from experience cannot possibly bring worth-while results! Save yourself from baldness this quick, easy way—through my iron-clad contract—without risk! For I GUARANTEE to end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new healthy hair in 30 days—or I don't want a penny of your money!

Why does baldness begin to appear? Why do ordinary tonics fail to help? In most cases of baldness the hair roots are dormant—sleeping through lack of nourishment. And tonics fail to help simply because they treat only the surface skin. To make a tree grow you don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. You get to the roots. That's the simple secret of my scientific treatment. It goes beneath the surface—nourishes dormant roots directly—stimulates them to new activity—encourages quick and healthy growth of new, vigorous hair.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, many people have paid as high as $100 for results secured. Now you can secure equally beneficial results at home for only a few cents a day—AT MY RISK. You grow new hair where you need new hair—or I pay, not you!

Coupon Brings FREE BOOK Explaining Treatment Fully!

Some cases of baldness are hopeless. I admit it. But so many thousands have benefited through my remarkable treatment that the facts are certainly worth knowing. Mail coupon for vitally interesting FREE booklet, giving the complete story—and, in addition, telling all about my iron-clad contract, which enables you to take the treatment without a penny's risk. No obligation. Sign and mail the coupon NOW! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 353, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 353, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—a plain wrapper, a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name ____________________________
(strike whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________

[Signature]
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Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!

Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who reads its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves!

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy. The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality instantly! It explains how to gain枕cock the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that inspires quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—but tells you how to accomplish them without delay—instantaneously!

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into entirely new beings!

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury’s fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury’s teachings have been available only to people who could pay $25 or $50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price within the reach of all! And furthermore, Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, fascinating power that sways men’s minds and emotions. They are able to play on people’s feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows clear, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the cultured fluency of the tones.

Book Tells You

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How to gain perfect mental control
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How to read people’s thoughts by watching their eyes
How to develop a magnetic eye
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How to use awkwardness and timidity
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A proud beauty of the sixteenth century is Vilma Banky, as *Dona Lenora*, in "Leatherface," her last picture with Ronald Colman. Despite its rather forbidding title—which will probably be changed—it is a glamorous romance of the period when Flanders was under the oppression of Spain, and the lovely Lenora sacrifices herself for the sake of her country to marry one of the hated enemy, only to learn to love him and to make his cause her own.
The Battle

The success scored by newcomers has thrones occupied by the older stars are Janet Gaynor, Greta Garbo, and Dolores ford, Gloria Swanson and Norma Tal light on the subject of popularity in rela

By Edwin

Speaking in courtly terms, the metaphor may be carried further by saying that the king or queen is lucky, who has not some hardly and aspiring rival seeking to wrest the scepter from his or her hand.

Even worse than this is the fate of being unenvied, with their positions quite undesired—from which state of mind certain of the major luminaries are beginning to suffer to-day.

Great success and great prominence on the screen is regarded as a dangerous thing. It is better to be only mildly in the public eye, and to stay there, than to attempt to climb to some high peak where there is danger of slipping down.

All this pertains to star-making as it goes on to-day. One bright beam cast upon the screen is not sufficient to conjure a light eternal. It requires a consistent repetition of rays for the player to win out. Yet, perhaps, it was ever thus.

A few years ago Gloria Swanson built up her popularity through her appearance under the direction of Cecil DeMille, and then in her own starring pictures. She arrived fully and finally with “Man-handled” and “The Humming Bird.” Since then destiny has not treated her so kindly. Her pictures, in themselves, have been weak. Yet for all that, so the legend goes, she remains the last surviving queen.

Rudolph Valentino, in one quick, sudden burst, left an impression in the movies that cannot be forgotten. He is the last great king, and there is no heir apparent to the throne.

There have been many successes of other stars during the past

Mary Brian has made a surprising gain in popularity in the past year.

Photo by Spurr

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RE the new stars plating in the discard the old favorites?

This is a question animated with interest to-day in Hollywood. And with it the old query: How long is the life of a stellar player?

Answers to both riddles are fraught with complications.

For this is a strange era in the films—one largely given to doubts and perplexities as to who is who in the movie hall of fame, and whether it is a period of monarchy, imperialistic governments, or of revolutions.

Thrones are toppling, is the cry that goes up on all sides. There is an eager throng hammering at the doors, desirous of breaking down traditions, or endeavoring to find a place at the banquet table where celebrity and shekels are duly served.

Dolores Costello, even more than most stars, needs suitable role to maintain her stardom.

A
of the Stars

been so pronounced of late, that the thought by many to be topping. Are del Rio destined to supplant Mary Pick-madge? This article casts an illuminating tion to the new, as well as the old, stars.

Schallert

five years. The rise of Colleen Moore and Norma Shearer among the women has been continuous and brilliant, while John Gilbert and Ronald Colman may be nominated high favorites among the men.

Within the past two or three seasons there have glowed on the screen the magnetic personalities of Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Dolores del Rio, and Janet Gaynor, all apparently enjoying huge acclaim.

Men players have not hit so dazzlingly, although one must credit with an excellent showing such favorites as William Haines, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Charles Rogers, and, most recent of all, Gilbert Roland and Don Alvarado.

Nearly all these players are regarded as star material. Some of them are actually starred. They are supplemented by others who were established earlier, including Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, Billie Dove, Marie Prevost, Vilma Banky, Dolores Costello, Laura La Plante, Madge Bellamy, Esther Ralston, and others who are rated by their respective organizations as good box-office material.

Among the men there are Richard Dix, George O'Brien, Ramon Novarro, Reginald Denny, Rod La Rocque, Fred Thomson, and if one wishes to go into the character field, such players as Lon Chaney, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, and others, all considered good drawing cards.

As the background for these oncoming groups there are Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Norma Tal-madge, Constance Talmadge, Gloria Swansen, Richard Barthelmes, Corinne Griffith, and others, mostly included under the ban-

Greta Garbo, though virtually a star on her first appearance, has been introduced slowly to the public.

Schallert

member of United Artists. John Barrymore is also among these, although it is only in the past few seasons that he has permanently identified himself with the screen; Tom Mix in lonely isolation is the great small-town favorite, and, of course, there is Harold Lloyd.

Filmdom to-day is a vast panorama of names, most of them meaningless. The angle of vision alters one's perspective. The player that shingles in New York is not in the same bright position in Twin Buttes. The star who is glistening brilliantly as the latest sensation in Chicago may never have been heard of in Key West.

Success in pictures is a large order. There are many polls at which the popularity vote is counted, and it is sometimes a long while before all the returns finally come in.
Shearer is the reigning charmer of the day, who are totally oblivious to the allurements of the much-talked of Greta Garbo, and to whom Janet Gaynor’s success, in “Seventh Heaven,” is as yet nothing but a rumor.

Fortunately, publicity departments are endeavoring to keep the world better acquainted with the latest happenings that shake the movie throne room to its foundation. You can read about the new discovery, find out every detail of his life, what he eats, and what he looks like in his photographs, even before you have seen him even in a single film.

Probably the excitement over Janet Gaynor’s virtual début, in “Seventh Heaven,” hasn’t fully swept the country as yet. But, at least, a great many people already know something of what it is about. The increase in Miss Gaynor’s fan mail, in the past few months, which has amounted to several hundred per cent, would indicate that. The world at large has accepted the diction of movie-land, and rated her as one of the most fascinating and appealing little girls that has ever come to pictures, with a personality akin to that of Mae Marsh, in “The Birth of a Nation.”

Dolores del Rio has gone even farther, because she had an earlier start. “What Price Glory” has already been widely seen. Perhaps not every one who reads this article has viewed the picture yet, but almost every one is aware of her success, either through some one who has seen her, or the printed page. Miss del Rio has also been admired by many for her performance in “Resurrection.” Her Carmen, in “Loves of Carmen,” a cheap and vulgar production, unfortunately, is beginning to be known.

All the same, Hollywood, or more properly, filmland—and that comprises a vague area outside of Hollywood itself, principally centered in executive offices in New York—is many leagues ahead in its choice of celebrities that will hit nationally. And it is amazingly cocksure of its judgment. Whether this judgment is always right is, of course, another question.

Gloria Swanson, the last surviving queen of the old régime of stars.
For example, there is the boy, James Murray, who was selected by King Vidor as an ideal type for the leading role, in "The Crowd." Hired originally at a salary of sixty dollars a week for that picture, he has so impressed Metro-Goldwyn officials that they have more than trebled that stipend, and have given him leading roles in three more pictures. These include "In Old Kentucky," "The Big City," and, lately, "Rose-Marie." And at this writing, he has only been seen by a comparative few, in "In Old Kentucky," and the still smaller number who witnessed the previews of "The Crowd," in Los Angeles.

His employers, nevertheless, feel sure that he is star material and are pushing him straight along the road to fame. If the gamble isn't as good as they think, they are safeguarded, of course, by the fact that their investment in his talents is comparatively small, and none of the pictures in which he has taken part depend wholly on his own personality.

Paramount is predicting much for Fay Wray, about whom you have undoubtedly read considerable, because of her choice as Erich von Stroheim's leading lady, in "The Wedding March." That picture is not as yet finally cut and titled, after nearly two years in the making. Maybe it never will be. Yet Fay Wray has already done two more leads, one in "The Street of Sin," with Emil Jannings, and more recently in "The Legion of the Condemned." She is considered remarkably capable in dramatic work. Incidentally, she is already receiving five hundred fan letters a week.

Will James Murray and Fay Wray actually hit? This can only be answered after their pictures have been seen. But the producers feel so sure of their possibilities that they are willing to take the chance.

Really, though, such occurrences as these are nothing new. The probable triumph of Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen" was forecast before the picture was released. Even in "The Miracle

Of all masculine stars, Ramon Novarro has the most reverent fans.

Audrey Ferris is expected by the Warners to add luster to their name.

Man," the success of Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson was prophesied. The star that sneaks up, so to speak, upon the producer unawares, is really more striking.

This was the case not long ago with Alice White, of First National. She had been rated a very doubtful bet and her contract was allowed to lapse. Shortly afterward, "The Sea Tiger" was released, with Alice White in a secondary rôle. It proved a popular success and Alice scored sensationally.

Before long, First National began to receive telegrams and letters from theater managers and exchange men — "Give us more of Alice White." They didn't lose time in getting in touch with her, either, and hired her again.

Continued on page 100
Things I Shouldn't Tell

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

ONE of the many fascinating angles of Hollywood is the abnormally bloated wage scale. What a place, one exclaims, harboring natives who draw a thousand, two thousand, even five thousand weekly! What a place indeed.

Do they really get such fabulous salaries? If they get them, what do they do with them?

By asking the right people, I discovered that over a hundred and twenty-five players are enjoying weekly wages well over the thousand mark. These wages are bona fide, paid in American money, earned many times over at the box office.

By research that was little short of diligent I determined how the average star distributes the proceeds of the weekly check.

If you are earning twelve hundred a week you have a beautiful home, a handsome car, a French chauffeur, a Danish cook, a Japanese butler, and an African maid.

You entertain once a week. Champagne costs a hundred and a quarter a case. Los Angeles modistes have a special (high) price for professional trade. The good old income tax operates as far West as California.

And there you are.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is how a lady of means becomes a lady of moans. That is how the twelve hundred a week shrivels to two or three hundred for incidentals, recreation, and savings!

A former "Scandals" beauty sports about in an imported cabrioleit, baskis in the sun at her beach house, sits pretty, and does occasional decorative bits in pictures.

"Is it true," I asked her, "that out here the woman must pay and pay and pay?"

"Honey," she replied earnestly, "out here every day is pay day!"

However extravagant the picture plants may be about some things, they are decidedly economical in other respects. Once a set is built it is used again and again, in picture after picture, with only the merest suggestion of change each time. A window may be shifted to a different wall, a new color may be splashed over the woodwork, the doorknobs may be replaced, but for the most part the set is the same. And there has been no new erection expense.

Similarly, costumes see service not once but many times. Every big studio has an army of dressmakers refurbishing gowns. Some of the more regal stars manage to demand certain special designs, but once they are fitted, the gown is a permanent prop, to be adjusted to some one else in a coming picture. A smart rearrangement of a bow or a newly placed series of frills makes a gown sufficiently different to get it past the eyes of the most critical.

In Western pictures a single thrilling chase over hill and dale serves to enliven as many as three pictures. In each picture the chase is presented from a different angle. Tom Mix is said to make two pictures at once by wise use of this method. Two sets of heroines and villains convince the Mix fan that the two pictures are different.

Impressed by his director's sagacity and cunning in fashioning smart dramas, Adolphe Menjou presented him with a jeweled cigarette case elaborately inscribed on the inside of the cover: From Adolphe Menjou to Harry d'Arrast.

"As usual," remarked a wag, who shall be anonymous, "the star takes top billing."

The following letter indicates how the wily Los Angeles merchant stalks his prey:

A certain star is said to make two pictures at once by this method.
My Dear Miss Pringle:

A few nights ago at one of the neighborhood show houses I saw your picture "The Great Deception," which I enjoyed very much, and I want to congratulate you on your splendid work in this picture.

I was very much impressed by your good work, and had I not been I probably would not have written you at such a late date.

Your efforts showed that you were working for success, and I am sure you have already received a great deal of credit. Congratulations and best wishes,

President ———, Inc.

P. S. We have just received some very beautiful decorated grand pianos and would like you to see them when you are downtown.

Once back East after his final work on "The Big Parade," Laurence Stallings gave vent to numerous caustic criticisms of the picture industry. Consequently there is a clause in his current M.-G.-M. contract, which entitles him to a bonus of ten thousand dollars if at the completion thereof he has refrained from commenting adversely—in the public prints—on pictures and picture-making.

Liquor is not altogether unknown on the Western seaboard, but in the same fragrant breath let it be whispered that intoxication is unheard of. Parties do not always end at eleven o'clock, as Will Hays would have us believe, but they seldom run beyond one. And they are orderly, amusing, and eminently respectable.

This, of course, refers to parties staged under the auspices of recognized and recognizable players. I had no traffic with property men, stunt men's cousins, or extra people's agents, all of whom usually figure in the headlines as film stars.

The exception that proves the rule was the party thrown by a director and his wife, a sometime actress. By ten the host had disappeared, and before midnight nothing was to be seen of the hostess. The party began to disperse. As each couple left, a gracious colored maid shouted them to the door with this speech: "I'm so sorry Mr. and Mrs. ——— are indisposed. You'll excuse them, I hope. Come soon again. It was so nice to have you."

At lunch in the studio cafeteria, the charming feminine half of a well-known comedy team ordered green onions. Eyebrows arched about her in polite surprise. The lady explained: "If you had had Scotch breathed in your face for a whole morning of affectionate close-ups, you'd want revenge, too!"

Quickies are not confined to the studios of Poverty Row. The biggest dramatic canneries harbor hit-and-run units.

Fox makes the Van Biber pictures in the same time it takes Von Stroheim to shoot a close-up. At times they take three days to evolve those Sunshine comedies.

Behind the proud Moorish gates of Paramount such fellows as Jack Luden and Lane Chandler gallop through horse opera in ten days—including three or four days off for bad weather—while even M.-G.-M. has its time saver in Tim McCoy, whose motto is a film a fortnight.

At Universal and Warner Brothers speed is required on all productions save Super-Jewels and Extra-Special Classics. It should be needless to explain here that F. B. O. is simply a quick way of saying Fast Box Office.

Film folk find matrimony entertaining but unstable. Picture marriages are not very durable. But as one delightful star explained the matter, it was all crystal clear. "'Tis better to have wed and lost," she said, "than never to have wed at all."

The original pair of comedians that started the regrettable deluge of comedy teams turned out a picture that was broad in certain aspects. And the following snicker epic was even broader. The home office decided that the racy gags would have to be toned down. The edict went West, and in a week the studio

Liquor is not unknown in Hollywood, but intoxication is unheard of.

Nowhere will you find sharper contrasts than in Hollywood. Edward Sedgwick, the director, told me of his embarrassment at being approached
The Quickies

A short time ago the quickie was an actor whose career had waned be popular players are working in them—pictures have outgrown their stigma petition with the best. This inform

By Mar

Row were wont to explain at length that they were “between pictures”—presumably at Paramount and M-G-M—and were only filing in the idle interlude. Their journeys to and from the shabby row of buildings on Sunset Boulevard were almost furtive.

Then suddenly, within the last few months, names of astonishing importance appeared in quickies. Not only that, but the names drove in their expensive cars along the most public highways to work on Poverty Row. And what is even more significant, in casual conversation the names would volunteer the information that they were doing quickies. And this without apologetic explanation, but in the same tone of voice used in mentioning a job at Paramount. To the surprise—and, in some quarters, chagrin—of the business, the quickie became an element to conjure with.

Most important of the independent companies to-day are Columbia and Tiffany-Stahl. Columbia, the less ostentatious of the two, blithely crashed the Roxy Theater, in New York, with one of its productions a few months ago.

Look at the names on its cast-sheets: Lois Wilson, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Betty Compson, Tom Moore, Jack Holt, Ricardo Cortez, Claire Windsor, Kenneth Harlan, Ben Turpin—to mention only a few. All seasoned trouper, whose names have definite drawing power and command large salaries. To understand this, it is necessary to have some comprehension of the growth of this particular quickie company. The head of the concern, Harry Cohn, is a young man obviously under thirty. Seven years ago, he was secretary to

Frank Ford, Maurice Costello, former favorites whose vogue had passed: Cullen Landis, whose luck at the big studios had inexplicably died; Helene Chadwick, who had been off the screen since her Goldwyn days—these were among the better-known quickie artists.

The majority of those discovered working on Poverty...
Grow Up

considered the last resort of the yond rejuvenation. But now that and are making no secret of it—these and are unfurling themselves in competitive article traces their growth.

garet Reid

Carl Laemmle in the New York office of Universal. Obeying the accurate hunch that is the birthright of the successful business man, he decided it was time to light out toward bigger, if not better, things. He took with him his brother and Joe Brandt, also of Universal.

The three formed a small, very small, company in Hollywood and began to turn out a picture a week on a modest scale. If possible, which was frequently, they turned out two a week, the cost of each production setting them back unbelievably little. They released through States rights—meaning that in every hamlet they sold almost directly to the exhibitor. But, all the while, they were working valiantly toward a releasing company of their own, which would insure nationwide sales.

Their company was called the C. B. C. Film Corporation. In time, Harry Cohn became sole head of its studio activities. Deciding that the name rather suggested corned beef and cabbage, he changed it to Columbia and began a deadly onslaught on the film market. The technicalities involved in his struggle and rise to his present success are too complex for me to understand, let alone report to you. Anyway, with a relentless, increasingly prolific output of good box-office pictures, he stormed the exhibitors. Each picture costing him so little, comparatively, that he had plenty of profits stored away with which to expand production in the future.

Tentatively, he tried paying a high price to get a first-rate name in a cast here and there. This so manifoldly repaid him that he continued along the

Bert Lytell scored in "Alias the Lone Wolf."

same trend, until now he has at least one drawing card in every picture, as well as a new studio covering a block, with his own laboratory and prop rooms, and spacious offices with a complete outlay of dictaphones, telephones, radios, and other bewildering paraphernalia for conveying his voice all over the lot. He supervises every detail of production and often works into the wan hours of dawn. He has built this much in six years. I wonder if mightier movie-monarchs are a little nervous of what he may do in another six.

Players of high degree no longer condescend when they occupy Columbia dressing rooms. Dorothy Sebastian, Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, Pauline Garon, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Robert Agnew—all have appeared on the Columbia set and have worked as earnestly there as at the more pretentious movie mills.

There are various reasons why people of dependable drawing power are available to Mr. Cohn. Most of those he uses are free lancers, Jacqueline Logan, under contract to DeMille, and Dorothy Sebastian, under contract to M.-G.-M., being among the few he has borrowed. Generally, however, he uses former contract players who are now free-lancing; many of whom, like Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Claire Windsor, Betty Compson, and others, demand the high salaries of their heyday. The

Continued on page 114
Manhattan

Chatty interviews with the stars on their

By Alma

But even Marion has her problems. She had, for instance—but never say I told you!—put on a little weight. And her face and neck and arms were covered with freckles—that California sun doing its homework! But Marion didn’t mind; she was in New York on a vacation, not worrying about her screen face and figure. Anyhow, she’s the kind of good scout who would let herself get freckled and not give a hoot. The kind of girl who, for years, for all her money, made her own clothes. Now, she and Bebe Daniels are a sort of Girls’ Aid Society, with an agreement to make dresses for each other. In fact, Marion was all put out because she owed Bebe three dresses.

“Bebe sent me over three,” said Marion, “but she can’t fool me! Those weren’t dresses; they were gowns. All beaded and embroidered—oh, just little creations from Poiret, or some one. I took one look—and I knew darned well Bebe never made dresses like that! Sure enough, I found she had put her maid to work on those masterpieces.”

Well, after that, Marion really couldn’t send Bebe the kind of little frocks she could toss off with her own needle. She was in for some heavy shopping.

Now you see why Marion’s the most popular girl in Hollywood. And if I seem to lay stress on her fancy homes, it’s only because I want to tell you everything. Don’t think I’m an envious girl. I should say not! Why, if I had that grand apartment on the twenty-seventh floor, you know what would be just my luck? I’d come in at four a.m. and find that the elevators had all gone balky, and there I’d be! Walking home!

Incidentally, you might like to hear about Fanny Ward, who called on Marion while I was there. Looking half her real age. And, always in her role of The Breath of Spring—even on a chill, winter day—all tricked out in an apple-green ensemble. Green chiffon frock. Hat to match. Coat to match. Fur on the coat dyed green, also to match. Just an evergreen. And, paradoxically, a matchless lady.

Mona Ray and Virginia Grey, the Toxie and Eva of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” were too tired to talk.
Medley

flying between-picture trips to New York.

Talley

If you will have your study in contrasts, let’s fit from Marion’s house over to see Gloria Swanson. Now there’s a girl who never made her own clothes—not since she could help it. She was swathed in trailing, close-fitting white satin, reclining languidly on a couch.

Her secretary fluttered about. Her maid fluttered about. “Shall I order tea, marquise?” “I asked downstairs, marquise, if they could change your rooms, but, marquise, they haven’t another suite in the house.”

It was a noisy room and Gloria was quite right in wanting to change. The whole steel riveters’ union was making merry right outside the window of the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, and if you’ve never had riveters outside your window, then really you don’t know life.

Gloria was very busy in New York reading scripts and scripts and scripts, with, alas! not even one in which she could see a picture. Of course, she has already arranged to make “The Last of Mrs. Cheney,” a recent stage success, but that won’t be ready to film for six months. It’s one of those gay, sophisticated comedies that has lots of fun in its dialogue, and maybe you think it’s child’s play to transfer such conversational capers into action!

And what to do in the next six months? We working girls can’t be idle. So here was Gloria, looking for another story to film. She was quite happy over the way “Sadie Thompson” turned out. There was the cutest map on the wall, descriptive of the story. The Island of Pagopago. The trader’s hut: “You’d be very much surprised what went on there,” said a caption underneath. Funny little gags like that.

The marquise was most apologetic at not having much to say. She was awfully sweet about it, but she did have a dreadful headache. From eating cabbage, disguised as Russian boursche.

Six weeks isn’t long for a trip from Hollywood to Budapest and back, but Victor Varconi and his wife were going to be out of this country by Christmas. In their native Hungary, in fact, to spend the holidays with all the Varconi relatives. They hadn’t been home in three years, so it was quite a gay vacation.

But they do love it here, and from all accounts, their neighbors return the compliment. Their hospitality is famous in Hollywood. And no wonder. They are both delightful: Victor, tall, dark, rather Latin in manner; Mrs. Varconi quite his opposite. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, a little plump. She’s a singer, of course; singers are allowed to be plump. They both have exceptionally gracious manners, and if you’re one of these people who are always writing letters about foreign actors in this country, I just wouldn’t do it any more. Not when they’re as nice as the Varconis.

Strangely enough, Victor, who is definitely of the romantic type, does not want to be a screen lover. He
Manhattan decline, six cute no P.iris. worry, for it, suspect personal-appearance really Constance a saw borrow religious. She They saw its famous "The Constance he With in everything I Gilda. crystal, both meaning wear. But see! on a 1930s world." Chicago," black worrying" year. pretty


To prove his point, he cited the fact that Paramount tried to borrow him for Emil Jannings' film, "The Patriot." Varconi was all for it, but Papa DeMille said no. He paid Victor's salary; he wanted to keep Victor's public. And Varconi, who really wanted to work with Jannings, understood very well, because he's that kind of man. He would understand another's point of view.

He had recently finished playing in the film version of "Chicago," the famous satire on murder trials, and, on his return, was going right to work on "Tenth Avenue," an underworld story. From Hollywood and "Chicago" to Budapest, and back to "Tenth Avenue"—why, the man's just a walking geography.

Isn't it cute of Constance Talmadge to wear a wedding ring only, she says, when she's not married? What a really newfangled idea! Connie, as you know—or don't you?—returned from Paris with a divorce. With new frocks. With new jewelry. And without her voice.

It's a very balky voice that Constance has; every time she catches cold, her vocal organs suddenly say no, and stop. They take, usually, one day's vacation a year. But this time—you've heard of European weather?—her voice went on a six weeks' strike, and Constance returned to America quite literally speechless.

Did she buy some new clothes in Paris? Did she? You ought to see! A photographer was there taking fashion pictures: Constance in a black velvet gown with white lace yoke and cuffs. Connie in a black velvet coat, trimmed in chinchilla. And she wore a new ring, the latest thing from Paris, a square-cut crystal with C. T. on it in black enamel. Even the circlet was of crystal, and I do hope she doesn't drop it.

Yes, Connie had a pretty successful vacation, and she's all ready, now, to go to work on her new United Artists contract. Some girls are naturally lucky, and others achieve luck. Connie is both kinds.

I suspect that Gilda Gray is annoyed at all these stories which have come out about her lately. You know—about her separation from her husband, Gil Boag. I don't know whether it's true; Gil was with her when I saw her. I'm not the girl to talk scandal; I merely mention all this because, when I saw her, Gilda wasn't herself. Usually you laugh at everything Gilda says. You have fun. She's one of the three most amusing people in the world. But this time, something was troubling our Gilda. She talked only of her work, most formally. Of her new picture, "The Devil Dancer." Good, safe conversation. You know the kind.

She came to New York to begin a personal-appearance tour with the film. It's the best picture she has made so far; Gilda thinks so herself, but she was careful not to brag. She liked the others, when no one else did.

She does two dances in the film, the devil dance and a nautch dance. If you get all worked up worrying about these poor, professional dancers, who practice themselves into a decline, don't you fret over Gilda. Her footwork is all spontaneous. The devil dance is a religious one, quite symbolical; every little movement has a meaning all its own. And the nautch dance is no cinch, either. But they didn't bother Gilda. She didn't do any little glidings in front of her mirror, by way of re-

Alma Talley found Lars Hansen charming, but terribly discreet.
hearsal. No, indeed. She didn't even think out steps. When they came to that scene in the picture and the cameras started to click, Gilda merely went into her dance. So don't you trouble looking for any hidden significance in her performance.

Often I've wondered why they say, "including the Scandinavian." But now that I've met Lars Hansen, I'll never wonder again. Of course they include him. He's charming, of course. But the point is, he's the most discreet man in the world. Try to catch him ever saying the wrong thing!

Does he like Hollywood? Yes, Does he like New York? Yes. And he likes his native Sweden, of course. Probably if you pressed him for an answer, he'd like Mesopotamia and think the Sahara a really delightful spot. But try to find out what he likes best of all. You try. I give up.

Lars is careful about offending any one; no one could be as careful as he is without having practiced at it for years, like learning to play the violin.

Didn't he ever commit himself about anything? I asked him. He didn't know what "commit yourself" means. All his English has been acquired in the past two years—and a good job, too!—so he doesn't know all our words.

Well, he explained, when you're talking for publication, in an alien language, a young man can't be too careful. He might think he was saying one thing, and, in print, it would turn out to mean something entirely different. He quoted Mark Twain: "Ninety-nine men out of a hundred die in bed; the moral is, don't go to bed." So when you ask Lars a question he would rather not answer; he says, in his odd English, "I don't have to tell."

Of course he doesn't. Not with me. I know my stuff. Never make a young man do anything he doesn't want to do.

Mr. Hansen was in New York only a few days, yest—pardon my Swedish; I caught it from him—on his way home to Sweden for Christmas. There's a three-day celebration over there: Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and the day after. What can they do all that time? Well, they all get presents, and the rest of the time they eat and drink. They know how, those Europeans. But, personally, when waking up on December 27th, the morning after, I'd just as lief not be a Sweetie in Sweden.

"Come along while I send a telegram?" said Ann Rork. A telegram became two, and then three; by that time I feared something dire had happened in Ann's life and she was sending out S O S's to all the Rork relatives. But it turned out that they were all beaux who were to get these telegrams.

Victor Varconi was on his way to his native Budapest for the holidays.

She dashed them off so speedily I knew they must be the same message, so I asked her why she didn't have them mimeographed. And what would she do if all the young men got together around the fireside and compared notes—telegrams, rather? But it's all right, girls, quite all right. One young man was at Princeton, another at Yale, and a third in Los Angeles. It was the least Ann could do to let her young men know she was leaving New York for Hollywood, a week sooner than she had expected.

New York is an old story to Ann, who went to school in the East at Miss Knox's, not many years ago. She may come back to go on the stage.

Ann is a girl who will have her little practical joke. For instance, there was a youth in Hollywood, a rich man's son, trying to get into the movies. Ann phoned him saying she was Miss Rose, assistant to M.-G.-M.'s casting director. She might have a job for him. Could he ride horseback? Oh, yes, said the youth, who, as Ann well knew, paled with terror at mention of a horse. "How much do you weigh?" said Ann. "A hundred and thirty-nine." "Let's see," said the fake casting director. "This is Thursday. Could you take off...

Continued on page 168
The Big Laugh

Some of Hollywood's heartiest laughers show what real mirth means.

When Charles Farrell, left, hears a joke he gives his laugh-wrinkles full play.

You don't have to hear the joke to laugh with Rod La Rocque, right—his own laugh is enough.

George Bancroft's laugh, left, is deep-seated, like his characterizations.

And Wallace Beery's, right, just defies description.

Victor McLaglen, left, has a man-size laugh, which makes the Fox lot reverberate when he gives way to it.

Fred Kohler, right, has a diabolical gleam in his eyes, as befits a villain.
The Stars Set the Styles

While mannequins in Paris can reach only the moneyed few, the screen teaches thousands how to dress according to their own types.

By Mignon Rittenhouse

ILL fashions in dress, as well as fashions in beauty, be synonymous with the name of Hollywood in the future? Those in the know say yes. They go even further; they say that Paris and New York, style centers of the world, are already falling behind in the big dress parade, and that each year they will be more outdistanced by the motion-picture capital.

And who are those in the know? Such men as Wallace Smith, Carl Oscar-Board, Travis Banton, and Gilbert Clark, formerly associated with Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile") in France and England.

To the average fan these names may mean nothing, but they are all expert designers of millinery and gowns—the cream of their profession—who have been attracted to Hollywood, as they themselves admit, by the exorbitant prices offered them to clothe and advise the film stars. And the stars themselves, faced with the constant necessity of giving the public always something original and modern in dress, have brought their own talents into play.

"Where you have a creative force as definite as motion pictures," declares E. P. Lambert, vice-president of the Western Costume Company, in Los Angeles, and an expert designer himself, "it can't help but draw, like a magnet, creative minds of every description.

"Unquestionably, many of the finest designers in the world have come to the picture mecca with their innovations, and each year more are coming. The screen is the greatest medium for visual education ever thought of. They know in that slinky dress? he asks his girl when they come out of the theater, or his wife over the breakfast table next morning. Of course, girly and wifey sniff. But at the same time they begin to wonder.

"They have taken in every detail of the costume worn by this shadow rival, and resolve to draw wandering interest back to their own individual personalities by copying their creations will reach a much larger and more impressionable public when worn by screen players, than they ever could if worn by mannequins.

"Pictures are shown in every country in the world. They say that even the dark-skinned belles of the South Seas are discarding their picturesque, scant costumes for the up-to-date, if just as scant, costumes of their American sisters, due entirely to having seen them on their favorite movie actresses. Walk down Main Street of any town in our own country and you will see innumerable women—flappers, matrons, and grandmothers—promenading in copies of dresses and hats worn on the screen by Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, and others.

"It often happens, too, that the men are to blame. A husband or sweet-heart takes his wife or girl to see Greta Garbo, or some other fascinating siren of the screen. He doesn't know what she has on, but sees her in something that looks great to him.

"'Gee, but wasn't she marvelous. These Rogers can give collegians a few hints—should their tastes run to colorful pajamas and, socks.

Lois Wilson is an excellent example of what the smart woman of the world should wear.

Mary Brian can be trusted to guide the ingénues.
The Stars Set the Styles

"Yes, if they follow blindly without taking into consideration their own type. But magazines and newspapers are continuously waging campaigns to keep men and women from letting styles make fools of them. There are so many varieties of fashionable clothes worn by the numerous picture players, that there is no reason why every man and woman who attends the movies shouldn’t be able to find the apparel suited to his or her individual style and needs.

"The Loreleis can find a Lorelei to go by. The ingénue can follow Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Lois Moran, Fay Wray, and innumerable others. The matron can emulate Irene Rich and Florence Vidor. The man of the world can make Adolphe Menjou his model. The collegian can let Charles Rogers be his guide.

"They can’t go very wrong if they know their type and stick to it. If they were to go to a dress house in Paris where models displayed the season’s modes, they would be far more apt to err in selecting clothing—if they lacked good judgment and taste. For Madame de______, though she might suggest that the short, stout lady past forty choose something black, rather than the baby-blue taffeta gown worn by the doll-like blonde mannequin—would sell her the taffeta if she weren’t wise enough to follow madame’s suggestion, rather than lose a customer.

"They have a far wider field from which to choose on the screen than any establishment could offer, for the costumes seen in pictures..."

Continued on page 111
A New Accent in Hollywood

Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer played the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, in “Abie’s Irish Rose” on the stage for five years, so they have much to talk about.

By Myrtle Gebhart

A new accent has been added to the Hollywood jargon. The soft, lilting syllables of the Latin; the guttural of German explosives; the staccato vocal pyrotechnics of the French; the nasal clacking and snorting of Russian phrases, all give to Hollywood a Tower of Babel effect that is hard on native ears.

And now Poppa and Momma Cohen have arrived to teach us Yiddish.

For five and a half years Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer played Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohen, in “Abie’s Irish Rose.” Now they are to portray the roles for the gelatin copy. When the picture is completed they will return to New York for the drama which Anne Nichols has written as a sequel. “Abie” has given them lifetime jobs.

They are unique. First, because no other team has played together in the same roles for such a long consecutive period. Secondly, an unusual bond of affection exists between them. Though each is happily married to a professional, they are Momma and Poppa to each other. The button woman, who fairly radiates maternal love, bosses and pampers Poppa. The little man beams upon, and obeys, Momma.

Five years of friendship with never a quarrel, except on the stage!

On their fourth day at the Paramount studio they had found the fountain which is in the center of the lot. Momma was standing guard, while Poppa used the leisure hour by thinking up titles to submit for Bebe Daniels’ new picture. Poppa is very brassy—I caught sight of one title, “Her Constitution.” Oh, Poppa’s all there.

“So you’ve found a swimming pool,” I remarked.

“But no bathing beauties,” Poppa said sadly. “Momma don’t approve. Why, at the hotel, already, last night two calls I get from blondes to come to parties, but Momma says nix. I went one night to the wrastlin’ match, but I tell the clerk first he should keep tabs on Momma. Too many Hollywood sheiks around.”

“Don’t believe a word what he says,” Momma broke in. “We get along like the dove turtles. He understands me better than what my own husband does, and I’m telling you he minds better.”

“And Momma, she knows how to handle me,” Poppa admitted. “When I’m in a mood, like thinking up these titles, which, if I win the award I give the money to charity, she keeps still and don’t let me be bothered, except,—he added hastily,—it’s an interview lady.”

Both Poppa and Momma Cohen have been on the stage practically all their lives. I dragged Momma away to a café for luncheon. Between worried murmurs for fear Poppa would get lost—or maybe captured by a blonde—she told me a story that in its bravery and struggle, could not but touch the heart. Momma hasn’t yet learned the artifices of the interviewee. She talked simply, with eloquent sentiment, of the Yiddish theater on New York’s East Side, where she played thirteen performances a week, supported an invalid husband, and brought up two children.

“Miss Nichols want my youngest for Abie; but no, I say. No play-acting for them. My boys are both big business men, making lots of money. A wonderful grandchild I got already. See, here’s her picture from a kodak.

When I was thirteen, I start on the stage. After I marry, I quit for a while, but my husband’s health isn’t so good, so we go to Colorado, and there I act, too—for we got to live. Ah,” she sighed with complacent satisfaction, “back in Colorado, when this picture gets there, everybody will be so proud and happy because I make good.

“Back to New York—then I have hard times. A baby crawling around, and another on my knee, and my washing to do, and my house to keep clean, and learn my part—three and four a week I’m telling you—propped up against the sink, while I wash my dishes.

“When the kids grow up, I’m still at it. I get the kids off to school and do the housework, and at eleven I got to be at the theater, so I leave their lunch. They come home and take their lunch by themselves. Matinée every day, mind you. I hurry home to fix dinner and back to theater, and it’s one-two o’clock when I get home.”

She was discovered in the Yiddish theater, tried out a vaudeville sketch, then was chosen for Mrs. Cohen, and given a week in which to memorize her rôle.

“I ask them, why so much time? In a day I know it, and the rest I fool around—on salary, too, mind you.”

Continued on page 112.
The first step, above, is a strut; then, right, you take a step forward with a little fling of the right foot, meanwhile supplying the necessary animation with smiles and hand movements.

In the third step, shown at upper right, a step forward is taken at the same time a full-sized kick is executed.

A right pivot is taken in the fourth position, left, by turning the body completely around and coming into the fifth movement, shown at the right. This consists of placing the right foot forward and clapping the hands over the head.

Bessie Love, Hollywood's expert, the new Gigolo steps which are

That Gig—Gig
—Gigolo Dance

dancer, gives her impressions of sweeping the country. Let’s go!

Next, you come up swiftly, as illustrated at lower left, swaying the body back and forth slowly and—

Back again to the simple strut, above, center, another strut as a preliminary to position eight, in the upper right corner, in which a version of the swaying movement of the black bottom is gone into.

A leap and a jump, right, and hey! hey! that’s Gigolo!
After Success—What?

Following his success in "Camille," Gilbert Roland faced many problems he had never known before. This story explains how he has kept his balance in a situation where others have failed.

By William H. McKegg

Let us say that a former extra has made an overnight success in an important picture; we hear that he has become a social lion. Strange rumors are broadcast about him. He is eulogized by his newfound acquaintances as a good fellow; he is bitterly denounced by extras—who "knew him when," even if they didn't—they fling his name into the category of the upstarts. They tell you he has become swellheaded and altogether too big for himself.

Whether these stories are true or false, no one really cares, so long as they are provided with a new topic of conversation.

Success does change a person—but not always for the worst. Success, in fact, does not alter him so much as the unreasonable demands and requests that come to him from others less fortunate than himself. To fully realize what a person in such a position has to contend with, one must look at things from his viewpoint.

With that idea in mind, we called on Gilbert Roland, who had just finished a session with the medicine ball.

"Well, I don't know," he admitted, mentally weighing the subject. "Success does change a fellow's mode of living, if nothing else. For instance, what person wants to walk when he can afford a car? And who wants to live in a musty third floor back, if he can reside at a comfortable hotel?"

To-day, Gilbert still drives the blue two-seater he purchased in the flush of his "Plastic Age" days, and he occupies a modest apartment at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Otherwise, his mode of living is very quiet. If anything, he has become more of a recluse—more stabilized.

How Gilbert has managed to keep so, might be of interest to more than a few. For he, too, has had the chance to jump into the whirlpool of the "enjoy-life-while-you-may" advocates, right after he won his laurels in Norma Talmadge's "Camille." Wisely, Gilbert has steered clear of such a course.

It is easy enough for the average individual, when he has won success of any kind, to step along with such a crowd, should he feel so inclined.

"I dare say I've been very fortunate," Gilbert remarked on this point. "All the people I have met—I mean those I have met personally and have visited since 'Camille'—are splendid people to know. Naturally, I have had invitations from people whom I never could have met when I was an extra. To meet them now seems quite all right.

"Yet, I have also had invitations from people who do not know me. Their motives are very mysterious to me. Maybe they thought I should feel honored to be counted among their guests—even if I am a total stranger."

What has made Gilbert Roland the philosopher he now is, is hard to say. His screen personality is of a tense, impetuous type which may make him a close rival to John Gilbert when he becomes better known. From such a temperament one never expects reasoning. Nevertheless, Roland's aloofness from the glitter and carnival that so often surround the average newcomer is absolute.

Some newly successful actors are entirely to blame for their rapid eclipse. One clever young actor of my acquaintance, after a burst of success just about the time Gilbert won his, allowed his egotism full play. He has, for the last ten months, been vainly seeking work.

Another newcomer nearly lost his foothold, because of the stupid scrapes he got into and the very undesirable company he associated with. These suckers, praising his looks, his genius, and his future, were able to get a share of his weekly check. Nowadays he gets no big roles; none in the studio like him for his silly vanity, and his condescending manner is met with ridicule. He is vacantly wondering why he has dropped within the last year, when he had started out with such promise!

"I'll tell you one thing that often makes a fellow who has arrived seem upstage to many who knew him before," Gilbert expounded. "I have met chaps whom I worked with as an extra. I did not know them as friends, for I never had any. I never even associated with them, except when working with them on the sets. They all had their own cliques. They made me sense that, too.

"When various ones learned that I was to play in 'Camille,' they sought me out and tried to make me feel that I was the greatest fellow on earth. The real purpose of their visit was to beg me to get them a part in the picture, or to give them an introduction to some director—or even to Miss Talmadge and Joseph Schenck.

"That would have been impossible. I couldn't have done that, even if I wanted to."

Continued on page 98
GILBERT ROLAND, who achieved instant favor as soon as he played Armand, has since faced the problems that beset the young actor who meets with overnight success. In the interview opposite he frankly discusses this new phase of his life.
ALL of a sudden Helene Costello burst the ingénue’s cocoon that had so long inclosed her and became a dazzling leading woman, in “Good Time Charlie.” Her next picture, “Husbands for Rent,” indicates that sophisticated rôles will be hers from now on.
THOUGH photographed in a serious mood, Neil Hamilton is jubilant over the realization of his heart's desire—a dramatic rôle in an important picture, his first since "Beau Geste." Tentatively called "Honkatonk," it is a story of the Texas oil wells.
DIMINUTIVE, sparkling, Pauline Garon can always be depended upon to bring to her roles the sureness of genuine ability, though she appears in more pictures than the fans can keep up with. Two of her latest are "Merry Wives of New York" and "The Heart of Broadway."
LAURA LA PLANTE adds to the gayety of nations with a smile that never grows stale. In "Home, James!" her next picture, she has the rôle of a small-town girl who comes to New York and is suddenly forced to make her relatives believe she is a success.
ASTROLOGERS, palmists and crystal-gazers predict a distinguished career for Dorothy Sebastian, and she is doing all she can to make their prophecies come true by improving each shining hour—which means that the girl from Alabama is making her rôles stand out these days.
If you saw "Captain Salvation," you have no doubt of Pauline Starke's dramatic gifts. If you did not, you will find proof of them in "Fallen Angels." Whether the angels are rising or falling, Pauline knows how to make them interesting heroines.
GEORGE BANCROFT, in the interview opposite, reveals himself as a former matinee idol of Broadway who began his career as a dancing comedian and who, besides being as sensitive as a child, yearns for the affection of his unseen audiences.
A Plea for Sympathy

George Bancroft craves the love of the fans instead of their hate or their laughs, and reveals the gentler side of his nature in order to prove worthy of it.

By Margaret Reid

GEORGE BANCROFT, the menace of "Underworld," was in New York for the first time in three and a half years. He was on one of those stellar vacations—meaning a few days away from home, talking to interviewers, posing for photographs, and talking to more interviewers. I waited for him in the lobby of his hotel. An elevator swept back its doors, disclosing the Bancroft bulk towering above the outpouring crowd. An enormous man, with deep-set blue eyes, peering out of a sunburned face. His hair, worn just long enough to indicate his profession, is sandy-brown; his big hands glowingly manicured.

"I'm sorry I can't ask you upstairs," as he guided me to a quiet corner of the lounge, "but Mrs. Bancroft is very busy with hairdressers and so forth. You understand.

Finding a divan not too close to the nearest chattering post-luncheon groups, the interview began with agreeable alacrity; Mr. Bancroft requiring none of the usual prodding or prompting and leading questions.

A compliment on his fine work in "Underworld" was received graciously.

"Do you know, my dear, I have seen that picture five times. But don't think that is personal vanity! I don't have the sensation of viewing myself at all. I guess I subconsciously look for the old romantic, sylphlike figure; and when this monstrosity comes on I can't recognize it.

"People get such a wrong impression of me. Seeing my pictures, they think I really am a big, hulking brute. It isn't so. At heart," he spoke earnestly, "I am a child. I have the heart of a little child."

It is difficult to reconcile this with the great, blustering gangster of "Underworld." or the hefty comic of "Tell It To Sweeney."

"I give my affections impulsively. There are no half-way measures with me. I love people—or else I am just not conscious of them. I never hate—I prefer to put those whom I cannot like, out of my mind. I am generous, as a child is generous. To help some one I loved I would gladly give my all. And I am as sensitive as a child, too. You have no idea how terrible it is to be so easily hurt by unkindness."

But if he has been emotionally at the mercy of life, life has dealt very tenderly with him; presenting him with a charming wife, an adored little girl, a successful career, wealth, public acclaim.

Of course you want to know how it all came about; and here is the story—as well as a rather incompetent reporter remembers it. For Mr. Bancroft speaks in symbols and parables, illustrating his statements with a match, an ash tray or anything handy.

Born in Philadelphia—September 30, 1882, if you are of a technical turn—he was carried on the stage at the age of six months, in a stock company show. At the age of four he was a regular performer in the stock company, his career continuing, intermittently, throughout his schooling, which ended in Annapolis.

"It has been said of me that I danced my way three times around the world. You see, from Annapolis I went into the navy and, while serving, I instituted a theater on board ship. I wrote the sketches, produced them, and acted in them. One sketch was a dancing act in which a pal of mine and I did blackface."

When he left the navy he and his friend went into vaudeville, doing the same blackface dancing and patter that had so pleased the crew.

But in a few months the limitations of this particular field of the theater began to depress young Bancroft and he quit it abruptly. His heart yearned toward drama. Waiting stoically through a barren period, refusing all offers of vaudeville engagements, he finally landed his wish. In the company of a character actor he toured a ten-twenty-thirty circuit in a play called "Drink." George was the juvenile and he says it was a very good play; exposing, he gathered, the evil results of the liquor habit in harrowing fashion. This was followed by another engagement with the same company, this time in "Escaped From Sing Sing." In it he played a trying rôle—having to escape from handcuffs, ropes, Strait-jackets, and other impediments, right on the stage.

Klaw & Erlanger, the famous Broadway producers, chanced to see Bancroft in one of these heroic dramas and forthwith signed him. On Broadway he played, with auspicious success, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Paid in Full," "Old Bill, M. P.," "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," and others.

"Do you know that 'Underworld' was the first time I ever kissed the heroine? On the stage I always portrayed the rather shy, diffident type—boys whose great reverence for womanhood prevented them from doing more than give a timid glance, or clasp of the hand."

From drama he went into musical comedy. "Honeydew" is the most notable of his singing-dancing ventures.

"At this time," he told me, "I was the matinée idol of the country. I was the biggest bet they had on Broadway."

It is of interest that Octavia Broske, the prima donna of "Honeydew," became Mrs. Bancroft almost immediately after that production. Bancroft speaks of her, her talent and charm, with pride.

I believe it was during an engagement in a George Continued on page 105
A TYPICAL Mexican patio. Irregular stones, brass urns filled with long, sweeping ferns; bright-red flowers everywhere; colorful blankets—splashes of crimson against the gray of adobe walls. On a bench sits a girl in a black cotton dress. She does not droop so much as she suggests the suspension of all action. She looks into space with vacant eyes. There is such a lack of gesture, that a trembling finger is potent with meaning. Slowly, humbly, memory begins to dawn; a fragment of it is seen in the slight questioning of her eyes; a brief quivering of her lips to still their humorous quirk, and Dolores del Rio is in the character of Ramona.

A moment before she had been laughing, a gay little figure, eloquent brown hands gesticulating, as she related an amusing incident to the crowd on the set. With the camera call had come an abrupt change.

She is an artist of rare caliber, skilfully restraining her rich, inherent feeling. Though Ramona offers her a rôle of less flame than Carmen and others, trust her to make it individual and less saccharine than it might be done by an actress less clever.

The long-popular Helen Hunt Jackson novel has for its setting the picturesque, somnolent days of early California before the invasion of the gringo, the immediate action taking place at the great ranch of Señora Moreno. A severe, uncompromising figure is the Señora, ruling her estate in feudal grandeur. She believes in the letter, rather than in the spirit, of her creed. Beyond her on the hillsides vast flocks of sheep graze.

In the languid shadows of late afternoon she searches for Ramona, the maid whom she has adopted, but whom she cannot love. There is a mystery about Ramona's birth which none save the Señora and the good Padre know. Carefree, laughing, barefoot, Ramona is found riding a burro with Don Felipe, the handsome youth of the family.

Edwin Carewe's new discovery, Roland Drew, plays Don Felipe, the sheep-herder who loves Ramona with all the fire of his Castilian blood, while for him she feels only a sister's affection. Dancing the fandango, while he strums his guitar, she is charming to behold in her youth and gayety.

But there comes Alessandro, son of a Temecula chief, leading his Indians for the sheep shearing. Warner Baxter plays the rôle of the bronze, lithe, handsome Alessandro. Alessandro saves Felipe from an accident. And it is the song of Alessandro that awakens the sheep-herder from unconsciousness, for the bond between them is strong.

Ramona is won by the Indian's love. The Señora is furious, and then the truth is told; Ramona is of Indian blood, a half-breed.

Despite various obstacles, Ramona weds Alessandro, whose village has been sacked by the whites, whose pride has gone. For three years life smiles upon them. Then come outlaws, once again to plunder and slaughter the Indians. From a mountain canyon Ramona, Alessandro, and their child, watch the destruction down below.

The Story That

"Ramona," the famous Helen Hunt Jackson to the screen, with Dolores del Rio and

By Myrtle

Warner Baxter, all bronzed for his rôle of Alessandro, the son of an Indian chief, who wins the hand of Ramona.

Photo by Malcolm Smith
Never Grows Old

story of early California, is again coming
Warner Baxter in the leading rôles.

Gebhart

Their child dies, and Alessandro is killed for horse stealing. Then Ramona loses her mind. For days she lies alone in the hut, until Felipe, who has searched for her, comes, and gradually revives her memory. Knowing that it will make Felipe happy, though her heart is not his, Ramona marries him.

Piute Indians from the reservation near Cedar City, Utah, furnished the tribe sites of scenic grandeur never before filmed, and were caught with beautiful photography. Gorgeous, sweeping scenes were filmed at an altitude of ten thousand feet. One spectacular panorama shows fifteen thousand sheep grazing, resembling a great field of snow. Daily the company climbed the mountain on horseback and on foot. Storms delayed progress and it was very cold, but eventually Mr. Carewe got the scenic splendor, not to forget the sheep, that he wanted.

Upon the return of the company, I lunched with Dolores one rainy day, in a quiet corner of the Ambassador. There were many things of which we conversed: styles, a mutual habit of erratic shopping, her collection of funny toy pups, religion, art, and drama, friends in common, Americanization, Mexico—what didn't we talk about?

She gives one a charming degree of friendliness which barely touches upon intimacy—neither a gush of revelation nor a semblance of pose. I have known no star to change so little with fame. One calls her Dolores, or "Chili." She wears a platinum link-bracelet with her nickname lettered in diamond-set bangles.

"I am an Indian Mary Pickford," Dolores shrugged. "For once, twice—yes, I like to be sweet, but I'm telling you not for always."

The rôle, admitting its demureness and strong motif of spirituality, is not in-

Roland Drew and Miss del Rio in a tender scene from "Ramona." Photo by Bostick Smith
make her friends come to see her en ronde, and save her the trouble of rushing from studio to studio to see them. She received flocks of guests; the only air of strangeness was contributed by the fact that Fanny was too weak to talk—but what an opportunity for her friends!

Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnston were among the first and the merriest of her visitors. They volunteered to bring their ukeleles and grass skirts and do their Hawaiian sister act, but insisted that the performance should be given while Fanny was helpless and unable to throw things—there's modesty or foresightedness for you!

About that time Julianne was engaged for a rôle in "The Whip Woman," a Robert Kane production for First National, and what at first looked like a few days' engagement developed into one of those things that drags on and on for weeks, so we heard from her only by telephone.

Robert Kane, according to those who know him well, is a confirmed New Yorker—such a confirmed New Yorker, in fact, that when he finds himself bound by contract to come to California to make pictures, he decides to get the disagreeable business over with as quickly as possible.

So, with the congenial aid of Allan Dwan, who also likes New York, he set out to make five feature productions at a speed that would make Jimmy Cruze, and the fastest of Poverty Row producers, seem like Von Stroheim.

Lois Wilson was signed up and all finished with the first, "French Dressing," almost before she became familiar with the road out to the Burbank studio. But with "The Whip Woman" a snag was struck.

It was practically completed in eleven days, according to report, but in that state it was a picture that not even its producer could love. So added scenes and retakes were re-

For days and days Fanny the Fan had been absent from her usual haunts; the rattle of the teacups at Montmartre was unaccompanied by her voice; she was not at the opening of "Sunrise"—so I knew something was radically wrong. For her to miss being among those present to applaud one of Janet Gaynor's major triumphs, was unbelievable. But all was explained when I got word that Fanny was in the hospital.

It seems that many of her friends in the film colony had recently parted with tonsils—or an appendix—and Fanny felt so out of the conversation that she went off to the hospital and sacrificed her appendix, that she might be able to join in the conversation when people speak of operations. As a matter of fact, influenza was more fashionable in the film colony at the moment, but Fanny just went into the thing precipitately, without studying the reigning modes.

It really seemed like a hoax to

Over the

Fanny the Fan, being in the hospital and too talkers for conversation, but she didn't miss

By The
Teacups

weak to talk, had to depend on her visit-a thing—not even some important films

Bystander

sorted to, and one of the most enticing casts gathered together in many a day—Antonio Moreno, Estelle Taylor, Lowell Sherman, and Julanne Johnston—were given more than a chance to display their talents.

At least once a day a violent argument arose in Fanny's room among the players who had dropped in to see her, over who worked their actors hardest—the big companies who have players under contract, or the little ones that hire them by the picture and guarantee them two weeks' work, if they live that long.

The point was never settled; in fact, the only conclusion unanimously reached was that, failing to cut players' salaries ten per cent, the producers had decided to take that much off the term of their natural lives.

The players who aren't being worked to death are arriving at a dangerous state of nervous tension through not working at all. They are not a joyous care-free lot, these picture players—particularly just now.

And that, I suppose, is one reason I find Ruth Taylor so refreshing. She is just on the threshold of success, and still a little wide-eyed and surprised over everything that happens to her.

She and Madeline Hurlock, friends since their Sennett days, stopped in to see Fanny just as they were starting for Arrowhead Springs. They belong to that enviable minority that has to consult the diet expert there for advice on how to put on weight.

Ruth had stayed in town, anxiously awaiting the preview of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Now it was over, she had no more qualms about its success. There was simply nothing for her to worry about, unless she wanted to start worrying about her next picture.

Ruth is a tiny person and she has a priceless talent that is denied most little girls—she wears smart clothes with the air of distinction usually associated only with tall, slender ones. Travis Banton, who designs the clothes for Paramount stars, finds her a never-ending joy to work for. So, you can depend on it that he will provide some lovely costumes for her forthcoming pictures.

Arrowhead Springs, our visitors reported, resembled a motion-picture convention hall every week-end—so many Hollywoodians were there. Colleen Moore went up for a rest after days of arduous work at the studio, and had the time of her life renewing friendships with people she was fond of, but just hadn't had time to look up. Zasu Pitts was there, as well as Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, and Julanne.

Of course, the main topic of conversation in Fanny's room for days was the opening of "Sunrise"—how exquisite Claire Windsor looked and how stunning Jane Winton was, how glorious it was that Janet Gaynor followed "Seventh Heaven" with another triumph—a triumph of acting over the almost unsurmountable obstacle of an atrocious—and ludicrous—wig.

It was during one of these raving spells that Janet herself phoned her regrets that she couldn't get down to see Fanny, because she was working so hard on "Lady Cristilinda." For days and days she had been wandering around in a heavy fog looking frantically for Charlie Farrell, and he, likewise, had been plunging through a fog looking for her, and the director hadn't yet confided to them whether or not they ever did find each other.

But to get back to the opening of "Sunrise." It brought into prominence a gifted character actress Fanny has been raving about for months—Bodil Rosing; and Margaret Livingston's work in it was little less than a sensation!
Margaret is a philosophical soul who takes things as they come, without squawking. But all the time she knew that, once given a chance to appear in something besides the brazen trappings of a conventional movie siren, she could portray a part with real feeling and understanding.

Margaret was a little discouraged about her career for a while, though she would be the last person in the world to let any one know it at the time. As one stereotyped, hard-boiled rôle followed another, she got disgusted and fled to New York. There she had a flattering offer to go on the stage and was about to take it, when "Sunrise" opened and she just had to come back to Hollywood. She could bear more months of waiting, if she just got another chance to show that she was an actress.

Margaret rushed in one day to see Fanny—bringing an air of intense vitality and joy of life with her. Every sick room should have a Margaret Livingston pass through it, to electrify the patient into a desire to become as one hundred per cent alive as she is.

After sitting on the side lines of Fanny's sick room, I have decided that hospital visiting has been developed into a fine art in Hollywood. Never before have I seen such evidences of thoughtfulness. Of course, members of the film colony have had vast experience in visiting the indisposed—there is such a high percentage of accidents and illness from exposure, in their work.

After careful deliberation, I decided that hospital visiting is the third largest industry within the motion-picture industry, the first being posing for publicity pictures, and the second attending story conferences.

But to get back to the subject of how Hollywood makes its sick rooms brighten. Flowers by the ton, of course—and each lot as rapturously received by Fanny as though it were the only one; soft eider-down pillows to make her head rest more comfortably; scented soap and bath powder and perfumes galore; cosmetics to rescue the complexion from sallowness; flamboyant chiffon nightgowns to celebrate fittingly the release from surgical jackets; a gay-colored quilted robe—"This will make you sit up," Bebe Daniels wrote on the accompanying card. A radium-dialled clock in an exquisite leather case, and books galore—silly books, philosophical books, shocking books. And all day long the telephone ringing and the nurse being questioned, "Is there anything she wants?" And then there was that most glorious surprise of all, which was enjoyed by many others in the hospital beside Fanny. Thanks to Louis B. Mayer, Fanny had movies shown in her room.

I never will forget the first one. Fanny wasn't quite able to sit up, but just had her head propped up so that she could see. A screen was hung over one wall of the room, her bed was pushed to the other end, and the projection machines were mounted on tables out in the hall.

Selecting the first program might have offered an embarrassment of riches to some people, considering all the favorites on the M.-G.-M. lot. But not to Fanny. She knew without hesitation that she wanted to see John Gilbert and Jeanne Eagles, in "Man, After..."
Woman and Sin." Mr. Mayer's representative was obdurate. And she wanted an "Our Gang" comedy and miles of news reel. A few patients who were able to sit up in wheel chairs were invited, as well as all the nurses and interns who could get off duty. How grateful the nurses were that Fanny shared their devotion to Jack Gilbert and had asked for one of his films! Besides myself, the only guest from outside was Ann Sheridan, the stunning blonde who played opposite Raymond Griffith in one of his recent pictures.

Our picture show started at six thirty in the evening, and I doubt if ever a Sid Grauman première was greeted with such awe and delight. Real evening dress—nightgowns and bath robes, in fact—were de rigeur for the occasion.

The M.-G.-M. news reel had interesting subjects, and the photography was marvelous. One shot particularly of a flock of wild ducks, had the quality of an exquisite Japanese print in motion.

But everything else seems insignificant compared to Jack Gilbert's achievement. in "Man, Woman, and Sin." He has proved himself a great actor before, but never has he been so simple and human and ingratiating. For him to be dashing, arrogant and gay amid all the trappings of military grandeur, or in the picturesque atmosphere of bootlegging, must have been child's play compared to the demands of this rôle. Here he is called upon to be unsophisticated and unworldly—and he accomplishes it so thoroughly that even we, who know him well, felt a lingering pity for that poor boy we saw on the screen.

Nothing but the doctor's orders that the show must be over by eight thirty, kept us from having one scene run over and over after the picture was finished—a scene where Jack, in his rented dress suit, goes to the newspaper office where he works, thrilled over the sensation he expects his appearance to cause, only to find himself quite unnoticed.

However, I have a feeling that when Fanny is out of the hospital, she and I will make a tour of outlying theaters wherever "Man, Woman and Sin" is being shown, to see that scene again.

Any one might think from all this that Jack's was the only performance in the picture—and they would be all wrong. Jeanne Eagles is tremendously effective. Gladys Brockwell plays a sympathetic mother with such power and understanding that she ought never to play a heavy villainess again, unless she wants to.

There were other picture shows, later, and good ones, but nothing else could cause the sensation the first one did. After all, there is only one John Gilbert and one Monta Bell, and their combined efforts are incomparable.

The next great sensation in Fanny's room was the next day just at dusk, when all her visitors had gone, when the last pages of the papers had been exhausted in a search for news of her friends, and she was feeling a little lonely. The door opened quietly, and there stood Mary Alden—Fanny's adored Mary Alden, whom she hadn't seen in more than two years. Orders for her to be calm meant nothing to Fanny.

Continued on page 107
A Fan Visits

A frequent contributor to "What the all readers of that department for her of what she calls the

By Olive Dodd

It was easy to arrange an appointment with the publicity department. Just why I do not know. Perhaps 'twas my lucky day. The results follow: Not as a critic did I seek him, but as a fan, and as such did he receive me.

The California sunshine, laden with a soft breeze wafting from the ocean, made me feel I could brave almost anything on the afternoon set for my introduction to John Gilbert. Arriving at the impressive M.-G.-M. studio, I was permitted to make my way to the publicity department, there to meet Howard Strickling. Pages might be devoted to the praises of this unusual young man, whose friendly manner must win him friends constantly, but I know you are more interested in Mr. Gilbert. His pleasant "Hello! how are you?" were encouraging. It gave me the impression that I was not considered a nonentity.

"Mr. Gilbert is ready for you, Mrs. Thompson; I asked him not to disappoint you."

"I am quite sure Mr. Gilbert could never disappoint me," is what I think I said. Goodness knows what I did say!

"All right—let's go," said the genial Mr. Strickling, as we began our little trek across the lot—to the dressing room of the One and Only! When one is treading on air, one is not supposed to be observant. However, as we passed through the outer room of Mr. Gilbert's suite, I did notice the attractive young woman seated at a desk on which were piles of photographs ready for mailing. This was Mr. Gilbert's beautiful secretary, whom Mr. Oettinger has mentioned in one of his stories.

Mr. Strickling's knock at the inner door brought the desired response in the form of Mr. Gilbert himself. Mr. Strickling retired—and I was left alone in the presence of one of the most popular stars in the world! The surprise, the pleasure, the thrill of a lifetime were here, yet the only thing I could fasten my unsteady mind upon was the vivid scratch extending from Mr. Gilbert's forehead down to his nose. Whether it was real or faked I do not know, but I can say my sympathy was real. Naturally Mr. Gilbert was in make-up, and dressed in the picturesque costume for "The Cossacks," which he wears in the photograph accompanying this story, minus, of course, the shako.

Seating himself in a big, comfortable chair, having taken refuge on a brightly upholstered davenport, Mr. Gilbert asked politely; "Are you by any chance a writer, Mrs. Thompson?" "No," I admitted, "except that I have, along with every one else, written unaccepted stories. But I am an inveterate letter writer."

Apparently Mr. Gilbert was determined to accept this new borne, meaning myself, with a grace as pleasing as it was unexpected, for as soon as he learned I had no special questions to ask, he took up the reins of a not too promising interview.

In sending this story for your potential interest I believe I am being original, for to my knowledge no interview has ever been written under similar conditions. True, I've been sending periodical outbursts to "What the Fans Think" for over five years, but interviewing a star, myself—mercy, no! Yet that is just what I did, completely "on my own!" And, incidentally, this is written for the fans alone. To think that I interviewed John Gilbert, and Picture Play is publishing my impressions of him! Isn't that something to think about?

Every fan worthy of the name has probably dreamed of seeing movie celebrities in their native haunts, yet so few have their dreams realized. Important personages—those who have attained eminence—are royally escorted in and around the studios. But to the average fan the studio gates are impregnable.

Time and chance are great wonder-workers and somehow, after five dream-filled years, I broke down the barriers of inertia and lack of self-confidence and determined to make my dreams come true.

Rash as this determination may appear to be, I set about to effect its realization. For two reasons, I decided upon John Gilbert. He is one of the most popular stars and has been my sole favorite for years. Too, I realized that such a venture called for unusual nerve and concentration, so it behooved me to select one whom I had at least seen in person, if I were to render my vocal and mental powers any assistance at all! We are so prone to become speechless when we most long to create a favorable impression. Having seen Mr. Gilbert at a première, I felt that the sight of him again could not completely upset my confidence.

John Gilbert beams his approval of what Mrs. Thompson has written of their visit.
John Gilbert

Fans Think,” who is well known to sound views, writes her impressions thrill of a lifetime.

Thompson

"Do you think you can get anything new from this talk of ours? Everything has been written of me that is possible, I should think."

"Yes, I am sure I can find something new, Mr. Gilbert. For one thing, I am a fan and you have received me. That is, at least, different."

"With you," he continued, "it is a thrill, a thing you've never done before. Do you realize that, for me, it is a matter of routine, this being interviewed?"

"Indeed I do, but the fact that a star of your prominence received a novice like me will be most interesting to the fans, I think."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, and I knew by the manner in which he shifted his position that the time had come when I could sit quietly by, and listen and marvel and absorb all that was to follow.

"At first," he said, "I was interviewed repeatedly. As might be expected, I was at times indiscreet. But there's one thing I have not been—and that is hypocritical. I am not a platter saint and I never have claimed to be. Rather, I am just a normal human being—a man. I am John Gilbert, too, the actor, and I seem to be unable to get away from that fact. The things that John Doe might do are unimportant. But let John Gilbert do them and they are magnified. That is the tragedy of success."

"Do you read the fan magazines, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Occasionally; yes. I resent the attitude some of the fans have taken in regard to my personal affairs. They have failed to take into consideration that I am first of all a human being, who must live his life as best he can. God and circumstances created John Gilbert the man. Love of my work, an understanding of life and some ability to interpret it on the screen, have made John Gilbert the actor. Life is not and never will be all sunshine, or sweetness, or goodness. And so I have but one aim in the portrayal of my roles; that is, to interpret life honestly. Those who have attained a maturity of years can appreciate my characterizations. If there are those who object to my method, they should stay away from my pictures. Narrow-minded people, or those who insist upon only goodness and beauty on the screen, could never understand me. As long as I create roles, just so long will I live up to my aim. If there comes a time when I cease to receive the commendation of the public, there is Europe—and the stage. Offers are plentiful. I am not a hypocrite naturally, and I'll be damned if I become one!"

Here he paused. He had kept up a rapid-fire flow of words until I had lost all thought of getting in a question. However, this pause permitted me to remark, "I fully agree with you, except that you must not go to Europe!" He smiled boyishly, pleased and happy.

"One cannot please every one even part of the time," he continued, "so one should try to please oneself, if in the endeavor one pleases some others."

You fans who have read the various letters that have been written about Mr. Gilbert can well imagine how I felt, listening to his vehement outburst of honest opinion. I felt ashamed that we could be so unfair as to wish to alter such a remarkable character as Mr. Gilbert possesses. He believes intensely. He talks delightfully and emphatically saying what he thinks, regardless of whether you or I agree with him. Can we not admire the man for this very sincerity? For the courage to have an aim and strive continually to live up to it? Should we not praise his enthusiasm—the enthusiasm so frequently mentioned, but never too often, since it is so much a part of him?

"There are those," he began again, "who have questioned my regard for my wife"—yes, he referred to beautiful Leatrice Joy as "my wife"—"but they lose sight of the fact that we were two distinct personalities, unable to be congenial and happy together. We are the best of friends; it is impossible to completely sever two who have been as one, or to shut out of our lives a factor as beautiful and dominant as friendship."

Here Mr. Gilbert shook off the moody depression he had allowed to possess him and informed me that he, too, was a fan.

"But not my kind of fan," I exclaimed in surprise.

"In a way, yes. I have my favorites—like to see and enjoy them on the screen. In fact, I have learned much from them that has benefited me. For instance, I find

Continued on page 110
Lessons in Love

Karl Dane illustrates the technique of a successful suitor for the heart of a lady—who must be nameless.

First, gently caress the hand of the lady, as shown above, and offer her liquid refreshment, right, at frequent intervals.

Clasping her hand and assuming a deferential attitude, below, implies a state of subservience hard for any woman to resist.

When the critical moment arrives, place your hand over your heart, as above, and tell her how much you love her.

The culmination of your efforts will find the lady has succumbed to your charms, as Mr. Dane proves, below.
TEMPORARY titling of babies may become the next fad in the film colony. And if it does, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman will have to shoulder the blame.

When their youngest was born a few weeks ago, they were living in the vague expectation that it might be a boy, and had selected names accordingly.

Instead, it turned out to be a daughter, and Miss Boardman, feeling it desirable for a girl to have a very distinctive name, decided to conduct a thorough search for one.

Some name, therefore, had to be chosen in the interim, and King and Eleanor made it "Mike!" Then somebody hit upon the idea of referring to this as a "temporary title," that phrase having been long in use to indicate the name of a motion picture which was likely to be changed.

The Torrences' Silver Anniversary.

A unique gift to Ernest Torrence on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage was a silver mustache cup. It was presented to him by the members of "The Cossacks" company, in which he was working at the time, the reason being that Ernie wears a long, drooping mustache in that picture. On the accompanying card were the words, "May your success be long and lasting, and may you never be trimmed in the cutting room."

The Torrence anniversary party, which was held at their charming, hospitable home, was one of the most delightful Hollywood has ever seen. There are few couples in the colony who can boast of twenty-five years of wedded life together, and for that matter there are few couples in the film colony who are more sincerely fine than Ernest and Elsie Torrence, not to speak of their son, Ian, who has ambitions for a literary career.

The guest list, as usual, was interesting and representative. And not the least exciting moment at the affair was the one which witnessed Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman seated together on a davenport, engaged in enthusiastic conversation.

Jack, Too, Would Celebrate.

Gilbert, incidentally, said one of the smart things of the evening. People were talking of their own wedding anniversaries, and recalling the number of years they'd been married.

"Yes, said Jack, "I'm going to celebrate my anniversary soon, too. I've been married seven years—twice!"

With an Arsenal Setting.

Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis, director of publicity for Warner Brothers, were wed on Thanksgiving Day. They had a reception following the ceremony, which was attended by many of the couple's friends. The entrance to Louise's home was almost barricaded with flowers, and the rooms themselves took on the aspect of a conservatory.

Louise wore a most becoming gown of dove-gray chiffon, which reached the floor, and a large picture hat of the same tone. The wishes expressed to her and Mr. Wallis were straight from the heart of every one, because she is one of the greatest favorites among the players, and Hal is very well thought of by the colony.

The most amusing remark on this occasion was made by John Miljan. Noting a supply of ancient firearms which Louise has collected, and which adorn the hallway of her home, he exclaimed, "Gee, this must have been a shotgun wedding."

Too Much Pressure on Throttle.

The auto speed-craze has lately hit the picture folk with a vengeance. For a few weeks the papers were carrying reports nearly every day or so of the arrest of some one. Among those who were brought under the law's censure were Charley Chase, Sally Rand, Kenneth Harlan, Hedda Hopper, Reginald Denny, and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. All of them succeeded in getting off with fines, but were duly downcast.

Charley Chase told a story anent his appearance in court.

"Just as I arrived there," he said, "the judge was sentencing a man for speeding.

"'Ten days or ten dollars,' the judge said.

"'All right, judge," exclaimed the culprit, 'I'll take the ten dollars.'"

Safe and Nonexplosive.

F. W. Murnau, the director of "Sunrise," has an assistant by the name of Herman Bing, and the story of his latest picture, "The Four Devils," was written by the Swedish author, Herman Bang.

"With 'Bing' and 'Bang' both connected with it, the picture ought to be a smash at the box office," Edmund Lowe, the studio wit, remarked.
Doug's Smart Rejoinder.

The ready wit of Douglas Fairbanks can always be depended on. Recently at an important civic function in Oakland, California, he was introduced by a somewhat rattled master of ceremonies as Mr. Pickford. Doug rose to his feet and said, "Ladies and gentlemen: I realize that I have married a wife who is, I am proud to say, an institution, but then I have been fortunate enough, in so doing, to retain my maiden name."

More Make-believe Drama.

Jane Winton will never listen to a police officer again, no matter if he comes to her with a warrant.

And the reason is a prank devised by Marion Davies during the filming of "The Patsy." Marion is, of course, always playing practical jokes on somebody, and while working on "The Patsy" she found a more-than-willing partner in crime in King Vidor, who is similarly addicted. It was King, really, who invented the prank that fooled Jane, although Marion was in on it.

Jane, it seems, had been having some trouble with her income tax, and King had heard her tell about it. He evolved the scheme of having some one carefully make up as a police officer, and come to the set seeking Miss Winton, with a view to taking her to jail. When the "officer" arrived, Jane was astonished, to say the least. She flushed, stammered, and finally becoming very irate, stamped her foot. Both Vidor and Marion came over to console her, and King offered the services of his lawyer. But nothing would comfort Jane, and nothing would drive the insistent officer away until, when she was almost in tears over the unpleasant prospect of going to jail, they finally told her of the deception.

Jane related the incident very amusingly, and said that she thought she knew something about acting, but that she wasn't so certain after her failure to detect the make-believe officer, who seemed so relentlessly determined to lead her to the calaboose.

Variations in Escorts.

Who should be seated close to us at a party recently given by Millard Webb, the film director, but Marie Prevost. Her escort was Ward Crane. At the same affair were, among others, Vera Steadman, who was accompanied by Buster Collier, and Alice Day with Carl Laemmle, Jr. The engagement of Miss Day and young Laemmle has been rumored, but diligently denied also.

Marie told us that she had never received so much publicity in her life as during the time she was procuring a divorce from Kenneth Harlan.

Apropos of Simian Melodrama.

Charlie Murray can always be depended on for a good, old-fashioned Irish joke when he makes a personal appearance. The last occasion for such a public bow by him was in connection with the showing of "The Gorilla," at the Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles.

Charlie came out on the stage holding a little monkey in his arms as a mascot. He told of a fight between a chap called Muldoon and another called Clancy. "The two had not met for a long time," Charlie related, "and when they encountered each other on the street one day, Muldoon immediately commenced to pound the head of Clancy."

"What the devil are you doing that for!" exclaimed Clancy.

"Why, the last time we met," said Muldoon, 'ye called me a gorilla!"

"Well, what about it?" said Clancy peevishly. 'That's all of six months ago.'

"'Okay, okay," replied Muldoon, 'but thin I never saw one until yesterday.'"

Good News of "The Circus."

If you like a good, old-fashioned Charlie Chaplin comedy, you are going to have the time of your life when you see "The Circus." It is just like the films that he used to make years ago, except that it is full feature length.

Charlie has literally packed this picture with gags of the most amusing sort, and we laughed ourselves weary when we saw it not long ago at a preview.

It isn't a picture that one can tell about and give any of its real flavor. Only Charlie could make such a delightful comedy as this, in which by turns he essays to be a sleight-of-hand artist, an unintentional lion-tamer, a tight-rope walker, and does various other things that are both delightful and uproarious.

There is no moment funnier than that in which the star is seen on a slack wire at the climax of the picture, trying to retain his equilibrium while three monkeys cling to his neck and ears, tear off his coat, and trousers, and stick their feet and tails into his eyes and mouth, as he strives all the while to balance himself. The frantic expression on Charlie's face in this episode is inspired comedy, but equally enlivening are dozens of other scenes in this production, which will probably mean a great renewal of his popularity.

Corinne in Dizzy Farce.

We saw recently also Corinne Griffith's first picture for United Artists. In this, Corinne continues her travels along the highway of comedy. The film is "The Garden of Eden"—just another name for Monte Carlo—and after a rather serious beginning becomes a farce with a rare, Frenchy flavor. At the finish, Corinne, in fury at the relatives of her fiancé, who have interfered
with her marriage, tears off her wedding garments, and in full view of the guests dashes downstairs into the hotel lobby, clad only in her teddies.

The picture is more laughable than the telling of this incident might indicate. Nobody would hail “The Garden of Eden” as the classic of Corinne’s career, but it is thoroughly amusing. At the preview a big round of applause went to Charles Ray, who plays opposite the star.

Tempests in “Tempest.”

John Barrymore will probably hold the permanent record for changes in directors and leading women in “Tempest.” Frank Lloyd was first selected to guide the destiny of the star, but shortly resigned. He was followed by Ivan Tourjansky, a Russian, brought to this country by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was followed by Sam Taylor.

There have been four leading women—Greta Nissen, Vera Voronina, Dorothy Sebastian, and Camilla Horn. It would appear that Miss Horn will complete the production, as she is in great favor because of her acting ability, though this is not to be construed as condensatory of the other fair ladies who played opposite Mr. Barrymore.

Erich von Stroheim wrote the scenario of “Tempest,” but this has probably nothing to do with the vicissitudes it has encountered! And, by the way, it is said to be a great script.

Discouraging Statistics.

The approximate number of leading actors available for film work in Hollywood has recently been determined.

The Actors Equity estimates them at four thousand. These are players who have either received screen credit, or are potentially deserving of this credit, and are not merely bit players.

Not more than five hundred or six hundred actors are used at any one time in current productions. So there are always bound to be about seven waiting for a job while one is busy. Contract players, naturally, are paid for this waiting time, but not the free-lancers.

On the basis of these figures, the player who averages a five-thousand-dollar annual income is considered very lucky indeed. Only the bigger favorites far surpass this average, and their number is small.

Many players among the free-lancers do not nowadays approach the five-thousand-dollar figure, even when they get only one or two roles a year. The wages of the most fortunate extra player do not run more than fifteen hundred dollars to two thousand dollars yearly. Some are said scarcely to make their carfare, but these generally have some other means of earning a livelihood.

Certainly these figures do not hold any golden allure for the person who is ambitious to enter the movies, because for every hundred that try, probably only one gets a chance even to be an extra.

Laurels for Bodil Rosing.

Bodil Rosing won the most amazing demonstration from the audience at the premiere of “Sunrise.” She received as much if, not more, applause, than George O’Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, and others who appeared in the production. Miss Gaynor was her only competitor.

This might seem surprising to many fans who have not even heard of Miss Rosing. The role that she plays in the picture is the secondary one of the nurse, who takes care of the child of the young couple during their absence from home.

There is more to it even than this. Miss Rosing is well known and loved in Hollywood. She is the mother of Tove Blue, the wife of Monte, and is exceedingly charming and intelligent.

Duos and Trios.

Palships between girls will be the next thing exploited on the screen, in all likelihood. A tendency in that direction is indicated in “The Mad Hour,” in which Sally O’Neil and Alice Day play flapper pals. “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” promises to carry out the same idea.

Another new development in the team line is the trio. Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, and Louise Lorraine have been together in several pictures, the latest being “Circus Rookies.” When we were down on the set watching this, Dane was pursuing Arthur around a knife-thrower’s target. The knife-thrower got into action, too, while the chase was going on, and if he hadn’t timed his hurling correctly, we would probably have seen Dane and Arthur lose a large portion of their ear lobes. Fortunately, the episode ran like clockwork.

Abie’s Rose Wedded.

“Mr. Solomon Levy requests your presence at the marriage of his beloved son, Abraham, to Rosemary Murphy, on Tuesday, at 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood. Please omit presents, but be present—and bring along a pencil and paper.”

If you know that address to be Paramount’s, you might guess that the embossed invitation pertained to a studio wedding, and that the participants were none other than the famous couple who are responsible for all the plot complications in “Abie’s Irish Rose,” that play which had a run of over five years in New York.

The Paramount publicity department took this unique means to notify writers of the impending film ceremony. The scene was acted by Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll. We stayed away, as weddings always make Elza cry; but we heard that it was grand.
Miss Carroll who plays Rosamary is such a hit with the company that she has been given a contract and will do other pictures.

A Première and a Faux Pas

The opening of the new United Artists Theater in Los Angeles was the climaxing event of 1927. This is a lavish downtown picture house goldenly opulent that has for its sponsors the organization with which Doug, Mary, Charlie, Norma, Gloria, and others are identified. There is no need to mention their last names.

A flurry of excitement was caused in advance of the première largely because of two mural paintings, in which various stars and the characters they play, were represented. Somebody had conceived the idea that this would add materially to the decorative scheme of the theater, and there was no doubt of its being interesting. However, the arrangement was not as ideally diplomatic as possible. It seemed, and among other things there was some slight temperamental dissatisfaction over the circumstance that certain stars in the United Artists company were not included, while one or two others were twice represented. We can't go into details, unfortunately, as it would take too long to tell.

The most amusing thing of all, though, was that photograph of Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery—the latter as Richard the Lion-hearted—were placed side by side, with Wally looking naively over Gloria's shoulder. This was deemed entirely inappropriate, because of the fact that they had been married and separated and so the artist working on the mural was instructed to give Beery a disguise of extra whiskers. Although he wore the garb of his rôle in "Robin Hood," he looked neither like Richard nor like Wally, but very slightly like a certain gentleman identified with a famous brand of cough drops.

Nevertheless the première was glorious and brilliant, with everybody in filmland present, and the introduction of throngs of celebrities from the stage. Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl" opened the theater, this being an honor truly deserved by her as one long associated with motion pictures, and whose name is actively linked with their growth and development.

Two Stars Suffer Injuries.

The jinx must be after the handsome heroes. Injuries to several of them have been reported lately, the most serious happening to Richard Dix and George O'Brien. Dix all but fractured a vertebra as a result of a fall. He slipped and fell when preparing to get down from the top of a huge rock, and landed with his spine against another rock. They had an X-ray examination in a neighboring town, but found no bones broken, although Dix was out of the picture for a day or two. He was shortly after taken very seriously ill with influenza.

George O'Brien had to come to the première of "Sunrise" on crutches. He had been injured a few hours before the opening during a fight scene in a picture: During the wrestling, a portion of the floor gave way, George's foot caught, and he broke a small bone and strained a ligament. He used the crutches for several weeks after.

Olive Borden accompanied him to the opening.

Problems for a Chiroprodist.

Lon Chaney's latest feat of make-up is always a source of fascination to us, and we glimpsed him just as he was starting "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at the M-G-M studio. He was en route across the lot and an audience had gathered in front of the office buildings and dressing rooms to observe him. They laughed and kidded him as he went. Especial mirth was caused by the exceedingly large and flat feet that he had acquired for this portrayal. The tocs were tipped with long brass nails. In such-beruffled clown's garb he looked like the fantastic and weirdly proportioned figures that one sees fashioned of toy balloons.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh" will probably bear a resemblance to "He Who Gets Slapped," as far as Chaney's rôle is concerned.

Somebody remarked that he would have to get a cold chisel to trim his toenails.

Lionel Barrymore Speaks.

Lionel Barrymore, it might be noted, played "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" on the stage in New York, and also did it recently in Los Angeles. It is a curious thing that although he is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, Chaney is doing the film version. Only another added proof, perhaps, that things aren't the same in the footlights and the flickers. Barrymore was the idol of the film folk on the night that his play had its Coast opening.

The Foreign Question Again.

The argument about the respective capabilities of American and foreign actors, which has been going on for months, reached a rather disturbing peak not long ago. It was suggested at a meeting of actors in Hollywood that the bars be raised against the foreigners and a few of the more revolutionary souls present even advocated their deportation.

Of course, Hollywood has been suffering from a European complex for the past several years, even to the extent where girls and men of this country have changed their names to Polaski, Naginska, Petrovka, and suchlike, besides cultivating a foreign accent, to get into the movies.

However, the complex will pass. It is rather silly to talk of excluding gifted Europeans from pictures, just because they happen to be momentarily in the ascendancy.

Continued on page 96.
Gayly Seeking Drama

While Leatrice Joy likes playing comedy, she wants to be serious, too. With the fresh start given her by "The Angel of Broadway," there's no telling how dramatic "The Blue Danube" will be.

By Helen Louise Walker

For five years it has been Leatrice Joy's ambition to surpass her own performance in "Manslaughter." She has measured all her pictures, since that one, by the standard she set for herself in the role of the spoiled maiden who won regeneration—and married the prosecuting attorney—after she had been sent to prison as punishment for killing a motor-cycle policeman through reckless driving.

But the DeMille organization, recognizing her valuable and unusual flair for comedy, has given her little opportunity to display her ability in dramatic rôles.

With her hair slicked back from her heart-shaped face, looking like a naughty little Pierrette, she has frolicked unwillingly through one comedy after another, wearing boy’s clothes, sailor suits, canteen uniforms and frothy negligees, until we nearly forgot she could do anything more than merely look roguishly lovely, and be vivacious and amusing.

Then came "The Angel of Broadway." The idea, I understand, was Leatrice's own, based on a bit of real life. She told Lenore Coffee about it and Miss Coffee saw story possibilities in the situation. Thus, Leatrice’s return to drama.

The picture has been a distinct success and Leatrice is delighted.

"I am so happy about it! I was beginning to fear that I should have to resign myself to comedy forever. Comedy is interesting and I enjoy it, because it keeps one in a nice frame of mind." Leatrice is concerned about maintaining the proper frame of mind. She is like that.

"But," she went on, "I want to do other things. Romance—great romance—is what we need. There is something in every one of us that cries out for it. Most of us do not get enough of it in life. So we seek it in books, plays, and pictures.

"We all like a story about a great love. After all, Shakespeare’s best box-office bet was ‘Romeo and Juliet!’"

We were sitting in her dressing room while she was making up for her rôle as the Russian peasant-girl, in "The Blue Danube."

"This picture has a beautiful love story," she went on, busy with grease paint and mascara. "I have persuaded them to add a sort of epilogue, to give that note of romance of which I spoke.

"It is hardy a critic's picture, I think, but I fancy the public will enjoy it. That is, of course, what really counts, but—somehow—those bouquets from the critics do warm our hearts!

"If the critics are not pleased, we can say, 'Oh, well! Who are these birds, anyhow? It is the public that counts.' But if the critics say nice things, we pat ourselves on the back and conclude that they are smart chaps!"

She told me of a gag she was to play on Mr. DeMille.
“Everybody in the world has taken a test for ‘The Godless Girl,’ Mr. DeMille’s next picture,” she explained. “Everybody, that is, except me. He has emphasized the fact that she must be young—young! So I am going to curl my hair and put on socks and this funny little dress”—exhibiting a fluffy, juvenile costume—“and I am going to make a test and run it in among the serious ones. Like this.”

She put her finger in her mouth, stood pigeon-toed, and burlesqued a wide-eyed, childish stare.

“Isn’t there no Thanta Clauth?” she lisped. And then, clapping her hands and skipping toward the “camera,” she shouted, joyfully, “Oh, yeth! Papa DeMille ith Thanta Clauth!”

“Don’t you think it will make him laugh?” she asked.

I thought it should, but did not feel competent to prognosticate in regard to the DeMille sense of humor.

Leatrice has been one of my favorites ever since the very first time I had luncheon with her at her home in Beverly Hills.

She squeaked with delight, upon that occasion, when I took off my hat and she discovered that I was wearing my hair slicked back, too. She rushed from the room and came back with an exquisite little tortoise-shell comb which she insisted I take, “because people like us are always losing combs, and this is a sweet one and I’d love you to have it, because you wear your hair like mine!”

She is very well named—Miss Joy. Never have I seen a more vivid, delightful, laughing creature, nor one more filled with the sheer joy of living.

And her house radiates her happiness for it is delightfully filled with musical surprises. She takes vocal lessons and practices diligently upon the guitar in her spare moments. And she owns, besides, an enormous electric grand piano, an old-fashioned melodion and a huge old music box, which stands in her dressing room and tinkles cheerfully while she is dressing.

Cigarette boxes play tunes

Continued on page 104
From High School to the Movies

It is the most natural thing in the world that Hollywood's high-school girls should join the movies—for they breathe, think, feel, talk and see nothing else but movies?

By Ann Sylveste

Those little bob-haired, rolling-skating kids who were born and raised right in Hollywood—the college kids, the high-school kids, and even the grammar-school kids—are going in the movies!

Yes, sir! They're tucking their schoolbooks away for studio contracts, before the ink on their diplomas is dry. Even the undergraduates are jumping a couple of the day's classes to double in on some big set. And the funny part of it is that the little amateurs are making good!

There may come a time when the studios will choose their future stars from the supply of school talent right in the old home town. At any rate, it begins to look that way.

It is probably natural that the children of Hollywood should absorb the movie atmosphere. It is in the air. They can't cross the streets without pausing for some star's limousine to pass. They can't go tea dancing, without powdering their noses at the same dressing table with Claire Windsor or Joan Crawford. Comedy companies shoot exteriors in their front yards, or maybe they live next door to JobynaRalston, or Norma Shearer, or Vera Reynolds. The corner drug stores flaunt fan magazines. School recesses are spent clipping and trading pictures of their favorites and, among the older classmates, swapping opinions of the latest divorce.

Stardom is imitated to the nth degree. Soft, youthful high-school lips are bowed after the scarlet curve of Clara Bow's; or maybe some individualist will go entirely without make-up, after the fashion set by Eleanor Boardman.

My apartment is just a couple of blocks away from the Hollywood High School. I watch these glory-struck children pass my window twice a day. They are amazingly pretty. They have graceful heads poised on youthfully slender necks, and their feet are as daintily and modishly shod as May McAvoy's. They don't simper or gush over their boy friends; they drawl over them with the blase accent that Aileen Pringle might use. They are as sophisticated as one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's heroines and as young as a first lilac blossom in spring. They are altogether as amazing—and they are going in the movies!

When one of them lands a contract with the studios, high is the excitement, carefully hidden is the envy,
They aren’t rich or particularly famous, as yet, and producers aren’t cutting each other’s throats for their services. They aren’t exotic, or temperamental, or dramatic, or combustive, or scandalous, but they’re the cutest kids in town. They’ve got the dearest mouths. The cutest cloche hats. The shortest skirts. The longest bobs.

For instance, there are the Young girls. They were born Betty Jane, Gretchen, and Polly Ann Young, but along came the movies and now they are Sally Blane, Loretta Young, and Polly Ann, respectively. Polly Ann is the only one who has managed to retain her name without studio interference; but then Polly Ann is the only one not under contract somewhere. The former Gretchen, now Loretta, is adorning the stock company of First National and Sally Blane is a Paramount baby. A couple of years ago they were high-school girls. Now they are movie celebrities.

I have a hunch that the world is going to hear from all three of them. They look like an embryo Talmadge squad, with Sally furnishing the heart appeal, Loretta the comedy touch, and Polly Ann the sex appeal. Their clothes are the last word in chic and their make-up a couple of shades ahead of the current color. Sally dresses in dark satin things, Polly Ann affects the sports mode, and Loretta goes in for ruffles and organdies.

Outside of the fact that we are slightly acquainted, I don’t know much about them.

The Young girls? answered a young man so youthful that his voice hadn’t quite settled, as he piloted me through the tea crowd of the Coconut Grove. “They’re lilies, aren’t they?” Lilies, in the Hollywood tongue, are ladies who are knock-outs, riots, swells, and other superlative adjectives. “Say, I used to go to school with them. They had the movie bug even then. We used to kid them about it because, gee! we didn’t know they were going to grow up to be such—”

“Lilies?” I put in.

“Right. Sally was so thin she rattled, and Loretta was like a straw—she was so skinny and small. Polly Ann was the prettiest then, but a lot of people think Sally is beginning to sneak up on her. Which do you think is the prettiest?”

“Sally is the prettiest. Polly Ann is the most seductive, and Gretchen is the cutest.” I sputtered.

“You mean Loretta,” he corrected. “You mean

Continued on page 110
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in his role, earns great and spirited performance. Francis X. Bushman excellent as Messala; Mary McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Claudette Colbert all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Cat and the Canary, The"—Universal. One of the best mystery stories ever filmed. Very spooky and exciting. Excellent cast, including Laura La Plante and Creighton Hale.

"Garden of Allah, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich in the production of this famous story of Trappist monk who forsakes his monastery, meets a young Englishwoman in the desert, and marries her without divulging his identity. Excellent casts.

"Old Heidelberg"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate Constitution and many sea battles. Esther Ralphson and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest. Wallace Beery and George Barbierot the comedy.


"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. A tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admired performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slade, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Haines as a wise-cracking Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neill as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Stark Love"—Paramount. Unusual film that was produced in the mountains of North Carolina, with the mountain life as the background. Simple but intensely interesting story.

"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.


Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic role. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Adam and Evil"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in amusing domestic farce of the complications stirred up between a bored married couple by the unexpected arrival of the husband's twin brother.

"Angel of Broadway, The"—Pathe DelMille. Excellent picture of enterprising rowdy cabaret who tries to mock the film version of Arny, but is eventually reformed. Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi.

"Back to God's Country"—Universal. Renee Adoree in thrilling tale of trap- per's daughter rescued from the villain by a handsome young engineer—Robert Frazer.

"Barbed Wire"—Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsmen.


"Captain Salvation"—Metro-Goldwyn. Somber film of religious bigotry and the subsequent sinister happenings on board a convict ship. Lars Hanson, Pauline Stark, and Marceline Day.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.


"East Side, West Side"—Fox. Excellent film of a boy prizefighter whose ambition to become an engineer leads him away from his Bowery sweetheart and into the life of a treacherous society girl. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli.

"Fighting Eagle, The"—Pathe DelMille. Rod La Rocque in excellent role of French commander of Napoleon's men in the service of Napoleon whose affair with the emperor's wife, Phyllis Haver, gets him into trouble.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mall and Patsy Rowland.


"Gay Retreat, The"—Fox. Entertaining war comedy featuring Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara as two doughboys who go through all sorts of idiotic nonsense but eventually emerge as heroes.

"Gentleman of Paris, A"—Paramount. Adolphe Menjou in his best in definitive French farce of a philan- dier who is discovered by his valet to be having an affair with the valet's wife.

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Eilers.

"Hula"—Paramount. Clara Bow, in this story of Hawaii, is the wild daughter of a rich planter who sets her cap for the rich schoolgirl, whose occupation is expert—Clive Brook—and gets him.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warners. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also May McAvoy. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.


"Judgment of the Hills"—Fox. B. O. Strong, simple tale of a man whose seed money is stolen while he is away to go war, but eventually becomes a hero. Orville Caldwell and Virginia Valli.


"Loves of Carmen"—Fox. Rohust and entertaining, but not much like the original. Carmen is the taciturn gypsy heroine, Don Alvarado her soldier lover, and Victor McLaglen the torzador who comes between them.

(Continued on page 612)
The Screen in Review

Critical comment on the latest films, for your information and guidance.

By Norbert Lusk

More than ever before, it is your solemn duty, to see the latest Douglas Fairbanks picture.
For beauty, intelligence, novelty, spirituality—and drama, too—it is one of the really significant ones.
It is quite unlikely that the new year will bring forth any film which will even approach the particular niche occupied by "The Gaucho." It is less a fairy tale than "The Black Pirate," and, beautiful though the memorable "Thief of Bagdad" was, it had not the substance of the new picture.

First of all, a gaucho was a bandit of long ago who roamed the plains of the Argentine—a fearless, reckless fellow, of Indian and Spanish blood, whose sense of humor might have been Fairbanks' own, so well does it fit into the rôle.

A beautiful prologue in color shows the miracle whereby a little girl, while tending her father's sheep, is saved from death when she falls from a high ledge. A shrine is built, the afflicted are healed by the prayers of the child, and as the years pass, the City of the Miracle is built from the offerings of those who have been cured. The child, now a beautiful young woman, is known as The Girl of the Shrine. Ruiz, the usurper, sends his aid to capture the city, but The Gaucho, with a reward of ten thousand pesos on his head, determines to circumvent him. Of course he does. This is the major motivation of the story, with thrilling chases, a magnificent cattle stampede, and a minimum of acrobatics—but quite enough to keep Fairbanks in his supreme position. But there is much more to it than this. Religion and belief in prayer are strongly stressed in the partly barbaric and partly mystic tale.

When The Gaucho frees the prisoners in celebration of his victory over Ruiz, a leper is discovered among them. The Gaucho sentences him to do away with himself, saying he would do likewise if he were in a similar plight. This paves the way for a later moment of intense drama, which occurs when The Gaucho's wounded hand is seized by the leper with diabolic intent. He then reminds The Gaucho of the sentence imposed on him. Desperately The Gaucho is about to kill himself, when the Girl of the Shrine gently reveals the power of prayer. They pray, and The Gaucho, plunging his hand in a spring, withdraws it healed.

Eva Southern is The Girl of the Shrine, as beautiful a picture of calmly illumined spirituality as the screen has ever seen. But to Lupe Velez, a Mexican actress, falls a more colorful rôle, that of The Mountain Girl,
a wayward gypsy wholly devastating in her provocative appeal. She has an electrifying screen presence and is a capital artist as well. There is no telling how the high place she will achieve among the outstanding personalities in motion pictures, for the nimbus of greatness shimmers above her.

Love in the Himalayas.
If only the stories told on the screen equaled the settings! Months of research and hundreds of thousands of dollars are, spent in capturing beauty and accuracy in scenes, costumes and lighting; we know, too, that infinite pains are taken with the adaptation of the story.

But the pains of the adapter are nothing to our own as we see that the story has been reduced to the puerility that seems necessary to put over the picture. "The Devil Dancer," Gilda Gray's latest, is a case in the point.

As a production it is marvelous; it is sheer beauty allied with high intelligence. But close your eyes to its beauty—if you can—and what have you? The rather silly romance of a runaway white girl from Tibet and an English explorer, who takes her to his sister in India with the intention of marrying her.

The sister looks to be the sort of woman who wouldn't countenance her brother's marriage to any one, but the explorer evidently knows nothing of her nature, for he never suspects that she has bribed the head of a troupe of traveling Nautch dancers to kidnap the girl. Eventually his search culminates in the discovery of the girl, and the usual fight with her captors, during which the ringleader is quickly killed, together with an emissary from Tibet who had arrived to take the girl back there.

As against this trite story, there are innumerable scenes of breath-taking beauty, though the sequences of which they are a part communicate little else than a sense of mystery, of exotic ritual, of a strange, forbidden civilization.

On this score "The Devil Dancer" is little short of a masterpiece, as well as an enterprising novelty, for it is the first time the screen has concerned itself with Tibet. Its strangeness will, I think, sustain the interest of any one, but I doubt if so large a portion of the public will be moved to an emotion stronger than admiration.

Gilda Gray, as Takla, the daughter of a missionary murdered by bandits and reared by the Grand Lama as a temple dancer, is picturesque; and in her "devil dance" she is, of course, the one and only. But as for suggesting unhappiness, loneliness—or bewilderment when she finds herself with English-speaking people—Miss Gray remains a pretty stoic. Clive Brook, as Stephen Athelstan, the impetuous explorer, will be forgiven his sentimental adventure because of his sincerity in acting it. Fascinating glimpses—all too short ones!—are to be had of Anna May Wong, Sojin James Leong, Ura Miha, Oriental players of programmed roles; and Serge Temoff, Michael Vavitch, Albert Conti, Kalla Pasha, and Clarissa Schuyne are some of the others, all of whom have conspired to make the casting of the picture perfect.

A Cartoon of Ancient Greece.
"The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is funny, though no more private than married life as it is found in the comic strips. That is the chief reason why it evokes hearty laughter: the incongruity of the domestic squabbles of our neighbors, in settings of ancient Greece.

The book of the same title began where the picture leaves off, so the only relation between the two is found in the title and the characters. But don't worry about that; the picture is hilarious enough to stand on its own. In fact, its impudence virtually dains criticism. The only way to accept it is to throw restraint to the winds, and prepare to shriek at the wise-cracking titles.

In lively fashion the story recounts the difficulties of Menelaus and his wife, Helen, who has all the faults that querulous husbands find in their wives to-day—she wears her skirts too short, spends too much money on clothes, et cetera. Chiefly because Menelaus snores, Helen elopes with Paris, only to find that he has the same fault. Menelaus comes to Sparta with his army to retrieve Helen, the famous wooden horse of the Trojans is impressively wheeled through the palace gates, and eventually she is only too glad to go back home. She is flirting with another man before the end.

The picture has been produced with all the pomp of a solemn spectacle, but the mood of gayety has been skillfully struck by the lighting, which is almost wholly devoid of shadows.
Maria Corda, a Hungarian actress, as Helen, makes her first appearance in Hollywood films. She is statuesquely handsome, but proves superficial, probably because she plays the rôle in only one mood, that of fixed coyness. The honors for a real characterization go to Lewis Stone, the Mencloas, which he plays with all the resources of the accomplished comedian he is. Ricardo Cortez, as Paris, is not much in evidence; when he is, the result is rather negative. George Fawcett, Alice White, and Tom O'Brien are some of the other principals in a picture you ought certainly to see, if for no other reason than the novelty of it.

**Why Wives Leave Home.**

Any picture which brings forth John Gilbert and Greta Garbo is important to many, however unimportant the picture itself may be. Paradoxically, "Love" is just that. "Man, Woman, and Sin," reviewed elsewhere in this department, is a far worthier picture, but I shall not expect many to agree with me. So let us to "Love."

In the first place, it is based on Tolstoi's novel "Anna Karenina," but the basis is slight enough to have warranted giving the picture a name in keeping with what people expect of a Gilbert-Garbo romanza. For example, in the novel, Vronsky—the character played by Mr. Gilbert—kicks his horse! And Vronsky is only one of many loves encountered by Anna in her insatiable quest of the absolute.

Now, neither of these details would ever do in a screen hero and heroine, so Vronsky does not punish his horse for throwing him in the steeplechase, and Anna casts her slumberous eyes on no other gentleman. In the novel, she throws herself in front of a locomotive in despair, because all her experiments with love have left her unrequited. But in the picture she sacrifices her life to bring about Vronsky's reinstatement in his regiment. But the characters, as I see them, are unsympathetic, and the story, a Russianized "East Lynne." trite and unimaginative, in spite of the glamour of a superb production and the indisputably greater glamour of Mr. Gilbert and Miss Garbo.

In the first place, the screen has shown us a multitude of other ladies who have cast home, husband, and child aside, in order to run off for a holiday in the country with a younger and handsomer man. Usually, pains have been taken to justify such rashly important conduct. In "Love" there is no justification. The only fault I could find in Anna's husband was a poor complexion, which should have been more than overbalanced by Phillipe de Lacy, as her child. The mother who could desert such an offspring—wouldn't you say she deserved to be run over by a train?

Of course, the subtitles and the actors would have us believe that the high blood pressure that took possession of Vronsky and Anna at first sight, was of such intensity that it sublimated their emotions into a great love—a love great enough to make selfishness heroic, and the elopers sympathetic people with the courage of their convictions, rather than cowardly weaklings like the majority of humanity who don't elope.

All of which is by way of saying that "Love" is false. Not false to life, because impetuous lovers do persuade wives to forget their vows, but false in attempting to romanticize ignoble characters by fine acting, luxurious settings and sensuous atmosphere, when the same story, if transpiring in the suburbs or the slums, would bring down the wrath of picturegoers because of its sordidness—that is, if the rôles had not in the first place been rejected by the players as harmful to their reputations.

Now that the end of my tirade is reached, it is only fair to say that Mr. Gilbert and Miss Garbo do succeed in making romantic figures of Vronsky and Anna, that Edmund Goulding has achieved all the luxury, glamour, and sensuousness he strove to capture—and that "Love" remains at best a superficial and unsatisfying picture. But who am I to say that superficial pictures don't pay?

**Somber Minnesotans.**

"Wild Geese," filmed from the prize-winning novel, has a gripping quality that holds one's attention from beginning to end. Yet it is hardly a notable picture, nor yet a fine one. But is it interesting?

This is far more important than if half a million dollars had been spent to make it dull, as often happens now that it is the
The Screen in Review

Fashion to lavish so much care on the production, that the story and acting aren't worthy of the background. No such fault can be found with "Wild Geese," for the production is unimportant, consisting for the most part of farmhouse interiors and views of the Minnesota landscape. It is the story that counts—and the characterizations.

They all center around Caleb Gar, a despotic father, whose wife and children eke out a miserable existence in fear of what he will do to humiliate and crush them. His wife, Amelia, has most to fear, for Caleb threatens to reveal to their children the indiscretions of her youth. Her frantic efforts to avert this catastrophe constitute most of the story. However, there is the problem of the young daughter, Judith, who looks yearningly at the wild geese circling freely in the sky, while she is chained to a life of drudgery. The timely death of Caleb brings freedom to them all, but somehow you think they will find new ways to be miserable.

Surely not a lively yarn, but it has moments of poignant appeal, largely due to the remarkable presence of Eve Southern, as Judith. Here is a young actress who is strangely arresting, though her beauty is not obvious. Her acting is strange, too, for it implies more than it actually conveys. A sidelong glance from her curious eyes might mean anything, though you don't know exactly what. She is mysterious, elusive, cerebral, and without doubt is capable of occupying a conspicuous place on the screen, if given the opportunity. The large cast of principals includes Belle Bennett, as the distraught and suffering mother; Russell Simpson, Donald Keith, Anita Stewart, Jason Robards, Wesley Barry, and an especially talented little girl named Raida Rae.

An American Tragedy.

If you ask me, John Gilbert does the finest acting of his career, in "Man, Woman, and Sin," but I fear many of his admirers will disagree with me, because the majority will not care for the picture. It is realistic rather than romantic, you see, and Mr. Gilbert is far from the triumphant lover whose impetuosity sweeps the lady off her feet. In this picture it is Mr. Gilbert who is swept, not only off his feet but into prison for love of an unworthy lady, charming but weak, whose very weakness claims one's sympathy. Nor is there an Alice-sit-by-the-fire sweetheart, waiting to soothe the audience with a "happy" ending. It is uncompromisingly grim. But Mr. Gilbert's acting sheds a light as bright as the sun in the heavens.

The picture begins with a long drawn-out sequence showing the childhood of The Boy, his poverty, and the devotion between mother and son. The story does not become interesting until The Boy gets a job in the pressroom of a Washington newspaper, and is eventually promoted upstairs to the reporters' room. The society editress requires an escort to a ball and he is assigned. He falls in love with her and she is amused, but incredulous. Piqued by the neglect of the publisher, she spends an afternoon with The Boy and wantonly leads him on. But The Boy sees in her only a beautiful ideal. When finally the publisher enters her apartment with a latchkey and orders The Boy out, there is a fight in which the young man kills the older one in self-defense. He is tried and convicted, but the woman remains silent rather than besmirch herself. Eventually, through the entreaties of the hero's mother, she goes to the judge and the prisoner is freed on her evidence. She waits for him outside the penitentiary in a closed car, but The Boy disappears down the street in the opposite direction with his mother.

Not a story of fiery passion, but the picture which John Gilbert presents of youth in love is beautiful in its simplicity and sincerity. His touches of boyish awkwardness and belief in the goodness of his love, are among the luminous moments of a great portrayal. Jeanne Eagels, as the wicked lady, is about as fascinating as any lady could be and quite unlike any one else on the screen. I hope she stays there.

A Father Who Pays and Pays.

"Good Time Charlie" is a small-time actor who is given to bathos and being sorry for himself. The role is played by Warner

Continued on page 92
The Stroller
Humorous slants on the life that makes Hollywood what it is.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

For all their enormous salaries, fancy homes, eight-cylinder cars and other attributes of stardom, there are a number of reasons why I pity our screen celebrities.

I have watched them perform under varied circumstances, and I have concluded that were I a star I should have, very probably, the reputation of being Hollywood's most temperamental celebrity.

Being possessed of a proverbially unpleasant and repellent disposition, with an irascible manner which I have been carefully developing for years, and which has gathered for me more sincere calamity wishes than another person could collect in a century, I should be a total loss as a star who is constantly on display.

For a star, or more particularly, a featured player just short of stardom, must always wear company manners. He must remember the name and occupation of every one of the hundreds of persons in his studio, or prepare to hear the rumor that he is upstage. In addition, he must make a manifold effort to remember the names and faces of all the representatives of the press who circulate about the studios, or be set down in the public prints as any number of unpleasant things.

If an underling about the studio dislikes a coworker because he is an obnoxious oaf, it is only natural. But if a player is anything but cordial to him, that oaf can persuade his circle of friends, by tireless propaganda, that the player in question is a fat-headed nitwit, and thus start a faction which eventually will become a fact to thousands.

If an assistant director or an electrician is taciturn and forbidding, it is because God made him so. But if a leading man acts that way, it is because he is upstage and fat-headed.

The problem of the actor, in public, is no less perplexing. Does he turn and smile in friendly fashion when he hears a group of his admiring fans? Then he is an unctuous and presuming fellow, thrusting himself on every one, and seeking the spotlight. Does he take no notice of this recognition? Then he is "ritzy" and holds himself above his fans.

Does he appear on the boulevard in old clothes and drive a modest car? Then he is a tightwad and looks tacky and shoddy and, besides, is no doubt intoxicated. Or does he sport a red-and-purple Rolls-Royce, with a driver in green livery? And does he wear trick sweaters and double-breasted vests? Then he is a typical actor, showy and conspicuous, with no vestige of taste or refinement.

Go to the goldfish, thou actor, observe his ways and be wise.

A significant note on the taming of Hollywood and the gradual approach of the movie industry toward the complete Babbitism which is enveloping our other American cities, is the fact that a Kiwanis convention was held here recently. The old-time actors, stage directors, and producers were as far removed from such American doings as people of Siberia. But Hollywood has made thoroughlygoing Elks from erstwhile bohemians. With Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, film associations of all kinds, and the two hundred and thirty-three Masonic and kindred organizations, the movie folk are becoming as rabid joiners as any of the residents of Mr. Sinclair Lewis' city of Zenith.

I am worried about the future of that gent who formerly earned his living by pacing up and down as a sentinel on the roof of Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

With the decline of that once-famous theater into a second-run house, the sentinel has been discharged to cut down the overhead, no doubt.

The same man did this nightly patrol for six years, and is now probably out of work. What will he do? It is probably the only job of its kind in the world, and discontinuing it means casting the sentinel out on Hollywood Boulevard, his profession removed forever, and forcing him to face the task of starting life anew.

I should like to be able to breeze through life with the nonchalant unconcern of Reginald Denny, who has plenty of money, four airplanes, a yacht, a mountain home, and a number of expensive automobiles to amuse him.

Doing a scene with an actress in one of his recent pictures, Denny was called upon to embrace the lady. She protested that his wrist watch gouged her, whereupon he removed the article and presented it to a passing extra.
"How's that?" he said, doing the scene a second time.

The watch had cost upward of two hundred dollars, it is said.

Even a press agent will turn and bite back in retaliation, if you kick him hard enough and often enough.

I heard a representative of a scandal publication cross-examining the personal representative of a celebrated star concerning the actor's impending marriage. The scandal seeker was indicating by innuendo that a scandal was brewing in the star's private life, particularly concerning his engagement.

"I'm glad I'm not sitting on a garbage can," she said, smiling venomously.

"Yes," the press agent commented, "I'm glad I'm not working for one."

I am quite distinctly not a social personage in Hollywood, and consequently can derive considerable amusement from some of the society doings of this village.

One indication of the industry's status is the fact that the Los Angeles newspapers do not include movie affairs with the real social news, but devote a separate page to such items.

In the Hollywood Citizen, a very creditable publication, I discover that Mrs. Clarence Brown is entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle.

Having met Mrs. Brown in Tijuana, California's rendezvous on the Mexican border, Mrs. Arbuckle carried out the idea of the border town in her decoration scheme, and turned one room into a miniature Tijuana, with gambling dens and other things suggestive of Mexico's center of art and culture. Quite a neat and charming idea, I call it.

A scenarist friend of mine recently married an actress, who announced she would thereafter retire from the screen. Shortly after, a society editor phoned to ask if the actress really had retired.

"If she has," the editor explained, "I'd like to run her photograph in the society section."

Miss Olive Kennedy, of Cleveland, Ohio, doesn't like me a bit, nor does she appreciate my opinion of motion pictures.

In a very neatly written note received recently, she takes me severely to task for my sharpest remarks concerning "The Heart of Maryland," which seems to have been her favorite picture of recent months.

The criticism, she declared, was written in the tone of a freshman. It shows me as silly, childish, and conceited, a belief no doubt shared by those of the Warner Brothers who may have happened to read it.

But the real blow in Miss Kennedy's letter was delivered by her inadvertently. It arrived in a Picture Play envelope, having been forwarded from that office, just at a time when my automobile payment was a week overdue. My trembling hands tore it open, only to discover an unbracious letter when I had expected a check.

Must I refer continually to Glenn Tryon?

I am really not in this young Thespian's pay; but he gave me so hearty a laugh recently that another reference to him seems necessary.

In "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" he was featured opposite Laura La Plante. The picture was directed by William Seiter, the very estimable gent who is Miss La Plante's husband in real life. So Glenn arrived on the set for the first morning's work, with make-up applied only to the back of his neck and ears.

"That's all they'll ever see of me in this picture," he explained.

Robert Leonard, director of the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, is possibly Hollywood's most enthusiastic football fan.

When the big game of the year took place for the University of Southern California, Hollywood's favorite team, Leonard staged a football party all his own.

He chartered a double-decked bus to collect a load of his guests, who arrived at the stadium in a state of great hilarity.

After the game, the bus returned the guests to their various homes to dress, then collected them again for a dinner party at the Mayfair Club.

Bonaparte, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new dog star, is quite an exceptional animal, and no less a person says so than Harry Rapf, who ought to know, inasmuch as he is an official of that company.

"Just as many people who look well to the eye, do not photograph," said Mr. Rapf in an interview, "and do not reflect the three essential qualities—personality, mentality, intelligence—so it is with dogs. In fact, in my country-wide search for a new dog star we gave exhausting tests to no less than three hundred animals—all wonderfully well trained, perfectly bred—specimens that would take prizes in any show, most of them intelligent as human beings. But—they lacked the one thing necessary to make the grade as a star. They didn't have screen personality."

Mr. Rapf went on to say that a personal friend saw Bonaparte in Chicago and was so overcome by his screen possibilities, that he wired the producer and a contract was arranged and drawn up—no doubt by the dog. [ct'd on page 68]
Nothing Ungrate

No! No one could accuse Monte he is thankful for his position in couldn't possibly earn the money

By Alma

and a half years when I fired a locomotive engine. Now that's work! Chucking great lumps of coal on the fire—he chucked an imaginary lump with a hand almost large enough, I am sure, to pick up a ton—your face and chest burning up, your back, likely as not, almost frozen from the cold outdoor air. That's work!'

After the coal chucking, Monte chucked logs. He was a log loader in a lumber camp. That was work, too. Great blisters and callouses on his hands. An aching back. Tired feet. And a pay envelope that would just about keep a star in pajamas.

No wonder Monte knows how to be grateful for his luck. But it's refreshing to meet an actor like him—six feet three of sound common sense. Actors, as a whole, are so notoriously dissatisfied—as who isn't? Always complaining.

They're not getting paid enough. "Look at Reginald Reel," one will complain, "getting twice as much money as I do. If he's worth three thousand a week, then I'll tell the world I'm worth four." And he does tell the world.

Or they're not getting good roles. "John Gilbert? Well, certainly. But give me a role like his, in 'The Big Parade' or 'The Merry Widow,' and I'd make 'em sit up and notice me, too."

Perhaps they've had bad breaks. "If that blankety-blank director had only let me play that sequence the way I wanted in the first place! But of course he wouldn't—and then I get blamed for a bad performance."

Oh, an actor's lot is not a happy one. But if he's not sitting on top of a heap of fan mail, it's never through his own lack of ability or personality. It's just that some one, somewhere, has been giving him a dirty deal. He doesn't know his luck until it's too late. Until he's through, and only too glad to accept any of a role.

So, now, you see why it's refreshing to meet an actor like Monte Blue, who, in all humility, says "Thank you!" every week for his pay check.

"Some of these picture people make me sick," he declared, "always yowling about the hard times they have. They come out to Hollywood, right out of school, or perhaps after a few years on the stage, or climbing in an office. Hard times? Sure. They have their struggles to get-ahead, of course; they have to worry sometimes about their bed and board. But what's that, compared to exhausting physical labor that makes you ready to drop dead with fatigue at night?"

As Monte talks, he clenches that massive fist of his and pounds it down gently on his knee, by way of emphasis.

"They don't know what real work means, some of these actors. And because they don't know, they are unable to appreciate their success or their good luck.
ful About Monte

Blue of being that. On the contrary, the movies and fully realizes that he he does in any other line of endeavor.

Talley

Even some of the down-and-out actors or, the extras, in need of a square meal, aren't always grateful for the small roles that are life-savers to them.

It has happened over and over, Monte said, that when he gets a role for some starving player of bits, he is given reason to regret it. An extra comes to him with a hard-luck tale; he's behind in his room rent; he hasn't been eating regularly for weeks. Couldn't they give him a bit in Monte's new picture?

"I'll see what I can do," Monte tells him, all sympathy, and arranges for him to play a small role.

"You'd certainly think," Monte pointed out to me, 'that in circumstances like that, a man would feel a little grateful and would at least try to do his best in the picture. But do you know what usually happens? Nine times out of ten, the man hangs around the set, idling, until he is called for a scene.

"'Now, this is where you come in,' the director tells him. 'But what am I supposed to do—who am I in this picture?' the bit player will ask. He hasn't even bothered to borrow a script and find out what the picture is about. And, of course, we lose a lot of time explaining it to him. He's even hurting himself by not making the most of his opportunities."

Monte clenched that huge fist again and pounded it on his knee. I began to worry that some time he might get too emphatic—but after all, it was his own knee!

"Or sometimes," he continued, "this player who needed work so desperately will call me aside, about the second day or so on the set. 'Hey, Blue,' he'll ask, 'could you do me a favor? Do you suppose you could fix it up for me so I could get off tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock? Important date!' And that's the man who's been whining for a few days' work, because he's in such desperate straits!

"He has no idea, apparently, of giving his money's worth. If an actor like that ever did, by any chance, become successful, you can just

See how he would take his good luck for granted. It takes experience and hard work to make you appreciate luck when it comes your way."

It's those years of coal stoking and lumber loading which make Mr. Blue grateful to the company which employs him, which make him eager to cooperate with them.

When the wave of economy struck Hollywood, and actors' salaries were allowed to remain uncut on condition that the players help in reducing expenses, Monte was eager to show his gratitude. He even evolved a plan of his own for cutting down expenses in his pictures.

"Every one knows how much time is wasted in studios," Monte said, "with overhead and salaries going on just the same. So it seemed to me that if actors, directors, prop men, and every one got together to take care of those wasted minutes, production expenses could be cut down enormously."

Continued on page 104
Among Those

Interesting bits of information about a

Let's Hear About Edna May.

Mothers are cautious creatures when daughters step out into the world, and there is a mother down in St. Joseph, Missouri, who exhibited great caution when her tow-headed daughter said, "Mother, may I go out in the Hollywood swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter," mother replied, "but first you must learn something to keep the well-known wolf's appetite in fine fettle."

"Fine fettles make fine birds," daughter smiled. "I will become a milliner."

And that, boys and girls, is the way pretty, blond, Edna May started for Hollywood, felt her way around and was discovered by Johnny Hines, the comedian, and his producer, C. C. Burr.

Edna May is just a kid who hails from Missouri and is willing to be shown. Equipped with a diploma in the millinery arts, she arrived in Hollywood. She got a job in the wardrobe department of one of the larger studios, and for a year worked on clothes for girls she has already left behind in her big parade toward cinema fame. Then things began to happen.

Came a day when Edna May was seen by Paul Bern, who was then directing. He was impressed and asked her to play a bit in "Flower of the Night." That was the beginning.

Edna got her first real break when Johnny Hines signed her for a small part in "Home Made." A contract for five years made a sudden appearance and she signed on the dotted line.

And now we will see Edna in Johnny Hines' pictures.

Thanks to Mexico.

If Lupe Velez had shone forth in the cinema firmament before Dolores del Rio caught the public eye, there is no telling to what magnitude of brilliance she might have attained. Various people made this comment when Miss Velez made her début, in "The Gaucho." And it is a partial summation of her advent on the screen.

Yet if you should meet her, you would find Lupe altogether different from Dolores. She has a sparkling and spicy quality that is not at all similar to the reserved girl from Mexico now so well known.

Lupe was born in Mexico, too, in San Luis Potosi, and before coming to Hollywood had danced in Mexico City.

It was a theatrical agent who induced her to try her fate in Hollywood, and her first engagement there was at the Hollywood Music Box. Hal Roach placed her under contract. Later, Doug Fairbanks was looking for a leading lady for "The Gaucho," and Lupe Velez, his attention was called to Lupe.

She's a Composer, Too.

If the stage doesn't prove too great a temptation, Nita Martan promises to become quite an asset to the screen. Those who have seen this clever girl from musical comedy in the few film parts she has played, are already prophesying much for her. These parts have consisted of a French girl, in "Lost at the Front," a lead opposite Reed Howes, in "A Royal American," and the rôle of a dancer, in "No Place to Go."

Western by birth, she went to New York and studied music and dancing, and in her several years before the footlights won recognition.

A year ago she came to California to pay a Christmas visit to Billie Dove. She obtained some bits to do, but nothing important, and so after a time went back East again.

The lure of the screen had won, though. She was in California again in a few months, determined to enter pictures for good. Billie aided her, and she began to obtain a few parts, culminating with "Lost at the Front."

Miss Martan has composed a variety of songs. Among these is one called "You're the Big Wonderful You to Me," dedicated to Miss Dove.
Present

few of the less-prominent players.

Alice Lake Returns.

Perhaps it is her pronounced resemblance to Norma Talmadge that has kept Alice Lake back. Perhaps it was premature stardom—that pitfall into which so many players fall before their film destinies have become full-fledged. Perhaps—but what matter? Alice is appearing once again in pictures, and many are jubilant, judging from the letters of inquiry regarding her.

Alice's association with films dates from the time when Vitagraph was active at their studio in Brooklyn. It reached its peak when she was a star in her own right for Metro before it was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

When she left Metro she was in the mystery plays, "Red Lights" and "The Unknown Purple," and then took the route of the lesser independents—good pictures, perhaps, but very often poor releases. This was discouraging, and so she took a turn in vaudeville.

Alice is back again, though, determined to buck the film game with a vengeance. She has played in "Roaring Flames," and "The Angel of Broadway," with Leatrice Joy, and her most recent effort was in "The Ghost Ship."

Alice is a diamond in the rough, a girl with a heart of gold and a sense of humor. Perhaps that last is the reason why she has survived setbacks that would have caused most other players to turn their backs on Hollywood. Some time Alice is going to make a great hit, because she has personality and talent and is a great trouper besides.

A Heart Courageous

Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack is picking up the threads of her husband's career, and is endeavoring to carry on.

Charlie Mack was killed in an automobile accident last year on location, and because the way to success had been precarious, his wife was left with but small means for the support of herself and child.

Mrs. Mack had worked in pictures at one time, so naturally turned to them for a livelihood. Producers have been kind when they could, and she has won several roles—a small one, in "A Harp in Hock," and a fairly important bit as a cashier, in "The Jazz Singer," with Al Jolson.

The Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, New York, was the scene of her first meeting with Charlie Mack, about the time he got his first chance, in "Dream Street." They were married in 1922, and as Mrs. Mack herself tells it, Charlie introduced her to his Irish relatives in Scranton, Pennsylvania, as a little dago whom he found carrying a monkey, her father wearing corduroy trousers and playing a hurdy-gurdy.

"I have memories," she said, "of a boyish, smiling face, and of Charlie's chasing me round the house, of going to the movies, just he and I, after counting our money to see if we could make it, of the planting of forget-me-nots under my window—how little we both thought that one year later they would bloom only to decorate his dead body. "He told me that day he said good-by at the Mission Inn, 'I am late and must hurry back. You finish your lunch.

"'Good-by, Mike'—he always called me Mike—I'll see you at half-past four,' and left. That was all. About ten minutes later they told me he had left me forever."

She Has the Grand Manner.

Maude Turner Gordon was so determined to become an actress that she mortgaged her small fortune and worked for six weeks without salary, just to get some experience on the professional stage.

Acting was really an afterthought in her life, for she was married at one time to a prominent government official, a daughter being born to them who is now the wife of Commander R. A. White, of the battleship Pennsylvania. Mrs. Gordon's husband died after a short wedded life, and the estate that he left was not sufficient to maintain his family.

She has appeared in perhaps a dozen pictures during the past year or so. In nearly every one she has portrayed a woman of wealth—a strong contrast to her own early struggles. In "Love" she is cast as the Countess Vronski, John Gilbert's mother.
A Cheerful Carol.

If you can imagine Clara Bow transformed into a delicate pastel of herself, with laughing eyes and sparkling dimples in the bargain, then you will have a picture of Sue Carol, the cutest little girl to appear on the screen almost since the first baby spotlight was born.

Sue Carol was the inspiration for raptures on the part of critics who saw her when Douglas MacLean's "Soft Cushions" was shown. It did not seem right for an ingenue to be so beautiful in view of the fact that so many ingenues look just prettily alike. Sue was luscious loveliness itself in that film, not in a full-fledged and grown up way, but delicately and ravishingly miniature. Garbed after the Queen of Sheba fashion she presented a voluptuousness that would have been dazzling enough to bring on an attack of Kleig eyes, had she not been such a childlike thing.

Sue came into pictures about a year ago. Her family is independently wealthy, and she does not have to work, but studio life is enticing and she is enjoying the new experience mightily.

Sue was educated at Kemper Hall, a famous girls' school at Kenosha, Wisconsin, and later at the National Park Seminary, a well-known finishing school in Washington, D. C. Her father died while she was at the latter institution causing her to leave before she graduated.

It was at a party given by a school chum that she met an assistant casting director, who prevailed on her to have a screen test. The result was surprising to her, for she was immediately engaged for a bit in "Is Zat So?" and then as ingenue in "Slaves of Beauty." Douglas MacLean's attention was then called to her, and the next thing Miss Carol knew she had signed a contract with his organization.

A New Style of Comedian.

William Austin? Who is William Austin? Well, there isn't a picturegoer who doesn't know, if he will recall a few comedies like "It," "Ritzy," "Swim, Girl," "Silk Stockings," and "Honeymoon Hate." Even if they haven't all been funny comedies, Austin has always been amusing in them. His personality, his slender, ambling presence, his waxed mustache, his occasionally silly-ass manner, have stuck in the minds of fans.

Paramount thought so well of his talents that they gave him a long-term contract, and so he'll probably gladden eyes for many months.

Austin's struggle to get a foothold in pictures is a story of almost epic length. So far back does it go, that it is almost completely lost in the mists of the past.

Two or three times he almost succeeded. Once it looked as if he were sure to win, when he appeared as Belknap-Jackson, in "Ruggles of Red Gap." Always, though, there were long weary waits between pictures. Then Elinor Glyn placed her official stamp of authority on his personality, in "It" and "Ritzy," and the world was—nearly, anyway—his.

Austin was born in British Guiana, South America, his father being the owner of a sugar plantation there. He was educated in England, and for a time was in business in Shanghai. In school he had been interested in dramatics, and when he came to America, in about 1915, his liking for the theater was awakened.

The first part that Austin ever played professionally was in Los Angeles. As soon as he came on the stage he got a laugh. The reaction that he produced was so hysterical that it continually upset the equilibrium of the other actors. Quite unintentionally he managed to steal nearly every scene.

A Daughter of the Stage.

Leila Hyams is one of the newest of filmland's newlyweds. But the circumstance of a wedding to a Hollywood business man is not to interfere with her pursuit of a career.

Leila's ambition is to play Camille and Juliet, and it doesn't matter to her whether she fulfills this dream on the stage or screen.

Childhood influences were a natural inspiration for Leila's desire to become an actress. It would have been difficult for her to escape the lure, in view of the fact that her parents, John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, have long been a famous pair in vaudeville and musical shows.

When she was a youngster she played with them in a musical comedy called "The Girl of My Dreams," and toured with them later in vaudeville. A couple of years ago she made her début in the play "Going Crooked," and about the same time played her first bit in the films, in "Dancing Mothers," with Clara Bow. A lead in "The Kick-off," with George Walsh, and an important rôle in "Summer Bachelors," paved the way to a contract with Warner Brothers.
Breeding distinguishes Miss Ivans as one of Hollywood’s most charming film débutantes. She reminds one of Alice Joyce, though she is fair, while Miss Joyce is dark.

She Began as a Writer.

Virginia Bradford came to Hollywood to write about the studios for her home-town paper. But the lure proved too much, and so she stayed on. Writers are supposed to preserve a nice perspective on the subject that they write about, but what does perspective amount to anyway when it comes to a career toward stardom?

Virginia is a DeMille contract player, and if you have seen “The Country Doctor,” you already know her. She is also in “The Wreck of the Hesperus,” and “Chicago.” She played the heroine in the former, and a sympathetic lead, in the original play, in the latter.

Born in Brownsville, Tennessee, Virginia claims descent from cavalier, Puritan, and gypsy strains—certainly an odd combination. One of her forefathers was Governor William Bradford, of the Pilgrim Colony at Plymouth.

It was a Memphis newspaper that sent her West to write “A Girl’s Experiences in Hollywood,” choosing her as an unusual type for such an excursion. Her first articles attracted attention, so the rest were syndicated.

In the course of this she became so interested in the movies themselves that she approached L. M. Goodstadt, then casting director for Paramount, and asked him what he thought of her photographic possibilities.

“He was discouraging,” said Virginia. “He told me, ‘We haven’t anything here—I don’t think you’ll get anything anywhere, but if you do, come and tell me about it!’”

Later—much later—for Virginia had become discouraged and gone back to Memphis meanwhile, she obtained a small engagement at Universal, with Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, and others. They all were lucky in the long run, and all obtained real opportunities at about the same time.

“It’s An Ill Wind ——”

Because he once had all his money stolen, Nicholas Soussannin is now in motion pictures. Undoubtedly you know him, for his impersonation of the waiter who wept, in Adolphe Menjou’s “Service for Ladies,” and he was also the valet, in “A Gentleman of Paris.” Two parts that have identified him as possessing both a sense of comedy and ability to characterize.

Soussannin is a Russian, from the historic region of Crimea. His parents being wealthy in prerevolutionary days, he received an education at the University of Petrograd, where he obtained his degree as a lawyer.

The stage proved enticing, however, and he joined a traveling theatrical company finally ending in China. Here he tried various expedients to earn a livelihood and for a time maintained a dramatic school. Knowing the French language he felt that he could, perhaps, best succeed in that country.

He was just about ready to journey there from Shanghai, when his money was stolen, thereby changing his destiny. Taking all sorts of odd jobs, he managed to

Virginia Bradford.

save some money. During this period he heard much of America and decided to come to this country. He had heard of Hollywood and decided to go there. A few of the Russians in the picture colony helped him to get some bits to do in pictures. He got screen credit for a small role or two, and then was selected for “Service for Ladies.” Now he has the outstanding masculine rôle, in Esther Ralston’s “The Spotlight.”

The Boy Grows Older

What happens to the little stars of the movies? Answer: They grow up to be big stars—sometimes.

Frank Marion is a fair example. He is a find of the DeMille organization, but his career actually began long before he had arrived at his present stage of juvenility. Frank, you may remember, was the timid odd village capitalist, in “The Country Doctor,” in love with the gentle old physician’s ward. At that time there was thought of costarring him with Virginia Bradford, who played the girl, as the two were placed under contract at just about the same time.

Frank made his début in pictures when he was nine, with the D. W. Griffith organization. In “Hearts of the World,” he was cast as Benny Alexander’s brother, but Benny had the better break in this. Marion played kid parts in “The World and Its Women,” starring Geraldine Farrar, and with Olga Baclanova (then Marie Prevost) and Sir Herbert Tree during their venture in the films. Later he was with Mary Pickford, in “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” which spelled the end of his movie work as a youngster, and according to all expectations, of his further continuing in the films.

Marion went to a Jesuit school in Los Angeles, and is said at one time to have contemplated becoming a priest. Pictures looked like a remote dream and, in fact, he had no desire to return to them.

But a friend of the family, a theatrical agent, refused to let Marion forget about a film future. He

Continued on page 111...
A Photoproof Pippin

Phyllis Haver sums herself up as "shanty Irish, born O'Hara, and hoping to get along," but you will find there is more, much more, to be said of her, if you have not already said it yourself.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ONE of those delectable blondes, Phyllis Haver suggests a dainty icicle. There is something distinctly appetizing about her. In fact, there are several things.

Her eyes are cerulean, but interesting, her complexion pink and white, her smile bright but not innocent. There is about her fair beauty nothing of the innocuous. At no time do you brace yourself to hear her ask, "What's beer?" She is not a determined ingénue.

In a word, Phyllis is a Far Western version of the oft-sung Lorelei (German, not Loos); her golden hair and fresh charm are memorable. Phyllis is another good reason for going West, young man.

When you are to meet the sparkling Haver at Montmartre for lunch, you have no trouble in finding her. Unlike many a screen beauty, she is just as galvanizing in her pulchritude off the screen as on. She needs no spotlight, no smart camera man, no trick angles. Here is a photoproof pippin.

She is a delicious, dazzling blonde whose opinions don't amount to much, because you don't hear them. A girl with the break nature gave Phyllis doesn't have to talk, as far as I'm concerned. Man wants but little here in Hollywood.

Phyllis left high school and applied for a job at the Mack Sennett studio. That impresario looked at her in a one-piece bathing suit and signed her then and there. Her sisters in surf togs were Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, Marie Prevost, and Mae Busch. Eventually all went dramatic in their respective ways, but Phyllis was the last to get a chance. Oddly enough, this was in "The Christian," a picture starring Mae Busch and Richard Dix.

To-day only Gloria stands out as a better actress. Marie Prevost has displayed a fetching figure, but never anything approaching talent. Mae Busch languishes among the States-rights productions. Haver is climbing fast.

Phyllis has been running wild in the iris-in and fade-out industry. There was her grand larceny of "The Fighting Eagle," ostensibly designed to star Rod La Rocque. There was her triumph in the first Jannings picture made in America. Now she is about to be seen in "Chicago," with its flamboyant central rôle which was sought by every stellar lady in filmdom.

Playing with Jannings, yet retaining audience interest, was a feat. Stealing a La Rocque picture was easier: others have managed it, the most recent being Del Rio in "Resurrection." "Chicago" will make Phyllis a star.

"I'm awfully nervous about it," she confessed, turning on her 1,000-candle-power smile. "But I'm not inflated—honestly! I'm just myself—shanty Irish, born O'Hara, hoping to get along."

After such an introduction I knew that Phyllis was all right. No one but a regular could carry off such ingenuous candor with such undeniable ease.

Phyllis is not too sure of herself, another point in her favor. Too much poise is so much poison. She still manages to worry about her acting; she is still concerned about her next rôle. She is just as ambitious as she was when she was a gambling figurante, disporting on endless beaches in comedies without end.

Her work in "The Way of All Flesh" brought her the plum of the DeMille lot, the chance to play Roxie Hart in "Chicago," that blistering satire on justice that tickled Manhattan playgoers last season.

Unfortunately, it can never be the sensation in pictures that it was on the stage. What with Haysian edicts, Hollywood reticence, and all the respect due law and order in fillums, "Chicago" will lose much of its sting. The teeth will be extracted, the bite lessened.

Even in denatured form, however, treated as straightforward melodrama, it should offer the Haver girl rare opportunities. It is a big part that she has drawn; in all likelihood she will play it for all it is worth.

"People think I've been sitting pretty ever since that bit in 'The Christian' took me out of slapstick comedy," she said. "That's far from the truth. I've had a long hard struggle all the time. Two or three pictures a year don't keep the wolf very far from the door. In this game you need break after break, not just a break. I've had luck, but it hasn't all been good!"

Phyllis has been fortunate, though, in her selection of stars. Her earliest dramatic venture was with Richard Dix, later she supported Barrymore in the steam-heated "Don Juan," and more recently she served as a naughty vis-à-vis to Jannings.

"He is a marvelous actor. He approaches each scene as though it were the most important in the whole picture. He studies every camera angle with camera man and director. He's really the most conscienous artist I've ever seen. Playing in scenes with him was thrilling.

Continued on page 109.
Phyllis Haver, though resembling a delectable ice, according to Malcolm H. Oetinger’s story on the opposite page, by no means looks lightly upon life and her career, and refuses to believe that her recent popularity means assured success.
Don't Trust Little Sister

Glimpses of "The Patsy," Marion Davies' new film, show that a younger sister again wins the elder's young man.
Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan are shown, right, in "The Leopard Lady," the story of a girl's attempt to solve the mystery of the murder which follows each visit of the circus.

Robert Armstrong and Miss Logan, left, forget all about murders in their discovery of mutual love.

Alan Hale, above, as Caesar, forces his attentions upon Miss Logan, as Paula, little dreaming that she is a detective.
A Stir in the


Betty Compson, as Helen, above, is the confederate of Lon Chaney, and of course is in love with him, as the heroine of a crook picture should be.
Underworld

Betty Compson, James Murray, and Lon Chaney, above, are in danger of discovery. Marceline Day, Betty Compson, below.

James Murray, as Curly, left, is spurred on by Lon Chaney, who has rescued him from the gutter and trained him to be a crook.
Nena Quartaro is another sign of the times in Hollywood, for she has been given the leading rôle in James Cruze's "The Red Mark," despite the fact that she is unknown to the fans and many established players were eager for it. Will she, then, be one of to-morrow's stars?
All About Epics

Humorous slants on the business of making big pictures.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

The epic epidemic is still raging unchecked on the screen.

We have had and are having epics of nation building, epics of war, of the sea, of the air, epics of wild-animal life—even the epic of the railway engine and of the auto.

Really, it does seem as if no subject had been left untouched, except the epic of the chewing gum—showing how chewing gum snapped into being and set the jaws of a world wagging overnight, as you might say.

It is about time, is it not, to pause and inquire, with the Two Black Crows, "What causes that?"

Possibly it is the newly aroused interest in history since historians have been muckraking. We do so love a joke, even on our greatest hero.

If you ask me, I think that epics are the result of the insane desire of us all to obtain intimate knowledge of every detail concerning the people we hear about, dead or alive.

This is the age of gossip. There is no privacy at all any more, what with radio and sleeping porches and short skirts and the yellow journals and the "art" magazines.

So, having found out absolutely all about our contemporary heroes and movie stars, including the favorite color of the Prince of Wales and the kind of soap Mary Pickford uses, we need must dig into the gossip about the poor old boys and girls, long since dead, who for one reason or other became famous, and whose heroism or beauty we have read about all these years, and in whom our ancestors have had such great faith.

We think no more of telling the fact that Du Barry's wig was probably full of cooties than of telling that some movie star paints her legs instead of wearing stockings. What has become of hero worship anyhow?

Of course there is the other side, too. We get at the real human quality of our heroes, and get a sneaking liking for them that was missing before. For instance, it isn't likely that Cleopatra took her whole time vamping good-looking Roman army officers. We learn she was quite a smart girl in affairs of state, and even if she did kill a close relative or two, she was a pretty fair mother.

But to return to film epics.

"What makes an epic?" I inquired of a couple of people the other day, just for fun. Of course I knew the dictionary definition, but I wanted to see what the film folks thought.

"What makes a film epic?" repeated Clarence Brown, "Why, a good director, of course!"

"Any picture that costs over a million dollars is an epic," defined Polly Moran, who continued: "An epic is one of those pictures into which you have to inject about a reel of something like 'The Callahans and the Murphys' to make it go over big."

There are a terrific lot of difficulties in the way of making epics.

Some epics, for instance, are made in foreign lands. "B e n - H u r" saw many a man turn gray and many a small child grow up. Continued on page 100.
Blame It On

Or is it just the joy of living in Hollywood that would act as fire alarms in a town?

Raymond Keane, right, finds that gray and black match his pensive mood.

Gary Cooper, above, despite his serious expression, is far from serious in his choice of colors—a medley of tan, orange, brown, and Harding blue.

Below, Churchill Ross, of “The Collegians,” is youthful enough to be forgiven his combination of green, orange, and black.

Hoot Gibson, above, dazzles the eye with an arrow design in gray, light blue, and red. While Grant Withers, right, almost soothes it by means of black, gray, and white.
the Climate
that causes these chaps to wear sweaters
less used to shrieking color combinations?

George Lewis, above, as be-
fits the hero of "The Col-
legians," is conspicuously
dashing in maroon and gray.

To some, Donald Reed, left,
probably has the most inter-
esting sweater of all, for it
is white and heavily ribbed,
with black dots at regular
intervals.

William Haines,
right, in "Spring
Fever," was his
exuberant self in
this scrambled-egg
design of brown
and tan, with
stockings to match.

James Hall, left, is
a jazz symphony in
buff, brown, and
white.
Do the Stars An

They certainly do, as you will learn from

of seven hundred photographs and nearly

By Jack W.

ing “Little Annie Rooney” I wrote her a lengthy letter, in
which I commented upon the picture and expressed my pleas-
ure in her return to child roles. Not that she was unconvinc-
ing as Dorothy Vernon and Kostia, but no actress can portray
a forlorn little street gamin as Mary can, and that is why we
like her as a child in preference to a grown-up.

Mary herself responded with a note of thanks. Among
other things she said, “I am so pleased that you liked ‘Little
Annie Rooney.’ A thousand

thanks for telling me so! It

was such a joy to return to
child roles, and to know that
my choice is vindicated is a
source of great happiness to
me.”

The character actor,
though his work is nearly as
important as that of the
star, does not receive the
recognition he deserves.

Marcia Harris, who was
seen in “The Reckless
Lady,” wrote, “It always

pleases a player to hear that
his public is satisfied, and

we are doubly pleased to

know that our public would

like to see us more often!

Our problem is, how to con-
vince the producers that the

public likes character work

as well as pretty faces.”

Players doing bits, and

those who have not yet at-
tained stardom, are invari-

ably appreciative of fan let-
ters.

Breathes there a fan with soul so
dead, who never to his favorite player
hath written a letter?

Is there such a fan who has not also hoped
that the recipient would acknowledge his letter
with a photograph—and perhaps a reply?

Since most fans do write for photographs
of the stars, my experience may be of interest
as I have received a large number of autogra-
phed pictures and personal letters from our
idols.

At an exceedingly early age I began to
write words of appreciation to the stars. Somet-
times I asked for a photograph and sometimes
I didn’t, but I always hoped that the
actor “honored” with one of my letters would
send a picture of himself, whether requested
to do so or not. He usually did.

At the age of twelve I wrote for my first
photo. The letter was to Eugene O’Brien,
then a star for Selznick. I recall quite clearly
my funny businesslike note, which was worded
something like this: “My dear Mr. O’Brien:
Will you kindly send one of your autographed photographs and oblige,
Yours truly, Jack McElveny.”

If Mr. O’Brien saw that letter, I’ll wager he laughed heartily, for it
really was funny, that I had the audacity to send such a letter and
expect anything in return, but no doubt Eugene sent the photo because
he was just amused. During this same stage of my letter-writing, I
received pictures from Mary Pickford, Monroe Salisbury, Viola Dana,
and William S. Hart, thereby proving that they, too, had a sense of
humor.

I have always found that the players are delighted to receive letters
of appreciation. More than that, they are grateful for honest criticism
of their work. The screen actor must rely largely upon
his fan mail to know whether his work is pleasing. Can
you imagine his being indifferent to it?

Mary Pickford is very attentive to her mail, and not
a request for a photograph is overlooked. After see-

Jack W. McElveny, who began his imposing collection
at the age of twelve.

Bebe Daniels, when she was
Harold Lloyd’s leading lady.

Mary Pickford, says Mr.
McElveny, is very attentive
to her fan mail.

Photo © by Hartsook

Photo by Wilcox.

Photo by Hartsook
swer Fan Letters?
this most interesting story of a fan's collection
a hundred letters from stars past and present.
McElveny

Let us take Rex Lease for an example. Rex, you will remember,
was the young evangelist in "The Woman Who Sinved" and had a
very good rôles in "The Last Edition." He has written me often and requested that I
write him after each of his productions. John Roche, too, encourages the fans to
make suggestions which may better his acting. He writes, "Hope to have better and
more sympathetic rôles. Write me again, and don't be afraid to tell the truth, for in
that way I can improve my work."

Lois Moran wrote, "I loved doing Laurel
in 'Stella Dallas' and hope that you will
enjoy the picture. Won't you please let me
know your opinion of it?" Harry Langdon wrote, "It is just such letters as yours
which spur us on to greater efforts, and after all is said and done, you are the ones we
try to please. Shall be glad to receive your criticism of any or all my productions at
any time."

These are but a few random excerpts, but
they leave no doubt of the value placed by
a star on a sincere note from an admirer.

Not long ago, I thought of writing an
article about Lillian Gish. I wrote her for
some additional data which I found neces-
sary, and received it along with several
photographs and a letter saying, "If there is
anything else you wish to know, please
write me. I wish you every success."

These examples not only show that
the stars treasure sensible letters from
their public, but that by acknowledging
a fan letter with a photograph, the star
and the fan are brought into a more in-
timate relationship, which partly atones
for the distance between star and pub-
lic. When one stops to consider, it is
amazing that a fan, can feel so much

And Eugene
O'Brien evoked
his very first
fan letter.

Phoebe by National
Theda Bara was the first star to thrill the
author with a personal appearance.

This autographed picture of
Charlie Chaplin has been treas-
ured eight years.

Douglas Fairbanks was quite
different without his mustache.

enthusiasm for a player
who is really but a shadow
upon the screen. As Bever-
ly Bayne wrote, "When one
is just a flickering
shadow on a painted screen,
it is difficult to inspire a
warm personal interest, and
that is perhaps the reason
I have so enjoyed your let-
er."

On the stage, an actor
can readily tell whether his
work is going over by the
reaction of his audience.
On the screen this of
course is not possible. Fan
letters and reviews consti-
tute a star's only applause.

In glancing through my
collection of photographs,
I find an ancient one of
Bebe Daniels. Do you re-
member Bebe when she
was Harold Lloyd's lead-
ing lady, with her charac-
teristic pout? This pho-
tograph was taken seven
or eight years ago, but she
is far lovelier and more
vivacious to-day.

Here is a profile of
Gloria Swanson and one
of Valentino, an early idol,
and here are old photo-
graphs of the "Big Three."

Here is a profile of
Gloria Swanson and one
of Valentino, an early idol,
and here are old photo-
graphs of the "Big Three."

all received about the same time. Mary Pickford, in a
frilly dress, is curtsying prettily. Charlie Chaplin with
his floppy trousers, cane, derby, and funny mustache
is laughing, and Douglas Fairbanks with his whole-
hearted smile looks much different sans mustache.

Continued on page 106
“Sweet Ade-li-ine!”

The heavy-hearted, toiling stars just have to forget themselves once in a while and burst into carefree song.

Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Gribbon, Les Bates, and Bud Jamieson, above, step out of their rôles in “Buck Privates” to pay homage to “Sweet Adeline.”

Left, Glenn Tryon, Laura La Plante, and William A. Seiter, the director, can be depended upon to push dull care aside whenever the spirit of song lures them from work.

Right, Raymond Hat-ton, Adolphe Menjou, and Wallace Beery supply the words, and Kolia Negin the music, for a rendition of the old song that would bring operatic prices if the fans were allowed to buy tickets.
Legs a Specialty

Scores of girls in Hollywood have found an opening in the movies just because of their shapely limbs. Read this story of the most successful ones, including the girl whose beautiful legs stood in the way of her ambition.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

LOS ANGELES newspapers a few years ago blazed forth headlines which read, "Actress Deliberately Spoils Her Too Beautiful Legs." The story stated that Lotus Thompson was in a hospital suffering from self-inflicted acid burns, because casting directors had persisted in placing her in roles which called for the display of her nether limbs.

"I'll go mad if they don't stop it!" she had wailed to her mother. "I know I can play parts, but they won't give me a chance. It's legs—always legs! I hate them!"

Lotus had left Australia because stage producers had always sent for her when there was something to do which required a display of pretty limbs. She arrived in Hollywood with the determination that no studio should know anything about her former experience. She submitted photographs to casting directors and waited for the first call. One day she went to the Hal Roach studio and applied for employment.

"Nothing, right now," she was told.

When she reached home, the telephone was ringing, furiously.

"Why didn't you show us that bathing picture in the first place?" a voice from the casting office said. "Come out here tomorrow morning. There's work for you." The bathing picture inadvertently had been taken along.

Dejectedly Lotus went to work. They dressed her in a pair of musical-comedy overalls from which most of the legs had been torn, leaving her legs bare above the knees, and thus she worked in the picture. Her secret was out. The fame of her legs spread through the studios and presently Lotus was back in the old rut.

Her mother and her sister tried to console her, and encouraged her to be patient. But one afternoon, while terribly dispirited, Lotus bought a small bottle of nitric acid. She crept into her bathroom, closed the door and presently screamed. When her mother and sister rushed in, they found her with livid streaks slowly forming on each leg.

Suffering agonies, she was rushed to a hospital—and the newspapers published the whole story. That very night came a message from Rudolph Valentino. "I am very sorry," it said, "that you have taken such extreme measures, and I sympathize with you. Come to the studio when you are able to be out, and I'll let you try that 'something better' for which you have yearned."

And Valentino kept his promise. Lotus Thompson's "leg days" were over. She demonstrated her ability in a bit with Rudolf and in that way came to the attention of all
Legs a Specialty

Getting work in motion pictures through the possession of beautiful legs, ankles, and feet is no small task in Hollywood, where there are so many striking beauties. Yet there are some who are kept busy because of the shapeliness of those members, and not a few have found their use a stepping-stone to good roles. Many girls double for the stars when an exceptionally pretty pair of ankles or feet is needed in a close-up.

From Silver City, New Mexico, there came a few years ago Lillian Knight, an auburn-haired girl who never had thought herself a beauty and who hadn't paid any attention to the development of her figure. She had no idea of entering pictures. Time hanging heavily on her hands, however, she telephoned one day to Clare West, who was putting on a fashion show for Cecil DeMille at the Ambassador Hotel.

Just what Miss West thought when she saw the perfect proportions of the girl from New Mexico never has been told, but she called in Mr. Goodstadt, the casting director, and Lillian suddenly found a flock of appraisers looking at her. She was hustled into a bathing suit which had been worn by Gloria Swanson. Twenty-five other girls had tried to wear it, but it wouldn't fit. Lillian was a success as a model and entered pictures immediately. She is in great demand where pretty bodies are needed for the films.

How does she keep her lines? For breakfast she has half a cup of black coffee and two figs. For lunch she eats filet of sole and salad. At night she eats chicken with salad, and thrice each week a bit of meat. No desserts, no pastries. She has tasted ice cream only once in a year. She swims, plays tennis moderately, and religiously does her daily dozen on arising.

One of the most interesting girls in the ranks of young players is Madeline Sheffield, whose pretty feet are known to every casting director in Hollywood. Madeline's home is in Birmingham, Alabama. When Marguerite Clark was making personal appearances there ten years ago she offered a pair of her diminutive shoes to any girl who could wear them. They were 13½-B, when specially made, or the usual 1-A factory model. Madeline Sheffield easily slipped them on and the newspapers heralded her as "The Cinderella of the South." A little later she matriculated into the "Follies," in New York, where she became known as the smallest show girl on Broadway, as well as the girl with the tiniest feet. Just a few months ago the movies called and she arrived in Hollywood with that 1-A foot and her well-earned reputation. Her first good role was with Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl."

"Never wear a shoe that does not exactly fit you," ad-

Continued on page 106

the big companies and eventually got a contract with Paramount.

"During the years I was trying to develop symmetrical limbs and shapely feet," says Lotus, "I avoided toe dancing, because it makes the bones of the feet large and the legs muscular. Growing girls past the age of eight should wear high shoes as much as possible. I used nothing else when I attended dancing school. Going barefoot occasionally, relaxes the muscles of the feet and is therefore beneficial. When one's legs are tired they should be massaged with olive oil by another person, to keep the muscles from becoming knotty and hard. Too much exercise will take away the feminine contour of a girl's legs and emphasize the muscles. This is the main thing to be avoided in developing pretty limbs."
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By JOHNSTON McCULLEY
John Flatchley, with the aid of Sags, an underworld squirel, bewilders the police in an effort to recover a large sum of stolen money from his uncle’s former partners and restore it to the rightful owners.

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Guess Who?

Fans have to be pretty clever these days to guess who their favorites are under their make-up or—sometimes lack of it. Try your skill at these puzzles.

How would you like to find yourself on a desert island with this, above, for a companion? Although you probably could reform him, he is none other than affable George Lewis.

Horrors, what a person! Raymond Keane, below, misplaced his vanity long enough to apply whiskers, a gash and a close-fitting sweater—all in a spirit of fun.

No, this isn't Al Jolson dressed as a woman—it is Laura La Plante, above, looking as though her mistress had just informed her she couldn't have her usual Thursday afternoon off. She is made up for her rôle in “Thanks for the Buggy Ride.”

“Gee, but I'm mean!”—just another case of the younger generation going wrong with a vengeance. But don't be alarmed, it is only Arthur Lake, below, in make-up.

To make you guess who this little lady is, above, wouldn't be fair—even if you have seen “Uncle Tom's Cabin”—for she is Mona Ray, as Topsy, in that picture, so, of course, wears black make-up.
Continued from page 65

Oland. therefore seen as a villain, and more often as not a Mongolian villain at that. Charlie, it would seem, was created just to show the martyred mothers of the screen that a father could get a raw deal, too.

He begins in a stock company, where his wife is killed in trying to escape the attentions of Hartwell, the manager. Though Bill Collins, Charlie's friend, sees the accident, he says nothing of it then or in the years that follow. Neither does any one send for a doctor as Charlie's wife lies in her dressing room.

Fifteen years later, Charlie and Bill are performing in a cheap cabaret with Charlie's daughter, Rosita, as their partner. She attracts the attention of Hartwell, who is now a powerful producer, anxious to introduce Rosita to Broadway. But there is no place for Charlie. So Rosita deserts and achieves one of those quick, enormous hits known only on the screen. And so it goes, until Charlie and Bill are in an actors' home, Charlie, who is at home, she is informed, she is going to die, and Bill, his devoted companion, who spares him all the knocks he can. The ultimate sacrifice comes when Charlie gives Rosita the money that Bill had saved for an operation to restore his sight.

Consistently mauldin, the picture manages to miss fire all around, though Helene Costello is radiantly lovely and authoritative, as Rosita, and Clyde Cook, Hugh Allan, and Montagu Love do as they doubtless were told.

Who Killed Mr. Balfour?

Every picture Lon Chaney makes challenges comparison with "The Unholy Three," whether the comparison is voiced or not. So it beheaves the critic to say at the outset that "London After Midnight" is good, very good, but is not quite the equal of the earlier picture. It is mysterious, eerie, but has not the human quality of the first-named film, nor its prodigious suspense. Yet it indubitably ranks among Mr. Chaney's best and will not soon be forgotten, embodying as it does the solving of a murder mystery that really baffles. Mr. Chaney is Burke, of Scotland Yard, who sets about in his own way to discover who murdered the father of Lucille Balfour. His methods are devious, subtle, and uncanny; but needless to say, Burke succeeds, after he has assumed a disguise that is as horrifying as any Mr. Chaney has perpetrated in his long and distinguished career. It is not fair to lip off a reader who may become a spectator, so Burke's secret is safe with Picture Play. Enough to say that vampires—the human, not the movie species—play a vital part in clearing away the mystery and heightening the pulse of the audience; and that excellent players such as Marceline Day, Conrad Nagel, Henry B. Walthall, Polly Moran, and Claude King give Mr. Chaney expert support in supplying life and movement to one of the best of mystery pictures.

A Murderous Chimpanzee.

"The Wizard" is another mystery picture with a chimpanzee trained by its owner to commit murder by request. There have been several of this kind lately, which may mean there is to be an epidemic of Simian impersonators. Fervently I hope not.

At any rate "The Wizard" is not a skillful picture. It is more outlandish than mysterious, and the effort to inject rollicking comedy, by means of a wise-cracking reporter, is out of keeping with the attempt to tell a blood-curdling story the rest of the time. The wizard is one Paul Cariolos, a "professor" who grafts the face or head of a man on the body of a chimpanzee and trains him to kill. Judge Webster, who sentenced Cariolos' son, is the object of the villain's special hatred, nor is Webster's débutante daughter overlooked. Mysterious notes warn the victims that they're next on the list. But the reporter, in the person of Edmund Lowe, puts a stop to the whole thing by ferreting out the mystery, and in the mèlée Anne, the daughter, shoots the beast. Leila Hyams, as Anne, is charming to look upon.

A Gentleman Termagant.

Far from being as violent as its title, "Honeymoon Hate" is a confection of comedy and, as Florence Vidor is the star, every one in the cast is polite, refined, well dressed, and Miss Vidor herself glories the art of taunting lacy negligees as no one else could. She is Gail Grant, a Pittsbourgh heiress who is traveling in Italy, and in spite of her wealth and beauty, antagonizes everyone by her high-handed ways. When the hotel suite reserved for her meets with her dissatisfaction, she orders it redecorated forthwith. It seems that steel heiresses are like that. But Gail meets her Waterloo when she visits the palace of an impoverished nobleman, to buy antiques. Prince Danitarini refuses to sell her a valuable tapestry when she says she wants to cut it up for a dress. After a tantrum, she employs him as her guide, a post that Danitarini willingly accepts in order to tame her. But it is he who is tamed, for he falls in love and they marry. After the wedding Gail asks him the meaning of the motto on his ring: "We must be obeyed," he reads. Whereupon she takes up a magazine and points to an advertisement. "Grant steel," she smiles, "famous the world over for its resistance!"

From then on the sedately merry business of taming this modern shrew goes on, to the accompaniment of considerable laughter, for the story has unexpected turns, the direction is deft, and the subtitles are at times audaciously amusing. Tulio Carminatti is Prince Danitarini, and William Austin has an important comic rôle.

Moss Bow Conquers the French.

Who else could better live up to the motto, "Get Your Man," than Clara Bow? Her picture of that name projects her into the atmosphere of high society—and in France at that—but she gets her man notwithstanding the lack of a hula skirt. She is alluring enough in chiffions to make her technique just as fatal. Furthermore the rôle of Nancy Worthington, the American girl who sets French conventions at naught, enables our Clara to give one of her best—because it is legitimate—performances. She is vivacious without being hoydenish, fascinating without strainning to be so. She falls in love with young Robert de Bellecour, only to discover that he has been betrothed to a friend of the family. Whereupon Nancy takes matters into her own hands, compromising Robert as well as his father. An especially amusing and novel sequence occurs when Nancy and Robert find themselves locked for the night inside a waxworks museum.

The picture has been richly produced and tastefully directed by Dorothy Arzner, whose talents could not, of course, be expected to make a French youth out of Charles Rogers, of Kansas; but as he remains an agreeable sophomore, no one will mind. Josephine Dunn, as his de- muse fiancée, is fetching.

Another Naughty Simian.

"The Gorilla" is a mystery story relieved by hilarious comedy—quite the best of its kind. Like other stories of this genre, the plot begins with the murder of an old recluse in his home on the—you guessed it—Hudson. Every one in the household, including an ingénue, is suspected of being the murderous gorilla, and it is the antics and wise-cracks of the two detectives, Mulli-

Continued on page 94
It's a Grand Old Name

Somehow the Marys come into the world endowed with sweetness, simplicity and kindness—and the Marys of the movies are no exception.

Mary Brian, below, adds a little aloofness to the sweetness found in other Marys.

Mary Philbin, above, certainly proves the rule, for she brings to the screen exactly the feminine qualities associated with her first name.

One glance at Mary McAllister, below, tells you that Mary is the right name for her.

Mary Pickford, above, has immortalized the name of Mary on the screen by all the name symbolizes, as well as her own particular genius.

Mary Alden, above, plays character roles that radiate the gentle philosophy of all the Marys who are matured by experience.

Mary Astor, right, typifies patrician beauty added to the other Marylike qualities.
gan and Garrity, that furnish the laughter which is sure reward for any spectator. Fred Kelsey and Charlie Murray, respectively, play these roles, but they have a highly effective rival in Syd Crossley, as the Butler with a perpetually incredulous expression. Alice Day and Gaston Glass, with little to do, sustain the sentimental side of the proceedings, and Walter Pidgeon, Tully Marshall, Claude Gillingwater, and Aggie Herron are some of the others who make the picture excellent.

Troubles of An Actress.

The blond and radiant Esther Ralston chooses to be brunette and Russian, in “The Spotlight.” The reason comes from Daniel Hoffman, a play producer who, incensed by the temperamental outburst of his star, swears that he can train the first girl he lays his eyes on to be her equal. He comes upon Lizzie Stokes waiting in his anteroom, forthwith christens her Olga Rosenova, buys her a black wig and some tricky gowns, and announces to the newspapers that the greatest actress in Europe has come to garner new triumphs.

The situation is absurd, of course, but theatrically effective—all the more so when Rosenova scores a success after so brief a period of coaching. As might be expected of a story that moves with such smoothness, love brings about the dramatic climax. Norman Broke wants to marry the supposed Russian, but Lizzie Stokes fears he wouldn’t love her if he could see her as she really is. But when she tears off her wig, it doesn’t make any lasting difference to Norman! Miss Ralston is handsome, Neil Hamilton, as Norman, is quietly distinguished, and Nicholas Soussanin is interesting, as Daniel Hoffman; but the sum total of their efforts does not relieve the lethargy of the picture.

Should a Lawyer Tell?

Francis X. Bushman, first of the great profile artists, plays the leading role in “The Thirteenth Juror” with the technique that made him famous. His is a unique presence. His role is that of Henry Desmond, an unscrupulous criminal lawyer, whose skill in winning the acquittal of criminals by trickery has made him rich. But at last the tables are turned when he finds himself accused of murder—and able to present an alibi only by compromising the woman he loves. It is a theatrical situation—yes, but the majority will be pleased, because it has been directed and acted in a way that audiences like. There is considerable mystery and suspense, to say nothing of a capable cast—Anna Q. Nilsson, Walter Pidgeon, Sidney Bracey, George Stegmann, and Martha Mattox.

Up in the Clouds.

There is no mystery and little suspense, however, to be found behind “The Shield of Honor,” a rip-roaring melodrama dealing with airplanes and a diamond robbery, as well as a policeman, who is retired from the force because of his age, but wins back his place by heroism. Though the plot is involved and the action includes burning buildings, the heroine locked in a vault, airplane chases, etcetera, the picture conveys no emotion, because you don’t believe what is supposed to be happening to the players—and you wonder if they do. Yet Neil Hamilton, as Jack MacDowell, a sort of aviator-detective, is earnest and sincere in his efforts to run down the jewel thieves, and Dorothy Gulliver is rather charming. Ralph Lewis, as the elderly policemen, suffers in his accustomed fashion. As this has been going on for years, it must bring enjoyment to some.

Classy Crooks.

In seeing “Cheating Cheaters,” it is well to remember that the stage original was the first of its kind and inspired many of the crook pictures that persist to this day. If you do not remember this, it may seem reminiscent of its imitations. Whether you think so or not, the new picture remains very nearly at the top of its class. It is all about a gang of crooks who masquerade as idle rich in order to plunder the jewel caskets of their supposedly wealthy neighbors, only to discover that they are crooks, too, and are biding their time to prey on the first group. The action is punctuated with many laughs and telling lines from the play. Betty Compson is at her best, as Nan Carey, who joins the crooks and becomes the most important pawn in their operations, only to spring a surprise on them all in the end. Excellent characterizations must also be credited to Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, Sylvia Ashton, and Eddie Gibbon, as an amusing, expert, and likable roughneck.

The Majesty of the Redwoods.

In “The Valley of the Giants,” Milton Sills has his best picture in months. It also brings Doris Kenyon back to the screen after a long absence. The Peter B. Kyne story transpires, for the most part, in a stretch of magnificent redwood trees, for it primarily concerns virgin lumber and the efforts of one faction to wrest power from the other. Bryce Cardigan, son of one of the lumber kings, returns from the East to plunge into the task of saving his father from ruin which, of course, he does. The direction has yielded novel touches and a great deal of suspense, particularly when a carboose, containing the heroine and her father, runs wild down a steep and treacherous mountain railroad. George Fawcett is finely convincing, as Cardigan, Sr., and irresistible comedy is furnished by Arthur Stone. Altogether, “The Valley of the Giants” is worth seeing.

Better Late Than Never.

It is no news that “Ladies Must Dress,” nor is there aught that is new in the story of the picture of that name. However, there are numerous fresh touches that lift it from banality into the realm of tolerable entertainment. Some of these touches are supplied by the cast, which includes Virginia Valli, Lawrence Gray, Hallam Cooley, and a newcomer, Nancy Carroll, who is very good indeed in the role of a blond, married flapper.

Miss Valli is Eve, who has worked as stenographer to the head of a department store for ten years, without picking up a single idea about how to dress. She is taken in hand by Magic, who manages to look like the proverbial million dollars on the salary her husband earns in the hardware department. And, of course, Eve blossoms forth like a rose of the Rue de la Paix. A slim little love story is worked in somewhere, but it really doesn’t matter.

Gunplay and Good Acting.

Conrad Nagel will surprise and delight his fans when they see “The Girl From Chicago,” because his role of Handsome Joe is startlingly unlike any of his others that I remember. The story holds one’s interest and the acting of Miss Loy, Mr. Nagel, and William Russell is far above the questionable taste shown in tinting a black-and-white picture.

The story is about the efforts of a Southern girl, Mary Carlton, who mingles with crooks in trying to track the man guilty of the murder for which her brother has been sentenced to the chair. This is hardly new, but the development of the plot is extremely interesting, with a great deal of suspense and, as mentioned before, acting of a high order.

The Screen in Review.
Looking Backward

Several stars obligingly dress as children, just to show you how they looked when very young.

This, left, is what Anne Cornwall must have looked like when she was still going to school. Don't you love her hair ribbon?

Sally Rand, right, resembles a ballet dancer more than a little girl, probably because she always wanted to be one.

You can easily see that Sally Blanc, below, must have been one of those children who had to be closely watched, or she might take a notion to cut capers when the minister came to tea.

Clara Bow, above, is so thoroughly modern that she has no patience with the way children used to dress. Besides, we know she is still a child.

Ruth Taylor, left, remembers the day she received a prize from teacher—no doubt for good conduct.
Hollywood High Lights

question of whether a stage artist can marry out of the profession, and really be happy. It is laid in the crinoline period, and is the first important costume rôle that Miss Shearer has done.

Immediately after this she and Mr. Thalberg are to go to Europe on their delayed honeymoon trip. By the way, they have been occupying the house in which Pauline Frederick formerly lived.

Greetings, Pauline!

Speaking of Miss Frederick reminds us that we caught a brief glimpse of her, en passant, at a theatrical première recently, and that she appeared as magnetic and beautiful as always.

While she was abroad the past year she starred in an English film with a mother-love theme, and we hear that she may soon be seen again in a Hollywood production. This would be a welcome event; her screen portrayals are so rare nowadays that they are events.

Emil Becomes Wild Man.

Emil Jannings is one of the gayest souls in Hollywood, nowadays. He is very happy over his success in America, but curiously enough, he doesn’t learn English very rapidly. Once in a while he picks up a new slang phrase, and not long ago at a party he was joking and cutting up in German with his friends, Ernst Lubitsch, and F. W. Murnau, the directors, and others. By and by, he stopped short, looked smilingly across the room and said:

“Oh, gee! But I am a wild, wild man to-night.”

Busy Mary Brian.

Three years—twenty-one pictures. That is the record of little Mary Brian since she started as Wendy, in “Peter Pan.” She is one of the busiest little girls that has ever worked at any big studio.

Charlie Attends—and “Attends.”

No end of interest was occasioned recently when Charlie Chaplin appeared in an upper box at the opening of “The Coconuts,” with the Four Marx Brothers, famous stage comedians. There was a party of six, of which Harry Crocker was a member, and Josephine Dunn, until recently under contract to Paramount, who sat next to Charlie. We have always thought that she was a very interesting-looking girl, and she looked particularly attractive that evening. She is a blonde, and she wore a black gown with a full-length skirt.

Charlie laughed as much, if not more, than anybody at the antics and patter of the Marx Brothers, who have been a great hit for some seasons in New York. It was their first visit to the Coast since they were in vaudeville, and all filmdom turned out for the opening night.

Spoken and Silent Won’t Mix.

There’s a difference between the stage and screen!

Arguments have been advanced to prove it again—this time by Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, who have separated. Mr. Forbes has been making a constantly bigger place for himself in M.G.M. pictures, and Miss Chatterton has long been a favorite on the stage.

Forbes and Miss Chatterton declared that they did not contemplate an immediate divorce, and that they were parting as the best of friends. This last, however, is almost a rubber-stamp remark in Hollywood.

The more significant thing was that Mr. Forbes averred that the separation was brought about solely because Miss Chatterton is in the spoken drama, and he is in the silent. This necessitated their frequently being away from each other, and a growing divergence of interests, he said.

Others at Parting Ways.

Divorce action was also taken by Edwin Carewe and his wife, formerly known as Mary Akin on the screen, who were considered one of the most happily married couples in the films. It may be remembered that they were married in Mexico, at the same time as Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor. They have two children—one born only a few months ago.

Dorothy Cumming, who played the part of the Madonna, in “The King of Kings,” recently was granted a decree from her husband. There was, for a time, opposition to this from the DeMille studio, which made the picture, because of an agreement they claimed with her preventing a divorce. It was asserted that this was entered into because of the character of the rôle she enacted in the picturization of the biblical story.

To Drive the Rumors Away.

Mabel Normand met Lew Cody at the train when he returned from his vaudeville tour. She also traveled with him for a part of the trip. Now will the idle rumors that they are about to separate please go where they belong? Proof’s proof—but to the contrary this time.
High Jinks—and Low

A group of petite feminine players show us some towering leading men.

Victor McLaglen, left, is quite proud of his six feet three inches of tallness—which doesn’t frighten Sally Phipps in the least, even if she is only five feet two.

Lupe Velez, right, seems to fit quite cozily into Rod La Rocque’s arm, in “Stand and Deliver,” though there are thirteen and a half inches between them.

Charles Farrell, below, towers one foot and one inch over dainty Janet Gaynor’s five feet.

Even if Doris Hill, below, measures only five feet one inch, she insists on looking down on men. She is smiling at Gary Cooper’s six feet one.

Duane Thompson, above, misses being as tall as James Pierce by about thirteen inches. He is six feet four.
After Success—What?

Another thing that makes a newcomer to succeed a trifle aloof, is some of the ridiculous reports about him that emanate from unknown sources.

Gilbert has not been an exception. "Not long ago," he related, "a rumor spread around that I had been in a fight, and had had my face slashed with a knife, and my eyes blackened!"

"Two or three people from the Los Angeles newspapers called up to confirm the report. I explained that I was too busy right then, working every day in 'The Love Mart' for First National, to have had any fight; that if I were in such a state, no company would even dream of letting me go before a camera."

Gilbert is so well placed now that he does not give a second thought to such disturbing events. Norma Talmadge thought so well of his abilities in 'Camille' that she chose him to play in 'The Dove' and in "A Woman Disputed," and it is probable that he will be her leading man in "The Darling of the Gods," if she does the Japanese story.

"She's the most marvelous woman I've ever met," he rhapsodized. "I'll never forget how kind she was to me the first day I started in 'Camille.' It was my first important part. I was nervous. The first day's work consisted of my visit to Camille's apartment, then the scene where I see her taken with a fit of coughing. No one can realize how kind and thoughtful Miss Talmadge was to me, a newcomer—a stranger to her. She was the star; she need not have bothered, but she did."

He is something of a rover. He likes to go off by himself. After finishing "The Love Mart," Gilbert disappeared for a while and returned to Hollywood with an eleven-day growth of beard after doing some shooting up North.

For a young, romantic actor to lead such a lonely life augurs well for his career. For one thing, it means that he has been strong enough to avoid all the delusions and pitfalls that success puts in your way if you don't side-step them. For success has its drawbacks only if you stoop to pick them up.

The Story That Never Grows Old

"I think for a lark it will be fun. I have no thought of career. I play in the movies for a while, then I go home. Soon I get this bug—ambition. I see that maybe I can do something good, and I wish to try. Now I am crazy about it and want never to stop.

"I love the set, the feeling, the camera, the make-believe. But tonight I may fool them and run away. They give me to-day a vacation. I might know. Night work. A beautiful garden set. Those clever boys make a lovely moon. But the ground is wet from the rain. Everybody else wear warm coats. Chili alone freezes. I wear a thin little dress. I tell Mr. Carewe I get sick and that mean much money. No!—her eyes twinkled—"I think maybe not we do that scene until it gets dry and warm."

Señor Jaime, her husband—pronounced Hymie—and Señora Dolores are popular in Hollywood. Their parties are lavish, yet marked with a touch of intimacy. To them hospitality is a subconscious art.

"I love it in here—when it does not rain," she exclaimed, meaning Hollywood. "I meet many people, all different. At home important people, maybe, but not always interesting."

One more Fox picture, "The Red Dancer of Moscow," by a previous arrangement, must be made before she starts her United Artists contract, by the terms of which she is to star in seven productions during three years. The announcement that "The Cockeyed World" would reunite the entire cast of "What Price Glory" proved to be an error.

"I tell the cockeyed world I do not play in that picture. Mr. Carewe stand up for me. I must have good role."

"We visit all sixteen home of Ramona—she must have been a movie star, so many historic places they call home of Ramona. And the—how do you pronounce p-a-g-e-a-n-t—which show her life. It is up in the hills, and rustic and beautiful."

While she finds the present production interesting, she does not approve of the dictum that she shall forthwith play the ingenue.

"Ramona is sweet and sympathetic. Mr. Carewe say I shall no more play Carmen rôles, that then I would not have long life on the screen. So I must not be Chili, but Pollyanna. I want to do wild, gypsy women—strong rôles."

Sitting in her crimson car after luncheon on our way back to the studio, clad in a chic frock under a coat of fur with a green leather collar, a white felt hat framing her piquant face, two pearls her only jewels, she expressed smart sophistication.

I agreed with her. Dolores is no sweet girl graduate.

"You will speak, then, to Mr. Carewe? Yes?" she said.

"I shall. And he will say, 'Yes, dear girl,' and promptly forget what I have said."

"But I get many to speak to him, or maybe the public will write to him: then he will let me play the wild girl."

"Tosca is her dream rôle. The play, not the opera. They expect Carmen and Tosca so—" She puffed out her cheeks. "I do slim little Carmen, the Carmen I find in Spain."

Back at the studio, we laughed over some new portraits of her. Only one met with her approval. Scrutinizing others, she made gay fun of her own face. "I look like I have no job, yes?"

Twelve years ago "Ramona" was made with Adda Gleason, Monroe Salisbury, and Nigel de Brulier. If recollection does not fail me, Mary Pickford also once made a short film of it. The story, with its sentimental charm against a picturesque background, is a perennial. I think we can trust Chili's skill and Carewe's direction to make the present version interesting.
Heroines the World Over

Renee Adoree's screen career hasn't been monotonous, for she has played fair maidens of many countries.

Renee Adoree, as an Irish colleen, above, in "Blarney," and, below, as the French heroine of "The Big Parade."

Miss Adoree, as Musette, above, in "La Bohème," again played a French girl—a captivating coquette.

Renee, as Maryana of Russia, above, in "The Cossacks."

Then she played Jeanne-Marie, above, the wistful French-Canadian heroine of "The Flaming Forest."

As Nang Ping, right, in "Mr. Wu," she was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin.
All About Epics

The Battle of the Stars

Continued from page 38

and lose its first teeth, before it was completed.

The desire for realism is the cause of much trouble in epics.

James Cruze wanted a storm in "Old Ironsides," and waited three weeks for one. When it came, the ship was wrecked.

No mere miniature whale would do for "The Sea Beast," so Warner Brothers built one. It looked like a perfectly good whale, with a blow apparatus and everything. But that whale had a Jonah. When it came to taking the picture, no whale was to be found. Attendants in charge of his whaleship rushed up to the director excitedly to tell him the whale had sunk.

And now there is "The Trail of '98." Up in the Klondike a man was drowned in the rapids. In Colorado, there was an avalanche and a man was buried. The altitude affected everybody's wind and power of resistance.

And so, back to the miniatures and back to the good old studio lot.

What an avalanche of breakfast-food blizzards! What a bunch of washtub hurricanes!

Even the West is passing. Directors have to build the West on the studio grounds.

Another difficulty is whether the public will take to any particular sort of epic.

For instance, the public, it turns out, doesn't care for fire pictures. It likes fires, but it wants them real—and hot!

Then of course there are the censors. What a tough time they give the makers of epics.

As one critic put it, the ancients insisted on living their own lives in their own way, with a total disregard of what the movie censors were going to say about them several centuries later.

And the lawsuits!

Somebody's feelings are always getting hurt over the treatment a picture gives an ancestor. Somebody's family is always getting insulted over something. In "The Covered Wagon," somebody's grandfather was insulted.

"My great-great-grandmother never wore a hat like that"! one indignant lady wrote concerning a supposed ancestor who appeared in one of these epics.

The stock in trade of some particular epic sometimes runs low, too. For instance, when they wanted to portray the old cattle country, in "Sundown," they had to corner all the cattle in Texas and run them ragged, to get the right effect. And in "The Last Frontier," a buffalo epic, they frazzled the only herd of buffalo still extant by running them round and round to make them look like enough buffaloes.

They always employ a lot of experts on every epic these days. Directors can't get by with inaccuracies any more.

No longer, for instance, can a man in a Western keep firing and firing his gun indefinitely without ever reloading, as they used to do in the good old Westerns of other days.

Even those remote souls, the Northwestern Mounted Police, come in for experting. They have an expert, Guy Pearce, formerly of the Mounted Police, on "Rose-Marie."

"The mounted police are always shown riding horseback," he said the other day, "but in winter they use dog teams. In some places the police kill their horses every fall, because there is no food for the animals in winter, and the British government sends out fresh horses in the spring.

"And the members of the Mounted aren't always dressed up to the nines, either. Before the public, yes; but out in the country they take off their coats and wear khaki shirts."

About the historical characters used in epics: the producers must be very careful, or the illusion is completely destroyed. Somehow it is natural for human nature to pick flaws in anybody pretending to represent an historical character.

But epics are certainly great for one thing; they give jobs to all our Indians and ex-soldiers.

Continued from page 19

An even more amusing circumstance is the fact that she gained this sudden success largely because the subtitles she had to speak were very funny. They happened to suit her flapper personality. Since then Alice has played various roles, culminating with Dorothy, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Paramount is naturally counting on Ruth Taylor to make a hit as Lorelei, and they have extensive plans for her future. A few years ago they hoped for much from Betty Bronson under somewhat similar conditions, but their speculation did not turn out well. Betty never really had a follow-up for "Peter Pan."

On the other hand, little Mary Brian, who has never really had a fair chance, except in "The Little French Girl"—in which she was very prematurely starred—has gradually climbed to a position where she is getting more fan mail than any but the bigger stars on the Paramount lot.

I have mentioned these instances just to show some of the sidelights on the way players win their places to-day. It is impossible to forecast, as yet, how far the majority of them will go. Certainly there is great demand for pictures in which Miss Gaynor, Miss del Rio, and Miss Garbo appear, but the producing organizations with whom they are allied are hardly stalling them as yet. In the instance of Miss Garbo I know the policy has been to hold back, and her first stellar film, "The Divine Woman," is only now ready for release. Temperament, perhaps, caused a part of this delay.

Will these players eventually supplant those who have been on the screen for a number of years? Judging from recent results, it might be said that picture-goers are showing a slight preference for the new. Doug, Mary, Norma, Gloria, and others have not been enjoying their wonded favors, according to some reports. Furthermore, they have made their pictures so slowly that they are to a certain extent "out of sight, out of mind." They are in the position of having to make everything super-excellent to attract attention, now. Perhaps if they produced their pictures more rapidly it would be an advantage, but that would mean a sacrifice of quality and prestige, which they have won as producers as well as stars.

On the strength of personality, the old stars will always be popular. They came into pictures at a time when versatility was demanded, and when the player was not, as to-day, required to fill some particular niche. Naturally, their type is bound to be limited to certain roles, but their range of experience is on the whole greater than that of the newcomers.

If the screen bears any parallel to the stage at all, it might be said that an actor or an actress in the future will be lucky if he or she gets one great role in a lifetime. Consider, for example, Jeanne Eagels, in "Rain." It is very doubtful whether she will ever find any role as sensational, however long she may search.

Luck does play a large part in
That Exotic Touch

Bizarre earrings nowadays add something to the loveliest faces.

Gilda Gray, in "The Devil Dancer," left, displays the rich ornamentation of Tibet.

What could be more striking on a blonde than the diamond earrings worn by Lilyan Tashman, right, with a black satin gown?

Esther Ralston, left center, has a necklace of clustered pearls and diamonds to match her earrings.

Sally Blanc, left, seems all unselicious of her sumptuous trappings, and remains her girlish self.

Vera Reynolds, right, illustrates the latest way to embellish one's ears—diamond "guards."

Dolores del Rio, right center, as a study in black and gold—her hair the black, her massive earrings the gold.
**Bernice Mitchell**—wrong again! My hair won't be snow white by the time I answer your questions. You've got me all mixed up with Santa Claus. And I refuse to be mixed up with Santa Claus; he lives beyond my income, traveling around the world once a year. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. He is six feet two, and has black hair and dark-blue eyes. He is not married. He will next be seen opposite Florence Vidor in "Doomsday." Anybody answers Charles Farrell's fan mail, he probably does it himself. Charlie was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts, about twenty-two years ago. He is now working in "The Red Dancer of Moscow," with Dolores del Rio. He is not married. Joseph Striker has been on the screen five or six years, and now works at the DeMille studios. His newer films, besides "Annie Laurie," are "King of Kings," "The Climbers," "Cradle Snatchers," "A Harp in Hock," and "The Wise Woman." Joseph is about five feet eleven, and has very dark-brown hair and eyes. He don't think he is married.

**A Fan of All the Stars**—You are a regular correspondent. I even recognize your handwriting, among all the stacks of mail that come in. Harry Langdon was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. As a kid, he was a newsboy; then he became a janitor's assistant in a theater. He made a hit on amateur night, and then traveled with a medicine show, and in vaudeville Mack Sennett saw him on the stage and signed him. Ernest Torrence was born in Edinburgh, June 28, 1878. He was formerly a musician. Ernest is six feet three, and has brown hair and eyes. He is married to Elsie Remer and they have a son, four who is twenty. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1905. She is five feet one and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is divorced from Fred Montgomery. Jutta Goulaf goes in for mystery and no one knows anything about her except that, occasionally, she forgets to remember her French accent.

**Billie Daniels**—You call me "pop." Dear, dear, how one does ages! So you "crave to know a few things about Leatrice Joy? Well, that's a simple craving and easy to satisfy. Leatrice was born in New Orleans, in 1927. I don't know the month. She has been married once—to John Gilbert—and they are now divorced. Their daughter, Leatrice, Jr., was born in September, 1924. As to whether Leatrice smokes, I'm sorry, but I never noticed.

**Miss Saucy**—I don't like that promise —that if I'm good to you, Santa will give me a whistle to call all the stars together. I don't want all the stars together; you know I do love peace. Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, in 1895; she doesn't know the month. She is five feet five and weighs 130. See Bernice Mitchell. Edmund Lowe is six feet. Born in San Jose, California; he doesn't say when.

**Peggy of Earl, Pennsylvania**—It's just terrible, the way I have to work. You fans keep getting interested in some film newcomer faster than I can get biographies. I don't know all the answers to your questions, but here are those that I do know. Myrna Loy is five feet six, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., six feet two. Danny O'Shea was born October 8, 1901; Richard Allan, 1898; Barry Morse about 1904; Lieutenant Moore, in "What Price Glory," was played by Leslie Fenton.

**Madelyn Graeme**—As you wanted what you called your "ignorance" enlightened, your letter addressed to the Picture Oracle was referred to me. It would be my luck that you don't read this column. Victor Varconi was the young man you so admired in "Silken Shackles." He is under contract to Cecil DeMille, at whose studio you may write him. He is Hungarian and has played recently in "For Wives Only," "Fighting Love," "Angel of Broadway," "The Forbidden Woman," and "Chicago."

**Miss B. Gary**—I do get so distressed when fans ask for answers in the next Picture Play, because I just hate to say no! But while you're reading one issue of Picture Play, the next one will be traveling all over the country to news dealers, and the one after that is already being printed. So what can a poor answer man do? Ginette Madtie I understand, works at the Paramount studio. Robert Flerry I know nothing about.

**Kay**—Three cheers for Gilbert Roland! He seems to be going over in a big way. And yet, he played on the screen for some time as Luis Alonso-in, for instance, "The Plastic Age"—and no one noticed him. Then, I believe, he had a contract with Paramount and was given nothing to do. Gilbert was born in Mexico City in December, 1905. He is not married. Following "Camille," he played in "Rose of the Golden West," with Mary Astor, with Norma Talmadge again in "The Dove" and he is also scheduled to play opposite Norma in "The Woman Disputed." Also, opposite Billie Dove in "The Love Mart." The only address I know for him is United Artists studio—see list below. Pola Negri's film, "Camille," was a foreign importation for which I have not the cast. After "The Stolen Bride," Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes played together again in "American Beauty." But I think that ends the combination, as Lloyd's contract with First National is now completed.

**August Palko**—Of course, Crane Wilbur no longer has any connection with the screen, but I just happen to know that he lives at the Hotel Algonquin, 50 West 44th Street, New York City. The players in "Ain't Love Funny?" were Alberta Vaughan, Tom Wells, Syd Crossley, Johnny Gough, and Charles Hill Mailes.

**John Mackery**—What I want to know is, what do you fans do with all those photographs after you get them? Dolores del Rio is under contract to Edwin Carewe, Hollywood, California. Margaret Quimby has not, at this writing, signed a new contract since the expiration of her agreement with Paramount; I don't know where she can be reached just now. Ruth Taylor is at Paramount Studio. Alberta Vaughn lives at 248 S. Oxford Avenue, Hollywood. Greta Nissen has been working at the Fox Studio lately.

**Dorothy Darling**—I always thought it was such a good idea for a girl to have a name like yours, so that every one who addresses you sounds affectionate, whether intentionally or not! Virginia Valli is not a star, but a featured player. She has been working for Fox for the past two years, on a three or four-picture contract basis. Write her there. She is divorced from Demarest Lamson.

**Parisian Fan**—Writing all the way from Paris to learn about Wilfred Lucas; think of that! He was born in Canada—doesn't say when—and educated at Montreal High School and McGill University. He formerly played on the stage Continued on page 119...
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Nothing Ungrateful About Monte

Continued from page 59

So Monte put his ideas into effect. It seems that he has considerable authority in the making of his own pictures, so he arranged a new regime. Rigid economy of time was the rule. Every one on the set by eight thirty, instead of nine. Prop men and electricians were to be on hand even sooner—say about eight—to change the carbons in their lights, and do whatever else it is they usually do before the actual shooting begins.

"The result is," Mr. Blue declared with justifiable pride, "we really start shooting at nine o'clock, instead of dawdling around until ten. Promptly at nine, now, the camera begins to whirl."

"No, indeed; no one wastes any time on the Blue set! There is steady working, from nine until one, from two until five thirty. None of this fooling around; a flirtation going on in one corner; an actor turning to the orchestra. 'Say, play that little thing from 'Río Ríta' again, will you?'

"Efficiency is the motto. And if this sounds a little like a factory, at least, like a factory, the day's work is over at five thirty. To the actor, the cruelest words—except 'Nothing to-day'—are, 'Sorry, folks, we'll have to work to-night."

In arguing for his scheme, Monte pointed out that really you don't get any more tired working hard all day, than if you sat around for hours, waiting. And isn't it better to work hard in working hours than to stay late at night, or work all day Sunday trying to catch up with a delayed schedule?

"It's amazing," Monte continued, "how much is accomplished in those odd half hours that formerly were wasted. Why, do you know, ever since we started this efficiency business, my pictures have been finished from four to six days less than their scheduled time!"

He admitted, though, that many players and directors no longer want to work in his pictures. Especially the directors with years of experience, who like doing things in their own leisurely way and resent any young upstart telling them how to speed up production. But there are plenty of directors who are glad to accept suggestions. They like getting their work done in business hours; they like getting credit for finishing a picture in less than the time scheduled for it.

In keeping with the new motion-picture war cry of "Economy," all the big companies are trying to learn something from the small producers on Poverty Row, who make quickies in twelve to fifteen days. How is it done? The big companies want to know, and, according to Monte, they are even having some of their big Broadway films made by these companies, just to find out what makes quickies quick.

All these notions about efficiency may make Monte Blue sound like a very prosaic young man. If earnestness and sincerity make one so, then he is. He's the kind of young man you could turn to for sympathy, and get it. The kind of young man who is considerate of others, eager to help them get ahead.

Leila Hyams told me a little of his consideration for her. Leila had been playing opposite him in quite a few of his recent pictures: "The Brute," "The Bush Leaguer," "One Round Hogan."

"You know," said Leila, "a beginner on the screen could hardly expect much consideration. And many stars wouldn't have bothered with me at all. But Monte kept seeing to it that I got in front of the camera as much as possible. In one of the love scenes I was supposed to look up at him, away from the camera."

"You can cheat a little on that look," Monte whispered. 'Don't look straight at me, but turn a little more toward the camera.' He was always thinking of something to put me at greater advantage in the picture."

"Yes," Leila's mother spoke up, "no one could have been nicer to Leila. 'I'd do anything in the world for Monte Blue.'"

So, since those who work with him feel that way about Monte, perhaps it is just as well for a young man in the movies to feel that life is real, life is earnest.

Gayly Seeking Drama

Continued from page 58

when they are opened and a powder box in her bedroom starts you, by bursting into a jumpy and jovial air when you lift the lid to powder your nose.

She told me about "The Angel of Broadway" that day. It was months ago, and the story was just in the process of being written. She perched herself, precariously, upon the edge of a little stool and pantomimed the thing—almost scene by scene—until she made it live before my eyes, there in her living room.

She had great hopes for it, even then. Hopes that it might release her from innocuous comedy roles. And she talked, wistfully, about "Manslaughter."

"If I could only get another story like that!" she sighed.

Weeks later the two of us con- vived with a kindly newspaper man to be smuggled into a courtroom where a famous murder trial was being held. Leatrice wanted to study the reactions of the woman on the stand, "because she hoped to get another rôle like the one in 'Manslaughter' and one should see these things, and study them, if one is to give an adequate performance."

She was almost hysterical with pity and the sense of drama when we left. "Life is so cruel!" she wailed, "and we are all so helpless when circumstances get the better of us!"

Leatrice is as sentimental and impulsively generous as theater and picture folk traditionally are. She is intensely and sympathetically interested in people. And she confided to me, once, that she wanted to write. "When my youth is gone and with it my value as a motion-picture actress," she said, sad-eyed, "life will be terribly empty unless I have something to do."

"Life surges and swirls about us, filled with color, romance, pathos, drama—waiting for some one to write it down, sympathetically, with understanding."

"I can see the drama, but I don't know whether or not I have the knack of interpreting it in words. I am going to try very hard to cultivate it."

But now, with "The Angel of Broadway" bringing her back to the kind of rôles she longs to play—rôles which will not depend entirely upon beauty and the ability to wear frivolous clothes, perhaps Leatrice will not need to find something to fill the empty years after her picture career is done.

An adequate actress is never through. And Leatrice is all of that. She feels it and many other people also feel it.

And, perhaps—who knows—if the good rôles keep on coming, some day she may get a story as good—or even better—than "Manslaughter!" She is living for that rôle, dreaming of it, working for it.

Let us hope she gets it!
A Plea for Sympathy

Continued from page 43

M. Cohan play, that Bancroft could no longer endure the separation from their small daughter, who was with her grandmother in California, following an illness. On a Saturday he and his wife decided to leave, and the following Monday found them on the train.

In California, they took a house at the beach, having no concern at all with Hollywood and its chief industry.

"Several companies kept asking me to do pictures, but I wasn't interested. I had done a couple of short pictures in the East, but only for the fun of the experimenting. Why, I thought, should I spoil my holiday by accepting engagements in the movies—and at amounts less than I was receiving on Broadway?"

However, after a few months, more to dispel ennui than anything else, he did agree to play the heavy in a Tom Mix picture. This was followed by another Mix film. After this his screen career became involved, for some reason or other, and he wasn't seen for many months.

"I was signed by Paramount for 'The Pony Express' at the largest salary ever paid a beginner in pictures. Although," he added quickly, "I probably get less now than any other actor of my standing."

His progress, from then on, is a matter of common knowledge. Paramount recently conceived the promising idea of teaming him with the hilarious Chester Conklin in comedies. But after one or two of these Bancroft demurred.

"I have the feeling that the public doesn't want to see Bancroft as the 'funny man.' After all, what can you give of yourself to a farcical situation? And I give everything when I work. I hold nothing in reserve. The moment I step before the camera I am the person I am playing. I think his thoughts. I rage with his anger." He scowled fiercely at me. "I suffer his griefs," his eyes suddenly filled with tears, and I was vaguely embarrassed.

"'I enjoyed doing 'Underworld' and I'd like to do more stories along that line. There is more scope and I have freer rein. Being one of a team is very hampering. However, I don't want to become limited to one type, and I want all my characters to have sympathy. Rest assured you will see me in no more comedies."

Although, for that matter, I'd go to see his pictures anyway—whether comedy or drama. For, in my opinion, he really is a darn good actor.

The Stroller

Continued from page 67

Letters from movie fans in weird English have been used as thousands of sour publicity gags, but I insist upon reprinting this one, which I guarantee to be the real thing:

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,
Hollywood, California.

DEAR SIRS: Indebting of your address to your First National Office here, as indicated by the same and being journalist of several films reviews and newspapers, I beg you if possible kindly the purpose of publish them in the mentioned Reviews. Can you facilitate them to me? I will be very much obliged to you if you can facilitate me to possible, some photos of your studios with interesting particulars about them catalogue of your films and argument or stories of the same, that I will publish with great interest. It is also of special interest to me some information and different portraits of Corinne Griffith, and of the horse Tarzan and others animal which was working in your films.

Thanking you in advance always at your disposal, I remain, Dear Sirs.

The letter was signed by the representative of a film publication in Spain.

And still the movie folk continue to go into various financial pursuits as a side line to their picture work.

Noah Beeery is promoting a mountain-club somewhere north of Hollywood. The club bears his name and seems to be quite a place.

Charlie Murray has been the director of a bank, and George Lewis and Eddie Phillips, respectively, hero and villain of the two-reel series of "Collegian" pictures, are financing an exclusive haberdashery shop.

Personally, I have a great idea for an investment when I get the money to finance it. That is, a shop to print titles for motion pictures. As far as I can see now, there is a great deal of waste going on in the industry, because every subtitle is printed and photographed separately. If I can persuade all the studios to purchase by the foot their "Came down," and "That Night," and "Red Feather Wins," and "The Limited is Running into an Open Switch," I can manufacture them wholesale and make a fortune.

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Do the Stars Answer Fan Letters?

There are many other pictures of players who have changed consider-
ably. Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, Pauline Frederick, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Charles Ray—all are represented here.

One of the biggest surprises is Constance Talmadge, who has not only improved in her acting, but has added her entire personality by bobbing her hair. A very charming Connie then, but not the ultra-chic sophisticate of to-day. Here is a photo of Mary Alden, my first screen favorite, and the only one who has endured, with the exception of Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet has made quite as remarkable a change as Constance Talmadge. From something of an ingénue, she is to-
today right up in the foreground of the sophisticated moderns.

And here is Theda Bara, with a huge feather fan, her eyes heavily made up. I remember rewriting my letter to her several times before it reached the mail box. She was the first player I had seen in person and I was thrilled.

I have many photographs of players who have become important within the last few years. Among them are Pauline Garon, Aileen Pringle, and John Roche, who with his shirt collar open looks more lik-
able than the triller of the screen. Ethel Wales sans make-up is really an attractive woman. Ruth Roland poses astride Joker. Surely every one remembers Joker, who carried Ruth through all sorts of perils in her early serials. She is waving her hat and having a glorious time. On the picture she has written, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" Turning the re-

Legs a Specialty

vises Madeline. "Every girl who cares for the condition of her feet should be fitted by an expert, and absolutely refuse to leave the shop until she has found that her new shoes fit snugly and comfortably from toe to ankle. On arising in the morning, step up and down on the toes at least fifty times and then kick the feet backward and upward to get the blood coursing below the knees."

Rita Smith, a New York girl, is another whose feet and ankles have earned her a name in Hollywood. Countless fans have seen her pretty feet walking upstairs or down, have supposed they belonged to the star, and have marveled at their shape-

lines. Miss Smith arrived in Hol-

wood two years ago and was walk-
ing along the street when Mrs. Rose McQuoid of the Central Casting Bureau stopped her.

"You have the prettiest feet and legs I have ever seen!" she exclaimed. "Won't you come up to the office and let us register you for motion-picture work?"

When Rita appeared a few days later, Mrs. McQuoid called every one in to look. "Can you beat 'em?" she asked. Which meant that Rita Smith would be used in countless pictures.

"I go to the chiropodist once a week," Miss Smith says. "And here's a funny little thing I do for exercise. I place a rubber ball beneath my bare foot and roll it around, back and forth. It loosens all the muscles. When I'm dressing, I walk on my toes two or three minutes. I never wear low heels and I've never gone barefoot in my life."

But when all the legs are measured and appraised, the studios hand the palm to Patsy O'Byrne, who calls herself the homeliest girl in pictures. Not since the days when Phyllis Haver was a bathing beauty on the Mack Sennett lot, and her legs were acclaimed the most perfect on the screen, have there been any to equal Patsy's. Pretty hands, pretty arms, pretty feet, ankles and legs have opened the tightly barred doors of studios to neatly barred girls. From all over the United States these girls have come to bring beauty to the movies.
The Battle of the Stars

Continued from page 100

success. It was a propitious chance that brought Janet Gaynor to Fox in time for her possibilities to have come to the surface when they were seeking a Dianna, for "Seventh Heaven." There were any number of candidates for the rôle. None of them could have done it more perfectly than Janet. Will she ever get another to suit her so perfectly? Let any one try to answer this if he can.

Janet is, however, a personality. With the right pictures she may go far. Only the most foolhardy prophet or seer can say how long her fame will last, or whether ten years from now she will or will not be reckoned among the Norma Talmadges, the Gloria Swansons, and the Mary Pickfords of tradition.

I don’t believe that any one looking at the screen from a fan’s viewpoint, cares much about the failures of a star. It is their successes that count. The names of Talmadge, Pickford, Fairbanks, and others spell

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

then; she wept—which was no way to show joy and gratitude.

Miss Alden had come direct from the studio where she was working in "The Cossacks" with John Gilbert and Ernest Torrence, and characteristically had arrived just when she was most wanted.

Fanny has always worshiped at the shrine of Mary Alden, not only because she plays every rôle with sympathetic understanding and consummation skill, but because she is a very wise and philosophic person who never scatters her wisdom unless she is asked for it.

Whenever I think of Mary Alden, I recall the afternoon when Fanny and a group of young players, who for obvious reasons shall be nameless, got into a crazy discussion about faces.

They decided that few people on the screen had really satisfactory faces from every point of view. In fact, I believe Mary Alden and Mary Pickford were the only ones unanimously agreed upon. The rest they divided into masks and explosions.

All the exquisitely beautiful girls like Claire Windsor, Billie Dove, and Esther Ralston were rated as masks, because while they are sweet and tranquil and lovely, they seem almost too idealized to reflect life in its harsher aspects.

The explosions were the Clara Bow-Alice White type, who have a

success, probably because they came into the movies when they were as young as motion pictures themselves. Looking back, their triumphs, individually and separately, look much more sweeping. Furthermore, they worked hard and bitterly for them in the early days, and this undoubtedly makes them longer-lived.

On the other hand, the players who are coming on the screen to-day face a stiffer competition and a more fickle public.

The latest favorite of Hollywood may not be your favorite at all. Possibly you are just as devoted to Gloria, or Mary, or Norma, as you ever were. But there may be thousands who aren’t.

And so it is perhaps just as ridiculous to say that one star is greater than another to-day, as it is to declare that the new stars are displacing the old, or that the old are better than the new.

of nervous intensity in their faces, expressing too much, and suggesting that nothing is held in reserve.

To rate being considered a first-class face, as Mary Alden and Mary Pickford were, one had to have beauty, but it had to be secondary to an effect of restrained power or passion; the expression had to reflect understanding and tolerance.

Applying their specifications to the young up-and-coming players, the one that seems most eligible to the ranks of real faces is Joan Crawford. And speaking of Joan, isn’t it gratifying to find that in one short year she has lived down her jazzy-dancer reputation? Every one takes her career seriously now, including Joan herself.

From the moment that Fanny was able to sit up, she spent hours every day searching through the papers for news of her film friends.

She found that Bebe Daniels, only recently recovered from influenza, had gone off to Balboa to film location scenes for "Feel My Pulse," and every day Fanny clutched the papers to see when she was to return.

"I feel as though I had been away from everything for years," Fanny said, when she finally summoned up strength enough to use her voice. "When I get out, I’ll expect everybody to look different to me."

And perhaps they will.
Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 27

by a star of other years looking for work, even extra stuff. "I remember hanging over the gallery rail worshiping that man's acting on the stage," said Ed. "And here he was down and out, ready to carry a spear."

Being successful in Hollywood is about as ephemeral as the front page of a newspaper. But while the rage is on, there is a golden harvest.

Diplomatic handling goes almost as far in star making as any other single factor. Two examples come to mind, without so much as a wrinkle of the brow.

Betty Bronson and Lois Moran may be classed together—sweet stuff, idyllic ingénues, nice girls. Lois was brought to the screen by that astute showman, Samuel Goldwyn. She was advised how to act, when to speak, and what to say for publication. To-day she is firmly established.

The Bronson child was a studio-made star who was given her own way. She was properly cast in "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella," then mediocre vehicles slowly submerged her. The fact remains that poor handling did it. Her talents are marked, her personality charming.

Now that she is under the wing of Margaret Ettinger, who knows more about discreet publicity than any one else in Hollywood, it will be interesting to see if Betty can come back into her own.
A Photoproof Pippin
Continued from page 74

"I never dreamed of having the privilege of playing with him. It was simply inspiring, and I'm not saying that in a burst of girlish enthusiasm. Jannings is a marvelous actor, and all of us in 'The Way of All Flesh' simply felt that we had to do our best to be worthy of the great artist."

When Phyllis is in earnest, her dimples disappear and her blue eyes reveal unsuspected depths. There is still sparkle, of course. But the coquetry vanishes for the moment.

"Being courted by Barrymore was a great kick, too," she admitted. "You never know what he's going to do. He has all the unexpected twists of genius. In the midst of our most impassioned love scenes he'd whisper a naughty joke in my ear and I'd break into a laugh, spoiling the scene. But Alan Crosland understood all the Barrymore moods, so it was all very pleasant."

The various warces which she has adorned have interested her only as stepping-stones, "The Nervous Wreck" and similar extravaganzas, she pointed out with no little sagacity, are only elaborate slave-stick. Phyllis is all for the straighter forms of drama, silent though it may be.

She looks like a "Follies" girl, but isn't. She is not dizzy. Her work is of prime importance. She doesn't play the Coconut Grove and the Biltmore alternating evenings, and she knows nothing at all of that new place out near Santa Monica. She takes acting pretty seriously. And she knows that actresses must train almost as strenuously as prize fighters. She is aware of the dangers lurking in late parties, fancy pastries and kindred temptations. And she is studiously dodging them.

"You wait so long to get a good part, that when it finally arrives it deserves all your attention," she explained. "There will always be time to have fun, after you've caught up with the parade. Right now I'm still anxious to get a place in the front ranks."

That sounds fairly sensible. Phyllis impressed me as being a sensible girl—one of the few blondies in the world with a practical streak.

So there she is, well on her way to the top of the ladder, another decorative aluma of Professor Sennett's torso courses. But there is this difference, to be sure. Hundreds have graduated, yet only half a dozen diplomas have been exchanged for starring contracts.

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how to round off a rough edge in my own performance, or how to polish it and give it a smoother finish."

At this moment word came that he was to report on the set, which was a signal that the interview was over. He rose, smiling as though he had not just given a portion of a beautiful day to a mere fan, and inquired, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

I hesitated, having by this time reached the door. Finally I said, "You have a fan in Seattle, a friend of mine. She is well worth your interest, and requested me to mention her to you."

"What is her name?"

"You will perhaps remember her by her nom de plume, 'The Lady of the Aching Heart.'"

He broke into the broadest grin and most wholesome laugh that I have ever seen and heard. "Surely I remember her," he said. "I'll have my secretary send her a picture right away."

So, with a "Thank you very much, Mr. Gilbert," the door closed and my thrilling interview was ended. But not the thrill! For that can never completely be forgotten.

Now for a few impressions.

Mr. Gilbert cannot be described too often as charming and romantic, but there is a firmness, a friendliness, in his handshake that hints of other fine qualities. For the benefit of those fans who have often asked me if John Gilbert is as handsome off the screen as on, I can truthfully say he is. To all appearances he is the same handsome, impetuous fellow that we enjoy in motion pictures.

Years ago, when Fox was not what it is to-day, many fell under the spell of the sparkle and vigor that have made John Gilbert so popular to-day. Now, Mr. Gilbert feels he has much to learn. I admit it is nice to know that though, at the top of his profession he still desires to improve, but to me no amount of polish and rounding of rough edges could ever equal in importance the intensity and realism that have invariably dominated Mr. Gilbert's performances.

So let us take off our hats to a star of the first magnitude who received a fan courteously, and who, if honest effort and conscientious striving are of any value, is worthy of his place in the sun. I confess it has been hard to refrain from the use of superlatives in writing this.

In fairness to both Mr. Gilbert and myself I should say that all of our, or I should say his, conversation has not been included in this story. Dear me, no! It would have taken pages and pages. For Mr. Gilbert can converse as capably as he can act—which is saying a good deal.

From High School to the Movies

Continued from page 60

Loretta is the cutest." He added with dignity, "That's her new movie name. The nice part about the Young girls is that being in the pictures hasn't changed them at all. Some of the girls get ritz and don't want to go around with anybody but actors and directors, but Polly Ann and Loretta still have dates with the boys. They aren't trying to put on any swank at all. They still live where they used to, when we kids dropped in Sunday afternoons during the school term." He went on proudly, "I've got a date with Loretta next Saturday afternoon."

I was sorry when the orchestra stopped "Pretty Baby," because I would have liked to hear more about the popular and democratic Youngs.

Virginia Whiting is another high-school graduate who has taken to the movies successfully, so far. She works in Fox comedies. She has a smile as enigmatic as Mona Lisa's or Gloria Swanson's. Hollywood High School points to her with pride. A couple of years ago she was enrolled as a pupil. As some of her friends are still attending classes there, she drives up and waits until school is over, and either takes them down to the studio to watch movies being made—or to a picture show. The Fox people think she is going to be a big star some day. So does Hollywood High School.

And as for the boys—well, the football teams and the baseball teams are borrowed for college movies all the time.

If you think their stock didn't go up, it is because you don't know how Hollywood's children feel about the movies. And if all the rest of the kids turn out as well as Sally Blane, Loretta and Polly Ann Young, and Virginia Whiting, the movies are going to start feeling the same way about Hollywood's children.
The Stars Set the Styles

Continued from page 30

are the product of more than one designer."

"Do the stars themselves ever show bad taste in selecting their wearing apparel?"

"Of course. Not all people who have their names in electric lights have good judgment, although most actors and actresses have an instinctive sense of costume. Many, too, have cultivated a precise knowledge of the art of design and dressmaking. They did in the selection of their clothing if they have time, but, of course, are open to suggestion. More often, they leave it entirely to the designer to choose the right thing, merely approving the sketch when it is ready to be made up. Naturally, there are some differences of opinion but usually a compromise is effected.

"You often hear that such and such a screen player, who dresses exquisitely in pictures, looks almost dowdy when not before the camera. However, this is seldom because she does not know how to dress, but because she doesn’t want to dress. It is relaxation for her to wear just anything. When she returns to her work, she can feel the same thrill in wearing smart garments that Cinderella must have felt when her fairy godmother waved the wand over her.

"On the whole, I think that America has never been such a well-dressed country as it has since the movies have come into their own. Before, only the rich and near rich could afford to attend fashion exhibits. Now, every little Jane Marie working in the S-A-I-10 is getting a liberal training in the art of deckin’ herself out becomingly and modestly."

Among Those Present

Continued from page 78

kept constantly reminding him with the question:

"Well, Frank, when are you going back into pictures?"

Frank would laugh at him from day to day, saying, "Oh, quit kidding me. I’m through with pictures. You couldn’t get me back into them for anything in the world."

"All right,” the agent would reply, "we’ll see.”

Then the tests for the juvenile lead in “The Country Doctor” were under way. They were looking for a new player and a new type. The agent heard about it.

"Now’s your chance,” he said. "If you’re going back you’d better step.”

The agent argued hotly for about an hour, and then after Frank had said, "Oh well, all right,” the appointment for the test was arranged. Before he knew it, Marion had signed a contract and was being billed as a bright hope by the De Mille studio. After "The Country Doctor” he had played the hero, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus.”

He is a descendant of General Francis Marion, of Revolutionary War fame.

How I Spent My First Big Pay Check

Kathryn Perry.

A grand piano was the fruit of my first large movie pay check. Music has been my chief recreation ever since, as a tiny tot, I began lessons. I can play myself out of moods. It calls in the spirits, compases the thoughts, delights the ear, revitalizes the mind—oh, it is such an inspiration.

My grand piano, which replaced an old upright, has given me many hours of quiet delight, has recalled the bright hopes of early youth and brought them all back, to dance their trills again.

Gayne Whitman.

Having invertebrate beach hounds in the family—my wife and two small daughters—I naturally used my first big movie check to transport them to Catalina for a week.

June Marlowe.

I hated to cash that precious slip of paper, nicely signed by Warner Brothers, because it represented my first milestone on the road to success. I came of thrifty stock, but there was a perfectly stunning décolleté evening gown in a certain shop, and it fitted me like a glove. How did I know? I wish I had a dime for every time I had tried it on!

Finally, I cashed the check and, to the clerks’ amazement, actually bought the gown. I got the check back after it was canceled, and I framed it.

The Man I Pity Most

POOR OLD JONES: No one had any use for him. No one requested him. Across his face I read a hard look—FAILURE. He laid free on. A poor worn out illusion of a man, doing his very best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, overflowing, triumphant and loved, but they can’t realize the one big fact—that there is something worth while living for, something for which to live. There is nothing better in this world, but everyone can have it.

Everything you do depends upon success. No matter what your ambition may be, upon the health of your family or the future of your child, you’ll want it.

Here’s a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But you say, “It takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic starlings.” It does if you go about it without system, but there’s a short cut. And that’s where I come in.

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In just 30 days I can add value to your body and have you looking younger. With just one month’s worth of this over-riding irrefutable fact, you’ll be amazed by the difference. Many of my patients have gained more than that, but, I GUARANTEE to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your body will grow stronger, your shoulders begin to broaden, before you know it, the peacocks turning green. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a smile. You’ll look ten years younger, and you’ll feel it, too. Work will be easier. As for play, why, you’ll realize then that you don’t know what it really means.

I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I’m not through with you. I want twenty days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over. What a marvelous change! Those grey, shaggy shoulders! That pair of huge, weak arms! Those flabby, slapping legs, yes, oh, they are yours, and you are there to stay. You’ll be just as fine inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs. strengthening and exercising them. Yet, look, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness always demands action.

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A New Accent in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

Almost three thousand times did Poppa and Momma Cohen say the same lines. “Tired of it?” She rebuked me. “How could we be? I’m telling you that play is greater than what that Shakespeare, or anybody, ever wrote.”

“It has heart,” she said, and I could see that she has taken it all very, very seriously these five and a half years, and never will anybody convince her that “Abie” isn’t the finest drama ever in the theater.

“It is natural. Just like an Irish and a Jewish family sitting down to talk the evening. And the humor of it—you wouldn’t find it in any other play. Like the line where Rose says, ‘He’s my father,’ and I say, ‘Well, you couldn’t help that, could you?’”

How many times she has chuckled over that line I don’t know, but her appreciation was as keen as though it were new.

I am one of those million individuals who saw “Abie’s Irish Rose” and still cannot account for its amazing popularity. But Momma and Poppa Cohen almost make me believe in the darn thing!

“Mrs. Cohen is me. She is all Jewish women. I am so tired many times, but when I get in my dressing room and make-up I feel great. She is like a tonic to me.

They find the movies wonderful.

A week’s free vacation before they started work, somebody nice to take them “on driving,” everybody friendly—they think Hollywood’s great. Neither anticipates the difficulty about the transition from stage to screen; neither is camera shy.

“We got experience already.” Momma beamed. “Seventeen years ago I play in a movie, but back to the stage I went because I think it’s not any money in these movies. And eleven years ago Poppa has a fillum test made. So we know all about camera acting.”

Listen to what Momma has to say about fame. “The Cohens all write me that I am their kin, and ask for a donation. Maybe they don’t get it, but a lot they do. And Miss Nichols and the manager told me, ‘Remember to act dignified. Don’t forget you are Madame Kramer.’

“ Forget it.” I’m telling you I hire a taxi and I think I give the driver a quarter tip. He recognizes me and says, “You’re the lady who plays Mrs. Cohen? I like your play swell.” So I got to give him fifty cents. On the train I get fifty cents out for the porter, just because he dusts me off—and I could as well do it myself.

Then he smiles at me and tells me he saw me act Mrs. Cohen, and that no lady could play the part better. So I say—like this behind my hand to Poppa—I guess I got to give him a dollar. He recognizes Poppa, too, and gets two dollars. I tell Miss Nichols, ‘Sure I remember I’m Madame Kramer, but it’s expensive.’ In New York sometimes I put on a well and on East 42nd street nobody knows me—and it’s cheaper. I do better would I be just Mrs. Kramer.”

When they arrived in Los Angeles, four hundred and seventy-five Cohens were at the train to greet them. I asked Momma what she thought of all the “relatives.”

“I think,” she held her hands against her breast, “it is all a dream. I work all those years in the Yiddish theater and get nowhere, ‘Abie’ makes me famous.”

“I’m absorbing atmosphere,” Poppa said when we found him, faithfully waiting beside the fountain. “I mean”—winking—“locating exits if Momma gets mad.”

“Oh, look,” Momma beamed upon Gary Cooper, lanky lad of the range, “a nice Jewish boy, I bet.”

All the studio is chuckling over Momma’s ingenuous way of labeling everybody she meets as a nice Jewish boy or girl. In so calling them, she is to her mind paying them the highest compliment. Bebe Daniels was rendered quite inarticulate when Momma rushed up and embraced her with a flood of Yiddish. The first day, she located a kosher restaurant and in four days had invited at least a hundred people—everybody she had met—to a kosher meal.

“Maybe you would rather I go away while you talk to Poppa,” she suggested so half-heartedly that I solemnly insisted she remain. “Poppa is a genius, You,” to Mr. Garcy, “tell her all about it.”

“When I am a child I act in the ghetto in children’s plays. I recite so loud nobody else got a chance. So at elocution school, when they put on ‘The Prince and the Pauper,’ I am the star. Mark Twain came to see the play and likes me so well he brings the managers to see me, so I go on the stage.

There was more to it than that. What with the frequent interruptions of Momma, who insisted that this or that incident of Poppa’s career be given due credit.

That they will add to the entertainment of “Abie’s Irish Rose” on its screen tour, there isn’t the slightest doubt.
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big companies, beyond the need of box-office names to sell their pictures, prefer to use their own contract people. The cost of employing a free-lance at a tremendous salary for four or five weeks of production, is naturally less profitable than giving the part to some one who draws a company pay check.

Mr. Cohn, to whom these names are of vast importance, can afford to give them the salary they ask, since it is only for two weeks of production. They are all given a two-week guarantee, but they seldom work that long—such being the way a quickie is made. With economical production, a close schedule and a nationwide market, it is easy for Mr. Cohn to blow himself a bit on his stars. "The Blood Ship," a rip-roaring melodrama of the sea, featuring Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan, and Richard Arlen, was made in two weeks and one day. It played the Roxy in New York and the best theaters in many of the key cities, receiving enthusiastic notices everywhere. "Alias the Lone Wolf," with Bert Lytell and Lois Wilson, also ran at many of the better houses in competition with releases of the big companies. "The Isle of Forgotten Men," with Dorothy Sebastian as the dudsly allure, brings Conway Tearle back to his still-faithful fans.

For some reason which no one quite fathoms, Conway Tearle has been blacklisted at all the big studios. For something like two or three years he has been off the screen because of this. But Columbia should worry about the pique of its rich relations. They use Tearle, and cash in nicely on his still-visible popularity.

Others of their players who have been pronounced "finished" by the wiseacres of the industry, are Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Helene Chadwick, Betty Compson. It is Cohn's theory that a player who has once been good is never finished; that the whole difficulty lies in inaccurate casting. By giving them suitable roles he has proved his theory and made money.

The rise of another quickie organization, Tiffany Productions, has been made possible by the advent of John M. Stahl, A name known for the excellent films he directed for M-G-M., to whom he has been under contract for several years, he raises considerably the standard of Tiffany.

It is now known as Tiffany-Stahl, with every picture supervised by Stahl himself. Operating at the newly renovated Fine Arts Studio—

The Quickies Grow Up

Continued from page 23

The birthplace of the historical Griffith stock company—they are bringing new life to that ancient pile which, since Griffith, has housed only the quickest quickies and comedies.

Producing on a proportionately lavish scale, their pictures, at the outset, stand ready to take important places beside those of the big corporations. Like Columbia, they use in their casts names already established at the box office.

Evelyn Brent, Bert Lytell, Larry Kent, and Gertrude Short head the cast of "Women's Wares," "Streets of Shanghai" features Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan, supported by Margaret Livingston, Jason Robards, and Anna May Wong. "Once and Forever" displays Patsy Ruth Miller and John Harron.

A particularly notable offering is the picturization of Martha Ostenso's novel, "Wild Geese." This is an exception to the rule of independent companies, where economy forbids the purchase of expensive rights to famous plays or books. In this production Belle Bennett, Anita Stewart, Russell Simpson, Donald Keith, and Eve Southern, the saintly miracle worker of "The Gaucho," appear.

Alice Day did her first work in straight dramatics here, after extensive training as one of Bennett's brightest lights. The picture is "Night Life," directed by George Archainbaud, recently under contract to First National.

In all these productions it is observed that money is not spared to give them dignity and quality. The economizing is done in the working schedule, which is ironed out in detail before shooting begins.

The rise of the quickie in quality is not, of course, general. On Poverty Row there are still dingy, little film factories turning out an abundance of cheap, overnight productions. But with the development of Columbia and Tiffany-Stahl it is almost inevitable that the others will follow suit. And the end is in sight for the quickie nobody sees—the quickie featuring Sally Smith and Jimmy Jones, two of Hollywood's less noted extras. And considering the numerous minor players to whom the quickies have proved a godsend, to say nothing of those recognized players who have found them a means of continuing their careers, this offshoot of the movies must be given credit for the good it has accomplished.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

ever, to say a word for the other side of the controversy.

Many of us are looking forward to the happy day if it ever comes when we can enjoy a picture of our favorite Ronald Colman without the necessity of looking at Vitma Banky. We do not like her methods nor her style. It is very annoying to say the least, to see the same woman hanging on one's favorite actor. There is no longer anything romantic about it. We were very much disappointed in The Magic Flame which, as usual, was a Colman-Banky combination.

Stella Dallas and "Beau Geste" were a relief and we are looking forward to seeing Mr. Colman in more such excellent pictures in the future. He would be splendid in any picture, and does not need Miss Banky to support him; in fact, he does far better without it.

The foregoing also holds true of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. We have seen too many pictures with that combination. We think Mr. Gilbert is a wonderful actor, but don't like the Greta Garbo type. We prefer much to see American actresses opposite such excellent actors as Colman and Gilbert.

ELEANOR MARSH

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

He Cannot Fail Now!

Attention, fans! Have you discovered Gilbert Roland? No, he is not, as you might judge from his name, another California youth. He is, on the contrary, distinctly foreign—his father was a famous Spanish tormador. He has received much training in the art of moving pictures, and is the sort of roles such pictures are in style of pictures, too. The older ones, for instance, are very popular. We think Mr. Gilbert is a wonderful actor, but don't like the Greta Garbo type. We prefer much to see American actresses opposite such excellent actors as Colman and Gilbert.

ELEANOR MARSH

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

An Answer to Miss Pauline

In the December issue, Miss Pauline takes me to task for panning Carmelita Geraghty, stating that I couldn't have seen The Great Gatsby. Indeed, I did, and as Jordan Baker, Miss Geraghty was a farce—"the one flaw in an otherwise excellent screen version of the novel."

As for "The Last Trail," I must hang my hat and admit that I missed that screen masterpiece. But surely even Miss Pauline wouldn't wish such agony on me as sitting through Miss Geraghty's "The Great Gatsby." Miss Pauline further states that Miss Geraghty can play tennis. Of this I have no doubt. I am quite willing to agree that as an actress Miss Geraghty has the talent and ability to do this, but I am sure that she cannot do it on the stage.

GEORGE PATTISHAR

100 Maryland Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

Such Taste!

To my mind the following list comprises the foremost exponents of the art of acting:

Emil Jannings—master artist of the screen. I have never seen such an actor as his in his first American attempt, "The Last Trail." His eyes haunted me for days after seeing the film.

Lillian Gish—the master artist. She is unparalleled in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Bohemian.

Lyn Chalmers—marvelous, even though he does play such repulsive parts. Gloria Swanson—unusually fine and convincing in all her roles. Jean Hersholt—a superb character actor. George Bancroft—he was remarkable in "Underworld." He is due to be a drama instead of comedy, and I am eagerly looking forward to his forthcoming picture.

Janet Gaynor—she showed remarkable promise in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Dolores del Río—truly wonderful in "Resurrection," and I hear she has equalled her success in "Loves of Carmen."

Belle Bennett—in "Stella Dallas" she was wonderful, but she has never made another picture as good as that.

There are many screen players of undeniable charm and talent whose work is so colored by their own personality that all their characteristics become

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more or less similar. By this I do not mean that they are not good actors, because most of them are, but they are not great. My favorite actor, Ronald Colman, falls in this class, as do many that I rate higher of my favorites—Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Renee Adoree, Lars Hanson, and Alice Joyce. A. L. King, 536 Lowell Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

Ben—Where Are You?

Why haven't we heard more of Ben Lyon in "What Men Think?" Surely no one since Wally Reid has occupied such a warm spot in the hearts of the picture-going public. He is the sort of chap every mother wants her son to be like; the boy every girl longs for; the friend every boy hopes for.

But, sad to say, Ben has been the victim of poor stories, poor direction, and, miscasting in general. Sexy films are not for Ben, and I do wish these foolish-minded directors and producers would quit casting him in this "soap-and-fish stuff.

And why must he play opposite stars so much older than himself? The screen has enough talent among the younger set from which to choose a competent leading lady.

I think Ben would be great in a clean-cut story of college life. "For the Love of Mike" would fit him if it were the type and "The Perfect Sap" was cleverly done. I still maintain that his greatest picture is "Wages of Virtue."

Why does one of the top producers cast him in a picture which will show his good points to the best of advantage?

Won't you Ben Lyon fans come to his support, and demand that he be given better parts? The producers cater to the public, and if we insist on seeing Ben in better roles, I'm sure they'll pay some heed to us.

"MISS MIDDLE West." Minneapolis, Minnesota.

And Still They Defend Novarro.

For over three years I have not missed an issue of "Picture Play," nor one letter in "What the Fans Think." I have read squabbles and arguments until I was quite sure that most of the faultfinding was the prattle of dissatisfied children.

With difficulty I have kept my peace. To the majority of unjust criticisms I have paid no heed, but when certain fans begin finding fault with that most nearly perfect of stars, Ramon Novarro, I consider that it is time for me to rise and defend him.

In the first place, if a fan like Elfreda Peel has such unpleasant things to say about a star, I would advise her to keep them to herself. Letters like hers are not going to do any good—they may do some harm—and is this the department the place for helpful criticism?

Ramon is not in need of fans so badly, that it would prove a great shock to him to learn that he had lost one, because of the too-careful efforts of his press agent. I am sure he does not desire the kind of admirer who is easily influenced by her whims. As for the article to which Miss Peel referred as the cause for canceling her subscription to a publication, I am quite sure that I know exactly to which article she was alluding. It was splendidly written, fired with enthusiasm and imagination, and did not, as she claims, make Novarro an impossible person. It brought out his faults and those human traits which make him such a splendid actor. Do you suppose Ramon could possibly have played such a magnificent character as Ben-Hur, had he not been endowed with those human qualities which brought out the greatness of the man more clearly?

It is really absurd to imagine that mere publicity could keep an actor in the high rank he now holds. I fancy Ramon holds his position because, I imagine calling him an "infant prodigy!" Novarro did not need a press agent to give him a start, and now that he has reached the top and has several years of success behind him, it stands to reason that he does not need a press agent to hold him up. Since it is the custom for stars to have a press agent—but not because he particularly needs one.

There seems to be no doubt that Miss Peel cannot and will not "see" Novarro. I really do sincerely pity her. You know, friends of Ramon, what marvelous hours of happiness she is missing, do you not?

And so, Miss Peel, I suppose it cannot be helped if Ramon is becoming like so many "sickly piffle" to you, since you are determined that such shall be the case. If you are "growing very tired of him," don't bother about seeing his pictures. I doubt if he would ever miss you, since he will always have thousands of friends in the persons of many fellow fans and myself.

Richard E. Passmore.
Medina, Pennsylvania.

Eight "Best" Pictures.

What are some people howling about when they say the movies are "going to the dogs?" How can they make such a statement when pictures like "The Big Parade," "Rookieto," "Michael Strogoff," "The Better Bit," "Beau Geste," "The Better One," "Faust," "The Cat and the Canary" and "Seventh Heaven" are being shown? I think Janet Gaynor, who played in the last-mentioned film, is one of our most promising actresses. I first saw Miss Gaynor in "The Johnstown Flood."

In my judgment "The Cat and the Canary" was the best picture Laura La Plante has ever played in. The one that stood out in the cast of "The Cat and the Canary" was Arthur Edmond Carew. I wish I knew more about him—there is something interesting and mysterious about him.

What about actors like Cullen Landis, Creighton Hale, Julia Faye, Lilyan Tashman, and Robert Agnew—why don't they occasionally get a leading part? I think sometimes supporting actors do more work than the stars, and often steal the pictures.

E. Hitchcock.
New York City.

Is There Such a Thing as Too Much Opportunity?

Every fan when rooting for his favorite bemoans the lack of opportunities his star received. And yet, each month some unknown player makes an outstanding performance. Is it safe to expect that this was expected to be secondary to the stars? I have decided that opportunities are not presented, they are made, and the player who provides the talent will make a big role out of a little one.

There is not a prominent star on the screen to-day who has not worked for his success, I remember when Ben Lyon gained our attention. He was just one of Colleen Moore's leading men in "Flaming Youth." But he made his way out of that small role. John Patrick, too, did his famous lamp-shade dance in that picture.

The two young men had an equal chance at that time. We saw both of them, frequently, for the following two years, with Ben pulling ahead until he reached stardom, and John Patrik still playing comedy relief in some one else's picture.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 61

"Madame Pompadour"—Paramount. Colorful film based on the story of Madame Pompadour, favorite of Louis XV., with Dorothy Gish in the title role, and Mary Astor as a radical poet who captures her fancy.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Verna Banky and Ronald Colman in skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian royalty, with Genevieve Tobin, a songstress, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Main Event, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Film of two prize fighters and a girl. Unusually well done. Vera Reynolds and Charles Delaney

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in plausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a burning dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of droll-witted schoolmaster who wins the love of a beautiful girl. Dix, who has submitted his story to a countless leads to his death at the hands of the bohlsheviks. Barbra Brown and Richard Corrigan

"My Best Girl"—United Artists. Mary Pickford's latest, and one of her best. Tale of stock girl in the S-and-10 who falls in love with a new clerk—Buddy Rogers. Does not know her but is the owner's son.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnapped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"Paid to Love"—Fox. Fairly entertaining film of a beautiful dancer who is paid to snare a crown prince, but falls

in love with him. Virginia Valli and George O'Brien.

"Pajamas"—Fox. Pleasant picture of spoiled millionaire's daughter in the Canadian Rockies who is tamed and develops a new life on a fitting farm. With charming man, Old Berden and Lawrence Gray.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually interesting role of a weak little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proves a coward, but finally redeemed by a heroic act.

"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing college film of shy botany student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to visit him.

"Prince of Head Waiters, The"—First National. Interesting though unbelievable film of glorified waiter who is a hero to the girl who does not know his father. Lewis Stone, Robert Agnew, Lyman Tashman, and Artie Arent.

"Quality Street"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel in delicate adaptation of Barrie's charming comedy of demure English girl who falls in love with her soldier lover, and then has to win him back by strategy.

"Road to Romance, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century who, to save his fair heroine, Marceline Day, disguises himself as a pirate.

"Rolled-Up Buckings"—Paramount. Lively college picture of the conven-

nately for Betty's future, she is a type un-

common to the movies. There are not many stories suitable for her, as she be-

longs in fantasy. Don't harp so much on the big chance. Every role the players get can be made a big one if they have it in their power.

New York City,

A Tip to Leatrice.

After seeing Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway," I find it impossible to let the opportunity pass without writing a few of my thoughts.

I think Leatrice Joy has found herself at last, and this is the type of picture she should cling to. She is more beautiful in this than in any picture since "The Ten Commandments." This picture is proof enough that Leatrice Joy is worthy of great things. And I hope that Leatrice just sets her foot down and demands good stories. A little Greta Garbo temperament would be of use to Miss Joy!

Let us at least hope that Leatrice Joy is through with such namey-parmy pic-

tures as "Eye's Leaves" and "For Alimony Only.

I cannot close this letter without thank-

ing Picture Play for printing my letters, thus enabling me to manifest my friendship with whom I would not part for the world.

I have received letters from New Zealand, England, and all parts of the United States. One was from Martian Boyer, 80 Hemlock St., St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

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"Gingham Girl, The"—F. B. O. Lois Wilson in innocuous film of sweet country lass who sells homemade cookies in the mail attracts the eye of a villain in spats.

"Girl in the Pullman, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Silly farce based on the embarrassment of a young doctor when he discovers his ex-wife in the same Pullman with himself and his bride on their honeymoon. Harrison Ford and Mary Brian.

"Hard-boiled Haggerty"—First National. Milton Sills miscast as a roguish, frolicsome ace of the air who chases his ladylove through leafy glades.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost conquered by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"Irresistible Lover, The"—Universal. Norman Kerry in role of a rich philanthroper with a comic lawyer to settle his numerous breach-of-promise suits. Lois Moran is the policeman's daughter, and this story, with some comedy, is made by Pathe-Demille.

"Joy Girl, The"—Fox. Silly picture of mercenary young girl in Palm Beach who goes out to get a millionaire who is really a chauffeur, and ignores a chance to marry a millionaire. Olive Borden and Neil Hamilton.

"Last Waltz, The"—Paramount. Willy Fritsch in artificial film about love tangle involving a caddish crown prince, his ingratiating aid and a princess.

"Lonesome Ladies"—First National. Slow, silly picture of a wife who, to spite her husband, flounces off with a villain, but is rescued at the critical moment. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.


"Moon of Israel"—F. B. O. Heavy, spectacular German film, laid in biblical times and based on the love story of an Egyptian Pharaoh's son. Costumes include Maria Corda and Artlce Martel.

"One Woman to Another"—Paramount. Florence Vidor in feeble film of woman who sets out to sacrifice her life to her brother's children, but comes to when she discovers her rejected beau in the toils of a scheming blonde.

"Painting the Town"—Universal. Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller in an energetic but tiresome comedy of a smart-aleck young inventor and a "Folks" girl.

"Publicity Madness"—Fox. Weak, mildly amusing film of aggressive young man who forces himself into the job of reorganizing a soap company, incidentally transforming the heroine from a tramp to a wise-cracking beauty. Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran.

"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Old-fashioned farce of speed demon who deceives his aunt into believing he's a doctor, and has to hastily improvise a sanitarium when she suddenly pays him a visit. May Robson, Harrison Ford, and Phyllis Haver.

"Surrender!"—Universal. Tedious, glossy war picture of a Russian prince and a rabbi's daughter who marries herself for her country. Mary Philbin and Ivan Lebedeff.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plainsman self in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story ruined by too much slapstick. Janet Gaynor in role of girl who takes a job as maid in the home of her betrothed's business competitor and helps him in putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-brow society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in a stagy, artificial screen version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his mistress. Delores Costello miscast as Manon.

"Wise Wife, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Tedious film of a wife who cures her husband of a love affair by taking his ladylove into the household. Phyllis Haver, Tom Moore and Jacqueline Logan.

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NEW YORK CITY

Advertising Section

The Brand of a Good Book

Nancy—Would you really have stars keep their right names? Should you praise Claire Windsor under the name of Ola Cronk, Lila Lecq as Gussie Aptel? There was a mistake about Richard Dix’s real name; it is Ernest Bennett, Pete in his nickname. Yes, Adolphe Menjou uses his real name. He is American—born in Pittsburgh—of French parentage. I don’t know what I should do in the evening, but Paddy of course is a nickname for the good old Irish Patrick.

C. Howard—We certainly hope to be able to get a new writing of your books for interviews to the editor. I have nothing to do with that. After a long absence from the screen, Jack Holt is now appearing in a Columbia picture, “The Tigress”—which doesn’t sound to me like a Western.

Done—Thank you that Buster Collier answers his fans mail; I can’t attempt to keep track of which stars do and which don’t. At present, Buster is working at the Tiffany Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. He and Patsy Ruth Miller have been playing together in "The Tragedy of Youth." The editor of Picture Play would be glad to publish Buster’s photo, I am sure, if a new and good one were sent to the office. That’s the trouble with free-lance players—they do not keep their agents sending out new photographs to editors! Ralph Forbes is an English actor, born September 30th—I think, in 1902. He played the English stage and came to America about four years ago, with the English company playing “Havoc.” When this play was transferred to the screen, Ralph Forbes a high one joined his screen career began but not without interruptions. Several years ago he played the title role, in the "Little Leather" opportunity, to whom he is married. His more important screen appearances were in "Beau Geste," "Mr. Wills: the Tiller the Tooer" and "The Trail of ’88.

A. J. — Thanks so much for the information which I am printing for the benefit of Anxious below.

Addresses of Players.


Regina苑, Gwenn Loe, Mar Arey, Allen Hargen, Alice Terry, Richard Dix, Susan Lenox, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, and Richard Dix, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, Miriam Cooper, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 710 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Lew Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman, Irene Ware, Lillian Rich, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billy Bevan, and Mae Busch, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, June Elvidge, Leila Todt, Art Acord, Nita Ra, Joste Sedgwick, and Harry Secombe, at the Universal Studio, Hollywood, California.
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Gloria Swanson's Disillusionment

Dolores del Rio Painted by Modest Stein
It Was Mary's First Dance at a Fashionable Restaurant

She was distinctly ill at ease. She didn't know just what to do. For one thing, she wasn't certain whether she should have kept her hat on. Other women were dancing without hats, and Mary wondered whether she was making a "bad break" by wearing hers. All the time, little doubts as to the correctness of her behavior kept cropping up in her mind, so that, on the whole, she spent a most uncomfortable evening.

Now if Mary had only been one of the "wise virgins" and had secured a copy of The Book of Etiquette by Laura Alston Brown before going out that night, and had read up the section devoted to "Restaurant Dancing," she would have enjoyed herself every moment of the time, instead of being harassed by a series of annoying perplexities. She would have known just how to proceed, what to do regarding her hat, wrap, gloves, and other belongings, what to order at table—everything, in fact, that would tend to make the evening pass smoothly and pleasantly.

The dollar spent for THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE would have been one of the best investments of her career.

No one can afford to be without this book.
"Don't make a monkey of yourself!"

cried Bob as

I sat down at the piano

BOB was always putting his foot into things.

I was spending my vacation with him when I met his cousin, Helen. Instantly all other girls faded out of my life. It was love at first sight. But unfortunately she didn't seem to feel the same way about me. Like all young lovers, I confided my troubles to the nearest willing ear. It happened to be Bob's.

"You've got nothing to worry about," he insisted when I finished my tale of woe. "Just leave it to me. All you need is a little publicity..."

Right then and there I knew I should have kept my mouth shut.

The very next day he announced that he'd just had a long talk with Helen and, according to him, "put me over big!"

"Boy! What I didn't tell her about you is nobody's business!" he exclaimed. "When I got through with my little song and dance about what a whiz you are at the office, I pulled my trump card... and believe me, it boosted your stock sky high!"

"What was it?"

"Well, you see, she's crazy about music. So I conveniently forgot that you can't play a note, and told her you are an accomplished pianist!"

"But Bob, . . ."

"Not another word! I've got you sitting pretty, now. If by any chance you're asked to play—just say that you've sprained your wrist playing tennis. I'm some little fixer, eh?"

That very night we were all invited to the Carew's party. On the way over I sensed a big difference in Helen—a difference that made my heart beat a little faster.

Perhaps, after all, Bob was a good fixer.

A little later in the evening we were all gathered around the piano, listening to the rather indifferent performance of one of the guests.

I Am Asked to Play the Piano

"I'm just dying to hear you play!" cried Helen. "I've heard so much about your talent! Won't you play something for us?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Please!" came from all sides.

With a smile I bowed low and replied that it would be a pleasure! Glancing up I saw Bob's grin change to amazement. This was not part of the plan. Calmly ignoring his frantic signals I walked over to the piano.

Quick as a flash Bob followed me. "For the love of Pete get away from that piano," he whispered excitedly, "don't make me realize of yourself. If Helen ever hears you play she'll think everything else I told her was bunk, too!"

To the eye of the guests in an effort to save his own skin, Bob announced, "Perhaps we should wait until some other time. You see, his wrist was slightly sprained in tennis this afternoon, and..."

"Oh, that's nothing!" I broke in, and as he looked at me dumbfounded, I sat down at the piano.

Without any further hesitation, and with a secret smile at the surprise, I had up my sleeve, I began the first notes of Irving Berlin's famous "Russian Lullaby!" The tantalizing, irresistible strains seemed to throw a spell over the guests. One by one they quietly moved nearer the piano until soon I was completely surrounded by captivated listeners.

Bob was so stupefied that all he could do was to stand there in open-mouthed amazement.

On and on I played—losing myself in my music. I forgot Bob's astonishment—forgot the glow of admiration in Helen's eyes—for got everything but the beautiful melodies that always opened a new world for me, an enchantment. Swapping away the sheer music of Berlin's genius, I was unaware of the silent tribute that followed my playing until thunderous applause shook the room.

That brought me to myself with a start. For the rest of the evening I was the lion of the party.

Bob could hardly restrain his curiosity until we were safely home.

"Boy! You sure stopped that party dead!" he exclaimed. "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard you actually playing! Why didn't you tell me you knew how?"
Picture Play

Volume XXVIII  CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1928  Number 2

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What the Fans Think .................................................. 8
A department for and by our readers.

Is Jazz Love Doomed? ............................................. 15
Gary Cooper and Fay Wray are expected to sound its death knell.

Gloria's Disillusionment ......................................... 16
Gloria Swanson discusses the futility of fame.

The Days That Were ............................................... 18
When movies were at the teething stage.

Open All Night ...................................................... 21
Yes, there are theaters in Los Angeles where films can be seen in the wee hours.

A Follow-up of "Seventh Heaven" ............................. 22
Another Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell triumph.

Is There a Typical Hollywood Girl? ......................... 24
Dorothy Mackaill thinks so.

A Rose of Tenth Avenue .......................................... 26
Introducing Nancy Carroll who has the role of Rose, in "Abie's Irish Rose."

She Answered DeMille's Prayer ................................ 27
Lina Basquette wins the coveted role of The Goddess Girl.

Not So Dumb! ........................................................... 29
Sonia Karlow proves that wary Hollywood can be fooled.

Over the Teacups ..................................................... 30
Fanny the Fan merrily chats about the movie world.

Once Seen, Never Forgotten ..................................... 34
Such is the statement which the author makes about Greta Garbo.

Favorite Picture Players .......................................... 35
Full-page studies in rotogravure of eight popular ones.

Norma—As She Is .................................................... 43
Norma Talmadge reveals her character by her likes and dislikes.

The Life of the Party ............................................... 44
William Haines gives his recipe for popularity.

Hollywood High Lights .......................................... 45
Lively paragraphs of news from the movie town.

Forced Into Films ................................................... 49
But now that she is there, Sue Carol is happy.

That Indian Love Call ............................................. 50
"Rose Marie" is Joan Crawford's first starring picture.

The Stroller ............................................................ 52
Observations of a humorist wandering through the film colony.

Breakfast in Bed ..................................................... 54
Some stars revel in the luxury.

Uneasy Street .......................................................... 55
Why a job in the movies is like gambling—and as fascinating.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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With some 700 pictures coming in 1928, and all clamoring for your time, it's too great a risk to just go out and gamble on seeing a good one. Don't do it. Heed this...

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**Paramount Pictures**

Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York City
TABLE OF CONTENTS—Continued

The Two-a-Day Racket ........................ Margaret Reid 56
The Screen in Review ........................ Norbert Lusk 58
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases 62
Brief tips on most of the pictures now showing.

The Vanishing Flapper ........................ Myrtle Gebhart 63
Alice White decides to change her type.

A Reporter Turns Actor ........................ Herbert Moulton 64
Graphic description of the difficulties encountered in filming "The Trail of '98."

Around the Clock .............................. 68
Some stars on dress parade.

Manhattan Medley .............................. Aileen St. John-Brenon 70
Glimpses of film folk during their short stay in New York.

Wendy Grows Up ............................... Helen Louise Walker 74
Mary Brian is no longer the child of "Peter Pan."

Alas for the Hissing Villain! ................. Herbert Moulton 83
He is a suave young man now.

Hollywood Points with Pride ........................ Ann Sylvester 85
Famous people who started in the movie business.

The Kid Himself .............................. Carroll Graham 87
Meet Arthur Lake, the rising young comedian.

Who Wants a Baldheaded Hero? ................. A. L. Wooldridge 89
Precautions against loss of hair taken by movie heroes.

Mr. Powell Obliges ............................ Helen Louise Walker 91
William Powell lives up to his reputation for villainy—and charm, too.

Information, Please ........................... The Picture Oracle 102
Answers to readers’ questions.

THE POSES OF THE STARS

One of the most interesting and amusing articles ever published in Picture Play will appear in the May number. For that matter, there will be many amusing stories. But about the little poses the stars affect. Did you know that John Gilbert, for example, has what might be called a gutter complex? That Wallace Beery goes to pains to put himself across as a regular guy? That Joan Crawford likes to represent herself as unhampered by any inhibitions at all? And so it goes. It seems that every player just has to play a role off the screen, as well as on. You will learn all about these little "acts," in Helen Louise Walker’s kindly, but searching, story—so don’t dream of missing it.

Should Foreign Players Become Americans?

Constantly the fans are agitating this question, some of them even going so far as to hold it against those natives of other countries who have won success—and dollars—by the grace of the American public. This question has been carefully gone into by William H. McKegg, whose informative story in the next number will cite some of the outstanding cases of foreigners who have, and who have not, become American citizens.

Another story will refute the error of those who believe that some of the stars are lacking in intelligence, by proving their manifold talents off the screen. Among other items—to mention but a few—are novel stories about Ronald Colman, Louise Dresser, Corinne Griffith, and Lane Chandler, the Yellowstone Park guide, who has become a sought-after actor. Picture Play for May will be as welcome as the daisies of spring by reason of the freshness and gayety of its contents.
**Romance—You'll live it!**

**Drama—You'll thrill with it!**

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Lauded by critics as an outstanding attraction.
From the stage success by Maurine Watkins.
Frank Urson, Director.

“THE BLUE DANUBE”—Leatrice Joy, with
Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. A
delightful romance, with this favorite star at her
best. It's as appealing and alluring as Strauss' famous waltz.
Paul Sloane, Director.

“STAND AND DELIVER”—Rod La Rocque. A
young veteran of the Great War tires of peace
and seeks romance and adventure in the
mountains of Greece. He finds it—in chunks.
See Lupe Velez in this stirring drama. You'll
not be surprised that the young officer finally
fell for her. How could he help it? A Donald
Crisp Production. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“SKYSCRAPER”—William Boyd, the fastest
rising young male star in pictures today.
You saw him as the spruce, debonair
young cadet in "Dress Parade." See
him now as a hero in

Pathé EXCHANGE, INC.
What the Fans Think

What Do You Think of Mr. Oettinger?

Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview with Pola Negri was amusing. Mr. Oettinger is a nice young man, but he takes himself so seriously for his age. He is a variant of that tiresome person, the laugh, clown, laugh; the tragic story he conceals beneath his gay and flippant attitude, is nothing more nor less than an inflated ego. And he reads like the correspondent of a "frat" monthly.

Just why should a mature and accomplished woman treat an affectedly blase and cynical boy scout as if he were Igor Strawinsky? I very much suspect that the cause of Mr. Oettinger's ingenuously disguised bad temper, was the fact that Miss Negri did not consider him her choice of a traveling companion, and did not "beam affirmatively. Every day is a laugh!"

Mr. Oettinger attempted to blast her into a spontaneous outburst. 'Of course,' I remarked, 'you consider your German pictures far superior to those you have made in America? ' The one question which Miss Negri is never called upon to answer. No wonder her answers sounded memorized. If that question was an attempt at blasting, I am surprised Miss Negri did not terminate the interview long before.

Mr. Oettinger should confine himself to the Wampus Baby Stars. It is not 'Pola' which is another word for pose. It is 'Oettinger.'

Melville Abbott.

302 South 26th Avenue East,
Duluth, Minnesota.

You Can't Fool Her.

What is Fanny the Fan's idea in trying to create the impression that Mary Nolan is an English actress, when every one who knows anything about the theater knows that she is the Imogene Wilson, who achieved notoriety by breaking up Mrs. Frank Tinney's home? So far as I know, she has never expressed one word of regret for the damage she wrought. Women—or men—who break up other people's homes never get any sympathy from me.

At that, I wouldn't care a rap about Imogene Wilson's purple past, if she had not been introduced on the screen by the very producers who refused to give Roscoe Arbuckle a fair chance. He has been victimized by conscienceless females, even though he had had a long and honorable career on the screen. It seems to me that such outrageous, utterly inexcusable discrimination should be resented by that part of the public which would like to see Mr. Arbuckle on the screen again. That his public is still a large one is amply demonstrated by the crowds and cordial receptions that have greeted him on the stage, all over the country, during the past six months.

Elizabeth Kapitz.

124 McCall Street,
Bennington, Vermont.

It's Too Late, Now.

Do you remember Charles Emmett Mack? How he sprung up from the masses, and went alone to gain his goal? When offered assistance, he refused. He was determined to strive and succeed alone, only to gain fame after death.

How odd that his ability was seen, but passed up, in "Dream Street," "The White Monkey," and "America." Then, in "The Rough Riders," he showed us just how he had fought a lone battle on the field of life for success.

Perhaps his wistful look of not knowing what it was all about, hindered his immediate success, but we do not think so. It was blindness on the part of those who see nothing until it is actually brought to their attention, and then oftentimes it is too late.

Yes, it is too late now for praise—tributes seem so futile. Those things should have been said when Charles Emmett Mack would have heard and appreciated them, when it would have brought joy to his heart and made his climb to success easier.

Yet Charles Emmett Mack is not the one who has lost! We are the losers, by our own blindness.

Georgia McKay.

1723 Polynia Street,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Praise for Evelyn Brent.

Among the many beautiful and popular screen stars, there is one who gets all too little mention. I refer to lovely and talented Evelyn Brent. I, for one, want to see her a great deal more than I do, and in pictures with more scope for her undoubted talent. She is sweet and womanly—a refreshing change from the overflow of vamps supposed to possess "It." I prophesy that in

Continued on page 16
MISS ANDERSON’S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kasmir & Palmer salon my hair was straight as you may see in the picture above. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers before I was asked to visit the hair-stylist before keeping my name and appointment. To my delight, as you see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have passed in my own satisfaction that Maison Marcel will save time, money and the bother of watching to have one’s hair waved. Just wave price of a Marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new hat but little more time, you can afford the little freck you want—equal to the money saved by the Maison Marcel.

BE FREE—free from slavery to your hair, from the tyranny of the hot-iron, the expense, the beauty salon, the inconvenience "apointments." Of course you’re weary of your unnecessary slavery to your hair. You are sick of the endless round of beauty shop appointments, the bruises, the difficult ap- pointments, the disastrous results of hot iron, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense. But, more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble, if they can afford the money, to keep their hair con- stantly waved, then I must, too." And you go the weary round again.

End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining "beauty shop" habit

Don’t be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn’t necessary. You can be im- mediately and permanently free from all the nuisances of hot iron marcel, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn’t mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkempt locks. Far from it!

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You know how appallingly your waving ex-
perience mounts up—particularly in summer. Often the wave on which you have spent a dollar or more is gone before you reach home. Or a few minutes hot, heavy, sticky kitchen ruins it. Frequently you are forced to forgo a dip in the lake, or other sport, for fear you will spoil an expensive new marcel.

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THE END
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

a short time, and given the right stuff to work on, Evelyn Brent will rank among the foremost dramatic actresses.

Before closing, I should like to add that in the role of Miss Kit Murray spoke some good words for the green villain, but she forgot to mention Roy D'arcy, who, in my opinion, should come first. His performance, in both "La Bohème" and "Baron de Mancini," were perfection itself.

AGNES PEARSON


Why Not Oblige the Lady?

Salute to Mr. Malcolm H. Oettinger!

Each month I turn to his interviews first of all, because I know he will never disappoint. With a rather waggish honesty, he shows us the stars as they impress him—therefore, as they would appear.

How I loved his inimitable "Such Popularity Must Be Deserved," writing about the gallant and moody John Gilbert. Please, Mr. Oettinger, give us, in an exact phrase, "John Gilbert, incomparable." So that I may keep all my illusions, let her be beautiful and appealing. May her hair really be gold, her eyes blue, and her skin aglow—oh, as only you could write of her!

Since reading "The Green Hat" for the seventh time, I never see any one but Greta Garbo in the role of the shameless, shanty lady, Irish March. Everything about her—"She was tall, as tall as a woman—There is all in her great hair—womanly ways. Her eyes seemed somehow lost."

I even see the "striking emerald." I hear her saying "nice" so effectually. And, just you know she uses a "faint, sweet scent, whose name will now never be known."

Once more, bravo, Mr. Oettinger. You're great! RUTH MUNY

Boston, Massachusetts.

And They Say Women Are Catty.

After having read the interview with Florence Vidor, a member in Picture PLAY, in my opinion the time is already past due for her retirement. If we take her last three or four films as a criterion, it shows a talent that has slipped below the high standard set by "Are Parents People?" and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

One trouble, a minor one, with her films, is that the lady villain in each one is more charming, and usually more beautiful, than Miss Vidor herself. Does any fan believe that Miss Vidor could win a man from Greta Nissen, in "The Popular Sin?"; Jocelyn Lee, in "Aid of Love;" Margaret Quimby, in "The World at Her Feet;" or Maude Adams, in "One of the Family to Another?" Therefore, her recent pictures have all seemed a little less than plausible.

V. KEITH SUTTON

Hedonh, Pennsylvania.

She Wants Masculine Baby Stars.

Like the press agents of Hollywood, I also have a list of Baby Stars, but, unlike theirs, mine is not official.

Charles Morton, Barry Norton, Clifford Holland, Nick Stuart, of Fox; Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, of Paramount; James Mason, of Warner; and John Gilbert, who played in "The Joy Girl," and Cornelius Keefe, of "The Poor Nut," are my candidates for—well, hardly Baby (but, anyway, the Junior Stars. Originally, Charles Farrell was on the list, but I have graduated him into the regular star class.

Now, for the king of directors my choice is John Ford. You may remember that he directed "The Iron Horse" and that gem "U.S. Straight," and just the other month he finished "Four Sons." Janet Day.

New York City, New York.

An Open Letter to Fans.

Far be it from me to criticize the fans in Picture PLAY. Some of them are extremely interesting and others are very amusing. I recall Howard Gwynne's letter in the January issue—her eulogy of Rudolph Valentino—was quite the best slush letter I have ever read. I agree that talk of his talent, while, indeed, I hardly think of him as "waves breaking against the shore" or as "a glorious moon-light night in summer."

It seems to me that some fans become entirely too dramatic, too wildly emotional.

Why, the most of us have never seen those actors we so personally and intimately criticize and discuss.

What right have we to speak of them as if they were our most intimate companions? Why should a fan take it upon himself to vouch for a star's physical looks—or his inhuman characteristics—when, as a matter of fact, his real nature is not known?

The performance of an actor is not a fair basis for forming his actual character. If he could not portray a character different from his own, in carrying out a story or plot, he would not be an actor, since, in acting, many of the things in which an actor can be himself. An actor who can successfully portray a character entirely different from his own is the one who succeeds.

Briokbats have been slated at Greta Garbo, John Gilbert—and even Norma Talmadge has received her share of blows probably for being "female" and not being "real women;" and their acting, their marvelous ability to stir an audience, is not lessened by criticism. Those who criticize cannot deny that fine acting is based on experience when they live through a story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo; or thrill, even as the heroine does, when John Barrymore compasses a heart. They can know the joy of when they live with Norma Talmadge and love her for her kind eyes, her sympathetic portrayal of a rôle that becomes real as one watches her.

But I do not attempt to judge the real Greta Garbo by her pictures. I do not take it for granted that Greta Garbo and John Gilbert can "be" any character, just because they are such perfect lovers on the screen. I know that Barrymore's inner nature cannot be judged by his pictures. And Norma Talmadge may be as perfect off screen as she is on, but I don't know. I do not know them personally and have no right to criticize their characters or praise them. I know only their screen personalities.

So I say, praise each one's beauty, if she has it; each one's acting ability and charm, if they have it; but, let them be responsible for their own characters—let them at least have one thing into which the public cannot pry.

HARRIETTE KEELER

116 Third Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

A Dignified Rebuke.

Certain persons have taken upon themselves to make false statements regarding myself and The Valention Memorial Guild, and I cannot do other than reply.

I am a member of a great Joy Guild, and the Cornelia Keehy, of "The Poor Nut," is my candidate for—well, hardly Baby (but, anyway, the Junior Stars. Originally, Charles Farrell was on the list, but I have graduated him into the regular star class.

Now, for the king of directors my choice is John Ford. You may remember that he directed "The Iron Horse" and that gem "U.S. Straight," and just the other month he finished "Four Sons." JANET DAY.

New York City, New York.

In January we gave a fairy party for them, with all the old fairy-tale favorites, and gave each of the forty patients just the gift he or she most longed for. I suppose, is "gush?" The overseas members are doing similar things with local charities. Then, on Armistice Day, we gave a small party—"more gush"—and have stopped splendid articles about one who, after all, is dead and unable to give the writers the horseshoeing they desire. Apart from all this, we have unwritten laws of loyalty to our country, patriotism, and good will toward other nations. We are a band of friendship, irrespective of any class distinction, and might almost be nicknamed the Junior League of Nations. So much for the "gush."

Greta Douglass, because I write an article for a paper, describing a meeting with Mr. Valentino, does not mean that my acquaintance ended there. I knew how to say good-bye to Rudy without being disappointed. I have never used the expression "gushing sentimentality."

I am glad Miss Barbara admired my story. I am afraid I am a bit too glib for her taste. In Europe, at any rate, we do not forget old friends—and my American members do not seem likely to do so, either. As Rudy has been quoted in England: "When once you are a favorite you may fail, or grow old, or retire, but you are the favorite forever"—and he means forever the way "permanent." He may say it in another language. He will always be loved and remembered.

And don't forget that, to four continents the "amused Americans" are foreign. I If she was not protesting against Rudy, she was certainly saying unhind and untrue things of a dead man, and she must be supremely egotistical.

May I suggest to Miss Alice L. King that if she so dislikes "gush" she might modify her own letter? She wishes to know "why... so few letters... I don't remember having seen Miss Windsor, but perhaps her directors know their work better than Miss King; and, as I have said, "without a single rival" is not only an insult to the intelligence of thousands of men and women who have other favorites, but also an example of the most hysteric hero worship.

MERCIA STANFORD.


Pity Poor Mr. Oettinger.

For Pete's sake, what is the big idea in letting Malcolm H. Oettinger give Perfect Pola such an insulting write-up? The idea of comparing her with Louise Dresser, and Greta Garbo! They are all right in their place, but just who could take Pola's place? And as to calling her a greater actress, I must remind you that we have the proof, and we are all welcome to our opinions. Certainly she's a good actress, else how could she exist in the mediocre roles that have been wasted on her? But, I am afraid the other actresses have been given only choice roles.

Concerning Lilian Gish—well, words fail me. Comparing that innate, helpless little creature to the fiery, magnetic Pola. As to her "art and her public," she has both, and it is certainly her privilege to feel proud of her position without report-
What the Fans Think

ers giving such a dirty trick. It is
difficult to treat any such
people.
shows. From
Frank Marion, Pola is
frank, lovingly,
humorous, and understanding. So why
not act your age, Malcolm? Could any one
else have taken his place in those old
German
pieces, or in "Barbed Wire," "The
Woman on Trial," or "Hotel Imperial?"
I should say not.
I am for the new stars as well as the old
ones. After all, there's a chance, because
there is room for all. Olive Borden,
Lentrice Joy, and Greta Garbo are peril-
ously near perfection.
I am glad that Ruth Roland is returning
to play in serials. Can you imagine
anything more wonderful? How I
long to see her, Pearl White, Margaret
Chase, and Dolores Costello.
My gosh! Have Mary Howard Gwynn
stop wearing her mourning all over the
city. She could at least wear without such
gloomy clothing. A dear girl probably
wants to think herself poetic, but why the
foolishness of being idiotic over a person
with whom you have never met? She can feel badly about
what would happen if we acted that way
about everyone.
J. K. HOPKINS.

True Nobility.
Myrtle Gehart's surprise at the
inclination of an Irish peasant maid
in aristocratic Florence Vidor's
ancestry may be lessened by the
information that one day
she was a peasant—a rural worker—and yet be
an aristocrat in heart, mind, and soul.
If Miss Vidor's ancestors resemble
the Irish countryside with whom she
acquainted, the actress should humbly thank
the fate that endowed her with gentleness,
wit, and poise, all characteristic of these
lovely Irish.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Are Million-Dollar Pictures the Bunk?
I wonder if other fans have noticed that
often the pictures lavishly advertised as
"Super-Specials" and "Million-Dollar
Productions" are usually disappointing and
below standard? It is time to protest
generously patronizing those who control the
production of pictures who do not
consider, is there any
doubt that they do control—pictures
and theaters in big cities, and by their
control actually deceive the public into spending
large sums of money on trashy pictures, by
means of false advertising.
Take, for instance, "Tillie the Toiler,"
with Margaret Davies. I notice even movie
magazines persist in rating this hit of
boredom as "good entertainment." "Mar-
ion Davies in her best hit," et cetera.
What is the actual truth of the matter
is that the picture isn't worth a dime. As
for Marion Davies, she never could act and
she never will. The picture might have been
worse had a capable actress been
given the part.
Another example of this practice is "Don
Juan," with John Barrymore. Mr. Barry-
more is magnificent but likable, as Don
Juan, simply because his vanity is growing so
rapidly that he is impossible in any role.
Yet Warner Brothers, who produced this
picture, do not hesitate to advertise it ex-
tensively, when they might better use
their money on some of their less known,
but more worthy, actors.
As for "The Desired Woman," with Irene Rich,
it classed as "second choice?" Miss Rich's
admirers have lamented the fact that she is cast in
stereotyped roles. My point is that
there is a picture that will make up for them. She
is infinitely lovely when dressed in careless
attire. She is far more natural, and really
has an opportunity to give forth some startling
evidences of genuine ability in
that picture. As thesubmitted, embittered
wife of an officer who is absorbed in
his duties, she is a haunting knowledge of
human emotions.
At last night I saw a picture that thou-
sands of fans will probably miss, simply
because it is not a "Million Dollar
Picture." But don't miss it. "The Wrench of the
Hesperus," with Virginia Bradford and Frank
Marion, is taken from Longfellow's poem of that
name. It is a lovely story and stigma-
ing poignant love. The exquisite beauty
of Virginia Bradford, plus Frank Marion's
dark, wistful boyishness, is something that
will remain and linger long after you have
seen the picture.
If the studios would have we believe the
worthy are promoted, why, I ask, is it
that Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion
remain practically unknown to-day? Aren't
newcomers given a chance at all, unless
they are backed by moneyed power? Both
these actors are certainly far more suc-
cess than they are getting.
Let's boost these two young folks, who
have all the markings of deserving stars!
Let's quit wasting our money on extra-
gantly advertised pictures that make mil-
lionaires out of unworthy, untalented
people, and, instead, give our applause to
those who put sincerity and ability into
their acting.
Speaking of comparative unknowns, I
must mention Janet Gaynor and Charles
Parrell, "Janet Gaynor," are already
acclaimed and on the road to a
lasting success. Don't fail to see this pic-
ture, for it is the greatest love story ever
shown on the screen.
"HOLLY FROM HOLLYWOOD."
Hollywood, California.

Consider Yourself Bawled Out, Miss
King.
I feel so disgusted about the continual
arguing over Valentine. He is gone, and
nothing that we do or say can bring him back. He
is and always will be, but there are
many others. Give your bouquets to
the living, for the dead don't need them.
Let us show our respect for a great actor
by not discuss him through a lot of
public criticism and argument. Let him
rest in peace and live in our memories,
but let us drop the subject in
print.
Miss King, you are quite unreasonable to
Claire Windsor is very unjust. She wants to
know why Miss Windsor is on the screen.
I wonder how she would feel if some one
asked why Miss King was on the screen.
It is Miss Windsor's chosen career.
And she has made many loyal fans who
have admired her for years, in spite of her being
cast in unsatisfactory roles. You say you
enjoy any of her later pictures, Miss King—"The
which she has been more suitably cast? She is beautiful, no one can
deny that, and some day director will
realize her possibilities. If you
really knew her you couldn't help loving her, she
is so wholesome, and smile,
laugh, and be happy near her.
She has beauty, charm, and personality, and
day you will change your mind about her.
Wouldn't it be a funny world if every one
of us liked the same persons and
things? If we can't say something nice
about a friend, let us say nothing.
Silence never hurt any one, and thought-
less, unkind remarks have caused trouble
and heartaches.
ELIZABETH SHIRTCLIFFE.
"The Little Theater art-
ist, who said none but Gilbert—or was it
Chaplin—could act, he has passed to the
favorable pages of the comic and sar-
castic interviews with people who cannot
act. Those whom he likes receive the
usual gushing praise. Those he dis
likes receives his intellectual "thumbs down."
It seems to me a very sad thing that we
must wrangle endlessly about the person-
ality and soul of a man who is dead. It
is so very unwise.
I sincerely believe Rudolph Valentino
was a great lover and a splendid actor.
I believe great roles were in store for him.
I believe that his place will ever be
remembered.
Now in the place Gilbert enjoys
to-day will never be filled when he has
left it. There has never been and never
will be another Wallace, William Hurst, or
William Farnum, who when
returning to us, has made unforgettable
pictures that will never be duplicated or equalled,
and so has Norma Talmadge.
They are all wonderful, our
artists.

Virginia R. REILLING.
10620 Foley Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

She Just Can't See Novarro.
I quite agree with the two Joseph Schildkraut fans who say that
Mr. Novarro lacks talent and personality than
Novarro. In fact, I, too, have often won-
dered why Joseph is given uninteresting roles. In the recent splen-
did Novarro is given splendid opportunities in super-productions. Something is
wrong somewhere! I should have been very enthusiastic about the new
famous "Royal Prince" if Joseph Schildkraut, or some other equally talented actor, had
played the prince; but as it is I'll have to pass the picture up. As for "The Gay
Hur." Novarro's former films have cured me from ever taking another chance on his
pictures.
Other leading men whom I should
enjoy seeing in a few of the super-
productions are Ralph Forbes, Ronald Col-
man, Lars Hensen, Ricardo Cortez, William
Haines, and Richard DIX. Also, I should
like to see Gosta Ekman again. He surely
did some fine acting and displayed a grace-
ful and charming personality, as Faust.
By the way, the two or three fans who have
been complaining of the director
ignoring their disgust at the "gushy" letters
written by Valentino fans, impress me as being people of very poor taste.
Especially those who suggest that the dis-
seased "foreigner," and turn our attention
American actors. Of course, the best
way to treat such letters is undoubtedly
to ignore them, but under the circumstances
it is very difficult to so. Those people
who could not appreciate his wonderful
personality when he lived were indeed
unfortunate, and those who could write let-
ters after his death expressing their "dis-
trust toward people who commemorate him
are surely stupid, not to mention very
unfair.
San Francisco, California.

Lost, Stained or Stolen?
Oh, here that has charming boy, Pierre
Gaston, vainly hoping to sell a picture
not even a mere mention of his evapora-
tion to his many fans. It is as
though he were swallowed up by some
large creature, and the place
probably had his soulful eyes; for lunch
they feasted on his head, and by the time
dinner came around they had gobbled him
up, and swallowed him whole.
I can recall his superlative acting in
"Three Women," opposite May McAvoy,
where I first noticed his increasing per-
suasive attractiveness. I thought that
this boy would climb to heights yet
unattained. However, I viewed only one
What the Fans Think

The letter in What the Fans Think, written by "Two Joseph Schildkraut Fans," certainly riles me.

They say that Ramon is only fairly good looking, and that he lacks magnetism. All right, if a Greek god or a painting by one of the under-rated artists is your ideal of a goodlooking man, then so is Ramon. As for being unmagnetic, he has the same spark in his eyes and smile that makes one look at him twice. This is the quality that makes Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, and Antonio Moreno admirable.

Another statement they make is that Ramon is "a perfectly ordinary, nondescript young man." No one who has had the religious training that Mr. Novarro has, could consider him ordinary.

For as being nondescript, the talented director, Rex Ingram, would hardly have taken him under his wing, and helped him as he did. Mr. Novarro hadn't had exceptional talent. Then, too, he wouldn't have been cast as Ben-Hur if he were "just ordinary."

These two English girls do not consider "Ben-Hur" a great picture. If it wasn't a great picture in every sense of the word, then please explain to me why it was acclaimed as one of the two best pictures produced in 1926, and as one of the three best productions of all time. They say, too, that Carmel Myers was the only one in the film. I will go so far as to say that she was all right, but what about Betty Bronson, as Mary, the Mother of Jesus, or Wintert Hall, as Joseph, Clarke Brocke as Judah Ben-Hur, and Francis X. Bushman, as Messala? To my feeble mind, even The Star in the East was convincing.

Joseph Schildkraut is a very fine actor or he would not be given the fine roles that he invariably has, but when it comes to comparing him with Ramon Novarro, he, as well as many others, is a fresh fish.

Glimore City, Iowa.

A Tribute to the Cowboys

I want to write a word of praise for Hoot Gibson. I think he is a fine actor, and that he never fails to show a smile of his which would do a sick person good. I have often seen him in a crowd, before he was starred, trying to hide himself, but I could usually spot him in a crowd. He has the kind of smile that I cannot forget William Hart and Buck Jones, also.

I may be partial to cowboys, and I hope you are, too. However, Lewis Stone is my favorite, and I am my own actress—you guessed right—Mary Pickford, forever and always! Alice Hensle.

Now for the Camera Men

Sometimes I laugh at the silly adulation written to the stars by adoring fans. One would think these fortunate beings were cast in a far different mold than the ordinary public. The radiant beauty and gallant heroism of the screen, and really find them quite ordinary in the cold light of day. Their screen reflections are indeed a great tribute to perfect photography.

For instance, Rudolph Valentino was a very ordinary Italian. I mean him no disrespect, for a great many of those fans who adored his silver shadow, but in the interest of truth one must say that the substance was far less alluring than the shade.

It takes the magic illusion of the camera to give any semblance of beauty to the square, homely face of Pola Negri, to the "dished" profile of Gloria Swanson, and Norma Talmadge's short nose and imperfect neck are seen through the camera lens which removes all blemishes. Mae Murray and Greer Garson, all her foolish affectations and make-up cannot conceal the fact that long since she should have been junked. It is plain to see that Gilbert's top-heavy nose and Ramon Novarro's weak chin are glorified by that great magician—the camera.

So, in this book, I wish to make a toast to the camera men, who make homely and aging screen stars beautiful.

Gene Charters.

Renton, Washington.

A Word for the New Stars

Almost every one in this department regrets over the Barrymore's, so I want to put in a word for the less prominent players. I always look for new faces on the screen; they interest me far more often than those of moderns. I think Shirley O'Hara was beautiful in "A Gentleman of Paris," and, speaking of acting—well, she'll show you. I like Marietta Kellner, too, but she is too young to play opposite Thomas Meighan. I certainly hope she gets better roles in her next pictures. I don't see how anyone could fail to detect the possibilities of Alice White. She is just the type we moderns are looking for. I will go so far as to head all lists of favorites.

I wonder why Natalie Kingston isn't given better parts. She certainly has ability. I have only put in better pictures she would be very popular. Consider her work in "The Harvester." Wasn't it wonderful?

I wish you good luck with Pable DAN Grudin. I don't want to say a word for Clive Brook. His manner is very fascinating, and I think any one would like him after his performances in "Toll's" and "Undertow."

I both agree and disagree with J. G. of Denver. "Gib" Roland was certainly wonderful in "Camille," but what is the Three chics playing in a dumb comedy? There was Mother's Boy, vainly trying to be funny. His sensitive face distorted with attempts to make his audience laugh. I think what happened to him. After giving glorious and inspiring performances, they are cast out and forced to play in mediocre comedies in order to survive.

The same with Leslie Fenton, who was also in "What Price Glory" and who gave an equally stirring performance. I haven't seen Leslie for ages. He's another one who could do sublime things if given the chance. I quite agree with the letter sent in by "W. G. T." in January number of Picture Play, concerning Leslie. He would be divine in the part of Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy."

Come on, Fans! Give these boys a hand and those others, too, who have had a shot at glory and are then forgotten, perhaps not by the fans, but by the修养s.

RACLIE BE WOL.

421 Main Street, Warren, Rhode Island.

Again Novarro Versus Gilbert

Please permit me to cast my vote in the Gilbert vs. Novarro controversy one hundred per cent for John Gilbert. While Gilbert has been accused of resorting to an "ear-to-cry grinn" to put him across, yet he is never found it necessary to use a hard-hitting press agent to keep him before the public.

It makes me laugh to think of both Novarro as a modern Caruso or a sedate priest. This bunk, together with the so-called life stories he has allowed to be published, have thoroughly disgusted me. If we are to read, the dear jokes are sprouting wings.

As for the handsome Gilbert, think the Lord that he has a touch of the "boyish interest" and human which is more than can be said for the sugar-coated Novarro pill.

Roy F. Frazier.

204 East 10th Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

Some thing Ought to Be Done About This

I saw, the other day, something that made me boil over with anger.

Do those who say "What Price Glory" regard Barry Norton, "Mother's Boy? Do you remember the young actor's marvelous performance, that was worthy of the highest praise? Well, I saw this same boy playing in a dumb comedy. There was Mother's Boy, vainly trying to be funny. His sensitive face distorted with attempts to make his audience laugh. I think what happened to him. After giving glorious and inspiring performances, they are cast out and forced to play in mediocre comedies in order to survive.

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Roy F. Frazier.

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Ask your theatre manager when.

Drama that sweeps from a Broadway Honky-Tonk through the frenzy of the Fight Game to a Living Hell—then back to a Heaven of Happiness two Lovable Lovers had never DARED to hope for!

Presented by RICHARD A. ROWLAND by RUPERT HUGHES

An ALFRED SANTELL production

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
Production management · AL. ROCKEY

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have been nominated by Paramount as ideal screen lovers, and will play in a variety of pictures designed to exploit their particular charm and talent, as well as their wholesome, romantic appeal. *Picture Play* predicted a conspicuous future for Mr. Cooper when he appeared in "Children of Divorce," while Von Stroheim's choice of Miss Wray for the heroine of "The Wedding March" left no doubt of her prospects. Bless you, my children.
In every career there comes the hour of fame. Thus Miss Swanson, who asks to-day what she has given in return, remembered by. Rarely has she spoken which reveals her in

By Edwin

be given as a heritage. One must bring something more concrete, more actual."

The futility of fame!

And now Gloria Swanson is seeking to capture the momentary fleeting spell of personal accomplishment. For in her separate domain Gloria, uniquely among the stars of the screen, has enjoyed, and perhaps will continue to enjoy, great personal triumphs.

The DeMille portrayals in the so-called society plays, like "Male and Female," "Don't Change Your Husband," and "Why Change Your Wife?" and her subsequent efforts, like "The Humming Bird" and "Manhandled," which led her to being proclaimed queen of the cinema, have more than justified her career. Nor can the fact that she has recently made a few weak films obliterate the memory of them. But, above all, Gloria is individual and herself, which is a distinction that few have acquired as dominatingly as she.

I remember the night of her coronation—figuratively speaking, as far as Hollywood is concerned—at the showing of "Madame Sans-Gène" in Los Angeles. Crowds of sight-seers literally massed in the street, filling it to overflowing, on sidewalks and up against buildings. Within the theater was a stellar multitude—all the most brilliant in Hollywood's galaxy represented.

Gloria entered, and with one accord every one stood up to bid her welcome, while the orchestra played a martial anthem. Gloria was a pallid figure, nervous and trembling with the emotion of coming back a conqueror.

Amid a quiet, one might almost say tender and hushed, tribute of applause, she trot down the aisle, with her husband, the

WHAT have I contributed?"

Gloria Swanson flashed that question at me. There was pain in her eyes, and disillusionment, and frankness. We were in the library of her home, tree-shaded and vine-clad, in Beverly Hills.

"What, exactly, have I contributed?" she reiterated, with no suggestion of ennui, but with emphasis shining serenely from her glance. In her tone there was almost defiance.

"We of the pictures are dreamers—we stars, I mean. We think we have brought something enormously creative to the screen, but when you come to analyze it, can it actually be said that a star can give anything of himself, or herself, that is enduring?"

"A personality? Perhaps. But after all, what is there of solid substance?"

"I have made pictures that are entertaining, that have pleased—one or two that have been described as extraordinary—but have I ever done anything which could add to the history of the screen? I wish I could believe that my personality alone would do that, but somehow it seems to me that something greater than the impress of a personality should..."
illusionment

which brings realization of the futility knows the music of the world's applause, what she has given to the screen to be as frankly as in this remarkable interview, an introspective mood.

Schallert

marquis, and, poised for a moment on a raised platform near the stage, tear-dimmed and in an uncertain voice, murmured, "Thank you." Then she visibly drooped into the seat that awaited her.

Gloria is rare. One catches varied moods. Sometimes subdued, sometimes gay, ever veering and changeable, but always magnetic. The mood pensive, introspective, and revealing prevailed the day I saw her.

"That moment I will always cling to as the great one of my career," she told me, in speaking of the reception accorded her by the colony. "It wasn't the applause alone, for that wasn't uproarious. It was the quiet of the tribute, the fact that it was filled with heart feeling, and came from all filmdom. It is the one moment in my career that I wish were ahead of me, instead of in the past—more, I think, than any other moment.

"I often wonder," she said, "what things will be like twenty years from now? What a lot of face lifts and dieting must be undergone, if we want to keep on the screen!

"I love to conjecture the future, though, and wonder where we shall all be, we who live in such a world of glitter and pomp and ceremony to-day.

"I looked at myself, not long ago, in films that I made eight or nine years ago. It was like seeing somebody else—my sister or some relation, perhaps, but certainly not me. I had the tightly drawn, the blooming skin of youth. My face was like a child's face, not modeled; impressionable, but without character. If only eight or nine years bring a change, what will twenty bring?

"How old do you think I am? Not really so old in years. But one does seem
to live ages in a week of the mad whirl of this profession, this art, or whatever it is.

"I do think, though, that what we lose physically we gain mentally, as we grow older, and that somehow gives us hope—saves us. I wonder if it is really going to help us in the future, when the camera catches lines and patches that weren't there yesterday?

"The thrill of a first success! What equals it? And of a second success! Of building! There is nothing to compare with it in the world. There may be greater successes ahead of us, but can that personal sentiment ever be recaptured again?

"When I saw Janet Gaynor, in 'Seventh Heaven,' I felt just like an old shoe. I know what first success meant to that little girl—adoration to be cherished, because the full thrill of it exists only once! So often the dreadful acceptance of things diminishes the thrill after that.

"I could tell you of the problems of a star, but what are they? Conventional. What kind of pictures to make. Whether to be a dramatic actress, or play in comedy; whether to work in Hollywood, or some place else. I have been through all these perplexities.

"I went to New York when I did, because I didn't want to be just a success in Hollywood. I felt that a little success in the East would add to my prestige.

"And New York was a stimulus when I first went

Continued on page 96
The Days

When my parents vacationed at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, in 1896, they clapped hands at a train going from nowhere to further still, on a sheet hanging in the Casino. The same bill boasted a mammoth foreign production, called “The Waves of Dover,” which showed water breaking on a beach with that touch of subtle realism which is always noticeable in films made abroad.

The first time I ever heard the words “moving picture,” they were said with a sneer.

Perhaps you’ve heard of Chauncey Olcott, the Irish singer, who was the first to discover the box-office possibilities of high notes about the Emerald Isle and “Mother Machree.”

Chauncey was a friend of my family, and when I was a little girl he used to visit us whenever his company was holding forth at the opera house. It was shortly after the present century turned the corner that he indignantly reported to us, that he had been insulted with an offer to be filmed in his play “Edmund Burke.” He also bemoaned the loss of a clever child actress, named Gladys Smith, who had left the cast of the show to make films. A few years later when Gladys Smith evolved into Mary Pickford, when Enrico Caruso and others were performing for the camera—when Chauncey would have been delighted at the opportunity himself—he discovered it was too late.

His first opinion, however, worked against me, for movies were immediately set down with ice skating, ride-catching, and other pleasurable diversions that were forbidden as dangerous. Nice children were not supposed to be interested in the brightly colored posters of chockings, runaways, and Indian raids that blazed sensationally over the shingle that said: “Admission five cents.”

But like Christmas and Easter, once every year Lyman Howe’s travel pictures came to

Or when Lillian Gish played in “A Romance of Happy Valley?”
That Were

long ago, when they consisted mainly of wrecks, and mustached villains choking for the good old days that are no more.

Morris

town. Starched dresses, new hair ribbons and patent-leather shoes were put on. Two-reelers about the sheriff’s daughter continued to be classified as depraving, but the private life of cannibals was admitted to be educational, and Mr. and Mrs. Everybody came with their children. Lyman Howe exhibited in the largest auditorium in town and took in a dollar for every seat. After three hours of smooth rivers, South Sea islands and Eskimo huts, I would have traded one good hold-up for a trip around the world.

It was a cruel disillusionment when I learned that my mother’s judgment of screen drama could not stand against that of our hired girl. That I turned out to be a pale child was because the afternoon walk with the latter only lasted long enough for us to reach the dusty, vacuumlike Bijou.

The owner of the Bijou was sold on the idea of talking movies long before Vitaphone was thought of. The piano always stopped playing right after the illustrated song, which showed two lovers sitting on a half moon. Then, when the big heart drama itself went on, a man stood near the sheet turning the pages of a script and alternating spoken lines in a high voice, or a low voice, depending on whether the villain with his trailing black mustache, or the ingénue with her trailing blond curls, was having the say.

In those days players were nameless. If you knew them at all, they were only the Biograph Girl or the Kalem Girl. One of the first screen names to be billed, in my remembrance at least, was Helen Holmes, in the railroad dramas that made the audience break out in a cold perspiration every time the heroine was tied to the track, or the engine ran away.

Pictures then were only talked about or identified according to the company that made them, not according to a star. In every scene, whether the action called for a palace or a hut, the producing organization’s trade-mark was hung on the wall, like a stately, incongruous, coat of arms. It developed that this was necessary to avoid the pirating or theft of films, both in this country and abroad. For if, say, Vitaphone’s trade-mark was not on every foot of film, it was impossible to prove that it belonged to the company at all.

I remember many epics on the Bijou screen. Norma Talmadge and Francis X. Bushman appeared in comedies together. D. W. Griffith turned out a two-reel picture every week, the most memorable of which was “After Many Years,” with Lillian Gish, based on the poem “Enoch Arden.” I’ll never forget “The Greaser’s Gauntlet,” “The Drunkard’s Reform,” and a dozen others that ought to be revised in the interests of art.

In those days there was no Hollywood to set the world agog with gossip and scandal. The movie magazines talked instead of the studios in Fort Lee and Hoboken, New Jersey; in Chicago, and in Philadelphia. The names that meant anything were Henry B. Walthall, Ruth Stonehouse, Marguerite Clark, Naomi Childers, Maurice Costello, Bryant Washburn, Edna Mayo, Leah Baird, Claire Whitney, King Baggot, Mae Marsh, Mary Fuller, Florence La Badie, and others which have since completely faded out.

In 1910 it was solemnly announced to me that I might go to a picture that Lyman Howe hadn’t made.
Wallace Beery as a Swed-ishe serva nt girl, a l a d named Harold Lloyd ap-paring as *Lon-some Luke*, with his wisf ul lit-tle m ustache.

I'm glad I looked old for my age. If I hadn't, I'd never have seen those pic-tures, the like of which will never be seen again. To be sure, children under six-teen were not supposed to be admitted, but movie ticket choppers, unlike car con-ductors, are al-ways ready to believe that kids are older than they really are.

Missionaries, late of the fur and buttonhole busi-ness, spo-nso-red these dramas in the name of up-lift and, inci-dently, they were very good for their pri-vate bank accounts. Most of the alleged pro-ducers didn't believe in the sta-bility of the picture in-dustry any-way, and conse-quently didn't hesi-tate to place their names on them they would scorn now.

At any rate, these were the films that started the first rum-blings of censorship. The storm and strife has never abated and all sorts of things have since come about, in-clud-ing State laws and Mr. Will H. Hays. There were ever so many of these profitable, if ques-tionable, preach-ments—"Traffic in Souls," "The House of Bond-age," "The Lure," "Damaged Goods," and "Where Are My Children?"

Sec-ond only to them in sensa-tional-ism were several that masked under the na-me of art—"Hypocrites," and "Undine"—which glorified every-thing except the la-test fashioned-dress.

One of the milder forms of expression for the movies in their dissolute age was the vampire, as typified by a genius—

Continued on page 111.
Open All Night

Don't miss this eloquent story of that picturesque quarter in Los Angeles, where cheap theatres show ancient films—ghosts of the stars' yesterdays.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

It is night on Main Street, Los Angeles, and the city's other half is seeking its pleasure.

This is no Main Street of Sinclair Lewis' conception. It is Los Angeles' shabbiest and most picturesque thoroughfare. It is the ghetto and the Bowery of the Southland, from the old Spanish mission and the shady Plaza, down past strange shops with Spanish signs, cheap, tawdry theaters ablaze with lights, hook shops, secondhand stores, side shows, shooting galleries, "chambers of horrors," emporiums crowded with curios from strange lands, down to Sixth Street, where the Pacific Electric launches its big red trolleys for Mount Lowe and the orange grove country—and the street becomes uninteresting and "respectable."

A mile of gaudy shabbiness, where half a dozen races throng of an evening to shop and amuse themselves. One of Los Angeles' oldest streets, reminder of the days when it was a sleepy Mexican village.

Here are Mexicans, lounging and talking; Orientals from near-by Alameda Street; sailors from battleships anchored off San Pedro, and their girls; soap-box orators; occasional bareheaded Indian squaws; American workingmen; derelicts. And just around the corner are Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and the whole of settled, respectable southern California. Strange contrast!

Here are found the "opera houses" of old Los Angeles, to which the Angelinos of a former day drove in their carriages from their clapboard mansions on near-by Crown Hill. These small theaters, sunk in the decaying splendor of last century, are still among the amusement centers of Main Street. Their tawdry fronts are ablaze with lights and plastered with gaudy posters of gun fights and galloping cowboys. Signs proclaim, "Two features and a comedy—Ten Cents Admission." Who said the nickelodeon days are gone forever?

In the dark, evil-smelling interiors the people of Main Street watch the ghosts of yesteryear flicker over the cracked screens. Pay your ten cents and enter, if you are homesick for the "good old pictures" of yesterday. But take warning—it may be as disillusioning as seeing Napoleon in his bath-tub.

Surely it can't be possible that Norma Talmadge and Bill Hart and Theda Bara and Mary Pickford once appeared in such absurd pictures. They are as funny as the fashions the stars then wore. The action seems so jumpy, the direction so lacking. Even the epics of yesterday have lost some of their kick. The screen has advanced.


Here is the place to get your money's worth in stars. Where else can you find Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Nita Naldi, Charlie Chaplin, Mack Swain, Mabel Normand, Tom Mix, and Hoot Gibson all on one program, for ten cents? On the other hand, one sees recent pictures from Poverty Row, made directors and players even the movie-wise have never heard of.

Sometimes the programs are surprising. A good picture, only a few weeks out of the first-class theaters, will be shown here. Sometimes the man of Main Street, with a dime in his pocket, can see pictures before the people of Hollywood can see them in the neighborhood houses for thirty or forty cents. It's all in the game of life and booking pictures.

Do the stars ever go to these theaters, only a few miles from their homes, unreeled the silent records of their yesterdays? The answer is that most of them would not be seen in such places, for fear of losing caste. But perhaps a Chaplin, incognito, sneaks in occasionally to rub shoulders with the down and out and enjoy their reaction to his tramp character on the screen.

A wise star could learn much about the strengths and weaknesses of his pictures by listening to the comments of these humble audiences. It would surprise many a producer to see how quickly these patrons, for whom stupid pictures are made, catch on to subtle bits. Perhaps if they realized it, the public would get fewer dull, obvious pictures.

Three or four of these dingy theaters flash slides on their screens which proudly announce, "Only theater in the city open all night." After ten o'clock, when the better theaters are closing for the night, these

Continued on page 98
A Follow-up of “Seventh Heaven”

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will be seen as Italians in their new picture, “The Street Angel,” she as a circus dancer and he as a poor artist. In this interesting article you will find much that has never been told about them.

By William H. McKegg

Gino returns to his attic, pretending to be joyful, though his heart is sad. Gino, dreaming of becoming a great painter, has had to take a job as a theater attendant in order to buy food. He bluffs about his forced happiness so as not to distress Angelina, the girl he loves, and surprises her by bringing home food and wine. Angelina, formerly a child of the circus, regards her protector from the opposite side of the laden table. She, too, laughs at his comical byplay to hide her own sorrow—for unknown to Gino, a policeman waits outside to take her to prison for a paltry theft she had previously committed, to feed her dying mother. The kind-hearted officer has allowed her a short space of time to say good-by to Gino, so that he will never know where she has gone.

“I shall be a great painter like Michelangelo, carissima mia,” Gino says gaily, “I shall paint your picture and you will be a great lady!” He becomes very gallant and dances attendance on Angelina’s wants at the table.

“Allow me to pour you a glass of white wine, Contessa,” he cajoles in Italian with an execrable accent.

“Very little, Signor Marchese,” Angelina, laughing through her tears, replies in the same tongue, just as villainously pronounced, “I do not drink too much wine. I am sick of it.” This joke about their recent poverty is fully appreciated.

“Just as you say, donna mia,” the boy agrees, with the bow of a courtier.

And so we watched Gino and Angelina trying to hide their sorrow from each other—a most poignant scene.

What Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell did in “Seventh Heaven” they will most likely do again, in “The Street Angel.” Their triumph in the former will undoubtedly be even greater in the latter, for the same director, Frank Borzage, is guiding them once more.

It is difficult, now, to think of Charles without Janet, and the public has already selected them as an ideal couple. The Fox studio, where they are under contract, seems also to realize this, even though in the interim Janet was cast in “Two Girls Wanted” and Charles in “Fazil.” Janet conclusively proved that she could be an inimitable comédienne, though the picture was entirely unworthy of her talents. A great sorrow overtook her during the making of the picture. In the beginning of it, her mother was taken ill and had to go to a hospital. In the middle of the picture her stepfather, whom she dearly loved, died. And Janet had to go on making slapstick comedy!

Charles was badly miscast when they placed him opposite Greta Nissen in “Fazil,” for it was evident he was never cut out to be a fiery Arab. The Fox officials evidently realized the slip in their judgment and chose to remedy it. They now plan to costar Janet and Charles in several pictures, and it is obvious that their popularity will be just as great as that of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.

One evening we chance to sit next to Vilma Banky at an opening. “I think Janet Gaynor is one of the best players on the screen,” said one in the party to Vilma. Without seeming to consider the possible reflection on her own ability, Vilma fervidly exclaimed, “She is most marvelous! She is the best of all!”

After the première of “Seventh Heaven”—and what a night that was for every one!—Janet had many notes of congratulation. One was signed, “Your sincere fan, Loretta Joy.” Meeting later at a reception, Loretta came over to Janet and said, “I’m going to hug you, you wonderful child!”

This same wonderful child also had visits on the set from Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson. Though
if Leatrice, Mary, and Gloria only knew it, Janet had a great thrill in meeting them. For all this adulation has not changed her from being a fan.

"I always get a thrill," she relates, "when I see Ronald Colman on the screen, I like to imagine myself in Vilma's place and that's where the thrill comes in!" Janet explained, while a mad-dened groan came from the boy friend's direction.

Of the ethereal Vilma Janet can talk for hours. "She gives me such a strange feeling when I see her on the screen. Oh, it's so wonderful——" she vaguely describes the delicious sensation Vilma gives her.

Mention has been made of a boy friend. The rumor is about that Janet and Charlie are engaged or what not. This is not so. Take our word for it! Janet's b. f. is an entirely different garçon. Several times Janet and Charles have been paired off at dinners or openings, just as George O'Brien and Olive Borden generally are. You see, they like to oblige the publicity department—boy friends notwithstanding.

Not long ago Janet broke her engagement to Herbert Moulton, a former newspaper man, whose experiences as an actor are recounted in this issue of Picture Play. It was one of those kid love affairs, Janet explains now that she is grown up. So we can mention her boy friend without any qualms.

On week-ends Janet and her mother live in their little cottage at the beach. That the boy friend is present goes without saying. Two or three other friends are there also, often much to the star b. f.'s regret! There is swimming. Lunch at the cottage, or on the sands, whichever is desired. At night the mystic, silent beauty of a ghostly moon on silvery waters, creeps over the scene. The strumming of a ukulele is heard, or Lucrezia Bori singing Muzetta's waltz from "La Bohème" comes from the phonograph, until it is time to turn in—the near-by Farrell but accommodating the husky heroes, the Gaynor abode, with Mrs. Gaynor, housing the maidens.

Janet has a pleasing naturalness. One young player, recently elevated to stardom, reclines languidly in her chair on the set and holds up a listless arm in greeting. But Janet jumps up and comes over to any one she knows, and grasps his hand with a spontaneity that is very refreshing. Queenly gestures and languid poses are far from Janet's idea of how to act to visitors.

As a matter of fact, she is a little more serious than she used to be. She is taking more interest in substantial things, such as literature. It has long become a joke to mention what a player reads, but there can be no joke in Janet's tastes.

"No, I don't like to read deep subjects constantly," she will candidly tell you. "At times I like poetry. At other times I like a popular novel, or to delve into something by Oscar Wilde. The same applies to my tastes in music. Sometimes I feel like hearing classical music, and at other times I like jazz—depending on my mood."

Her stepfather, who was called by the affectionate name of "Jonesey," was a man of keen intellect. He often urged Janet—who regarded the comic supplements with glee—to read something good. "It will help you in your work later on," he would repeat. Janet eventually took his advice.

"My one great satisfaction to-day, besides

continued on page 104
Is There a Typical Hol

Read Dorothy Mackail's description of her—the camera stops clicking, and who does everything

By Myrtle

the profession. The colony is engaged in a continuous pageant which is never seen by the public. It is not actually designed, but is rather a subconscious cultivation of a personality entirely local, and whose only aim seems to be to impress its own circle.

These deductions came out of a rambling discourse with Dorothy Mackail one day, during which I had commented on the way stars dress and display their success among themselves.

Glancing at me sharply from shrewd, suddenly narrowed eyes, the candid Mackail said, "It's what you might call a Hollywood personality, though I hadn't actually defined it before. It has often occurred to me how hemmed in by the movies we are here, how everything reflects them. Clothes, manners, conversation, interests, even viewpoint.

"When you meet any one from Hollywood in New York, he or she seems different. I hadn't realized why. There, or elsewhere, the star is but one of a crowd, submerged in the realities of life outside our little circle. At a dinner party, there will be numerous people with other interests and there is scant talk of pictures. There are topics of greater interest, and people who bring more stimulating contacts.

"In New York the star is just a person—not a personage. She may be an individual personality, but is not a uniform personality. She does more as she pleases, follows her whims, loses herself among people.

"Once back in Hollywood she settles into her place in the glamorous little circle which moves forever in the same arc. Everything is selected and done with a view, perhaps subconscious, of impressing Hollywood. She does what is expected of her. Why does she buy a new car every year or so, and parade fads and fancies which keep her in the limelight, but for which she really

Dorothy would much rather curl up in a chair and read a magazine than go to parties—but she doesn't.

"We in Hollywood all like to pose as intellectuals," says Dorothy Mackail.

Is there such a thing as a Hollywood personality? A garment of manner worn by the film stars, found only in the movie capital?

There is an amazing, intriguing, and at times amusing "front," whose counterpart you will find nowhere else. Other people in other places have their "fronts," but they are not so interesting.

Hollywood doesn't play to the gallery. Hollywood plays to the orchestra seats.

Many stars who refuse to make personal appearances make them every day, with far greater care than those who fulfill the term literally by appearing in public.

The majority, perhaps without realizing it, are continually seeking to impress each other and the producers. There is an entertaining show going on all the time, for an audience limited to
lywood Girl?

girl who doesn't stop acting when the with a view to impressing Hollywood.

Gebhart

cares little? Even of so unimportant a matter as luncheon at the Montmar-
tre she makes an occasion.

"She dresses carefully. There is even a little game to choose the most psychological moment for her en-
trance.

"You've heard the patter, from every table: 'My dear, how lovely you're looking! Oh, I am so happy to see you! Please call me up soon and we'll lunch together.' Bright pleasantry that she may mean at the moment, but that seldom carry a sequel. 'Such a wonderful new rôle, and whom do you think I shall have to direct me? Yes, really, and have you seen my new car? A cute little imported model. I'm having my dress-
ing room done over.'"

We paused at this point to take tea and a dainty sandwich brought by a trim little maid to Dorothy's wicker-
furnished dressing room.

"Do you ever hear any drab talk," Dorothy continued, "even when two chums meet for luncheon? Are troubles spoken of? If there is any sign of financial skimping, is there any evidence of it in that well-
groomed throng? I have heard stars, who the day before had gone into bankruptcy, chattering gaily.

"Is there any appearance of the failure which we know beats just be-
neath this outwardly gay heart of Hollywood? Not alone the abject failure of the unknowns, but that fu-
tility many feel with life's riches spilling generously into their laps. When dis-
appointments are mentioned—and there are plenty in this game—they are lightly shrugged aside, however deeply they may have cut. We all do our best acting away from the studios.

"It is a golden spray—gold of money, gold of smile. A whirligig of gold, dancing at racing speed, everything keyed to a high tempo.

"Always you sparkle, never do you droop. If you feel dull, you spur yourself to renewed effort. If you do not keep up the pace, somehow, without evident ostracism, you find yourself dropped. Hollywood can be impolite with such gracious tact and at the same time the most perfect finality! This art is a part of her dis-

tinctive personality.

"It isn't so much how they do it, as why," she went on thoughtfully, "Even those who must feel absolutely secure, financially and in prestige, go in for this show. I do myself."

She would not be the Dorothy Mackail so admired for her candor, if she did not apply this ruthless ex-
amination to herself. "What are my motives for dress-
ing up and joining the parade? Attending functions and premières when I would rather not? Buying new frocks that I don't need? Extravagances that I can afford, but which are really useless?

"Looking backward, I don't know just when I put on this Hollywood personality. I seem to have slipped into it gradually, because it's the thing to do. Everybody is striving to get ahead of each other. For what purpose, this little competitive show? There might be some ex-
cuse for it among newcomers seeking to attract atten-
tion, but why do those of us who hold contracts bother?

"There is a Hollywood viewpoint, also. It, too, I think, is a subconscious, gradual acquisition. It is a viewpoint looking from the spotlight, outward, not toward the spotlight. It is broader, more sweeping, with the grand gesture with which Hollywood does every-

A Rose of Tenth Avenue

As one of twelve children, Nancy Carroll didn't amount to much until she developed a personality that placed her apart from the others and eventually got her into the movies.

By Caroline Bell

of me. And I always did the wrong thing, until finally I demanded that I be called Nancy, and they agreed it suited me."

I had met the crisp, serenely poised young lady at a café near the Paramount studio for luncheon. Trim in green jersey and a brown fox, she might have been a college girl, or a young business person. I have never seen an actress so unfurled by her first magazine interview. Indeed, I suspect that, whatever secret thrills she may have, Nancy has schooled herself to a supreme self-confidence with an almost deceptive casualness.

At first, desultory talk brought forth comments aent her career, the movies, friends on the stage. I gathered that Miss Carroll was slightly bored. No, she hadn't tried to get into pictures. The producers had just sent for her. She was not at all keyed up about anything.

Of a sudden, some little remark made her forget she was a very correct and successful young actress being interviewed for her public, and before she had time to remind herself, she had broken into a chuckle over some childhood prank. After that, there didn't seem to be much use in going back to the grand manner. It was then that the interview began to take on interest, with the revelation of various youthful escapades.

A crowded, noisy place, the flat must have been, with twelve children!

"When we had company at home," she grinned, "five of us had to sleep horizontally in the same bed. Sure, we scrambled all the time."

At twelve she graduated from parochial school, winning a scholarship. That was the one redeeming event of her childhood. But she felt it would [Continued on page 107].

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HER mother should have known better than to name her Ann. She might have known this red-haired imp would change it to Nancy. There was that something about her, even as she romped about the Tenth Avenue flat, that was different from the eleven others.

From her birth, Nancy Carroll, who is to be Rose in the film version of "Abie's Irish Rose," was a disappointment to her good Irish mother. Out of twelve children, mind you, Ann was selected to outshine the others in good-ness. She would be demure, a quiet little person—yes, perhaps, even a nun!

But it turned out that of them all, Ann would be the one to get into scraps.

It was all right for the others to be boisterous young hoodlums, but Ann shouldn't be playing down the street with the gang of kids; she should be reading storybooks.

"It has been awfully hard on the family," Nancy's blue eyes danced, as she twiddled with a wisp of the red hair that curled pertly over her round cheeks. "Being the seventh child, so much was expected of me. And I always did the wrong thing, until finally I demanded that I be called Nancy, and they agreed it suited me."

I had met the crisp, serenely poised young lady at a café near the Paramount studio for luncheon. Trim in green jersey and a brown fox, she might have been a college girl, or a young business person. I have never seen an actress so unfurled by her first magazine interview. Indeed, I suspect that, whatever secret thrills she may have, Nancy has schooled herself to a supreme self-confidence with an almost deceptive casualness.

At first, desultory talk brought forth comments aent her career, the movies, friends on the stage. I gathered that Miss Carroll was slightly bored. No, she hadn't tried to get into pictures. The producers had just sent for her. She was not at all keyed up about anything.

Of a sudden, some little remark made her forget she was a very correct and successful young actress being interviewed for her public, and before she had time to remind herself, she had broken into a chuckle over some childhood prank. After that, there didn't seem to be much use in going back to the grand manner. It was then that the interview began to take on interest, with the revelation of various youthful escapades.

A crowded, noisy place, the flat must have been, with twelve children!

"When we had company at home," she grinned, "five of us had to sleep horizontally in the same bed. Sure, we scrambled all the time."

At twelve she graduated from parochial school, winning a scholarship. That was the one redeeming event of her childhood. But she felt it would [Continued on page 107].

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HER mother should have known better than to name her Ann. She might have known this red-haired imp would change it to Nancy. There was that something about her, even as she romped about the Tenth Avenue flat, that was different from the eleven others.

From her birth, Nancy Carroll, who is to be Rose in the film version of "Abie's Irish Rose," was a disappointment to her good Irish mother. Out of twelve children, mind you, Ann was selected to outshine the others in goodness. She would be demure, a quiet little person—yes, perhaps, even a nun!

But it turned out that of them all, Ann would be the one to get into scraps.

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She Answered DeMille's Prayer

Yes, Lina Basquette did just that. And his choice of her for the title rôle in "The Godless Girl," was an answer to her prayer for work that she might momentarily forget the grief of her husband's death.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

The current DeMille discovery is always considered a reportorial treat. The first mention in the morning paper of the signing of his newest find is the signal for a deluge of interviewers to descend upon the studio.

"DeMille has found a new star!" is an inexplicably intriguing statement. The fact that he has found no one of brilliant importance since Gloria Swanson in no way dampens the curiosity of the public. Each time there is the possibility that this one may turn out to be of Swanson caliber. And perhaps this one may.

Lina Basquette her name is. She is dark and vivacious and inviting. She has shiny black hair and white skin, liquid brown eyes, and a sullen mouth in the broad,
full face of the Pole—part of her ancestral heritage. She has a youthfully voluptuous figure and the grace of the dancer is in her movements. She looks foreign, spirited, intense. She is twenty years old, but into the brief span of her life has been crowded enough drama to fill four decades. Behind the camera, as well as before it, she embodies the glamour of the DeMille heroine.

Born in San Mateo—a picturesque suburb of San Francisco—a year and a day after the big earthquake, the hour of her birth was governed by strange and conflicting astronomical signs. They prophesied an eventful life—and they told no lie.

For three generations, her mother’s people—of Polish extraction—had been natives of California. Her father, whose ancestry was an international complication of French, English, and Irish, came of a famous old Southern family. On neither side of the house can Lina lay claim to theatrical forbears. Her mother had always had an innate longing for the theater ever since, in her youth, Charles Frohman had seen her and wanted to train her for stardom—a project which parental severity quickly disposed of.

In the months before Lina was born, Mrs. Basquette lavished all her thoughts and attention on anything within her reach that pertained to the theater—half for her own enjoyment and half in the hope that her child might absorb some of it. She was only a girl, herself, at the time, and out of sheer happiness—in the hours when she was alone—she would turn on the phonograph and dance blithely through the rooms, steeped in the music. And when Lina was born, it was with the rhythm of the dance literally in her blood.

Almost immediately after she began to walk, Lina unconsciously formed her steps into patterns and tempos. It was an uncontrollable instinct. Later, at the absurd age of six or seven, she began to prefer Greek and Latin myths to the usual fairy tales. And her delight was to dance out the romantic legends that charmed her so. The goddesses and their dramas were the favorite materials of this infant danseuse. With no understanding of what she was portraying, but with an appreciation that it was beautiful, she interpreted that beauty, her little body swaying through eloquent movements, her dark little face rapt.

When she was eight years old, her family moved to Los Angeles. And, it being inevitable that Lina must act, she was signed by Universal as a child star in two-reelers and Westerns. The contract covered five years, but only the first couple of years did she work. After that, she abruptly and surprisingly was at an awkward age. Being neither a little girl nor yet a young lady, officials were at a loss what to do with her—so did nothing.

Her father had died and her mother was remarried to Ernest Belcher, head of a ballet school. Lina was eager to study dancing seriously, so entered the Belcher school. Progressing rapidly, in a short time she was assisting her father in teaching. Between regular school and dancing lessons she appeared—with enthusiastic acclaim—at various local theaters and benefits.

She dances divinely—with fire, abandon, and breathtaking gossamer grace. There is a rapturous intensity in her movements that bespeaks the thespian as much as the terpsichorean.

At fifteen, having stepped early into maturity, she went to New York. And immediately fortune began to lay down soft carpets for her to tread on. There was no preliminary wait or novitiate in the chorus. At once she was given a prominent place in a musical comedy called “Jack and Jill.” Here Charles Dillingham saw her and engaged her for one of his shows. Florenz Ziegfeld heard of her, and next day bought her contract from Dillingham. And her first engagement in the “Follies” was as première danseuse!

Broadway was at her feet. Unlike her professional sisters, her social activities were not limited to green rooms and cafés. Doors everywhere were open to her. She was fêted, but not lionized—a nice distinction.

It was at this time that she met the late Sam Warner, of Warner Brothers.

They both attended a party celebrating the birthday of a mutual friend. Warner was in a corner when Lina entered. He followed her with his eyes across the room. “Do you see that girl?” he asked his companion. “Well, I am going to marry her!”

His friend, who knew he never touched liquor, looked at him in alarm. “Are you drunk? Or crazy?”

“I probably sound like both, but I am neither. I have never been in love in my life. I’ve never cared enough about any woman to ask her to marry me. But I’m in love now, and I’m going to marry that girl—if she’ll have me.”

“Why, do you know who she is?” his friend remonstrated. “She’s Lina Basquette. You haven’t a chance. In the first place, she doesn’t care about anything except her career. She’s known to be just not interested in men. In the second place, she has a mother who guards her like a dragon. I’d advise you to forget it.”

Five weeks later Lina Basquette became Mrs. Sam Warner.

Lina was eighteen and her husband thirty-eight. But the gloomy predictions of friends were unfilled in the ensuing success of the marriage. They were happy as it is seldom given two people to be happy. Their tastes and interests were alike; they shared a deep understanding, they were exceedingly in love.

Lina retired from the stage and their daugh-

Continued on page 116
Not So Dumb!

What a "Follies" reputation couldn't do, a Russian name and an accent accomplished. With these weapons Sonia Karlov acted herself into a De Mille contract.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HOLLYWOOD is the rendezvous of the intelligentsia, we are told. Yet Hollywood, the shrewd sophisticate, has been taken in. A slip of an extra girl with pale gold hair, dumb blue eyes, and a lot of nerve has made a fool of Hollywood. She gave 'em a line, and they swallowed it, hook and sinker.

A broken accent did for Jean Williams what prettiness and a "Follies" past had failed to accomplish. She proved that Hollywood is just a boob town, after all.

Only some seventeen regiments of pseudo-nobility had already sought fortune in Hollywood. The film colony, duped by spurious titles, grew wary. So wary, that when a genuine Italian contessa of my acquaintance came to Hollywood, lived quietly on a large allowance from home, and wrote stories, people said she was probably a fake.

And yet, a "duchess" from the plains of Kansas not long ago swept the studios with a regal air. Now a "Follies" girl has the laugh once again on the brilliant minds of Hollywood.

Maybe it just takes Lorelei's face and Lorelei's art. That's all Jean Williams had. A round, baby face, innocent eyes and a broken accent. Had people listened more intently and not been absorbed by her dramatic gestures, they might have noticed that the accent was slightly cracked.

Some time ago Jean, who had been in the "Follies," and an adventurer worthy of our modern age before that, blew into Hollywood with many clothes, a wise air and the bright smile that was not unknown to New York. It was known to head waiters, reckless scions of wealth, modistes, bell hops, and such others as dart across the path of a popular show girl. Jean was willing to broadcast it to the world.

There would be no difficulty. She would merely pick the movies up in her hand and toy with their bright glitter until she tired of them. Of one thing only was she certain—she would succeed. She had, and retains, a startling self-confidence.

A few months in Hollywood brought awakening. Ex-"Follies" girls clutter up the place, and smiles are unanimous. Nobody had ever heard of her. She was sunk. She had met people and been entertained. Mack Sennett had had her to parties. A famous photographer had shown her attentions. She had been to the theater with authors of some note. Somehow, though, social engagements seemed to have nothing to do with work, and promises failed to materialize. She got only extra work.

She was hurt in an automobile accident, and during six weeks in the hospital cogitated. She had done daring stunts before. Broken accents were popular in Hollywood. Weren't there Garbo, and Negri, and Banky, and Corda, and De Putti? Nobody heard of a foreigner treading the extra's weary path. Only the home-grown product was trampled—and by the alien.

Her mother is of Danish extraction. Her grandfather was Russian. Hence she had a right to use the name "Karlov." Also she had a right to brush up on her Danish. It was her privilege to remember and quietly practice—and exaggerate—her mother's accent. The "Sonia" she stole, but only from the dictionary of names.

Jean Williams disappeared. Nobody cared, particularly. There are any number of show girls—little powder-puffs. Sonia Karlov appeared at the office of a manager noted for his acumen. The striking figure brought him to his feet—yellow hair in an exotic cut, a heavily made-up face, italicized gestures, a halting, helpless accent. He knew his onions. He agreed that she would be great in the movies.

He began to bicker with producers over his "discovery," Sonia Karlov, of Danish and Russian ancestry, new to Hollywood, a "panic," the most fascinating siren of all Europe. When asked by the agent to have portraits taken by the photographer with whom she had gone to parties as Jean Williams, she had a moment of fright, but went.

[Continued on page 122]
Within a few weeks the Wampas will hold their annual election of stars of to-morrow, and every one is supposed to await their decision with breathless interest. But figuring that Fanny the Fan might have ideas of her own on the subject, I decided to look her up and get her views.

"If you think that young players wait around in an agony of suspense wondering if they are going to be elected by the Wampas, you are even further behind the times than I think you are," she informed me crisply. "Years ago the election meant something, but now it seems almost like a jinx. I bet there are girls who pray nightly that they won't be elected. It was certainly no great help to the girls chosen last year.

"Do you remember any of them?" she shot at me suddenly.

I found I couldn't.

"Well, your memory is only a little worse than the casting directors." Hardly any of the girls did anything worthy of mention after all the ballyhoo they received. There was Sally Rand—her contract with DeMille expired and wasn't renewed. Iris Stuart probably would have done some effective things on the screen, but she was taken sick and sent away for a long rest. She came back a while ago, but instead of going on with her career she got married. Odamae Vaughn and Rita Carwe have entirely disappeared from the screen, so far as I know, and Patricia Avery has had nothing but bad breaks. The only two glittering exceptions, if my memory doesn't fail me—and it probably does—are Helene Costello and Sally Phipps. And you don't hear of them causing any stampedes in theaters.

"Of course, it is a pity that the Wampas feel that they must hold this election annually, whether there is any star material in sight or not. But it is the best reason they can think of for inducing the public to part with ten dollars a ticket for a big ball, and the proceeds swell the treasury of the organization appreciably, so what do they care if their big ballyhoo occasionally seems unwarranted?"

"Fortunately this year they have much more promising material in sight than they had last year. Lupe Velez's election is a foregone conclusion—and if I have to eat those words I'll do it defiantly. Ruth Taylor ought to be elected, and if she isn't, it will be only because 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' will not have been widely shown in time. Eve Southern, Leila Hyams, Virginia Bradford, and Alice White are all possibilities, and surely Myrna Loy will be chosen. They always elect thirteen, though, whether they can find thirteen any one has ever heard of, or not, so there are sure to be some surprises in the list."

Fanny glanced around Montmartre, casting an appraising eye on some youngsters at a near-by table, but finally gave up the struggle to place them.

"What interests me more than the Wampas election of stars of to-morrow," Fanny went on with real enthusiasm, "is their award of a cup for the best performance of the year, or the most progress during the year."

Great plans are under way for Ann Rork's first personal appearance in Los Angeles.
Teacups
and in all directions at once, and
happen in the picture business.

Bystander

year of one of their baby stars of previous
years. If they don't give it to Janet Gay-
nor this year, I, for one, will recommend
that they all visit an ouija.
"They usually do very well, though, in
awarding the cup. The first year they
gave it to Colleen Moore, and last year
they gave it to Clara Bow.
"Incidentally, the theater owners have
made their annual pronunciamento about
the ranking star of films, and once more
Colleen is it. She has held her popularity
as no other star has. There are a lot of
good reasons for her success, one of which
is her husband's unflagging energy and
interest in producing her films.
"She is making 'Lilac Time' now, you
know, and I won't be at all chagrined if,
six months from now, you remind me
that I prophesied it would be the greatest
success of her career. I stole into the
projection room the other day—it is
strictly against the rules, but I
got away with it—and the part
of the picture I saw made me
eager to see the rest.
"It is quite different from
anything Colleen has done be-
fore—much more picturesque,
more romantic, and more dra-
matic. From the brief glimpses
I got of Gary Cooper in the
film, I am perfectly willing to
grant that he will be the next
great matinee idol of the screen.
"He is far from a social
blight in person, as Colleen
learned soon after he started
to work with her. Girls whom
she hadn't seen or heard from
in months began to phone her,
and each and every one of them
had the same idea. Colleen,
darling, it's such ages since I've
seen you! Can't I come
out to the studio to see you
one day? And invariably
when Colleen set a day, the
question would follow, 'Will
Gary be working then?' And
if he wasn't, they'd always re-
member another engagement
and change the date to a time
when he would be working.
"He and Fay Wray are going to be
teamed as romantic young lovers in
Paramount pictures, and if she is
nearly as good as he is, they ought
adequately to fill the gap caused by
the dissolution of the Banky-Colman partnership. I
do wish that they would hurry and release one of the
pictures that Fay Wray is in; she has had so much
publicity over so long a time, that people are going
to be hypercritical when they finally do see her."

That is all right with me; it always seems to me the
motion-picture players suffer from too little criticism,
rather than too much.

This is the season of the year when the first outburst
of big productions has abated and trade papers and
newspapers burst into their annual encomiums. A
glance at their summaries would lead you to suspect
that this year had been one parade of screen master-
pieces and great performances, whereas I remember
only a few pictures with any great joy. "The Callah-
ans and the Murphys' leads the list. And as for the
outstanding performances of the year, Emil Jannings
and John Gilbert gave them all.

Fanny is more enthusiastic: I distinctly recall that
she became quite maudlin over some new picture or
player on an average of once a week. Some of them have
never been heard from since.

"It's quite time for the Film Daily to send their annual
questionnaire to reviewers about the ten best pictures of
the year," Fanny rambled on. "And I'll never be happy
until they make their inquiry perfectly clear.

"Best pictures for what? There are pictures that are
best for starting an argument, best for sleeping through,
and best to stay away from. If they'd only specify just

Loretta Young can now high-hat her sisters,
for she is playing opposite Lon Chaney.
signed Rowland V. Lee to direct her, and he made such a marvelous picture of 'Doomsday' that they rushed to sign Florence for a series of pictures. M.-G.-M. let Lew Cody go just when theater owners were shouting with glee over the Pringle-Cody comedies. He went off on a tour in vaudeville and now he is back with a new M.-G.-M. contract. What is more, Malcolm St. Clair has been borrowed to direct him in his next picture, and no one could ask for more than that.

"Paramount lent Mal St. Clair because they had nothing for him to do, until Ruth Taylor gets back from her personal appearance jaunt across the country. What a trip! Ruth was thrilled to death over it—even jumps that would make a hardened one-night stander groan, didn't feaze her. But a few of us old crabs almost bightened her young enthusiasm by telling her that no star, least of all herself, could afford to be seen in person! By the time she reaches New York, and the nine-hundredth interviewer asks her if she wasn't thrilled to death over getting the part of Lorelei, she'll feel like throwing things.

"I'm surprised, though, that more players haven't had personal appearance tours wished on them now, while the studios are inactive. The pictures on this year's program have practically all been finished, and many of the producers are going off to sales conferences to plan next year's pictures. There is little for many of the actors to do, but stay at home and spend quiet evenings with their press clippings.

"The shut-down of the Sennett studio was a great relief to Carmelita Geraghty. She had been working so hard, she never saw any one or went anywhere. Just imagine! She had never even learned to play ping-pong. Still, I couldn't expect any one who doesn't go about in the film colony to realize what a blight that is."

"If the studios are so inactive, I should think there would be a lot of parties," I suggested, always interested in the more serious side of Hollywood life.

"But there aren't," Fanny moaned. "Of course, there was the Mayfair dance, but they are all pretty much alike. Simply every one is there, all the girls wear their largest and shiniest diamonds, and the men look as though they'd like to get away to a good.

what they mean, it would make the choice much easier."

Fanny and every one else is at liberty to make what sense they can out of those yearly lists of pictures proclaimed the ten best. But what bothers me is that popular players go on and on growing in box-office value, whether their pictures appear among the ten best or not. Among the ranking actresses, according to exhibitors, are Colleen, Laura La Plante, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, and Louise Fazenda; and in all due generosity of spirit, I can't remember any of them having been in a particularly good picture. Except possibly Laura, who had "The Cat and the Canary." Oh, well, why worry about the past? The future always looks promising, at least.

"A lot of brave gestures from the producers can now be forgotten," Fanny gloated. "They were going to let popular players out as soon as their contracts ran out; yes, they were!

"Just as Florence Vidor's contract with Paramount expired, she was as-
Over the Teacups

33

quite a crap game. Conrad Nagel draws the thankless job of trying to shush the guests while somebody or other sings. But the people won’t be shushed, and sometimes the performers—or artists, as Conrad generously calls them—refuse to compete with the noise. But that’s all right, as nobody notices whether they perform or not.

“Ben Lyon gave a party for his mother on her birthday. Clarence Badger’s cook made an amazing birthday cake that had ‘Mother, I love you—Ben,’ on the icing. Billie Dove and her mother were there, Patsy Ruth, her mother and father, Lois Wilson’s mother, Leatrice Joy and her mother, Gloria Swanson and her husband, and quite a lot of others. I was there only a few minutes, but the party looked like a great success. No self-styled imitator of Jolson sang ‘Mammy.’ However, according to rumor, Leatrice Joy recited Gray’s ‘Elegy.’ It’s hard to believe.

“The new Beverly-Wilshire Hotel held a grand opening the other night, and of course loyal citizens of Beverly Hills had to attend. As one of the most successful real-estate operators in town, Corinne Griffith simply had to put in an appearance. The first thing that girl knows she will be elected to the Rotary Club! There are penalties for greatness and success, even though they may not seem very real to the girl struggling to make fifteen dollars a week.”

“What about—” but I had no chance to finish.

“Yes, Corinne is going to make pictures for First National again. She wasn’t at all happy at United Artists. If you are really interested in making pictures, the long, slow process of making a picture, and then waiting for the returns to roll in before you make another one, is too tiresome. She is delighted about re-signing with First National. The studio has changed a lot since she was there before. New people are in control and every one is contented. The area of contentment varies from year to year. For a while M.-G.-M. was the center of success and happiness, then the Fox company took a new lease on life, but now players look on First National as the ideal studio to work in. Who can tell—some one may yet have a good word to say for working at DeMille’s.

“I suppose you’ve heard that at last Jacqueline Logan is to be starred by De-Mille. But I refuse to wave any banners or dance in the streets until I see what kind of directors and stories she gets. They do such strange things out there. They had one really superlative director working for them, William K. Howard, and they are letting him go at the completion of his contract. They must have thought their other pictures wouldn’t look so bad, if not subject to the terrific contrast of his!”

“I really don’t see why Fanny should get so excited about it. Neither she nor the public will lose by the transaction, because some other company will snap up Howard’s services right away, and he’ll go on making pictures as before. However, if Ann Rork hadn’t come in just then, Fanny might have been glowing yet.

“Ann’s going to make a personal appearance when ‘A Texas Steer’ opens, and you’ve simply got to help me make it an occasion she will never forget,” Fanny urged. “Of
Once Seen, Never Forgotten

Greta Garbo justifies the Barker’s timeworn ballyhoo, for she eludes description, defies analysis, and remains one of the most fascinating studies in allure ever introduced by stage or screen. This is by all odds the most authoritative article ever written about her.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

G RETA GARBO is one reason you should go Scene shifters edged nearer during the amorous passage; calloused property men paused to watch the tableau; script clerks blushed enthusiastically, and even extras awakened from their lethargy long enough to follow the action. The only people who remained unmoved were three efficiency experts, and they were probably worrying about the mounting overhead. For Garbo is an extravagance. When she does not feel dramatic she will not act. When she chooses to delay in making her appearance upon the set, she delays. Nothing can hurry her, nothing can change her. At all times she is the individualist, nor does she propose to permit rank efficiency to hamper her for an instant.

Gilbert, resplendent in the uniform he wore as Vronsky, in “Love,” was good enough to introduce me to Greta. Even with this auspicious start she was difficult to coax into conversation. However, it was not at all hard to look at her. For the first minute or two after Gilbert had withdrawn I found my time taken up solely by her beauty.

Perhaps it is not beauty in the strictest sense; certainly it is charm in its most devastating form. Greta’s face is a pale oval with high cheekbones, smoldering eyes, sensitive nostrils. Her mouth is a crimson challenge. Her hair is blond and smooth, carelessly arranged, but effective.

The only woman who had the same irresistible magnetism was beautiful Barbara La Marr. In addition, Garbo has subtlety and mystery.

She sits back and looks at you through heavy-lidded, half-closed eyes, her lips parted in a taunting smile, her slim hand daintily holding a cigarette. She is fully aware of her hypnotic influence, yet she says nothing to bear this out. She is sphinxlike in her silence, cryptic in her comments when she does talk.

When she is acting she seems totally unconscious of the audience behind the camera and fingering the set. She is unprepared, apparently natural, amazingly sincere in her interpretation. Technique, she told me later, she knows nothing of.

“I know the person I am in the picture, and I feel that I am that person for the time being. How I get what you call effects, I do not know. I do not understand how I am here at all. I do not know how I do it.” [Continued on page 104]
FACE to face with Greta Garbo was a memorable experience for Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose report opposite glows with color, enthusiasm and shrewd analysis, as well as recklessly jeopardizes his allegiance to all the other charmers he has met.
KATHRYN McGuire will henceforth be Kathryn Landy, for she has elected to use her husband's name on the screen. This unusual step evidently appeals to the goddess of chance, for she has given her an important role, in "Lilac Time."
GAYLY flitting from studio to studio, Patsy Ruth Miller scarcely finishes one picture before she begins another. Which means that her current activities are too extensive for publication here. Anyhow, as we gasped to press, her last picture was "We Americans."
Strange as it may seem, the desire closest to Lawrance Gray’s heart is not to look, talk or think like an actor—though he enjoys the rewards of a successful one. His next proof of that will be found in “Love Hungry.”
EVELYN BRENT used to play crooks exclusively, but now she has become a great lady, because of her vivid yet restrained acting in every rôle she undertakes, even if the character is no lady at all. Her next—“Captain Ferreol,” with Menjou.
ALL hail Eve Southern! Nothing was said about her in the advance hue and cry over the "discovery" of new faces, but when she calmly revealed herself, in "The Gaucho" and "Wild Geese," public approval promptly made her a star.
FROM the first, Victor Varconi won loyal admirers because of his sincerity, but it is only now that his battalion of fans has become an army of loyal adherents. The next reward of the faithful will be Victor, in "Tenth Avenue."
THE character of Norma Talmadge, based on her preferences and prejudices, was placed under the microscope by Margaret Reid, and the result, on the opposite page, is one of the most revealing articles ever written about the emotional star.
Norma—As She Is

Much has been written about Norma Talmadge, but never has her real character been revealed as it is in this frank study—the first of a series of insights into the souls of the cinema great.

By Margaret Reid

In a business where success is built upon personal politics, Norma Talmadge does exactly as she pleases. If people like it, or if they don't like it, is of no consequence to her. She puts herself out to please no one but Norma. She is supremely self-sufficient, which sounds uncomplimentary only because it is nearly unique. It is her method of living. A method so starkly devoid of any pretense that it is inevitably misunderstood. Particularly in Hollywood, where the best acting of all is done outside the studios.

She is sometimes accused of hauteur, of snobbishness—even of rudeness. That is because she likes comparatively few people, and is too honest to pretend that she likes every one. She forms friendships with caution, and once formed they are never relinquished. Her loyalty is unswerving at all times. Her friends range from obscure nobodies, to Sid Grauman, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Fannie Brice, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Diana Fitzmaurice, Roland West.

Her sister Constance is her dearest friend; she loves to have her stay overnight with her. They talk and giggle and exchange confidences far into the night. She admires Constance fervently.

She doesn't like to go to parties. She sits in a corner and enjoys looking on, but escapes in a panic should she find herself becoming the center of a group.

She prefers to entertain at home, her parties nearly always being informal. An instinctive hostess, she throws the house open, provides plenty to eat and drink, and doesn't bother about her guests after greeting them.

She is happiest when entertaining a few intimates. Then her reserve and diffidence disappear and she is a frolicsome schoolgirl. She adores charades, but would rather watch others—particularly Chaplin—do them, than perform herself. She loves fun, but not practical jokes. She has a droll humor that spices all her conversation.

She dislikes cafes and first nights. Terrified at being recognized and pointed out, she goes into a theater late and dips out before the lights go up. It embarrasses her to be approached by effusive fans. She is resentful of adulation and wants to be met on an equal level.

Extravagant fan letters do not interest her. Letters of intelligent admiration or constructive criticism she usually answers.

An exceedingly wealthy woman, money is now simply a commodity to exchange for lovely things—the making of it means nothing. She has reached the point where picture work is not her business, but her pleasure. The only time she is remotely happy is in the middle of a production. She works with every ounce of her nervous, emotional, and physical energy.

Unlike Pickford and Gish, she does not act as much from the mind as from the heart. Rather than thinking her roles, she really—pardon the abused phrase—lives them. During "Kiki" she was a laughing, kidding gamín, both at home and at the studio. During "The Lady" her friends often found her unconsciously walking with the bent, uncertain step of an old woman. During "Camille" she was habitually wistful and at times a little sad.

She reads all reviews of her pictures. Critical praise of her work gives her a businesslike satisfaction. She studies a justified disparagement carefully, saying, "Oh, why couldn’t I have thought of that when I was working?"

Being of a shy, sensitive nature she often requires the escape and peace found in solitude. She goes for long walks, through quiet streets, along the beach, or through the nearest thing to woods that Hollywood boasts. She has the pleasure in walking that other people find in driving. Usually Scottie, her West Highland terrier, is with her. Dinky, a Pekingese she had had for thirteen years, died a short time ago. She cried innsolably for days over his minute grave in the back garden.

She takes up any new enthusiasm impulsively, usually losing interest midway for something else. Deciding to become an expert driver, she took lessons. On the

Continued on page 100
The Life of the Party

William Haines demonstrates a method whereby an impecunious young man can earn an honest living, by being invited to dine out every night—maybe.

The art of being funny at dinner may be misunderstood at first, says Billy, if your partner is as formal as Alice Day, above.

Never admit discouragement, but go ahead with tricks such as that shown, right.

Spurred on by not having anything thrown at you, Billy suggests his Carmen burlesque, below, as your next step.

Be prepared to have your comedy mistaken for insanity, Billy explains in reference to the grimace, above, but don't give up the game for a little thing like that.

In spite of herself, your dinner partner will thaw, says Billy, if you follow the example he sets below. Try it!
Hollywood High Lights

Interesting items of news and gossip from the studio world.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

SAV what you will about it, talking pictures must be catching on. And “The Jazz Singer” seems to have given them the strongest impetus thus far. There are about five or six minutes of spoken dialogue in this film, as you possibly know, in addition to Al Jolson’s songs—“Mammy,” “Mother,” “Dirty Hands,” and others.

In a later Warner Brothers feature, “The Lion and the Mouse,” there is conversation off and on in the picture, between Lionel Barrymore, May McAvoy, Buster Collier, and Alec B. Francis. In “Tenderloin,” Conrad Nagel, who has a naturally fine voice, and Dolores Costello both talk. Incidentally, Dolores and May have excellent speaking voices for registering on the sound-producing device, according to all reports.

Jolson, who was the pioneer star in this work, came to the Coast for just one day in order to be present at the first showing of “The Jazz Singer” before a Los Angeles audience. The première drew a tremendous crowd, and after the picture was over Al made a kidding speech from the stage.

Among other things, he discussed the matter of his screen personality and in characteristic fashion, flashing a naughty look at the audience, jokingly said: “Ah—what do you think Elinor Glyn told me in New York? She said that if she had seen me before ‘It,’ she would have made it ‘Those.’”

More May Be Heard.

Paramount, we heard from Jesse L. Lasky on his recent visit to the Coast, is also perfecting with considerable care a “talking-film” apparatus. Which may mean the chance to hear the voices of a large number of additional favorites, such as Emil Jannings, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou, Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, and others some time in the future. Imagine, too, what the effect might be if they ever turn Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton loose in a film with words!

Colleen Twice Victorious.

Colleen Moore is the film exhibitors’ pet, and that, naturally, means she is a big hit with the public, too.

The reason for reiterating this generally accepted idea, is that Colleen was nominated the 1927 favorite of a host of theaters throughout America, in the Exhibitors’ Herald, a motion-picture trade journal.

She topped the list with two hundred and twenty-three votes, her nearest competitor being Clara Bow, with one hundred and seventy-six. Next in order were Laura La Plante, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Billie Dove, Vilma Banky, Madge Bellamy, Dolores Costello, to name the first ten. Gloria Swanson, by the way, was the eleventh and Greta Garbo the twelfth, which doesn’t spell the most brilliant results for screen sophistication.

Among the men star-winners were Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Lon Chaney, Richard Dix, Hoot Gibson, Harold Lloyd, Ken Maynard, John Gilbert, Wallace Beery, and Douglas Fairbanks, Rin-Tin-Tin was listed as No. 10, which we considered very funny. There were no lady dogs listed, however, among the feminine stars.

Colleen Moore has headed this list for two successive years by a large margin. It represents rather largely the small-town vote.

Wins Initial Chance.

Loretta Young has had her first big chance. She plays the circus performer, in “Laugh, Clown, Laugh,” which is about as sympathetic a role as any girl could have for the beginning of her career.

Miss Young, who is under contract to First National, was lent to M-G-M, for this picture, in which Lon Chaney is the star. You may recall that she is a sister of Sally Blane, who is under contract to Paramount. She is still in her early teens, but looks a trifle older. She bears some resemblance to Corinne Griffith.
Hollywood High Lights

“Laugh, Clown, Laugh,” will probably be one of the best of the recent Chaney productions. Herbert Brenon, who is directing, is responsible for a wise-crack about this film. He said that the title ought to be changed to “Laugh, Clown,” because “The Last Laugh,” has already been made.

Temperamental, Stars Beware!

One phrase we often read in the Los Angeles newspapers, and that we have never been quite able to understand, is that such and such a director is “wielding the megaphone” for a certain production. We asked Charlie Murray about it not long ago, and all we got from him was the enigmatic reply—“Aw, you don’t know the half of it.”

Another pet phrase is that somebody is playing in such and such a vehicle, and from all accounts this doesn’t mean a petting party, either.

Shades of Spring!

Maybe it’s the influence of Paris, or perhaps it is merely a natural change of taste that is responsible for Constance Talmadge’s hair this season being a light brown, instead of the customary highly bleached taffy shade.

But Paris must have had something to do with it, because Connie isn’t the only blonde returning from that fair metropolis looking three shades darker. Mrs. Tom Mix, also recently returned, may be classified as a light-brown blonde.

“Letting the hair grow out natural” seems to be the new beauty slogan; and, as a result, we expect to see a magnificent assortment of blondes, ranging all the way from browns to reds, before summertime.

Joan Crawford, by the way, is wearing her hair a stunning tone of deep terra cotta, and this in contrast to a colorless make-up, accentuated by very red lips, which emphasizes her fascinating personality. Miss Crawford is occasionally escorted to parties by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whom we have pointed out before as one of the potential beaux of Hollywood. Young Fairbanks is proving to be a very popular stage actor, having scored a second time in Los Angeles, in “Saturday’s Children.”

New Tower of Babel.

A film director, by the way, has to be a thorough cosmopolite in some of the studios. Sam Taylor, who filmed “My Best Girl,” with Mary Pickford, and who has completed John Barrymore’s “Tempest,” feels, however, that he deserves a special nomination. He had to have a German interpreter for Camilla Horn, the Barrymore leading woman, a Russian for the mob of extras, and occasionally had to call on some one gifted in translating French and Italian into English.

In the midst of one scene he grew very excited over the babel of instructions issued by his various aides.

John Barrymore addressed him during this with a suggestion in English.

“Don’t do that,” said Taylor. “You confuse me.”

Doug An Accordionist.

Douglas Fairbanks’ talents as a musician won’t be credited hereafter. He managed to fool a group of friends recently, but it will not occur again.

This happened at Harold Lloyd’s new estate in Beverly Hills.

There was a large gathering of golfing enthusiasts there for a reception on the grounds, and Fairbanks in a sportive mood had a mechanical accordion, and was pretending to play it. A mechanical accordion, it should be explained, is similar to a player piano. It is provided with music roles in the same fashion, and only requires the pumping of the usual accordion bellows.

Doug played a jazz tune on the instrument with every effect of reality. His fingers danced nimbly over the false keys of the contraption. Everybody commended his surprising talent.

When he wasn’t looking, Harold Lloyd changed the roles in the instrument, and when Doug picked it up again with lively animation, and started briskly to play on the keys, a slow and solemn dirge issued forth. Before he could change the pace, everybody caught on to it.

Hail the Character King.

This is the character actor’s day of glory. Lon Chaney is considered the dominant star of the season, and rated high are Jean Hersholt, Emil Jannings, George Bancroft, Charles Murray, Adolphe Menjou, Lew Cody, Lionel Barrymore, Noah and Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Raymond Hatton, and others. Milton Sills, Jack Holt, and Lewis Stone might also be named, as they are in this general classification, though playing leads rather than character roles.

One player, who has recently come into his own, is Farrell MacDonald, of the Fox organization. He has been signed for a five-year term, at a reported salary of one thousand dollars a week. Mr. MacDonald, incidentally, has dropped the J. before the Farrell in his name.

Lew Cody is back in the fold at M-G-M, having finished a successful vaudeville tour. Cody appeared in a monologue.

“At first I thought I would play a dramatic sketch, but I decided not to,” he told us. “I’m glad now I didn’t, for it was much more fun to speak extemporaneously, and the audiences seemed to like it. I didn’t even use make-up on the stage. I started out with a powder puff, but threw that way. It meant too much overhead,” Lew smiled.

Incidentally, we hear that Lew may soon produce a picture starring Mabel Normand. She has finished her Hal Roach contract.
A Blow to Jazz.

Not since the days when Peter Pan was selected, has there been excitement on the Paramount lot to equal the decision to pair Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a series of films. There must be some reason for the extraordinary enthusiasm, though we have been able to determine this only partially.

We did have the good fortune to get our first glimpse of Miss Wray not long ago, in "The Legion of the Condemned," and even though she has unquestionably suffered from having her debut overpublicized, we felt that she made a very pleasing impression. We liked her better when the film was over than when it actually started—and this isn't intended as a doubtful compliment, though it may sound like one.

Gary Cooper and she are both in this "air epic," and it is the first in which they are seen together. "The Wedding March," directed by Von Stroheim, wherein Miss Wray has her great opportunity, will begin its first showing about the time this is published.

In studio announcements of the costarring of Mr. Cooper and Miss Wray, it is prophesied that they will mean the doom of the jazz age of love-making. So they have a lot to live up to.

Far Field Looks Greener.

Is an exodus to England impending?

We began to think so when Raymond Griffith announced that he was going over there on his honeymoon, with the intention of playing in a few films while abroad. Sydney Chaplin spent some time in England, and we have heard that Lilian Gish finds the British atmosphere alluring. "Sister Dorothy has been a commuter across the Atlantic, appearing frequently in English-made productions. Several directors have gone across lately.

There have been English offers to quite a few players in Hollywood, but most of them haven't been accepted. Even during the duller times, with threatened salary cuts, the lure of the game in Hollywood is too great for the majority. We forgot to say that Ray Griffith married Bertha Mann, the stage actress, to whom he was devoted for all of eleven or twelve years. Without a doubt, theirs was probably Hollywood's record engagement.

Phyllis As a Fairy Godmother.

Phyllis Haver has a rare eye for discovering talent. The proof is the recent good luck of a little department-store girl, who is now working at the DeMille studio. Her name is Dorothy Ward.

Phyllis saw Miss Ward while shopping in Hollywood. She was struck by her charm and animation, and related this to an agent who obtains work for talented people.

The agent didn't go into the shop until several weeks later, and when he did thought he had missed her completely. She had only been engaged there during the holiday rush.

After some difficulty he learned her address, and quite like a bolt out of a clear sky offered her a chance to become a picture star.

The girl is still going around in a daze, hardly creditting the actuality of what has happened to her. And Phyllis, of course, she refers to as her fairy godmother.

An Adventurous Honeyymoon.

Probably the unique wedding trip in movie annals is that of Blanche Mehaffey.

If all expectations are to be relied on, she is going to India to shoot tigers with her husband, George Joseph Hausen. Mr. Hausen is in the oil business, but his favorite sport is big-game hunting.

Another novel angle of their courtship is that they met in a traffic court in San Francisco. Miss Mehaffey had been arraigned for speeding.

She will be recalled first as a Hal Roach comedian, then as a Universal ingenue, and was a Wampas star three or four years ago.

Denial Villain Gets a Divorce.

It doesn't pay for a wife to call her husband a "ham actor."

Roy D'arcy, whose teeth are perhaps better known than those of any other player, found reason to object to the derogatory phrase, in his recent divorce complaint.

D'Arcy and his wife separated about two months ago and he filed suit shortly afterward. They were married about the time that he made his screen debut in "The Merry Widow," two years ago. Their community property was estimated at twenty-eight thousand dollars.

Redheads Get Together.

Nobody who knows Clara Bow has doubted the fitness of the title of her new picture "Red Hair." Clara's favored color is auburn, and she has worn it a long time.

You may glean some idea as to the shade when you see the film, in case you have never beheld Clara personally. "Red Hair" will be partly photographed in color.
Just to make the effect a little more fiery, Clara is to have a redheaded leading man. His name is Lane Chandler. He is just a shade less auburn than she is.

Del Rio Talent Extensive.
Talent in the Del Rio family isn’t a one-track affair. Dolores is the bright luminary, of course, but it looks as if she might have to share some honors with her cousin and her husband.

Her cousin’s name is Carlos Amor, which sounds grandly romantic. He is exceptionally likable and speaks English with ease. The reason for this, we learned, is that he received most of his education in this country. He attended college at Santa Clara, California, from where Edmund Lowe was also graduated.

Amor has interested Douglas Fairbanks and may be assigned by him to a part in “Twenty Years After,” the sequel to “The Three Musketeers.” He played a bit in “Ramona.”

Dolores’ husband, Jaime del Rio, has developed some skill in scenario writing, which he may soon put to good account. Heretofore he has only looked after the business details of his wife’s career.

Artist Lauds Mary Philbin.
Mary Philbin is finding more and more reasons to be jubilant, and it looks as if 1928 will spell marked success for her. She has been a long time waiting.

We hear many rumors about her probable great success in the D. W. Griffith production, “Drums of Love,” and shortly after this will come her appearance in “The Man Who Laughs,” in the deeply sympathetic role of a blind girl. If she follows this with “Magnolia,” in “The Show Boat”—well, few stars can hope for three such opportunities right in a row.

Lately Miss Philbin received a high compliment from a Swedish painter, Svend Borjso, who said that he had painted hundreds of subjects, but never before had seen such Madonnalike features as Mary possesses.

A Flaming Season.
Damage by fire will probably be the next affliction of the movie colony. We don’t want to be pessimistic, but most ills from which the cinema folk suffer seem to be epidemic.

Anyway, the fires have made a fair start. Richard Barthelmess nearly lost his home recently in Beverly Hills, due to an overheated furnace which set the dwelling ablaze while Ford Sterling, that dependable comedian, was injured about the face and hands by the explosion of a gas furnace, which he was trying to light in his home.

“Comedy parts for me, humph!” Sterling said later. “I’m going to be a juvenile, now. Being burned is better than lifting or peeling. I’ll recommend it to all girls.”

Baby Stars Selected.
The Wampas Baby Star list is mildly imposing. All things considered, it may be called a better list than usual. Of course, we base this conclusion on the fact that it contains more than one girl whom we ourselves might have selected, had we been doing the choosing. Sometimes it looks as if the winners were picked off with that perfect accuracy which a machine gunner might employ if he were trying to knock down decoy ducks in a shooting gallery.

The baby stars are following: Linda Basquett, Flora Bramley, Sue Carol, Ann Christy, June Collyer, Alice Day, Sally Eilers, Audrey Ferris, Dorothy Gulliver, Gwen Lee, Molly O’Day, Ruth Taylor, and Lupe Velez.

From what we personally know, we would pick for first places, on the score of accomplishment likely to ensue, Miss Basquett, Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and perhaps Miss Taylor. Miss Gulliver, too, is interesting, and may go quite a way toward becoming famous. Lupe Velez, we fear, on the screen rather too closely resembles Dolores del Rio, though she may develop individually. She has unusual personality off the screen, which, it is hoped, will fully register.

Miss Basquett is the DeMille star of “The Godless Girl.” Miss Collyer is a new Fox discovery. Miss Carol made a decided hit in “Soft Cushions,” with Douglas MacLean, and has been in demand ever since. Miss Taylor, as is well known, is the Lorelei of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” and at present is making personal-appearance tour.

Janet a Vocalist.
Janet Gaynor may become a comic-opera singer—not in reality, perhaps, but by proxy. Janet is to star in “Blossom Time,” based on the famous musical piece, which has been touring the country for several seasons.

The film version will have both talking and singing, supplied by the Movietone device, which is somewhat similar to Vitaphone. Some of the scenes may be made abroad, and so a trip to Europe is in prospect for Janet.

The greater part of the picture will be made at the Fox’s Western studios, where they are to build two special Movietone stages. This new project adds fuel to our argument that talking pictures are capturing attention. The Fox company, which controls the device, has made a remarkable plan for its employment.

And when it comes to filming “Blossom Time,” somebody naturally will double for Miss Gaynor’s voice, unless she happens to learn to sing before it is made.

Janet had a nervous breakdown during the making of “The Street Angel,” which is the new name for “Lady Cristilinda.” She had to take a

Continued on page 94
Forced Into Films

Sue Carol had no thought of the movies, until somebody put her to the inconvenience of a test, and almost before she knew it she had a five-year contract.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

FIFTY pretty girls were lolling about a studio set in Hollywood, waiting for screen tests. A door slid open a trifle, and a tiny, black-eyed beauty crept in to join the group. No one spoke to her. No one had seen her before. No one cared who she was. Aspiring kids come and go with monotonous regularity. This one was no different from the rest, save that her eyes were a little bigger and blacker, and she looked more frightened. So the experienced ones proceeded to high-hat her, as actresses will.

"How do you do?" said the newcomer timidly, at the same time trying to force a smile.

"Howdy, kid!" replied one of the girls, and moved away. Oh, the ice that can freeze some feminine tongues in Hollywood! And what a difference that high-hatting made to that frightened stranger! All the dormant courage, the instinct of self-preservation, the consciousness that "I am as good as thou," surged through her. She swaggered through that group as though the entire crowd constituted only a small portion of her vassals.

She was the last to be called. Her test was brief. Then she returned to her dressing room, donned her street clothes, stepped outside the studio and—beckoned to her chauffeur to bring her car!

This, may it please the court, was the introduction of Sue Carol to Hollywood.

Though upstaged by fifty actresses, she has been the object of the wildest scramble on the part of producers of any girl who has appeared in the colony in years.

And the funny part of it is that she never had any idea of going into pictures when she arrived on the Coast. She was literally hauled, dragged, roped—almost shanghaied—into the studios, made-up and told to act. Which she proceeded to do to the best of her ability. Now all the studios are talking about her.

Sue Carol is the daughter of the late S. M. Lederer, millionaire Chicago realtor, who died in Switzerland two years ago. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer. When the snow and sleet and cold howled into the Windy City last winter, with a chaperon she boarded a train for California. She was the guest of Janet Gaynor at the Breakfast Club one day not long after her arrival, when an assistant casting director saw her.

"Who is that girl?" he asked. No one knew. But his eye, always hunting for beauty, had singled her out, and he approached her.

He explained who he was, and asked that she come to the studio for a screen test. More as a lark than anything, she went. It was there she ran into that crowd of fifty high-hatters. Two days later she was called to work in a short comedy.

"I waited all day," Sue said, in relating her experiences recently. "and by five o'clock got ready to go home. 'Everybody back this evening!' the director shouted. 'Be here on time, too!'

"'But,' I protested, 'I can't come back this evening. I have an engagement.'

"'Can't help it,' he replied. 'You must be here.'

"'Oh, no!' I insisted, 'that will be impossible. You give my pay check to some other girl. I don't care for it.'

"Of course, I didn't know, then, how unethical it was to talk that way. I just didn't want to work that night and told him so. By surrendering my check, I thought that would make it all right. But he promised to let me off at nine thirty, if I returned, and I finally agreed. I was just a little greenhorn, you know."

After that initial appearance, Miss Carol was given a bit in "Is Zat So," then was made ingenue lead in "Slaves of Beauty." By that time it was becoming noiseless about that a little actress was proving a sensation at one of the big studios, and that every one was crazy about her.

She is from Chicago, and her real name is Evelyn Lederer.

Continued on page 115
If you saw "Rose-Marie," the musical melody and dramatic significance of the brought to the screen by Joan Crawford of the lovers, with the splendors of

By Katherine

accounted for when Joan Crawford was given the title rôle.

I've noticed that players who have been on the stage seem to be delighted with the fact that, in pictures, they may live in one place, have their own homes and not indulge in the hectic traveling about of theater folk. Yet, whenever there is a location trip in prospect, there is excited expectancy among the members of the troupe. This is, of course, the vagabond blood that flows in the veins of all actors.

I ran up to Joan's house the day before the trip and found her wailing that it had come unexpectedly, that she had a dozen social engagements to break, and that she hadn't bought a thing in the way of clothes suitable for such a journey. Things always are unexpected with Joan. She's that sort of a girl.

Between disjointed conversations over the phone—"Oh, I'm so sorry. You see, I'm going on location early to-morrow morning. Yes, I should love to go, but you know how it is," she flung out such questions as, "Do you suppose I should take my riding habit?" "How long shall we be gone, I wonder?" and "Boots—yes, I must take boots—do you think I should?"

There was no time to wait for answers. She expected none and the packing progressed rapidly, if not efficiently.

It seems a pity that any work must be done on the first day of a location trip. Surely there should be a chance to explore the beauties of such an inspirational place as Yosemite. But perhaps the powers that be are wise to catch the actors in their first flush, when they are still impressed by the grandeur.

That Indian

MUSICAL comedy outdoors.

No, that isn't a slogan for a natural amphitheater! It's a new idea in motion pictures.

When you think of "Rose-Marie," don't the phrases of "The Indian Love Call" and the other songs run through your head? Isn't it the color of the story, and the vivacity and sweetness of the music that you remember? You somehow don't think of "Rose-Marie" in terms of scenic grandeur, do you? It doesn't exactly mean snow-capped mountains, stately pines, calm lakes, and rushing torrents. This is because you saw "Rose-Marie" on the stage.

The musical comedy is being made into a film, and with the exception of a few interiors, it is being produced outdoors in the center of natural splendors.

When Metro-Goldwyn bought the story, the studio set out to find a suitable location and discovered it in the center of magnificent Yosemite Valley. Beauty was the byword of this quest. Feminine pulchritude had already been
Love Call

comedy, you remember the haunting famous song. All its meaning is being and James Murray in their portrayal Yosemite Valley as a background.

Albert

It was with no “arty” motive, I’m sure, that the atmosphere was kept so perfectly. We were housed in cabins, tucked away in a deep forest, and our very living quarters became a part of the set, for the exterior of the cabins were used as a part of the little Canadian village, around which much of the action of “Rose-Marie” centers.

This had a strange psychological effect. Every player in the troupe—James Murray, House Peters, Creighton Hale, Gibson Gowland, Polly Moran, Gertrude Astor, Lionel Belmore, Ralph Yearsley—seemed to feel that he was literally living the story.

Joan’s suit cases remained virtually unpacked. During the day she wore her costume, consisting of a rough, brown skirt and an equally rough, cotton blouse. The heroine is a madcap youngster and Joan’s own locks were covered by a wig of shoulder-length red tresses. I’ve never seen any one react to clothes as Joan does. I could not reconcile myself to the fact that this hoydenish, harum-scarum girl was the same whom I’d seen dancing so beautifully in the dignified atmosphere of the Mayfair Club. The clothes, the cabins, the mountains, the woods brought about the metamorphosis. Her grips, as I said, were unpacked because she had decided to wear the costume that so happily fitted into the scene.

Gertrude Astor furnishes comedy, as usual, in this scene with House Peters, whose return to the screen will mean much to the fans.

During those days of constant work I stood on one of the hillsides, just behind the cameras, and watched the story unfold. I saw the Indians working in the village, the mounted police in their scarlet coats and sleek boots riding over the hills, and then the dénouement—the big scene when the company worked in a torrent for the flood. And not even after the day’s work was done, and we were snug in our own cabin, did Joan step out of the character of Rose-Marie.

Despite the fact that the Yosemite trip was necessary for the scenic effects, it was necessary for another reason. So perfect were the surroundings that the story became real to every member of the cast.

It was also a splendid thing that the first scenes taken were those in Yosemite, for it gave every one a better idea of the complete story than a hundred readings of the script would have done.

James Murray, the hero, looked more handsome than I have ever seen him. It’s the first time since his discovery by King Vidor that he has done an outdoor rôle. He was born and reared in New York, but he hated the confining life of the city and refused to settle down

Continued on page 114
The Stroller

Humorous comment on this, that and the other thing by a rambler in the film colony.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

The famous motion-picture director, who received six thousand dollars a week and wasn't satisfied with his salary, was aroused from his palatial bed by his valet at exactly eight fifteen in the morning.

He hurried through his bath, which had been brought to the precise temperature prescribed by experts, then dashed into a new set of garments, including a two-hundred-dollar business suit, a lavender shirt, and a green tie, all of which had been laid out for him. He scampered downstairs to a breakfast perfectly timed for him, then lingered half an hour over his second cup of coffee to look for his name on the movie page of the morning newspaper. On schedule he should have finished breakfast in eight minutes, for he was due on the set. But, he thought, his salary was six thousand dollars a week, so he could keep his company waiting if he wanted to.

Breakfast over, he hurried into the purple limousine waiting at his door, and was whisked to the studio by a competent chauffeur who knew every foot of the shortest and most comfortable route. The limousine sailed through the studio gate in a manner so regal you could almost hear the trumpets, and stopped at the door of his bungalow office. The director had to walk almost five feet to his sanctum sanctorum, where he looked over his mail, failed to speak to his secretary, and tore up a bill three months overdue.

He demanded to know if everything was ready on the set, learned that it was, returned to his car and was driven seventy-eight feet to the stage on which the day's work was to be done.

It was nine twenty-five by this time. Every one was waiting reverently—camera men, actors, assistants. "Set all ready?" he asked brusquely, grunting in reply to the chorus of respectful morning greetings.

"Yes, sir."
"All the actors here?"
"Yes, sir."
"Lights and camera ready?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where's my script?"

The script clerk found the place, handed him the script book and said that scene No. 138 was ready for his attention.

From that point work went briskly. A crew of assistants leaped at his command. One was assigned to hold his assortment of megaphones, another kept a cigarette and match always handy.

At eleven thirty the director, exhausted after two hours of sitting by and watching the actors act, the camera men photograph, and the electricians light, called lunch; and while the company straggled toward the studio commissary, he retired to his office where the chauffeur brought him déjeuner.

At one thirty the company returned to the set. The director did not. He had summoned a scenario conference of the producer and the misguided woman who had written the script. The conference actually settled nothing, but it gave the director opportunity to settle himself in a favorite easy-chair.

At three forty-five o'clock the director went to the projection room to see on the screen the film he had taken the day before. This brought him back to the set promptly at four o'clock, where, ready for more rapid work, he announced he was too busy to see the girl to whom he had promised a screen test at the party the night before, and burst into feverish activity.

Followed a brisk hour of motion-picture making, in which the director shot five scenes, three of which were discarded later in the cutting room.

Promptly at five o'clock he disbanded his company in a weak, exhausted voice. He stumbled wearily to his limousine, sank back against the mauve upholstery and murmured wanly to himself: "This strain and overwork is killing me. I'll have to go to Europe to rest when I finish this picture."

That same dignified and venerable producer—and I still insist there are such—whom I mentioned in a recent issue of Picture Play takes umbrage, I am told, at my statement that he is venerable.

In any event, I have another item about him, this one varied by another equally creditable eyewitness.

It was late in the day and he was conferring with his scenario writer, somewhat anxious to get home to dinner and inclined to be petulant. An old retainer, who has been in the producer's employ upwards of thirty years, came bustling into the office, interrupting the conference, pointed dramatically at his employer, and said, "I have an idea."

The producer, jarred by the interruption, arose majestically, looked fixedly at his employee and replied softly, "I've been waiting thirty years to hear you say that."

Indignant, the subordinate flounced out of the office without another word. As he left, the producer sadly commented, "That's what comes of having a quick tongue. Now it will take me another seven years to find out what the idea was."

"The Gorilla" got the money, but "The Ape" was written first.
Hollywood has gone mad on the subject of changing names, and somehow or other it seems to be effectual, despite the fact that it fools no one.

Jean Williams, the "Follies" girl who adopted an accent and changed her name to Sonia Karlov in order to win a contract with DeMille, has received quite a bit of publicity on it. She wasn't so well known as some others who have been indulging in the sport.

Eileen Sedgwick, who played in Westerns for many, many years, has suddenly become Gretel Yoltz, despite the fact that everybody in Hollywood knows her.

Ena Gregory consulted an astrologer—or was it a press agent?—and blossomed out as Marion Douglas. Miss Gregory had played in quite a few features and innumerable comedies as Ena Gregory, and was even elected a Wampas Baby Star under that name.

Even the writers do it. William Branch became Houston Branch after selling a story to Paramount, presumably for the confusion of his friends and the bank tellers.

To get off my subject, Branch some years ago was a theater press agent in Dallas, Texas, his contemporaries being another publicist by the name of George Waters, and another by the name of Joe Steele.

All three are now in Hollywood. Branch, supplanting "William" with "Houston," has sold one big story and is writing scenarios. Waters has inserted the not particularly decorative name of "Manker" between the "George" and the "Waters" and, thus aided, has written the New York stage success, "Burlesque."

Steele is now personal representative for Richard Barthelmess, and no doubt will write a play or a novel to bring him fortune as soon as it occurs to him to alter his name.

The innocuous but hardy thrilling game of ping pong, which first attained favor, I believe, during the era of peg-topped trousers, has become a fad in Hollywood.

"Toto"—other name unknown to me—heralded as the ping-pong champion of France, is quite the social catch in Hollywood, and no moving-picture star's home is complete without the ping-pong table prominently displayed.

Inasmuch as this department is written for Picture Play several weeks before it is published, ping pong is almost certain to have been supplanted by a new Oriental philosophy, or the ancient game of panguingi, or the Polynesian method of playing bridge, before you read it. In that event, the ping-pong table will have been parked in the spacious attics of Hollywood homes, especially provided for old mah jong sets and other remnants of forgotten fads, by the time you snatch this month's copy off the news stands and tear it open with trembling fingers at this page.

When the film version of Ralph Spence's mystery play, "The Gorilla," began a successful engagement in Los Angeles and started to break records, it dished up a neat bit of irony to those who knew the history of this play and one written at about the same time.

More than a year before Spence's "Gorilla" was produced, another

mystery play, "The Ape," was registered at the Hollywood Writers' Club by Adam Hull Shirk, its author, and a manuscript sent to a producer in New York.

The producer promised to stage the play as soon as his plans shaped toward that end. But he kept putting it off, while the author was trying to force some action, or get his manuscript back.

Meanwhile Spence, never having heard of "The Ape," sat down and wrote his play, it is said, in three nights. It was produced shortly thereafter, made a tremendous success, and almost completely nullified any possibility the other play might have of success.

Yet the plays are entirely dissimilar in every particular and neither writer knew of the other author's work when they were written. "The Gorilla" is a burlesque, "The Ape" a straight mystery play. They are totally unlike in treatment, theme, and plot. Yet the unfortunate similarity of names, and the fact that both involve simians, prevents the second play from getting consideration, where otherwise it would have had every reasonable chance of more than ordinary success.

Strangely enough, to draw closer the parallel, two weeks after the picturization of "The Gorilla" closed its engagement, "The Ape" was produced in Los Angeles on the stage by a stock company. The show closed in the middle of the week, not because the play was to blame, but because the producer was unable to pay past bills and the salaries of his actors for the preceding engagement.

For years there has been across the street from the United Studios—now owned by Paramount—a strange-looking brick building, without windows, set in the midst of a profusion of trees and shrubbery.

It is probable that three fourths of the residents of Hollywood and Los Angeles have speculated upon the story behind it—the other fourth being a liberal average of those who may have happened to know.

I have heard that it was a film vault for the studio across the way; I was informed that an eccentric old gentleman, who didn't like windows, lived there. Some one told me that the executives of a film.
For some reason, almost every girl revels in the luxury of taking her morning sip and bite in informal fashion. And how the stars dress up for it!

Vera Reynolds, above, in "Almost Human," little dreams that her breakfast strawberry is big enough to choke her.

Esther Ralston, above, in "Fashions for Women," has the advantage of looking beautiful for breakfast, as at all times.

Olive Borden, above, in "Come to My House," gets no pleasure from her titbits, probably because the service is not elaborate enough.

Phyllis Haver, above, as Roxie Hart, in "Chicago," cannot dally with her bacon and eggs until she has first dallied with her lipstick. Roxie would be like that, wouldn't she?

Ruth Taylor, as Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," left, just naturally breakfasts with her bracelets on, and apparently has forgotten there is any breakfast at all, for she looks as if she were welcoming another jeweled cuff.
Uneasy Street

Far from being contented with their jobs, workers in all branches of the movies are fearful of being crowded out by the process of elimination that goes on at the studios. Holding a movie job is as risky as gambling—and as fascinating,

By Mignon Rittenhouse

THE path to glory in the movies is not what it is supposed to be. The trail upward is no straight line—it's a zigzag one. The summit is reached, if at all, only by a series of detours. It is not so much a question of entering the charmed portals of Hollywood's make-believe world—but of staying there.

Whether the struggling, ambitious one seeks fame as a star, scenarist, or private secretary to a big director, it's a long, hard pull. And even then the end is not always the desired one. Oftener than not, it's hunting another job!

From the outside looking in, it seems to the average fan that those who sit in power, or emote to the tune of several thousand a week, or take dictation from some corpulent picture executive, are indeed on easy street. Whereas if the truth were told, the constant pushing-out process which goes on inside the studio gates, makes the livelihood of those engaged in picture work far from secure. The sword of Damocles is suspended over the heads of the high and low alike.

The game itself is the villain. Producers, stars, office employees, and prop boys are all made the victims at some time or other. Big fish eat little fish. Then along comes a whale and swallows the big fish.

Of course here, as in all businesses, the lesser lights suffer more frequently than those firmly entrenched. Though Greta Garbo may be threatened with deportation, because she refuses to enact a certain rôle, it is not likely that executives will be foolish enough to resort to such drastic action, as long as she remains a box-office attraction. But should her popularity begin to wane, she would have cause for worry.

In the same way, though rumors may persist to the effect that certain officials are being forced to resign, due to Wall Street pressure, don't take it too seriously until they actually tender their resignations.

But it is a fact that there is a constant coming and going of studio employees. Players are very often put under two and three-month contracts and released at the end of that time, without having been given a single rôle. M.-G.-M. recently let out all but a very few of the eighty embryo scenarists employed before the economy wave hit Hollywood. When a head executive returns from a trip abroad, or even from New York, a reign of fear takes hold of the studio over which he presides, for it is a known fact that many times a shake-up accompanies these returns. New publicity directors are often permitted to bring in their own assistants, and the same goes for scenario editors.

There's one advantage that the movie job has over many others. It is seldom boring. Usually you don't have it long enough. Or if you do, you're too interested in figuring out how to keep it.

One gifted woman of my acquaintance has held eight positions of varying importance in studios during the past six months. Previous to that she had worked on a San Francisco newspaper for twelve years without interruption. And newspaper jobs have the reputation for being impermanent!

Another lady of repute in picture circles told me she has been in the game for seventeen years, but feels that if she were to lose her job to-morrow it would mean beginning all over again.

She started back in the days when ladies were no longer considered such, if they cast their lot with movie people. She has seen good days and bad days, and is destined to see many more of both if she continues in pictures, as doubtless she will.

She has occupied swivel chairs in elegantly furnished suites on booming movie lots. With a change of régime she has 'seen her swivel chair and suite become the holdings of some one else, has found herself relegated to a leaky cubby-hole next to the paint shop, taken a substantial cut in salary, and held her breath for fear the next move would be a request for her to remove herself from the premises entirely.

"If I only hadn't started in this uncertain business," she lamented to me.

But when I asked her why she didn't change to some-

Continued on page 106
It is a popular fallacy that when a movie star goes into vaudeville it is an indication of his downward slide. The best way to refute this is to call your attention to the lines that form at the box-office when a screen luminary is billed for an appearance. "Sonia Sullen" or "Harold Heart"—in person. That is all that is required to stampede the ticket booth, fill the seats, crowd the aisles.

If such demonstrations are signs of a star's wane, then our sympathy is greatly misplaced.

There is, of course, a certain amount of truth in the notion, growing out of the engagements in vaudeville of third-rate picture people, who are as vapid behind footlights as behind Kleigs. But they are beside the point in question, which is that the majority of screen players in vaudeville are of excellent caliber.

It is admitted that many have come to an impasse in the movies—perhaps through mismanagement, poor stories, or the surcease of the vogue they once enjoyed. But the fact that they find, for the present, the two-a-day a better medium, by no means snacks of professional dwindling. Witness, as I said, the excitement they create in every town.

Another reason for these ventures is the desire on the part of screen actors for contact with that vast, distant abstraction—their audience. With the movie-bred players it is a curiosity to see for themselves how their fans react to them. With those who came originally from the stage, it is the persistent nostalgia for lines and voices, and the feel of an audience—weeping to a broken tone, sighing to a love scene, laughing to a drollery. The stage actor can never quite escape the fascination of playing upon the emotions of that mass out front. The surge of laughter, the tense hush, the applause, the rapt faces lifted to the footlights—that is principally why the stage-born actor returns to the boards, even if just the two-a-day.

If you've had any luck at all, you've doubtless seen Bert Lytell in his sketch, "The Valiant," the story of a gentleman who, for the murder of a cad, dies valiantly. It is good dramatics and Lytell's characterization is sensitive and fine. He has a rich voice and clear diction—a surprise to his fans, who had forgotten that he was originally of the theater. For him, there was none of the nervousness of the performer who, through years of silent drama, has forgotten how to express himself audibly. It was a return to a more complete method of expression, and one he understood quite as thoroughly as the other.

Lowell Sherman, appearing on one of the big circuits in "Lawful Larceny," is another invaluable gift to the two-a-day box-offices. An excellent actor, with a suave stage presence that bespeaks Broadway, he is a treat for stage-starved Keokukians.

Managers presenting William Collier, Senior and Junior—Buster, you know—have constant recourse to the S. R. O. sign. In New York, because of the elder Collier; outside New York, because of the cinematic Buster.

Theodore Roberts, with cigar, has a playlet called "The Man Higher Up." Fans flock to see him and bring him out for encore after encore. Their appreciation of his good trouping is secondary to their sentimental loyalty to the old trouper himself.

Robert Warwick is another draw-
Day Racket

present, who took a fler in vaude-
and what they brought to the stage.

Reid

ing card. More, now, because he is a fine actor than because of his

One of the impending débuts is that of Charles Ray. Charlie has

One of the impending débuts is that of Charles Ray. Charlie has

The greatest drawing card vaudeville has received from the mov-
ies is "Our Gang." These lovable bratlings, scrubbed clean and

Baby Peggy, at the height of her fame, just after

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Ethel Clayton and Ian

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Everything, however, is not sunshine and thorn-

Everything, however, is not sunshine and thorn-

One type of vehicle in particular, has to be chosen with delicate care.

One type of vehicle in particular, has to be chosen with delicate care.

This is the one for the cinema lady, or gentleman, whose talents don’t

This is the one for the cinema lady, or gentleman, whose talents don’t

Continued on page 118
A BANDONING symbolism and subtlety, Charles Chaplin offers broad comedy of the old days, in "The Circus." It will go down in the history of his achievements as one of his superlatively successful pictures, though the careful student will find it lacking the inspiration of "The Gold Rush," nor is it comparable to "The Pilgrim," or "The Kid." However, it embodies better showmanship than the first-named film and is certain to give keen pleasure to any one who has ever responded to Chaplin's artistry.

Chaplin, in the rôle of the tramp he has made familiar to the world, blunders into a shoddy circus, and largely through accident becomes its star clown. In protecting the bareback rider from the brutality of her stepfather, The Tramp first pities and then loves the girl. Her admiration for Rex, the tight-rope walker, leads The Tramp to practice rope-walking in secret, that he may win the admiration, and perhaps love, of The Girl. Rex rejoins the circus and does his act with spectacular success, whereupon The Tramp tries to outshine him.

This is the high light of the picture. Chaplin has never devised a sequence in which comedy and pathos and the unexpected were more evident. The rope holding him becomes undone and he clowns in mid-air, unmindful of danger; monkeys swarm over him as he labors through his stunt, one of them getting his tail in The Tramp's mouth and nearly strangling him and, of course, his trousers become unloosened in the process of balancing himself under such enormous difficulties. But he finishes in a blaze of glory, mounts a bicycle and dashes down the inclined wire with such enthusiasm that he crashes through a building outside the tent. All this will never be forgotten. The conclusion of the picture is typically Chaplinesque. The Girl, blissfully ignorant of The Tramp's love, promises to continue with the circus if her stepfather will take The Tramp back, but as she leaps into the wagon and is driven off with Rex, The Tramp is unknowingly left behind, a pathetic, helpless little figure against a misty background of uninhabited space.

Page the Author of "Chicago!"

"Chicago" purports to be a satire on murder trials, as the stage play was. But in the picture, satire is incidental; the rest is sentimental melodrama. It would seem that those responsible for it did not have the courage to carry out the intention of the author, but wished to make sure the film would appeal by conforming to screen conventions.

Therefore we have a story which annoys those who are familiar with the play and may confuse those who are not. Not that "Chicago" on the stage was a sacred work, which must not be defiled by the alien hand of the motion-picture director. Far from it. It was an amusing caricature of a cheap young woman, who murdered a man and luxuriated in self-satisfaction on finding herself notorious; who assumed the airs of a greedy star while awaiting trial, and who was coached by her lawyer to influence the masculine jury by the means practiced by women of her class. In the picture she is, thank Heaven, given no redeeming traits; but her brutally ugly ones are more or less lost sight of, while the sentimentality of her husband is played up to the extent of too much footage. For love of Roxie he steals the money for her defense from the unscrupulous lawyer who has taken the case, and when she has been acquitted and comes home expecting to find a joyous welcome, he turns her out of the house. A heavy rain, dear to the hearts of directors, is falling. You feel that it is intended to be a symbol of the retribution that has overtaken Roxie Hart, just as a newspaper whose headlines proclaim her acquittal, is swept into the sewer to drive home the fact that Roxie is a back number and isn't in the public eye any longer. Meanwhile Katie, the housemaid in the Hart ménage, who looks to be about fourteen years old, is casting sheep's eyes at Amos, so that it takes only a half-conscious spectator to forecast a happy, happy ending with the coming of dawn if the Children's Society doesn't get busy.

All this is well directed, mind you, and at times well acted. Phyllis Haver is the ideal Roxie, but for once she overacts. Yet there are moments, one being when she is rehearsed by the lawyer, when she is infinitely perfect—a gorgeous comédienne. Victor Varconi, for all his fine talents, is too fine to portray believably such a sap as Amos. Though sympathy is pumped saturatingly into the rôle, Amos is just a fool and his love for Roxie an aberration with which one can have no patience. However, "Chicago" gives us a sight of players we like, and it is far from dull. At least we are able to condole with them.

The Screen in

The rush of new films reveals ones, with the usual quota of com

By Norbert

It is hardly necessary to say that every one will flock to see Charlie Chaplin and Alona Kennedy, in "The Circus."
and her vindication by the chivalrous jury presided over by Chester Conklin, as the Judge. These incidents, as well as Lorelei’s brief experience in the movies, were only touched upon in the book.

With the first appearance of Alice White, as the flippant Dorothy, the picture picks up enormously. From then on the story is closely followed, except that Sir Francis Beckman, husband of the lady whose tiara Lorelei acquires, has dropped his title. In the picture he is plain “mister,” evidently for the purpose of sparing British audiences the spectacle of a nobleman behaving like a jackass. But the characterization is there, as well as Mrs. Beckman’s famous hats, which were described by Anita Loos, the author, with a phrase that would never pass muster within the British empire.

Ruth Taylor’s Lorelei is excellent. Her infantile blandishments have just the proper undercurrent of shrewd calculation to put her over as a convincing character. She may be said to have made a hit in a difficult rôle which barely escapes monotony. However, it is Alice White’s Dorothy who injects pep into a picture that verges on dullness before she springs her first wise-crack, but is never lacking while she remains on the scene. In spite of this advantage, as well as intelligent direction and acting, the picture is not uproarious and is quite undistinguished. It is enjoyable, but does not arouse enthusiasm, a condition you feel is the fault of the scenario more than anything else.

Who Wants War, Anyhow?

“The Enemy” is a preaching against the hate and horror of war, with Lilian Gish in the rôle of a young Austrian wife, whose husband is torn from her by the call to arms. Her subsequent struggles against poverty and starvation, pictured with the maximum of suffering, comprise the most interesting part of the picture and form the strongest argument against war. But there will be other war pictures, so this one cannot be said to have put a stop to anything.

Carefully as it has been produced, it achieves only moderate interest, in spite of the comparative novelty of scenes in war-shocked Vienna and the intimacies of Professor Arndt’s household. Miss Gish is Pauli, his daughter, and it is to her that the picture owes its most valid claim to distinction. She acts with lovely simplicity and has been photographed beautifully. Nevertheless the fact remains that she has not enough to do to keep the story moving. Even the sequence which shows Pauli timidly entering a café frequented by bedizened harpies, for the purpose of making the supreme sacrifice that she may buy milk for her famished child, fails to achieve the desired pathos. You feel, instead, that it is an embarrassing example of bad taste, perilously near the ridiculous. Excellent acting is found in all members of the cast: Ralph Forbes, as Carl, the young husband, Frank Currier and George Fawcett, as the fathers, and Polly Moran, as a servant. But on no account is “The Enemy” a picture to get worked up over.

A Melodious Troubadour.

A more delightful example of smooth, light comedy than “Serenade” you will go far to find. It is Adolphe Menjou at his best, which means that the production is meticulous but unobtrusive—in its quiet way a marvel of correct detail and convincing atmosphere—and the rôle played by Menjou is debonair and knowing. He is an Austrian musician, who marries the daughter of his landlady, becomes rich and famous as the composer of an operetta, and wanders from his own fireside until the error of his ways is brought home to him, in deft and amusing fashion, by his wife. The story is a trifle—even more of a sentiment than most Menjou pictures—but it is enlivened by countless pungent details in the telling and is exquisitely acted by the entire cast, which includes Kathryn Carver, as the wife, Lina Basquette, as the tempting dancer, and Lawrence Grant—a fine actor if there ever was one—as an old musician. The titles alone are worth the price of admission, for they are effortlessly sparkling and as tasteful as the picture itself. But “Serenade” is a film to be seen rather than read about.

Continued on page 92
A Confidential to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title role, gives a splendid and stirring performance. Francis X. Bushman excellent as Messaiah; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathryn Keely, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adorace.

"Garden of Allah, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich in poetic film version of this famous story. Cross monk who seizes his monastery, meets a young Englishwoman in the desert, and marries her without revealing his identity.

"The Gauchos"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as a bandit of India and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a picture that not only has beauty, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupe Velez both excel in their respective roles.

"Man, Woman, and Sin"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tale of a boy reporter who idolizes the mistress of the publisher and during a fight kills the older man. He is tried and hanged. Jack Gilford magnificent as the shy boy and Jeanne Eagles, as the scarlet woman, is unique. Gladys Brockwell and Marc D'Amelot are also good.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent historical film featuring the frigate Constitution and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest, Wallace Beery and George Bancroft the comedy.


"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian wail whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war. The story is about to be inter- ried. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Corking baseball picture, featuring William Boyd as a washed-up Yankee recruit, with Sally O'Neil as the girl who helps to take him down several pegs.

"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George O'Brien, Gaynor Gwyn, and Margaret Livingston.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Angel of Broadway, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Excellent picture of entertainer in rowdy cabaret who tries to mock the Salvation Army, but is eventually reformed. Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi.

"Back to God's Country"—Universal. Renee Adorace in thrilling tale of trap- per's daughter rescued from the villain by a handsome young engineer. Robert Frazer.

"Barbed Wire"—Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsfolk.

"Chang"—Paramount. Thrilling animal picture photographed in the jungles of Siam and showing the actual struggle of a native family against the onslaughts of the wilderness.

"Cheating Cheaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be very old. Composers at their best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.

"The Devil Dancer"—United Artists. Gilda Gray in unusual role of a Tibetan dancer. Costumes and settings magnificent, but story too thin. Anna May Wong, Kala Pasha, Clarissa Selwynne are all admirable.


"East Side, West Side"—Fox. Excellent film of a boy prize fighter whose ambition to become an engi- neer leads him into the love triangle of sweethearts and into the life of a treacherous society girl. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's ardor for the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.


"Gay Retreat, The"—Fox. Enchanting comedy featuring Sambo Cohen and Ted McNamara as two doughboys who go through all sorts of idiotic nonsense but eventually emerge as heroes.

"Gentleman of Paris, A"—Paramount. Adolphe Menjou at his best in delicately acted French farce of a philan- droper who is discovered by his valet to be having an affair with the valet's wife.

"Get Your Man"—Paramount. Excellent picture of fascinating Clara Bow and an American girl in Paris, who falls in love with a French youth betrothed to a friend of the family. She compromises him and "gets her man" with Charles Breen and Josephine Dunn are in the cast.

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Philips.

"Honeymoon Hate"—Paramount. Amusing and deftly told tale of an heiress, who antagonizes an impoverished nobleman. They eventually marry, and amusing situations arise when he attempts to tame her. Florence Vidor is her usual charming self and others are Tullio Carminati and William Austin.

"Hula"—Paramount. Clara Bow, in thin story of Hawaii, is the wild daugh- ter of a rich planter who sets her cap for the irrigation expert, Clive Brook—and gets him.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Viva- phone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also May McAvoy. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.


"Judgment of the Hills"—F. B. O. Strong, simple tale of a hard-fisted mountaineer who is afraid to go to war, but eventually becomes a hero. Orville Caldwell and Virginia Valli.


The Vanishing Flapper

Alice White, who was—and is—considered an exponent of flapperism, explains why she is now subdued and demure—off the screen.

By Myrtil Gebhart

PHASES and transitions mean a lot to Alice White. Stepping through the looking glass into the magic world of movie personalities, she has tried out first one, then another phase, each with rapt, delighted glory.

There was the Alice of the staid Writers’ Club; a demure little Alice, who had an uncommon amount of brains, took shorthand and typed scenarios expertly, smiled, and never answered back.

There was the Alice transformed into the second personality, with her first movie success. She knew the sort of roles she should have, and what costumes. She was all set to roll her own career. Upon absurdly high heels she teetered about, her skirt pretend to touch her knees, her myriad bracelets all a-tinkle, her flip way of flinging smart wise-cracks—I had the merest glimpses of that Alice. She was a crimson butterfly, its wings gold-flecked. The café saw her brightness and were intrigued by her flapper charm. Her baby face and round, brown eyes were always acting the part.

And now there is the perplexing Alice, the third personality in the throes of definition. It is composed of the two, with a hint of something new—dawning, womanliness. Some of the sage, gray-haired scenario writers, who loved the winsome first Alice, and who shook their heads at the second, are now brightening with renewed youth. Alice the third is less extreme, more subdued.

At the hour of our appointment a little figure in a very brief blue silk, polka-dotted frock, and an enormous fox fur, appeared at my door. She carried a wee black velvet purse and a silver box, with her special cigarettes, mentholated.

During the walk to the café, we disposed verbally of the chow dog that had bitten her maid because it was jealous of her monkey, of traffic, of her new car, of her dissatisfaction with the way First National was treating her—which changed next day to beaming approval—and of various conversational topics. Upon all, she expressed decided opinions; she would commit herself, it was tacitly understood, but politely.

Seated across a table for two, I took appraisal. There was the red soliel hat only partly covering her red, pert curls—hair, she admitted, of a most peculiar hue, a cross between tangerine and tomato. There were the brown eyes that so resemble Clara Bow’s. Something, however, was missing. There was no flapper chatter.

She says she couldn’t be dumb, with French and Italian grandparents.

“Why, I’m in love,” she informed me dreamily, as though that should explain all.

“Again or yet? Dan Cupid has you for a perpetual patient——”

The big eyes rebuked me. “Why, this is only the second or third really serious one. The boys you think you’re in love with—the playboys—prove to be just flat tires. Absolutely minus. Oh, that was all apple gravy,” she caught my murmur of Leslie Fenton’s name. “That happened during the flapper phase. You know,” she shrugged with the elaborate disdain of a woman of the world, “we all have to go through those youthful flings. But there wasn’t anything mushy between Les and me. Why, he used to confide all his troubles to me.

“That evening we had been at home talking with the folks for hours, and decided to come up here to Montmartre for supper. See that wall seat for two in the corner?” Large eyes fixed upon it, a tiny finger pointed. “We were sitting right there. Eddie Brandtstatter said we should get married, because we made such a cute couple. Les said, ‘Maybe we are,’ and nudged me. Then the orchestra played something from the play and everybody clapped, and the newspaper boys started calling up and we kidded them. Next morning, in the papers, we were married. We found we were in the soup and decided to go on pretending for a couple of days, and when, finally, we told the truth, nobody believed us.”

I smiled at the dramatics she used while telling the story. She sighed.

“The man I am in love with, now, doesn’t like flappers.” Aha! a light broke. “The last girl

Continued on page 117
It was while I was a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper that I was inveigled into playing the rôle of a reporter in a motion picture. The casting director looked at me with the critical eye that some casting directors assume in order to hold their jobs.

"Won't do," he announced curtly. "You don't look like a reporter." This happened in 1924, when Clarence Brown was making "The Goose Woman" for Universal.

When the casting director made his statement I laughed. He looked at me in amazement, for no one had ever laughed at him before. He was so upset, that instead of ringing for a flunky to throw me out, he asked me what was wrong.

"Nothing at all," I replied, still chuckling, "except that that's quite a joke on you."

"On me?" he demanded.

"On nobody else," I said. "For whoever saw a reporter that looked like a reporter—especially in the movies?"

Mr. Brown interceded, of course, and saved me from the flunky. I was to work for one day. Something went wrong and I worked for five.

Three years later Mr. Brown asked me if I would like to act for him again. He said it would be a good idea, because I would have to act for five or six months. I thought so, too.

The result was that I signed my name to a contract, which stated that I would let Mr. Brown photograph my face and figure for as long a time as it took him to make a picture called "The Trail of '98." After serving for three years as a motion-picture critic and roasting actors in the kindly fashion of critics, I signed the contract with not a few misgivings, realizing what a merry time my fellow critics would have when "The Trail of '98" was released.

We who live in southern California are apt to forget that such things as snow and ice exist. So it was with joyous anticipation that the members of our troupe entreated for Colorado and the Continental Divide one winter evening.

Metro-Goldwyn had chartered a special train to carry us. We were to spend three weeks in the snowy paradise, where Mr. Brown was to film the highly spectacular Chilkoot Pass scenes of his Alaskan epic. It was a monumental undertaking, both in the matter of finances and physical hazards. The expenses of the trip alone amounted almost to ten thousand dollars a day.

At length we came to Colorado. It was a white fairy-land from the windows of our Pullmans. All one afternoon we climbed up a winding trail, cut into the sides of precipitous mountains. We spent the night in snowsheds. No one had a wink of sleep.

The snowshed was three fourths of a mile long and was situated at an altitude of eleven thousand six hundred feet. When we heard that, we understood why our hearts jumped about so noisily. I learned later that there were only two locomotives in the snowshed that night, but at the time it seemed as if at least six were belching out great clouds of soft-coal smoke. When we opened the windows the smoke rolled in and suffocated us. When we closed the windows we suffocated for want of air.

At breakfast time we were rolling down a long grade. Hundreds of miles of snowy expanse met our gaze, and far down in a valley that looked like a painting, we saw the tiny town that was to be the scene of our first week's work. When we arrived there at noon every one felt better. The altitude was less and there were no snowsheds. The air had that peculiar quality of making one feel like rushing out and biting a tree in half.

Our first scenes were uneventful. For a week Harry Carey, garbed in a bearskin coat and cap, rode furiously up and down the street in a dog sled. Tully Marshall, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, and George Cooper—the four partners of the story—trekked back and forth, laden with packs. Eight times the flatiron that Karl Dane carried on his pack for luck, slipped and fell on Tully Marshall's foot; and eight times Mr. Marshall's oaths and imprecations filled the rarefied Colorado atmosphere. Polly Moran, swathed in sweaters and mufflers until she looked like a huge ball, sweated and groaned through the long days as she pushed a heavily laden sled up the hill. And the five Carolina boys of the story, of whom I was one, dragged their sled onward wearily without acting at all, for some one had loaded the sled with three or four hundred pounds of lead—or so it seemed.

Every night we settled down for an evening of diversion in the club car. We had a radio, but as it
Turns Actor

hardships endured by the company which was
to film "The Trail of '98," as told by a news-
picture, found many a chance to give his
cover when you read his fascinating narrative.

Moulton

refused to work during our entire stay in Colorado, we
were forced to rely on individual members of the troupe
for entertainment. Before it was over I was glad the
radio had gone wrong. Nothing is merrier than thirty
or forty actors and half a dozen actresses, striving to
outdo each other as entertainers.

During the first week we had been hearing ominous
rumors about a place called Corona. Reports came in
that Corona was a terrible place. The winds, they
said, never raged less than seventy miles an hour; the
temperature never changed from 26 below zero; the
altitude would make an invalid out of you in one hour.
Otherwise Corona was all right, they said—it had a
nice view.

We listened to all of this intently, but were not par-
ticularly worried, because the word meant only a cigar
or a typewriter to us.

A week later we found ourselves in the snowsheds
again. Everybody was disgruntled and looked for-
ward to a sleepless night. We wondered how long the
agony would last. Then they told us that we were in
Corona!

Some forty-odd actors would probably have started
walking back to Hollywood at once, had not the en-
genre at that moment jerked us out on a siding that
had been especially built for the troupe. The lights
went out early in the evening and a blizzard raged out-
side, so there wasn't much else to do but crawl into our
berths and wait until the morning to cast an eye over
Corona.

That night the engine almost froze and they had to
pull it into the snowshed to keep it warm. After that
they kept it inside all the time, while it shot hot steam
through the long string of coaches.

In the morning we ventured forth to appraise Corona.
After we had picked ourselves up and stumbled back
into the train, we realized that the reports about the
60-mile wind and the 26-below temperature were not
exaggerated. Our unanimous verdict was that Corona
could wait until next summer before we explored it.

Mr. Brown, however, thought otherwise. He had
had another of his little villages built, and all he needed
to make a rippingly good picture were some actors to
wander through that town.

Accordingly, long before the sun could possibly have
risen next morning, we plowed three fourths of a mile
over the summit of a bleak and uninviting mountain.
On the other side we found a long, inclined track run-
ning down perhaps eight hundred feet to the little camp
Mr. Brown's men had erected. There was a sled on
the track, operated by a steel cable and a gasoline en-
gine. It wasn't built primarily for our pleasure, how-
ever, as we learned later. Its real purpose was to
carry the cameras and their operators at a slow and
steady pace, while pictures were being made of the
men on the trail, which paralleled the track.

We stayed at Corona for two weeks, in an altitude
so great that five of the members of the troupe were
forced to return to Hollywood. Every one had under-
gone medical examination before starting, but despite
this almost all of us were constantly affected. As the
days wore on, we became accustomed to walking very
slowly and making no sudden moves, for fear of over-
exerting already accelerated hearts. The only things
unaffected for the worse by the altitude were our ap-
etites, which increased almost daily, so that the railroad
was forced to run extra trains from Denver to keep us
in supplies.

It was at Corona that Mr. Brown staged what will
doubtless be the most spectacularly thrilling scene in
"The Trail of '98."

When Alaska swarmed with gold-seekers in 1898,
hordes of men found, among other obstacles, a heart-
rending mountain directly across the route to the Klondike
fields. It was known as Chilkoot Pass, and for
countless hundreds of gold-crazed men it spelled Water-
loo. Blizzards shrieked around its summit, ice formed
along its steep trail and snowslides endangered all who
attempted to climb it.

Not more than half a mile from the main line of the
Moffat Railroad in Colorado, Brown found almost an
exact duplicate of Chilkoot. A village was constructed
at its base.

Twelve hundred men were sent up from Denver and
remained for three days. The poor fellows got a cold
reception. It was from 14 to 24 degrees below zero all
the time they were there, and on the last afternoon of
their stay a storm swept up and sent us to cover with
chilblains, and frostbitten noses, ears, and fingers.
During the two weeks we spent on Chilkoot, from six to eight cameras were grinding on the trail scenes. These were of such importance that Brown could not take any chances. In the completed picture I doubt if this sequence will run more than five hundred feet, or half a reel, but in order to get it, more than ten times that amount of film was used. Most of the time the fine, blinding snow made visibility so poor that the cameras could not register anything farther than ten feet from their lenses.

Although the actors grumbled at the cold and exposure during the entire two weeks, they did it only among themselves, and promptly forgot their troubles when they returned to the warm train in the evening. Many of them told me that, henceforth, they will have altitude and temperature clauses written in their contracts.

I don't recall the names of all the folk in the troupe now, but their characteristics stick in my mind.

I remember, for example, the man who went through the entire picture in a delicious state of intoxication and the one who, despite his prominence, was made the butt of all our practical jokes in the club car at night. Then there was the chap who drove every one insane with his puns, and the one with the mania for organizing quartets. There was the lady who always had to have some one pull off her boots at night, and help her on with them in the morning—as well as the lady whose entrance into the room was a signal for loud and raucous jollity.

There was a lad, an actor, who should have been a camera man, because that was the sole topic of his conversation; and another, also an actor, who should have been a chauffeur for a similar reason. There was a camera man with a banjo and an actor with a harmonica, and a man with a toupee who played a juvenile rôle. There was a tall man who used to deal faro in gambling halls of the old West and a man who, between pictures, hauled gravel in a truck.

When a writer interviews an actor, the actor usually opens the session by pouring a drink. The writers do not, as a rule, object to this, but they have apparently never been able to overcome the barrier the actor sets up. He continues to act for the writer's benefit, with the result that the writer transmits to an eager public those characteristics that the actor desires to impress upon the world. The man behind the actor is never disclosed.

In order to get around this barrier, I reversed the preliminary tactics and offered the actor a
drink. He took it and immediately forgot that I was a writer, for no one ever heard of such liberality on the part of a representative of the press.

The result was that he took it for granted that I was an actor and treated me with the intelligence that one actor accords another. Thus I discovered that actors are much like everybody else in the world: they have the human qualities of generosity, selfishness, pettiness, cruelty, kindness, uncouthness, and good taste all wrapped around an ego that has swelled to three times normal since they became actors.

The ego is one of the most important things in their make-up, for without it most of them could not have succeeded in their profession. An actor without ego is a flop—or a miracle. In all Hollywood I know of only two such miracles.

An inflated ego in Hollywood should not be confused with conceit. The latter is usually attached to the painfully beautiful young sheiks who wander around giving the shebas a treat. The ego is a quality that the movies adopted from the stage. It is akin to, but more potent and subtle than, the familiar "day by day, in every way," of a few years ago.

In this instance the actor begins by thinking he is a great artist. Before long this thought registers in his subconscious mind so strongly that he does not have to think about it actively. He realizes he is a great artist, and henceforth devotes his energies to a continuous broadcast of that belief to the world. He does not do it blatantly, as a rule. He strikes a pose that is friendly, but not familiar; aloof, but not snobbish; dignified, but not academic. He transmits his belief to others and they, in turn, relay it on. Before long the world believes so and so is a great artist, which so and so has known all along to be a fact.

I do not remember the former occupations of all the members of the cast of "The Trail of '98," but I know the intimate details of the careers of all those who formerly were on the stage; how they went barnstorming through the country and how they won acclaim in New York. It would seem that a glorious era has passed unrecorded by historians.

"You don't look like an actor," one of them informed me one day while we were killing time in the club car, waiting for a blizzard to subside. "I noticed that the first time I saw you."

"What does an actor look like?" I innocently inquired from behind my beard.

"Well—or it isn't so much what he looks like," he explained, "as what he says and does. You don't act like one."

"I'm not paid to act like one," I told him. "I'm paid to act like a South Carolina boy who went to the Klondike in 1898."

"My God!" he exclaimed. "You'll never make an actor!"

He told me later that he knew I was an "outsider" because I wasn't talkative. He didn't seem to think that one could be a good listener and an actor at the same time. I told him some of the greatest actors I knew were the most difficult to interview, because they were reticent.

When Brown gave the word to return to Hollywood, every one let out a whoop of joy and dashed off to send telegrams. If the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce could have read them, it would have obtained enough testimonials to last for a decade. All one heard was "California!" They wondered how the orange trees were faring in their backyards at home, and if they'd be able to steal a few days off for golf. Oddly enough, no one mentioned snowballs or skiing.

We returned to California exactly three weeks after

Continued on page 96
Around the Clock

Six little stars obligingly change their frocks to keep up with the hours.

Maria Corda, left, the Hungarian actress, wears sports clothes with Continental sophistication, as witness her coat of futuristic design, with collars and cuffs of red fox, the whole surmounted by a beret of red velvet.

Colleen Moore, right, displays a jacket of beige transparent velvet, quilted in a conventionalized flower design, and a skirt of sand-colored flat crape.

Esther Ralston, above, illustrates her festive mood by means of a dance frock which would inspire a statue to trip the light fantastic with her. It is of the new off-shade white and consists of countless ruffles, scattered over with rosebuds.

Billie Dove, left, is partial to the mittenlike sleeves which add to the originality of her afternoon frock of lipstick-red georgette, with Battenberg insertions.

Colleen Moore, right, in those rare moments when she has time to pay formal calls, slips on this wrap-around coat of transparent black velvet, embellished with sumptuous white fox.
Around the Clock

Esther Ralston, left, illustrates the harmony of simple lines in a neutral color by wearing a three-piece street costume of soft gray. The blouse has a sunburst design in silver, the kasha skirt is finely plaited, and squirrel bands trim the jacket.

Billie Dove, right, is fond of red, as she proves by wearing an evening gown of that color. The bodice of transparent velvet sets off the skirt of tulle, outlined in gold thread.

Molly O'Day, lower left, exhibits a lounging robe of red georgette embroidered in gold and trimmed with gold lame.

Loretta Young, lower right, wears a girlish evening gown of black taffeta and net, its only ornamentation being huge roses of pink velvet.
Manhattan

Interesting close-ups of the stars as they

By Aileen St.

America heard little of its former vamp, but in Europe she was making history—not film history, either. In the words of one young Parisian gallant with considerable familiarity with American slang, "Nita hit Europe between the eyes"—not literally, of course. She merely dazzled them. Her gay insouciance, her unrestrained manner and her untrammeled ways struck a welcome response in the gay haunts she frequented, where unhindered and unfettered in the most bizarre costumes, she conquered not only all Gaul, but the neighboring provinces.

Nita, you know, is a type, just Paul Poiret's type, if you appreciate the allusion—tall, exotic, with sparkling dark eyes shining forth from an olive, sensuous face. She is frank, jovial, totally uninhibited, and is nothing of a hypocrite.

She has never been coached by well-meaning press agents in what the well-bred star ought—or ought not—to say. Nita boasts of not having been well brought up. She has no patience with subtleties or evasions of any sort, and always feels at liberty to speak her mind, regardless of consequences. Not that she is a Mrs. Malaprop—she is just naturally honest. You can picture Nita fighting like a tiger cat for her rights, but it will always be in the open. If there is one person she loathes, it is the professionally tactful being who pussyfoots her way through the mazes of everyday life.

"Tact never got me anything," says the outspoken Nita. "My ankles are the key to my success." And Nita's ankles, it is only fair to admit, are among the prettiest on the screen. "Sure, I know they are good," admits Nita. "And if they say she is a bit inclined to embonpoint, Nita, unabashed, is prepared to flout her critics by disrobing, if necessary, to prove them wrong. She has done it, too.

"Tact!" sniffs Nita. "Facts are what count. I don't believe in 'schmoozing' about from one topic to the other. Either you are a liar, or you are not. It's the

If plans materialize, Marie Dressler will be seen with Buster Keaton.

Photo by Apriol

Photo by Tinney

Irene Rich came East primarily to place her daughter in college.

NITA NALDI, late of Paris, Vienna, Leningrad, Rome, and the Riviera, is with us again in all her brilliant plumage designed by that past master, Monsieur Paul Poiret.

Several years ago Miss Naldi, who had vamped her way through many yards of film, tired of her occupation and disappeared. She bobbed up again one day in Paris, only to be besieged by wires from a frantic producer anxious to know when she intended to come back and get to work.

His pleas were met with icy silence, for the wandering star, who thinks that European men are wonderful, was enjoying life to the full, merely finding time to toss the offensive slips of paper carelessly into the waste basket, where they reposed till gathered to the dust heap by a pretty French bonne. The artificial glare of the Kleigs no longer tempted this buxom exponent of the art of feminine allure, while the gay lights of European capitals beckoned.
smooth-faced babies with taking ways who do the harm. And believe me, they know how to take, too—anything they can lay their hands on—somebody else's husband along with the rest of it."

Whereas most of our visiting luminaries will picture film life as a replica of the Elysian Fields, Nita is always ready, as she expresses it, to give "the right dope." She never fails to know what is going on.

No one can ever accuse her of being a back number; she is always strictly up to date. She can tell you if the new foreign princelet on the celluloid horizon is of royal stuff, or a regal bluff; she will divulge whether it is money or meddlers which caused the most recent rift in the matrimonial lute; and is equally frank about relating the numerous rivalries and their dénouements which occur in the highest circles of Hollywood. She will tip any one off to any mystery; guide anybody to the nigger in the woodpile, with never a thought of ill will or malice, but just to make a mere statement of facts.

On the other hand, she makes no concealments about herself. She never permits you to labor even for five minutes under any delusions about the comings, and goings, or philantherings of this gay and pleasure-loving Nita.

Making pictures abroad was a matter of secondary importance to the slant-eyed Nita, while dukes, counts, and pashas were dangling about her heels, but her film, "La Femme Nue," is one of the most successful in Europe at the present time. You see it billed wherever you go. It presents itself to you with the regularity of a passport inspector at the border. It was made, for the most part, in Rex Ingram's studio at Nice, and the interiors were filmed along the Riviera. Miss Naldi's stellar billing was proclaimed on posters in countries where the player's name is consistently subordinated to the film itself. This in itself is significant of her popularity abroad.

Miss Naldi's devastating frankness captures as of old.
Meighan explains that he is eager to give more attention to each individual picture, and feels that with no immediate release date to hamper him better pictures will be the result.

What manner of man is this Meighan who, many seasons ago, in “The Miracle Man,” first captured the imagination of the public, and has been idolized ever since? This question has been asked so many times that on his recent visit to New York, we decided to refresh our memory, and sought him one afternoon at his hotel.

He has changed little since those early days when we first met him at Hugo Riesenfeld’s Sunday afternoon teas.

He has always been what his confidantes at the club call “regular” in his dealings with the other fellow, and sincere about his job. He will tell you that above anything else in the world he loves to act. To him, acting is not simply a few hours spent before the camera to earn a substantial reward, but a vocation.

“Don’t think for a moment,” he says, “that I mean mere self-gratification in watching my efforts on the screen. I’ve three pictures now I haven’t even looked at. It’s something deeper than that, far deeper. The biggest kick I get out of work is not only the sense of accomplishment which we all have at our jobs, but the consciousness perhaps of fulfilling one’s niche to the best, the very best of one’s ability. I was never happier in my life than during the filming of ‘Tin Gods.’ I knew and understood that man, and I lived him. There is satisfaction in bringing to life a person of one’s own imagination, and no amount of praise or condemnation can destroy it. And there is an equal sense of futility in attempting to bring life to a rôle where none exists in the first place.

“It is difficult for me to visualize a day when I shall no longer act. I’ve been stage-struck, you might say, ever since I can remember.”

So much for Meighan’s attitude toward his work. As for his life offstage, he’s a charming, likable, fellow, unaffected and direct. As shepherd of “The Lambs,” he was one of the most popular men to hold that office, and only gave it up when his great interest in the club, and the manifold duties accruing therefrom, threatened to swamp all other activities.

He’s fond of outdoor diversions, is an inveterate card player, and confesses to the most ardent admiration and friendship for Booth Tarkington and George Ade, not only for their congeniality, but for the earthly human qualities which have made them two outstanding figures in literary America. He loves the stimulus of New York life—the variety, the sense of competition, the presence of people who are accomplishing things in business, the theater, music—in other words, the rhythm from which spring vitality and inspiration.

Miss Naldi, you know, was once of the “Follies,” so there is more truth than fiction, as she once confided, that unlike George Washington, she did it with her little ankles.

All the king’s horses and all the king’s men, or perhaps, speaking about the films, we should say all the Rolls-Royces and all the film king’s men failed to keep the popular Meighans away from New York. As soon as Tommy completed his last picture, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were among the passengers from Los Angeles to New York. They came by a circuitous route, stopping in the South for a time to peep at their new home in Florida, then proceeding to that happy hunting ground, the island called Manhattan.

The Meighans in the past year have been adjusting their schedule. They have given up their apartment in New York and plan to divide each year between their houses in Great Neck and Florida, with working days spent exclusively in Hollywood. A new contract enables them to winter in the South and summer on Long Island, since henceforth Meighan is to make only two productions annually. In the face of his great popularity, this at first may seem incongruous. However,
Manhattan Medley

He finds in the innumerable activities of this big city the impetus to carry on his own work, and he draws from the life about him the desire to progress, which is essential to accomplishment.

In making only two pictures a year, he feels he will avoid the curse of the factory-made picture.

"Few people realize," he says, "that a successful picture is never the result of individual effort. It's a glorious combination of circumstances, without which unity no film can be complete. With my new releasing arrangement, we can devote six months to each production—not actual filming, of course, but to the careful laying of the foundation."

May McAvoy was the victim, while in New York, of that unfortunate institution known as a "press tea."

A press tea is usually given at some fashionable hostelry, at which members of the press are exclusively among those present. Its object is primarily, one supposes, to gather the press clan and conserve a player's time and energy by consecrating those hours from dusk till dinner time to the young ladies and gentlemen from the newspapers. The star is always decked out in her prettiest and most modish afternoon frock. Photographs of the hostess and her guests are taken, but before the afternoon has progressed far some young masculine worthy has fallen prey to the charms of the visitor from Hollywood, while the bewildered object of his attentions, herded relentlessly in a corner, watches furtively the other ladies and gentlemen of the press, who sit about and talk shop, or discuss the efficacy of the taxi or the subway as the better method of making time to their respective offices.

In other words, the press tea invariably defeats its own purpose, for getting a word with the star becomes more complicated than a cross-word puzzle. It is totally different, of course, from the tea to which the press is incidentally invited. This is accomplished most effectively by Colleen Moore when she gives a tea dance, to which a variety of persons are invited. They are seated in groups of fours and sixes at small tables, at each of which the tactful hostess spends fifteen to twenty minutes chattering. Gloria Swanson, too, while in New York entertains with considerable aplomb. At her "afternoons" one is sure to discover a gathering of congenial spirits, of one sort or another, who lend color to the occasion. Many of the stars of the more sophisticated genre initiate informal meetings at unexpected hours and places, adding thereby considerably to the camaraderie of the occasion. Here, indeed, many a choice morsel is culled for the public prints. Never is a confidence broken or abused, but a closer understanding is brought about between writer and player, than can possibly be effected by any amount of shepherding by the company press agents.

Miss McAvoy's youthful charm, however, failed to be extinguished by the institutional proceedings, and during her stay in New York she affixed her signature to a new contract with Warner Brothers, who plan varied productions for their protégé this year.

Having successfully launched "The Jazz Singer," and having been the first girl to have her speaking voice recorded on the Vitaphone, Miss McAvoy has every reason to be grateful to her employers.

After a month's frolicking about from first night to first night, little Miss McAvoy packed her new contract in her suitcase and set off for Hollywood, stopping at Chicago and Detroit to make personal appearances en route.

Irene Rich suddenly appeared on the scene accompanied by her daughter, on her way to college at Northampton, Massachusetts. Both mother and daughter enjoyed their holiday at the same time, and with no studio

Continued on page 112
Wendy Grows Up

When Mary Brian made a hit in "Peter Pan," the wise ones said that she would not last in pictures, because she had no definite characteristics. But in the four years since then, she has played in more pictures than almost any one in Hollywood, yet at heart she is still Wendy.

By Helen Louise Walker

MARY BRIAN, the Wendy of "Peter Pan," has never dropped that rôle. She was chosen for the part, doubtless, because she was the epitome of all the little Wendys in the world. The demure, mouselike little girl with the impulse to mother somebody—preferably a little boy—to sew buttons on for him, to acquiesce with indulgent lack of understanding in his brave, beautiful dreams, but who returns with gentle stubbornness, to the warm, mundane world of human duty, completely insensible to the passionate glamour of those dreams, and the frightening joyousness of those who never grow up.

Mary has gone on during the four years since that first picture, playing the pretty, demure girl about whom the dreams of some young man swirl, the reason for his performing absurd and gallant feats, the amiable reward in the fade-out clinch, of his herculean efforts in slaying the modern dragons of football, prize fighting, and so on.

Plunged, at fifteen, into a world which would seem a fairy world to nearly any fifteen-year-old girl, spending her most impressionable years in the mad, tawdry, glamorous atmosphere of motion pictures, Mary, at nineteen, is still Wendy. A slightly more mature Wendy, but still gentle and untouched by any fire of imagination.

She resembles, more than anything else, it seems to me, one of Booth Tarkington's examples of American youth, strayed, unaccountably, into the movies.

Mary is a nice child with clear, coxing eyes and a round face like a little dumpling. It looked more like a dumpling than usual when I talked to her, because she was cutting wisdom teeth on both sides at once. She felt tenderly of her cheeks at frequent intervals and remarked in somewhat swollen accents that "now one knew how poor little babies felt when they were teething!"

When I said that she seemed to be in more pictures than any other player in Hollywood, she gave vent to a giggle which can only be described as "girlish" and cried, "Aren't you funny?" I admitted that I hoped so, since it was probably my one meager claim to distinction, and then she confided that she wanted to be funny, too!

She pines to play light comedy. Something like the things Constance Talmadge does, only not, she cautioned me, quite so naughty. More, she thought, like a lady Richard Dix.

Mr. Dix, it would seem, embodies all of Mary's rapturous ideals of what a leading man should be. He, too, is amiable and, in addition, is handsome and good, to his mother—and kind to extras and prop men.

"He is so funny!" Mary told me. "And such a tease! You know everybody is always teasing me about being too quiet. Well—sometimes Mr. Dix tells visitors on the set that 'Mary is a nice girl—only so noisy! And she is so often drunk in the morning!' And the people look at me, gasp, and say, 'I never would have believed it! She looks so demure!' Sometimes I am afraid they will think he really means it. Folks hear such terrible things about people in Hollywood, you know!"

Mary has been a professional woman, a high-salaried motion-picture actress for four years. And yet she might be any nineteen-year-old, straight from boarding school.

She discussed the phenomenon of growing up in the picture business.

"At first," she said, "I thought that if I could only get into pictures in the tiniest kinds of rôles, I should be satisfied. And when I really did get in, I was so thrilled—like Cinderella at the ball!" She gasped and fluttered with ecstatic memories.

"But after a while I found that small parts were not enough. I grew ambitious and wanted to do bigger things. The glamour of being inside the studios, meeting well-known actors, seeing myself on the screen, and my name outside a theater, wore off and I found that work in pictures was dull routine—just like any other job.

"Then gradually I began to see the real possibilities of it—so different from my first imaginings—and to be fascinated, and to want to learn.

Continued on page 117
Though plunged into the movies at fifteen, Mary Brian, four years later, is untouched by the artificiality of Hollywood. She is still a child, with coaxing eyes and a face like a little dumpling, says Helen Louise Walker on the opposite page.
Primitive

These scenes from illustrate the battle and love in the

Neil Hamilton and Evelyn Brent, above, are young married people from the city.

George Bancroft, right, regards Leslie Fenton making love to Evelyn Brent, as Fenton's sister-in-law.

George Bancroft, above, is confronted by his enemy, Fred Kohler, while Leslie Fenton looks on.

George Bancroft, right, with Helen Lynch, as Goldie, whom he has won at cards—a girl being the capital prize to the lawless males of Tampico.
Passions

"The Showdown" for wealth, power Tampico oil fields.

Arnold Kent, George Bancroft, Fred Kohler, Leslie Fenton, and Helen Lynch, above.

George Bancroft and Neil Hamilton, left.

Evelyn Brent, above, is suspicious of the help offered by Fred Kohler in her husband's absence.

Helen Lynch, left, listens to Evelyn Brent's plea that she remain and keep the young wife company during the dangerous days about to begin.
Antonio Moreno, above, as a Hungarian nobleman in disguise, is threatened by Olma’s whip, which she uses to repulse suitors.

Hedda Hopper, right, forbids Olma’s marriage to Mr. Moreno, and Lowell Sherman upholds her.
Love—or Luxury?

Florence Vidor and Gary Cooper, above, in "Doomsday," a picturization of the novel, tell the story of a young woman who rejects the love of a farmer to marry a man of wealth. After the failure of the marriage she returns to the farmer, who repulses her. So she becomes his housekeeper, that she may work for him and perhaps win back his love.

In the oval, upper left, Miss Vidor is seen at her work. She is, left, the unhappy wife of Lawrence Grant.
“The Man Who

Glamorous scenes from the Victor Hugo’s historical

Conrad Veidt, above, as the father of the child who is mutilated and who goes through life with his mouth distorted into a hideous smile. Mr. Veidt, as the child grown up, is seen, right, with Josephine Crowell.

Stuart Holmes, above, as Lord David Dirry-Moir, and Mary Philbin, as Dea. Miss Philbin again, right.
Laughs
film of romance.

Olga Balabanova, left, as the Duchess Jossano, who is again seen, above, with Conrad Veidt, as Gwynplaine.

George Siegmann, above, as Doctor Hardquanonne, as merciless a villain as this accomplished actor of sinister rôles has ever played.

Conrad Veidt, left, with Brandon Hurst, as Barkilphedro, a court jester.
Nick Stuart, last seen in "The High-school Hero," is one of the most likable of the recent usurpers who have their eyes on the seats of the mighty—meaning the stars whom time has established. Well, they'd better look out!
Alas for the Hissing Villain!

What has become of him—that leering fellow who used to send shivers up and down our spines? Alas, he is no more! The screen villain of to-day is a suave young man who fascinates all the ladies. And all the old-time heavies are turning into heroes, no less!

By Herbert Moulton

The old-fashioned screen villain, who used to hiss from beneath a flowing, black mustache, is no more. His modern equivalent is a dapper fellow who carries a hip flask and dances the Black Bottom.

The old-time heavy tied countless heroes to overworked buzz saws and railroad tracks; he kidnapped heroines by the score; and he held a mortgage on every old homestead in the country. He made booing in the audience a popular pastime for many years. But nowadays, alas, he has a hard time getting jobs. Now and then he finds temporary work in burlesques of the old melodramatic thrillers, but that's about all. His place on the screen has been taken by a suave youth with a college education—a lad whose dancing is designated as "divine," and whose method of making love literally "sweeps 'em off their feet."

This modern villain—in current jargon known as the "menace"—is ten times as dangerous as his predecessor. He seldom resorts to the crude and vio-

In short, the cinema villain of to-day is a fascinating gentleman, first, last, and all the time. He doesn't leer menacingly at the terrified heroine; more likely, he winks naughtily and gives her a thrill.

It is difficult to say just what has brought about this change in villains. It has been very gradual. For one thing, the public's acceptance of more human and realistic films has helped to make the change possible. The modern villain wouldn't have been accepted a few years ago.

And there is no doubt that comedy has played an important part in the transformation of the bad man. The popularity of feature comedies during the past two years has been responsible for many changes in the movies. With the growing vogue of the comic features, many of our celebrated bad men found themselves facing an acute shortage of work. For the old-fashioned villain hardly fits into the popular comedies of the present day. Trouble makers are not needed in comedies, for the reason, perhaps, that a first-rate comedian can get himself into all sorts of trouble without any outside assistance.

Wallace Beery is an outstanding example of what comedy has done to the screen villain. Wally was once

Continued on page 106
It's a Gift

Some of the film folk are artists of the easel as well as of the screen.

It wouldn’t take three guesses to find out who Mary Brian’s ideal hero is. Above, she has just finished a pencil sketch of him, and it’s Richard Dix, of course, who has been her leading man in more than one picture.

Mal St. Clair was a newspaper cartoonist before he became a movie director, and he still draws pictures just for the fun of it. Above, he has done a caricature of Anita Loos.

Gary Cooper, left, is quite a talented charcoal artist, and has done many interesting pieces of work.

Below, Jean Hersholt makes a sketch of his young son.

Being a Western star, Lane Chandler, above, very fittingly specializes in horse-and-cowboy drawings.
Hollywood Points with Pride

To the many celebrated or successful persons in the literary, musical and business world who got their start in the movie studios.

By Ann Sylvester

INTO the movies” is a phrase with which you are all more or less familiar. It may even be conjugated, as—

I want to go “into the movies,” you want to go “into the movies,” he, she, or it wants to go “into the movies,” we want to go “into the movies,” they want to go “into the movies,” and so on. Some come to Hollywood and do get “into the movies,” and others come and don’t get anything but the use of a round-trip ticket.

But have you ever stopped to think of the people who have come out of the movies in the past few years? I mean the people who were originally of the movies but who have now achieved success in other lines.

For a long time, the sciences and arts have been contributing talent to Hollywood. And now, Hollywood has begun to return the compliment. To the musical and artistic world, to literature, and to the business world, she is supplying talent that was discovered and trained in the studios.

Consider Anita Loos.

No need to tell you that Anita is the author of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” And Anita came “out of the movies.” She’s proud to admit it, and maybe you think Hollywood isn’t proud to claim her!

A long time ago, when Douglas Fairbanks was making program pictures for the old Triangle company, the studio was bombarded with the movie plots of a young girl named Anita Loos. Each time that one of these manuscripts was returned with a polite little rejection slip, Anita just sat down and wrote a new one. Then, one day, somebody really read one of the scripts submitted by the persistent little Miss Loos and discovered that here was somebody worth discovering. Not only was the action well constructed and dramatic but the subtitles were funny! It was the first time the movies had heard of kidding the story in the titles. Douglas Fairbanks was so elated over the idea that he suggested that Anita be summoned and put on a salary.

So that is how one of the cleverest humorists of to-day entered the movies. She wrote script after script for Fairbanks, and then guided the story material of Constance Talmadge until that young lady became a tremendous star. And Anita herself didn’t fare so badly. She was about the youngest, prettiest, and cleverest scenarist in Hollywood.

But unfortunately, Hollywood is a rather fickle town, and other scenarists came along who copied Anita’s style of screen writing and copied her funny sayings and sort of edged themselves into her place. She began to find that she had a good deal of spare time on her hands between assignments. So she sat herself down and rattled off a couple of feature articles for newspapers and de-luxe

Continued on page 100
“Born in California”

Very few movie players can claim that distinction, but these five actresses can and do claim it.

Marie Mosquini, right, who recently came into the foreground in “Seventh Heaven” and again in “Two Girls Wanted,” is a Los Angeles girl.

Alma Rubens, below, was born in San Francisco, and lived there until she was sixteen, when she decided to go into musical comedy.

Carmel Myers, above, spent her cradle days in San Francisco, but later moved to Los Angeles and went to school there, progressing from school to the movies.

San Francisco is also the birthplace of Aileen Pringle, below. She grew up in that city, married, and moved to Jamaica, then went to New York to go onto the stage, and finally found herself on the screen.

Betty Blythe, below, is another of California’s daughters, having first seen the light of day in Los Angeles.
The Kid Himself

Arthur Lake, the boy comedian, with his boundless enthusiasm for life, typifies American youth. All good fans should pray that he will never grow up or be spoiled by the artificialities of the movies.

By Carroll Graham

When Booth Tarkington wrote his delightful stories about *Penrod and Sam*, he must have had some boy like Arthur Lake in mind. Do you know Arthur—the boy comedian? His first real part was in "Cradle Snatchers," but before that, he had for some time been attracting attention in short-reel comedies. As one of the college boys in "Cradle Snatchers," he just about stole the picture, and won the enthusiastic praise of all the critics.

Arthur is a typical American youth. He is Harold Teen come to life. He acts in the movies as another boy would attend school, facing his profession with the carefree attitude of the collegian. He is young, and the long, arduous hours under the studio lights cannot dim his natural, bubbling enthusiasm, nor diminish the kick that sheer existence holds for him.

He is eighteen years old. He wears riotous sweaters and the baggiest of knickers. He plays the ukelele with verve, and sings in a voice that is still changing. He knows all the latest dance steps, and until a few months ago, drove about in a cut-down Ford with bright-orange trimmings.

He is tall and slender. He has hair of an indeterminate brown, light-gray eyes, a snub nose, and a mischievous, half-impertinent grin that puts in an appearance on the slightest provocation.

He cultivates the amusing affectations typical of every boy his age, and tries hard to convince you that he is older than his birth certificate testifies. Sometimes he tries to adopt the movie spirit that surrounds him on all sides. He tries, for instance, to be a wise-cracker or aspires to adopt the Broadway patter of the gag men. But he can't, for the veneer rubs off at the slightest touch and reveals the real boy underneath.

After this panegyric on Arthur's character, the history of his life will surprise you. To harmonize with his personality, it should be a tale of high-school life and fraternity pins. But his record isn't that at all.

He is a product of the theater. He was born in Nashville, Tennessee. His parents were theatrical people. His childhood was spent on the road, with theatrical companies and in circuses. His father was an aerial performer in a circus, and his mother a stage actress. He traveled alternately with both of them, working in the circus with his father, and playing on the stage with his mother.

When he was ten years old, he spent a few months in pictures, playing in "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and other juvenile pictures.

His education was acquired in Nashville, where he managed to pause long enough to attend grade school and to spend a few years in high school. Then back to the road he went, this time on the vaudeville circuits. He has played in nearly every large vaudeville house in America—in song-and-dance acts, one-act sketches, comedy acts, tabloid revues, and everything else imaginable.

When a long vaudeville tour wound up in Los Angeles in 1924, Arthur decided to try pictures again. His first "break" came when Universal started to film a series of short-reelers to be known as "Sweet Sixteen" comedies. Arthur, with his gay sweaters, his kid smile, and his likable manner, was the ideal choice for the leading rôle in the series. The result was a five-year contract with Universal, and a salary which, though not as large as that earned by Pola Negri, was amply sufficient to keep him in resplendent sweaters and a comfortable home.

Will the years and movie prosperity change Arthur? I doubt it. He should stay young for the next ten or fifteen years. I have been fooled by actors before but I am still capable of having illusions about those I like, and I think Arthur will remain as he is.

He certainly will not change if he is kept strictly

Continued on page 108
Five Reasons for Smoking

Who could resist a smoke offered by such charming cigarette vendors as these?

Any man would have walked a mile to have bought a butt from Norma Shearer in "After Midnight," below.

"Not a cough in a carload," quoth May McAvoy, left, as she vended her wares in "Matinée Ladies."

"But what a whale of a difference a few cents will make," says Agnes Allison, right, who represents the Christie Comedy girls in the cigarette trade.

May Atwood, right, inveigled many a defenseless man to have a smoke in "No Place to Go."

And Esther Ralston, left, was a fair cigarette girl in "Fashions for Women."
Who Wants a Baldheaded Hero?

No one! That's certain. And your movie idols all know it, so they're trying valiantly to keep their hair on. Some of them tell you in the story below just what they do to fight against baldness.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THERE is one awful terror that grips the hearts of many motion-picture actors. It's the fear of becoming bald. No one ever saw a baldheaded hero on the screen. Or rather, no baldheaded man ever is a hero on the screen. Movie fans cannot envision a bald man as the ideal of their dreams. As a consequence, most male stars, fearful that their hair may fail them while they are still in their thirties, haunt tonsorial establishments and offer silent prayers to the gods that they will not lose their "crowning glory."

"How can I keep from growing bald?" Probably a million men have asked that question. The answer is, by constant, unremitting attention, week after week and year after year. It's a battle that has no ending.

At the Paramount studio, a short time ago, Richard Dix sat talking to a very comely young woman. The animated expression on his face indicated that he was interested. Then, suddenly, he raised his hands to his head and began rolling his scalp. His fingers weaved through a heavy mass of hair, pulling it this way and that, lifting it, massaging it.

"That's a remarkable way to amuse a lady," commented Adolphe Menjou, who chanced to be sitting across the way. "Dix is a devil with women, but what's the idea of that?"

He was too far away to overhear the conversation.

"Bald heads result from inattention," Dix was saying. "My father died at the age of ninety, and he still had a marvelous head of hair. My mother's hair hung below her waist. I never forget what my dad said to me: 'Keep your scalp loose. If you let it get tight, you'll go bald.' " He used to make me put my head under a pump while he spilled water over it. 'Rub it!' he shouted. 'Rub it till it hurts!' And I used to rub and scour till he said 'Enough!'

"The result is that my scalp now is perfectly loose. And that's what makes hair grow—circulation of the blood about the roots. Any man who goes bald has himself to blame. If, when he gets up in the morning, a man spends a little time loosening his scalp and stimulating the circulation, he will have hair till he dies—unless he wears a hat that fits too tight."

"Regularly, every morning, I give my head a vigorous rubbing; I rub till it hurts. When I shampoo it, I use a soap containing coconut and almond oil. But a strong, healthy growth of hair results chiefly from massaging the scalp."

There is an amazing list of things used by the motion-picture actors to preserve, develop, and encourage their hair. They use olive oil, coconut oil, bay rum, vaseline, quinine extract, tar, salt, vinegar, eggs, kerosene, and no telling what else.

Take the case of Adolphe Menjou. That sophisticated gentleman has one of the most substantial heads of hair in
Who Wants a Baldheaded Hero?

Hollywood. Says Adolphe, "I have a positive, absolutely guaranteed, gold-bond recipe not only for preventing baldness but for making new hair grow. The first night, rub olive oil into the scalp. Massage it gently so as not to irritate it. Do not wash the oil out. The next night, again rub the olive oil in and shake salt in with it. The salt acts as a stimulant. Don't wash this out, but brush it out. Alternate this treatment nightly. It will grow hair on a bald spot."

Bert Roach, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's robust comedian, has a notebook in which he writes down all the methods he hears of actors using to prevent baldness. So far, he has forty-nine methods in his list.

"Some one told me," Bert says, "and I wrote it down, that water is bad for the hair and that it should be shampooped in three eggs, well beaten, which are later rubbed out with a rough towel. When old age and falling hair creep upon me, I'm going to try all the forty-nine methods in my list."

Ronald Colman is a bay-rum booster. He has a beautiful head of hair, that grows and grows and grows.

"Simple!" he exclaims. "Once a week, I have a barber massage my scalp thoroughly. He massages it dry, then massages it with bay rum. I'm what might be called a hound for this treatment. It sends the blood through the scalp and brings out the oils."

Then there's Fred Thomson, with his handsome shock of hair. Fred is an enemy of the derby hat, or indeed, of any hat at all, but particularly of any hat that fits tightly upon the head.

"The greatest preventive of baldness," says the celebrated Western star, "is sunshine and air. Get rid of that hat! The bareheaded are never baldheaded. Every two weeks, beat the whites of two eggs to a foam—don't use the yolks—and rub that foam into the hair thoroughly. Then wash it out without soap. Results? Well, I'm a walking testimonial."

Milton Sills, with his thick, brown hair, waxes enthusiastic when he tells how he has kept it. He does not believe that baldness is an inherited trait and insists that it can be prevented.

"Keep the scalp clean," says Milton. "If dandruff starts, combat it immediately with any of the good remedies. Continue to treat it until it ceases. Don't wear tight hats. Go bareheaded whenever possible. Let the sun and air get to the scalp. And don't fail to massage it regularly. Also, keep fit physically, for if your body is in good condition, your hair should last your lifetime."

Says Richard Barthelmess, "I get a coconut-oil shampoo several times a week, and always sleep with my hair entirely free from pomade or any other sort of grease or moisture. Greases and pomades do not injure the hair itself, but they form a film on the scalp, and clog the pores."

John Gilbert, William Haines, and Ramon Novarro get the same course of treatment each week from "Jim," the barber at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. This consists of a trim once a week; a shampoo twice a week, and of course, the massage regularly.

But while these players are assiduously cultivating their hair, there are others fearful that the time is approaching when they will have to discard the comb and brush.

Conrad Nagel, Jack Holt, Lewis Stone, Erich von Stroheim, and even Lon Chaney, are putting up a battle to retain their hair. Jack Holt's hair has been growing thin for two or three years, and he is trying valiantly to stop...
LILLIAN GISH
and RALPH FORBES in the
ENEMY

Directed by
FRED. NIBLO
from
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THE ENEMY is the picturization of the famous stage success by Channing Pollock. It is one of the most important pictures in years. Directed by Fred Niblo, director of Ben-Hur, it has merited unstinted public appreciation as a $2.00-a-seat attraction at New York's Astor Theatre, where "The Big Parade" played.

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He awoke to find himself in a strange house, surrounded by strangers, transferred from a hard-working salesman into the heir of a great fortune. It soon developed that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and then mystery and more mystery until—

But you must find out for yourself how it all works out.

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By DAVID MANNING

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Grizzley Gallagher
A Western Story
By REGINALD C. BARKER

It was a job and a tough one at that to make a man out of young, red-headed Ted Blaine, the son of the partner of one of the old-type mountainers. But Grizzley Gallagher tackled it, and the adventures of the yarn of the rugged Idaho wilderness makes the sort of reading that takes you clean out of yourself.

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Mr. Powell Obliges

By Helen Louise Walker

WILLIAM POWELL was late. Not very late, but a little, and I sat in the publicity office, wondering what he would be like. He is always the horrible villain of the story. The dread menace to the beautiful maiden, who must be foiled and put out of the way before the picture can proceed to the final clinch and happy-ever-after conclusion.

I considered the thoroughly unpleasant Boldini of "Beau Geste" and wondered what sort of a luncheon companion he would make. Mr. Powell's villains can only be described as "slimy!"

While I wondered, a young man hurried into the office—a personable young man of the sort one might find playing polo at any riding club. He found the person he sought and was brought up and presented. I looked at him in amazement.

"This isn't — this isn't Boldini!" I wailed.

"The same," replied the young man, smiling.

"Shall we go somewhere and eat?"

"I don't believe you at all," I told him firmly. "There is something very queer about this. You are going to turn out to be a juvenile—and I did so want to lunch with a villain!"

He apologized both for being late and for not looking like a menace and, still unconvinced, I went to his car with him and we proceeded to the Athletic Club.

Neither of us had breakfasted so we ordered orange juice, toast, and lamb chops and I continued to eye him with deep suspicion.

Goodness knows I should be hardened by now to discrepancies in appearance between actors and the characters they create on the screen—but this was just too much! He evidently found my puzzlement amusing.

"How do you do it?" I asked him at last.

"Do what?"

"Look like a menace. It isn't by tricks of make-up, I am sure."

"No. It isn't make-up. It's all a matter of the mind. You just think him!"

"Well, think one for me, if that's all there is to it," I said skeptically.

He laughed. "I can't!" he protested. "I can't—just like that. I mean, I have to get set. You see, you study your character—the thoroughly unpleasant, wicked person you know him to be—and you begin to hate him intensely. Then you just think him—and you look very unpleasant, indeed." Mr. Powell drew his brows together, narrowed his amazing eyes, drooped his lower lip and, presto! there was Boldini for an instant.

"I saw him!" I cried. "I saw him then! I feel much better. Maybe you aren't a juvenile after all. Tell me some more about how you do it."

"Acting is a lot like driving a car," he explained. "That is, part of it becomes a detached, semimechanical process. You know a good driver can meet and deal with a crisis in his progress—go through the necessary motions of putting on his brakes and handling his gears without the slightest interruption of his conversation."

"Well, acting is like that in a way. You develop a sort of cleavage of the mind. You divide it into two parts. One part concentrates upon the character and the things he is to do. The other part stands off and looks on, so to speak, keeps an eye on the proceedings and sees that things are going as they should."

"It notices, for instance, that one cuff has slipped down too far, and attends to that detail, while the other part proceeds with the scene."

"This looker-on section is conscious of its surroundings, the shouts of the director, camera angles, space limits, lights—a thousand things—while the actor part is conscious only of the reactions of the character to a given situation."

"It is a sort of dual personality which you develop, although, of course, nearly everybody has this looker-on part of himself somewhere back in his brain. It is much more highly developed in some people than in others. An actor develops it consciously and purposely."

"It is the fiendish little mentor in everybody who stands back and watches you and tells you you have made a fool of yourself sometimes! Uncomfortable chap he is to have around—but a very necessary adjunct in this business. You have to learn to get on with him."

I pondered upon these things as we finished our lunch. Acting remains an eternal mystery to me. I

Continued on page 121
The Screen in Review

Just the Right Size.

Frivolous, gay, and always entertaining—that is what you may expect of "Silk Legs," as trim and neat a picture as you will see in many a day. Incoherent, yes, but it has plot and suspense, which you don't always find in the pretentious films. Madge Bellamy and James Hall represent rival hosiery firms on the road, Mr. Hall boasting that he makes his sales by flattering and vamping feminine buyers, and Miss Bellamy being strictly businesslike. But when she finds they are both calling on the same firm, and Mr. Hall is on the point of selling a big bill to Mary McGuire, the buyer, she contrives to see old Ezra Fulton, the owner, and resorts to the tactics of fluming youth. This bit of the story will give you an idea of what the picture is about, but it will quite fail to let you know how amusing it is. Miss Bellamy acts with vivacity nicely restrained, looks beautiful and never misses a humorous point, while Mr. Hall is most engaging in his conception of a go-getter. Maude Fulton contributes her rare sense of burlesque to the rôle of Mary McGuire.

Rough Diamonds in Washington.

Will Rogers makes another of his in frequent screen appearances, in "A Texas Steer." His rôle is that of a good-natured cow-puncher, who is elected to Congress as a result of his wife's social ambitions rather than his own desire. In Washington he is the innocent pawn in a plot to defeat a dam appropriation, while his wife and daughter attempt the society racket with disastrous results. Of course it ends in a big laugh. All this is cleverly worked out, with Will Rogers' own subtitles to make sure that all the humor of politics is there. And it surely is. Moreover, Louise Fazenda is also much in evidence, as Mrs. Ma Brander, wife of the cow-punch-congressman. This is one of her most ludicrous rôles, in which her remarkable talent for eccentric costumes is given full play, to say nothing of her sense of humor. That can always be relied upon, but in this picture it is carried to the extreme of burlesque. Though hardly a credible character, Mrs. Ma Brander is quite outrageous enough to be accepted as the only one of her kind. The entire cast is good, the buxom Ann Rork being vastly pleasing to the eye and warming to the heart, as Bossy, the daughter, whose society swain, played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., rejoices in the name of Fairleigh Bright. Sam Hardy, Lilian Tashman, Arthur Hoyt, Mack Swain, Lucien Littlefield, and William Orlanond—all are capitally cast in a farce that is good for chuckles rather than guffaws.

Again Those Pearls.

"The Chinese Parrot" isn't what you and I expected of Paul Leni, who directed "The Cat and the Canary." It, too, is a mystery story, but it is told from the inside, which is a mistake. It is a mystery to some of the characters, but not so much to the audience. Consequently it is devoid of the enormous suspense of "The Cat and the Canary," which you remember kept us—and the characters—guessing till the end. There is fine direction in the new picture, as well as imagination in the settings, but there is little tenseness in the story, which covers many years and involves swarms of characters. It is all about the curse that follows the Philimore pearls from the moment that Sally Philimore's father gave them to her as a wedding gift, in Hawaii, and an evil spell is placed on them by Philip Madden, her rejected suitor. Next they are seen, years later, in San Francisco, when Sally sells them through Alexander Eden, a dealer, to Jerry Delaney who stipulates that they must be delivered to his lonely desert home. To accomplish this, young Robert Eden is sent, accompanied, for some strange reason, by Sally Philimore's daughter, the heroine. The two plunge right into a great deal of danger, but are not feared by it and, despite complications, the doings on the screen are only fairly interesting. Marian Nixon, Florence Turner, Edmund Burns, Holbart Booth, Sajin, and Anna May Wong are some of the players, the two Orientals playing their rôles brilliantly.

Why Are Triplets Funny?

"Baby Mine" is rough but funny farce, just about as rough as the screen can stand and almost as funny, with Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, and the stage comédienne, Charlotte Greenwood. It will afront you if you're in a mystic mood, but otherwise you will laugh heartily at its robust slapstick. Dane and Arthur are students of chiropractic, the former so heavy handed that he shatters in such a forceful touch, and the latter nimble and sly. Arthur's sweethearth promises to marry him when her older sister finds a husband, so he maneuvers to pair his roommate with the gawky girl from the country. Their courtship consists of throwing things at each other until the room is demolished. Their marriage takes place, however, but Dane runs away. Arthur eventually succeeds in inducing him to return by telling him he is a father, whereupon Arthur, his sweetheart and the wife rush out in a mad search for infants. When Dane arrives he finds triplets. And so the complications mount. Miss Greenwood spares neither muscle, ligament, nor snore in putting over her peculiar style of acrobatic comedy. She may be said to be a success.

A Roughneck Ballet.

Reginald Denny, who can be depended on to repeat himself—as witness his success in doing it time and time again—does not deviate from his familiar formula, in "On Your Toes," but manages nevertheless to be original as well. The gods be praised! If only he will do it some more! He is Elliott Beresford, whose grandmother down in Virginy believes him to be making an honest living in New York, as a teacher of aesthetic dancing. In reality he has given it up as a bad job and by accident finds himself in the prize ring, training for a battle with the champion. The funny moment comes when Grandma Beresford pays him an unexpected call. To prevent her disillusionment, he transforms his training quarters into a ballet school, and when Grandma enters she witnesses the laughable spectacle of Elliott leading a crowd of broken-nosed and cauliflower-eared pugilists through leaps, pirouettes, and whirls. This sequence is prolonged beyond the point of good taste or patience, but it is very good at first. There is, of course, a heroine somewhere in the picture, who is charmingly impersonated by Barbara Worth, and Mary Carr is Grandma.

Antoinette at Auction.

Disappointingly dull is "The Love Mart." With everything to recommend it—Billie Dove, Gilbert Roland, Noah Beery, the Picturesque costumes of 1805, and enough of a story to suffice—it is a lethargic picture and is quite devoid of the thrills its visual beauty and melodramatic situations should convey.

The scene is New Orleans in its most romantic period. Antoinette Froebelle, the belle of the city, has suitors galore, but until she meets Victor Jallok, a mysterious stranger, her heart remains untouched. He becomes the proprietor of a barber shop, where he shaves the dandies of the town and gives them fencing lessons as well. The return of Captain Remy strikes terror in the heart of Antoinette's father, who was Remy's overseer and had given him up as dead, when he took pos Continued on page 94
"I Do"

Five fortunate heroes win the promise to love and obey from as many heroines.

Ramon Novarro and Shirley O'Hara, above, plight their troth in the fashion of mythical kingdoms, in "His Night."

George K. Arthur, right, "manages" the wedding of Karl Dane and Charlotte Greenwood, in "Baby Mine."

Ruth Taylor, below, triumphantly "lands" Holmes Herbert, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Johnny Mack Brown, below, has his thoughts on the future at the time of his marriage to Madge Bellamy, in "Soft Living."
The Screen in Review

The Screen in Review

vented from remarrying by the terms
of her husband’s will. She sacrifices
her love for her desire to give her
daughter the advantages of wealth.
But daughter, spoiled by money,
willfully encourages an adventurer
twice her age, until finally we have
the old scene of the mother pre-
tending to steal the man away from
her daughter, just to open girlie’s
eyes to his perfidy. In spite of this,
the picture is not dull and there is
sincerity and gentle pathos in Miss
Richard’s acting. Audrey Ferris, as her
daughter, is exuberantly flapperish,
but when her youthful vitality is
tempered by poise there is no telling
how far she will go. Holmes Her-
bert, as usual, gives a fine perform-
ance, as does John Miljan and Car-
roll Nye.

The Pit of It.

"The Gateway of the Moon" leads
to nothing but an aimless story, and
the deplorable antics of Dolores del
rio, as a South American cutie
named Toni. Half Indian and half
Spanish, Toni has inherited nothing
of subtlety, and goes out to get her
man with the aggressiveness of a
steam roller and the technique of a
boa constrictor. He is an engineer,
and comes to look over the work
done by Toni’s crooked uncle, in
charge of constructing a railroad
through the jungle. Toni waylays
him at every turn but he will have
none of her.

Not until the engineer has been shot
by one of the uncle’s accomplices
does he decide that Toni is the girl
of his dreams after all. One feels
that the players, who include Walter
Pidgeon, Leslie Fenton, and Anders
Randolph regret the spectacle in which
they participate, and possibly Miss
del Rio looks upon her cavortings
with repentance.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 48
rest for several weeks and spent the
time on an auto trip to New Orleans.
Incidentally, her salary has been
raised to the $1,000-a-week basis.

Marie Craves Dra-ma.

Marie Prevost wanted a good dra-
matic rôle for a change and she got
it. That’s the reason you’ll see her
name in the cast of “The Godless
Girl,” when it is released, even
though she isn’t the star.

Miss Prevost was interested in
having the experience of DeMille’s
direction, which has so far been de-
nied her, and was anxious to break
away from the comedy rôles that
she has been playing so continuously.

In “The Godless Girl” she will be
seen as the inmate of a reform school,
the possessor of a terrific temper and
a fighting disposition. She is it who
changes Lina Basquette from an
atheist into a believer, but whether
this will be done in the pugnistic
manner, or by mental persuasion,
we haven’t yet been able to learn.

DeMille is already having a lively
• • • • •
Continued from page 32
session of Remy’s estates before.
The villainous Remy strips
him of everything, and failing to win
Auntainette, succeeds in convincing
her that she is an octofoon and must
be sold as a slave as part of Remy’s
belongings. And so the fair Au-
tainette is placed on the auction
block, her former suitors now bid-
ing against each other for her. It
is quite needless to add that Victo-
r J allot appears in the nick of time
and saves Auntainette from slavery.

A Rebellious Daughter.

Speaking of slaves, here we have
garlic Irene Rich in the title rôle
of “The Silver Slave,” not a comic-
opera heroine, but a society matron
whose idol is Mammon—so saith the
impoveryed suitor she rejects in
favor of a rich man. She rejects
him again as a widow, who is pre-

as escort to Josephine Dunn quite
consistently. The last time we saw
them together was at the première
of “The Jazz Singer.” The Chap-
lin party was, as usual, quite a large
one, but Charlie sat next to Miss
Dunn and seemed rather attentive.
Incidentally, we noted Lita Chaplin
not long ago at a theater opening,
accompanied by a gentleman whom
we did not recognize. However, he
was young, had a waxed mustache,
and carried an ivory-headed cane.

The Chaplin Income.

Speaking of Charlie reminds us
that some very interesting figures
were recently published on his in-
come. You know, he paid personal
taxes aggregating a million dollars
recently to the government, covering
a period of several years. The
amounts were divided as follows:

1918 ………… $134,622.49
1919 ………… 31,501.21
1921 ………… 576,968.49
1922 ………… 71,208.73
1923 ………… 89,371.88
1924 ………… 170,048.72

We imagine that the large amount
shown for the year 1921 was in part
due to his profits from “The Kid,”
one of his most successful pictures.
The earnings from “The Gold Rush”
are not indicated, because that pic-
ture was not shown until 1925.

Who says that movie returns are not
enormous, when one is successful?

Mix Worth Five Million?

Another echo from the past oc-
curred in the instance of Tom Mix.
His first wife, by whom he was
divorced a dozen years ago, brought
suit against him for increased sup-
port of their daughter, Ruth.

It was mentioned in this complaint
that Tom’s salary at the time they
were separated was $1,000 a month,
which he earned $600 as salary, and
the remainder by renting out his
horses to producers.

Mrs. Mix alleged that Tom is now
worth $5,000,000 and that his income
totals $20,000 a week.

Ruth Mix has several times ap-
peared on the screen, and in an-
swering the complaint of his former wife,
Tom said that he had done much to
encourage his daughter’s career, and
contributed more toward her support
than the amount stipulated by the
courts. The original award of the
court was $50 per week, while the
new suit asks for $1,500.

Lupe Positively Eighteen.

For once the world may be posi-
tive of an actress’ age. Even in
some of the best regulated stellar
cases there is an occasional twinge
of doubt. Lupe Velez’s age has been
settled by the courts, which obtained
her birth record from Mexico. She
is eighteen, according to this proof,
which must be as near conclusive as
it is possible for proof to be.

All of this eventuated because she
was sued by her agent, who claimed
he was paying her $125 a week un-
der contract. The contract was de-
clared void, because Lupe was under
age when she made it.

She has entered a new contract
with United Artists since then, at
$1,000 a week, which the courts have
ratified.
Lady, Be Careful!

That's a gun, and it may or may not be loaded, but no demonstrations, please.

Rose Host, above, holds up Jack Luden's heart, in "Shooting Irons."

Monte Blue, left, must know that Leila Hyams' gun isn't loaded, or he wouldn't be looking so coy.

Joan Crawford, above, certainly has Tim McCoy stepping, as she shows what a girl can do with a gun.

Jeanette Loff, as the two-fisted heroine of "The Black Ace," keeps Don Coleman in his place.
Gloria's Disillusionment

Continued from page 17

there. I made 'The Humming Bird' there, and 'Manhandled,' which many think my best pictures. I could tell of my experiences with directors, too. That always goes back to Cecil DeMille, because he was responsible for the development of my career. He had that faculty—and what a faculty it is!—of making you act each scene as if it were the only scene in the picture—as if your very life depended on the making of it! I know of no one who could equal him in that.

"What brought me back to California? Many things. Changes in New York; changes here. The change in pictures themselves. For a long while I didn’t want to come back. I wanted to go to Europe. I even wrote to: Ingram about it, with a view to making a picture in Africa, knowing that he had been there. Whenever anybody suggested Hollywood, I always said 'No!' I hated renewing old associations, I wanted to sell my house, obliterate memories—everything.

"Now—things are different. Hollywood is different, and I like it. I know it is the only place to make pictures. 'Sadie Thompson' has given me proof of that.

"At first I dreaded to return, because I love isolation. I thought I would be forced into a life of social life and formality.

"Things have been quite the other way. My chief recreation here is tennis. In New York I had a physical instructor, and went through a regular routine. There is no joy in that. But there is joy in tennis, with its intense competition. When I first worked out here I'd grow cross after a couple of hours of concentration, but this would immediately vanish when I got out on the court.

"I have my children here. It is a joy to be with them. I was so often forced to be separated from them in the East because they could not enjoy the necessary freedom in the city, and had therefore, to be sent away.

"My marriage a success? It's simply got to be. I could never do without companionship, and see myself getting old without a husband, and feel that if I did, men might be interested in marrying me for other reasons other than myself, personally. This is the most terrible fate I can imagine for a woman. And that's why this marriage means so much to me. Not to say that I am really getting old," she smiled, "but then, as the years advance, one doesn't take so many chances," and she laughed.

"There isn't a thing in this talk of a separation between Hank and myself. We understand each other. Sometimes I think it is very difficult for him, and that makes me a little unhappy. A man is always in a difficult position when he is married to a woman like myself, who has enjoyed much of the world's applause and admiration.

"But those who know Hank understand his attitude, and grasp his keen ambition to be an individuality. If he didn't have this I might lose respect for him, and that would be dangerous. He is a marvelous companion and adviser, and I think the world of him.

"Many people think that I am aloof and unapproachable, except those who truly know me. I haven't many friends, but those I have, I cherish.

"I plan to make two pictures before taking a vacation, one besides 'Sadie Thompson,'" Gloria continued. "According to present plans, this will be 'Sunny,' from the musical comedy. Then I will take a rest for ten or eleven months.

"Regarding my career I feel that it is safer for me to continue doing starring pictures for the present. I hope they are all as important as 'Sadie Thompson.' But that is too much to expect. Perhaps I must sacrifice something, because it would be dangerous for me to attempt mass pictures. If I did that I should have nothing to fall back upon," she ended naively

"I do think this: that it is most important for a star to have a knowledge of business; and that stars like Douglas and Mary, for example, owe much of the great success of their careers to their understanding of business and the management of the commercial side of their films. I feel that I am really fortunate in being in United Artists on an equal footing, with them."

She has shrewdness and judgment which cause her definitely to be classed among the screen immortals. And it is fully within the range of prophecy to predict that she will yet win even greater victories in that future, which she regards with such a questioning, wondering look.

When a Reporter Turns Actor

Continued from page 67

we had left. At the station people wondered whether we were bolsheviks, or members of the House of David assembling for a convention. For every actor in the troop was hiding behind a luxuriant growth of beard. Our hair had not been cut in three weeks, and our clothes had not felt an iron in the same period.

At Culver City, life threatened to assume the routine aspect that grips the studios. We had had the excitement—now for the real work. But the excitement seemed to continue. For five months we labored at the studio and in Los Angeles harbor, shipping on artificial ice, and dragging our bodies through very realistic mud. We were pursued by fire, smothered with studio snow, drenched with icy water, and plastered with sticky mud. We pulled sleds over wondrously realistic trails, sculled boats on a lake filled with hydrant water, and stumbled through storms created by airplane propellers. Alaskan dogs snapped at our legs as they sped by; heavily laden pack horses endangered our lives as they floundered about us in the mud and finally bogged down.

We visited dance halls and tried to do dances of 1898 with painted ladies who couldn’t get over their Charleston and Black Bottom complexes. We played poker, blackjack, faro, and roulette from morn till night; we drank near-beer and sarsaparilla until the sight of either made us ill; we stumped in the gambling ‘hell,’ as the burning body of a man fell from a balcony into our midst and set the place afire; we choked on sulphur smoke and were blinded by the crushed rock that looks like a blizzard on the screen. We stood agape at tender love scenes between Dolores del Rio and Ralph Forbes; we were enthralled by the gun fight between Forbes and Harry Carey, when for two days they slammed furniture and lighted lamps at each other, and a sharpshooter off-stage sent bullets crashing through a mirror two inches above Forbes’ head.

It was arduous work. Grumblings were heard. A rumor came out that we had to go back to Corona for retakes. The grumbling ceased. The mere memory of Colorado’s icy blasts made our present tasks seem like one long afternoon tea.

At length the picture was finished, so far as the players were concerned. There lay ahead of Brown and his technicians weeks of work in producing a coherent drama from the seeming chaos of film that had been taken during the last six months. A chaos, that is, to the layman. To Brown the mass of celluloid, tucked away in the studio vaults, was an orderly array of scenes, which, when strung together, would disclose a throbbing, human story.
The Simian Invasion

Some of the men who are to blame for the apes on the screen.

Fred Humes, above, with Louise Lorraine, is an expert in disguising himself as an ape and has played scores of animal roles of all kinds, his latest being in “Monkey Business,” with George K. Arthur and Karl Dane.

George Kotsonaros, above, as he appears in “The Wizard.”

The leering inhabitant of the jungle, above, is John Phillip Kolb who plays the title role in “The Gorilla.”

Charles Gemora, left, in the disguise he himself made and used in “The Leopard Lady.”

Jacques Lerner, right, played a more civilized ape in “The Monkey Talks” on the stage as well as the screen.
Over the Teacups

Young, with First National. Loretta's just been lent to M.-G.-M. to play opposite Lon Chaney, in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.' She's a dear child and lovely looking. I think she will be a sensation."

"Crazy as fans are," I reminded her, "sensational successes are few and far between."

Dolefully, she agreed.

"I know. People were awfully slow to get interested in Myrna Loy, who I think is one of the most intriguing girls in pictures. Sorry to use the overworked word, but it is the only one with which to describe her. And as for Lucila Mendez, the public doesn't realize yet what an addition she is to the screen. When she made her very first appearance on the New York stage—and just as a chorus girl, at that—she all but stopped the show. But I suppose it will take several pictures to establish her."

"Lucila left the stage when she married Ralph Ince, and came out here to live. She hadn't really intended to go in pictures, as she thought one career in the family was enough. But idleness was so irksome to Lucila that she begged and begged, until finally he relented and gave her a job in one of his films. Now try to keep her out!"

"You never can tell, though, when a promising young career will hit a snag. Thelma Todd was getting along beautifully until she was cast opposite Richard Dix and everything went wrong. She simply couldn't do the comedy scenes to suit everybody—which is no sign that she was wrong—so she withdrew from the cast. A hurry call went out for a beautiful comédienne and the logical answer to that was Gertrude Olmsted. Newcomers get along great in some rôles, but experience does count in the long run."

"Speaking of Richard Dix—"

"Dry your tears," commanded Fanny. "After all, he isn't going to be made ridiculous by playing a college boy in the Oxford story Paramount has. Richard Arlen is going to do it, and a very good choice if you ask me."

But the thought of Richard Arlen reminded her that "Wings" was opening and that she must go out and telephone for tickets. But she didn't get away without telling me where JobynaRalston has been hiding.

"She and Dick have built a new house out at Toluca Lake—that's near the First National studios. Dick's family have come to visit them and as he hasn't seen them in years and years, it is quite an occasion. Jobyna is reveling in being just a wife. To hear her talk, no one in the family ever did anything of importance but Dick."

And as a matter of fact, the way his popularity is growing by leaps and bounds does seem glory enough for one family.

Open All Night

Continued from page 21

The narrow, hall-like theaters rapidly fill with new kinds of patrons. Suburban commuters, who have an hour to wait for their trolleys at the station across the street, file in. Derelicts slouch up to the box office, pay their twenty cents, and shuffle to their seats. The lodging houses, at thirty or forty cents, are too expensive for them.

The seats next to the wall are at a premium, for a man can lean against the wall and drift off into slumberland. There will be no policeman to tap the soles of his feet with his nightstick, no usher to throw him out. His snores will be drowned by the endless clang of the jazz from the mechanical piano. If he has anything worth stealing, he puts it into the pocket next the wall.

At two a. m., Harold Lloyd, in "The Freshman," goes on. The unhappy commuter, who has missed his trolley to Santa Ana and is waiting for the next one at three o'clock, sits up in anticipation. A funny bit on the screen, and he laughs. He is surprised by the stolid silence around him. He looks around at the bent bodies and nodding heads and realizes that every one else in the theater is asleep.

Just before three the commuter leaves, and a few minutes later the squeak of trolley wheels outside on the silent street announces that he is on his way to Santa Ana.

At four o'clock two shabbily dressed men stumble in. Both have been inhaling the bootleg of Los Angeles' ghetto. They sit down and one straightway goes to sleep. The other, in a jovial mood, watches the screen and razzes the picture in a loud voice. It is the latest Western thriller from Poverty Row and the critic doesn't like it.

"C'mon, Bill, les get outa here! Thuh pic'ur's rotten!"

"Lemme lone!"

This goes on, with the critic talking more and more loudly, until angry protests come from awakened sleepers. Finally Bill, still half asleep and protesting, is dragged from the theater by his restless pal.

Reel after reel the show flickers on. The old automatic piano relentlessly pounds out the jazz hits of yesterday, sometimes pausing wearily, as if to give up the struggle.

Main Street fills with gray light. The dawn is coming at last. Some of the sleepers awake and stagger out into the street. The sun is coming up, shining redly over sleeping Beverly Hills. The stars, in their luxurious beds, are still dreaming, unaware that the ghosts of their yesterdays have been performing all night down in Los Angeles' ghetto.
Dips De Luxe

Since Cecil DeMille became the patron saint of the screen bath, everybody's doing it.

May McAvoy, above, is no conscientious objector to the shower, in "If I Were Single."

Olga Baklanova, whose back is turned, below, is about to show how the Duchess Josiana bathes, in "The Man Who Laughs."

When Madge Bellamy, above, used to be emotional, she never lost her dignity by publicly bathing, but now that she is a gay comédienne, in "Soft Living," look what happens.

Dorothy Mackaill, above, shows what the home of no modern girl should be without—and what is a mere swimming pool to the heroine of "Man Crazy?"

Max Davidson, above, upholds the time-honored tradition of the Saturday-night bath by not liking it at all, in "The Call of the Cuckoo."
Hollywood Points with Pride

Right out of the studios to the concert stage.

It was a long time ago that Mary rubbed grease paint onto her face and frolicked through the antics of Christie comedies, but Hollywood hasn't forgotten it and is mighty proud to have been the first to notice her rich talent. When Mary came to Los Angeles on her concert tour recently, you should have seen the town turn out! Especially the Christie studio. It was there in a body—every one from Al and Charlie Christie to the gateman. When Miss Lewis stepped onto the stage, she received an ovation that was equalled only by the one given Lindbergh. And after she sang, it became more than an ovation—it was a riot.

The next day, she went out to the old Christie lot and renewed acquaintances with all the old employees and reminisced with Al Christie about what a bum comedienne she would have made. Everybody had a good time, including Mary. She has been called “America's own,” but the film town feels, in its heart, that she is “Hollywood's own.”

And did you know that those two popular songs, “Marcheta” and “An Old Love Song,” came out of the movies? Victor Schertzinger, the director of “Peter Grimm” and many other successful films, composed those two melodies.

When Douglas Fairbanks completed “Robin Hood,” and it was ready for release at Grauman’s Egyptian Theater, he called on Mr. Schertzinger to write the musical score for the presentation. Mr. Schertzinger saw the picture and was tremendously impressed with the beauty of the love story running through it. He thought the love scenes between Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett among the loveliest he had ever seen. They were his direct inspiration for the beautiful love theme that became almost as famous as the picture—“An Old Love Song.” During the intermission at the première, you could hear people humming it between their comments on the story. And if Victor Schertzinger ever wants to give up the movies, Broadway is waiting for him with open arms.

All in all, you see, Hollywood hasn't done so badly by the arts. Nor by the commercial world, when you stop to think of it. There is Howard Greer, for years designer of costumes worn in Paramount pictures, who left the studios to open a gown establishment of his own that bids fair to achieve an international reputation. The Greer creations are so unique and different that they are being imported by several of the large Paris houses. There's a new one for you! For Hollywood to import Paris gowns is almost a habit, but for Paris to import Hollywood gowns is something else again! Can’t you just see some chic mademoiselle in Paris bragging to her friends about the label in her frock, “Greer—made in Hollywood?”

Sophie Wachner is another designer, formerly associated with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who is now making her name known throughout the country as a leading modiste.

Of course, Hazel McConnell hasn't achieved the success of the others mentioned in this article, because she has only just set herself up in business and isn’t quite on her feet yet. Hazel used to be a comedy queen on the Fox lot and now she has opened a real-estate office and is handling some of the biggest deals in Hollywood. Maybe she’ll turn out to be Hollywood’s Hetty Green.

In the meantime, if things keep on like this, Hollywood will have paid in full her debt to the arts and sciences!

Who Wants a Baldheaded Hero?

I massage my scalp and rub in a special preparation that my barber gives me. I have done this for ten years. I believe no man would become bald if he followed this plan. On the other hand, I believe every man would become bald if he didn't follow some kind of treatment. The continuous wearing of a hat eventually dries the scalp. Then dandruff starts. And unless dandruff is kept away, the natural oils will not flow. That's when baldness begins.

Actors who put off scalp treatments until too late look mournfully now at their more fortunate brethren and sigh. If they had begun caring for their hair a few years sooner, they would not now be threatened with foreheads extending to the backs of their heads.

Very few of the movie heroes have reached the stage where they are visibly bald. But there are many who are sorely threatened with baldness, and they are making a frantic effort to stop it, trying everything from bay rum and eggs to salt and vinegar. But alas, they may find that they have started too late. And there are plenty of flowing-haired youths only too ready to step in and take their places!
Honors Are Even

Certain horses in the movies are as famous as their masters.

Fred Thomson, below, astride Silver King.

Newton House, right, a sixteen-year-old Western star, shows off Colorado Kid.

Ken Maynard, below, puts Tarzan through his paces.

Tony, below, with Tom Mix, needs no introduction.

Hoot Gibson, below, is never seen on the screen without Palomar.
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

B ARBARA MAXINE.—When I looked at your list of questions, I took a long breath, put a new ribbon in the typewriter, and almost resigned my job! Yes, Lionel and John Barrymore are brothers, as are Noah and Wallace Beery. Marceline and Alice Day are sisters. There are no screen stars, at present, between the ages of twelve and sixteen. And I can't think of any star whose birthday falls on February 2nd. It requires four to six weeks to make a feature film, as a rule. Specials are three months or more, sometimes years, in the making. The small companies often make "quickies" in a week or ten days. Pola Negri is Polish; Dolores Costello of Spanish and Irish descent; Dorothy Sebastian is twenty-three; Greta Nissen, about that; Greta is Swedish; Tom Mix is in his late forties; Noah Beery, forty-four; Lon Chaney, forty-five; Zasu Pitts and Corinne Griffith are thirty; Carmel Myers: twenty-seven; Gloria, twenty-nine. Janet Gaynor, about twenty-one. All these players, except Greta and Ann Maw, I don't know the exact ages of any other stars you ask about.

A HARRISON FORD FAN.—I should say you are! Yes, it's too bad more "fuss isn't made" over Harrison Ford, but he has had his fuss, and no fuss will last forever. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, March 16th, but he doesn't say what year. He is in his late thirties, however. Six feet tall, his films for the past year were: "The Night Bride," "Rubber Tires," "No Control," "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "The Girl in the Pullman," "A Blonde for a Night," all De Mille—and "Woman Against the World," Tiffany. He was married many years ago to Beatrice Prentice, and I never did find out whether or not they ever got a marriage license, or not. It's impossible to interview Harrison; he is very shy and all he says is, "Yes" and "No."

You can't write a whole story about that, can you?

M. I. K.—Yes, sir, if it weren't for people like you, who ask questions, where would I be today? That's just what I'd like to know, but I hope it would be some place warm. And don't you suggest the place you're thinking about! "The Big Parade" was not adapted from a book, but was written especially for the screen by Lawrence Stallings after he became famous overnight as coauthor of the stage sensation, "What Price Glory?" John Gilbert's M.-G.-M. films preceding "The Merry Widow" were: "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Son of Sheeran," "His Hour" and "The Wife of the Century," with Aline Pringle. "The Merry Widow" is still going the rounds for the first time in the small towns, I imagine. Ask your theater manager to show it again. "The Birth of a Nation" will doubtless be dug up and shown from time to time, for many years to come. Emil Jannings is forty-one. You're more than welcome to these answers: my dog and I both appreciate kindness—and you did not demand a reply in "The next issue!"

W. S. B.—Well, it just made my day—getting a letter from one some I didn't want to know anything! A charming, newsy letter, too; I read it over several times. It was interesting to hear who won the popularity contest in Melbourne. For the benefit of fans: the Australians liked Richard Dix far, far better than any other film star. Then came Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Ramon Novarro, Colleen Moore, and Bebe Daniels. Yes, Miss B., American movie theaters frequently have two feature films on the same program. That is, the small, neighborhood theaters often do. The big city theaters have only one feature picture, with news reels and short subjects, and with an elaborate stage and musical presentation. Do write again.

SWEET CHILD.—Well, you should know best whether you're sweet or not. No, Natasha Rambova was not married before she became Mrs. Valentino. Jean Acker has not been married since, so far as I know. Rudolph played bits and small roles in innumerable pictures before he became famous; "Stolen Moments" may have been one of them. The film is not listed in his biography, and it is too old for me to have the cast.

Jo.—The world seems to be just full of ardent admirers of James Hall, and they all write to me! Jimmie is twenty-seven; sorry, he doesn't give a home address. Only the Paramount Studio. He is, at this writing, loaned to United Artists to play in "Hell's Angels." Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, but I don't know just what part. However, she lived in the Bay Ridge district, and her father worked in a Coney Island restaurant. Clara gives no home address. Neil Hamilton is twenty-eight; Buddy Rogers, twenty-three.

We Want Gerald Fielding Club.—I'm afraid you're just out of luck, girls, with that idea. Gerald Fielding is entirely unknown to the fans in this country. "The Garden of Allah" was, as you probably know, made abroad, and all the cast, with the exception of Alice Terry, were European actors, entirely new to the American screen. I assume, by his name, that Gerald Fielding is English, but I have never heard of him before, or since, "The Garden of Allah." Perhaps some of my English readers—please write English reader!—will write me and tell Gerald's admirers what this actor has done before, and any other stray information about him.

Naval Ardsheir.—I'm not sure I have your name right, but I just can't be right all the time. Jutta Goudal is so mysterious about herself and her origin, it takes a better man than I am to know the exact date and place of her birth. She claims France as a birthplace. Date unknown. She is, of course, American. Her real name is Florence Lavina Quick, and she is Mrs. Roland West. Jutta is five feet five, weighs 115, and has blonde hair, with dark-blue eyes. Joann Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, about 1904. As her real name is Lucille le Seuer, I suppose she is of French ancestry. Brunette, high feet four, weight, 110. Unmarried. Olive Borden, born in Norfolk, Virginia—does not say when. Brunette, five feet two, weight about 105. Not married. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, about 1907. She has brown hair and eyes. She is unmarried.

Gerald Fielding Club.—I hope some producer notices this sudden interest in Gerald Fielding. See We Want Gerald Fielding Club.

Madeleine S. X. Y. Z.—Just a lady of letters! Carmel Myers was married and divorced from Isadore Kohnblum. I don't know about her sisters or brothers, if any. Nazimova came over to America from Russia with a theatrical company before Continued on page 119
Some Teddies

Several stars display the correct lingerie to be worn with various types of frocks.

Virginia Lee Corbin, right, in a black-and-white garment, which can be worn under a dark dinner gown.

This ornate white satin step-in worn by Corinne Griffith, below, would complement either a period gown, or the wedding dress.

Jeanette Loff, left, is partial to a black-and-white chiffon dance set, which can be worn under a gossamer frock.

For the gown that depends on snugness to bring out its smart lines, this model, worn by Esther Ralston, left, is ideal.

Alice White, right, prefers pink satin for her brief bit of underwear, no matter what she wears over it.
Once Seen, Never Forgotten

Continued from page 34

"You are as beautiful as your pictures," I said. That was no news to Greta. She smiled indulgently.

"I do not even say thank you," she said.

"I'm not flattering you, I'm telling you," I assured her.

"It is no difference," said Greta calmly.

She is the perfect type for the Dangerous Woman. She is calm on the surface, but gives an unmistakable impression of a smoldering crater, from which temperamental lava may erupt at any instant.

"I am not vapid," she demurred.

"I do not know why they think I am.

In Christiana and Germany for Ufa I play sweet, innocent girls. I am conventional heroine. Never am I wicked type. Here they say yes, I am. I do not like.

While we were talking in her private alcove, built adjoining the palatial set, a bell sounded outside to indicate that everything was ready for the cry of "Camera!" Greta did not move. A moment later her maid stuck her head between the velvet portières and reminded her that the stage was ready. Garbo lighted another cigarette.

"Mr. Goulding is waiting," called an assistant director from without.

Greta blandly continued talking about Ufa. Finally Gilbert appeared at the curtains. "Greta, you're holding us up," softly, with a magnetic glance. Languidly, gracefully, the lovely blonde arose, smiled her apology, and walked with slow, deliberate stride onto the set. She was ready to act.

It was wonderful to play opposite Gilbert, Greta admitted. He is so intelligent, so sympathetic, so spirited in his acting. Yes, she was most happy to be playing with him again. As she said this, her eyes met mine, her lips parted in a slow smile, as if challenging me to ask something personal. I didn't.

"If I am so talked about in the East," as you say, she remarked, "then am I lucky. I am glad. In America you say people like me. So it is lucky for me. Producers like me, too.

As she said "lucky" she leaned over and rapped wood. "You aren't superstitious, you Europeans, are you?"

She smiled broadly at the question. "Indeed, yes. And how!" She laughed, pleased at the colloquialism. "I am getting American, no?"

Her laughter is rare, deep-throated, spontaneous. Her voice is low and even, basso profundo yet feminine at the same time. She is a girl in her early twenties, who gives the impression of being a woman replete with worldly wisdom. No one could be quite as wise as Greta looks. She is Circe fresh from boarding school; Cleopatra, sinister and less obvious than the popular version; she represents S. I., which stands for Sex In-

carnate and is of necessity a large order.

Beneath her bland, unassuming exterior lies a shrewd intelligence. Greta may be an odd one; she may eat lunch in her dressing room, shunning the studio commissary; she may snub offers of rotogravure portraits as mascot of the Los Angeles Rotary Club; she may hold strange opinions on subjects dear to the trouper's heart. But Greta has figured, I think, that unless she adopts an arbitrary, temperamental pose, bullying the officials to some extent, the officials will bully her.

"I do not like argument," she said, "with shouting and fists banging—so. I will not argue. They say 'Do this!' I say 'No!' I go home. Then we do not argue."

She lighted another cigarette. She smiled. Her smile is a study in sophistication that renders Mona Lisa's ingenious by comparison.

"I will not play always the bad woman. They cannot force me. Maybe I will rather do nothing at all."

A shrug and a slow enigmatic smile emphasized this remark.

Writing about the Garbo is unsatisfactory. She eludes description, defies analysis. But whenever I hear her name I am reminded of the banker's timeworn balmy—never truer than in the case of the galvanizing Greta—once seen, never forgotten!"

A Follow-up of "Seventh Heaven"

Continued from page 23

getting to where I am, is that Jonesey lived to see me in "Seventh Heaven," Janet said just after his passing.

"He always had more faith in my ability than I ever had. At the beginning, I'd often turn back from the studios, too timid to ask for work. I'd say, 'No, Jonesey, there's nothing doing. They told me to come back next week.' Then he would always try to renew my faith in myself.'


"Sunrise" has increased her standing with the critics as one of the great actresses of the day. Many have estimated her performance in "Sunrise" to exceed in beauty her acting in "Seventh Heaven."

Charles, in spite of all his leap to fame, is still the same. We cannot think of anything that could possibly shake his equanimity.

"Put his name upside down to show he's dizzly," he'll exclain on the set, inverting the canvas back of his chair on which his name is inscribed.

When Charlie came to Hollywood some four or five years ago, he probably would have felt dizzly if any one had told him that he would one day find himself in big pictures. From extra work he won one of those tricky contracts, which can be renewed or canceled by the company every six months.

"After the first six months they kicked me out," says Charlie without a blush, feeling that Warner Brothers acted much in the spirit he would have done had he been in their place.

"Then I went to Mack Sennett. I was fired from there, too."

Then Fox wanted some juveniles. Thus Mr. Farrell was enrolled among the Fox entourage. A small role with Madge Bellamy, in "Sandy," gained Charlie no small recognition; but his first break came when he was lent to Paramount, for "Old Ironsides." He stayed with this company to play in "The Rough Riders."

And you know the results of those two films for him.

As Chico, in "Seventh Heaven," he reached the front. His work carried a splendid, whimsical verve from beginning to end. Chico, "the very remarkable fellow," is to be long remembered.

We have never yet heard Charlie bemoan his unhappy fate; he seems too happy over his good fortune. He has no tragic love affairs, nor has he any sorrowful complexes that many young people ridiculously feign for no reason at all. In Charlie you find the gay, carefree spirit of youth as it should be—enthusiastic over the present and full of decisions and plans for the future.

For these reasons, Janet and Charles are going to be their delightful and inimitable selves, in "The Street Angel," and seemed destined to enhance the story of their "Seventh Heaven."
Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of quickly relieving shelves of the old-style Kotex so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1. A new, skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded...worn under the most clinging gowns, the Improved Kotex remains non-detectable.

2. Softer gauze, fluffier filler end the discomforts of chafing and binding.

& RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.

What the new features mean
By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composition heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler still softer. Chafing and binding are eliminated.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically
During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas. They know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view.

Kotex features are exclusive
Added to these two exclusive new features, the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay...in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"
as prominent a heavy as there was in the business. He was the worst menace on the screen. When Wally was in a scene, the hero didn't have a chance. And now look at Mr. Beery! Just an unassuming lad who never appears to be burdened with too much intelligence—a laugh getter per excellence. His feature comedies with Raymond Hatton—who used to go in for villainy, too—have been among the most popular shown during the past two years.

Beery, of course, had always had, a yen for comedy. He began many years ago in Mack Sennett's rough-and-tumble school, and became for a while one of the screen's most hilarious figures, in the guise of a Swedish servant girl. And even in his heyday as a villain, he never missed an opportunity for a bit of humor. Mean as he was, one always felt that his character was human and deserving of a little sympathy.

Wally's brother, Noah, is one of the last survivors of the old order of villains. While Wally has been frolicking through rib-tickling adventures, Noah has been winning new honors as a heavy of the meanest variety. And paradoxically, the meeker he becomes, the more we like him. His villainy in "Beau Geste" was one of the high lights of the picture.

The trend toward more human characterizations is apparent, however, even in Noah's case. In "Beau Geste," for example, he earned the distinction of being the most hateful figure conceivable, but at the same time one couldn't help being impressed with the courage of the character he played. When Sylvestre LaJeanne at last met his death, one envisioned some such epitaph as, "He was the bravest of the brave—and one of the meanest scoundrels that ever breathed."

Lon Chaney is a shining example of what can be done to make villainy sympathetic. Lon is the bogey man of the screen, and I shouldn't be surprised if some mothers administered discipline to their erring children by whispering, "... and Lon Chaney'll get you if you don't watch out!" But whether Lon is enacting a human spider or some other nightmarish conception, you'll invariably find sympathy for him in the final reel. Regardless of how bad he has been, Lon evidently has no intention of going to his cinema grave with a world of hard feeling against him. So he usually manages to have himself killed in the most unpleasant manner possible, or sacrifices himself with an unexpectedly noble gesture, thus reducing our sympathy.

Do you remember the chap who used to call himself "The Man You Will Love to Hate?" Well, he, too, has been toned down considerably. At one time, Erich von Stroheim had a habit of playing the most fascinatingly cruel characters imaginable. For sheer meanness, he was unequaled. He utilized the dastardly methods of twenty cinema villains in "Foolish Wives," and by the time the film had been unreel, I doubt whether there was any one in the audience who did not harbor homicidal desires toward Von.

Since "Foolish Wives," Von has devoted himself chiefly to directing, but now he is to come forth on the screen again. Will he be the cruel figure of yore? I'm afraid not. In "The Wedding March," he turns out to be the hero, marries the little heroine, and presumably lives happily ever after.

The suave, sophisticated villain of to-day is admirably typified in Roy d'Arcy, who first displayed his especial talent in "The Merry Widow," in which he made things frightfully irritating for the heroic Jack Gilbert.

Dick Sutherland has always been a bad dream for the ingenues, but he nearly always wins sympathy before he passes out of the picture.

There are many other sympathetic villains. Tom Santschi, Lionel Barrymore, Cyril Chadwick, and Montagu Love are but a few. Walter Long still specializes in out-and-out meanness, but it won't be surprising if he too becomes a sympathy stealer before long.

In fact, the old-time villain has practically no chance these days. It becomes increasingly difficult for him to indulge in his black deeds, because if those deeds are too dark, the public is apt to smother instead of gasp. In many recent pictures, in fact, the villain hasn't even appeared. "What Price Glory," for instance, depended for its menace on the fact that the two principal male characters, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, despised each other and were constantly warring over the same girl. "Old Ironsides" and "Flesh and the Devil" are other examples, among the larger features, of pictures with no villains, and there have been any number of program releases that have got along very well without any great semblance of a human menace.

If the present tendencies in the movies continue, there soon won't be any villains left. Alas for the good old days!

Uneasy Street

Another case comes to mind—that of a young man who won a bit in an outstanding picture. He played his small rôle so successfully that some of the great minds of Hollywood said he had contributed one of the finest bits of acting that year. He thought he would never lack opportunities to do other bits and thus keep the wolf from the door. But what happened? His next work was so long in coming that he had to sell his Ford, move into a cheaper room and cut down on his food. Neither he nor any one else could tell you why luck played him such a mean trick.

It is events such as this which fan the enthusiasm of all who forsake security to follow a nebulous career along uneasy street.
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 Fayoro 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 Fayoro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayoro 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

Painstaking 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 Fayoro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayoro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayoro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayoro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayoro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayoro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayoro 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 Fayoro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayoro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight.

As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayoro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayoro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayoro 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.

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Read what Fayoro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayoro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayoro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayoro baths."

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"Thank you for Fayoro. I lost 14 pounds in 3 weeks, feel better and certainly look better."

"State childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayoro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given upon request.

Fayoro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayoro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. 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.

If each healthful bath of Fayoro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail.
The Kid Himself

Continued from page 87

company built it as a conference room in which they could have absolute privacy. The latter theory isn’t as fantastic as it sounds, if you have ever seen the double doors and barred windows behind which general managers of studios sit to con-

in comfort.

The actual owners of the strange edifice, doubtless acting in a charitable mood toward those curious thousands who were losing sleep over the mystery, finally erected an electric sign on the building.

It is the vault of a large Los An-geles bank in which county records are kept.

One of Hollywood’s most popular resorts just now is the Sphinx Club, which is an explanation of where some of the fabulous salaries made by the film stars are spent.

For the Sphinx Club is an exclu-sive establishment where one may watch—at one’s own expense—the little white ball shiver about the roulette wheel, or attempt to predict whether the kind-faced dealer will

give you a card sufficiently small to stay under the magic number of 21 in the blackjack game.

In other words, it is Hollywood’s most exclusive gambling resort and, if one acquires the entrance, one may rub elbows with the elite of filmdom as long as your money holds out.

Its location is moved frequently, and its doings are shrouded in secrecy, but every one “who is any one” in the movie colony follows its career with interest. Formal dress is the thing, although one may be admitted otherwise if one’s bank roll is sufficiently elastic, and one is served anything he desires in the way of food or drink while he plays. The food and drink is “on the house” until one tallies up one’s earnings and losings and finds it really wasn’t on the house after all.

In any event, the Sphinx Club caters to some of our most prominent film celebrities and “Goldie,” its proprietor, promises to become one of Hollywood’s most distinguished residents.
Norma—As She Is

Continued from page 43

fourth day she demolished her car with a telephone pole and frightened herself; so she has never touched the wheel since.

She rushed ardently into the study of French, became bored and went as enthusiastically into Italian, deserting it for tennis, then golf, then singing. The singing lessons, however, continue with surprising persistence. She has a sweet, throaty contralto voice.

She doesn't care for modern fiction and the present sophisticated trend, preferring the crinoline grace and rustle of eighteenth century romance. Dumas, père, Balzac, Ibáñez, and Tolstoi she likes. Also the poetry of Verlaine; in fact, romance in almost any form of literature.

On the other hand, her tastes in music and painting are more for the bizarre and exotic, although whenever she goes to Europe she explores for seventeenth century tapestries. She likes etchings and sketches of the modern school, and the startling fashion designs of Erte and other Parisians.

She has excellent and conservative taste in clothes, preferring sports things. She never bothers to primp and, although meticulous about details, she likes best to run out of the house in a slip-on sweater and a comfortable, pleated skirt. It would bore her to wear the chiffons and lace of most of her pictures, comfort being the main requisite of her personal wardrobe.

She collects dolls of every known nationality, design, fabric, and handicraft. But her main delight is black opals. She searches everywhere for new additions to her collection, finding them lovelier than diamonds or emeralds. She also loves crystal, in necklaces, bracelets, earrings—anything. A man in Paris makes exquisite articles for her dressing table out of crystal.

She has a magnificent house on Hollywood Boulevard. A great pile of white stucco and red tile set among spacious lawns and gardens, formerly owned by the packing Cudahys. She also has a beach house at Santa Monica, done on a more simple scale. She loves to have people around her—until they suddenly bore her and, becoming restive, she retreats into herself again.

She asks, above all things, complete and honest sincerity of her friends. In return she gives a warm understanding and the beautiful, unchanging loyalty which is perhaps the keynote of her character.
Melt Fat Away
By Oxygen Method
Reduce Where You Want To Reduce

Investigating cream quickly and safely blanches double-bino fat areas of hips, fat waist, legs or arms.

Nature's way of melting fat away is by bringing oxygen into contact with the fat itself. By violent reducing exercises or exercise is continued in the same at the fullest extent. The result of the exercises on a saturation diet, you stop supplying the body with fat-building materials, and the oxygen in the body and the oxygen in the body and the oxygen in the body and the oxygen in the body.

Now (obtained) by working with lotions, have found a way to bring double oxygen in contact with fat in any part of the body where you wish to reduce. Colorful reductions and the latest developments in the use of oxygen in health and beauty work away with the old massage methods of stimulating fat, burning fats and increasing exercise and make it possible to benefit fat reduction. That is, you can reduce a double skin without affecting any other part of the body, or slenderize fat areas, fat areas or large hips without destroying that drawn, wrinkled, haggard look that so often results from the old methods.

The new discovery in an infiltrating cream, containing double oxygen, which is introduced when it is applied throughout the skin and simply melts the fat away. You don't have to take these baths. This, you put this golden brown cream on the part you want to reduce and actually get in touch with it. It dissolves the skin's fat deposits' time—absorbed by the skin—leaving a clean skin. The natural method is quick and safe. It has the approval of doctors who support all other methods of quick fat reduction.

Reducing lotions make fat people have producers interested in losing weight. One lotion took off 20 pounds in six weeks. Another reduced her neck two inches in a few treatments. Double cows disappeared in three and four days' time, and equally successful results were had in reducing fat worms, arms, legs, and big limbs. So sure are we that these amazing new infiltrating oxygen creams, called Vladi-Cream, will quickly reduce fat, that we will cheerfully refund the full price of the cream and any money that is not used then lighted with the results. It is surprising what an important method it makes in your appearance to take off fat. A few pounds of excess fat in a woman never loses her body. I look into today for full information about Vladi-Cream.

Develop Your Bust!
Our scientific method highly recommended for men's and women's development.

LA BEAUTE CREME
for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs.

Used with great success by thousands. Non-comedogenic, paraffin, aromatic, or fatty, highly concentrated, absorbs promptly, is non-comedogenic, non-fatty and odorless, free. Write for special chemical study. 

Is There a Typical Hollywood Girl?

Continued from page 25

thing. Homes, babies, engagements—these are sacred things we seem to twist and fit them. Even if we have luncheon parties, the talk of is pictures, or of this or that Hollywood success. Not obviously, or directly, but the drift is noticeable.

"While all are not internationally posing, each does what is expected. At parties, Chaplin and Marion Davies indulge in clever mimicry. Are they always in the mood, I wonder? Johnny Hines and Reed Hasell are proverbial cut-ups. Don't they ever run away? You catch yourself sitting, very erect in your chair, every posture a decorative one, when you would rather slump and be comfortable. Trivial incidents are dramatized in conversation. You are witty or brilliant or mysterious, according to your genre. All these individual personalities are created over, you might say, with the Hollywood personality. You mustn't miss a move, you are or out of step.

"If I were a nobody, not in pictures," Miss Mackaill said quizically, "what would I do? Well, I haven't given it a thought. I dare say few do. Oh, yes, some say what they will do when they retire. But do they? No, they continue to hang on the fringe of picture glory, to be still a part of this dazzling splendor. "Hollywood is so amusing and so vivdly interesting, so picturesque in a glorious, not a shoddy or quaint, way. Nowadays else do you see glorious picturesqueness? I doubt if any of us who act roles in its show would be contented with this personality and be submerged by humdrum interests elsewhere, or even to be permanently lost in the vastness of New York.

"In our hearts we may be as prosaic as any one, anywhere. It would be awful, though, if any one thought that of us!"

"How do you sum up this distinctly Hollywood personality?" I wondered.

"Colorful, bizarre at times, vivid, dramatic, always aware of being the center of the spotlight, bright and interesting, charming in manner. Those are its outward aspects. This personality is a thinker—keen in analysis and frank in consideration. Even the most inconsequential conversation has this quality of mental restlessness. "You start chatting. Some one makes a searching remark, relative to some new picture's psychology, or to something happening, dramatic or otherwise, in the colony. Soon there is a spirited discussion. And if you just sit back and listen, you actually learn more of human nature's vagaries than from any number of books, or than you would in numberless conversations in any other locality.

"This freedom of thought and its frank expression is startling, topics being discussed that are glossed over as indelicate. But a lot of it is surface prattle. Some of us have had the fortune to be better educated than the majority of young women, many of us have assimilated an education from the world. We all like to pose as highbrows, as belonging to the young intellectual set. We are more keenly thinking than elsewhere, and are more daring conversationally. But how much of us," she chuckled, "wouldn't rather settle down in a comfy bath robe and slippers—at least once in a while—and read the Ladies' Home Journal? I would."

Isn't this Hollywood personality really Hollywood—a gingham town clothes suddenly in splendid raiment, launting herself at first in smug and prideful glamour as the center of the world's spotlight? Unaware that the world has really seen her, she continues her pirouetting, not realizing that she is doing her stuff now, principally for herself. At that, despite her dependence upon it, the world doesn't mean an awful lot to Hollywood, I suspect. I believe, even if she understood that she is cutting capers for her own amusement, she would continue just as delightedly.

"I guess, after all, we must enjoy wearing this Hollywood personality. Now, the day of toil is done. Do I tie me to my simple cottage to rest? I do not," Dorothy grinned. "I glide home, hoping every one will notice my new car, to dress myself in a new marvel, then to a dinner dance. I shall meet the same people that I meet several times a week. There will be the usual gay pleasures, bright badinage, half sincere nothings. We shall be poised, correct, alert not to miss a cue."

"Shall I be bored?" She laughed gayly. "If I am, I would never admit it. On the whole, I shall be as entertained as I have been three evenings this week on similar occasions." With which enigmatic curtain speech, Dorothy Mackaill raced away.

Did I relax, as I wished, with a novel, my feet up on something? I did not. I arrayed myself in a less conspicuous version of the Hollywood personality and stepped out to a party.
The Days That Were

Continued from page 20

now, alas, extinct upon the screen—Theda Bara, Valeska Suratt, Gladys Brockwell, and Louise Glaum. These artists specialized in the portrayal of women who were just no good, and they appeared in stories called by such titles as "Sex," "A Fool There Was," and "The Tiger Woman."

In direct contrast—Heaven be praised!—was the inspiring work of good girls who made you certain, after all, that virtue is its own reward, with a lot of excitement thrown in. In fact, if a really nice heroine suffered enough, she could hold an audience not for five reels but for thirty, divided into two-reel installments and served from week to week as a serial.

Before the days of transatlantic flights or even of war thrills, the movie public got its gasps out of things like "What Happened To Mary," "The Adventures of Kathlyn," "The Perils of Pauline," "The Exploits of Elaine," "Gloria's Romance," and "Patria." Spies, rôles, kidnappers, and Chinamen in league with the Mexican government, were among the menacing forces that kept those nice girls from settling down and leading quiet lives.

When I wasn't following a serial, or learning why girls leave home, I used to spend considerable time at the theater where the stock company reigned. Here, back of footlights that sometimes didn't light so well, a very personable actor named Bert Lytell was the leading man and manager. One week he would be a Western hero, in "The Girl of the Golden West," and a few days later he'd get a shave and step out as a prince, in "Graustark." Claire Windsor was a schoolgirl in Kansas then, named Olga Cronk, and Mrs. Lytell was Bert's leading lady, Evelyn Vaughn.

It was in 1916 that I first actually gazed upon a movie camera recording a picture. I spent my vacation at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and an actor named Douglas Fairbanks had a summer home there. This year he decided to combine vacation with work, and brought a company along to make "American Aristocracy." A very clever girl named Anita Loos had written the story. A man named Albert Parker played the villain. Another, named Richard Rosson, was the prop boy. And an eighteen-year-old younger known as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played the role of a newsboy.

The next year I was lucky, too. My brother was training for a commission at Plattsburgh, and when I went to see him I ran into another company on location. This time it was Mabel Normand and Herbert Rawlinson, in one of Mabel's biggest hits, "Joan of Plattsburgh."

And a couple of seasons later I actually saw the inside of a studio through the kindness of Eugene O'Brien, the only actor I ever heard of who was kind enough to help an outsider crash the gate.

At that time he was working at Fort Lee, in "Channings of the Northwest." He introduced me to a charming little girl who was awfully nervous, because it was her first day in front of a camera. Her name was Norma Shearer. On the same set chairs and tables were being put into order by a property man they called Joe Sternberg, and he looked just like the director they now call Joseph von Sternberg—only not so important or artistic. Oh, yes—on the very next stage Hope Hampton was working as the star in a picture that a handsome lad named John Gilbert was directing.

Much has happened in the last few years in the motion-picture world. Important people have evaporated—or they are merely playing bits, where formerly they were in their glory, and many who were not so important are now what you might call prominent. Not only that, but the camera man's art has progressed to a point nearing perfection. He it is, who makes it possible for the old favorites to still look young on the screen.

Meanwhile, I've seen hundreds of pictures. But when I stop now and think about them, somehow I don't remember the gigantic spectacles, or the German works of art. I don't even think of "The Birth of a Nation," or the others that were said to be bigger and better.


Ah, me! They were certainly the good old days!
clock to punch for six weeks, Miss Rich decided to travel with her daughter from the Coast and hit for a few days in New York. The fitting consisted of charcuterie of the younger generation to theater parties, a few speeches over the radio, a hurried and wistful glance in the shop windows, and a mad dash for the Twentieth Century Limited.

Miss Rich, who has a warm, vivacious personality, finds that in combining the duties of actress, mother, and wife, she has evolved the ideal method of being assured of a full, rich life.

"Of course," she says, "if things go smoothly at home, I can't take the credit for it. Everything is done for me—with the exception of Friday evenings. The entire staff decamps at midday, and when I come home from the studio I pitch right in with the family and we get our own dinner."

Speaking of parties, those twin spirits of gayety and savoir-faire, Marie Dressler and Hedda Hopper, appeared on Manhattan's horizon like two good deeds in a naughty world. After many months of keeping their respective noses to the grindstone on the Coast, they initiated a round of festivities such as only two congenial souls on pleasure bent can accomplish.

Hedda Hopper, of course, you recognize as the perennially sophisticated woman about town, who can express more by a curl of her lip, or the raising of a supercilious eyebrow, than most actresses can accomplish by a whole set of hysteries.

With "The Callaghans and the Murphys," Marie Dressler was clapped with fervor to the celluloid breast of the film world which, having dragged her from retirement abroad, is determined that so fine an artist shall remain in Hollywood whether she will or nay. The "eyes" have it and if the screen gods smile, Miss Dressler and Buster Keaton will share honors in a forthcoming picture.

Tim McCoy demonstrates that variety is the spice of the films, and that almost any road leads to the screen. A rancher by profession, fate literally lassoed him and made an actor out of him. A protégé of General Hugh L. Scott, a noted authority on the American Indian, McCoy first came into active contact with the movies when "The Covered Wagon" was being made. Familiarity with the life and speech of the Indians was a great asset in the process of filming that great epoch of pioneer history. McCoy not only became the interpreter between the Indians and the director, but he supplied much valuable data, remaining till the completion of the picture. He later lectured with the film both here and abroad, and then returned to his beloved ranch in Wyoming.

Shrewd M-G-M officials had noted the Westerner's fine physique, his prowess with the rope and the vaulting pole, and his agility in the saddle. Before he knew it, he was being groomed as a Western star. Leaving his ranch once more to the guardianship of a capable overseer, he took up his abode in Hollywood and found himself as much at home in his new environment as he had been in the open spaces.

"Activity," says Tim McCoy, "of one sort or another, is in one's blood—or it isn't. I've been active all my life, so it was merely necessary to transfer this activity to a new setting. And acting for the films has enabled me to enlarge my ranch to such proportions that I now own five thousand acres of land."

He has brought to these Western films a keen enthusiasm and a likable personality, which have already earned him his film spurs.

By the same token, the little McCoys—there are three of them—are being sent to school in France, whether they are guarded annually by a fond mother, who is none other, we discovered, than the erstwhile Agnes Miller, daughter of the late Henry, and sister of the successful producer, Gilbert.

The tall and stately Alice Joyce divides her time between her family, the films, and fountainwells. "All mothers leave their children for some portions of the year," says Miss Joyce, who in private life is Mrs. James B. Regan and has brains of her own. "They go to Palm Beach, Havana, Pinehurst, Bermuda, or Europe for jaunts lasting six or eight weeks at a time. The average film takes about two months to make—seldom longer, if as long—and playing a new rôle is my way of seeking a change. I don't enjoy loafing."

And so, every now and then, she purchases a new wardrobe, pads her children on the back, packs her bags and goes to Hollywood, lending her regal presence to a new film. More recently, however, after a brief visit to Canada, she sailed for England to play the heroine in a British picture.
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113}

That Indian Love Call
Continued from page 51

to office work. He was determined that he would some day lead a life away from a seething city.

With this ambition I'm sure I don't know why he ever came to Hollywood, but Hollywood brought him "Rose-Marie" and a location trip in Yosemite.

The location trip ended, the company returned to the M.G.M. studio. I was so intrigued by the story that I visited the set for a couple of days, but after the splendors of the location the zest seemed gone, and I was thrilled when I heard that the company was soon to be sent to Las Turas Lake.

This site is but an hour and a half drive from Hollywood, but the company was called for at five a.m. in order to get the benefit of every minute of sunlight. Sometimes it's nice to be involved although I was enthusiastic over "Rose-Marie," five in the morning is not the most pleasant hour in the world for enthusiasts. I must admit that it was nearing ten when the car swung around a bend in the road and the lake stretched before me.

A beautiful spot, this. It had been originally intended for a hunting and fishing club, but the project failed and the lake and its surrounding country were snapped up by the movies. This was an exciting day. The lake was dotted with over a hundred canoes. The Canadian trappers have a quaint custom whereby the first who reaches the village with his furs wins a trophy, so the last lap was a violent one. Jimmy Murray, of course, was set to win. Not because he was the best paddler in the outfit—far from it—but simply because he's the hero and the story was written that way.

Don't think for a minute that a canoe race isn't exciting. The men paddled like demons, and there were so many of them that there was constant danger of casualties. Two life guards stood on the banks just outside camera range. "We had to bring the life-savers up," Polly Moran confided, "for imagine our embarrassment if some one had fallen overboard and we had had to send all the way to Santa Monica for some one to do the saving scene!"

The canoe race was so exciting that those more skilled at handling the paddles almost beat Jimmy to the landing. The face of one of the most ardent enthusiasts seemed familiar to me and I was amazed when the race was over, and the scenes around the docks were being taken, to see him hurrying away instead of remaining to be in every possible bit of footage, as is the wont of extra men.

The familiar one turned out to be Lucien Hubbard, associate producer. Later I learned that he is master of the art of paddling his own canoe, and simply couldn't stay out of the birch-bark crafts when he saw them all lined up ready to go.

Jimmy Murray climbed the hill and flung himself on the ground.

"Can you beat that?" he laughed.

"All those years that I was an extra I was told to 'yes' the producers if I wanted to get ahead. Of course, when I was an extra I never saw any producers to 'yes,' and now that I've had a chance, I've had to beat one in a race. Of course Mr. Hubbard could win a race from me with one hand tied behind him, if the story didn't call for my being a big outdoor type."

Watching Joan Crawford leap from crag to crag, I discovered that she had lost none of her zest for "Rose-Marie." "Don't you wish we were back in Yosemite?" she asked when she saw me. And then, suddenly—Joan leaps conversationally, too—"Don't tell a soul, but look how long my hair has grown under this wig."

If I let you in on Joan's secret you mustn't breathe it to anybody. For lo, these many moons Joan has wanted long hair. Not too long, you understand, but just so that she can tuck it up when she goes out in the evenings—about shoulder length. In each picture she is told to keep it bobbed, so she never gets a chance to show that it would be more becoming if a trifle longer. Now that she's wearing a wig she is going to let it grow and burst in upon the studio. But promise that you won't say a word about it.

So Joan is thankful for "Rose-Marie"—and that's not the only reason. It's her reward of merit. She's been one of the most popular leading women on the M.G.M. lot. Lon Chaney, William Haines, John Gilbert, Tim McCoy—she's supported them all, and now it's her turn for a title rôle.

Joan tucked her blouse under the rough skirt and remarked, "I so seldom get a chance to wear pretty clothes on the screen. Member 'Twelve Miles Out?' Just one dress in the whole picture. I've done a lot of costume pictures, and now this. But I don't mind—not when I get a rôle like Rose-Marie!"

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Forced Into Films

Continued from page 49

Right in the middle of her first picture Douglas MacLean sent for her. and hardly before she realized what was happening, she was signed to a five-year contract and cast as his leading lady, in "Soft Cushions." Scarcely had she finished this role than her employer informed her she had been lent to Universal for "The Cohens and Kellys in Paris." When that was finished she was given the lead, in "Pigskin."

Bewildered by the rapidity of events, Sue Carol went stumbling from place to place, still wondering what it was all about. She had not come to California to go into pictures. She did not need a contract. These thoughts were racing through her brain when Cecil DeMille sent for her to be tested for the title role of "The Godless Girl."

"But I'm not a trained actress!" she protested. "I've been in pictures only eight months." She did not get the role, but DeMille borrowed her for the lead, opposite William Boyd, in "Skyscraper."

Was there ever a girl hustled from place to place and so sought after as this youngster from Chicago? Her naïveté, simplicity, and honesty made producers gape.

"I always looked funny to myself," she said the other day. "I don't think if father were living he'd let me stay out here, even now. I haven't taken any of it very seriously. Why, not long after I signed my contract I wanted to return home. And I went. They telegraphed me next day to go right back for work and I wired: 'Can't. Have to finish visit here.' Of course, I came to my senses and returned in a day or two, but that just shows how little I knew about contracts."

"But how do you account for all this success?" I asked. "Do you call it just luck?"

"I—I don't want to admit it's only luck. Maybe it's because I really have a little talent."

She seems to be an unusual combination of personalitites. She has something of the appearance of Clara Bow, but with more snap in her coal-black eyes. She possesses health, beauty, and mystery, all of which are quite irresistible. She suggests the fineness of a Swanson, yet she is inexperienced. She has acquired none of the starchy mannerisms many actresses assume, is unspoiled by her dizzy climb, and has that savoir-faire which is the mark of good breeding. No wonder the producers are crazy about her!

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She Answered DeMille's Prayer

Continued from page 25

ter was born. The quiet, kindly man whom very few knew well, adored this baby. In his little family he found perfect contentment for the first time.

Shortly afterward, Ziegfeld wanted Lina again for the "Follies." Warner had no wish that her talents be buried in domesticity, and urged her to continue her work. This she was preparing to do when her husband was called West to supervise Vitaphone productions. Even at the cost of her career. Lina would not be separated from him and, refusing all offers, accompanied him to California.

On her arrival, she considered the possibilities of the Los Angeles stage. But the possibilities of the Los Angeles stage are not—particularly to a New Yorker—imposing. So she devoted her interests to her home and family, and her energies to tennis and horseback riding. But Lina is not the type to be contented with this routine, which to her was idling. She was already growing restless when Warner had her do two Vitaphone numbers for him. In these it was discovered that she photographed delightfully, and forthwith the urge for picture work was implanted.

For business and family reasons it was deemed advisable for her to begin with Warner Brothers, so at her husband's suggestion she engaged a manager. Within three weeks she was cast in the leading role of an F. B. O. picture. Before this was completed, Paramount heeded the promising rumors they heard, and signed her to play in Adolph Menjou's "Serenade."

In the midst of this picture, Sam Warner fell ill. In a week the doctors told Lina that there was no hope of his recovery.

She laughed.

"You're crazy," she told them—covering the panic in her heart. "He couldn't die. There is too much for him to live for."

A few weeks later, a day or so before the baby's first birthday, he died. Lina was numb and dazed. The enormity of it horrified her.

"I was bitter and cynical," she says. "To me, it was cruelly unjust. I thought of the many people I knew who are permitted to live, although they bring nothing good into the world, sometimes doing actual harm. No one will ever know how good—how wonderfully good—Mr. Warner was. I couldn't believe it was right that he should be taken away from all our happiness."

It was on a Wednesday morning that Warner died. And Friday Lina was called back to the studio to finish "Serenade." How she did it she will never know. A child—barely twenty—and not only swept into a stark tragedy, but compelled to mask her grief for the camera. That she did it, shows the stuff of which troupers are made.

"Later," Lina explained, "I couldn't go on being bitter. I am not a religious person, but I have a firm belief in the existence of a sublime power and a beautiful hereafter. Through this, I made myself realize that it was selfish to grieve so for Sam. I couldn't help missing him terribly. But I did force myself to stop sorrowing that he was taken from the baby and me, where he had known the first real happiness of his life. I think, you see, that although we are separated from him, he is not separated from us."

Fortunately, her work gave her little time to brood. From Paramount she went to First National, playing opposite Richard Barthelmess, in "The Noose."

It was then that Cecil DeMille was looking for a girl to play the title role, in "The Godless Girl."

Great care was needed in the selection, because the girl dominated the whole production. Tests of many were shown to the movie maestro. None of which clicked—until the unreeling of a few scenes of "The Noose," Lina Basquette was sent for, tried out, and signed on a five-year contract, optional after the first picture, but virtually a binding option.

A trifle bewildered by her good fortune, she yet has poise and self-confidence.

"I've never known what it was to be nervous before the camera," she states, "so why should I now? My dancing has been a help beyond value to me. I never felt that first awkwardness, the terror of what to do with my hands. It makes my gestures spontaneous, so I don't have to think about technique. Which permits me to work from the heart, without worrying about the methods I am using.

"This is such a marvelous thing to have happened to me. I still can't believe it is true—but I'm not frightened. I know I can do it."

Will this dancer be the exception and make a brilliant career for herself?

Each time there is the possibility that this one can.
Wendy Grows Up
Continued from page 74

"There are so many things one must know, in addition to possessing the ability to express emotion. Timing and rhythm, little tricks of gesture and expression. And, of course, one must acquire bodily poise.

Then, aside from these things which are only important details, I began to study the methods of different directors, and then to study each story as a whole, and try to fit each little scene into its place, to see how it furthered the story development. And then there are still bigger things—things about business—which do not concern you very much as long as you are under a long-term contract, but things you will have to know eventually, if you are to go on in pictures.

"I have to go on! I could never give up pictures!

"You know I have worked very steadily. Sometimes I have finished one picture at night and begun a new one the next morning. And I get so tired. I think that if I can ever get as much as two weeks away from work at a time, I will just sleep and shop and not come near the studio. But when the vacation finally comes, I rest two or three days and then get restless. I trot to the studio for no reason at all, and sort of hang around and ask people, 'When do you suppose I start to work again?'

"I visit sets—just stand and watch, wistfully, and wish I were working, too!

"It is a funny business. We all grumble and talk about how hard it is. But no one who has had a real taste of it can ever be satisfied with anything else.'

She paused and fingered her swollen cheek with a pained expression.

"And then I had to grow up, too," she continued. "You know how it is—one moment you are a child and you accept that fact. The next moment you begin to feel different, and you wonder what is the matter. Then it dawns on you that you are growing up, and you are bewildered and a little frightened.

"You wonder what sort of a woman you are going to be. You hope, maybe, that you are going to be tall and slim and graceful. And you find you have stopped growing. So that is settled. You are going to be small.

"Every girl hopes. I think, when she is fourteen or fifteen, that she is going to grow up to be some one entirely different from what she is then. She wants to be vivacious and alluring, or she wants to be stately and aloof. At any rate, she hopes to be dazzling and different.

"And then one day she discovers that she has grown up. She does not look so very different or seem very different from other people. She only feels different inside.

"She may be a little bit disappointed, but anyway it is a relief!"

She sighed a little. "Now I have to try to find out what is the best thing for me to do—what sort of roles will suit me best—what line to take."

It is interesting to recall that at the time of "Peter Pan," which brought both Mary Brian and Betty Bronson into prominence, the wise ones predicted great things for Betty and early obscurity for Mary, because the latter, they said, did not possess sufficiently definite and distinct characteristics to make her count for very much in the celluloid profession.

Now, after four years, when each is standing at the threshold of maturity, the difference in the respective status of the girls is not so great.

Betty was starred too soon, perhaps.

And she was given a standard in her first picture which would have been difficult for an experienced actress to maintain over a long period. Betty has had her troubles and has won, incidentally, the reputation of being hard to handle.

While the amiable little Mary has jogged along a level path. Pretty enough to symbolize a young man's dreams, she has been used for just that, over and over. Doing cheerfully and adequately the simple things she was asked to do, she has progressed steadily and unconsciously to a reasonably secure position in the picture world.

While Betty still longs to be Peter Pan, Mary undoubtedly is still Wendy. And Wendy she will doubtless remain to the end of the chapter!

The Vanishing Flapper
Continued from page 63

he was crazy about was a flapper, and he tells me all the things he didn't like about her, so I—well, anyway, I got tired of being a flapper. This man is studious. He's a director. So we sit and read, or go to quiet places. I don't think it's wise for an actress who is getting well known to be seen about too much. It's all right for a while to attract at-

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tention, but after you are established you should be aloof.

"Besides, I heard talk about me that I didn't like. They said I was dumb. Why, that's ridiculous. My people are French and Italian, so I have a background."

The family home, it developed, is in New Jersey, whence she came to Hollywood some few years ago to live with her grandparents and attend high school.

"I wanted nice clothes, so decided to go to work and earn them. I went to a secretarial school and then got a job at the Writers' Club as secretary. My dear, I never was a telephone operator. That story's not true. I only substituted at the switchboard when the operator went to luncheon. The scenario writers began to ask me to type their scripts, and then somebody asked me if I wanted to be a script girl on the set, and I said, 'Sure.' One day a manager, a very important person who only manages well-known players, came over to the Chaplin studio and begged permission to manage me. I gasped and told him to go ahead.

"My first test was for Universal and it was terrible. They put it in the screen library and somebody at First National saw it and sent for me. I played a lead in my first picture, 'The Sea Tiger,' and got wonderful notices. Nobody ever had that happen before, did they? But after that, gloom enveloped her, 'things stopped happening. First National didn't take up my option until two weeks after the contract ended. Three companies wanted me, but I went back there because they promised me wonderful things. I didn't get them.

"Why, a girl who makes a hit in her first picture should have marvelous roles as follow ups. The lead in 'The Patent Leather Kid' should have been mine, but they gave it to Molly O'Day. Always calling in girls from outside for roles that I should play. Oh, yes, I had a pretty part in 'The Private Life of Helen of Troy,' and Paramount borrowed me for 'Dorothy in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' but both roles were cut. I don't think that is right. Even if you are supporting a star, it builds up her part by enlarging the other roles."

Under other conditions, the above may not be logic. But when very insistent and ingenuous eyes appeal to you, it becomes logic.

Further confessions were that she takes her career very, very seriously, but she might give it up in a minute, if she decided to get married; that she dislikes sports, but adores posing for sport pictures, and that she is through with flappers forever—unless she falls out of love with the serious director and into love again with "a mere boy."  

Of course, I shouldn't tell secrets, but it isn't a secret that Victor Fleming, a director, formerly reported engaged to Clara Bow, is very attentive to her.

The White ménage consists of grandparents, French and Italian, from whom she gets her background, Chow dog suddenly given to temperament, monkey, and maids.

"I don't have to work," she said. "I could stay at home and have as many nice things as any girls, but I am ambitious. Sometimes I get so despondent. Why, somebody at Paramount said if they didn't have Clara Bow, they would make a great star of me. Those things don't go to my head at all. I still wear the same hatband; but it's just as well to know what other people think of you."

The following day she was riding the clouds again. First National had told her she would play Sheba in the film of the "Harold Teen" comic strip.

"I wish they would stop that talk of me resembling Clara Bow. Of course, since I made my hair redder—it was a little red before—I do look a trifle like her. They might be carbon copies of each other. But why play that up? On the screen we are different. I want to be individual, and not ape somebody else."

She is a clever little thing. Hollywood believes in her skill. She has brains, too, perhaps not the seeking brains that delve for deep learning, but the workable brains, without which a girl in Hollywood is up against it. And she is interesting, to one who sits back and surveys. There will probably be many Alice personalities, but their transitions, if reflected on the screen, should give us varied entertainment.

The Two-a-Day Racket

Continued from page 57

good troopers who do the real work, covering the deficiencies of the other stars. Occasionally the star is bulky, and insists that he, or she, should have more lines and emoting than any other. The result, at such times, is droll indeed. It would be cruel to give examples, though I know at least three grand ones.

A star in a poor sketch draws well on name-value alone. In a good sketch the receipts are tremendous,
and, gathering momentum, grow during the engagement. It has been found that fans, who go hopefully to see their pets, and find them in inferior vehicles, are duly disappointed and resentful. The more cautious stars now prefer to wait for suitable theaters than chance the public's ire.

Conferences preceding the engagement in vaudeville of a cinema light are usually lengthy, owing to the fact that most players demand their studio salaries. These being out of all ratio to the vaudeville market, which is of considerably less extent than the far-reaching movie, a deadlock generally ensues. The star either accepts a reduction, or abandons the idea. Only in cases where the name is of sufficient luster to draw on personal-appearance value alone, are picture salaries paid.

The unfortunate Chaplin's two ex-wives have cashed in on their notority. Shortly after her divorce, Mildred Harris toured the vaudeville circuits, but had the good taste not to use her married name. Her sketch was sketchy indeed, the not-too-talented Mildred wearing beautiful clothes and looking ravishingly lovely, which was about the extent of her abilities at that time. Lita Grey, on her trip to New York last year, was considering a vaudeville engagement, eager to cash in before the wave of sensationalism she had created should subside. Of no talent whatsoever and only moderately pretty, she packed the Palace Theater on her tentative appearance there, but did not embark on a tour.

Not all screen players have a clear field, merely on the strength of their names and calling. Larry Semon set out with an inadequate sketch, which lasted two weeks and then "died." Dustin and William Farnum tried a dramatic playlet, but their methods were still those of twenty years ago.

And the methods of to-day are as different as "Chicago" is from "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Belle Bennett, for no explainable reason, while she did well in the Midwest, was rather coolly received in the larger cities. The magnificent Nazimova was received with open arms in the East, particularly in New York, and "India," her new sketch, has further entrenched her. But west of Chicago she seemed somewhat less than Sophie Tucker and Nick Lucas. The redoubtable Rin-Tin-Tin drew only adequately well. While being good looking and of considerable charm, his methods were those of the movies and not by register across the footlights. Francis X. Bushman, doing Orpheum time, surprised his fans by the slightly inferior quality of his speaking voice. A deep, well-rounded voice was anticipated from the handsome Francis, and the reaction to his nearly insignificant tones was, at first, bewilderm ent.

New York, as she is, is tough about movie stars. But Los Angeles is tougher. The Orpheum Theater on the Western Broadway has a crowded Sunday night audience of Hollywood players, who are picky and choosy about their entertainment. One of their number appearing there, or be sure of many of his friends attending and applauding him. But, unless he has something of intrinsic value to offer, his is a chilly reception from an audience to whom the glamour of his name is so much rusty tin.

But with the exception of Los Angeles, where movie stars are numerous to the point of monotony, and New York, where stage celebrities are frankly preferred, the way of the film luminaries is usually strewed with the conventional, but gratifying, roses.

**Information, Please**

Continued from page 102

the war; whatever family she was left at home, so I knew nothing about them. The costumes worn by Billie Dove in "The Tender Hour" and "The Stolen Bride" were designed by Max Ree. Norma Shearer's clothes in "The Waging Sex" were designed by André-Ani.

**Charlotte Lanier.**—Yes, you've just been out of luck waiting for some one else to ask about Charles Delaney. You're the first person who's ever mentioned his name to me. He was an American, born in New York, August 9, 1898. He is five feet eleven, weighs 165; brown hair and eyes. Yes, he is married. His films include: "College Days," "The Band Hunters," "The Tired Business Man"—all蒂fany's "Outcast Souls," "Mountains of Manhattan," and, for M.-G.-M., "Frisco Sally Levy," "The Thirteenth Hour." Also "The Main Event," "Home, James." Ronald Colman is thirty-seven and was formerly married to Thelma Ray. He has brown eyes. He has played in too many films for a complete list here; his first American picture was "The White Sister." The current ones are: "Bom Gentry," "The Night of Love," "The Magic Flame," and "The Passionate Adventure." The actresses in "The Snob" were Norma Shearer and Phyllis Haver, and in "The Thirteenth Hour," "The Sea Wolf." I can't keep track of which stars answer their fan mail; write them and see.

**Betty, Perke.**—You do believe in making me think, don't you? Who was the actress in "The Main Event" who was annoyed by a fly while trimming the chandelier? Now, wasn't it careless, but the actress wasn't listed in the cast that way: "Actress unnamed by fly." What am I to do? The blonde you asked about, in "Bardeley the Magnificent," isn't mentioned in the

---

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Mr. Powell Obliges

Continued from page 91

simply cannot comprehend the state of mind in which one is when one acts. And so few actors can throw any light on the subject. They can do the thing, but they seem not to be sufficiently analytical and introspective to tell you how they do it. They repeat with studied intensity a few hackneyed phrases about what is called "feeling a role" and "believing in what you are doing"—and that’s all.

It was a sunny afternoon and Mr. Powell sug¬gested a run to the beach. Lying on the sand, watching the Pacific curl lazy waves over stretches of beach, we continued our conversation.

"Do you mind being a menace?" I inquired, apropos of nothing.

"Not in the least!" he assured me.

"I am, in fact, tickled to death at the opportunity."

Of course, when one plays villains, one’s characters are for the most part unreal. You cannot imagine that the villain of most stories ever went to school, or had a tooth pulled. Usually he is a purely mechanical device of the author, dragged in for the purpose of making trouble for the hero and the girl.

"He is a sort of Frankenstein monster, only, instead of destroying the author, he destroys me!"

"But now and then you get a real person to portray. Boldini was real. I knew all about that man—where he was born, who his parents were, why he joined the Foreign Legion. I knew he was a degenerate and what the circumstances were which led to that state of affairs. Characters like that lift this business of acting out of its commonplace, mechanical rut and portraying them becomes a real joy."

We talked about God, and Freud, and the reasons why so many pictures are bad. We talked about love and Mr. Powell said he could see no use in the thing, whatever."

Then, suddenly, it was much later than we had thought and we hurried into the water for our dip. And that screen heavy showed his true colors by bucking this writer under three large and overwhelming waves, so that she got her mouth full of ocean and her ears full of sand!"

"Just to prove it," he explained, "that I am a villain!"

So my fears were set at rest and I knew, despite the gentleman’s bland good looks and deferential manner, that I had been lunched with a heavy and not a juvenile. No judgment was due an interviewer!
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Not So Dumb!

Continued from page 29

“The first glance friends would give me, terrified me,” she described it afterward. “Quick, questioning looks, changing into a puzzled uncertainty. A friend of the photographer laid a bet that I was Jean Williams. ‘Don’t be an idiot,’ the photographer said, but later had to pay.

“One evening at a party some one said, ‘My dear, here is a countryman of yours, Peter Diege. I am sure you two will get along beautifully together.’ I was panic-stricken. Peter began a guttural rattle of Danish. I smiled sweetly. When in doubt—if it’s a man—always smile, very sweetly. I knew enough Danish to murmur a few words.”

One day she was asked by a charming writer, noted for her cynical wisdom, to join the press table at the Roosevelt. A newspaper scribe, who had seen her in New York, recognized her and tried to trap her. She looked blank. His wise-cracks, designed to trick her into sudden laughter, brought only that dumb, sweet gaze. Finally, unable to control her mirth, she turned to the others and gurgled, “Eesn’t he fon-ny?” One newspaper lad is a bit subdued nowadays when he is greeted, “Eesn’t he fon-ny?”

The sweet Scandinavian, so helpless with our language and ways, conquered Hollywood. A test had been made for Cecil DeMille, which met his approval. He never grants interviews to applicants until he has seen and passed their tests. He sent for her. A contract was ready for Sonia Karlov. The publicity department was rolling up its sleeves preparatory to going into action to establish another “foreign sensation,” though the records of her European experience were a bit sketchy.

In the corridor, Sonia bumped into Lina Basquette, also of the same “Follies” crop. “Hello, Jean! What are you doing out here?”

Sonia’s eyebrows lifted. Lina, either perplexed or annoyed by Sonia’s scrutiny, turned away. Sonia started for DeMille’s office. At the door she broke down and confessed.

“It wasn’t just Lina’s recognizing me. I had fooled others. I could have put it over her, though the women were sharper and it took more wit. But I thought that if DeMille found out afterward, he might cancel my contract.”

Instead, DeMille chuckled and remarked, “If you can put over an act like that in Hollywood, you can act. Sign here.”

She has wits—and her future seems off to a good start.
Stays on no matter what one does!

Rather embarrassing, isn't it, when your lipstick won't stay on — when it comes off on everything that touches your lips? Absolutely unnecessary, too.

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Free — Send coupon for 8 x 10 Art Print of this beautiful painting — the Kissproof Girl. Printed in 12 colors, mailed flat for framing.
I was just about to enter the room when I heard the sound of my name caught my attention.

"I'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!" Bill was saying about me.

"Maybe it'll seem too much like old times," someone else rejoined.

"You'd better lock the piano!"

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn't pulled it..."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it was a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn't blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular numbers.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw—the room was empty! Instead of entertaining the party, as I had supposed, my halting, stumbling performance had been a nuisance.

Turning with shame and indignation I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had made a fool of myself—when suddenly it occurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the crowd's parties, I had hied my time until I was absolutely certain that I could put my plan over. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill's face as he welcomed me. Everyone seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year's trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel just in the mood.

Instantly the friendly atmosphere changed. It was amusing to see the look that spread from face to face. For a moment no one spoke. Then, just as I was sitting down at the piano, some one called:

"For heaven's sake, get away from that piano! Don't spoil the party!"

That was my cue. Instead of replaying I struck the first bars of "Sun Down." And how it Knewly I had learned the song.

"Gone was the halting, nervy-reading song that had formerly made my playing a torture to the listeners. No wonder the guests gasped with amazement. Frankly, believing their ears they had never. When I finished they loudly clamored for more. Time and again, when I would have stopped, they fiercely insisted on "just one more, please!"

How I taught myself to play without a teacher!

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a man-at-arms, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!"

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys mentally apologized. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn't opened my eyes, I'd still be a duffer at playing. I won't home the night time, I'll make it. I brought me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now, I'm only sorry you didn't pull that trick sooner."

Before letting me go home that night Bill cornered me and said, "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! How did you do it?"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that's all!"

"What do you mean 'new way'? Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself!"

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"Simply! You've heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven't you?"

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed up last year, I sat on of their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for. And then, I changed my mind. I'm really glad I did! There wasn't no expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I practiced until the very last minute, and the course was through. Why, almost before I knew it, I could play anything— schlagers, topolens, waltzes, jazz!"

You needn't know a thing about music to take this pleasant, rapid course.

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Piano Organ Drums and Trumpets Violin Piccolo Clarinet Flute Cornet Saxophone Voice and Speech Culture Autoharp English Harness and Composition Banjo (Pluck-strum, 5-string or Tenor)

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed up last year, I sat on of their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be so much easier than I had hoped for. And believe me, it's really glad I did! There wasn't no expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I practiced until the very last minute, and the course was through. Why, almost before I knew it, I could play anything— schlagers, topolens, waltzes, jazz!

Have you chosen instrument?

None (Please Write plainly)

Address ________________________________________________________

City State ___________

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Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:
Contents for May, 1928

What the Fans Think ........................................ 8

Two Fellows and a Girl .................................... 15

The Little Poses of the Stars ......................... Helen Louise Walker 16

Sure, They Have Brains! ................................. William H. McKegg 20

Gush—But Read On .......................................... Margaret Reid 24

Let's Go to College—For Fun ......................... Grace Kingsley 26

When Day Is Done .......................................... 28

Over the Teacups ........................................ 30

“Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow” ..................... Helen Louise Walker 34

Favorite Picture Players ................................. 35

When the Spirit Moves ................................ Malcolm H. Oettinger 43

It's Part of the Game .................................... Mignon Rittenhouse 44

You Can Thank Texas For Them ...................... Alma Talley 46

Be Yourselves, Young Ladies! ......................... 49

Manhattan Medley .......................................... Aileen St. John-Brennon 50

Hoop-la! We're Circus Girls! .......................... 54

The Stroller ............................................... Carroll Graham 56

They're Going to School For a Year ................ Myrtle Gebhart 58

The Screen in Review .................................. Norbert Lusk 60

“Buddy” Shows How ..................................... 64

Continued on the Second Page Following


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From every corner of the world they came, that valiant band of youths who had tried everything in life but Death! Fearful tragedies, smashed loves, lost fortunes had driven them to join that daredevil band of war flyers—"The Legion of the Condemned". Day after day, high above the earth, they flirted with Death, or drove their roaring planes far behind the enemy lines to land spies—the most hazardous mission of the war.

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Some enduring marriages among film folk are given the approval due them.

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Pictures of Ken Maynard in dare-devil stunts.

Autographs For the Asking

Modern versions of the old-fashioned album.

Information, Please

Answers to readers' questions.

Contents—Continued

A Girl Comes to Hollywood

And take our word for it, you won't rest until you finish it. Smart, sophisticated Hollywood is the background against which charming, civilized people move through the mazes of a perplexing, but plausible, mystery. It will grip you at the start and hold you fascinated, as it twists and turns through astonishing situations and introduces you to delightful characters. The author, Alice M. Williamson, knows her Hollywood as thoroughly as the writers whose interviews you read every month. Her novels and short stories are read the world over, one of her recent ones, "Honeymoon Hate," having been filmed by Paramount. She has written for Picture Play a serial which combines her lively style and fresh viewpoint with her pronounced ability to create a mystery and sustain it, at no sacrifice of a human and sympathetic romance between two enchanting young people. "A Girl Comes to Hollywood" is a treat which every reader will enjoy.

There Are Other Treats, Too

One of them is a group of interviews such as Picture Play has rarely had the good fortune to assemble in a single number. Instead of enumerating the personalities under discussion, we prefer to surprise you with them. Our suggestion is to buy Picture Play for June, and no doubt you will find that your favorite star has something unusual to say. One thing, however, is certain: you will find in the next number more to interest the fan than ever before, with a profusion of pictures—portraits of the stars, glimpses of new productions and a wealth of other material. Just take our word for it, the next issue will surpass your expectations.
It's the money you spend wisely that counts

SOMEONE has said that a rich man has more fun keeping a budget than a man of moderate means. Because the money he saves is tangible, he can see it and invest it, and put it to work. However, a budget is an invaluable help to anyone.

A budget helps you keep the right proportions between expenses, prevents you from spending more than is best for food and rent, or crimping more than you should on entertainment and luxury. But a budget is not a reason for getting cheap things, things in which you forfeit quality by attempting to save on price. A budget says to you: "Here is the amount of money you should spend for this. Spend all of it, but don't spend more." And it is up to you to get the best that can be got for that amount.

The person who spends his money wisely, who likes to get the utmost for it, always finds out from advertisements how he can spend it to the best advantage.

It is surprising how much more wisely you can buy if you make it a habit to read advertising. A little more value here ... a little better workmanship there ... in this thing slightly more durability ... that product perhaps a bit finer. And every cent of money you spend for advertised merchandise will bring you greater comfort, a higher quality of goods, and a standard of excellence that is nationally recognized.

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It certainly pays to read the advertisements
Turning the Tables With a Vengeance.

HAVING frequently read articles about the many amusing letters the stars receive from the fans, I am going to turn the tables and tell some funny things I have received from the stars.

On an envelope containing a photograph of Norma Talmadge was written: "Joe and N— are having it out to-day." A letter from another well-known star said: "I am much glad to have gotten your note; it is true you mean nothing to me." Can any one solve this mystery? And I simply requested a photograph. From another well-known male star, now dead, I received a large envelope and in haste ripped it open, expecting a large photograph. To my surprise, a short note was all it contained, with this written on it: "Money speaks louder than praise where photos are concerned." I had to laugh, although I never replied to or liked that star again.

In a large envelope with Pola Negri's return address on it I received a photograph of Rod La Rocque. How come?

I have received numerous letters, with all kinds of thanks for the way I had praised their work, when I only requested a photo. One star requested me to write to eight producers, asking for her appearance in their pictures, and then she would send me a photo. That is one photograph I never received! Another star wanted me to write all the "answer men," asking questions about her!

Once I received a photograph from Marion Davies, and on the back was written: "Miss Davies never sees your letters, therefore your words of praise are a waste of time!" Another star wrote me a nice letter from New York, with a request for twenty-five dollars for some photos—very nice of her, wasn't it? On a photograph from Norma Shearer was written, "Call Emily as soon as you get in." But the best was from pretty little Virginia Bradford. She sent me a beautiful photo—and the envelope also contained a large, colored book entitled "The Night Before Christmas." My! She must have thought I was young!

Houston, Texas.

J. E. B.

Whee-ee!

For the past three months the letters in Picture-Play have been full of brickbats for the stars, the majority fit for the waste-paper basket only. For a change, here is a brickbat for Picture-Play itself! Why allow these ignorant letters to be printed? The remedy lies with you, and since the printed letters from England appear to be a chosen few, why not be fair and choose the American ones that are fit for other decent-minded fans to read? That sentence needs an explanation, and here it is:

Last year I wrote two letters to "What the Fans Think," which, if they had been printed, would have dispensed some false ideas the American public seems to possess about England and its picture-going public. Two of my pals, in different parts of England, had the same disappointment, so it seems fairly obvious why the letters are chosen. If the much-discussed screen artists read the hysterical, silly things that are written about them, I only hope they smile and condemn them as piffle, which they are.

My next brickbat is for Malcolm Oettinger, who began writing his articles brilliantly and now seems to be sinking himself in the mire by writing all he thinks in his interviews. I am not a Pola Negri fan by any means, but after reading his interview with her I conclude he received a well-deserved snub. Personally, I agree with her attitude toward reporters and publicity men; but in America, it seems, if one doesn't say much they fare badly when the report is published. Last November he wrote an hysterical interview with Virginia Valli, and the way he described her rôle of Gaby Deslys, in "Paid to Love," gave me much merriment! What person who knew, or ever saw, Gaby Deslys could believe she earned her money by playing in a dirty café in Montmartre for the benefit of American tourists? Whoover told Miss Valli she looked like Gaby fooled her nicely! The film was shown at a third-rate picture house in this town, very deservedly so, too. George O'Brien was badly miscast, and it will be a long time before I can forget such a film. The general opinion in America seems to be that we English haven't a sense of humor, but when we read these awful fan letters and see such ridiculous pictures as "Paid to Love," I think we can well afford to sit back and laugh.

I have been a reader of Picture-Play for years and have never complained before, but I certainly think drastic measures should be taken when unauthorized people calmly put pen to paper and discuss the private lives of the screen folk. They should remember they — Continued on page 10
Folds Like a Suitcase
with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient easily carried wherever you want it. Take it along to parties where you want to dance and sing, or listen to good music. Take it with you on trips. Holds 15 records. Weighs only 7 lbs. Pull size, not a toy.

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Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only $1.00 with the coupon brings the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. Remember, 15 Double Face 78c New Electric Process records, 30 up-to-date selections—worth $1.25 are included in this offer. Send the coupon NOW.

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of home furnishings sent on request with or without order. See coupon.

This Portable Phonograph
places any make of 10-inch disc or 78c records including Edison and plays two ten-inch records with one needle. Weight 14 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with snap locks, comes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and carrying handle. Measures 15 1/2 x 7 5/8 x 7 1/4 in. Records played length of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full tone volume. Reproduces as well as Edison records. Outfit includes a 15 double face New Electric Process records—30 selections. A complete record player without payment of a cent and free, worth about $20.00.

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The capacity for criticism, and the grounds upon which it is based, seem to mean so little to some of the would-be fans who have had letters published, that I should be unlikely in this respect to their prejudiced opinions and their illogical reasoning.

Very few people ever stop to consider what constitutes a great star. I have read letter after letter after letter criticizing them from absolutely unreasonable viewpoints. The strange thing to me is the fact that most of these ultra-personal opinions are contradictory to the general popularity of the public writer. I never thought to consider that public patronage literally 'makes' a star and creates box-office sensations. No sound motion-picture corporation will ever shut a player with a such a person idea is considered as by the general public. The popularity of the stars or featured players is determined by the various box-office receipts throughout the country, and the corporation employing the players will cast its productions accordingly. Business ability, foresight, and speculation are just as essential to an industry as in any other field of activity.

This argument was forcibly brought to my attention after having read a feeble attempt to compare Cullen Landis with John Gilbert. The young lady seemed to feel that the mistake was in making her own personal opinion should establish a precedent over the likes and dislikes of millions of people. I do not wish to condone this idea, but to remind her that John Gilbert is considered by authorities as one of the greatest actors upon the screen to-day. If there is any doubt in her mind as to the veracity of this statement, she might refer to M.-G.-M. to obtain a statistical report of the box-office receipts from his various productions, or she might, more easily, frequent the crowded streets pictures are being shown, and determine the number of available seats during each performance. Is not this ample proof that Cullen Landis evidently is doing something which it takes to make a star?

In regard to Greta Garbo, whom we would naturally think of in connection with Gilbert, a contributor has described her in a rather mean-spirited phrase as a "perfectly inane-looking little idiot." This person, too, was probably laboring under the misapprehension that her criticism was absolute above regrets. Indeed, it says a lot for jealousy. This young lady must remember that Garbo had been featured in only four American productions prior to the release of her first starring vehicle. What other star can count of such a record of success? To-day she is as well known as many stars who have been on the screen for several years. Certainly the public is well satisfied with the image of the private who believed that every man in the ranks was out of stop but himself. The consistent success which Garbo has been able to achieve is due in no small measure to electronic marriages that her personality and the public do not seem to satisfy them. Don't you think that every actor knows his weight; but is often forced to play to the gallery, is not fit for company? Oh, they all have to struggle and have their worries.

For every actor, stardom is an everlasting thing. You know of them quickly fall from their pedestal, perhaps never to climb again. Why make it harder for them? Stop to think, fans, how it is hurting them; and, perhaps, you will be less apt to criticize.

E. H. S.

All's Fair in Business.

Continued from page 8

The Fans Think

There have been arguments about the truthfulness of interviews, which are printed as "strictly-the-truth" material.

Placing myself in the hands of the person interviewed, I can see many reasons for wrong impressions. The person interviewed does all the talk, and usually to a person whom he has never seen before, so that if there are misrepresentations it is only because the reporter has not grasped the person behind the act. But what of all this? We, the fans, are not always watching for incorrect statements. We read the report, and don't care very much if it is just a trifle distorted. Occasionally, untrue statements get into print; when they do, the mistake is explained in a way that has been in very clever and amusing fashion. However, very often a slight mistake on the part of the reporter may cause the partial downfall of a celebrated star.

Janet Gaynor may have been a flapper when a schoolgirl, and she probably was, but who cares—for is she not one of our most appealing stars? Her press agent has probably done a series of characterizations as a model and worked out an appealing story for her public, with the result that a person who knows the truth speaks the thing that public want as a deception. Flapper or not, Janet must have been a good girl, and an interesting one, to have made the success she has.

Gentle fans, let us forget personal grievances. Probably many of you who say such dreadful things about the stars would be delighted to meet them—so why cause them heartaches?

An idea of a perfect day would be when Picture-Play is printed without a single star against any star.

PEARL H. MCLAUGHLIN

137 Wilson Street

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

The Cradle Snatchers.

Steve R. Dorgon's letter, in the February issue of Picture-Play, amused me. I wished to know why certain of the older stars had young leading men, when they had such players as Clive Brook, Norman Kerry, Constance Nagel, and Victor Varconi to choose from in the current fad, why were they "cradle snatchers?"

Among the names mentioned was Mary Pickford. It is hard to believe, but I presume Mr. Dorgon cannot imagine Mrs. Pickford, that child of the movies—not in years, of course, but in appearance and portrayal—opposite any of the up-and-coming leading men. I agree with him about the other stars—Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Pola Negri, and Pauline Starke, but Mary—absolutely not.

I saw Miss Pickford in "My Best Girl," one of her best pictures, and she actually looked younger than Charles Rogers. And, after all, it is only the appearance which counts. Miss Pickford is the eternal child, and her in pictures with any of the leading men Mr. Dorgon suggested would be very silly indeed.

Our clamming, fans, and use, instead, that splendid motto contained in a recent letter to Picture-Play: "If you can't boost, don't knock!"

A MARY PICKFORD FAN.

Toronto, Canada.

Impressions of the M.-G.-M. Studio.

I was fortunate enough to visit the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio about a year ago and met several of the screen stars there, beheld, among others, the languorous Garbo. Much to my amazement, I found
To William Boyd's Rescue.

At last! The blow has fallen which compels me to write this long-deferred letter. I refer to the baby picture of William Boyd for his role in "Dress Parade." To say that his performance is merely an imitation—and a painful one, at that—is to make the man fratic! Who is William Haines but a smarty? He has never given the screen a characterization with possibilities as great as did William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman." To me he is superfluous, and has never shown real emotion.

The fans who object to Greta Garbo do not know good acting when they see it. More, she is inspirational, for who can deny that in "Man, Woman and Sin" John Gilbert's performance was not the firey, impassioned one that we saw in "La Belle et la Bête"? And Greta alone is responsible! It is so great emotionally that whoever plays with her is infected with her own genius. Not that Miss Eagles is insipid, but simply that she is not the woman who could imbue her genius. Three cheers for Garbo and Gilbert—and long may they kiss!

LORRAINE WHITELAY.

1403 Bonham Street, Commerce, Texas.

Cease Firing!

Cease hostilities just for a moment, please, and consider the Garbo supporters; that, instead of hurting your divinities, the anti-Gilberts are really giving them a little more publicity? The average fan is going to read these glowing epistles and say: "These people must surely be great artists, for only the great inspire so much controversy. We condemn the poor ones with faint praise!"

Surely there is room for every great artist in the film firmament. I do not for one moment believe that any man or woman can reach the first rank in acting, and hold it with the applause of intelligent people, unless real ability is evident. What does it matter whether stars are twenty or forty, if we have known them for many years and have grown to a shining through which makes the personality lovely, and maturity has a meellow beauty as lovely and fascinating as the radiance of the sun. One of the most touching scenes of youth’s unifying and maturing Mary Pickford will be symbolic of all that is gracious and sweet, and Ramon, the dreamer, will be Galahad, the glamorous, glorious, Gifted.

Fans, did you ever stop to think how terrible it must be for authors to read unkind comments about their private lives or crushing sarcaum about their public appearance? Actors are not calm, phlegmatic creatures; they are a highly strong, sensitive, and often overworked lot; and many a letter must hurt and discourage them. They give us their best; let us give them our best. Constructive criticism, yes—we all need that in order to go ahead.

ISABEL C. CRAWFORD.

Kamloops, British Columbia.

Hurray for Gilbert! Miss Robinson of Delaware, whose letter was printed in the February Pictorial Review, is certainly right in her things about John Gilbert. I thought that every one who said a single word against him had to fight a duel with the rest of the world. But, of course, a dueling party rascal completely won me.

And now just a word about the others: Norma Shearer is a beauty—but not as good looking as she and the screen are a verge of convulsions. He is naturally friendly and jolly, but in his broad humor is not always careful to think of other people. He made the good-looking rascal completely won me.

Stars in the Flesh.

For the benefit of the fans who would like to know how the stars appear in real life, I wish to say to Miss Barbara La Marr that I have been happy in knowing her boy is in such good care.

Suzi Pitts. I spoke to her at the Ambassador dog show, with her little daughter, a beautiful, charming, and absolutely adorable son, Sonny, who belongs to Barbara La Marr. Suzi is much younger and more attractive than she appears on the screen. She has a flaxen hair and a grey-blue eye that made her blue eyes glow. She is friendly and one can say she is high-hat! I summoned courage to ask her to write her name in my fan’s program book, and to my surprise and pleasure her answer was, "Of course!" Fearing she might freeze me with hauteur, I timidly endeavored to tell her how much I admired her, and she won my friendship, right then and there, by an amused sort of laugh, accompanied by an "Oh!" as if to say, "Be yourself, you'll not lose your word of it!"

It wouldn’t be fair if I didn’t say her daughter and little Sonny are the dearest, most well-behaved youngsters anyone would want to see. I am sure Miss Barbara La Marr must be happy in knowing her boy is in such good care.

Mae Murray. I saw her dance at the Metropolitan Theater here recently. She is tiny, with bright-blue eyes and a dazzling smile that almost makes up for the grotesm that is a part of Mae Murray. Regal in spite of her smallness, she doused in black velvet. It was breathtaking to see how superbly Miss Murray’s mobile face can assume utter disregard of around the world, and wonderfully interesting in her dancing. It seemed to me she was more of an actress than a dancer, for her steps were really nothing unusual, and her period dance was so charmingly done that it was very evident dancing. She has never been lovely and more charming than in the picture "The Merry Widow," and I hope that someday we will see her in another such role.

Billie Dove appeared on the stage at Loeve’s Theater along with the showing of "American Beauty." She stepped out on the stage and after hurrying us on most distressingly by her mere presence, disappointed us by not saying a word! Beauty? Yes! Not chilly, haughty beauty, either! But a soft, melting smile, and a melting smile—that is Billie Dove, with her aur-burn-tinged hair and expressive eyes.

Lilian Tashman also appeared at Loeve’s, along with Miss Louise “Merry Widow” Lowe. Lilian is tall, with golden hair and a deep, husky, artificial voice—a bit too starchy for nicety. She made a short speech, feeling her huskiness out in great style by his naturalness and his winning smile.

Evelyn Brent is neither beautiful nor friendly. A trifle sonorant, with an attitude of "Look me over! But I am no one like you or me!" That’s Evelyn Brent! Dark, with a hard face, she screens much better than she appears in life. No wonder she can play "crook" so well. Evelyn Brent is a di-fant, just when we wanted to see her smile and thaw out a bit.

George Barnington appeared just before Miss Murray’s picture "The Merry Widow." He made a beaming, shiny face that quite won the whole audience. He gave us a decidedly different type, in the role he played in "Phantoms of the World" and worked the stage every bit as much as in the picture.

I saw Elliott Dexter several years ago on the stage in a short act. His malaculous voice has stayed in my memory ever since, and I wonder why he doesn’t appear in pictures any more.

CALIFORNIA FOREVER.

Los Angeles, California.

He Likes Them Exotic.

If Elfreda Peel is getting "tired of Ramon Novarro," she has no sympathy shall never have that complaint. One would imagine that she has to read everything printed about Ramon. Surely, if she is not interested, she can ignore it. She probably would not appear such an impossibly perfect person. Well, I don’t suppose Ramon will thank me for saying it, but he does happen to be as near perfect as anybody. Is he not a popular Ramon fan? I’m afraid that if I told you all that I think of Ramon, I should be dismissed as a sloppy idiot, so I’ll spare you the trouble; but there is one question I’d like to ask you—whom do you rave about?

According to Elizabeth Gilmartin, Ben Lyon and Colleen Moore are by far the greatest young stars. The first one I’ve heard of it! I can’t help thinking she says so just because they happen to be her particular favorites. My particular favorite is Vilma Banky, but I don’t go around saying that she is the greatest actress in the world. No, I just adore her because she is such a darling. Some fans seem to think we should only admire the
What the Fans Think

really first-class actors and actresses. That doesn't bother this child, Norma Tai

What role think only very bit bull a

A Sincere Tribute.

How why bricks, if you have roses to give away, I will fill my arms with roses of sym-

Opinions.

May I voice my opinion? I think it is time Billie Dove and Olive Borden ceased posing and acted more natu-

All a Matter of Taste.

After reading "What the Fans Think" for many months, I have come to the con-

Novarro vs. Schildkraut.

Novarro is Ramon Novarro. I would like to be the sole, exclusive admirer of Ramon.

Beegs to Differ.

I am not a John Gilbert fan—not a bit.

A Visit to Richard Dix.

If there is any one who thinks Richard-

Friends in Every Mail.

Mrs. Olive D. Thompson started something when a few months ago, she told us of the friendships that have been made through this department. And now I must have my little say about the great benefit that I have derived from these columns.

Is Olive Borden Unnatural?

The writer of the letter signed "Diane," in the January Picture-Play, deserves praise for daring to say that "Olive Borden... gives her face up to an artificial, mocking grimace which she thinks is a smile." The Borden fans will certainly be made uncomfortable for "Diane," but to me, the phrase is well suited to Miss Borden. How can any normal person call her beautiful? I think she is an unspendid and unattractive actress, possessing no acting ability.

Pro-Gilbert—and How!

For the first time I had an opportunity of seeing John Gilbert. In view of the very extravagant praise that has been ac-

Continued on page 119
We GIVE You ALL Our Profit
Unequaled Bargain

A Genuine
9 x 12 ft.
CHING-STAN
Fringed
Velvet Rug
ON CREDIT

Yours—the sensation of all rug sales
something never before shown, something
decidedly different.
Yours—the opportunity to get this fine rug below retail factory cost... because we're willingly sacrificing profit to win
friends—purposely losing money to win new customers. But for a
limited time only. Sale starts right away—ends when sup-
ply is exhausted. Act quickly.

"Gorgeous! Marvelous! Extraordinary!"
"How wonderfully rich and colorful!" —folkways when they see this perfect-
yly stunning rug for the first time. Its beauty is really
breath-taking. And—here's the charm of it, here's the
distinctiveness of it. It is woven in one complete pat-
tern. Not a single detail repeated. Every corner dif-
ferent. Its composition is like a priceless tapestry. Everyone
knows that only the costliest rugs are so designed. Everyone knows that repeat patterns are easy to originate and manufacture—they are common,
ordinary. But complete patterns without repetition—
that's different. And so is this rug... different.

Unequaled Quality—Seamless
"Ching-Stan"—that's its name. A stunning 9 x 12 ft.
Fringed, Seamless Velvet Rug that you would call a
bargain at $40. Indeed, you probably couldn't equal
its quality at that price. But just think—our Special
Sale Price, for a limited time only, is $24.95. You save
$15 by ordering now. Send only $1 with order. Use it
as your own for 30 days FREE. And here's more good
news—use your credit, take about a year to pay.

Style—Serviceability
Like a frame, the narrow taupe outer border and
wide inner border of blue set off the taupe field—a
taupe field that is neither Jasper nor Duranak—and
more attractive than either—"Chenille figured
background" would describe it better. Taupe is the
style and serviceability—then, for contrast, brilliant
flowers in lavender, violet, and orange blossoming
against the border. The center motif is a brown
platform with an orange tiered roof. Two Chinese
pamphlets are moored near the shore. A Chinese
bridge leads to brown and lavender balconies, shad-
owed by trees and flaring star flowers. Of course
there are birds, dragonflies, rare blossoms—an
Oriental medley in richest shades of lavender, gold
and green—a symphony of gorgeous colors that
will retain their beauty throughout the years.
Like every fine rug, "Ching-Stan" is seamless. No
seams to wear through. Like every fine rug, it has
a heavy, knotted linen fringe. Quality and match-
less service are woven right into its soft, deep pyle.
Full room size, 3 x 12 feet. Truly magnificent! I
sent only $1. Use it for 30 days FREE. If you don't
believe it is worth every cent of $40, return it and
we will refund your $1 and transportation charges
both ways. You risk nothing.

Order No. BA 50%. Sale price $24.95.
Terms: Down. 
52.50 Monthly.

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Bargains that
bring Rainbows
of happiness.

Bargains, bar-
gains—128 of them
—for the brides of many
springs, or the spring bride. Bargains
that sing the spring song of savings
—savings of 25% to 40%. Everything
on credit—easy, dignified credit. A year to
pay. Furniture, rugs, lamps, chairs, curtains,
davenports, beds, dishes, silverware, stove
linoleum—for everything for the home. Just out!
Mail the coupon now. No obligation to buy.


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[If you want the FREE Catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square, and write your
name and address plainly on the above lines.]
When is LILAC TIME coming?

When the first flowers bloom, and young hearts beat faster — then it's LILAC TIME!

And when the lights flash those thrilling words — "COLLEEN MOORE in LILAC TIME" — on your theatre; and everybody starts talking about Colleen's greatest picture ever —

Then it will be "LILAC TIME" in YOUR town!

You'll want to be there, of course, because this is going to be one of the very important screen events of 1928 . . .

To protect yourself against any chance of missing it, fill out and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page . . . You will receive A PERSONAL LETTER FROM MISS MOORE telling you when — and where — "LILAC TIME" is coming!

A lavishly spectacular of beauty and thrills, from a famous Broadway hit. Colleen as a perky, pranky maid of France . . . A Stranger to Love — until she falls in Love with a Stranger, from overseas. — How she loves him, how she wins him back when her last hope seems lost, is a story that will make you remember the supreme moments of your life!

A First National Picture

"Takes the Guesstarr Oath of "Going to the Movies"
Brothers should not fall in love with the same girl, for one of them is sure to come to grief. But apparently such rashness cannot be avoided, for Ben Lyon and James Hall, who are brothers in “Hell’s Angels,” make the simultaneous discovery that Greta Nissen is the only girl in the wide world for them. The boys are cadets in the Royal Air Force, and the girl is a nurse, which leaves no doubt that “Hell’s Angels” is a war picture.
The Little Poses

With personality the chief commodity for most of the stars cultivate mannerisms, no matter how amusing they are. The story describes some of the little poses in pictures for years, drew a leading role in a big production recently, because a well-known writer had not met him before, caught a glimpse of him at a Mayfair Club dance and decided he was just the man for the big rôle in the story she was writing.

With such things going on day after day, is it a wonder that any one with ambitions to get on in the movies should stress his salable qualities on every possible occasion?

And then there is the press. Newspaper people turn up in the most unexpected places. And if you are going to be mentioned, however casually, in the public prints, it is just as well to make as good an impression as possible.

Elinor Glyn has sold herself as much, perhaps, on her showmanship as on her writing. For Elinor is a super-showman. Possessed, in the first place, of a vivid and colorful personality, she makes the most of it. She is always the grande dame. She never drops the pose—if pose it be—for a moment. Her conversation is fascinating, if she deigns to favor you with it. You may disagree with her. You may find some of her tenets absurd—but you never, for an instant, find her dull.

She has created an atmosphere and background of glamour for herself, which has furnished good copy for newspapers and magazines the world over.

Tales of Elinor reclining on a tiger skin have percolated to the outside world from time to time. A woman who reclines upon a tiger skin at home is interesting.

She gives advice.

Adolphe Menjou was not always the jaded sophisticate he pretends to be to-day.
of the Stars

sale in Hollywood, it is no wonder that
and viewpoints to emphasize their indi-
are to the onlooker. This entertaining
their outstanding "acts."

Louise Walker

upon the intimate problems of the work-
ing girl. Her influence has brought suc-
cess to numbers of young actors. And
she has set herself up as an authority
upon the ever-fascinating quality of sex
appeal, and has coined a cryptic term for
it which has gained her thousands of col-
umns of publicity, to say nothing of
money.

Actors, of course, employ these tactics
more than do other members of the pro-
fession, since personality is an actor's
greatest asset. Many of them have pet
acts which they put on rather insistently
for the benefit of the Hollywood public—
and the press.

Jetta Goudal's tantrums on the set have
won her reams of publicity but they finally
lost her a good contract.

John Gilbert is afflicted with what may
be called, by cribbing a bit from the psy-
choanalysts, a gutter complex. He is in-
tensely concerned with elemental thoughts
and emotions, and expresses himself upon
these subjects in pungent terms. He never
says "perspiration," but he talks quite a
lot about "sweat."

The seamy side of life intrigues
him—the scanner, the better—and he is
very two-listed and hie-mannish in
his conversation
about it.

There is Wallace
Beery, who is in-
sistent on being
thought a regular
guy. I rode down
Hollywood Boule-
vard with him in
his large limousine
one day, and he
stopped to chat
with two newsboys
and one garbage
collector, all three
of whom called him
"Wally." He is
quite proud of this
and cultivates such
intimacies assidu-
ously, explaining
that "These birds
are customers!"

John Gilbert never says
"perspiration," but talks
a lot about "sweat."

He has told me at least nine
times that his number is in the
telephone book. And he told
me, once, that he had never been
to a Hollywood party. I fancy
he exaggerated about that. But
nevertheless he makes it quite
clear that there is nothing stagy,
or aloof, or actorish about him.
It is not really a pose with Wally
—1, too, call him that—but it is
a natural tendency which he
rather emphasizes. And it is
good business.

Joan Crawford is emphatically
and persistently the uninhibited
member of the younger genera-
tion. She is young, eager, and
she gives you to understand that
she obeyes her impulses. And she
nurses, besides, a very tragic past.
"I may be young," she avers,
putting her hand to her heart,
"but I have lived! I have lived
more than most women of forty!"
Tragedy, indeed, is always threatening to descend upon Joan. She is given to pathetic wails over mysterious and intimate woes, which she will not divulge. One gathers that they have something to do with love.

In the midst of a party, I am told, where Joan was dancing the Black Bottom as only the lissome Joan can dance that intricate and energetic dance, she suddenly cried in devastating tones, "My little feet are dancing—but my little heart is breaking!"

She is so young, so vibrant, and so pretty. These things are quite heartrending.

When I first met Adolphe Menjou, just as he was coming into prominence, he was a business-like, nervous little man, who chewed gum and wriggled in his chair and who talked in staccato jerks. He was then quite frankly worried over his contract and his prospects. And he had none of the airs of the successful and sought-after star.

He told me on that occasion, with a whimsical smile, that he knew nothing about women. "I have only," he added, "a face which looks as if it knew about women!"

But now Mr. Menjou has taken on the airs of the jaded sophisticate, whose type he portrays so well upon the screen. No head waiter boasts a greater suavity than the impeccable Menjou does to-day in private life. And I doubt very much whether he would admit that he does not know all about women. But perhaps I am being unfair to the gentleman. I have not asked him about this recently.

Lawrence Gray has a fear of looking like an actor, which really amounts to a complex. Almost the first question he asked me, intensely, when I met him not long ago was, "Do I look like an actor?" I replied truthfully and with some hesitation that I thought not, having no way of knowing whether he did or did not want to resemble a member of the profession. As a matter of fact, he looks more like a most attractive member of the younger set at any good country club—giving the impression, somehow, that he is just about to dash out for a game of polo. Receiving my assurance that he neither looked, talked, nor dressed like an actor, he registered extreme satisfaction and we became friends.

Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether an actor is putting on an act, or just being himself.

Emil Jannings has attracted a great deal of attention by his habit of getting so absorbed in a role that he carries it home with him. During the last sequences of "The Last Command," he walked about like a broken old man, unmindful of his surroundings, unhearing and unseen.

He passed me the other day on his way out of the studio, walking slowly and painfully, with bent head. He did not see me at all. Some one ran after him, calling, "Emil!" in a loud and urgent voice. Apparently he did not hear his name, for he chambered feebly into his car and was driven away, his eyes on some distant point in space.

And yet, I visited the set where he was working on the following day. Herr Jannings dropped so completely out of character that he laughed three times at a certain point during a shot—spoilimg it so that it had to be done over. Is this business of losing himself completely in a rôle, quite sincere?

Then there is Greta Garbo. Aloof, withdrawn, indolent. She does not like

Contd. on page 112
Dorothy Sebastian, below, will now render "Hearts and Flowers" to an appreciative audience.

All in Fun

See what five little stars found in the studio prop-room.

Marceline Day, right, shows her idea of being high-hat.

Gwen Lee, below, says a watch like this would cure her of being late.

Fay Webb, below, finds a new way to put a sharp point on a pencil.

Joan Crawford, above, relishes the prospect of shearing Gibson Gowland good and plenty, for he has long needed a thorough hair cut.
Sure, They

The popular legend that the stars, though clever on the
could make only a bare livelihood in any other work—
By William

so well developed that one French author, a friend of hers,
invariably sends his manuscripts for her comments, before
they go to his publisher.

And, too, Jetta could make a living as a dress designer,
for she has a unique sense of costume. She designs all
her own clothes, for use on as well as off the screen. Woe
beide the modiste who dares depart from Jetta's explicit
instructions! They say she is temperamental when she
merely points out their obvious mistakes. Not a quarter
of a fault escapes Goudal's artistic eyes.

It would have opened the eyes of many to hear the dra-
matic reading Jetta gave at the Biltmore Hotel at a soiree
held there not long ago. Her stage experience
has given her a cultured voice. She can
make a cake recipe
sound like a passage from Racine

When she started on the New York stage,
some years ago, Goudal could not play im-
portant roles, because producers objected
to her French accent. Jetta, however,
studied English elocution, so that to-day she
speaks better than many natives.

So you see she could be a dramatic critic,
a writer, a designer, an actress, or a direc-
tor any day. Is she dumb? Not much!

I wonder if many are as talented as Ramon
Novarro? Ramon is undoubtedly one of the most
accomplished young fellows in or out of any
studio. He speaks four languages fluently—Eng-
lish, Spanish, Italian, and French. He is an ex-
cellent pianist and could easily earn his living as
one. He is also a singer and could obtain an en-

BEAUTIFUL but dumb!" is a phrase
which has been consistently flung at
the stars. "Acting is all they can do.
They're helpless at anything else!" is
the repeated cry. "And some of them
can't even act."

I should like some of those persons who
disparage the mentality of the players, to
have a short conversation with some one
like Jetta Goudal, Ronald Colman, or Mil-
ton Sills, and to compare their own talents
with those of Ramon Novarro and Louise
Fazenda.

Of course, I am naming exceptions, as
many as come to mind—though I dare
say there are many more in the picture
world, whose abilities are not limited to
acting. Many of the youngsters entered
pictures right from school—yet even they,
in many cases, could earn a living in other
fields.

Jetta Goudal has one of the most
brilliant minds in Hollywood. Were
she not a star, she could be an excellent
director. Most of her disputes with
studio officials, labeled "temperament,"
have been because Jetta has pointed
out mistakes and incongruities to the
director, suggesting a far more logical
or dramatic episode. Does any man
like being informed by a woman?
What makes the officials even more annoyed at Jetta is that they
know she is always right!

Speaking French, German, Dutch, and English, as well as know-
ing a good deal of Italian and Russian, Jetta Goudal has gained
much knowledge from reading foreign
languages. She could, if she chose, be-
come a writer. Her critical powers are

Milton Sills is a highbrow, in the best sense of
the word.

Charles Rogers could make
a living with his trombone
any day.

Madge Bellamy is not only
telligent, but intellectual.
gagement on any concert stage—in fact, as every one knows, one of Ramon’s intentions is eventually to appear as a singer.

Milton Sills is another wonder. He holds a degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He speaks, reads, and writes French, German, Russian, and Italian, and also Greek and Latin. This surely proves how dumb some actors are—not. Besides all this, Sills is a musician and a botanist.

His wife, Doris Kenyon, can also claim a place among the talented, for she is a poetess of no mean order and has already had one volume of verse published and many contributions in various magazines. And, too, her voice would guarantee her a place as a singer, for she once studied for opera, but went on the stage instead.

Another brilliant person, who could win laurels as a writer, is Louise Fazenda. She has written impressions of movie stars, virtually painting word pictures of their colorful personalities. Louise grasps a personality with the eyes of an artist and has the ability to make others see as she does.

But Louise does not always stay on the heights of Parnassus. Her cakes, for instance, beggar description—they must be eaten to be appreciated. In short,

Louise is one of those capable women who can turn a hand at anything.

Speaking of writers, let us not forget Clive Brook. Various short stories of Clive’s have been published in English magazines. He has also written several one-act plays. Not being satisfied with writing—for he was a journalist in London before he became an actor—Clive is a connoisseur of antiques. Old English pewter must be just that, and not disguised lead, to meet with his approval.

Perhaps of all the stars who have been labeled dumb, I think Madge Bellamy has had more than her share of misunderstanding—and she is the last person who deserves it!

As a matter of fact, Madge is more intelligent—more intellectual—than many girls of her age. She speaks French without having to apologize for it and reads in that language, too. She is also a writer of marked ability, and her keenly analytical mind has won the interest of many people far older than herself.

A noted publisher asked her to write her impressions of every person who interviewed her, and offered to publish them. However, Madge has little time for writing. For the last year she has gone from picture to picture, so her plays and books will have to wait until she leaves the screen.

I recollect Leslie Fenton telling me of Madge Bellamy’s accomplishments. “The main reason that people often mistake Madge for an ordinary person, is that she never tries to impress you with her knowledge. When you know her, and your conversation leads to congenial channels, she is astonishing.”

And Leslie Fenton knows a lot, himself, take my word for it.

Poems galore he has written, but not for publication. One of his accomplishments, evidently gained from his stage experience, is to memorize pages of favorite novels. “An American Tragedy,” in which Leslie was successful out
Sure, They Have Brains!

Hobart Bosworth paints desert scenes of marketable value.

here on the Coast, affords him this chance. He can repeat various parts of the novel, suiting his voice to the different characters, so that the listener can actually visualize the scene.

Frank Marion, being very industrious, runs a hot-dog stand in Los Angeles when not working at the DeMille studio. His acting, in "The Country Doctor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," shows he is also clever on the screen. As a purveyor of frankfurters he makes something like five hundred dollars a mouth. He has opened two or three new stands, and has people to run them for him while he works in pictures.

Artists in the real sense are such players as Jean Hersholt, Anders Randolf, Hobart Bosworth, Farrell MacDonald, and Leo Kelly.

Anders Randolf often does a pastel drawing of many fellow-players while they are waiting between scenes on the set.

Jean Hersholt also sketches most of the players with whom he works. Many of them have had them reproduced.

Hobart Bosworth, who gave a thrilling performance in "The Blood Ship," is a real artist, too. His paintings of desert scenes are superb. Bosworth lived out on the Arizona desert years ago, to cure himself of tuberculosis, and caught the spirit of the desert with an artist's eye.

Farrell MacDonald, to prove he really knew something else besides acting, painted a head of George O'Brien when both were working in "Three Bad Men."

Leo Kelly, who recently played in "The Branded Sombrelo" for Fox, first studied to be an architect. He is also an artist of ability. Most of Leo's friends receive an invitation to sit for their portraits, and are not sorry when they see the results.

George O'Brien, like Gene Tunney, was a boxer in the navy before pictures attracted him. If forced to earn his living outside of the studios, George could box and make the grade.

Another chap, who excels in all athletic stunts, is George Lewis. George can do anything, in fact. After a revolution in Mexico, George's family lost their fortune. He came, then, to live in Chicago. To earn money for his mother and two younger brothers, George took anything he could get, even to driving a truck. Later, at San Diego, when going to high school, George won everything there was to win in athletic contests.

You may have seen

Myrna Loy looking very exotic on the screen, and wondered what she could do in real life. Let it be known that Myrna possesses a keen brain. She could earn a lot of money as a dog fancier, for she has won many prizes every year for her exhibits at the Los Angeles shows.

Barry Norton, her friend, might not prove as skillful as she is in that line,
but he could easily give lessons in English, Spanish, and French, for he speaks all three languages fluently. He is also a past master in the art of fencing, for he received his training in his native country, the Argentine, where swordsmen are among the elect.

"Do you know," he told me once in a friendly way, but not without a hint of warning, "if you were trying to get away from me, I could throw a knife at a distance of twenty or thirty yards, and stick it right into you without missing." Whenever I have a quarrel with Barry I stand very near him.

Business men must be alert to succeed. Victor Varconi was with an insurance company in Budapest before he went on the stage. What Victor doesn't know about business isn't worth knowing. He also speaks English, Hungarian, German, French, and Italian—the latter two languages fairly well. He is also a musician.

Musicians seem to abound in the cinema realms. Ben Bard is a composer. Many of his compositions have been recorded by the phonograph. Ben has also written vaudeville sketches. Apart from that, he plays distinctive roles as a sophisticated menace in Fox pictures.

Dancers are numerous among the talented girls of filmdom. The most spiritually graceful in the Terpsichorean art is Lois Moran. Lois can dance. Before "Stella Dallas" discovered her, she was in the ballet of the Paris Opera. She can express the real spirit of dancing with a beauty of motion seldom seen and could, of course, employ it to financial advantage, if she had to.

Natalie Kingston is a splendid musician and was a professional dancer before entering picture work. Natalie cannot only dance, but she creates dances. She also possesses a splendid voice. Her talk is never commonplace and, above all, she has ideas of her own.

Of course, we also have Joan Crawford, ye well-known exponent of the dances of the minute. Joan is mistress of all the tricky steps that her cabaret days taught her, to say nothing of those that will be popular to-morrow. No classical stuff for Joan. And who would have the heart to ask her to interest herself in it, either?

As a musician, Charles Rogers twice earned his way to Europe. He formed his own orchestra among his school chums and crossed the Atlantic. He is an excellent trombone player and could earn his living as one. But since his recent success, it looks as if "Buddy's" trombone will have to die of disuse without so much as a dismal groan.

If you think picture people are dumb in business, don't include Hallam Culey. Hallam spends his spare time as a real-estate magnate. He has made just as much money by this means as he has by acting. Where

Continued on page 104
Gush—But Read On

In this remarkable tribute to the wit, intelligence and charm of Aileen Pringle, the interviewer casts aside restraint, but nevertheless gives a true picture of a remarkable personality, who has never quite succeeded in bringing it to the screen.

By Margaret Reid

To begin with, I dislike effusion as much as you do. Probably more, since the responsibility of writing it is much more disagreeable than the accident of reading it. It is true I never quibble at romanticizing a celebrity out of all proportion to his merits, because there are stars about whom the public refuses to believe anything but the most remarkable. No matter how mundane these good people may be, I am willing—though my soul may protest—to frollic with them with as many gaudy adjectives as I can remember. This is poetic license.

In this particular case, however, no stubborn, preconceived goddess-idea of the person being extant, I am not bound to burn incense or preserve an illusion.

Aileen Pringle is beautiful. She is charming. She is witty. She is an aristocrat. She is intelligent. She has good taste. She is not too earnest about things. She is a scintillating conversationalist, and she is a good actress.

The last remark is partly theoretical, since she has not yet had adequate opportunity to prove conclusively that she is. The roles she has been given have, without exception, concealed rather than revealed the brilliant talent she undoubtedly possesses. Here is the material for a Tosca, an Anna Karenina. Yet Pringle is used instead in the familiar patterns cut for cinema sires, and the futile ladies of film farces.

Fortunately, it worries her not at all. Certainly she would like to have a chance at things like Tosca and Anna Karenina. It is tiresome to continue to be bored by inane roles. But, on the other hand, life itself is tremendously absorbing, and the movies, occupying such a relatively minor space in it, are nothing to become depressed about.

Pringle is a vibrantly alive person. It is immediately manifest in her brisk handclasp, her alert repartee, her manner, which is animated without being vivacious.

We were sitting in the bedroom of her home on the palisades at Santa Monica. From the windows, the ocean made the conventional sapphire splotch in the distance. The scent of roses and what not drifted up from the patio garden. It was a delightful, low-ceiling room, with furniture in the modern mode. At the far end an alcove embraced an enormous dressing table with a polished black top. It was laden with perfume bottles, glass and porcelain jars of fascinating design, and from the center rose a round mirror, supported by a wrought-iron base and a tenuous, gilded gazelle.

Miss Pringle was curling the ends of her very black hair, a long bob, parted in the center and brushed behind her ears.

She talks brilliantly and swears like a lady. It is almost impossible to reproduce her words. For one reason, she doesn't bother to be polite. An unkind interviewer, by quoting her verbatim, could get her into serious trouble with people to whom her rapier wit is incomprehensible. For another reason her conversation, spoken in decisive, full tones, is deliciously pungent, belonging rather in a Van Vechten opus. For still another reason she is too interested in a number of things, to be much entertained by a conversation about herself and her work.

She had seen "Sunrise" the preceding evening and was enthusiastic—in fact, she planned to see it several more times before the end of its run.

"There is a great need, don't you think, for more pictures as fine as 'Sunrise,'" I remarked.

"No, I don't," was the firm reply. "There seems to be no need at all. Observe that 'Sunrise' is not making money. And just notice the pictures that are box-office triumphs!"

"Of course, some good is bound to come of it. Other directors will learn things from its simplicity, its beauty, its directness. And then inject them into box-office pictures. Raising the standard a trifle."

"I used to rail," Miss Pringle continued, "at the mediocrity of films—at this splendid medium of expression going to waste. Indeed, I became so overwrought about it that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Then I began to accept it, since that is the only way to go on working in them with any degree of tranquillity. I realized that the producers know their business. They understand their product and the market for it. They are not philanthropists. One can't expect them to make fine pictures that don't sell. That is the business, and if I am unwilling to adapt myself to its standards, then I should get out and enter some other business. After all, I came to them. They didn't run after me, crying, 'Dear, we need you.' Since I am not equipped for any other business, and since I sought a movie career, I remain in it—with outward good grace at least."

To say that a film star is not at all Hollywood, is about the nicest compliment one can proffer. The picture industry being the axis upon which the community...

Aileen Pringle's raiper wit is incomprehensible to many.
revolves, and there being no other artistic interest within reach, it is difficult for the citizens to avoid becoming swamped in the routine and standards and pigeon-holed opinions of their business.

Aileen Pringle remains untouched by this insidious standardization. Her mental processes are not bounded on all sides by her newest release, the big scene she did to-day, and how she told her director where to get off at.

Essentially a sophisticate, she is happiest in cosmopolitan surroundings. She had just returned from a brief vacation in New York.

"My one thought is always, 'How soon can I get back to New York?' It's like coming out of exile. What is there here, after all? In New York, no matter in which direction you travel, you arrive at some place of definite interest and color. Here, you ride for two hours—and where are you? In Pomona, or Barstow, maybe. And what of it when you get there?}

"Life is made too easy in Hollywood. You ride in the best cars, under a perpetual sun. You are pampered by the climate and the lack of anything sufficiently amusing to be worth the effort it entails. After a few years, the greatest symphony ever written—conducted by the Lord Himself—wouldn't be an inducement to hurry home from the studio, dress and dine in a rush, and drive fifteen miles in to Los Angeles. Whereas New York demands energy of you, and you respond. You don't cringe under a bit of rain, or balk at walking a few steps instead of riding.

"I love the movement of New York. There is always something new to see, to hear, and to talk about. It is impossible to become jaded. Here, your mind goes stale. For lack of other amusement, people go to extremes about their health and bodily fitness. Outside the studio, they live in gymnasiums, in mineral baths, in beauty parlors. All of which is excellent, but at the same time mental fitness dwindles in importance. With the result that you sit and rot in an excess of health—and boredom."

"No wonder Pringle is misunderstood by the majority of her confrères, whose custom it is to revere the sentiments of the local Chamber of Commerce. And the road is not smooth for a Bolshevist in the heart of this community. Independent candor and opinions that are her own, and not reflections of what the rest of the town cautiously thinks, have at various times hampered her career.

"At one time, they wouldn't have me on the lot," she said. "I spoke out of turn once too often, and they farmed me out to every other studio in town."

"But last year, they have been very good—doing what they could for me. For example, the series of comedies with Lew Cody."

"I had seen "Adam and Evil," the first of the three, and liked it."

"It was the best," she explained. "The second one didn't draw so well, and I understand the last one is quite terrible."

"The featured lady of them wasn't at all distressed. Nor did she grow melancholy in discussing the fact that her picture career had not fully blossomed."

"It was known that, after her success in "His Hour" and "Three Weeks," Miss Pringle was to do "The Merry Widow." Then the signing of Mae Murray settled that. This being only one instance of several unlucky breaks that have come her way.

"Then I was so merrily as to refuse to do 'The Temptress.' It was offered me before Garbo came to this country. I was afraid of becoming typed, like a La Marr or a Naldi, and refused. Which, it so turned out, was naught of me. Later, Garbo arrived, did it as her second picture, and I went into every wastebasket in the country. Ouch!

She had burned herself with the curling iron.

"It's so absurd," she continued in the same tone, "my hair being this length. I'm letting it grow. At least, that's my story. When it gets too long to curl, and not long enough to put up, I cut it off again. I've done that three times. I don't know what's going to come of it all."

Her contract with M.-G.-M. recently expired, and

Continued on page 104
Let's Go to College—for Fun

Films of college life greatly amuse those who don't believe all they see on the screen.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

We used to have the quaint notion that college was a place where earnest students plugged away at awfully hard subjects, with occasional lapses, to be sure, into frivolity. In the case of boys’ colleges, pajama parades and beer fests; in the case of girls’ colleges, fudge parties and pillow fights held at midnight.

But how mistaken we were!

It is the movies we have to thank for our knowledge of what college is really like. From the movies we learn that college is a place devoted to romance and athletics, with an occasional cocktail party and roughhouse.

Olympus, alas, has become a place to park Fords. The Muses now bob their hair and read the tabloids, and the Graces dance the Black Bottom. So all our old-time reverence for college is gone.

College, it seems, is a large athletic field surrounded by a few buildings in which nobody is ever seen, except when there is some fun going on.

The classrooms, when shown at all, are only for the purpose of providing a place in which the students may play tricks on each other. In the dormitories you see a lot of school spirit—students playing ukuleles and smoking cigarettes.

If by any chance a boy is studious in one of these movie colleges, he is always the comedian and is typified by horn-rimmed glasses and pants that are too short for him, or exceptionally baggy. Everybody uses him to play tricks on, and how he gets any studying done Heaven only knows.

No other college boy ever opens a book. He knows what books are for. They are to throw at the other fellow’s head in fun. Or to hold the door open, or to serve as ash trays.

True, there was a college picture made, once, in which a boy really did study. The poor wretch seemed to have the mistaken idea that that was what college was for. But he didn’t study long. All the boys who weren’t afraid to enter his room, because they feared he might be more than harmlessly insane, came in and threw things at him—pipes and books and banjos. So he grew discouraged and told his comrades that he was willing to become captain of the football team. He had never played football, it is true, but the thing seemed entirely natural with his chums.

Every college boy in pictures is a kleptomaniac, judging from his room. There are trophies for every night he has been out since he came to dear old Bingham. And as for pennants—say, his mania for pennants must certainly lead him to gather in not only college and high-school pennants, but automobile pennants, county-fair pennants, and chewing-gum pennants.

Speaking of studying, however, although the college boy does not have any time for it, he manages to achieve success in the world. When he is graduated, almost at once he becomes a bank president, or a mining engineer. That is, unless the picture ends with the boy’s arm around the girl as they sit in the hammock in the moonlight, after the boy has won the game for dear old Princevvard.

But what has become of those rah-rah boys who used to work their way through college? That’s what I’d like to know. I remember Charlie Ray running a milk wagon, once, to get money to pay his way. And didn’t George O’Hara do something of the sort? The highest aspiration of the boys in those old college pictures was to acquire a dress suit.

There is none of that now. No, sir. Our college heroes are always rich these days.

One astonishing thing we learn from the movies about the college hero, is that he is a fairly mature person. The other boys may be and frequently are—especially now that the movies have invaded the real campus grounds—quite young fellows; but for some extraordinary reason, the hero is always something of an old boy. Maybe just the idea of being a hero weighs on his mind and ages him. At any rate, a man comes on the screen who, if we had met him on the street, we would have felt reasonably sure was the father of a family. But our minds are disabused as soon as a white-haired old fellow comes on the scene, whom the hero calls “dad.” We then find that the fellow is not a family man at all, but is a mere striping of a college youth. And not nearly through college, mind you—but is just starting his college life. This we usually learn from his quarrels with his father about his allowance and his wild ways.
Let's Go to College—for Fun

But never mind. You are going to like him before you get through, because he is going to save the game for dear old Alma Mater!

The movie college hero, we must admit, often looks puny enough beside the real football player or other athletic college man.

Most real college boys look like truck drivers. "Butch" Meeker, quarter back of Washington State College, and world famous, is a perfect whirlwind as a football player, but there's nothing romantic looking about him, and Louis Tesreau is fine looking all right, but almost completely bald, and doesn't rate as a drugstore Romeo.

Remember the bunch of college boys that came out to Hollywood for First National? They were representative of the best-looking youth their schools had to offer. And a finer, manlier, better-bred bunch never got together anywhere.

Most of them were athletes, too. But did they look like movie heroes? Truth compels me to say they did not. Except for two or three of them, all they went back home. John Westwood, indeed, is as handsome as the traditional Greek god, and rates a place in the Kleigs for looks. Yet those boys were all really fine looking. Only, somehow, they didn't look like movie heroes.

A couple of the boys, to be sure—incredible as it sounds—didn't care for studio life and voluntarily went back home.

The real college hero of next year probably is a young man who has decided that he won't follow his father's trade of printer, but will go into the movies.

Not that some of our movie heroes aren't college boys. They are. Richard Dix, Johnny Mack Brown, George Lewis, Edmund Lowe, and several others are all college-bred men.

Sometimes, however, the producers get somebody from Europe who doesn't know either the English language or football, to play the hero. I remember one picture which was begun with a foreign hero, who had to be taken out, because it was inconvenient having an interpreter on the football field.

Games are always won in the last few seconds. This is one of the valuable facts we learn from college pictures. Whereas one might imagine, never having seen a college game, that a score might possibly be built up little by little, with hard work and close struggling, we learn from the pictures that no game is ever won this way.

In "The Drop Kick," for instance, Richard Barthel- mess won on a drop kick. Now, a drop kick isn't really as exciting as some other plays, but you couldn't make a director of a college picture believe that.

Oh, the tricks they play on each other on the athletic field! An old gag in pictures was defeating the enemy's ball. That's the way football games used nearly always to be won in the old pictures. I never heard of this trick being used in a real college game.

The Indians at Carlyle once up on a time stitched a picture of a football on their jerseys, so that nobody could tell who was really carrying the sphere, and about half the college pictures ever since have used that idea.

And about the football coach, now. In the movies he is always a large, brutal man—one you'd be afraid to meet in the dark—a bruiser, who wouldn't be allowed in a real college. You never see a man like Rockne, of Notre Dame, in the films. Rockne is a distinguished-looking fellow—looks like a banker; while the coach in the movies is a typical seven-dollar-a-day heavy. He is almost interchangeable with the mate on a whaling vessel. Just let him slip on a sou'wester and he could step right over to another set and be a whaleboat hand.

In pictures, every time you see a coach he is always ranting, raving, and making a nut of himself, while in real life he is very calm, conserving his energy to beat the other fellow, instead of running around in circles. Rockne sits down and crosses his legs, and shifts his hat from one side of his head to the other, these movements being the extent of his physical exertions when functioning as coach.

To become the star stroke of a boat crew is great in the films. Ben Lyon became the star stroke, or something, in "For the Love of Mike," and went home and upstaged everybody about it—whereas in real life nobody cares a cent who is the star stroke, because boat racing is not a major sport.

The hero is nearly always barred from playing just before the game. Then, oh my! What a thrill it is when they let him go in and play just at the last minute.

In Red Grange's "One Minute to Play," you remember the poor boy couldn't play, because his pap didn't like football, or something? And had to pretend that he was drunk and therefore unfit. And wasn't it in that same picture that the hero just happened to get off the train at the wrong college, and decided that he want to stay and give the place a chance?

Once upon a time a college picture was directed by a man who had really attended college! But they don't let this happen very often. One young producer intended to go to college, but decided to quit and make college pictures instead.

Two great lines formerly were used to title every college picture. One was, "The old man told his son to hitch his wagon to a star, and she took him to Long Island." The other was, "The old man spent a million on his son's college education and got a quarter back!" College men used to have love affairs with chorus girls. Nowadays that's censorable, so the chorus girls are left to the butter-and-egg men.

In fact, the object of the hero in most college pictures is to marry the college president's daughter. Nobody knows just why. She doesn't seem

Continued on pag 96
Irene Rich, above, evidently likes old-fashioned spaciousness, to say nothing of potted plants galore.

Harold Lloyd, left, enjoys a few moments of solitude in his mellow back yard.

Lilian Tashman, right, shows her husband, Edmund Lowe, just how grandly her pet plant is growing.

Otto Matiesen's idea of contentment, lower left, consists of a shady tree, a pool, a dog, and a book in his back yard.

Pools seem to be conducive to thought, says Aileen Pringle, below.

When Day

And the stars, poor dears, retire to their back yards.
Is Done

are weary, they can always
—away from prying eyes.

George Bancroft, above, and his wife, who is Octavia Broske of musical comedy, repair to their back yard to say hello to the goldfish.

Louise Brooks, right, coyly poses for a backyard picture, in her best Broadway manner.

Emil Jannings, left, presents the loveliest rose in his garden to his wife, Gussie.

Lew Cody, lower right, chooses his back yard in which to pose as “The Thinker” in modern garb.

Lily ponds are more companionable than people, sometimes, says Jacqueline Logan, below.
Over the
Fanny the Fan regains her blithe at the bright side of the

By The

SOME one stopped at our table and asked Fanny—quite innocently, I thought, and merely by way of making conversation—if she liked “Wings.”

“Like it?” she exploded. “Why don’t you ask me if I enjoyed the late war? Obviously you haven’t any heart, but if you had ever even heard of human sympathy, you couldn’t ask such a question. Of course, I didn’t like it. Nobody could. But seeing it was a great, stirring experience and I think it is a magnificent production.”

I looked at Fanny in dismay. She was right enough—in a way. People did get terribly wrought up over the picture—there were parts of it that simply tore your heart right out.

“But what about the story?” I asked casually, just by way of starting an argument.

“What does it matter?” She dismissed that as a mere trifle. “How can you sit there and give even the slightest consideration to whether the story was good or bad? Such subject matter breaks the bonds of any nice, well-made plot. It is too big, too moving, to be confined to theunities of a perfect scenario—if there is such a thing. No story of two or three humans is big enough to stand against the smashing drama of those planes hurtling through the sky.

“Of course, the picture isn’t perfect. I hope that I never see one that is. If I did, I should have no interest in going and going, hoping that I would see one that was a little better than the ones I had seen before. If I ever recover sufficiently from seeing ‘Wings’ once, I am going to see it again. But I am still having nightmares from seeing it the first time, so I don’t know whether I could bear it or not.”

I know that Fanny must have been deeply moved—she didn’t even remember who was there or what they wore. And she never even mentioned who sat next to her, or what So-and-so said during the intermission.

“It will be all right with me,” Fanny assured me, as though I cared, “when motion-picture producers forget that there ever was a war. And yet, that breathless, sinking sensation that the sight of planes on murder bent gives me, is a thrill that is not to be lightly discarded. In spite of all my resolutions not to see any more war pictures. I can hardly wait to see ‘Lilac Time’ and ‘Hell’s Angels.’ This has certainly been a great year for the Hollywood aviators. They’re about the only actors that aren’t worried about their coffee and cakes and gasoline.”

“If you start talking about hard times and salary cuts,” I warned her, “your best audience—myself, in person—will have left without a smiling bow, or any tossing of kisses.”

“But what do you expect? Naturally the troubles of my friends are on my mind, and—”

“Yes, I’ve heard you speak that piece before. You’re afraid they won’t do their best work when they are dissatisfied, and you shudder to think of the future of pictures. Well, I am not feeling sorry this season for any one who takes a salary cut from fifteen hundred to a thousand, or even to five hundred. The picture producers can find plenty of youngsters—and have—who are glad to work for seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week.”

“Yes,” Fanny drawled desirously, “and try to get you or anybody else into a theater to see them. How many players are interesting enough to attract you to a theater, even on a rainy night?”

“Greta Garbo,” I mentioned with alacrity, and then stopped, being naturally of an honest turn of mind.

“And John Gilbert, and Gloria Swanson, and Colleen Moore, and Corinne Griffith,” Fanny added.
Teacups

spirits, and insists upon looking
darkest era of motion pictures.

Bystander

"Well, there are a lot of people just like you. Just old crabs, who haven't interest or enthusiasm enough to find out if any one else is good. It's no achievement for a player to draw me into a theater, I'll go to any movie on the chance of seeing some one that I know, or of discovering somebody new and interesting. But with all my movie-going, I'll have to admit that some of the newly elected Wampas baby stars are strangers to me."

I was glad that she brought up the subject of the Wampas election. I had thought it would be a little tactless of me to do it, because it might have seemed as though I were gloating over the fact that when Fanny prophesied who the baby stars would be this year, she got most of them wrong.

"At least, I guessed that Ruth Taylor and Lupe Velez would be among them," she said.

"As who wouldn't—-"

"But I can't understand their electing Gwen Lee. It's almost insulting. It's as though they suddenly woke up and elected Norma Shearer or Lois Moran. Gwen arrived in electric lights, amid tumult and shouting, without any help from the Wampas, months ago. The public elected her.

"Then there's Lina Basquette. I dare say she is very talented and will make good in the next DeVille special, but they are sort of figuring on eventualities in electing her now. Certainly her part in 'The Noose' hardly justified picking her out for greatness. Maybe her work in 'Serenade' did. I haven't seen it, but those who have, damn her with the faint praise of 'adequate.' Maybe they only elected her on the strength of the kid pictures she made a few years ago.

"As for Audrey Ferris, like the illiterate motion-picture magazine, I can tell you in two words—impossible! Sue Carol was very attractive in the only picture I've seen her in, but Molly O'Day doesn't seem effective, because she is too fat. Half as much of her would be twice as good. As for Ann Christy, Flora Bramley, Sally Ejlers, and Dorothy Gulliver, though I've sacrificed the better part of my fair young life going to movies, I can't remember whether I've seen them or not. And I know of no worse insult than that.

"June Collyer is a very real addition to the list. It won't be long, now, before every one will have seen one of her pictures. She had the rare good luck to be cast in John Ford's 'Four Sons,' when she first came to California, and that, in case you haven't heard, is one of the best pictures ever made."

As though any one hadn't heard that. I've heard little else for the last week. The Fox company wouldn't preview it in Hollywood, as they wanted to spring it on the film colony, and the public alike, as a big surprise. But there is some mysterious telepathy by which people are warned of a great picture. Though John Ford took it to towns outside Los Angeles to try it out, droves of people learned of the showings and went. Every one is enthusiastic, and some people say it is the best picture they have ever seen.

John Ford's pictures are always interesting, but in this he has a great, simple story which he has told in an utterly effortless way. Throughout it reflects his human understanding. And in Margaret Mann, who plays Grandmother Bericle, he has found a truly great actress.

"Oh, I meant to tell you," Fanny announced with an air of importance. "I've met Margaret Mann. Mrs. John Ford gave a buffet supper for her and June Collyer. And believe it or not, I was so impressed by her I couldn't say a word. Just nodded my head when introduced to her, and gaped like a dying fish.

"She is a dear, gracious, white-haired lady—not a
York to sell the idea to the company officials, who were set on having some one better known.

"June Collyer is a beautiful girl. Lots of people think she looks like Billie Dove, but she reminds me more of Mary Astor. She is more vital than Mary, and her features are more perfect. She seems a little younger, too, and yet more poised."

"Every one says she is an awfully sweet girl," I offered, with really no intent to criticize her.

"Oh, yes, but not offensively so," Fanny rushed to her rescue. "And I hope that no one out at the Fox studio hears that people think she is sweet, or she'll be likely to draw a lot of sappy, saccharine rols."

"The sort that made Mary Astor a household word for cloying?"

"Oh, well, she's safe for the time being, at least. She is working for John Ford again, playing one of the most attractive and high-spirited heroines in modern fiction, the girl in Dom Byrnes 'Hangmans House.' She had to leave the party; Mrs. Ford gave for her very early, because she was getting married in the picture early the next morning."

"Speaking of parties——"

"I must be developing a backstairs temperament—I have such curiosity about the goings on of film society."

"Well, there was Patsy Ruth Miller's birthday party," Fanny reported. "It was a real surprise party. I know, because Pat came home from the studio with snarls of cold cream left on her face, and not a trace of powder. And when she walked in, wearing a grubby costume, with her hair looped behind her ears, a mob of friends surged out into the hall, yelling 'Happy birthday! at her. For a minute she looked quite forlorn, and then she was so pleased and startled that she began to cry. I think it was partly the shock that her mother could plan a big party, without her getting wind of it somehow."

"May McAvoy was there. She had just arrived from New York the day before. Lois Wilson, Billie Dove, Ruth Roland, Pauline Garon, Lloyd Hughes and his wife, Matt Moore, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe, Ernest Laemmle, Ralph Forbes—oh, I can't begin to remember all of them. I'd hardly forget, though, to mention the most important of all—'Skeets' Gallagher. He is utterly charming, and I am offering..."

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stock-company imitation. When I looked at her, I thought how marvelous and unreal it must seem to her to be on the threshold of fame again, after years of struggles. You know she was a very successful stage player for years. Then she went into pictures, playing good roles and sometimes quite big ones. She had one of the leading roles in a picture made a few years ago, called 'Once to Every Woman.' Then after that she had a streak of bad luck, and played extra—when she got the chance.

"She was one of the extras in 'Mother Machree'—it was while making that, that John Ford first noticed her. In one scene she stood right next to Belle Bennett, who played the lead, and she was so interesting that no one could take their eyes off her. They had to cut those scenes out, because she was so good she distracted attention from Belle Bennett, who was supposed to be the dominating character. But John Ford remembered her and simply couldn't hear of having any one else play Grandmother Bernle. He even made a trip to New
up a prayer that the pictures he is making for F. B. O. will show him just as he is in real life. He made two pictures for Paramount in the East, but they weren't so good. He didn't play leads in them, so nobody took much trouble to light him properly.

"If he is half the success on the screen that he was on the stage, the theaters will do a good business."

"But about the party——" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes. One of the high spots of the evening was when Pat did a song number, in imitation of a squawking prima donna singing determinedly off-key. It was supposed to be funny, but the audience decided to be funny, too. They pretended to take the performance seriously—their expressions ranged from startled horror to dismay, as one by one they got up and stole out of the room. By the time Pat had sung a few bars, the room was cleared.

"As soon as Pat finishes 'We Americans,' and another Glenn Tryon picture, she is going abroad. That sounds like a long time, but it isn't. The way producers rush the making of pictures nowadays, a person can do a whole series of super-specials in a few weeks.

"That seems to be the one aim in the studios at the moment. Not to make pictures any better, but to make them faster. Out on the set at First National, where Eddie Cline is directing 'Vamping Venus,' the day's work begins each morning, dedicated to the efficiency men. Every day Mr. Cline, or Louise Fazenda, Charlie Murray, or some other member of the troupe, comes in with a new song. The best one I've heard is, 'We had a preview—the other night—the picture was punk—but the schedule was right.'

"The efficiency men are driving the directors so hard, and making such impossible demands, that they have to laugh about it to keep the troupe from bursting into tears. Time to work our gags means so much to a comedy, as Harold Lloyd's and Chaplin's pictures testify.

"It's difficult to find one satisfied or happy person in the picture business. Some of the players have finished their contracts and have to go back to work at a big reduction, if at all. Others are working in the John Barrymore production, and are afraid they will never live long enough to see themselves on the screen. And the rest are being so hurried by efficiency systems, that they have only a vague idea of what they are doing and are terribly worried over the outcome of it all.

"I wanted to see one really contented person, so I looked up Corinne Griffith."

"Any reason will do," I assured her.

"Corinne is so happy it is a joy to be around her. Her new contract with First National gives her just what she wants. She is going to play Lady Hamilton in her first picture, Frank

Nancy Carroll is playing opposite Richard Dix, in "Easy Come, Easy Go."

"Margaret Mann has created a sensation after being an extra for years.

Lloyd is to direct her, and her husband is associated with the company to look after her interests. That takes a lot of worry and trouble off her shoulders. She has never looked better, if, indeed, she ever looked as well.

"Most of the studios look like deserted villages, nowadays. There is very little going on, and in a short time Universal is going to join the shut-down.

"First National is more active than any other studio. There is Colleen's company. Eddie Cline's, Richard Barthelmess', and Milton Sills'.

Out at Metro-Goldwyn, Norma Shearer is on the last scenes of 'The Actress.' As soon as she finishes, she is going to dash off to Europe for a belated honeymoon. And that reminds me—Laura La Plante and her husband are going off to Honolulu on their annual honeymoon in a few days.

"Over at Paramount. Nancy Carroll, who is just about the cutest thing you have ever seen, is playing opposite Richard Dix in 'Easy Come, Easy Go'. Florence Vidor is making 'The Patriot,' with Jennings, and great preparations are under way for Bebe's next.

"Bebe has been up at Arrowhead with Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr. She had the bright idea of changing the way she wears her hair, and she further disguised herself by assuming a blank and lifeless look when any one glanced her way. She struck up an ac-

Continued on page 198
"Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow"

True, Ronald Colman does not so lyrically describe his separation from Vilma Banky on the screen, but he has a great deal to say on other subjects.

By Helen Louise Walker

A NOETHER team of great lovers has reached the parting of the ways. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have kissed their last kiss, have cast their last, passionate glance into each other’s eyes, languished, palpitated, and rejoiced for the last times together, in “Two Lovers.”

I watched them on the set—both yearning and languishing—while property men, muttering curses, struggled with a log fire which insisted upon smoking too much, so that Fred Nihlo, the director, peering through the camera, averred that the scene looked like a newsreel shot of a tornado, or an ancient battle scene.

Mr. Colman, resplendent in purple velvet and gold braid, with ribbons at his knees and on his shoes, his hair falling in romantic ringlets over his brow, paced up and down, trying to preserve his delicately sad, passionate expression until such time as the fire should behave itself.

They gave it up and called time out for lunch, whereupon Mr. Colman assumed the normal expression of a man struggling with a too-tight collar.

Triumphing over a top hook, he went to remove some of his trappings and then rejoined me in a borrowed office, wearing an unromantic raincoat over his rose velvet splendor.

“It has been very pleasant,” he said, discussing the period during which he and Miss Banky have worked together. “One gets a great deal out of working steadily with so competent an artist. You get used to each other—you learn how to draw one another out—” He paused. “But it is not well to stay in a team too long. The pleasant cooperation becomes routine. You get into a rut. It is better for both of you, if you part after a while.”

His voice is unusually rich and smooth and his manner is cultivated and charming.

“What will you do now?” I wanted to know.

“Well—I don’t know, exactly. I hope they will give me romantic roles with a twinkle in their eyes!”

“A twinkle—?”

“Yes. Romeo with a sense of humor. Not that, exactly. It is hard to express. If you say suave sophistication, then one thinks at once of Adolphe Menjou. That is not just the thing I want to do—not world-weary cynicism, attractive as that may be upon the screen.

“But—well, the thing I mean is this: Romeo was a Latin, unrestrained, passionate, able to lose himself completely in an emotional experience. There will always be room for Romeo on both stage and screen. ‘But your modern lover, as we know him in this country, is not like that. He never completely loses sight of himself, and he is always afraid of looking a fool. He is too self-conscious, the Anglo-Saxon lover, to lose himself completely in a love affair. He may make a fool of himself, but he does it deliberately, and there is an inner self which tells him, ‘You are being an ass, really!’ The twinkle in his eye is at himself.

“People who are like that—and most of us are—will believe in a character who is played like that.

“We no longer have villains who are purely villains on the screen. The dastard who twirled his long mustache and cried, ‘Ha! my proud beauty!’—is no more. That sort of thing is over. We have in his stead the lovable rogue, the human being who is cast by fate into the villain’s role. The man whose human weaknesses are his undoing. We can understand him.

“Then why not a hero who is not all noble? A leading man who has also his human and understandable weaknesses? Why, really, shouldn’t the villain be a better fellow than the lead?

“What our heroes lack is a sense of humor.”

“Then you are through being a ‘great lover’?”

“Even a ‘great lover’ might sometimes smile! But,” with a grinace, “no one wants to be known as a ‘great lover.’ That is very bad. The public dislikes the man who makes that claim, after a while. Men resent it and eventually it palls on women. No! Not a ‘great lover’.”

“Then, too, there is a challenge in making such a claim. Your audience sits back and says, figuratively, ‘If you’re such a great lover—go on and show us!’ They almost dare you to convince them.

“I had rather put up a performance which convinced them of the fact that I was good in some role or other, than to tell them in advance how good I am, and then be forced, over and over, to prove it. They would rather discover it for themselves.

“That is the value of restraint. Let your audience do some of the work. It is not necessary for an actor to be worked up to an emotion—it is his business to produce emotion in his audience! It is much more important for the people who are watching me to feel, than it is for me!

“Don’t make things too easy for them. Make them guess a little, think a little, and feel a lot. They will enjoy it more.”

I began to understand Mr. Colman’s reputation for being aloof and unapproachable. [Continued on page 96]
If you let people know all about you—if they feel there is nothing left to learn—they cease to be interested, says Ronald Colman in the interview opposite, in which he also makes light of being a great lover.
JACK MULHALL'S Irish smile has done more to keep him in the good graces of the fans than the most romantic love-making, so he wisely laughs at the latter and dispenses good humor instead, in "The Butter and Egg Man."
LUPE VELEZ—and Mexico—forever! That's how we feel after seeing this captivating soubrette in "The Gaucho," and why we are restless for her in "Stand and Deliver," to say nothing of the accelerated pulses she will cause in other pictures.
THE Rock of Gibraltar has nothing on Warner Baxter for reliability—histrionic reliability. Give him any rôle within reason and he will make you believe it. So say the fans, who are still wrought up over "The Great Gatsby."
Rex Lease is galloping ahead in the bright light of public approval, though the title of his new picture—"Riders of the Dark"—might cause you to think that he was just feeling his way. But no—Rex has arrived.
VIRGINIA VALLI is as calm as the night in this photograph, but she has succeeded in picking roles for herself that belie her outward serenity. Her next will be in “The Escape,” which was once an achievement of D. W. Griffith.
LOUISE BROOKS is one of the precious few ex-"Follies" girls who really stood out like a firebrand among that demure sisterhood, and has brought the same quality to the screen. Now she is to be cofeatured with Ruth Taylor.
Louise Dresser, as Malcolm H. Oettinger points out in his appraising interview opposite, is about the only actress with the ability to play a mother—and play her poignantly—without the use of glycerin tears, spectacles or a bonnet.
When the Spirit Moves

The fine discrimination shown in Louise Dresser’s acting is reflected in the management of her career, for she never accepts a rôle without carefully considering the story, the director and the producer.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The difficulty in Hollywood,“ observed Louise Dresser, “is lack of perspective. You can’t escape pictures here. Every one talks and thinks— they are the sole topic of conversation. You can’t get anything but aninside angle. New York is different. There so many people have such varied interests, that it is comparatively simple to get a fresh viewpoint.

“But I’m a Hollywood addict. I guess. I’m permanently sold on California—climate, real estate and all. And when there is a good rôle in a good picture I shall always be delighted—”

Louise Dresser is one of that select group who lend luster to the screen. She is almost in a class by herself, so conscientiously does she avoid the conventional stencils of the character woman. Playing a mother does not mean, to her, whitening her hair and addingcrow’sfeet about the eyes. She has no glycerine tears, no spectacles, no bonnet for her maternal moments. In “Gigolo” she played Rod La Rocque’s mother, and in “Padlocked” Lois Moran’s, yet in neither picture was she aged or wrinkled: Nor did she wither in order to portray the aristocratic mother in “Mr. Wu.”

Miss Dresser plays in pictures without going movie. She is a cinema actress who scorches the threadbare devices and avoids the curse of the cinemese—obviousness. After naming Hedda Hopper, Belle Bennett, Pauline Frederick, and Mary Alden as charter members of the select group graced by Louise Dresser, one pauses to think of other entrants, and one pauses in vain. The list is short. Character women—in other words, actresses offering something beyond youth and beauty—are few and far between, as rare as a daisy in Juneau, Alaska. The screen abounds in pretty talent, but of capable actresses past the bloom of youth, there is a genuine dearth.

I met Miss Dresser at one of Blanche Sweet’s teas, a Hollywood function not without its rousing features. Marshall Neilan played host in an altogether delightful, unobtrusive manner, and interesting people persisted in dropping in—Raymond Griffith, the effervescent Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, Norman Kerry, and, falling one another perfectly, Phyllis Haver and Kathleen Key, fair and dark.

“You probably are well aware that the director makes or breaks the picture,” said Miss Dresser. “All directors have different methods, but all are equally important.

“Allan Dwan will discuss a scene with you, then say ‘Let’s do it,’ standing well back of the camera while you act. D. W. Griffith is exactly opposite in his treatment of a scene. He works as near the player as possible, talking, coaxing, urging, whipping up all the time. If a director knows his business he can make an ordinary actor seem good. On the other hand, if he is incapable he can make a good actor seem amateurish.”

Neilan agreed emphatically with Miss Dresser.

“No doubt about it,” he said crisply. “No acting can stand up under bad directing. A bad director—and there are plenty—can make a dud out of Barrymore or Jannings. And what’s more, a bad director won’t listen to reason. He runs wild, making one terrible picture after another.”

“Poor photography is a vile handicap, too,” said Blanche Sweet. “Without proper lighting and good camera work you might as well be acting with your back to the camera.”

Louise Dresser considers the story and company before she accepts an engagement. Her salary is of such ample proportions as to permit this choice. Indeed, three thousand a week would go far toward making any one independent. In this respect she is not unlike Marshall Neilan, who makes pictures only when they appeal to him. His services are given when the spirit moves.

Before the movies beckoned, Louise Dresser was a standard name among the headlines of vaudeville. Occasionally she appeared in musical comedy or revue, but it was in vaudeville that her fame was most firmly entrenched. Variety audiences loved her. One of her greatest successes was achieved in “Hello, Broadway,” the George Cohan revue, in which the author appeared with Willie Collier and Miss Dresser. Any one who was fortunate enough to hear the latter croon “Down on the Erie,” will regret her defection to the silent drama.

The Dresser entry into pictures was not eventful in any way, but in “The Goose Woman,” the sensational Rex Beach story of the notorious “pig woman” who figured in a New Jersey murder case, Louise Dresser electrified the followers of filmatica with a characterization that was shockingly real, unbelievably lifelike in every slight detail. She brought to the screen as vivid and veracious a study as it had ever seen. She was the opera star to the life. She was Hollywood in no tiny particular, false in no minor respect. She showed the deterioration of the woman’s morale right before the eye of the camera.

I recalled the performance, and asked her how she went about creating such a remarkably genuine counterfeit.

“Analyzing acting is a rather fun—” [Continued on page 11.]
JENNIE is one of those extra girls who has been at the game for five years—maybe more. She won't tell the exact length of time, for it might cast doubt upon her age. You see, she's still sweet eighteen to her many boy friends, whom she changes at least once a year, so that they won't start counting her birthdays. But she admits that she's been in pictures for a long time, long before there was a Central Casting Bureau. Long before the Chamber of Commerce started to retract glowing accounts of California, in order to stem the tide of oncoming movie aspirants from Nome, Alaska, to Key West, Florida.

Certainly she has been in them long enough to know that passing the test of the casting office "isn't the half of it, dearie." It's after you've landed your ten-dollar-a-day job that the real irritations begin!

Right here I want to explain that Jennie, who is "Marceline" when she's working, never, never accepts anything less than a ten-dollar-a-day job—not even when she's nearly broke, which is a good deal of the time.

"It lowers you terribly in the eyes of the casting directors," she confided to me and a dozen or so of her girl friends, also extras, though not super-extras, as their mentor, Jennie, is. "And if Central Casting should succeed in sending you out on a five-dollar job, then you would have grief."

"Don't I know!" exclaimed a pretty blonde in the colorful group, who was, at that moment, engaged in applying make-up in the long room to which they had all been assigned.

"I once went out to Blank's," she mentioned the name of a well-known comedy producer, "and, my dear, I had an awful time trying to live that down. For five dollars a day we did everything, from diving into an open-air swimming pool on a clammy morning in January, to letting ourselves be pelted with custard pies. The next day they wanted us to go back and do all the scenes over again, for they'd turned out to be N. G.—but I got out of it, because I'd luckily caught a cold and case of Kleig eyes. But for months after, I got nothing but five-dollar bills."

"May I borrow your make-up kit, miss? Thanks," interrupted a cute little minx on Jennie's left, as she helped herself to the contents without waiting for a reply.

"Wouldn't that gall you?" demanded Jennie a little later, when the girl had left with the mascara applied incorrectly to her lashes. "It's things like that, that get my goat. I wonder sometimes why I don't resign from pictures and raise a family."

"Why don't you—ahem!—resign?" asked one of her chums. "I should think you'd be sick and tired of this waiting game. I know I am."

Jennie turned an indignant glare upon the offending one. "If I were just an ordinary seven-dollar-and-fifty-cent village girl extra, like you are, for instance," she said pointedly, "I could forgive that remark. But you know very well that I'm playing the part of a ten-dollar court girl in this picture. I have a future ahead of me, though, gosh darn it!"—and here she dropped the theatrical gesture—"and if the directors don't seem to have found it out—yet."

This statement was, alas, too true. Though Jennie had won trophies in beauty contests, bathing-girl contests, profile contests—in fact,
the Game

trials and tribulations in struggling to gain a foothold in articles ever published on the subject. Don't pass it by.

Rittenhouse

in nearly every variety of contest for which movie companies go in so strongly—which means just about every sort, except acting contests—she had yet to be seen on the screen in her first important role.

True, she had played in several stock companies now and then, and had had quite good bits in half a dozen pictures, but her histrionic ability apparently was the sort that is born to blush unseen. Or else she was being groomed for grandmother roles. The shears in the cutting room had, to date, snipped away Jennie's biggest and best opportunities.

To cap a day of annoyances, starting out early that morning—when she had walked almost half a mile over a torn-up dirt road and ruined a pair of new, satin pumps—she found to her indignation, upon arriving on the set, that she was assigned to the seven-dollar-and-fifty-cent village-girl group, instead of the much more select court girls.

"But my card says I'm a ten-dollar court girl," she tried to explain to the red-headed as-
sistant director, who was frantically racing back and forth from one group of the decorative mob to another. "And I've got on a court-girl's costume. See!" But there was no time, now, to make the change. The whistle blew, and the court girls took their places around the throne where the fragile heroine sat, while Jennie remained just one of a mob of five hundred for the rest of that day.

Irritations? There are few things but in the life of the average extra girl. She has all the discomforts of being a movie actress, with few of the compensations.

At first, of course, Jennie saw only the glamour of the work. Those magic calls from studios at which she had gazed wistfully, from the outside, ever since the day she arrived in Hollywood and discovered they weren't placed in a circle, within easy walking distance of each other. Those eerie moments just after the sun had begun to creep over the misty purple San Bernardino range, putting on make-up in a barren dressing room with trem-bling fingers, peeping surreptitiously out of the corner of one eye at the blasé assurance of the heavy-lidded girl beside her. Many poignant moments on the set, when brushing elbows with a favorite actor or actress seemed the ultimate in good fortune for that day. What did it matter that she had followed wild-goose chases for months, answered...
You Can Thank

Did you know that this country of ours is divided into personalities to the screen than others? A careful survey first place. In this article—the beginning of a series—you

By Alma

You'll think I'm crazy when I tell you there are movie-star belts like, for instance, the great corn-and-wheat belt which runs through Kansas, Iowa, and all the Middle West. Well, I'm not—and there is! Some States seem to produce film stars as others produce wheat or cotton.

Take Texas. There's a star belt for you. It begins apparently in Mexico, which has contributed so many recent film players that it will be a surprise to me if there are enough people left down there for another revolution. Ramon Novarro, Dolores del Rio, Gilbert Roland, Lupe Velez, George Lewis, Donald Reed, Lita Gray, Shirley O'Hara—who, Ramon says, is just like a Mexican girl despite her Irish name—and Don Alvarado, born in Albuquerque, of Mexican parents. Isn't that a lot of stars for Mexico City and Durango to add to our crown?

One star belt begins right there and goes on up through Texas. Perhaps they train those Texas children to grow up into film stars. Or at the very least, if you live down there, some present luminary must once have prattled through childhood right next door, or around the corner. So sit down, and I'll tell you who your former neighbors were. Other States will have their turn later.

Let's start with Bebe Daniels. She was born in Dallas. Scotch father. Mother descended from a royal Spanish family. Mrs. Daniels' father was American consul at Buenos Aires, her grandfather was governor of Colombia. Bebe's theatrical career began when she was four and she played in a repertory company. Then with the Belasco stock company, in Los Angeles. At the age of eight, Bebe's screen career began with the old Selig films. She had tutors, and part of the time went to a convent, and by the time she was fourteen she was a grown-up leading lady for Harold Lloyd. It was in these comedies that Cecil DeMille saw her; he gave her a role in "Male and Female," and that was very lucky. I'm sure that film was made under some benign star, if you believe your astrology, because almost every one in it is now famous—Bebe, Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Edmund Burns, Julia Faye, Wesley Barry. That was a lucky day for them all. So Bebe continued in DeMille pictures and eventually became a star.

James Hall is also from Dallas. He wanted to be an actor, so he just packed up and left home as soon as he was grown up, and headed straight for New York—and the usual struggle, of course. But Jimmie got along; he played bits in musicals and in stock, and finally became a leading man, in "Merry Merry," several "Passing Shows," and "Poppy," "The Matinée Girl" was Lady Luck to...
Texas for Them

star belts, or zones, with some territories yielding more indicates that the Texas belt which begins in Mexico, takes will learn much about the stars who were born there.

Talley

him. An agent saw him, took an option on his services, got him screen tested with Paramount, and then— hooray for Jimmie! He started out, quite unknown, opposite Bebe, in "The Campus Flirt," and any bright James Hall fan can tell you the rest.

Both Dallas and Corsicana can claim Mary Brian, and I believe she also lived in Abilene. She was born in Corsicana, but her family moved about. When she was seventeen, they left Dallas for Los Angeles and landed Mary right plop into the movies. She thought she was going to be a painter—her water colors and portraits had earned serious praise from Ernest Linnekamp, the Austrian artist. But a friend of Mary's entered her name in a "personality" contest. To her own surprise, Mary won. And got a rôle in one of those elaborate prologues that go with films in our bigger and better theaters. The theater manager thought Mary had a great future; he introduced her to Herbert Brenon, who was casting "Peter Pan." Mr. Brenon found his Wendy—Mary found herself famous.

Corsicana also gave Jacqueline Logan her start in life. She too moved away, to Colorado Springs. And Jackie took a course in journalism, because she was going to be a newspaper writer. Instead of that, she had a chance to go on the stage in the revival

Mexico gave us of "Florodora"—no, she was not in the original sextette—and that, any ambitious girl of twelve will know, is a perfectly swell start to fame. All those "Florodora" girls got rich husbands, or their pictures in the papers. You know where Jackie got her pictures!

Madge Bellamy is from Hillsboro—and St. Mary's Hall, in San Antonio. Madge always wanted to be an actress, so at the critical moment she told her parents that if they didn't take her to New York, she would go by herself. And finally she got there and a rôle with William Gillette, in "Dear Brutus." It was there that Thomas Ince saw her and thought. "Ah, there's my Lorna Doone." And so began another screen career. Though it wasn't until she became a blonde that Madge really put it over. She's doing nicely now, thank you, and has become a brunette again.

A little girl named Lucille LeSueur was born in San Antonio, though she grew up in Kansas City. When she was fifteen, she ran away from home to go on the stage. She got as far as Chicago and landed a job in a revue. Another job in New York, at the Winter Garden, in "Innocent Eyes," then in the next season's "Passing Show," where Harry Rapf, of Metro-Goldwyn, discovered her. You see, girls and boys, that's the way to get into the movies. Go on the stage and get discovered. Lucille LeSueur was just a bit too fancy for a name, so a contest renamed her Joan Craw-
You Can Thank Texas for Them

Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, of Mexican parents.

You must admit that it's very apropos for Tom Mix to come from Texas. He was an honest-Injun cowboy, who rode the plains in his early youth. Then he dashed off as a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, and I think he got all mixed up in the Boxer Rebellion in China, also. Wherever action was, there was Tom. When there weren't any more wars to be fought, Tom returned to Texas and entered a rodeo. Well, as you might suspect, he turned out to be the world's champion broncobuster and trick rider. In other words, it seems that he knew his stuff. So Colonel Selig, of Selig Films, then one of the large movie companies, decided that Tom should do his riding in front of a camera, and he has been doing it ever since.

Just to show you how versatile Texas is, with its jumper crop of screen stars, we'll go from Tom Mix to Florence Vidor, and that, I'd have you know, is quite a jump. Florence was born in Houston and went to high school there and a near-by convent.

Judging by all these statistics, there seems to be some sort of affinity between convents and screen careers, so we really shouldn't be surprised that shortly after she finished school, Florence lit right out for the studios and there was the usual failures and eventual success.

Hope Hampton also came from Houston and her convent was in New Orleans. Then she went to Philadelphia and later to New York, where she attended the Sargent's Dramatic School. Opportunity beckoned for screen work, so she gave up her stage notions and played, not too successfully, in the movies for some years. But Hope's beauty lies largely in her coloring—and what help is that in movies? So now she is turning back to the stage and, with her really beautiful voice, has become a prima donna in musical comedy.

Elliott Dexter, from Houston, is seldom seen on the screen any more—he now plays in vaudeville—but he had a long and successful career. When he left his happy Houston home he went into a stock company, and later became leading man for Marie Doro, whom he married. Movies followed, and Cecil DeMille made him famous.

Then there's Ken Maynard, from Mission, Texas. He, like Tom Mix, from early youth knew a horse when he saw one. A trip to Hollywood, lots of hanging around the studios, and Ken got his chance to play in some obscure Western pictures—quickies, which are never seen by Broadway And then, when a new epidemic of Westerns came along, and all the big companies went out

Conf'd on page 129
Be Yourselves, Young Ladies!

Anger is never becoming to beauty, so we implore these stars to let bygones be bygones, and think sweet thoughts again.

Mary Brian, above, registers that terrible calm which precedes a storm—so let us get out of her way.

"How could you do such a thing?" says the withering glance of Esther Ralston, in the upper oval.

When the eyes of Clara Bow, below, flash like this—well, you might as well hoist the white flag.

"Out of my way!" commands the brooding look in the eyes of Evelyn Brent, above, which makes you feel there is nothing to do but scurry out of her path.

Nora Lane, below, who is usually the gentlest of heroines, proves that even the sweetest of them can look tigerish.

Ruth Taylor, above, is angrily determined to have her own way, even to casting her pearls out of the window, but perhaps a diamond bracelet will bring forth Lorelei’s famous baby smile.
Manhattan
Snatched glimpses of film folk on
By Aileen St.

ALL aboard! All ashore that's going ashore! The gong is sounding, the deck hands are shouting themselves hoarse, and the great whistles are shrieking forth their warnings into New York harbor. Half the film world, it would seem, is going to Europe.

First of all, there is little Betty Bronson, hardly bigger than a minute, but poised and self-contained for all that, accompanied by myriads of suit cases many meters larger than herself. It is her first trip abroad, but you would never guess it. Betty, young though she is, has all the aplomb of the experienced woman of the world, and going to Europe is accomplished with the unmistakable savoir-faire of the seasoned traveler.

Miss Bronson, we may add, is no longer a Paramount star. Both company and actress voiced a mutual dislike, and have come to the parting of the ways. Miss Bronson's talents—and no one can deny them—were being swamped, and executives were not particularly eager to listen to her disgruntled outpourings on the subject. Betty found herself a freelance artist, and foot-loose and fancy-free, trotted off to "furrin parts," throwing her troubles overboard, en route, before starting her career afresh.

But the whistles continue to blow! And we haven't yet found Blanche Sweet, who likewise has heeded the siren's call to Europe and is sailing with her husband, Marshall Neilan. While abroad, Neilan will direct a film starring Gertrude Lawrence, and Miss Sweet will star in a British production.

Miss Sweet still believes that in the dramatic two-reeler lies the immediate development of the motion picture, and predicts that before long the O. Henry of the screen will put in his belated appearance, with better and smaller photoplays as a result.

"No more padding," is Miss Sweet's prophetic watchword, as she waves good-bye.

And here we have Ronald Colman and Percy Marmont, who have crossed the gangplank with their sticks and their kit bags, beaming over the prospect of viewing their native heath, merrily, if foggy, England from which they emerged some years ago as unknown actors, and now return as high-priced stars, whose names are known throughout the world. Marmont's visits home have been more or less frequent, but Colman admits that he likes living in California.

Spending his days in the glare of the Kleigs never gave him that deep, bronze hue that be-speaks an outdoor life. And while, of course, open air pursuits are synonymous with traditional England, Colman would select the environs of Hollywood as a permanent abode, were it not for a long-promised visit to his mother.

Colman, we might add, is no stranger to New York. He spent many months prior to his film career being himself from one theatrical...

Sally Phipps helped to hold up the production of "The News Parade," because of the "flu."
office to another, “looking for a situation” on the stage. He was interviewed daily by innumerable office boys, who informed him nonchalance, “no casting to-day”—the experience of every actor trying to get his foot on the first rung of the American theatrical ladder.

Monty Banks, the droll comedian, is also sailing. He waves good-by with unaccustomed depression, as if he already feels the chilly English climate in his bones. He goes to London to make a series of comedies for British International for whom, we may observe, Rex Ingram is now making pictures for United States consumption.

Alma Rubens and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, went to England for the purpose of discovering for themselves if roast beef and Yorkshire pudding are all that British chefs claim them to be in the way of nourishing provender. They had barely seated themselves in the Cheshire Cheese, before they found themselves signing up for a costarring feature, and thus bade a fond farewell, for the nonce, to their culinary explorations.

Julia Faye, however, just to be plain American, “stuck to her onions.” She went to England on a pleasure trip, pure and simple, looked the land over, hopped across to Paris and embarked for home.

Playtime is playtime for DeMille’s fair player, who allowed herself a scant twenty-four hours in New York on her homeward journey after her arrival at quarantine, taking the first train to Los Angeles. Miss Faye could hear the summons of the megaphone sounding in her ears, and was eager to get back into harness.

With half of Hollywood trekking abroad, we hear that the temperamental Jetta Goudal, having quarreled with her once-beloved Papa DeMille, is considering an offer from England; that Greta Nissen is also being induced to make a trip to Europe for cinematic purposes, and that Constance Talmadge is likewise listening to a tempting offer to make a production for one of the big English motion-picture companies.

**Vilma Homeward Bound**

Vilma Banky arrived in New York with a print of “Two Lovers” tucked under her arm. This little madcap Frau with the blue eyes and golden hair, avowed she could no longer resist the call of her native land, and when Samuel Goldwyn gave her her first long holiday between pictures, she booked passage for Hungary, whither she took the print of her latest opus to show admiring friends and relatives. Before she left for her holiday, however, Mr. Goldwyn extracted her solemn promise that she would return to America in time for the New York opening of “Two Lovers.”

Miss Banky departed from American shores armed with knickknacks and novelties to distribute among those who, as the saying goes, “knew her when”—“when” being that obscure period

**Nick Stuart’s film career reads like a Horatio Alger story.**
From Office Boy to Leading Man.

A young man called Nick Carter—no, I mean Stuart—once ran errands for a sporting-goods concern in Los Angeles. In pursuit of his calling, he delivered a package to Tom Mix on the Fox lot in Hollywood. He forthwith decided to be an actor, and as fortune favored him for the time being, and he was offered three days' work, he immediately resigned his job with the sporting-goods concern, and briefly registered his emotions before the camera.

He emerged from the studio three days later a Thespian, to be sure, but a Thespian without a job. A bit disillusioned, but none the less enthralled with his new life, he found himself, after weeks of unemployment, welcoming the opportunity to serve as office boy on the Fox lot. He ran errands for so long that he finally was allowed to carry a camera, and acted as assistant camera man. During the course of several years he managed every now and then to have a test taken, but that was the last he ever heard of it. In other words his "art" was ignored until a juvenile lead was needed for "Cradle Snatchers," and once more Nick Stuart had a test taken, and they went off on location carrying his tripod. But he was summoned back to be an actor—and has been ever since.

When David Butler decided to glorify the news-reel camera man in "The News Parade," Stuart once more showed his prowess with the tripod, but this time with grease paint on his checks and the camera before him. The test was successful, and his good looks, pleasing personality and boyish enthusiasm won for him the leading role. Together with Sally Phipps, the leading lady, and the technical staff, he reached New York ready to get to work the following morning. Then David Butler, erstwhile actor with Richard Dix, and a bright spot in "Seventh Heaven," became ill. Butler fairly howled with pain. Sinus hit him, and hit him hard. Upon his recovery, Sally Phipps got the "flu," and while she was recovering, young Stuart, who had been dashing about with metropolitan camera men in search of local color, found himself also on the sick list. For three weeks the battle of germs versus films waged fiercely.

The convalescents, guarded by a trained nurse, gathered daily in Butler's hotel suite and improved the shining hours in conferences with the author and continuity writer, while atomizers, cold compresses and gargles added to the gayety of the scene.

Apropos of "The News Parade," Bernard McEvoy, a camera man regularly assigned to travel with the Aquitanian, was aboard the vessel on a recent stormy crossing. A gale raged. Determined to photograph the storm, McEvoy lashed himself and his camera to the bridge rail. Waves swept over the bridge, but like the brave heroes of old who risked all for a lady fair, McEvoy held his ground while the glass in the wheelhouse was smashed, and the decks were awash constantly—but he got the scenes he wanted.

before Mr. Goldwyn saw her in Europe, decided that her type of romantic beauty expressed the perfect embodiment of wholesome womanhood, and persuaded her to sign her name on the dotted line.

The fair Vilma arrived in New York somewhat out of breath, as the result of hectic scenes occurring just before she left Culver City—the scenes comprising the last shots for "Two Lovers," taken amid hysterical excitement before the wind-up. Four of the six hundred extras were severely injured when a tree trunk, temporarily lodged in the mud, crashed to earth. The extras were rushing over two hundred feet of waist-deep mud, reenacting the downfall of the last stand of the Spanish Inquisition in Flanders. Meanwhile, Vilma kept one eye on the camera and another on her timetable. In spite of the general upheaval in the studio—she registered before the camera exactly what the script called for. She managed, however, to avoid a nervous breakdown, to keep hold of her print and her passport, and boarded the train with nothing lost save a few nights' sleep.

Vilma Bunky went to visit her family in Hungary.

Julia Faye fairly dashed through New York.
As a reward for his courage, McEvoy did not receive milady's nosegay, nor even a nod of recognition from the object of his romantic fancy, because, this being a modern story, he was granted five weeks' holiday when the Aquilania went into dry dock at Southampton on the following trip.

Exploding the In-law Myth.

It's a pretty safe rule, in searching for the truth, to seek it from the in-laws. In-laws, you know, seldom suffer from inhibitions. They fairly bubble with facts. If the facts are unpleasant, they are eager to get them off their chests. If, happily, they are otherwise, they are elated at their singular good fortune, and in their relief fairly bubble with enthusiasm. When it comes to discussing in-laws, family loyalty is seldom involved. Where so many consider the family hearth sacred, few have scruples where the addition by marriage is concerned, and grant themselves general absolution in discussing his, or her, apparent shortcomings.

Sylvia Thalberg, who is Norma Shearer's sister-in-law, as well as a scenario writer in her own right, doesn't need to say anything when Norma's name is mentioned.

"Isn't it awful having a star in the family?" we asked her brutally. To surprise our victim is often our favorite method of attack.

There was no mistaking the enthusiastic smile that lit up Miss Thalberg's expressive countenance. Miss Thalberg and Miss Shearer are chums, and Miss Shearer is as popular in the Thalberg family circle as she is on the screen, and that, as Florence Reid would say, is the highest there is.

"We were all crazy about Norma long before we scented a romance," vouched Miss Thalberg. "and since she has come to live with us as Irving's wife, we are fonder of her than ever. She's a wonderful girl."

Any young bride who sulks because the financial budget is small, and has to take up her residence with her husband's family, might lift a page out of Miss Shearer's new book. With all Hollywood to choose from, she insisted on going to live with the Thalberg family after her marriage.

"It's ideal," they all agree.

Irving Thalberg, as everybody knows, is Metro-Goldwyn's youthful genius. As one of the chief executives, his uncanny flair for production novelty has resulted in more successful pictures than are usually credited to one individual. After many months of work at top speed, he is taking a leave of absence for a belated honeymoon, and in order to be on hand to wave a fond farewell to him and his bride on their Mediterranean cruise, mother and sister preceded them to New York.

But this is Sylvia's story, and having attained screen credit for "Baby Mine," she should no longer be described as Irving Thalberg's little sister. But she is little, just the same, merely a pocket edition, fairly swamped in the folds of a big, fur coat. She must wear the same size shoe as Gloria Swanson.

Irving, so she told me, scarcely knows she is on the lot. It must be because of her size.

"But don't think for a minute," she avowed, "that having a relative at the head of the business cases one's path. When I told Irving I wanted to become a scenario writer, he had a good laugh. He told me to go ahead and drive the car, and he'd give me a big salary for it, and then turned his mind to weightier problems, while I pondered on my own."

"At the theater one night, I talked things over with John M. Stahl, made a suggestion or two, with the result that, as a beginning, he allowed me to sit on his set and watch. I did this day after day. Finally, once or twice, I summoned up courage to give voice to an idea, and with the voicing I began to get a little confidence. I kept hanging around and with the shifting of some writers in the studio, somehow or other I got screen credit on a picture."

"Shortly after, I married a gentleman, swearing everlasting gratitude to Mr. Stahl. I moved over to my brother's lot."

And, as Lindbergh put it succinctly, here we are!

Who Says Gloria Likes Ostentation?

We doff our latest chapéau to Gloria Swanson who, as Sadie Thompson, took Manhattan by storm, while far away from the scene of her triumph, she summed herself on the sands of Palm Beach. As soon as the Broadway opening of her new picture was accomplished, however, Miss Swanson put away her summer frocks, donned her furs, and came to New York. Arriving without any fanfare of trumpets, she was an inconspicuous member of the audience at the Rivoli Theater, where she had her first view of the finished production before a metropolitan audience. She went to the theater quietly and unobtrusively—unlike one of our recent Hollywood visitors, who demanded a spotlight, a major domo and a canopied entrance, before she would deign to enter the theater and view her triumphs. Miss Swanson's one official act was to accompany her husband, the marquis, to the steamship bearing him to France whither, by the exigencies of the law, he must return every six months or so, to conform to passport regulations.

Continued on page 110

Blanche Sweet has decided to make a British film.
Hoop-la! We're
Some of the many films of the sawdust
Circus Girls!

ring show these dare-devil performers.

Alice White, right, is an acrobat in “Three-ring Marriage,” who knows how to take care of herself in mid-air.

Merna Kennedy, above, is the heroine of “The Circus.” Janet Gaynor, left, performs as a bareback rider in an Italian circus, in “The Street Angel.”

Louise Lorraine, left, impersonates a trapeze performer in “Monkey Business,” a comedy of the circus, with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur.

Frances Teague, in the left corner, goes through the thrilling stunts of a bareback rider, in “The Trail of the Tiger.”
The Stroller

Humorous observations on various phases of motion picture activities along Hollywood Boulevard.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

Two gents, feeling very gay, performed a dance of their own in a Hollywood café.

THERE came to the heart of Andrew Zinch, press agent extraordinary, an ardent desire to see once more in print the name and face of his famous and beautiful client, Cynthia Beaverbrook.

The desire was not engendered entirely by affection for Cynthia. No inconsiderable portion of it came from a desire to remain on her pay-roll—a condition which he felt would not continue indefinitely, if the press clippings continued to dwindle as they had been doing.

When press agents of Hollywood experience this sinking sensation that things are not so good, the first impulse is always the same. That is, the decision to arrange for some one from the newspapers to interview the star in question.

So Andrew got out his little book of names and telephone numbers, and eventually hit upon Pete Pettifog, who wrote interviews and items about Hollywood. The telephone got Pete out of bed, and the suggestion did not please him particularly.

"Why should I interview that flat-faced dame?" asked Pete. "There isn't anything to write about her."

"Now listen, Pete," said Andrew. "Cynthia is a very charming little girl and she thinks you're a swell writer. Besides, I'm sure you can sell the story."

So the interview was arranged with Mr. Pettifog.

Then Andrew Zinch went gloomily toward the set, where Cynthia was practicing the art which had made her rich and famous. In a faded kimono she was draped in a canvas-backed chair, bemoaning her own stupidity for having taken up a career which forced her to start work at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Cynthia," began Andrew, assuming the air of enthusiasm and the synthetic smile which is always used by press agents when talking to stars. "I have some good news for you. I've arranged with Pete Pettifog to do an interview with you. He's coming out to-morrow. Please be nice to him and he will do his share."

"The only good news about that," said Cynthia, yawning, "is that he will not be here today. Must I talk to him? He gives me the acute willies."

"Aw, listen, Cynthia," Andrew argued. "Pete's a great guy after you get to know him, and he says you're the only star in Hollywood with a brain in your head. Besides, it will be good publicity."

"Oh, well, I suppose it's only punishment for my sins. Bring him out if you must, but I positively will not have lunch with him. Tell him I'm on a diet and can't eat."

So Pete, imbued with a measure of enthusiasm over the check he would probably receive, came out to talk to Cynthia in what passed for a good humor. And Cynthia, thinking of how she would like to see published those new portraits she had, was almost cordial to Pete.

And they talked of how good an actress Cynthia was, and how good a writer Pete was, and how bad were all the other actresses and writers in Hollywood, and almost enjoyed it.

And Andrew Zinch, hovering in the background, broke off the interview at the earliest possible moment, and thus kept his job safe, without having to work until the next time Cynthia flew into a temper.

If Carl Laemmle, venerable owner of Universal City, takes any pleasure in solitude, he gets precious little of it.

Seeing "Uncle Carl" without a retinue of relatives and employees trailing him, is a sight few persons in Hollywood have ever witnessed, and it is unusual enough to evoke comment from all beholders when it occurs.

Uncle Carl, as a matter of fact, enjoys walking and does a lot of it. He probably would go more, if he could manage to accomplish it without so much help. He takes a great deal of pride in Universal City, his large, sprawling studio over the hills beyond Hollywood; and when he is in the West, he likes to walk through it and survey the strange movie city he has brought to life.

Consequently, almost every afternoon he starts from his office on his tour of inspection. The alarm is sounded, heads pop out of doorways, and the pack comes racing from the four corners of the lot. By the time he has gone, a hundred yards, he has a group of retainers at his heels, varying from four to twenty. All try to get to the official ear as they go, whispering ideas and suggestions, crying down the suggestions of the others, and getting in what propaganda they can.

I was in Henry's Café recently, when Uncle Carl came in alone, and seemed to be hugely enjoying his lonely sandwich. At least half the persons in the restaurant commented audibly on the strange spectacle of the patriarch of Universal without his henchmen.
The Stroller

The spectacle didn’t last long. One by one they began to arrive, most of them breathless. Within ten minutes the producer was surrounded by six persons, half of whom were his relatives.

As a matter of fact, it is Mr. Laemmle’s custom. I was once informed by his chauffeur, to drive from his beautiful Beverly Hills estate to Hollywood Boulevard every evening after dinner. At a central spot he alights and walks up and down the avenue, looking in shop windows and enjoying himself immensely. This lasts but a short time until he has collected his usual group of chaperons, whereupon he returns to his automobile and goes home.

Although the comment comes at a rather belated date, I feel I must recount what I witnessed at the New Year’s Day football game in Pasadena.

Into the huge stands came many dozens of famous folk, celebrities of all kinds, but particularly an assortment of well-known film beauties.

Gloria Swanson, attired in a million-dollar outfit, trudged up the aisle virtually unnoticed. Mary Astor drew no more attention, nor did the other stars present, though all were equally celebrated.

Then ever-increasing gaps of astonishment swept my section of the grand stands as an absolute knockout came up the aisle. Necks craned, eyes popped, and young men strove to catch her eye.

No one recognized her, but every one was sure she was famous. I happened to know her, because recently she had been in a beauty contest which was brought to my attention. Her name is Helen Cox and she is an extra girl.

The point is that she was not an optical illusion, nor is she necessarily an exception. Miss Cox, and perhaps fifty other extra girls who are constantly about the studios, could hold their own in a beauty match with any of the stars I have ever seen.

Ted Shane, a former New York newspaper man and magazine writer, is the hero of a conversation reported to me. An executive in one of the larger studios held it with him.

Shane, formerly on the writers’ staff at the Paramount studio, was sent somewhat unwillingly to interview a prospective employer, profound moving-picture magnate.

"Can you write a continuity?" asked the executive.

"Well," said Shane, somewhat dubiously, "I never have."

"Can you write a treatment?"

"I might possibly. I’ve never tried it."

"Can you write titles?"

"Yes, I wrote quite a few titles for Paramount, and everybody said they were pretty bad."

The executive became choleric.

"What’s the idea of taking up my time like this? You admit you can’t write a treatment, can’t do a continuity, and your titles are no good. Evidently you can’t do anything around a studio. What kind of a job do you think you’re going to get?"

"Well," said Shane, a little meekly, "I might be a supervisor."

Ruth Hurst, a New York show girl, came out to Hollywood recently, with a five-year contract. A big hue and cry about the future star was started in the newspapers and the studio gave a luncheon in her honor, which was well attended.

Later I saw her working as an extra on another lot. A business panic had hit the first studio, the lay-off option in her contract had been exercised for a period of four weeks, and Miss Hurst was providently earning a little money during the period when she received no salary under her contract.

Wild and wicked Hollywood isn’t so very wild and wicked—as I have observed it—but it is sometimes highly amusing.

Dining quietly, as is my custom, in a café midway between Hollywood and Beverly Hills the other evening, a large party of more-or-less-celebrated folk arrived and took a table near mine.

Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier seemed to be the most prominent personages of the party, although Gloria’s marquis, Henri de la Falaisé, was also there without the missus. René Guetta, known familiarly as "Toto," and said to be the ping-pong champion of France, and three or four other young men whom I assumed to be also French, made up the party.

All of them were hilarious in a subdued sort of way, but the ping-pong champion and another gent were not so subdued. During one dance number they performed a dance of their own, capering about among the couples, and several times crashing to the floor, some of which were deliberate and some, I suspect, unintentional.

During the intermission, the pair conducted a rather lengthy conversation with the master of ceremonies, who finally announced that the guests were about to witness the third Dempsey-Tunney encounter.

At this juncture the onlookers were somewhat amazed to see Mr. Guetta and his partner pull off coats, ties, shirts, and even undershirts. Trousers were rolled up above the knees and the gladiators retired to opposite corners of the dance floor, draping the red tablecloths about them to heighten the effect.

The drummer helped out by imitating the usual ringside gong, the combatants shuffled their feet in imaginary resin, tested imaginary ropes, and the battle was on. It proved to be a slow-motion version of a ring encounter, with a great many crashes to the floor.

The act was just beginning

Continued on page 112
ELEVEN players, most of them well known, are going to school on the Paramount lot, where a contest is under way. Four will win the high honor of stardom, though some of the others, if they prove to be of value to the company, may be given consolation honors.

Only two, Charles Rogers and Jack Luden, are graduates of the original Paramount School, although the others have had varied preliminary training.

These eleven super-students are to be graded by eleven thousand exhibitors, carefully selected to represent the tastes of fans all over the country. This really means that you will “mark the papers” of these, your star pupils, for upon the favor you accord their films—and your comments—will depend the rating given each.

At the end of a year, four honors will be distributed. Just pieces of paper, but those papers most precious to an actor—contracts to star.

There will be the uncertainty of “passing”—all the thrill of exams spread over a whole year. Brief flashes of chestiness, too, when one or another will receive—maybe—a monthly grade of one hundred per cent.

Studies or talents upon which they will be particularly graded are deportment, screen personality—something indescribable, but magnetic—acting ability, poise, and versatility. The last-named test is to be especially severe. Stereotyped stars are no longer wanted. In addition to making names for the box office, this super-education is designed largely to develop versatility.

Exhibitors’ reports are always considered important and canvases have been made to determine every star’s popularity, from time to time. But never before has such a thorough plan been undertaken to prepare for the public the material which it selects itself.

Charles Rogers perhaps has had the biggest breaks to start off the term with—“Wings,” “My Best Girl,” “Get Your Man,” and “Abie’s Irish Rose.” But watch the others’ speed! Many a football game will go unattended by this bunch; seldom will a lesson be ducked. In addition to the regular “course,” there will be studies in pantomime dancing, history, and manners and customs of all countries—all calculated to add to a movie star’s expression and grace.

Richard Arlen is a handicap man, with six or seven years of screen work to his credit. Mary Brian has been on the screen longer than any of the other girls. This will be taken into consideration when grading those less experienced. They, too, have certain talents which will partly offset the handicap of comparative lack of experience.

Roll call! Step up, boys and girls, for appraisal!

They’re Going to

And at the end of that time four of these that “diploma” most precious to the actor—mined by eleven thousand exhibitors, who in

Already they have nominated Charles Rogers,

By Myrtle

Charles “Buddy” Rogers—what have you to offer that is peculiarly your own? Youth, a cleanliness that immediately strikes the observer, an ingratiating personality. You are self-conscious—yes, but audiences like your ingenious smile. Make the best of it!

Richard Arlen! “Wings” served to display the chief qualities upon which you have been chosen to compete for the Paramount trophy—determination, strength, deep but reserved tenderness. You have followed the air epic with acceptable performances in leading roles with Esther Ralston and Bebe Daniels. Aggressiveness has marked your career. You may be depended upon to fight hard for leadership.

Louise Brooks! Subtle sophistication, an oo-la-la figure—and what is called dash. You are what every girl between eighteen and twenty-five dreams of looking like. The fans can judge you by “A Girl in Every Port,” to mention a new picture, but you are no stranger to them.

Lane Chandler! The true Westerner in your physique—tall and wiry, marvelously built youth. Honesty and fearlessness in your clear, blue eyes. Your hair is a sun-baked red, rather than a flame. Your principal attribute is the easy-going but superb confidence that the outdoors leave as its imprint. Your versatility is being tested in society drama with Esther Ralston, and in comedy-drama with the excitable Clara Bow. You have every chance.

James Hall! A pleasant young man, with blue eyes. Your outstanding quality is an intangible something which gains sympathy even in dastardly deeds—a

rare quality. Your best work, so far, has been in “Hotel Imperial” and in comedy with Bebe Daniels. “Four Sons” offers you a more definite opportunity than you have had.

Mary Brian—“The Girl Next Door!” The fans are already acquainted with your sweetness. College boys idolize you, mothers write to you, “You are just
School for a Year

eleven players will be given by Paramount a contract to star. This honor will be determined will be guided by the opinions of the fans, and PICTURE PLAY stands behind them.

Gebhart

like my daughter would have been had she lived.” Usually you play ingénue leads, your most recent being with Richard Dix, which achieved one purpose anyway—it made you the most envied girl on the Paramount lot. A new chance to be sophisticated is yours, now, as the cigarette girl in the Beery-Hatton comedy of the underworld, “Partners in Crime.”

Nancy Carroll! A dark horse to most of the fans, for before your Irish pertness became Abie’s Rose, you were unknown to the screen public—just another toss of red hair along the chorus sector. Your forte is impish comedy and a flippant personality. Just what will happen to you during this term of keen competition, is a question. You seem certain of the answer. Your self-assurance is astonishing, but refreshing.

Jack Luden! What? This blond collar-adj hero a Western star? Ask the fans. They know already, for the studio calls you “the fans’ star.” Your quickness and vitality are attractive. You need experience, and Paramount is going to give you plenty of it.

Ruth Taylor! Lorelei, step forward. With those blue eyes appealing and appealing, the public will have to hand you some bracelets in the form of votes. Seriously, your future is problematic. On the screen, you are a baby blonde with a “gimmie” complex. Paramount can never make an ingénue of you. You have created a new type, with the aid of Anita Loos’ clever book. It can be made as famous as the vamp, but roles for you will be difficult to find. But don’t worry—they will be found.

Fay Wray and Gary Cooper! You are called up front together, as Part

amount intends co-starring you in stories of modern romance, ginless and jazzless, that flower still behind the smoke screen of a passing phase. You, Fay, are spiritual—and in “The Wedding March” you display your dramatic talent. Not handsome, but a “regular fellow” in every sense of the word, Gary cases into the scene. You have a seemingly effortless way of doing things. Wholesomeness and strength in protecting the heroine, and the ability to arouse sympathy are your best assets. You have the light-brown hair and the gray eyes of the Westerner—eyes quite peculiar, in a sense. Eyes that invariably suggest keenness, quick grasp of a situation, but slow thought before swift, sure action. Incidentally, you, Gary, are the tallest man in pictures. You have the opportunity to become the tallest star—in dramatic force as well as stature.

What a variety of youth, embryonic talent, charm!

Who will be valedictorian? Start grading these eleven now, note your impressions of each as you see their new pictures. Moreover, give your opinions to your exhibitor. When the winners walk up a year hence to receive their diplomas (contracts) from Dean Lasky, compare your reports with the results. And see what kind of a star-picker you are.

Of course, these results may greatly surprise you, but you must remember that nation-wide popularity will determine the standing of the young players, and not their drawing power in a single city or neighborhood. You must also remember that competition for stardom will be unusually keen, because some of the contestants are already headed in that direction, and the rest of them are by no means unfamiliar to the fans. Consequently the volume of public approval will carry definite weight in determining the winners, as well as the relative standing of those who do not achieve the ultimate goal. In other words, this means that your preference will actually decide the course of these eleven promising careers by next year. Not by votes, but by the interest you show in pictures in which they appear, and the comments you make to theater owners.

The eleven candidates offer a wide range of personalities, not one of them resembling another in appearance or capabilities. In this group there is a potential star to suit every taste, from the naive young manhood of Charles Rogers, to the reticence and underlying tenderness of Gary Cooper, the everyday companionability of Mary Brian, to the delicate charm of Fay Wray. Never before in one group have the fans found such definite personalities to choose from, such a galaxy of talent to encourage and watch over and eventually to offer the supreme honor. But all the interest is not on one side—the lucky eleven realize their opportunities, too.
The Screen
The passing parade
the colors for some
By Norbert

AGAIN the simple story triumphs, again kindly sentiment and artless acting convey more than passion and subtlety. In “Four Sons”—once known as “Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters”—we find a beautiful, deliberate picture of family life in rural Bavaria prior to and during the war. Yet, thank Heaven, it is not a war picture with long sequences of conflict and carnage. The war really takes place in Mother Bernle’s cottage—or rather its effects are shown in the hearts of herself, her sons and the simple folk who are their friends and neighbors. Yet it is absorbing by reason of its sincerity and the great beauty of the atmosphere which John Ford, the director, has managed to capture and hold and, of course the acting of the entire cast, which is accomplished with such ease that it doesn’t seem to be acting at all.

The story is scarcely a story at all. It seems, instead, to be a chapter in the lives of people one has come upon by accident—a widow and her four sons, the postman, and others with whom they come in contact. One of the sons goes to America and opens a delicatessen shop, marries and has a son. One by one the other sons are called to war, each departure giving Mother Bernle a heartache all its own. But like a real mother, and not a screen one, she remains cheerful in the face of adversity and thanks God for her blessings. Her soldier sons never come back, and when peace is declared Joseph, in America, sends for her. This results in one of the most effective scenes in the entire picture—Mother Bernle’s valiant efforts to learn the alphabet, in order to comply with the immigration laws. She goes to the village school where the children prompt her in her examination. But when she crosses the ocean, and is questioned at Ellis Island, she has forgotten her letters!

The Magnificence of Reality.

There is something of everybody—and for everybody—in “The Crowd.” It has that rarest of attributes, universality of appeal. Which is only another way of saying that it is a great picture, in keeping with what one expects of King Vidor, who directed “The Big Parade,” but as far removed from that memorable achievement as could be imagined. “The Crowd” purports to be an epic of the great American middle-class. The honesty of so describing it deserves grateful acknowledgment, even though suspicion is justifiably aroused when any picture is designated as an “epic” by those responsible for it. But it requires true courage for a director to admit that he has found inspiration in the middle class, when it is a known fact that the average picturegoer finds most satisfaction in heroes and heroines whose fictitious lives are far removed from the commonplace he sees around him. Yet in “The Crowd” the spectator finds nothing else. Every incident is an everyday occurrence; every mental process of the characters is one that he has recognized in the people around him, if most of them are not actually his own. Far from resulting in a commonplace picture, the skill of the director has made it an extraordinary one, a veritable aristocrat among films, alive with emotion, sincerity, reality, and heartbreaking in its searching disclosures of human nature.

To tell the story is to recite the composite joys and
in Review

of new films halts to raise memorable performances.

Lusk

sorrows of people everywhere, in a series of incidents so ordinary that they would make a dull narrative. Enough, then, to say that John and Mary, two of the crowd of clerks and stenographers, are shown from their first meeting; through years of marriage, parenthood, happiness, grief, failure, and success. Their lives are lived in terms of comedy, drama, and tragedy, even as yours and mine. But we, of course, have no director like King Vidor to knit our story together, to invest our every act with significance, and to bring our thoughts to the surface without making us seem to act at all. He does all this and more, much more, for Eleanor Boardman, James Murray, and Bert Roach, as well as all the other players in this picture. Indeed, he has mesmerized every force that enters into a motion picture, until each is supremely efficient—call it inspired, if you will.

These disjointed remarks scarcely qualify as a review, for they are little more than a memorandum of a great picture. I rely on you to see it for yourself.

When Superlatives Fail.

Superb, magnificent—all the most extravagant adjectives belong to Emil Jannings, in "The Last Command," in many respects a better picture than his first experiment in Hollywood, "The Way of All Flesh." For one thing, it is more plausible. Certainly it is more unusual, this story of a Russian grand duke who, stripped of his wealth and power by the downfall of the Romanoff empire in 1917, ends his life as an extra in Hollywood. These two extremes are delineated with surpassing skill by the great Jannings, who makes of the grand duke, in each phase, a figure never to be forgotten. Never was a man more dominant and self-assured; never was a man more lonely and broken. It is acting that thrills you by its reticence and splendid sweep, at the same time. It is one thing to say that Jannings lives his rôle, but quite another to recognize in his playing the sureness of a master, whose command of technical resources is as closely akin to genius as the screen has ever shown.

The story begins in Hollywood, where the Grand Duke Sergius Alexander is cking out a precurious existence as an extra, even as many are doing to-day, his stories of former greatness scoffed at, his days plainly numbered. A cut-back of ten years shows the events that led to his exile, including the moment when he strikes Leo, a revolutionist, in the face. Then the scene returns to the motion-picture studio, where the Grand Duke is hired to play a general in a picture dealing with the revolution that stripped him of wealth and power. He is recognized by the director, who is Leo. In revenge, Leo stages a scene in which the troops of his old foe revolt. And in the noise and cries of the mimic scene, the Grand Duke is carried back to reality. He becomes the great soldier of old and carries on with his last command, only to die of exhaustion in the arms of his enemy.

Naturally, this is the big moment of the picture, but there are others of almost equal splendor. William Powell is striking, as always, in the comparatively minor rôle of Leo, and Evelyn Brent is the only woman in the cast. She is a spy, in the sequences in Russia, who falls in love with the Grand Duke, whom she is charged by her fellow-revolutionists to kill. It is one of her most effective performances.

A Queen's Right to Rule.

If there has been any doubt in your mind about Gloria Swanson's right to a place among the screen elect, you will speedily come to a better understanding of her remarkable talent when you see her in "Sadie Thompson." She gives a biting performance, as the heroine of "Rain," toned down to conform to the exactions of censorship, but nevertheless forceful and honest enough to engross the discriminating picturegoer. Not in a long, long time has she had an opportunity to equal it—and how she wrestles with it! Many of us think it the best performance she has ever given. From the moment that Sadie Thompson saunters down the gangplank of the steamer at Pago Pago, in Samoa, to be hailed by the marines as a girl after their own heart, until she sails away with one of them, Miss Swanson is no one in the world but Sadie. Her walk, her gestures, and most of all the expression in her eyes, are related to no other rôle she has ever played. Her impersonation is not merely that of a hard-boiled outcast, but a girl who actually undergoes spiritual quickening. And, as noted above, it is all shown in her eyes. When Alfred Hamilton is exhorting her to acknowledge the error of her ways, Miss Swanson's acting is not that of a star with a big scene at her command, but a supreme actress whose self-hypnosis has momentarily given her the mind of Sadie Thompson.

The story is familiar enough to need no detailing.
Almost every one knows that Sadie, a woman of the streets on her way from San Francisco to Australia, stops in Pagopago, where she is sought by the marines stationed there. Her flaunting conduct rouses the ire of a reformer, Alfred Hamilton, and his wife. He uses his influence to have Sadie deported, and remains deaf to her pleas that she be allowed to proceed to Sydney instead of returning to San Francisco, where she is sure to be arrested. Slowly Sadie begins to respond to Hamilton's fanatical raving, and in the glow of spiritual awakening she promises to return to San Francisco and accept, as penance, whatever punishment that awaits her. But when Hamilton betrays his infatuation beyond a doubt, Sadie becomes her scornful, worldly self again and sails away unmolested to Australia, with Sergeant Tim O'Hara, with whom she has had an understanding from the first.

The production is splendid and the cast perfect, with Lionel Barrymore, as Hamilton, on equal footing with Miss Swanson in the matter of a thrilling performance.

A Hollow Summons.

"Drums of Love" is important by reason of D. W. Griffith's past contributions to the screen, and because it is his first picture in over a year, but it is a disappointment to me. I only hope it gives more pleasure to others, who are perhaps less familiar with the traditions that cling to the great director, and therefore are less fixed in their ideas of what should come from him, now. Infinitely soothing to the eye is the series of softly beautiful pictures that tell the story of the two brothers and the tragic love of one for the other's wife. It is the legendary story of Paolo and Francesca, with the scene transferred from medieval Italy to South America of less than a hundred years ago. Thus the brothers become Duke Cathos de Alvia and Count Leonardo de Alvia—surely as high-sounding titles as ever graced the screen—and the lady is the Princess Emanuella, who marries the misshapen Duke for reasons of state. He sends his beloved brother, Leonardo, the beautiful, to fetch his bride, and on the long journey the two young people are stirred by the love that later proves their undoing. After the marriage of the Duke and Emanuella, he leaves his bride in his brother's care with fatal results. For Bopí, a jester, betrays them to the Duke, who returns and stabs his innocent brother and his equally innocent wife, only to forgive them in death.

My criticism is that there is lacking from all this any suggestion of great love, of lofty passion that should irresistibly sweep the lovers before it. Instead, Mr. Griffith, with extreme deliberation, has pictured a titillation that ends in a tragedy out of proportion to any movement in the preliminary love-making. The subject of love-making on the screen is far too extensive to be gone into here, but I for one am unconvinced by a succession of closeups showing characters glowering at each other, when they are not in the throes of animal embraces. Mr. Griffith, who will always stand out as the first director to bring poetry to the screen years ago, substitutes physical desire at the very time the fans are enthusiastic over the ideal romance of, let us say, "Seventh Heaven." It is puzzling, disturbing, to see Mary Philbin, as Emanuella, preparing to meet Leonardo with all the bravado of the traditional vamp—swaggering in a sheathlike gown, with hands on hips, and twirling a flower in the Carmenesque manner, or worse. If this is the way of a well-brought-up young lady indicates first love, the screen has taught me a lot. Otherwise Miss Philbin plays her rôle with her accustomed virginal charm, which is beautiful to behold, but it only makes the vampish sequences stranger. Don Alvarado is highly picturesque as Leonardo, whose best friend is the camera man, and Lionel Barrymore is the deformed Duke, encased in a padded uniform.

Isn't Life Tearful?

Yes, you guessed right—"Mother Machree" glorifies maternal love. On the screen, that is only another way of saying self-sacrifice in full measure, pressed down and running over. And when you are told that Belle Bennett plays the title rôle, you know as well as if you had seen the picture that not a tear remains unshed and that Suffering, with a capital S, is made to seem a
cardinal virtue. The movietone accompaniment aids one to keep the tear ducts open, if one is so disposed, as well as leaves no chance for the song which inspired the picture to die a natural death.

There is a great deal of plot to be followed, so you had best keep your wits about you when you see the picture, else you may not believe all that happens on the screen. Ellen McHugh leaves her humble home in Ireland to give her little son, Brian, a better chance in New York. She manages to place him in a select school, while she obtains work in a circus. But when the haughty principal discovers Ellen's means of livelihood, she dismisses Brian. However, her fondness for the boy impels her to educate him and give him her name, if Ellen will promise never to see him. Ellen consents. No, no, you mustn't ask me why. How should I know? —except there must be mother-love dramas at any cost, including plausibility. Years and years later—that is, long enough for Belle Bennett to don a white wig and for Philippe de Lacy to grow up to be Neil Hamilton—Ellen is a servant in a rich household, where Edith, the débutante daughter, loves Ellen in a white apron better than she does her own mother in rare old lace. And her preferred suitor—Brian—feels strangely drawn to the woman who takes his hat and stick when he calls. He even indulges in moments of filial tenderness with her. Finally, the truth of their relationship comes out as Brian volunteers for service at the outbreak of the war.

All this is set forth in a manner open enough, and one is interested in following the mazes of the story, but somehow there is little or no suspense, and not quite the pathos that the movietone and the tears would have one believe. Neil Hamilton gives a forthright performance, of course, and Constance Howard is charming, as Edith. Victor McLaglen has a typical, though minor rôle, as a circus giant who becomes a policeman and marries Ellen; and there are also Ethel Clayton, Eufalie Jensen, and the late Ted McNamara.

Introducing a Cute Kid.

"That's My Daddy" introduces a child actress, who is certain to become extremely popular unless she is exploited in too many pictures. Her name is Jane La Verne, a morsel of prettiness with a gift for simple, sincere acting all out of proportion to her size. She is, in fact, quite wonderful. She runs away with the picture, probably with the consent of Reginald Denny, the star, who wrote the story and saw to it that Jane was cast as Pudge, an orphan who escapes from an unhappy home, meets with an automobile accident and is taken to the hospital. At that moment Mr. Denny, as one of those carefree millionaires, is arrested for speeding. He tells a fib when he says he is hurrying to the hospital to see his baby. Pat, the traffic cop, takes him at his word, and when he is eventually confronted by Pudge, she cries, "That's my daddy!" to the consternation of Mr. Denny, who is obliged to take her home and begin a long series of lies to account for her presence there. The picture has weak spots—yes, but it is amusing, and little Miss La Verne makes it appealing. Barbara Kent, Lillian Rich, and Tom Brien do excellently with their rôles.

Lovely Scenery, But—

"Rose-Marie" is nothing to brag about. Bereft of the glamour and music of the operetta, it becomes another yarn of the Northwest Mounted Police, in which a capable cast performs capably enough, but no more than that, and you don't quite know why they stop there. Rose-Marie, like other heroines surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery, falls in love with a young man suspected of murder, whom she calls, in the traditional French-Canadian manner, "Jeen." Needless to say Jeen is sought by the law, in the person of House Peters in full uniform. Eventually Rose-Marie marries Etienne to save Jeen from capture. It is at this point that the "Indian Love Call," the more-or-less-famous number in the original, is stressed. Joan Crawford goes through the motions of singing it, or rather crooning it. But as it is supposed to be heard miles away by her heartbroken lover in the mountains, you know she should have used a megaphone. In the absence of that, it would have required the vocal equipment of a.

Continued on page 92
“Buddy” Shows How

Charles Rogers makes five changes of costume, each an example young men should follow.

Buddy’s tennis togs, left, are usual, except for the white flannel belt which is a part of the trousers.

-for swimming, above, he wears a silk jersey and striped trunks.

His riding clothes, left, are such as you see every day in the park.

For golfing Buddy, right, wears the conventional outfit, but did you ever see it look better on any one?

Padded shoulders on the two-button sack coat, right, indicate the passing of the loose shoulders in vogue for several years.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Rene Adoree.

"The Circus"—United Artists. Charles Chaplin reverts to slapstick. While inspiration of his last film is lacking, this should be seen. Because his ladylove likes to play the boy, Chaplin forsores to learn. The humor and pathos of this episode are inimitable. Merna Kennedy.

"Garden of Allah, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A first-rate romantic picture in a poetic film version of this famous story of Trappist monk who forsakes his monastery, meets a young Englishwoman in the desert, and ruins her without revealing his identity.

"The Gaucho"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as bandit of Indian and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a story that has been better, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupe Velez both excellent in their respectively roles.

"Man, Woman, and Sin"—Metro-Goldwyn. A tale of life in the Far East, excellently done, with Jeanette MacDonald as the mistress of the publisher and during a fight kills the older man. He is finally freed. Jack Gilbert magnificent as the shy boy and Jeanne Eagels, as the scarlet woman, is unique. Gladys Brockwell and Mare MacDermott are also good.

"Old Ironsides"—Paramount. Magnificent naval film featuring the frigate Constitution and many sea battles. Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell furnish the love interest. Wallace Beery and George Beachcroft the comedy.


"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian woman whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer, his wife, and city vaudeville stars—George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Angel of Broadway, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Excellent picture of enterprising in rowdy cabaret who tries to mock the Salvation Army, but is eventually reformed. Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi.

"Baby Mine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Robust slapstick by the inimitable team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The latter pairs Karl with a gawky girl from the country, and they are married—but Dane runs away. Arthur induces him to return by announcing he is a father of five. He finds his wife and his search for infants. On Dane's return he finds triplets—then the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood is a scream.

"Barbed Wire"—Paramount. Pola Negri and Clive Brook in unique war drama of French peasant girl who falls in love with a German prisoner and is shunned by her fellow townsman.

"Cheating Cheaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing drama of crooks unmasking as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be crooks, too. Betty Compson at her best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"Chicago"—Pathé-DeMille. The play, which was a clever satire on murder trials, is made into a sentimental melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting by Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi, the film fails to click.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of an awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.

"The Devil Dancer"—United Artists. Gilda Gray in unusual role of a Tibetan dancer. Costumes and settings magnificent, but story too thin. Anna May Wong, Kalsa Pasha, Charsa Selwynne are all admirable.

"The Dove"—United Artists. A tame version of the play. Norma Talmadge makes an elegant prima donna out of what should have been a cheap cabaret dancer. Noah Beery, Sr., in dual role since "Beau Geste." Gilbert Roland the hero.


"The Enemy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Moderately interesting story of the Austrian side of the last war. Lilian Gish is excellent, but hasn't nearly enough to do. Ralph Forbes, Frank Currier, and George Fawcett.

"First Auto, The"—Warner. Melodrama, laid in the '90s, of a father's estrangement from his son because of the son's adoration of the newly invented horseless carriage. Charles Emmett Mack and Patsy Ruth Miller.


"Get Your Man"—Paramount. Excellent picture of fascinating Clara Bow and Raoul Walsh, who falls in love with a French youth betrothed to a friend of the family. She compromises him and gets her man. Charles Rogers and Josephine Dunn are in the cast.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Paramount. Fairly amusing version of the famous book. Ruth Taylor's Loretta Young, and Alice White, in the role of the unrefined Dorothy, injects snap into what otherwise might have been a rather dull film.

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring your typical pupil who really looks like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps.

"Honeymoon Hate"—Paramount. Amusing and subtly told tale of an heiress, who antagonizes an impoverished nobleman. They eventually marry, and amusing situations arise when he attempts to tame her. Floradora, her usual charming self and others are Tullio Carminati and William Austin.

"Hula"—Paramount. Clara Bow, in thin story of Hawaii, is the wild daughter of a rich planter who sets her cap for a cold, reticent irrigation expert—Clive Brook—and gets him.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also M. Royce. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.


(Continued on page 11)
Must They Be

Should the foreign players, who have country, renounce the land of their birth? both stars and fans alike. Read about the of them in seeking citizenship—and why

By William

happening in their own sphere of work. Many of the stars and featured players are foreigners. More and more do players, writers, and directors come from European capitals, to shine in the film firmament and to achieve fame and affluence.

Most of these people, it is agreeable to note, have willingly sought American citizenship. They admit that America gives them their work, and that to forsake her is the least of their desires. Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, is no longer German.

Vilma Banky was one of the first of the foreign circle to seek her naturalization papers.

"I did not know if I would succeed, or fail, in American pictures," was Vilma's accented declaration at the time. "If I failed, they would have sent me back to Europe. When I succeeded, I decided to become an American. Maybe I might marry a nice American boy and I know he would like me to be American, too."

Vilma could not have known Rod La Rocque then. Or perhaps she had him in mind. Who can say? In any case, Vilma went to the City Hall and declared her intentions.

Pola Negri, soon after the completion of "Bella Donna," basked in a blaze of publicity attendant upon her application for American citizenship. Pictures of Pola unfurling the Stars and Stripes on her front lawn were duly circulated. No longer would Pola be Polish, but American—she would also give up her title, acquired by marriage to her first husband, Count Domiska.

For some reason Pola

We have had many controversies about the stars. Their temperaments, their occasional scandals, their opinions, and many other things guaranteed to keep the public well informed. Recently, a far more important phase has developed in Hollywood, disturbing players and fans alike. The latest argument, if you are a player from abroad, is whether to be, or not to be, an American citizen.

For the last year many of the letters published in "What the Fans Think" have berated various foreign players for not recognizing the country which is giving them fame and fortune. "Why should Greta Garbo become rich and famous here, and not become a citizen?" asks some. "Why should Charlie Chaplin amass millions and refuse to be American?" While others declare art to be universal and disregard a player's nationality, so long as he gives them enjoyment on the screen.

Some years ago there were no more than two or three plays by American authors on Broadway during the season. The majority were from the pens of English and Hungarian playwrights.

Hollywood actors point out that the same thing is

Reginald Denny was said to be "too American" by his former wife.

Marietta Milhor, of Vienna, is waiting to see if she is successful here.
come Americans?

achieved fame and fortune in this
This vital question has troubled
difficulties encountered by some
some have deferred application.

H. McKegg

failed to make her second application
for citizenship. Moreover,
she married a prince from central
Europe, just when it was time for
her actually to become an Ameri-
can. Prince Sergei Mdivani can-
not become an American without
forfeiting his title—which might,
or might not, be pleasing to both
parties. So at present Pola is
Georgian. Yet who knows what
she will be next?

Sometimes unwished-for pub-
licity, which generally accom-
palies naturalization, has made
one or two foreigners step back
and change their minds.

Ronald Colman is a man
any country would be
pride to claim. But so
much stress was put on
the publicity advantage it
would give him if he ap-
pied for citizenship, that
Ronnie refused to comply
with the necessary for-
malities.

Publicity in which
personal advantage
is supposed to lie, is
shunned by Colman.
He remains an En-
lishman.

Emil Jannings and
his wife, Gussie,
have had much ex-
perience in naturali-
zation. Jannings, as
many already know,
was born in Brook-
lyn, New York, and
went to Germany
with his parents
when he was a baby.
However, according
to law, he remained
an American subject.
After his fame in
European pictures,
it was suggested that
he apply for Ger-
man citizenship.
That was only fair
—for Germany had
given him recogni-
tion and success.
Mrs. Jannings,
though a German,
had become an
American when she
married Emil. So

both had to apply for German citizenship. But to-day
it looks as if Emil Jannings will remain in America
indefinitely. From now on, Hollywood will give him
all the roles he can play. Both the Janningses have
therefore decided to become American citizens again—
what Emil was by birth, and Gussie by marriage.

Four years ago, a regulation was issued to the effect
that all foreign actors not under contract to any studio
would be deported unless they applied for citizenship.
The rush among the foreign players of bits in Holly-
wood resembled a stampede at a bargain sale.

After the war, a quota was placed on every foreign
country. Only a certain number of people are permitted
to come here from each country yearly. If you fail to
gain in on the current quota, you have to wait until the
following year. If you are still unlucky, you must wait
until the next, and so on.

Six years ago England, too, was included in the
countries affected by the quota. Several English play-
ers, not wishing to be put off indefinitely until they
could gain a place in the quota, came to America on a
visitor's passport. This admits one to the country at
any time, but it must be renewed every six months.

Victor McLaglan came over in this way. Then he
applied for American citizenship. "You cannot be
considered," he was informed. "No foreigner coming
to this country as a visitor can apply for citizenship.
You must go back and come over in the quota, and state
that you wish to become a citizen of the United States." He had not then played in "What Price Glory," but most likely his ideas about such a rule coincided with the thoughts of a tough marine!

However, a chance came. He went to Canada to make a picture. After it had been completed, and the rest of the company had returned to the States, Victor stayed on.

"Have you been to England and back already?" he was asked at the City Hall, where he went on his return to Los Angeles.

"No, gentlemen," he replied. "I came back in the Canadian quota and want to apply for my citizenship." And this time Vic got it!

Today, Victor McLaglen is an American—or soon will be—while his wife remains English. She refused to go to the trouble to which her muscular husband resorted.

Reginald Denny looks more American than many a native. Yet he is, or rather was, English. Mrs. Denny, recently applying for divorce instead of citizenship, stated as one of her grievances that her husband had become "too American"—whatever that is.

Until recently, a wife shared her husband’s nationality, no matter what it was. Marriage made her a subject of his country. But intricacies of rule and regulation are more than confusing. To-day a foreigner, even though she marries an American, must also apply for various rules and regulations, upset all Tony’s plans. Time and again he was put back, unable to get his papers. Recently he became an American citizen at last. Tony’s personality is more American than Latin.

Theodore Kosloff is in a quandary regarding his application for citizenship. During the war, Kosloff firmly maintained that he was a Russian subject and therefore exempt from the draft. He refused to take out naturalization papers then. Lately he has been trying in vain to file an application. He is now denied citizenship, because he refused to take advantage of it during the war, when he was advised to do so.

Charlie Chaplin’s nationality, like everything else in his life, seems to give him plenty of trouble. During the war the English became aware that a famous person named Chaplin belonged to them. They said he ought to come over and join their army. But Chaplin remained in America. Americans said he ought to take out his American papers, as all his fame and fortune had come from the opportunities given him in this country. But Charlie never budged.

Chaplin has been in the United States for the last fifteen years. He is still English. Whether he will ever

Continued on page 100
Hollywood High Lights

Flashes of news straight from the movie town.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

BEBE DANIELS will have to acquire a rabbit's foot, a four-leaf clover, and make a practice of looking at the new moon over her right shoulder from now on.

Any girl who has as much bad luck as she has had, should certainly begin to take every good-luck precaution.

Bebe's latest misfortune was to be injured in an accident on location, from which she has only recently recovered.

It was a curious sort of accident—one that could only happen in the movies. Bebe and James Hall were working together in a picture called 'Hold Everything.' They were in a Pullman car, mounted aboard a motor truck, which was running along at moderate speed, in imitation of a train's motion. They were in the midst of the scene, when there was a dull thud. They felt the floor beneath their feet heave and rear up suddenly, and then the sickening sensation of falling, followed by a terrific crash. And that's all—so Bebe told us—that she remembered, until she woke up in the Pasadena Emergency Hospital.

What happened was, that the car had collided with the overhanging bough of a tree, and was knocked off the truck. Bebe was caught and pinned beneath the wreckage, but Hall was thrown clear.

Bebe was not seriously injured, fortunately, but the accident caused a return of the pain from which she suffered when she fell from a horse in New York, about two years ago.

Bebe has had several minor accidents in the past year or so, while working in pictures, and she prays this is the last.

'I think that our picture would be more appropriately named, if it were called 'Hold On To Everything,'" she remarked. "We certainly tried to when we went over.'

The Mysterious Greta.

The homeland is calling Greta Garbo. She confided this to us not long ago at a party. She also told us that she expects to return to Sweden this year. Only for a visit, however.

Who said children couldn't read? Behold Snookums, who can read upside down, and knows all about breaking into the movies besides.

Ramon Novarro, for a change, has the rôle of a sailor bold, in 'Across to Singapore.'

"I am going around Christmas time," she said. "If I go in summer, it is too much summer. Here in Hollywood it is always summer. I want to go when there is snow and ice on the ground. I love it."

Greta surprises us these days with her mastery of English. She speaks in a heavy contralto voice. At the party, which was at the home of Rudolph Berger, the director, she sang a song in Swedish, much to the delight of every one.

Greta came to the party with John Gilbert, but she went home alone. Now how do you explain that? We couldn't.

It Means Luck for Florence.

Florence Vidor has been in the seventh heaven. The reason is her new rôle in "The Patriot," starring Emil Jannings. The picture is one of the most important on the Paramount schedule.

"It is the first big rôle in a big picture I have had in ages," Florence told us. "Naturally,
the picture will be a great one, with Ernst Lubitsch directing.

"It seems that every time I am just ready to despair of ever having a real opportunity again, Mr. Lubitsch comes to the rescue. He did that, you know, five years ago, with 'The Marriage Circle,' and this is even better."

It may be noted that both Messrs. Lubitsch and Jan-nings are highly enthusiastic over Miss Vidor's talent, and they, of all people, should be excellent judges.

From Norse and Latin Lands.

Nils Asther and Tullio Carminati are two foreign players we have lately met, of whom we warmly approve. They are from opposite ends of the European continent—Asther, of course, being from Sweden, and Carminati from Italy.

Asther is a very quiet and retiring chap. After a bad start in "Topsy and Eva," some time ago, he is making quite a go of it in the films, now. He has played recently in "The Blue Danube" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." He gave a splendid performance, too, in "Sorrell and Son." Carminati is one of the virtuoso spaghetti makers of the colony. His record is equally distinguished in singing Italian grand opera. He has a fine tenor voice. Everybody, too, seems to like his film performance in "Honeymoon Hate." It has elicited praise from the critics, and seems to be the high point of success for him since he came to America.

Public Airing Due.

There seems no holding of the breach between Jette Goudal and Cecil DeMille. The fight, which remained a purely private one for a long time, has now been brought into the courts, with the result that the difficulties will soon be publicly aired.

Miss Goudal brought suit not long ago for $42,250, charging the breaking of her contract and failure to pay salary. It was made known that she received $750 to $1,750 a week for her work during the first five years of the agreement with the company, and it is reported that her salary was to have been advanced to $2,750 under a new option.

Jette hasn’t made a picture since last summer. More’s the pity, since she has grown to be a very popular player.

It is also said that Leatrice Joy will soon desert the DeMille fold.

The Question of High Salaries.

A pessimist said not long ago that 1928 would be a year to be long remembered in Hollywood. Being a pessimist, he didn’t mean pleasantly, either.

In great part, it looks as if this would prove true. The atmosphere of Hollywood is anything but joyous. It would be hard to explain all the reasons, but this much may be said—that the companies are gradually dropping their higher-priced players, where they feel they haven’t definite box-office value. The companies have the privilege of doing this at intervals of six months or a year, according to the terms of the contracts they hold with actors. In some cases they offer the player the chance to continue working at a reduced salary, but few players accept this condition.

Ford Sterling has recently become a free-lance, because of reported dissatisfaction with the present régime. He was with the Paramount organization and was rated a very successful comedian. The exact nature of the disagreement we have never learned, but it was a question of salary.

Lloyd Invests a Million.

Harold Lloyd has plunged very heavily on his newest production "Speedy." Naturally, he can well afford to.

The cost of "Speedy" will reach about $1,000,000. There has been no other Lloyd film to touch this figure. The highest, previously, was "For Heaven’s Sake," which required costly location work on Los Angeles streets. That only reached about $600,000.

Lloyd told us of the difficulties he had in making scenes at Coney Island on his trip to New York. The great problem was to keep the crowd from gathering around, and interfering with the action and the photography.

Finally, Lloyd's crew schemed out a way to avoid this confusion. They put the camera inside a huge piano box and hoisted this onto an auto truck.

Lloyd came to the location without his horn-rims, which is generally sufficient disguise. He managed, also, to dodge into one of the concessions and remain concealed there while waiting. The truck then drove to the spot for the action. All necessary focusing and other preparations for shooting the scene were made within the piano box. The director stood nonchalantly outside until all was ready, and dropped a handkerchief.

This was the signal for Lloyd to get busy. Once he had on the horn-rimmed spectacles everything had to go quickly. And it did. The scene was over before a full-fledged mob had gathered.

Speaking Right Out in Court.

The frankness of recent divorce suits is nothing short of alarming.

Not long ago, when Roy d'Arcey filed a complaint, he alleged bitterly that his wife had referred to him as a "ham actor," and now more recently Mrs. Bryant Washburn accused her player-husband of calling her a "battle-ax."
The Washburns' separation is very dismaying, since they were wed fourteen years, and have two children.

Mrs. Washburn, who is known professionally as Mabel Forrest, frequently appears on the stage in Los Angeles. Both Bryant and she have always been very popular in the film colony.

D'Arcy's suit was not without a kick-back. His wife sued him in turn, charging him with being temperamental, arrogant, and abusive.

We always thought that temperament signified some evidence of genius highly cherished by the artistic, but in Hollywood it seems to symbolize some sort of diabolic domestic tyranny that is almost as bad as mayhem or murder.

Marie Acquires a Blond Soul.

"Who is that blond girl over there? She looks like Phyllis Haver."

More than one person made that comment. So Marie Mynott during the time she was playing in "The Godless Girl." And one evening, at a theater, we stood right alongside of Marie and didn't recognize her.

Marie dyed her hair a dazzling golden, for the DeMille production. She might have worn a wig, but DeMille didn't favor this. He thought it would be better for her to acquire a "blond soul," as well as blond hair, while she was at work on his film.

So Marie had her dark tresses properly altered, but secretly averred that she hated it. The resemblance to Phyllis was really startling. When they were together, they looked like sisters.

Romantic Evidence.

"She is going back to work, but please do not say anything about her career."

This cryptic announcement, made by Madge Bellamy's husband, Logan S. Metcalfe, might be taken to mean that Fox's popular comedienne contemplated leaving the screen.

We haven't had a chance, yet, to check with Madge herself about this, but we know that she and Metcalfe are happily devoted, as newlyweds should be. There was convincing testimony of this when, at a première at Grauman's Chinese Theater, Mr. Logan turned and whispered something into Madge's ear, and then—were our eyes good?—kissed her quickly on the cheek. The lights were up, too, at the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe took everybody's breath away with their marriage, recently, at Tijuana. It was an elopement, but they had known each other for about five months. Mr. Metcalfe is a broker in Los Angeles and incidentally is a very good-looking chap.

A Honeymoon in Cuba.

Another bride and groom of recent date are Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks. Their engagement was frequently rumored, prior to the formal announcement by Miss Astor. Hawks is a production supervisor and has been in pictures for a number of years.

The couple are spending their honeymoon in New York and Cuba.

Why Authors Turn in Their Graves.

Not long ago we were attracted by a billboard which read—John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, in "Love," with a happy ending. For the benefit of those fans who revere their Tolstoy, and believe that his works should not be tampered with on the screen, it might be mentioned that this production, adapted from "Anne Karenina," was originally made with a tragic finish. We have known of pictures being made with two endings before, but this is the first time that we have ever seen the closing credits advertised with a loud peddle, as it were.

"The Man Who Laughs," Universal's special, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin, will also go forth to the theaters of the world with two endings, we learn.

Case for an Oculist.

A certain handsome actor was recently debating whether or not he should accept the role of a negro, which had been offered him in a picture. He was on the point of undertaking it, because he had not been working for some time, and because he saw possibilities in the rôle.

"But what?" he exclaimed to a friend of his, "will I tell my friends, in case they should be prejudiced against the idea?"

"Ay," the other replied, "just tell 'em you're color blind, and can't tell black from white."

Not a Female Impersonator.

When it was announced that John Barrymore would star in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," all the Hollywood smart set crackers queried in chorus, "What's he going to play—Mrs Cheyney?"

It happens, though, that there is a very good masculine rôle in this particular stage play. And so John's presumptive donning of feminine habiliments is satisfactorily deferred.

We hear Ernst Lubitsch may direct, if John does not decide to make something else instead. Lubitsch has always liked the idea of this play, and was considering filming it several years ago.

Giving the Past Its Due.

If you didn't like "Helen of Troy," maybe you will appreciate its sequel. This will be entitled "Vamping Venus."

Actually, the picture isn't a sequel. We simply call it that, because some of the sets and costumes of "Helen of Troy" were used again in this film.

"Vamping Venus" is a genre comedy, which Louise Fazenda and Charlie Murray are making. During the course of the action they do a rousing Greek burlesque.

The idea was probably suggested by the fact that First
National had the sets and costumes on their hands, and didn’t know just what to do with them, so decided to make another production along the same lines. Louise and Charlie should imbue this with wild hilarity.

Hst! Help! Police!

This must be the year of the underworld and mystery story. We count no less than a dozen on the release list, and the stars have all acquired a vocabulary of crook slang from speaking the titles in the course of making the pictures.


The melodramatic thriller has been very popular this season on the New York stage, which has probably given impetus to the same sort of film on the screen.

Man Proposes, But—

Momentarily, everybody expected an announcement of a wedding at a party Ruth Roland gave early in February, and Ben Bard was kept busy answering telephone calls all day from reporters, who queried him about the supposed engagement.

It turned out, however, that Ruth was just playing charming hostess to her many friends, and a large group of stars were present, including Corinne Griffith, Patsy Ruth Miller, May McAvoy, Claire Windsor, Anita Stewart, Bille Dove, Lawrence Gray, and Lloyd Hughes, among others.

Mr. Bard mentioned in conversation during the evening that he would be shooting it to the world if it were an engagement party, but Ruth maintained a provocative and enigmatic silence.

When West Meets West.

Ernest Torrence and Tim McCoy, the Western star, are very close friends, so Ernest couldn’t pass up the chance to extend a unique greeting to Tim upon his arrival from New York, a few weeks ago.

Ernest thought he would make the reception very appropriate. And as McCoy for some years has been an authority on Indians, Torrence induced half a dozen extra girls to dress up in Indian costumes and be down at the station to meet Colonel Tim.

When McCoy alighted from the train, the girls rushed up to him shouting, “Welcome, Husband Tim.” Tourists, looking on in dazed wonderment, puzzled over this seeming revival of a strange and primitive polygamy.

A Favorite in the Race.

Every second season seems to be dedicated to the success of some particular and individual film company, whose achievements stand out above the others.

Two years ago it was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but now everybody in Hollywood is saying, “Ware the Fox company!”

For a long time this organization produced nothing but small-time program films.

A year or so ago they came forward with “What Price Glory,” and have since followed this with “Seventh Heaven” and “Sunrise.” “Seventh Heaven” was hailed as a huge success, and “Sunrise” was considered a notably artistic production. Fox has also taken over one of the largest theater circuits, the West Coast, the deal involving $100,000,000.

We found the company’s latest big picture “Four Sons,” rather disappointing. It was too long and tedious. Margaret Mann, the nature extra raised to stardom with this film, is a sweet and kindly type.

However, one miss will not perhaps stand seriously in the way of the present Fox ascendancy.

An Unexpected Explosion.

Ridiculous incidents are frequent on the studio set but one occurred during the making of “Laugh, Clown, Laugh,” which is still being chuckled over.

It was in the nature of a practical joke and Herbert Brenon, the director, and Lon Chaney were the instigators of it.

One of the players in the picture, in the rôle of a clown, was required to wear a huge, bulging costume, and a balloonlike system of inflation was employed to give this the proper proportions.

The inflated portion of the garb was made of rubber, and prior to the scene it was filled from a compressed-air reservoir.

The actor was in the midst of this procedure, when a bright idea hit Chaney and Brenon at once. “Keep on forcing the air into the costume,” said the director.

“Hey!” said the actor, “this thing is getting too tight; it will blow up. Hey! Hey! Hey!”—registering frantic excitement.

With that, Brenon whipped out a revolver that he intended to use to add to the atmosphere of one of the scenes in the film, and fired a shot.

The effect was too much for the actor. He thought that the balloon had exploded, and imagine conquering, he shot straight up into the air, and then landed in a sitting posture.

Bang! went the rubber costume, actually exploding from the impact, while Chaney and Brenon looked on amazed and chagrined at the sudden twist of reality that their practical joke had taken.

After things calmed down, the actor who was the victim saw the funny side of it, but Chaney and Brenon decided that this would be enough pranks for one picture.

Dolores Endures Dolors.

The record of Hollywood’s ills and ailments gives every promise of growing into a perpetual chronicle. We can’t even keep track of the minor ones any more.
Nothing Better To Do

A lazy afternoon in Spring finds five stars playing truant from the studio, with the camera the only witness of their naughtiness.

Sally O'Neil, below, hasn't been able to coax one little fish to bite, but there, there, little girl—you can buy some on your way home.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, is all set for a nice haul of fish.

Pauline Starke, below, is attired to battle with a shark, if one should cross her path.

Renee Adoree, above, is a novice at this fishing business, for she doesn't know how to bait her hook. Wouldn't you like to help her?

Marceline Day, right, meets the fish halfway, and when she does get a nibble, she doesn't know what to do with it.
Corinne—As She Is

In this, the second of a series of character studies of famous stars, Corinne Griffith is shown to possess certain unsuspected qualities, including a sense of humor.

By Margaret Reid

Corinne Griffith is the only star who has survived poor pictures

Corinne Griffith is one of the highest-salaried and most popular stars. She has made only two good pictures during her entire career, "Island Wives" for Vitagraph, and "Classified" for First National. She is unique—the only star whose popularity has survived a succession of poor pictures. She says people go to see her films, because they are sorry for her. They are used to reading "Corinne Griffith's talents are wasted in another mediocre production." She won her public on sympathy, she says, and if she started making good pictures they would probably stop coming. She is humorous about it, because she allows nothing to bother her. But at the same time, she would like to do a few intelligent films. And a costume picture or two.

Beginning at Vitagraph some years ago, she was the lowest-paid star on the lot, with Alice Joyce, Harry Morey, Edith Storey, et al. Building up a large following in the first few pictures, she rapidly became one of the company's best drawing cards.

In those days, she and Alice Joyce were sisters in suffering, because of a blond star whose director was more influential than theirs, and who had discovered that a great many lights thrown up from the floor would considerably reduce the contours of his star's rather plump face. Consequently, Corinne and Alice ran daily danger of screening like mulattoes, practically all the lights in the studio being on the blond lady's set.

Corinne, at this time, was studying dancing under Theodore Kosloff, so Vitagraph decided she must have an appropriate vehicle. "The Broadway Bubble," the story of a chorus girl, was chosen, Corinne being principally responsible for the selection. When it turned out to be a success, the company began to give her a little more authority in production decisions. She became interested in this, instead of concentrating, as heretofore, on her clothes. She chose and insisted upon doing "Island Wives." It was her first good picture.

Vitagraph began to sink into a morass of misfortune and mismanagement. They sent Miss Griffith to California, ostensibly to finish her contract. She obtained a release almost immediately afterward.

Hollywood was agog about her arrival. One of the most publicized stars, the colony had been reading about her for years, but not one of her pictures had been shown in Los Angeles. The femmes of the colony were curious, the hommes eager. They first saw her at the Coconut Grove. She drifted in, quite unconscious that she was making an entrance, heavenly beautiful in a pale-yellow frock that breathed "New York" on overdressed Hollywood. She was quiet and reserved, while for local ladies it was a vivacious season. She was conservative, where orientation was expected. She was gorgeous, but not gaudy. She was a knock-out.

Having little more than half a dozen friends in town, and not being interested in fraternal souls who wanted to entertain her simply because she was Corinne Griffith, she spent most of her time driving about the city and suburbs. On one of her rambles, the chauffeur returned through Beverly Hills, then just in the birth of its glory. Casually, Corinne noticed the number of pretentious homes under construction, together with the fact that there were no shops of any sort. Reasoning that there would have to be shops to supply community demands, she sought out a real-estate agent. Within a few days she had bought a lot on the one street set aside for business. On it she erected a four-story building—the Griffith Building, the first in the town.

This was the beginning of her financial enterprises. She is a shrewd business woman, particularly in real estate. This, added to her motion-picture earnings, has made her wealthy. Her money has never gone toward undue display, but she lives beautifully.

Innate good taste is perhaps her salient characteristic. She has the instincts and delicacy of the thoroughbred in all things. Her home reflects this—reflects her.

She lives at present in a charming, mellow house of English architecture, in Beverly Hills. Its interior is a delight to the eye and a rest to the body. Neither the "artiness" of the interior decorator, nor the home-talent result of too much "woman's touch," is apparent. Its furnishings are the perfection of comfort and grace. Corinne having supervised and planned every last cushion and umbrella closet herself.

Outside, the gardens are triumphant, even for California. At first, the gardeners had begun the planting. Corinne hovered, fascinated, over them until, able to stand it no longer, she dismissed them all and did the planting and nurturing herself.

The place, as a field of endeavor, is closed to her now. Becoming restless, she sold it to Mrs. Thomas Ince and is deep in plans for an Italian villa on a neighboring hill.

She is absurdly competent, for the lady of languor

Continued on page 107
In the careful analysis of Corinne Griffith's character opposite, many little-known facts are brought out, including her lack of illusions regarding her pictures, which she says people go to see out of pity rather than admiration for her.
The Mothering Heart

Poignant moments from "Mother Machree,"
a drama of smiles and tears.

After years of heart-rending separation,
Ellen is reunited with Neil Hamilton,
above, as Brian grown up.

Before the reunion, however, Ellen is employed as a servant in the household where Brian is the suitor of Constance Howard, left.
Love Among the Lilacs

Colleen Moore forsakes her hoydenish heroines to become a sentimental one, in "Lilac Time," in which she plays Jeannine, a French peasant. She is seen, above, with Gary Cooper, as Phillip, an earl's son, and again, right, in a coy moment, while she prays, left, to a statue of Joan of Arc.
A Sailor's

These glimpses of "A Girl in Victor McLaglen, left, as Spike Madden, knows at once that Louise Brooks, as The Girl from France, is the one and only.

Natalie Kingston, below, plays the girl Spike meets in the South Sea Islands.

Spike sails the seven seas as mate of a tramp schooner, so that every port in the world provides opportunities for fresh conquests, and he reigns as an undisputed heartbreaker until his discovery of a mysterious rival, who has preceded him in the affections of the girls.

Phalba Morgan, lower left, as a Dutch girl, and, below, Spike with Maria Casajuana, as The Girl from Buenos Aires.
Sweethearts

Every Port" show her infinite variety.

Natalie Joyce, below, does her share to lead Spike on with a guitar, as The Girl from the Panama Canal.

Louise Brooks, right, as Marie, awakens to the fact that Spike is her hero after he has gone.

Spike has serious moments in his love-making, for Gretel Yoltz, below, as The Girl from Holland, has succeeded in changing his banter to devotion.

Caryl Lincoln, right, is not so fortunate, for Spike's tenderness is tinged with blarney.
Early

The famous play of stage Wells," comes to the

O. P. Heggie, Margaret Seddon, and Norma Shearer, above, and Owen Moore, left oval, with Miss Shearer, as Rose Trelawney.

Owen Moore, above, as Tom Wrench, stage manager of the company, is hopelessly in love with Rose, but she has given her heart to Ralph Forbes, right, as Arthur Gower, into whose home she has come to live, before his father will consent to Arthur's marriage with a play actress.
Victorian

life, "Trelawney of the screen as "The Actress."

An after-dinner scene in the Gower home, above, offers Rose a strange contrast to the gayety of the player folk, but she listens to Arthur's persuasions, right.

Gwen Lee, above, as Avonia Bunn, the ingénue of the troupe, who is flutteringly interested in Rose's love affair.

Virginia Pearson and William Humphrey, left, are Mr. and Mrs. Telfer, also of the company, whose private life throws light on the hardships of strolling players nearly a century ago.
A Kentucky Boy

Atmospheric scenes from "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

Richard Barthelmess, at top of page, as Chad, a fourteen-year-old boy of the Kentucky mountains, who defends his dog against the charge of killing sheep, with Robert Milasch as the judge.

Molly O'Day, above, as Melissa, and Chad, right, with William Bertram, on their raft.
Your Turn Next!

The practical joker is no respecter of persons in the studios, where any prank is permissible.

In the studios of Hollywood every day is April Fool's Day. Wherever there is the grind of a camera or the glare of the Kleigs, there a practical joker lifts his head. The reason is obvious. Making a picture is a tedious job, with long waits and interruptions, and every set has its bystanders with nothing to do, for the moment, but wait. What better way to relieve boredom than to play some prank on an acquaintance?

Usually it is the adult fools, not the Jackie Coogans, who make studio life a series of surprises for the unwaried. Perhaps that proves what women are fond of saying, that men never entirely grow up.

Any one who works in a studio where two-reel comedies are concocted, knows that he must trust in Heaven and expect almost anything. In such a studio a comedian may walk onto a set dressed in his best and, without benefit of script, the director may douse him with a pail of ice water, just to produce a look of comical consternation. If the camera happens to be grinding, the actor has no kick coming.

In the old days, those succulent custard pies were sometimes kept busy even after the camera stopped grinding. They had a way of falling—or were they pushed?—into the faces of luckless individuals, who never would see themselves on the screen. The graduates of the Sennett school of comedy were the victims of many a prank, not all of which were registered on the film. Chaplin, Normand, Arbuckle, Sterling, Conklin, Swain, Langdon—they were given everything from mud-puddle baths, to collapsible chairs to sit on. The new days also have their tricks, but generally they are a bit more subtle and clever, like the gags in the comedies.

But the practical joker isn't confined to the comedy lots. You find him at work everywhere—even on sets dominated by dignified directors and upstage stars. Only here he goes about his work more furtively, as a rule, and his touch is lighter.

When everybody is watching what is going on in the brilliant glare of the sun arcs and broads, there is sly byplay in the shadows behind the camera lines.

An extra girl is trying to win a bet that she can vamp a bit player into taking her to the Montmartre. She doesn't know, but her friend knows, that the man is married and his wife is sitting near by, watching.

An electrician is watching a girl do an Oriental dance before the camera. There is a snake wrapped around her neck. A prop man comes up behind the onlooker and wiggles a cold finger against his neck. He starts. An Arabian extra sits waiting for the scene in which he is to appear. He has come all the way from the desert—perhaps because he couldn't bring himself to marry and settle down in a one-camel town. He drops off to sleep and misses the call for lunch. An hour later he awakes with a start, conscious that it is long past lunch time. Before his eyes a dried herring dangles on a string, placed there by some practical joker.

An officious grip, or handy man, has appointed himself sole guardian of the director's chair. When he sees some extra absent-mindedly seat himself on the throne, he bellows at him. The scared extra retreats and the grip dusts off the chair. The ever-present practical joker takes it all in, and when a big executive visits the set he points out the chair and invites him to be seated. The grip bellows for him to get out. The joker's grin broadens at the comical, flustered look of the grip when he realizes he has been bawling out a man bigger than the director.

Once in a while a new assistant in the technical branches appear. If he is green enough, he is sent scurrying for "the director's footstool," or "megaphone polish," or any other nonexistent article the practical joker can invent.

Everybody plays practical jokes. The gag men naturally come to the fore, because they are paid to think up funny ideas for the pictures and often don't know where to stop. Like the jesters in the courts of old, they can get away with a lot. But everybody on the set has his facetious moments, be he prop man or director.

No one is immune. Of course, no extra in his right mind would play a practical joke on a director, but many

When a director is given to practical jokes, he will do anything to get an effect.

Continued on page 108
The sylvan scene, above, shows the tempting trout stream in all its beauty, and at the extreme right Noah Beery's cabin stands.

A Little Paradise

Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club, in the hills of Hollywood, is becoming quite the place for an actor to go for a rest between pictures.

Noah Beery, above, is the despair of economical cooks—and rightly so! for he is using a whole pound of butter to cook nine trout. No wonder they are delicious!

William Powell, right, is a frequent visitor to the retreat, where he finds the menacing looks he employs on the screen count for nothing in hooking the wary trout.
Mr. Arthur did not starve while casting directors slowly discovered his acting ability—he simply opened a grocery store.

He's a Canny Scot

In spite of the fact that George K. Arthur was a well-known actor in England, he had to start all over again in Hollywood.

By William H. McKegg

It is an unwritten rule of American producers to disregard any foreign work which has not been shown in this country and won the player notice or, more important, box-office value. Without the latter—well, there isn't need for a rule.

Examples in Hollywood of deeply wounded dignitaries from Europe and elsewhere—who have listened speechless and mortified to casting directors, telling them that being a star in Dalmatia, or anywhere else, means nothing minus in America—are too numerous to mention. The main point at issue, however, is to describe how one player came from abroad and succeeded against all odds.

When George K. Arthur sailed blithely into New York harbor, he believed his position in American pictures would be quite secure. Was he not a favorite in England?

"It was like this," George remarked at the M.-G.-M. studio. "A film version of H. G. Wells' 'Kipps' had made me quite popular in England. Don't think this is boasting—nothing like that—but Wells himself said to me, 'Why, you are Kipps in real life.'"

This was an unusual compliment. For an author is rarely given to praising a screen representation of one of his brain children.

With plenty of encouragement, George "Kipps" Arthur sailed with his wife and parents to America. But two years passed before the fans ever saw him on the screen.

How did he manage to stick it out and make a place for himself where others from abroad had failed?

Possibly because George was born in Scotland, at Aberdeen, where porridge is eaten every morning for breakfast—which—according to the muscle-bulging, weight-lifting, supermen in the advertisements—develops the eater's power of resistance.

"It takes fully two or three years to become known in Hollywood," George said. "And I am speaking of people who have already created a place for themselves abroad—real professionals. The first six months I made the rounds. The casting directors saw my face. There was, of course, nothing doing. The next six months, they learned my name. Then they remembered me. The following six months, they perhaps thought I bore a resemblance to some higher-priced actor. In this way I could say I was gaining a foothold."

If any newcomer wishes to try this out to appease his desire for work in the movies, he may do so. It takes only two or three years! What to do in the meantime? What did our strategist do while storming the studios for two years?

The canny young Scot opened a grocery store, up on the hillside. The cliff dwellers naturally, patronized him rather than ride down into Hollywood. Thus trade prospered.

Usually, actors are somewhat snobbish about their art. To suggest to any European actor that he open a store while waiting to become known, would be the insult of insults. But it was not so with George K., who, you remember, was born in Aberdeen. He is both democratic and wise.

"Being in the army knocked a lot of stupid ideas out of my head," he confessed. "I ran away from school to join the army. I went, of course, into the Scottish. One day, a six-foot Canadian came to me for a new uniform. 'You can't have one unless you have a pass,' I informed him with authority. Without arguing, he hit me on the jaw. I was out for hours. [Cont'd on page 106]
When Love Came
The true story of how some of most happily married couples
By Grace

the screen than off. She makes no effort to be agreeable when one meets her—she is what Barrie describes as being "helpless and indifferent."

But some subtle and obscure quality in Jack and Greta turned their celluloid passion into a real one.

One heard soon how theirs had become a tremendous love affair—how they were always together, how Jack stopped at Greta's for breakfast on his way to the studio, how they maneuvered to dine together after work, how they were always together between pictures—in short, how their passion for each other seemed inexhaustible.

I do not know just how happy such an infatuation made them, but I do know that Jack confided to a close friend that his life was "just a seething maelstrom of emotion."

Two such tempestuous natures as Jack's and Greta's must have many hours of misery, as well as many hours of joy. Will they wed? Rumor says no. And for some reason I do not believe they will.

"Love is ever a wild flower that grows outside the garden," one writer said. And one hates, somehow, to think of Greta and Jack going about the bread-and-butter business of matrimony.

A serener devotion seems to be that of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. Their love has pursued its deep, quiet, strong flow through the last three years. Rod at one time was supposed to be engaged to Pola Negri—another tempestuous affair which, however, came to nothing.

What a rest to his soul must have been the gentle and trustful love of Vilma, the serene-eyed, gifted with sweetness, illusive charm, and the power to heal.

They met at Vilma's very first party in Hollywood. The affair was a quiet little dinner given by Cecil B. DeMille, and the only other couples present, besides Mr. and Mrs. DeMille, and Rod and Vilma, were Samuel Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr.

"I have a very nice young man for your dinner partner," Mr. DeMille told Vilma before the party.

Vilma and Rod had conversational difficulties that evening, but Rod has those talkative eyes, and doubtless Vilma's shy blue ones took on something of a "come hither" look; whereupon Rod declared he was crazy about Vilma's Hungarian accent.

They saw each other often, but usually at Vilma's home, or they went motoring, or to the theater. Rarely were they seen in cafés, or at the big film affairs at the Biltmore and Ambassador.

George O'Brien and Olive Borden fell in love while on location, making scenes for "Three Bad Men." John Ford, their director, introduced them just before they embarked on their long trip to the Mojave Desert.

What a lot these location trips have to do with

A LL the world loves a lover, all the fans love a screen lover, and doubly the world loves screen lovers who are in love with each other.

That seems good enough reasoning to hang this story on.

If you kiss a pretty girl several times every day, and she plays up to you responsively, those kisses may come to mean something to you.

Some leading men always fall in love with their leading ladies—for the duration of the picture, anyway. Shh! They say Richard Dix does!

Some feminine stars insist on having leading men who are agreeable to them personally, and with whom it would be possible for them to fall in love off the screen. They say they simply cannot play opposite a man who hasn't this attraction for them. So, naturally, there are little flare-ups of love all over a studio.

Take Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert, for instance. "Flesh and the Devil" gave them ample opportunity, to put it mildly, to become well acquainted. They met for the first time on the set, when Clarence Brown, their director, introduced them to each other. Miss Garbo is mouselike, at first glance. Indeed, I do not think that tremendous lure of hers ever would be guessed at a casual meeting, and her fascination is much greater on

Photographed for THE WASHINGTON POST in New York by Palm Banky and Rod La Rocque met for the first time at a dinner party given by Mr., and Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille.
Hollywood's first met.

Kingsley

Romance! The silence of the desert or hills! The moonlight on still waters! The close companionship and long weeks in the wilds. George, young and vital, was quite ready to have his heart set afame. And he loves the big outdoors! So does Olive. They rode and walked and talked alone for hours.

Death stalked that location trip. Many were taken ill because of bad water, desert heat by day, and cold by night. Ambulances rushed many of the players home. Olive was among those stricken, and George was her devoted knight, going for miles to bring her water from a spring, riding more miles to bring her some fresh fruit.

Anyhow, when they came home, it was at once rumored that they were engaged.

Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery! They met at the Hollywood Hotel one summer night nine years ago. It was in the days when the Hollywood Hotel housed all the stars, before they took to buying their own estates.

Zasu had about that time emerged from starved obscurity into the bright light of leading ladyship. Tom was a bashful youth seeking fame in pictures. If ever two people fell in love at first sight, Tom and Zasu did, that night at the Hollywood Hotel. There wasn't any ballroom, and everybody danced in the big lobby, while outsiders stood on the veranda, with their noses pressed against the windowpanes, and looked on longingly while their film idols pranced.

"I know it isn't a bit nice to admit it to a magazine writer," said Zasu, "but the fact is, I fell for Tom the minute I saw him, and fell hard. Al Cohn, the scenarist, introduced us. Tom worked in some of my pictures as leading man after that. Of course, he simply had to make love to me."

Zasu's mother made it hard for Tom and Zasu, but they finally ran off to Santa Ana and were married.

Tom, telling his side of the story, says that he really found Zasu very shy. "One day at the studio in the midst of a love scene, I whispered to her, 'I mean it, honestly, do you?' And she just murmured, 'Yes.'"

In the eyes of the world, marital adventures in Hollywood seem to have a foundation of sand—or even quicksand. Stories are written almost daily concerning the floundering of a matrimonial ship, and the world is advised that another union of motion-picture players has come to grief in one great blast.

Columns of this sort of news are printed, but never is the other side of the story considered. What about the happy ones—the hundreds of others who are getting along without difficulty,
When Love Came to Stay

Harold frankly doesn’t want his wife to go back to pictures, but Mildred had a desire to return to the screen about a year ago. She found a suitable story, and Harold wisely let her have her fling. But she has her baby and her home, and she worships Harold. So now, somehow, after that one picture, we don’t hear any more about Mildred’s ambitions. She is a happy wife and mother, and attends well to her household.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston are one of the happiest couples in Hollywood. Even the so-called blase Boulevard inevitably smiles upon them with pleasure in their happiness, and they are pointed out as being truly representative of the film colony as a whole.

Their story, or rather the story of their romance, started when Richard Arlen, after trying to gain a foothold in pictures for four years, decided he would throw up everything and embark on the career of a broker, or a baker—anything but the screen.

Then he met Jobyna Ralston. It was love right away, and he changed his mind about deserting the screen. In fact, he went out and talked himself into a job as one of the leading men in “Wings.”

It meant that Arlen would be taken away for months on location in San Antonio, Texas, but the hurt was somewhat softened by the fact that Jobyna had promised marriage upon his return.

During the next five months Arlen spent most of his time hard at work and most of his money in long-distance telephone calls, until suddenly came the news that Jobyna had been cast in the same picture with him. And, furthermore, she was to play the rôle of his sweetheart!

It was not long after this that Arlen approached William Wellman, the director, and asked for a three-day leave. Wellman exploded, but quickly acquiesced when Arlen explained that he wished to dash up to Riverside, California, and get married. The pair were married in the famous old Mission Inn, and now if you wish to see one of the happiest couples in Hollywood, you’ll find them superintending the building of their new home.

The villain still pursues her! Only he isn’t the villain now. He’s the husband. I’m talking about another Ralston—Esther.

Continued on page 98

Wallace Beery and Pata Gilman became acquainted while both were playing in “Robin Hood.”
READING BETWEEN THE LINES

THE BIG PARADE
ONCE AGAIN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
BEN-HUR WEST POINT
HAS CLOSED THE SEASON, 1927-28
LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT
WITH THE MOST OUTSTANDING LIST
BABY MINE THE DIVINE WOMAN
OF SUCCESSES OF ANY PRODUCER
THE STUDENT PRINCE LOVE
OF PICTURES IN THE INDUSTRY
THE LATEST FROM PARIS
M-G-M HAS HAD MORE BIG HITS,
THE ENEMY THE SMART SET
BIGGER STORIES, BIGGER STARS,
THE FAIR CO-ED THE CROWD
THAN ANY MOTION PICTURE COMPANY
THE BIG CITY THE PATSY
M-G-M GIVES YOU THIS PROMISE
JOHN GILBERT GRETA GARBO
FOR THE COMING SEASON, 1928-1929
NORMA SHEARER DANE AND ARTHUR
YOU WILL AGAIN GET THE BEST
MARION DAVIES RAMON NOVARRO
IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT
LON CHANEY WILLIAM HAINES
FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN

How Much Can You Remember — for $50?

YOUR memory is as good as you make it. Test it. See what it can really do. Here, for example, is an opportunity to test it and to win $50 in cash for the test. Read over the five questions below. Think about the M-G-M pictures you have seen or heard about recently and then see how well you can answer the questions. If you see, and remember, you have a good chance to win.

For the man who enters the best answers there is the $50 cash prize and the cigarette case I carried while I was playing in "The Enemy." For the lady who sends in the best answers there is also a $50 prize. In addition, Miss Eleanor Boardman, who stars in "The Crowd," offers the handsome handbag she wears in the early part of the picture.

Miss Boardman will also give a personally autographed photograph of herself to each of the fifty ladies or men who send in the next best sets of answers.

Your memory counts, not only in this contest but in everything you do. Read over the questions: if the answers do not occur to you immediately think them over and then send in as many answers as you can. Here’s luck, and may the best memory win.

Ralph Forbes’ Memory Test

1. Name the directors of six of the pictures listed in this advertisement.
2. What popular comedy team, famous since "The Big Parade," has since been starred in its own pictures?
3. Name the part which, in your opinion is best acted in any M-G-M picture listed at the left (aside from the star parts). Give your reasons in 75 words or less.
4. In what M-G-M picture is a honeymoon night pictured and under what circumstances?
5. Name two recent M-G-M successes based on popular Broadway musical hits.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend the picture yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Norma Shearer Contest of January: ALICE KERFOOT Riverdale, Maryland WILLIAM T. TRAGSDOR Neillsville, Wisconsin

Autographed photographs have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.
All the World Loves a Good Love Story

It's the most popular kind of story there is. The greatest novels of all time are love stories. Romantic love never loses its appeal. The delights and heartbreaks, the tenderness and bitterness incidental to courtship and marriage furnish a never-failing fund of material for the writer of romantic fiction.

That is why, in selecting titles for the Chelsea House line of books, it was thought well to include several love stories. These books are known as the

CHELSEA HOUSE POPULAR COPYRIGHTS

They are bound in cloth with gold stamping, printed on good paper from new, clear type, and in general appearance are the equal of most books made to sell at $2.00. They are all new stories that have never before appeared in book form, not reprints of old editions. They are sold for

75 Cents a Copy

Some of the Love Stories in the Chelsea House Popular Copyrights are described below

The Bayou Shrine
By PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN
The story of a pure love that rose above conventions. A romance that will have a particular appeal to the modern woman.

The Awakening of Romola
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.

Wanda of the White Sage
By ROY ULRICH
Marrying a girl he'd never seen before and taking her out West was a pretty experience for Dan Chadwick, but it was only the start of his romantic adventures.

Ask Your Bookseller for Chelsea House Popular Copyrights

There are also Detective and Mystery Stories, Western Stories, and Adventure Stories—all the most popular types of fiction—included in the CHELSEA HOUSE POPULAR COPYRIGHTS. WRITE FOR A COMPLETE LIST.

CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York
A Super-athlete of the West

One glance at these snapshots of Ken Maynard proves his right to the title, with honors shared by Tarzan, his magnificent steed.

These daring stunts of Ken Maynard need no explanation, for they indicate his skillful horsemanship more clearly than the most detailed description, as well as point to his success in gaining the confidence and utilizing the intelligence of his glorious mount.
The Screen in Review

A Brawl in Every Barroom.

Victor McLaglen is launched as a star, in "A Girl In Every Port," and gives a good account of himself in a typical McLaglen rôle, that of "Spike" Madden. The name, I think, conveys the character's biography, politics, and all else. Spike finds that the girls here and there, on whom he calls at long intervals, are all wearing a keepsake of one kind or another bearing the same emblem—an anchor and a heart. Naturally he sets out to "get" his nameless rival, who turns out to be one Salani, also a sailor. After a fight, they become close friends, Dannon and Pythias in sweaters instead of togas. Finally, when Spike introduces Salani to Marie, who is apparently the only girl in whom Spike has ever been seriously interested, it develops that Marie also wears Salani's emblem. The latter tries to warn him of the girl's unworthiness, but Spike ignores the hint. Finally, when Marie is shown up by accident, the two seamen swear that nothing will ever come between them again. Thus the finale is a close-up of the two swearing eternal fealty—surely a novelty on the screen.

The picture is alive with pungent detail, some of it rather sordid, but it affords Mr. McLaglen a legitimate opportunity to do his stuff—which includes a great amount of slugging—and he is most ably seconded at every turn by Robert Armstrong, as Salani, as good an actor as you could hope to see. Louise Brooks displays her lyric figure, as Marie.

An Aristocratic Mother's Worries.

"13 Washington Square" is one of the best of the unpretentious pictures, which means that it is twice as enjoyable as many of the films that put on airs. The story, though somewhat of a mixture, is original enough to keep one guessing what the outcome will be. That in itself is sufficient recommendation for me! It's all about Mrs. de Peyster, who leaves her Washington Square home with the intention of sailing abroad with her son, Jack, in an effort to prevent his marriage to a girl she considers beneath him. When she learns that Jack is taking matters in his own hands, she abandons the trip and returns to Washington Square with Mathilde, her maid, who, in the person of Zas Pitts, is the most quaintly delightful servant I remember ever having seen. The presence of reporters on the doorstep causes them to seek temporary lodging elsewhere, rather than answer embarrassing questions, and in a boarding house they are spotted by Jean Hersholt, a crook who calls himself "Deacon" Pycroft and apes the manner of one. The two women eventually succeed in entering the De Peyster home, only to be warned by strange noises and more terrified when Pycroft appears and treats them as familiar confidantes. Thus the story moves, until the crook succeeds in reconciling Mrs. de Peyster to the marriage of her son.

Jean Hersholt is Pycroft, Alice Joyce is Mrs. de Peyster, and George Lewis is Jack. All are excellent enough to emphasize my reasons for recommending the picture to you.

A Gob Makes Love.

George O'Brien has a rôle to his liking, in "Sharpshooters" and does very well by it. He is a tough but likable sailor, who adheres to the tradition of a girl in every port. In Algiers he meets Lorette, a French dancing girl, who believes his lovemaking and refuses to let him go. He finally succeeds in breaking away, only to have Lorette catch up with him in New York. His two mates convince him of the girl's love and succeed in persuading George to marry her. Grudgingly he does so, and then snubs her. But when Lorette leaves him to dance in a dive, he asserts his rights with the help of the navy. It is a slim story brightened by many gags, much naïve, roughneck humor and some comic relief, no part of which is by the Epworth League to indorse, but harmless if one is not finicky. George Brien plays his rôle with proper nautical swagger, even though it is a bit exaggerated, and Lois Moran deftly characterizes the girl without losing any of her own delicate charm. As usual, Gwen Lee is extremely effective as Flossy, whose name describes her.

Give Mr. Dix a Hand.

All the favorites of the fans are in good pictures this month. Take Richard Dix, for example, whose "Sporting Goods" is one of the best lines he has offered in a long time. It is exceptional in every way and is adult entertainment, for a change. It begins with Mr. Dix, as Richard Shelby, a traveling salesman for a sporting-goods house, crossing the Mojave Desert. He loses his car in doing a favor for a couple of tourists, and they lend him theirs to drive to a fashionable hotel. There poor Richard—and he is literally poor—finds a magnificent suite awaiting him and a reception that might have been planned for an archduke. Already he has met the girl of girls, romance and mystery are established at the outset. The pace never flags, the characterizations are excellent, and Mr. Dix is at his best. What more do you want? Gertrude Olmsted, Ford Sterling, Philip Strange, Mrylle Stedman—all are capital.

A Lunch-wagon Duchess.

Colleen Moore's "Hey Wild Oat" is a thoroughly enjoyable absurdity, which gives her excellent opportunities to display her pronounced talent for burlesque and pantomime. When her pictures offer that—which is all too seldom—she shines brightly and uniquely. She is Mary Brown, who runs a lunch wagon and experiences sentimental tremors in serving a strange young man, in the greasy garb of a mechanic. Little does she know that he is the son of the Duke de Lautour de Granville. When Mary splurges at a summer resort on her vacation, she is taken in hand by Tommy Warren, a newspaper man, and persuaded to pose as a titled foreigner for the sake of publicity. He decides to make her a duchess and gives her the name of a soup on the menu, "potage de Granville. Miss Moore's imitations of how Mary thinks a duchess should conduct herself are very funny. But with the appearance of the young mechanic, now in white flannels, it develops that he is the son of the Duke de Granville, who has recently remarried, and the fictitious duchess is, of course, his stepmother. There you have the backbone of the story. Very good it is, if you ask me. Larry Kent is the ducal mechanic, and pleasant he is in the rôle. Hallam Cooley, as Tommy Warren, exhibits the talent of an accomplished farceur, and Gwen Lee, though seen briefly, registers effectively, as usual.

An Ingenue's Rapture.

"Love Me and the World is Mine" is a moderately interesting picture of Vienna before the war, obviously modeled along the lines of "Merry-Go-Round," without being nearly so good. Like the latter, it has Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry as the lovers, she a timid ingenue, he a bold lieutenant, but the thrills of the early picture are not to be found. All moves placidly, in this story of little Hannerl, who leaves her unhappy home in the provinces to seek the protection of her cousin Mitzel in Vienna. But Mitzel, instead of shielding her from the wickedness of the gay city, tries her damnedest to initiate Hannerl into the careless life

Continued on page 94
Autographs for the Asking

A motion-picture studio is the happy hunting-ground of the collector of signatures, as these pictures testify.

Lew Cody, above, signs the football of "Brick" Müller, a former member of Walter Camp's All-American Team.

George K. Arthur, below, cheerfully obliges with his John Hancock on the frying pan he used in a film.

Renee Adoree, above, signs the violin which Jack Feinberg, studio musician, uses as his autograph "album."

Joan Crawford, below, hands down to posterity her autograph on an artist's palette.

Gertrude Olmsted, above, is the proud possessor of a tablecloth on which various directors have sketched and autographed, while lunching at the M.-G.-M. studio.
she herself follows. This leads to several amusing moments, until finally 

**Hamlet** is befriended by a rich, elderly man who is about to marry her when she breaks away and flies to Lieutenant von Vigilati, who is no better than he should be, morally, but who, it seems, is the man of **Hamlet**’s confused heart.

Just a Cinderella yarn, you see, but some of the detail is quite sophisticated and, incidentally, Betty Compson gives a corking performance, as **Mittel**.

**The Title Tells All.**

There is no need for the reviewer to inveigh against “The Cohans and Kellys in Paris,” because an incredible number of persons will laugh heartily at the picture, and thereby encourage the producers to rack their brains to devise other mix-ups for the two preposterous families. This time they go to Paris to break up the supposed engagement of Sadye Cohen and Patrick Kelly, though the young people have securely married. Need you be reminded that scenes of violent seasickness occur, and that Cohen and Kelly think the apache dance in a Paris café is real, and attempt to rescue the feminine dancer from the rough handling of her partner? Such experienced players as Farrell MacDonald, Gertrude Astor, George Sidney, Vera Gordon, and Kate Price give far more skill to their roles than the author and director contributed to the situations that enlist them. But boisterousness rather than skill is what puts a picture of this sort over. There is no lack of it in the newest of the species. Sue Carol and Charles Delaney are the young couple.

**Desert Drama Again.**

It would seem that the author of “Beau Geste” just couldn’t let well enough alone. For he must needs write another story and call it “Beau Sabreur,” the screen version of which is called a sequel to the famous story of the Geste boys. Not one of them is in it, however, but the Algerian desert is there, together with Noah Beery and William Powell — and that’s about all there is to remind you of the picture every one liked. For the rest, “Beau Sabreur” is the tolerably interesting story of young Major Henri de Beaumolais, his efforts to get Sheik El Hamel to sign a treaty, in order to avert a native uprising and save the territory for France, and his eventual success — in spite of his youth.

Gary Cooper plays the Major and, as usual, displays a personality that is interesting by reason of what it suggests rather than conveys. An actor who underemphasizes the situations in which he finds himself is always worth watching, because the majority of his fellows school themselves to overemphasize. Evelyn Brent is seen in the rather silly rôle of Mary Vanbrugh, an authoress, who sets her cap for the Major and attracts the amorous eye of the old Sheik, who will not sign the treaty unless Mary is left behind with him. After several skirmishes, all ends as most stories end. The picture has been beautifully produced, with all the care expected of an exceptional one. While it is far from dull, its pulse barely reaches normal.

**A Siren Miscast.**

The wisdom of Lya de Putti’s determination to play only sympathetic roles is answered in “Buck Privates.” She is an organdy ingénue, with a bunch of false hair hanging down her back. Only by a great stretch of imagination could this be called a sympathetic rôle, but actors always fondly imagine that any character that isn’t actively villainous just can’t help being sympathetic, if they play it. So let us permit Miss de Putti to cling to the illusions of her profession. The organdy ingénue’s name, if it matters, is Anna Hartman, of Luxemburg, where a regiment of American soldiers is billeted. Her father is a pacifist whose dislike of soldiers causes the Purity League, or something like that, to decide that every girl of the town who fraternizes with a man in uniform must have her hair cut off. Anna is caught with Private John Smith, but by some hocus-pocus his sergeant is accused and is given the alternative of serving eleven years in prison, or marrying Anna. At the last moment Anna’s maid is substituted, and the hurly-burly finish finds Anna and John Smith enjoying slapstick happiness. Malcolm McGregor, Zasu Pitts, and Eddie Gribbon are pleasant to behold in any picture, so why pick on them for this?

**Hollywood High Lights**

Continued from page 72

but once in a while an actress seems to be visited by so many, that she must be possessed of a Joblike patience to survive them all.

Dolores del Rio is momentarily the most afflicted person. Some time ago she suffered from an onslaught of mosquitoes, while out on location, which grew into an actual tribulation, because the bites so badly poisoned her. Since then she has suffered from lung congestion, which for a while threatened pneumonia, and following that a poison-oak infection. So serious was all this that work had to be suspended on “The Red Dancer of Moscow,” in which she was starring.

Dolores may enjoy some compensation from the fact that “Ramona,” soon to be generally released, discloses one of her best performances.

“Abie” Will Please.

We enjoyed a real thrill over being present at the initial preview of “Abie’s Irish Rose.” This took place at Santa Monica, and caused almost as much of a buzz of excitement as the try-out of “Ben-Hur,” which we witnessed in the same place about two years ago.

We had heard it said that “Abie” would be a greater success than “The Covered Wagon,” and after looking at the film we can well believe it. “Abie” is very different from the familiar Jewish-Irish comedy. It is done much more sincerely, and with no evidence of slapstick.

The scenes where Jean Hersholt, as Solomon Levy, and Farrell McDonald, as Patrick Murphy, vie with each other in the display of Christmas presents intended for their grand-children, is of unrivaled humor.

Jean Hersholt gives one of the greatest performances on record, in this production. The picture itself will probably bring Anne Nichols, author of the play, “another several million.” The amount sounds pleasant, anyway.

**Mix Calamitous Finale.**

Tom Mix closed his career with the Fox organization in a blaze of excitement that was closely akin to disaster. He fractured three ribs while working in his final picture, and incidentally almost broke the back of one of his cowboy assistants.

The set in which Tom was working was a two-story affair. He was supposed to be in the upper room, listening toitters in the one beneath. The structure couldn’t have been very firmly built, for suddenly when Tom stepped on a weak spot, he crashed right through and down in the midst of the plot. Besides breaking ribs, he injured his left leg and wrist. It was ten days before he was about again.

Continued on page 111
Dragons that Never Nap

Behold the duennas, whose watchfulness defies love of man and maid to find a way—but it does.

Eugenie Besserer, left, as the Duchess de Alvie, in "Drums of Love," has Mary Philbin in charge.

Vera Lewis, right, is the suspicious Señora Moreno, in "Ramona."

Lillian Leighton, above, does not let Dorothy Sebastian out of her sight, in "The Adventurer."

Martha Mattox, left, hadn’t even a good thought for Greta Garbo, in "The Torrent."

Lillian Leighton again, right, was the gossipping Nemesis of Alice Terry, in "Lovers."
“Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow”

I have never yet been allowed to play a role in the way I wanted to play it. “In the first place, each character is a distinct entity and thereby different from all other human beings. He cannot be portrayed as any other character was ever portrayed before, if he is to be real.”

“You cannot lay down any conceivable rule and say that every human being would act in this manner, under given sets of circumstances. And yet, then tell us, ‘But he would not do this thing that you are doing—this man!’

“The obvious answer is, of course, ‘I am doing it and I am, for the time being, this man!’

“Only,” he finished, with a wry look, “you do not say it!”

He was silent for a while surveying his rose-colored suede shoes.

“Acting,” he murmured, “is just a business of getting rid of your inhibitions. You have to get rid of the ideas of all the things you cannot do.

“For instance, I envy everybody who can do something I cannot do. Buster Keaton, doing a trick fall at a party Chico, doing an imitation of some one.

“Physically, I may be just as capable of taking that fall as Keaton is. And maybe not! But, anyhow, I feel that I cannot do it—that there is something in me that will not even let me try to do it. So I am unhappy about it, and envy him.”

“And just so far as I recognize these limitations, and bow to the thing in me which will not let me make the attempt, I fail in my job as an actor.

Some one came to tell him that the fire was behaving now on the set, and he resumed his struggle with the too-tight collar. Donning his medieval gawgs and his delicately sad, passionate expression, he returned to work, and in no time at all there were he and Miss Banky yearning and languishing, as before.

They make a handsome pair of lovers and, what with Miss Banky’s blond beauty and Mr. Colman’s dark good looks, they are very becoming to each other in a picture. It seems too bad to separate them—and yet it has been proved, over and over, that a team cannot go on together too long, with any degree of success.

But I wonder whether Ronald Colman’s public would like him in the rôle of Romeo—with his tongue in his cheek. It is an uncertain business, changing one’s line, in the movies. But I hope they let him try it.

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Let’s Go to College—for Fun

Continued from page 27

nearly so cute as the little trick who is heiress to a large fortune, and who always comes to college for the proms. Besides, the president’s daughter has no money. She is a quiet girl without much pep, and she has no social standing outside the college. But that makes no difference to the college hero and his mates. She simply rates the whole college bunch.

In real colleges there are so many cliques that there cannot possibly be a college belle, but they always have one in the movies. If she isn’t the president’s daughter, she is a tall, willowy coed, whom all the boys are crazy over, because she can play basket ball. In real life no college man cares a hang whether a girl can play basket ball or not. In fact, my observation has been that if a boy asks another, “Is she a nice girl?” and the other answers, “Oh, she plays basket ball,” she doesn’t rate anything in particular.

But you remember, in “The Fair Co-ed,” how all the boys got excited about the girls’ basket-ball game? It seemed as if the heroine had lost the game, those boys would have quit school in despair and gone home.

“No use staying now,” you felt sure they would have been saying to each other. “The heroine has lost the game. Nothing to do, now, but just pack our grips and go home to try and forget this terrible thing that has blasted our young lives!”

Whereas in reality, no college boys could be fussed over a girls’ basketball game for a minute!

And I think it was in that picture, too, that the girl got mad because the coach bawled her out, and walked out on the game.

In one picture the boys and girls all gathered in the gymnasium at the same time, clad in their gym suits.

That would make a scandal in any college, no matter how far advanced in coeducational ideas.

In another college picture, the visiting girls were seen going into the athletic building at a man’s college during the progress of a game. This would never be allowed.

Athletic scores are sometimes kept in a funny manner, too. In one girls’ college picture I saw, the score keeper pushed the scores on ahead of time, as if he knew just what they were going to be.

Speaking of girls’ colleges, a lot of college girls are awful tramps, while in pictures if there happens to be a tramp, she is the girl who gets all the sympathy, and who finally wins the hero. The interest focuses on her, just as if she were the only college girl who had ever been a tramp.

I may be wrong, but I have never heard of a boys’ and a girls’ college having a track meet together. However, it was done in one picture, with Bebe Daniels winning a foot race just too easily for anything, and from a male champ, too!

The dean of a man’s college is always a monstrosity with horn-rimmed glasses, while the dean of a woman’s college is always an old girl with a figure like a skull. In real life, the latter might often be a charming woman, but this would be hereyey in a picture.

I’ve just got to tell this little joke on David Butler, when he was directing “The High-school Hero,” a corkscrewing comedy, by the way.

The picture was being made at one of the Los Angeles high schools, and some of the teachers sent Dave a note, evidently with the best intentions, but with dire results to the sobriety of Butler’s associates. It read something like this:

“Just want some one to tell my class what is wrong with pictures. After seeing you direct, I feel that you are the very one to do it!”
It’s Easy for Billy

William Haines sweeps the athletic field to find heroes to play.

Billy, left, played a golf champion, in “Spring Fever.”
In “West Point,” right, he did a Red Grange.
And polo, below, was his pastime, in “The Smart Set.”

Billy, below, in “Tell It to the Marines,” entered the roped arena and put up a stiff battle.

In “Slide, Kelly, Slide,” below, he made baseball interesting to many who had not been interested in it before.
Not so many years ago Esther Ralston was the sweet young leading woman of “Phantom Fortune.” Big, strapping William Desmond was the two-fisted hero, who foiled the villain at every turn. The villain was a dashing young fellow with the conventional villainous mustache. His name was George Webb.

Checkmate at every turn in his desperate efforts to do the fair heroine wrong, Webb decided to turn hero and do right by our Nell. He succeeded in winning her serious regard. She admits she fell in love with him right then and there, so that it was hard for her to act as angry as she should have done, in their “mad” scenes. Anyhow, the upshot of the matter was that they soon were married. Now George Webb is Esther’s business manager, who takes charge of all her financial affairs.

It took Wallace Beery, the big, bad boy of comedy, a long time to get close enough to Rita Gilman to kiss her, and by the time he did that the flame was blazing away in great shape. It passed the smoldering stage while Wally was playing Richard the Lion-Hearted, in “Robin Hood.” Miss Gilman had a small part in the same picture, and Wally, having good eyes, had noticed her very particularly. She did not return the compliment with any great amount of interest, but that didn’t worry Wally in the least. One day when he was passing her dressing-room door, he heard her talking with a group of girls. Thrusting his head inside, he roared out in that bull-like voice of his—“Say, young lady, some day I’m going to marry you!”

Miss Gilman didn’t deign to ask him whether that was a threat or a promise. Whichever it was, however, he carried it out, and now the Beerys are known as one of the happiest married couples in Hollywood.

Edward Sutherland, the director, and Louise Brooks fell in love under the palms of Palm Beach, Florida, delighted their troth by long-distance telephone, and were separated by three thousand miles three days after they were married.

Louise was cast in W. C. Fields’ “It’s the Old Army Game,” and Sutherland was the director. Both admit, now, that they had a mutual dislike when the picture started. They were beginning to tolerate each other when the company went on location. Florida moonlight did the rest, and they came back to Long Island head over heels in love.

They planned to marry at once, but before they could get ready, Sutherland was sent to Hollywood to direct Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Louise stayed in the East to play in another picture. No sooner had Sutherland arrived in Hollywood, however, than he realized that they should have married before he left New York.

So he telephoned Louise, proposed, was accepted, and started for New York at once. There had been a delay in starting the picture Sutherland was to direct, and he was granted two weeks’ stay. Louise was at work in “Just Another Blonde” when he arrived in New York, but she got a few days off and they were married. A wire from Hollywood cut their honeymoon short, however, and Sutherland had to leave his bride. She rode with him to Chicago, but had to return from there to finish her role.

When the picture was finished she went to Hollywood to see him, and came back to New York with him when he finished his production. They planned a belated honeymoon in New York, while he directed “Love’s Greatest Mistake.” It was again delayed. Louise was ordered to Hollywood to play in a picture, and so again they were separated.

“It was necessary to close the Paramount on Long Island studio to let us be together,” Sutherland said in recalling his hectic honeymoon. They seem fated, however, to be apart. Last fall Sutherland went to Europe with the Christie brothers, comedy producers, and Monte Brice, to plan “Tilly’s Punctured Romance.” When Eddie returned home, he found Louise packed for a trip to New York to buy clothes and to take a short vacation.

James Cruze fell in love with Betty Compson when explaining to the leading man, as he was directing the two in a picture, just how he should make love to her! It does seem, as you listen to the tale, as though he might have had a dumb leading man, because he found it necessary to illustrate his meaning two or three times. One doesn’t hear that Betty resented this in the least. Because, as a mater of fact, both had really been in love with each other for several weeks. The lessons must have made a deep impression on Betty, because the love affair went right on to marriage, and the marriage has been going right on.

William Boyd and Elinor Fair never had met until they played opposite each other, in “The Volga Boatman.” They were working on location together, and when they came back—well, those romantic nights on the “Volga” had done their work.

They went out riding one day; passing through Santa Ana, they read one of those canvass signs which tell you what town you are in. They hadn’t intended being married so soon, because they were afraid Cecil DeMille wouldn’t like it, as they supposed he had the opinion that unmarried stars were more interesting to the public than married ones.

But Elinor was looking so like her last name, and Bill had been to the barber shop and got stuck up—hair cut and whiskers off, and everything—so that Elinor hardly knew him, except to observe that she had a very handsome young man at her feet. And so, both looking their best and feeling their happiest, it was entirely natural that they should suddenly decide the world go hang.

Both of us looked at the Santa Ana sign at the same time. Both of us knew that Santa Ana is the Gretna Green of California,” explained Bill. “I just looked around at Elinor, and said ‘Uh?’ And Elinor looked at me and said ‘Uh-huh!’ And we went and got married. And, after all, Mr. DeMille wasn’t annoyed with us.”

They met in a theatrical booking-agent’s office in Portland, Oregon—Raymond Hatton and Frances Roberts, who later became Mrs. Raymond Hatton.

“Miss Roberts was wearing a big diamond that proclaimed her engagement to somebody else,” said Ray, “but I refused to be annoyed by a little thing like that.”

“Just break the news to him gently!” Ray exclaimed to the future Mrs. Hatton, “because it’s all off right now. Having seen you, I am not going to lose you.”

Frances Roberts laughed, but she was impressed, just the same. She just couldn’t forget about this interesting young man who refused to be dismayed about an engagement, for the two were signed for the same theatrical company.

They played for several weeks in Portland, with Hatton as the leading man and the lady, who was to become his wife, as the leading woman. Of course, they had to embrace as leading man and leading women have had to do from time immemorial.

“I figured I might just as well marry him,” Mrs. Hatton declared the other day. “I couldn’t get rid of him, anyway. Not that I wanted to get rid of him, though.”

That all happened nine years ago. And the Hattons are still happy.
On Tiptoes

Ballet dancing is an accomplishment of this quintet.

Frances Lee, upper left, danced in vaudeville before she joined the movies.

Helene Costello, right, was a dancer in the "Scandals."

While Mary Brian, upper right, never dances professionally, she realizes the value of the exercise.

Sally Rand, left, became so proficient as a dancer on the stage that she sacrificed a career to enter the movies.

Lina Basquette, right, was première danseuse of the "Follies."
tence for burglary cut to one year, and at the end of that time took Black to his country place to rest for a while and do odd jobs around his estate. The open air, the sunshine, and kind treatment brought about a wonderful change, and in a few months Mr. Jack emerged, head up, shoulders squared, eyes clear, and announced that he was ready to begin a new life. He was made librarian in the offices of the San Francisco Call.

Then he wrote "You Can't Win," which ran into several editions. A copy of the book reached the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio just at the time the scenario of an underworld story was being written.

"Get hold of Jack Black!" ordered Louis B. Mayer, after he had read the book. "We can have a technical director who knows crooks."

I talked with Jack Black in his office at the studio. Tall, slender, almost catlike in his movements, there is little to indicate that he has lived in the underworld. His voice is gentle, he looks his interviewer squarely in the eye, and speaks with none of the jargon one naturally expects. He talks candidly of those dark days of the past, but with no trace of bragadocio. He has no excuses to make; he attempts no explanations.

"I have been helping prepare the script for a story and we're getting ready to start another. It seems there are details of prison life and explanations of methods employed in the underworld about which I can tell them. I am finding it all extremely fascinating, and am interested and sometimes amused, too, by the strange ideas many people have of the attitude and the methods of crooks.

"In the first place, you must understand that most of those fellows are men with bright minds—that is, the successful ones. They match their wits with the shrewdest and cleverest of detectives. In the second place, the higher class of crooks, the yeggmen, are a fraternity, close-mouthed, silent, yet as loyal to each other as brother to brother. When one is in trouble he can count on the assistance of all. I want to give the underworld as square a deal as possible without revealing its secrets.

"Do you remember the picture 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' and do you remember Jimmy coming out from behind the safe, with his fingers worn to the quick trying to work the combination? Bunk! Burglars don't work the combinations of safes. If that is ever done it's when some one on the inside gives out the numbers. The modern safe cracker shoots the 'soup' or else he uses an acetylene torch, which is rarely done.

"In the picture we're working on now there is an ingenious idea—but impossible. It shows a safe robber with one of those ear pieces and breast disks used by the deaf. The robber holds the disk close to the combination as he turns the dial and listens to the tumblers drop. The apparatus is supposed to be a sort of amplifier. Great stuff! But I tell you safe robbers don't do these things. They put in a shot of 'soup,' blow the works out of a safe, and leave—taking the contents with them.

"Not long ago I went to see a picture in which an innocent young man was convicted of a crime and sentenced to the electric chair. The movie showed him fighting, snarling, protesting as they led him to the chair.

"Did any man ever do that? Possibly so, but in very, very rare instances. Ordinarily, the poor devil is mentally dead before he ever starts to the chair. He is the coolest man of all at the execution. His mind has broken—become numb.

"In the story we've just finished there is a hanging. The original plan was to lead the man screeching from his cell, protesting his innocence.

"Let him move out calmly, unhurriedly, and walk to the scaffold—trembling a bit, if you wish. But don't make him a coward. Men of the underworld don't die like that. Let him take his 'shot' and have it over, but cowardice—never! So they changed the script."

Jack Black wants to show directors that prison doors swing outward, not inward, so that an empty cell is promptly noticed. He is to point out that certain plumbing fixtures afford too much material from which knives, blackjacks, saws, and the like can be made. He is to show them that an electric bulb, burned out night after night, indicates that some dark work is in progress. The movies will learn a lot about the underworld from Jack Black. He will show on the screen how best to protect the family jewels, how to anchor the wall safe so it cannot be removed and carried away to be looted.

He is a brand-new technical man which the movies have long needed.

**Must They Become Americans?**

become an American citizen remains, like his unfilmed Hamlet, still to be seen.

No foreigner can own a permanent American residence—that is, build his own home—unless he is a citizen. This fact alone is sending George K. Arthur to the naturalization bureau, for he has just built a beautiful home in Beverly Hills and cannot occupy it as an owner until he is a citizen. This year will see him transformed from a Scot to an American.

There are several newcomers in the colony who are only too willing to apply for citizenship, but cannot do so until they find out whether their future will be certain enough to justify their remaining here.

Vera Voronina has recently appeared on the Paramount horizon. That she will be successful in making a place for herself on the American screen seems very probable—yet it would be foolish of her to dash for American citizenship, only to learn later that her outlook in this country would be less than the success that was hers in Europe.

Marietta Muller, a beautiful Viennese, has her family and an estate outside the Austrian capital. She is well known in Europe. If she succeeds, she says she will apply for citizenship. Otherwise she will return to Europe. Joseph Schildkraut did not lose much time in taking out his naturalization papers. His five years of probation have passed and he is now a full-fledged American like his wife, Elise Bartlett. Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph's father, recently received his final papers of naturalization. His wife, having also taken out her papers, will be an American, too. Therefore, let's celebrate the Americanization of the entire Schildkraut clan!

There is a new rule of attending school to study the history of the United States, which requires that every person who has applied for his final papers must go to school twice a week, for at least three months. Prior to this, it was discovered that many foreigners, even after having acquired citizenship, did not know whether there was a king in America, or whether the country was an island or a peninsula.

In any case, naturalization is not compulsory. It rests with the players whether they consider art to be universal—or whether it belongs to the country which gives them fame, as well as their bread and caviar.
Louise Lorraine, above, uses a mirror equipped with an electric bulb, to make-up at night.

Claire Windsor, upper right, has one of the smallest radios known.

Norma Shearer, right, uses an electric curling iron on location.

Gwen Lee, lower right, has her lips permanently rouged by electrical tattooing.

Dorothy Sebastian, below, has her back made up by electricity.

**Plug In**

Some of the newest electrical devices used by the stars.
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

LIE AND ENA.—Now this hurts me more than it does you, as Papa always says—but I'll have to crush your hopes about the Paramount School. It was dis-connected two years ago, after the graduation of the first class. If I were you I should just keep on with the stage work, and some day you may meet some one connected with movies who can arrange a screen test for you.

MOLLY.—Of course you can't believe that Theda Bara and Pearl White have retired, etc.—I couldn't believe it myself, and I'm sure Pearl and Theda would both be more surprised at that report than either of us. Pearl is living quite gayly in Paris, and Theda is the devoted wife of Charles Brabin, a Hollywood director. The heroine in Doug's film, "Robin Hood," was Enid Bennett.

JOYCE KENyon.—It's just because you bet I'm handsome that I don't send out my photo. Who am I to make a lady lose her bet? Leila Hyams is American; her mother is of Irish descent. Leila has blond hair and blue eyes and is twenty-two. Edmund Lowe was born in San Jose, California, thirty-odd years ago. Before his marriage to Lilian Tashman he was married to Esther Miller. Phyliss Haver was born a blonde—whether she has helped nature along or not I can't say. I'm afraid a strange visitor in Hollywood would not be taken up by star social circles—after all, a visitor in any town would have to be introduced before being invited around to the local parties. Naturally, the same is true in Hollywood.

A WANT-TO-KNOW-IT-ALL FAN.—Now, that's a laudable wish, wanting to know everything. I hope that wish comes true; but, alas! it doesn't, for any of us. Florence Fairbanks is Doug's niece. Dong and Mary have no children—at least, Mary hasn't. There is Dong, Jr., the son of Doug's first wife. It really wouldn't be tactful for me to give my opinion as to the most beautiful screen stars. I like half a dozen equally well. I don't know who was "Miss Hollywood" in 1927. Do you mean for the Atlantic City beauty contest or what? It would take a statistician to determine the percentage of divorces in the picture colony, but a glance at my list of "Who's Married to Whom" indicates that more than half have been divorced.

I don't know who is exactly the youngest actress on the screen, outside of juveniles.—Molly O'Day, Lupe Velez, Lois Moran, Shirley O'Hara are all about eighteen.

G. C.—Philippe De Lacy was born in Nancy, France, July 25, 1917.

PEARL L. WEEKS.—It's really a mistake to bet your last year's hat that the photographs from Picture Play, which you inclosed are Dorothy Gish rather than Dorothey Sebastian. I'm quite sure it's Sebastian—I don't even agree with you that it greatly resembles Dorothy Gish. And, for one thing, Metro-Goldwyn, who supplied the pictures, would not make a mistake about one of their own players. For another, the picture of Dorothy Sebastian and Aileen Pringle was taken on the M.G.-M. lot, and Dorothy Gish hasn't been in California for several years. But don't worry; I won't call your bet—after all, what could I do with your last year's hat? Olive Thomas Pickford was not related to Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. I don't think she had a sister in pictures, unless you count Sister-in-law Mary.

GERALD FIELDING LOVERS.—I'm afraid Gerald Fielding is just going to wreck my life, because every one keeps asking about him since "The Garden of Allah," and what can an answer man do? He is an English actor who has never played in American films, and we are quite likely not to see him again. I can only suggest writing him in care of Metro-Goldwyn, 1520 Broadway, New York, putting "Please Forward," on your letter. Perhaps they have his London address. Will any English fans who know anything about this player please write me and tell me all, as the saying goes. Where, by the way, does he go now?

MAYBELLE.—If I didn't excise fans for asking questions, think how I'd waste my life hearing grudges! See G. C. Louise Brooks and Ruth Taylor.—Lorike Lye are to be costumed for a while, first in "Kara!"

I don't know if any film stars born on September 15th. Esther Ralston comes nearest that date—September 17, 1902.

HILDA HOLMES.—Your admiration for Fred Nason is not wasted! He is an exceptional man. Fred was born in California, about 1890. He attended Princeton Theological Seminary and was a chaplain in the army. He is now under contract to Paramount, and has made two pictures for them, "Jesse James" and a story of Daniel Boone called, I think, "A Pioneer Scout." Probably you won't see his new films at the same theater where his old ones played, as F. B. O. pictures are shown in smaller houses than Paramount ones. Fred is married to Frances Marion, the famous scenario writer, and they have a son about sixteen months old.

MILDRED KELSEY.—This is not the "next number" of Picture Play, but as soon as possible. Johnny Mack Brown is a Metro-Goldwyn player. See last at end of this department.

MUTT AND JEFF.—The way James Hall does get around those girls' hearts—I think I'd better try to learn his secret. Yes, Picture-Play published a story about him, "You Never Can Tell," in the issue for March, 1927. This may be obtained by sending a quarter with your request to the office of this magazine.

EDNA PARSONS.—What a memory you've got! Are you just trying to make it hard for me, digging up all those names of players who have disappeared from the picture world? Clara Horton recently returned to the screen, after several years' absence, in "The Fortune Hunter," a Syd Chaplin film. Wanda Hawley plays in vaudeville, Vivian Martin on the Broadway stage. Eddie Polo, at last accounts, was touring the world. William Farnum for several years has been too ill to work. Gladys Brockwell has played in so many recent films I can't understand why you haven't seen her. In "Seventh Heaven," "Man, Woman, and Sin," "A Girl in Every Port"—to name a few, Wallace MacDonald and Francis Ford both direct many pictures, as well as act occasionally. Francis, in "One Glorious Scrap," for Universal. Many of the others you ask about still play on the screen now and then: Eddie Phillips recently, in "The Four-flusher," Mac Busch in many independent films—"San Francisco Nights," and her latest—Ruth Dwyer, "A Hero for a Night," several Johnny Hines pictures. Edna Purviance made a film in Europe. Ruth Stonehouse last year in "The Satin Woman" and "Poor Girls," both small pictures. Marguerite Clark, June Caprice,
Clare Anderson, Louise Huff are all “just wives” now. Juanna Hansen, Elliott Dexter, Jane and Katherine Lee, all appear in vaudeville now and then. Stephen Carr is just now returning from a tour in the States. I don’t know anything about George Parsons. Whew! Time out, I catch my breath and rest my typewriter fingers.

Texas—You may, as you say, be my fan, but I don’t see that I have any enthusiasm left over from your tremendous interest in Texas. That’s a favorite birthplace for film players. Among those born there are: Bebe Daniels, James Dunnford, Allene Ray from San Antonio; Jacqueline Logan, Mary Brian, from Corpusica; Madge Bellamy, from Hillsboro; Frances Lee from Dallas; Dorothy Sebastian, from Houston; Eileen and Josie Sedgewick, from Galveston. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Dorothy Devore in Fort Worth, Bessee Love in Midland, Ken Maynard in Mission, Carl Miller in Wichita County. Tom Mix gives Texas as his birthplace, but he does not appear in the Stars’ biographies. I have heard it said that Texas is only his adopted State and that he was really born near Pittsburgh. However, I’m not sure that is true. It is hard to sit here and think, offhand, of films besides “Rough Riders” and “Wings” with locales in Texas. I believe Lilian Gish’s forhcoming picture, “The Wind,” represents Texas.

M. A. C.—You’re one of those people who like to know everybody’s age. Richard Arlen is thirty, six feet tall, married to Jobyna Ralston. He has been in movies five years, Clive Brook was born June 1, 1901. His next film is “Midnight Madness.” Clara Bow is nearly twenty-three, Joan Crawford a year older. Joan’s next film is “Rose-Marie;” Billie Dove’s next is “The Heart of a Folies Girls.” Buddy Rogers, after “Abie’s Irish Rose,” will be seen in “Cream of the Earth,” a Universal picture.

Marilyn Rogers.—Any relation to the lucky Buddy? Sorry, I don’t know his birthday. His eyes have been gray since he was born.

STATISTICS.—You shouldn’t call yourself that, because who likes statistics? Edna Murphy was the leading lady in “McFadden’s Flats.” Greta Nissen’s latest films are “Blind Alleys,” “Luna Park,” “Hell’s Angels.” Pauline Garon’s recent films are “The Beautiful City,” “Last of the Mohicans,” “Hero,” “Temptations of a Shopgirl,” Joan Crawford in “Rose-Marie,” “Titles of Empire.” Sally O’Neil was born October 3, 1904. “It’s a Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad World” is the first picture. I haven’t her birthday. Jeannie Eagles played in one or two pictures years ago, but “Man, Woman, and Sin” is her first one in some time. Jeannie is in her late twenties and about five feet four. She has been starred on the New York stage for some time. She is Mrs. Ted Coy. Her father was Spanish and the family name in California is Xenuett, a Mexican version of Eagles, whatever that is.

R. D. K. OR AMHERST.—The ten college men selected by First National for a tryout in “The Drop Kick” were John Westwood, Princeton; Richard Clendenin, University of California; Leonard Hopson, Michigan; John Van Cleve, Purdue; Stewart Knox, Yale; Walter Smoot and Edward K. Karges, Northwestern; Thomas K. Denton, Michigan; John Stambough, Chicago; Dan Cassidy, Georgia Tech. I believe John Westwood is the only one whom First National resigned after the tryout, could of course, be reached by going through First National. For the others, I can only suggest their respective colleges as an address—I suppose letters would be forwarded to those no longer in school. Several hundred autographs are on file, think, at Universal City.

I. S.—Perhaps you don’t read the list of addresses at the end of The Oracle. All the players you ask about are listed there. Richard Arlen was born Richard Van Mat- timer in 1892; James Dunnford was born James Duntzler. Her new film is “Two Flaming Youths.” Richard Dix (Ernest Carleton Brimmer) is thirty-three. Latest picture, “Forty-Second Street.” Ramon Novarro (José Ramon Sameniegos) is twenty-nine. “Forbidden Hours” is his new film. George O’Hara doesn’t give his age. See him in “Lady Beams”; Louis Hughes was born October 21, 1897. His latest is “Sailors’ Wives.” He is married to Gloria Hope. All the others are unmarried. See I. S. and M. A. C.

VICTOR CENTOLELLO.—What an admirer Edna Murphy is! Edna isn’t a star, perhaps she connected with one studio. She freelances, most successfully, and her latest film is “Across the Atlantic”—Warner. It isn’t always an editor’s fault that he doesn’t publish more pictures of a player. If Edna hasn’t any new pictures, what can we do? I don’t know where to suggest your writing her, except just Hollywood.

HAY—Of course I’ll say hello to you. Any fan who writes me such an interesting letter, without asking any questions, deserves to be said hello to. Several times, in fact. So hello again.

WALTER.—Of all the questions ever asked me the hardest one is, “How can I get into the movies?” If I know how, I’d do it myself! Most players began by going to Hollywood, of course with some money, and half starving for a year or two until someone lucky put them over. A hundred times as many never get that lucky break. I don’t think it would do any good to send your picture out to every publisher and everybody who is engaged in the business through the Central Casting Bureau, Los Angeles, if you wish to try them.

NANCY SMITHERS.—You’re just a girl who likes to see me work, aren’t you? Many of the ages you ask for are given elsewhere in this department; some I don’t know, the others are: Warner Baxter: born March 29, 1891; Eleanor Boardman, about 1900; Pola Negri, December 30, 1897; Victor Varconi, March 31, 1896; Jameson, April 14, 1896; Marcella D’Arcy, February 10, 1899; Josephine Dunn, May 1, 1900; Charles Farrell, 1902; William Powell, July 29, 1892; Lilian Gish, October 21, 1895; Lawrence Gray, July 27, 1898; Leatrice Joy, 1897; Emil Jennings, 1886; Janet Gaynor, about 1907; Joseph Schildkraut, about 1898; Ruth Taylor, 1907.

MARIA OF MEXICO.—I’m sure you have never written to me before, or your questions would have been answered. But you must allow about four months for replies to appear in the magazine. Yes, William H. Thomas, photographer of a movie studio in Medford—it probably has not been used for many years.

LUCIE BUCKHOLZ.—Edward Raquel was born in Warsaw, in 1901. He was well known on the Continental stage before coming to America, and played in many Polish films, which were never shown in this country. His biography doesn’t give his personal description. Sorry, we had to stop announcing fan clubs for lack of space.

WILLIAM SMITH.—What are you trying to do, wear me out, so I can never answer another question? Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine; height, five feet ten; weight, one hundred and sixty-five; father and mother are both living. Ramon was twenty-four when he began work in “Ben-Hur.” Donal Keith is twenty-five; height, five feet ten; weight, one hundred and sixty; color, brown; hair, brown; education, college. His latest is “The Gingham Girl.” Lots of players start in pictures with no previous experience, but usually it is through some happy accident. It is usually expected to know how to ride horseback, swim, and dance. A stranger would not be admitted into any of the studios, much less given an interview. As to whether stars are as pretty as they are marcelled, I can’t say that; if any one did—as a habit, I mean—he would hardly admit it. Some players autograph their photographs if they get so many requests that it would be impossible to take the time for personal autographs.

POLLY.—I suppose you’re tired of being asked if you want a cracker. Buddy Rogers is six feet tall; no, he’s not married. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven; Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana; she is five feet six and has red hair and blue eyes. See her in “The Million Dollar Revue” at Ruth St. Denis, and began her professional career as a dancer in several movie prologues at Grauman’s Egyptian Theater in Hollywood. A hundred years ago dancing there, was impressed with her looks, and introduced her to Mrs. Valentino, then making “What Price Beauty?” I don’t know what Miss Loy’s screen career has continued since.

BONNIE BATES.—Well, you see, you did send your letter to the right address. As I am part of Picture-Play, naturally my address is the same. Dolores del Rio can be reached at the Hotel Americano in Mexico; see list below. You might try Lupe Velez there, also, though I’m not sure she is under contract to any company.

H. & H.—You supposed quite rightly! Answers, when requested in Picture-Play,
Continued from page 25

having heard that she had had more than one glowing offer to return to the stage, I asked her about it.

"Yes," she replied, "I did have a couple of offers, but I refused. Much as I should love to live in the East, there are other things to consider. In the theater there would be an element of uncertainty for me. In case of a flop, where would I be? I am not established on the stage."

"On the other hand, I have been in pictures five years. My contract began with Goldwyn, and when the three companies amalgamated, they took me on with the rest of the Goldwyn liabilities. I signed before I had played a leading role, on a sliding salary. Now that my contract is up, there is a chance that I might" (I held my breath. "Dear Allah, don't," I breathed, "spoil everything by letting her want to give something really worth while to the screen") "make some money," she said.

We have such a surfeit of actresses who want to do worthwhile things. At, it develops later, a price.

Sure, They Have Brains!

Continued from page 23
to buy a home, or where to build one in Hollywood, are absorbing, remunerative details to him.

Neil Hamilton will tell you he could never do a thing until he entered the movies. Now when a chap says that, it is almost certain that he has one or two other talents. Neil could write humorous stories, without a doubt. Maybe he will. He is also a proficient conjuror, like Raymond McLee, and could go into vaudeville any day. Furthermore, he has a cultivated speaking voice, so the stage is always open to him.

Gary Cooper studied law before assisting at the winning of Barbara Worth. Needless to say, Gary could turn to that profession to-morrow, should he wish. While Wallace Beery could always run his ranch at a profit—and if you think making a ranch pay is a simple job, just get one and find out. Adolphe Menjou knows a great deal about civil engineering, while Lars Hanson is a splendid wood carver, for he was one before he went on the stage in Sweden.

William Powell is a pleasure to meet, for he never fails to keep you amused by his witticisms. He and Neil Hamilton are akin in spirit. If he chose, Bill could edit a magazine of sophisticated wit. Many a bon mot attributed to others, originates with Bill Powell. I have a strong suspicion that Bill can write—for he is profound and can delve into any subject without drowning.

George O'Hara is another who knows what he reads. George is a collector of first editions. He can tell you what proof signs almost every first edition should have, and all about its author and his history.

Johnny Hines knows how to speed an automobile a race track, for he wanted to be a racer before he went on the stage. Johnny can do both now. But he prefers to read reviews of his latest releases to swirling round corners on the track—unless the scenario calls for such action.

Monte Blue has been many things in his life, one being an engineer. When you see Monte on the screen driving a locomotive near, or over, a broken bridge, you can be sure that he knows his brakes.

Mary Astor could get work as an interior decorator. In her home she has supervised the decoration of the rooms.

Applied art does not attract dumb people. Myrtle Stedman has made most of the ornaments of her home, such as lamp shades, book covers, and shelves. Myrtle was also a prima donna in musical comedy before she entered the movies, which proves that she is versatile.

Richard Walling was a Fox camera man before he was promoted to the ranks of actors. But even these two abilities are not enough for him. He now has an aviator's license and can loop the loop and do nose dives whenever and wherever he wishes—that is, when he is not working.

As a chartered accountant Ronald Colman entered his father's business house in London. It is an accomplishment tolerating no dumbness. Take a correspondence course, if you doubt my word. Ronnie's various talents are scarcely known, for he carefully conceals them from interviewers. But he is a splendid pianist.

He speaks Italian and French very well and has enviable talent as a conversationalist.

Larry Kent is very skillful on land and sea. He was in the navy during the war. He can sail a schooner anywhere, and often cruises between pictures. If you think navigation is easy, just take a trip by yourself on the Atlantic and find out!

Louise Brooks may not be a navigator, but she could earn her fortune in a fashion shoppe—spelled just like that. Louise wears clothes so perfectly, as her husband, Edward Sutherland, will tell you, and suggests the right gowns and accessories for her friends with such success, that they all agree she knows what's what.

As I mentioned before, these players are but a handful of the talented ones, picked at random. They can do and know more than the average person anywhere, but like the average person, they are frequently misjudged by those who do not really know them.
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He's a Canny Scot

G.-M. Night calls. Day calls. She was rushed to death.

"Which means plenty of bacon for yours truly," she told me. We were walking past Grauman's Chinese Theater one pleasantly cool evening, on our way to a circus set. Jennie had just finished showing me the patchwork sunburn she had acquired the day before. She had been out on location on the edge of the Mojave Desert under a blazing noonday sun, a silk scarf wrapped carefully around her neck, so she thought. But when she arrived home that night and glanced in the mirror, she discovered two large portions in the region of her shoulders, which had been left exposed and had turned a vivid lobster hue.

"And to-morrow I'll probably be called back on this picture, and told to wear a low-cut evening gown," she lamented.

Our tranquility was interrupted when, turning down a side street, we were accosted by a small but ferocious-looking pup.

"O-oh," shrieked Jennie, jumping back and landing in the middle of somebody's cherished shrubbery. I unplanted her new stockings. The dog, glowing over his ability to scare the wits out of two unprotected females, retired to chew on a bone. But the damage was done.

"I knew it," the girl declared in disgust, once she had somewhat regained her poise. "It's not being kidnaped by some auto sheik that I'm afraid of, when answering night calls. It's being pounced upon by these unmuzzled mutts that lurk in every hedge in Hollywood after dark."

Scarcely had Jennie arrived on the set than she was assigned her place. And guess where it was? Next to a dummy.

"I like that," she exclaimed when she was resting between scenes for a few moments. "Wonder what the directors will be up to next, to gyp the extras out of their jobs?"

"Never mind," I consoled from the side lines where I was standing, taking in the festive appearance of the huge, brilliantly lighted set. "Dummies aren't such bad companions."

The last arc had been turned off. The extras were crowding around the platform where the assistant director was standing, shouting names. The dummies hung limply forward on their camp chairs, their duty done for the time being.

Jennie's eyes looked expectant. Somebody or other in the crowd had told her that there were to be four days' work on this set for the girls.

The assistant director spied her where she was standing in the front row. Something in her eager expression caught his eye. He patted her pretty head kindly, but even as he did so, shook his head.

"Too bad, girlie, that you're not a blonde. I could use you again to-morrow, if you were. You see, most of our dummies are brunettes."

"And to think," declared Jennie as we made our weary way homeward some time near daybreak, "to think that I laid off the peroxide bottle only last month!"
Corinne—As She Is

Continued from page 74

She appears. When she was getting $150 a week at Vitagraph, it was common assumption that she was receiving at least three times that sum. Her beautiful apartment, her exquisite clothes—people pointed out in illustration. As a matter of fact, she was saving half of each week’s salary.

As a little girl—shortly after her father died, leaving the family suddenly poor—she found herself with no trocks for parties. Her mother, a gentle, helpless person of the old Southern régime, was nonplussed. Realizing that the only source for pretty trocks was herself, Corinne bought patterns and taught herself to sew. It has continued to stand her in good stead.

She adores trothes. Frankly, and with no apology. She is one of the half dozen or so really smartly dressed actresses in Hollywood. She seldom shops in the West, going to New York before commencing each picture. Systematically planning her entire wardrobe for the production on the train, she has it executed by the best modistes. One for evening gowns, another for suits, and so on.

Her screen wardrobe, with few exceptions, is a total loss after the picture is done. Realizing that her camera clothes must have certain dramatic accentuations, she concedes to that. But never wears them outside the studio. Her own preference is for very plain things of smart line and fabric.

She wears few jewels. Those she has are conservative and exceptionally good.

She surrounds herself with the best of everything. Her knowledge of shops and their quality is uncanny. Whatever you want, Corinne knows just the place to go to get it in the finest grade.

Only in dogs are her tastes peculiar. She loves any sort of dog, secretly preferring those of uncertain parentage. She has more than half a dozen of these, most of which have been sent her by people who want them nursed through illnesses. She has very good luck with dogs, having a sound understanding of their ailments. She takes in any and every forlorn canine, looks after it and then cannot bear to give it up. When she comes home from the studio, the menage lines up in front of her, wriggling and yelping with delight. They have the freedom of the house and Corinne cannot move a step without the piebald procession following after her heels. Her one good dog is a Doberman Pinscher. But it is a homely little wire-haired terrier, who is not quite all wire hair, that rides to the studio with her every day and sits on the set belligerently guarding her chair.

A gala day for her is that on which the servants are all out, and she has the house to herself. On one of these days, attired in a gingham apron, she was in the kitchen fixing lunch for the laundress. Tradespeople came to the back door, conversing amiably with this cute housemaid, none of them realizing she was mistress of the house. One delivery boy even timidly suggested a date to go to the movies. He was downcast when Corinne confided that she was married.

Her lazy beauty, her drawing voice, her unruffled manner are often mistaken for helplessness. Producers and directors who conclude thus, come out of an encounter sadder and wiser men. She is strong-willed to the point of stubbornness. Convinced that she is right on an issue, nothing in the wide world can budge her. She never becomes vehement, but in her lazy, careless way insists on her opinion until frenzied officials give up in sheer exhaustion.

Having no more than three or four intimates, she is nevertheless of a friendly nature. Whoever she happens to be working with, or whatever group she happens to be among, are her friends. Always reserved, she is never exclusive.

She is married to Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer. They continue to be in love, despite murmurs from the mourners’ bench, because Corinne’s reticence is mistaken for concealment. She and her husband are wonderful playmates. Corinne has never before really known how to play, but with Walter Morosco she is a gay, carefree child.

No one has ever seen Corinne Griffith disturbed, or even ruffled. No one has ever heard her make a general statement. She can talk at length in her soft, humorous drawl, and five minutes later you realize she hasn’t revealed a thing of herself. She never speaks unkindly of any one. Her religion is a serene and sincere faith in the power of good and the charity of tolerance. She is always faintly amused at everything, in particular herself. She does nice, thoughtful things for people, often going to a great deal of trouble. But is careless of their thanks, turning them aside with some languid witticism. And, as you already know, she is swell looking.

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a director has played some pranks on a fellow worker.

At one time William Beaudine, the director, and Johnny Hines were working on adjoining sets. There was plenty of good-natured fun making in spare moments. As Hines was trying to get an unusual effect into a tense scene, Beaudine sneaked over to the set with a revolver and fired it off in the middle of the scene. At the report—which sounded like a Big Bertha in a whispering gallery—the unusual effect wanted was more than attained.

Even the producer is sometimes the prey of the practical joker. The head of a unit, making a daily visit to his company on location, was served with the regular box lunch, which had cost the company forty cents at wholesale. Loudly and enthusiastically he remarked that he couldn't see how any caterer could serve three kinds of sandwiches, fruit, vegetables, pie, cake, and candy for such a price. Next day when he opened his lunch box he had even more to marvel at for, some practical joker had tampered with the contents and inserted a fifteen-cent cigar. You may be sure that all who were listening got a great kick out of the producer's discourse on the marvels of effective catering!

Of course, some jokes go too far, or are played on people with too much authority and too little inclination to take a joke on themselves. Sometimes the perpetrators of the jokes find themselves walking the streets looking for jobs—which is no joke at all.

A certain director was behind on his schedule and was hurrying through some comedy scenes. He was trying to get a shot of the comedian smoking an explosive cigarette. The nervous actor tried cigarette after cigarette, but there was no explosion. An acquaintance, for a joke, had substituted ordinary cigarettes for the explosive ones. As one “take” after another was pronounced “No Good,” the actor got more and more nervous in waiting for the explosion, and the director got madder and madder at the waste of time and effort. When the culprit was discovered, he was disconnected from the pay roll. Few studio jokes go to this length, however. Generally the victim of the prank grins and bears it—and takes the first opportunity to turn the tables on the joker.

Sometimes, of course, the practical joker becomes a nuisance, and everybody wishes he would remove himself to the regions where snowballs are reported to have no chance. More often than not, however, with his merry credo that every day on the calendar is as good as April 1st for putting one over on some luckless person, he offers a welcome diversion during some tedious wait. He has his sins, but he keeps studio life from getting monotonous.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

Speaking of tennis naturally reminded Fanny of Matt Moore, as every one plays on his court.

"Matt is making a picture out at Universal. Matt, Lilyan Tashman, Alice Day, and Edmund Burns are in the cast, and it is being directed by Ernest Laemmle, who, for two years, was Lubitsch's assistant. It is a farce comedy, and such a story as you would expect Lubitsch to make. "Matt and Lilyan are tremendously enthusiastic over it. It looks as though we shall have another director for the sophisticates—and you'll admit there is a crying need for one."

"Incidentally, Alice's contract with M-G-M, expired just a few weeks ago, and now they want her to come back to do another series of pictures with Lew Cody. That may seriously interfere with her tennis career."
with microscopes searching for new horseback heroes. First National came across Ken. And there he is, sitting pretty, on his horse, Tarzan.

Eileen and Josie Sedgwick are from Galveston. Just two more girls from the convent—you know, I don't guarantee that all these girls really went to convents; I only know they all say they did. Ursuline, in Galveston, was their school, and then they went out and got on the stage, in vaudeville, and stock, and musicals. In those days, even more than now, screen players were recruited largely from the stage, and the Sedwicks had arrived on the Universal lot and began their horseback riding and serializing. They haven't been doing much lately: in fact, Eileen seems to have gone to a numerologist about it, because she has decided to change her name to Gretal Yolz, beginning with her current rôle in "Yellow Contraband," for Pathé. Perhaps her adviser knows best, but as for me, I'm just as glad I don't have to wake up in the morning and remember that my name is Gretal Yolz.

Speaking of serial stars, there's Allene Ray, from San Antonio. She started her career on the stage; so far as I know, she didn't go to a convent, and that must have been a handicap from the start. But she got along all right. A year on the stage, with a chance to meet all the right people, professionally speaking. Several years in Lubin pictures, and since then Allene has probably hung down the sides of more cliffs than almost any one else in the movies.

Of course, there are lots of other players from Texas, but we haven't space for histories of them all. This is only a story of the stars and featured players. And perhaps, in closing, something should be said about Tarzan. Going by the box-office, after all, he is the State's namesake, whether the citizens like it or not. Texas was born in Waco, and grew up there and in Virginia. She came to New York, a little girl looking for a big hand—and she got it. A stage career in Winter Garden shows, in vaudeville, and in movies. All this before she became the two-gun woman of the movies. And then she turned out to be the most famous night-club hostess in the world, as any visitor to New York soon finds out. Padlocks can't stop her—Texas goes down the street and opens another club.

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When the Spirit Moves

Continued from page 43

tile task," she said. "It seems ridiculous to me to hear people talk about throwing themselves into a rôle and 'living' it. Acting is an art that requires technique rather than inspiration. If an artist is painting a prize fight, he doesn't become pugilistic for the time being, any more than he puts on a military uniform to paint a parade. He uses the colors deliberately, to get the effects he wants. That is the way the workmanlike actor uses his equipment, I think, to bring response from the audience.

"I know that many fine players feel that they throw themselves into a rôle, but I imagine they are mistaken. If you throw yourself into a thing so emotionally, how in the world can you refrain from overdoin' and exaggerating? Have you ever seen a grief-stricken old lady in real life? Or a hysterical mother? They are overacting from a technical point of view. If you played a part that realistically, it would probably register nothing at all, except laughter."

Repression, said Miss Dresser, is the keynote of all good acting, pointing to the early Biograph pictures made by Griffith as the first fine examples of subtlety. This very suggestive quality made them stand out from the ordinary programs surrounding them.

"Of course, you know that William Gillette used to have his troupe play more loudly than he himself, in order to make his own acting seem all the more repressed and natural. On the screen repression is even more necessary than on the stage, because the camera is catching every gesture, every expression, often in greatly magnified form. On the stage much is missed. A tendency to underline or overplay passes unnoticed, but on the screen it strikes a sour note immediately.

"Good screen acting demands soft pedaling. Look at Menjou, expressing with an eyebrow what many an actor stands on his head to get across. Look at Walthall—one of the finest pantomimists we have—allways shading a gesture, suggesting rather than detailing. Look at Chaplin!"

And, interrupting the lady, permit me to suggest that when you are in search of fine artistry, vital characterization, supreme subtlety, look at Louise Dresser!

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 53

Lorelei Entertain.

Acquainted as she is to accomplishing her minutest deeds in the grand manner, according to the best Broadway standards, when Lorelei Lee came to New York, she penned the invitations to her tea party. They, read like this:

Surely you have not forgotten me since I have been in Hollywood. I am not alone in wondering how you can have, because of the party I gave last time.

And I will arrive in New York on Saturday, and I will be just as glad to see you as I was before, and if you remember the last party you know how glad I will be.

I hear that all the very nicest people are staying at the Savoy-Plaza, so of course I will go right there, and I want you to come there to my party on Tuesday, between four thirty and seven o'clock.

Do not ask for Lorelei Lee, because, you see, I have been to Hollywood, and I have appeared before the camera in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—from the diary I wrote—when you come there they call me Ruth Taylor, who is playing your part of Lorelei Lee.

I do hope you will be there, because I want only the finest people.

Signed Lorelei Lee per Ruth Taylor.

Now Ruth Taylor is the petite miss whose baby stare brings forth diamond tears from kind gentlemen.

The afternoon gathering at which Miss Taylor presided as hostess, was marked by the inimitable stamp of decorum and a rigid adherence to all the amenities. And, of course, all the best people were there—their best behavior was there, too. Lorelei adhered to all the principles of her training—I mean her composure was admirable.

A Lady Chaplin.

Beatrice Lilly, whose drolleries were transferred to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn some months ago, played hostess across the footlights one afternoon at the Globe Theater, where she's playing in "She's My Baby," to visitors from Hollywood in general and members of the film colony in particular. Miss Lilly was as great a favorite in California as she is in New York, and her quondam associates accepted her invitation with alacrity. Among those who can vouchsafe for the wonderful time had by all are Lyra de Putti, May Allison, Priscilla Dean who, by the way, did a vaudeville turn in New York at the Palace, Eugene O'Brien, two recruits from the stage, Al Jolson and George Jessel.
Hollywood High Lights
Continued from page 94

Tom told us a lot about his plans for making films in South America. It's a unique expedition, but somehow we can't seem to feel that Tom will be away long.

Louise Suffers for Love.
"I long for a perfumed dandy," exclaimed Louise Fazenda.
"Why, what's the matter?" asked one of her friends, amazed at her outburst.

"Oh, the only kind of people who ever fall in love with me, in my pictures, are street sweepers, chimney cleaners and fertilizer manufacturers. Either somebody who is very dusty, or smelly, or smutty. Oh, for a sheik just once!"

It's a fact that in "Five-and-ten cent Annie" Louise does fall in love with a Boulevard janitor, while in her next film she herself runs a lunch-counter, odoriferous with fried onions.

Such is the life of the comic Juliet.

Emissaries from Arabia.

Gazelle hounds have been added to Hollywood's aristocratic collection of poodles—poodles being still the film-colony word for dogs.

The gazelle hounds are prized inhabitants of kennels belonging to Pola Negri. She imported them from their native Arabia, and they are supposed to be of a breed that were popular in the days of the Pharaohs and of Cleopatra.

They remind one a little of the Russian wolfhound, but wear a wanly poigniant and wistful expression that perhaps reflects the cosmic weight of being of such ancient lineage.

Pola is soon quitting Paramount, we hear, and will probably join United Artists.

More Wedding-bell Discords.

We must hasten to add here that the roseate impression that we conjured earlier in this column of the romance between Madge Bellamy and Logan Metcalf seems all wrong. There have been rumors of their separation, and at this rate their wedded life lasted less than a month. Difficulties, arose, we assume, over Madge's pursuing her career, which has been singularly flourishing lately. Nevertheless, Mr. Logan did kiss Madge's cheek at the theater, because we saw him.

Troubles of Jacqueline Logan and Robert Gillespie recently reached the courts, while Helene Costello and James Regan, wedded only six or seven months ago, are reported estranged.

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The Little Poses of the Stars

Continued from page 18

to mingle with people. She is lonely, unhappy, homesick—and she does not care for pictures. She has shrunk herself in mystery.

And yet, when Greta had differences with Metro-Goldwyn over her contract, she showed herself a shrewd and resourceful woman, with definite ideas of staying in the movies and getting as much money and as great an opportunity out of them as possible.

What of the aloofness—and the mystery? If it is an act, it is a good one. Greta has won alluring and interesting roles for herself by virtue of these characteristics. Is she really indolent and indifferent—and just a little stupid? Or is she very, very clever?

Pola Negri is a disciple of the grande dame school. She is ever the tragedy queen, who prates loftily of art and what not, with grateful gestures of her lovely, pale hands. So imbued is she with these artificialities that she becomes distinctly dull in conversation. She so seldom says anything real.

But Pola furnishes great copy for the newspapers, by reason of the things she does. Her love affair with Rudolph Valentino and her subsequent picturesque grief over his death—with her very becoming widow’s weeds and her tragic haunting eyes—all followed so soon by her joyful marriage to a handsome foreigner. These things furnished newspaper copy for months.

It really does not matter what she says, so long as what she does is intriguing.

Lor Chaney has a reputation for mystery. I have never been able to discover exactly why. He is a clever actor, a good contortionist, and is diabolically handy with a make-up box. But for the rest he seems an ordinary enough person, a kindly, businesslike man, leading a quiet and uneventful life.

But for years he refused to give an interview to the press, with the result that the press concluded that there was some fascinating mystery about him which he wished to hide. He admitted that he was mysterious, and so Hollywood, with its customary mai-vet, conceded it to be true and did much speculating about him. He has changed his tactics recently and granted interviews here and there. But there have been no startling revelations, and I have about reached the conclusion that the chief reason people think Chaney is mysterious is because he says he is.

There are numerous examples of this insistence upon certain characteristics in Hollywood. Clara Bow’s boredom, Eleanor Boardman’s penchant for saying startling things, Evelyn Brent’s hauteur—which is really a mask to hide her shyness—Billy Haines’ eternal wise-cracks, Florence Vidor’s recently acquired British intonation of speech, Noah Beery’s Shakespearean manner, Betty Bronson’s childishness.

It is not always a pose. As often as not, it is simply a matter of an individual putting what he considers his best foot foremost. But it is one of the things which make Hollywood the most amusing place in the world.

And, as I have said before, it is good business.

The Stroller

Continued from page 57

Constance, Buster, and the other members of the troupe departed, and the fallen gladiator came out, still slightly balmy, on the arm of his friend, the marquis, looking for all the world like a dejected boxer leaving the ring at the Hollywood Legion stadium. So strongly, in fact, did the whole picture affect me, that I gave him a bit of applause as he passed my table.

In return, the marquis gave me the dirtiest look I’ve seen in a long time.

I am now about to say, for the seventh millionth time since the movie industry started, that Hollywood is just a small town after all.

Donald Reed, leading man, ap-

Continued on page 114
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The Stroller

Continued from page 112

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ALIAS THE THUNDERBOLT
MR. CLACKWORTHY, CON MAN
THE OUTLAW TAMER
PETALS OF CATNAY
THE GIRL FROM SHANTY CREEK
POWDERED PROOF
THE TWO-GUN KID
BUCER MONEY
GRIZZLY GALLAGHER
THE AVENGING TWINS COLLECT
BEYOND THE FRONTIER
MIRADOR TREASURE
WESTERN TOMMY
THE MAN WHO AWOKE
THE CARVED TRAIL
THE EGGED TOOL
ARIZONA GOLO
THE AVENGING TWINS HAWKS OF HAZARDO
HONEY OF DANGER
DANOIT'S HONOR
THE HOUSE OF CARSON
SILVER SPURS

75c
Per Copy

CHELSEA HOUSE
Publishers
79-97 Seventh Ave.
New York City

The Stroller

Continued from page 112

peared at the studio ready to go on location.
"You're supposed to be wearing your overcoat in this scene, Don," said the script clerk, whose duty it is to watch for mistakes.
"I left it at the tailor's," the actor explained. "I'll get it on my way down to location.

At the tailor shop the coat was not to be found, though the place was searched from rafters to cellar.
"Oh, yes, it was a blue coat, wasn't it?" said the tailor finally. "I wore it home last night."

A certain amount of ironic justice occasionally is meted out in Hollywood.

A few years ago Emmett Flynn was one of the foremost directors in Hollywood, having made a reputation with "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and his brother, Ray Flynn, was his assistant.

Emmett quickly won the reputation of being upstage and hard to get along with, though his brother was contrastingly obliging and agreeable. Consequently it has afforded some satisfaction to a good many of their associates to witness the parallel careers of the brothers Flynn.

Emmett, since his last contract expired, has not worked in many months. His brother meanwhile, by industry and application, has become a director and is said to be advancing rapidly. Incidentally, he is a director of Fox pictures, the same organization which failed to renew his big brother's last contract.

Success, by the way, probably takes more strange ups and downs in the movies than anywhere else in the world.

Jack Mulhall left the stage a few years ago to go into the movies and starred for a while in Westerns and serials.

He played leads in a number of the larger feature productions and, when it seemed he was destined to take his place as one of the most popular players, he began to decline. Poverty Row got him for a while, in the cheapest of pictures.

Now he's back, bigger than ever. A contract with First National started him on the way, and after playing leads with Colleen Moore and other stars of that outfit, he was co-starred with Dorothy Mackaill in a series of light comedies.

His popularity has increased so rapidly that the company has announced its intention of advancing him to stardom on his own. The first of his pictures will be "The Butter and Egg Man."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65


"Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Superficial and unsatisfying. However, the beautiful sets and romantic situations will make it a box-office attraction. The principals are John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, George Fawcett, and Brandon Hurst.

"Loves of Carmen"—Fox. Robust and entertaining, but not much like the original "Carmen." Dolores del Rio is the ragamuffin gypsy heroine, Don Alvarado her soldier lover, and Victor McLaglen the torcador who comes between them.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian circus queen, her clown sweetheart, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in implausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a countess leads to his death at the hands of the Bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.

"My Best Girl"—United Artists. Mary Pickford's latest, and one of her best. Tale of stock girl in the 5-and-10 who falls in love with a new clerk—Buddy Rogers—without knowing he's the owner's son.

"The Noose"—First National. Thrilling story of Richard Barthelmess as a bootlegger who commits murder to save his mother's name, though he doesn't know her. He is acquitted with the aid of his mother—with neither of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnapped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"On Your Toes"—Universal. Sparkling. Reginald Denny as a prize fighter, whose grandmother thinks he is an aesthetic dancing teacher. High spot in film when grandma pays him an unexpected call. Barbara Worth and Mary Carr.

"Pajamas"—Fox. Pleasant picture of spoiled millionaire's daughter in the
Canadian Rockies who is tainted and won by up-and-coming young man. Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of concieved little prig-herder who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by a heroic act.

"Poor Nut, The"—First National. Jack Mulhall in consistently amusing comic film of shy young student who pretends to his girl that he is an athletic hero and has a bad time living up to it when she unexpectedly comes to this his home.

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—First National. While the picture has no connection with the book, it is funny enough to stand on its own merits. Lee Tracy has the important role, others being Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, and Alice White.

"Quality Street"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel in delightful version of Barrie's charming comedy of denary English girl who waits twelve years for her soldier lover, and then has to wait him back.

"Road to Romance, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century who, to save the fair Sarah Stone, devotes himself to the role of a pirate.


"Shanghaied"—F. O. B. Surprisingly good. Tale of the water front and a seagoing hero who is中外girl lovingly because he thinks she has double crossed him. Ralph Ince and Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Silk Legs"—Fox. Gay and entertaining picture of two young people representing rival hosiery firms and the consequent result. Madge Bellamy is vivacious and engaging. James Hall and Maude Fulton.

"The Silver Slave"—Warner. Irene Rich ingenues performance of mother who sacrifices the man she loves to give her daughter wealth. When daughter encourages an adventuress to be his, he tries to be interesting in him. Every ending happily ends, Audrey Ferris, Holmes Herbert, and John Miljan.

"Sorrell and Son"—United Artists. Adapted from the novel. Story of the devotion between a father and son reaching climax when son gives father death-dealing drug to end his suffering. H. B. Warner, Anna O. Nilsson and Helen Westcott.

"Spring Fever"—Metro-Goldwyn. Very amusing golf-fiend farce. William Haines delightful as young office clerk who suddenly finds himself engaged with a wealthy country-club set, including a rich heiress—Joan Crawford.


"Student Prince, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer in charming film adaptation of "Old Heidelberg"—the story of a boy prince at the famous university and of his pathetic romance with the innkeeper's daughter.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of the social life of the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"Texas Steer"—First National. Will Rogers a cow-puncher elected to Congress as a result of his wife's social position.W. C. Fields and daughter attempt to crash society with disastrous results. Louise Fazenda and Ann Rork.

"The Thirteenth Juror"—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unscrupulous crime lawyer who can save himself only by compromising the woman he loves. Francis X. Bushman is unique as the lawyer and Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon capably assist him.

"Toppy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a happy-go-lucky girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's runnning sloop.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Exciting screen version of this old-time favorite. Full of thrills, horrors, laughter and tears. Arturo Domin Carollo, Margaret Fisher and George Siegmann.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and is a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

"The Valley of the Giants"—First National. Lumber-camp story, and the efforts of a son to save his father from ruin by competitors. He makes a heroic rescue of the heroine and her father, Milton Sirotork Keynon, and George Fawcette all help to make this an excellent picture.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an accident, is taken on as a night club, with romantic results.

"West Point"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining and lively. William Haines at his best as the smartest younger who pool-pools with the military, shortly, but finally, subdued. Joan Crawford and William Bakewell.

"Wild Goose"—Tiffany-Stall. Poignant drama of a mislaid Minnesota farmer, who keeps his wife in fear of exposing the fact that he is not her husband. Malvolio Hardy, a rich, clever, not a-and Anthony Steel. Others are the rebellion. Other.

"Nationwide"—National. No WOMAN need suffer the mental distress and the physical discomfort caused by underarm perspiration if she will use NONSPI (an antiperspirative) and (b) skin baby. NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration but it can destroy the odor and does not prevent perspiration to the parts of the body where there is better evacuation.

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"The Spotlight"—Paramount. Unconventionally slow picture. Producer trains an unknown girl, giving her a run about on a screen tour as a sensation from Europe. Esther Ralston, Neil Hamilton, and Nicholas Soussanin are excellent.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Handsome story, usually handled itself in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a damn devotion for her, only to be detected in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story ruined by too much slapstick. Janet Gaynor in role of girl who takes a job as maid in the home of her bete's business and generally pins him through putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Ray Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore is the secondarily essayed, artistically sincere version of "Manon Lescaut," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscarries the story.

"Wise Wife, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Tedious film of a wife who cures her husband of a love affair by taking his ladylove into the household. Phyllis Haver, Tom Moore and Jacqueline Logan.

"The Wizard"—Fox. Unskillful mystery film. A "professor" grants a man's head on body of a chimpanzee, training him to kill. Edmund Lowe, a reporter, solves the mystery, with the help of Lella Hyans, as Anne, who kills the beast.

**Information, Please**

Continued from page 103

will always be found there—but not for some months. In "Naughty But Nice," Paul Carrol was played by Donald Reed. He was born in Mexico City, July 24, 1902. He weighs one hundred and sixty and has brown hair and eyes. His real name is Ernesto Avila Guilliano and he began his career in 1966. His first film was, "The Fearful." He was in two pictures, "Soft Living" and "Square Crooks." Doug, Jr., was born December 9, 1910; six feet tall. His recent pictures include: "Women Love Diamonds," "Is Zat So?" "A Texas Steer," and "Dead Man's Curve." He has played in too many films for a complete list here. George Lewis' biography doesn't give his height or age. His first good role was in "His People," followed by "The Old Scoot." In "Alibi," "The Hollywood Legend"—series of two reels—"The '40s," and "The Symphony." Neil Hamilton was born September 9, 1898. He has appeared in many films. His recent pictures include: "The Joy Girl," "The Spotlight," "The Shield of Honor," "Eternal Silence," and "Nothing Ever Happens." Louise Brooks is Mrs. Edward Sutherland. She is very brittle, five feet two in height, and weighs one hundred and twenty. No, I can't think of any stars with birthdays on December 17th or August 29th.

A MARY BRIAN, WILLIAM HAINES FAN—Dear, Miss Haines: Fancyme Fane starred in the November Picture Play, said the Elephants' March should have been played for Mary Brian's entrance in "Shanghai Boulevard." "We're going to make you famous!" Far be it from me to say, right out in print, that a girl has grown plump. As to whether Mary will ever be starred, that's in the laps of the gods, or rather, of the bookers. Yes, she played opposite Raymond Griffith in "A Regular Fellow." The rest of the cast included Tyrone Power, Edward Gortor, Nig Young and Sydney Toler. Thelma Todd plays opposite him in "The Gay Defender." William Haines is five feet tall.

F AND C—If you're going to write fan letters to all those stars who you ask about—and receive answers—you'll need a new branch post office all your own, won't you? Jack Holt did not work for months after the termination of his Paramount contract. But he recently made a picture for Columbia called "The Tigress." Jack was born May 13, 1888. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. He started his career in 1906. His first film was, "The Fearful." He and his wife, Betty and a stepchild—Betty and Tim are his children; Imogene is Mrs. Holt's daughter by a former marriage. Larry Kent and Barbara Kent are not related, so far as I know. Larry's latest picture is a Pathé serial called "The Masked Man." He has not married. Nancy Walker's "Texas" is not at present under contract to any film company. James Hall is twenty-seven. Baby Peggy is ten years old; she has no studio address, as she isn't working in pictures now. Beside Love's latest film is "Dress Parade." Rin-Tin-Tin is owned by Lee Duncan. Write to Warner Brothers for a picture of the dog. "Our Gang" comedies are made at the Hal Roach studio, Culver City, California. I suppose Mary in these comedies is little Mary Kornman, as they've used "Mary" in Hollywood. A little girl is being played in Norway. He appears in "Sunrise," January Gaynor, Douglas MacLean, Edmund Burns, Jane Winton, Mabel Cottrell, and Mildred Davis. He is very kind in Philadelphia. I know of no film stars who were born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. As to what stars answer their fan mail, that is something you will have to find out by writing to them.

DOT—If you call your questions a "few," what happens when you really feel curious? That's all right, though—don't let me discourage you! Yes, Bon Lyon uses his real name. I should think he must be of English descent. Gloria's real name is not "Gloria Ma." No, I don't know sound Swedish to you? John Harron has been working in Tiffany pictures lately; try him at that studio, Culver City. As for Carroll Nye, I believe he is under contract to no one; at least accounts, he was working at F. B. O. Richard Dix was born in 1895. Colleen Moore is said to be the most glamorous female on the screen. The men, Lon Chaney gets the most fan mail. The Chadwick studio is at 1440 Gower Street, Hollywood. Malcolm McGregor is the man with the full face. He's best in the fan mail. Jason Robards also free lectures. Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel played the leads in "Memory Lane." As to why Ramon Novarro doesn't answer his fan mail, I thought he did—or rather, that Metro-Goldwyn answered it for him.

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HELEN HUNT.—Well, Helen, it really is too bad you missed "The Dark Angel," for in addition to featuring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, it was one of the best pictures of its year. It was produced by First National, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write to that company to request another showing in your city, or ask the manager of your movie theater for a repeat engagement. As the picture is only about two years old, it is possible that it may still be playing in a small theater or two.

JOAN.—Joan Crawford has certainly made good on the screen. Every one likes her. Her eyes are blue, and her hair is brown. Why, "The Public Enemy," and a dozen other pictures. I suppose she is of French descent, for her real name is Lucille Le Sueur. She was born in San Antonio, but the record is that she was born in Ohio. I don't know about her exact birth date, but believe she was born in 1905. She ran away from home to go on the stage, and appeared in several big productions. Her stage career lasted about three seasons, then Harry Rapf, of Metro-Goldwyn, discovered her. Her film career began early in 1925, when she joined the Metro company and spent several months learning the rudiments of screen acting and playing bits and small parts. She appeared in "In Old Kentucky Country," then played the role of "Mae" in "The Divine Madman"—released in February, 1926. Other films she has played in include "Old Clothes," "The Ten Commandments," "The UNDERSTANDING HEART," "Twelve Miles Out," "The UNKOWN," "Spring Fever," and "Business Wives."

STATISTICAL.—That's a good word to stutter on. You can usually stomach it much slower when you answer to your other letters. The trouble with you fans is that you forget to allow me time for the magazine to be printed in, with today's delays, I can't get the screen, and have made more money in the real-estate business than she ever made in pictures. The Volga Boatman" was filmed in California, where, according to WillIAM BOYD and Elinor Fair, she was engaged while they were working together in that picture. In view of the great number of age anniversaries that you ask for, I am mentioning here only those which are not given elsewhere in this department. Mary Brian is five feet tall; weight, 100. She is divorced, five feet five and a half; weight, 120. No age given, Esther Ralston, five feet five; weight, 125. Sally O'Neill was born October 23, 1908; height, five feet one and a half; weight, 104. Rene Adoree, five feet two; weight, 105. She was born about 1901. Dolores Costello is five feet four and a half; weight, 108. Marcondis was born April 24, 1906; she is five feet three; and weighs 104. Phyllis Haver was born January 6, 1901; height, six feet; weight, 126. Pola Negri was born December 3, 1897; height, five feet four; weight, 120.

REDHED.—No, indeed, I don't mean red-headed when you say brunet. I did say Clara Bow was brunet and, by nature, she is. But she likes the color of her hair, and I'd have to see her frequently to be accurate about its color. I understand that just now it is—well, sort of papa. Gloria Swanson's hair is that shade of brown which has red lights in it and might almost be considered auburn. Merna Nobile and Norma Normand both have dark-brown hair. John Barrymore's hair is definitely auburn; Hope Hampton's is titian, and so is Gloria Hope's, Jane Winton, Ruth Roland and Merna Kennedy—Chapel's new leading lady—all have auburn hair.

B. B.—I don't wonder you had an argument as to who played opposite Valentino in "The Good Bad Girl." John Barrymore's film was "The Good Bad Girl." It was released in 1926. "The Good Bad Girl" and "The Good Bad Girl" were the heroines. Carmel Myers was the vamp. You perhaps confused that film with Valentino's "Blood Splatter," which had three leading ladies—Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Doris Kenyon. Lila Lee was the heroine in "Blood Splatter." No, Nita Naldi was the vamp. It was Colleen Moore who played in "Flaming Youth," and that was the picture that made her famous. "Avalanche" featured Blanche Sweet, with Randolph Scott, George Marston and Eugene Beiser, playing with her. Forrest Stanley was the hero in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It starred William Haines.

LOLA.—So you'd like to get the letters that I do? You'd have to answer them all, and that's something else again. Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905. A fan club in her honor was organized by Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. Betty Bronson was born November 17, 1906; Correspondence Club—Mary Campbell, 306 West Cleas, Texas. Esther Ralston was born September 17, 1902; fan club—Mabel Hill, 1250 South Normal Street, Chicago, Illinois. Richard Dix was born January 19, 1895; fan club—Harold R. Revie, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario. Cleve Brook was born June 1, 1893; no fan club. William Haines was born January 1, 1901; club—Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. William Royal Club—Eve J. Robinson, 1216 West Eighth Street, Wilmington, Delaware. William Novar was born February 6, 1899; club—Henry Daviero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California. Also, Dorothy Val- laston, 1153 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio. James Hall was born October 22, 1900. William Collier, Jr., was born February 12, 1902. Mary Prentice, 1898; no club. William J. Keeler was born November 6, 1907; no fan clubs that I know of for any of these last four players.

RIN RON—I'm afraid you're doomed to disappointment. America hasn't claimed Rin Ronke for its film industry long enough for only one picture, in fact, "Surrender." He has already returned to Europe, where he now is making a film in the Ufa studios. He was born in Tuzla, Russia, thirty years ago. He is five feet eleven. He studied law in Moscow, and then joined the circus. He entered a French theater, which brought him to America several years ago. I don't know just how many European pictures he played in; a French film "The Flying Dead Man," which he made with Louis Mercier, several years ago, was shown in New York last September, and "Michael Strogoff" was released by Universal. He also appeared in a French film version of Casanova's life; this picture has, so far, not been seen in America. Ivan is not married.

MISS DOLLY.—Yes, your questions are kept carefully by me. But I just think how I can fool Satan. He'll never find any mischief for my idle hands—or rather, he can't find the idle hands! I'm going to make a play in a French film version of Casanova's life; this picture has, so far, not been seen in America. Ivan is not married.
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 12

In Defense of Anna Q.
According to Kay Hunt's letter, L. B. D.'s particular aversion seems to be black, and he is quoted as saying, "I can't imagine a woman or an actress, in the picture, having on a stretch of sandy road, dry and hard and very gritty." L. B. D. must not be a "long-time" movie popularizer, because he didn't know that the beauty of Anna Q. is renowned the world over and that, earlier in her career, she posed for such artists as Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, and Frank Godwin, whose concept of the beauty of Anna's hair and profile is perfect. If these artists had been more impressed by blondes as L. B. D. is, Anna would have been out of luck, but, fortunately, they saw more than sheer beauty—she characterized and personality.

However, it is not the gorgeousness of Anna Q. that holds me spellbound so much as her ability to act, as her complete knowledge of the technique of dramatic art, the firmness of her character, and her frankness and her beauty. In her letters to me she is not Anna Q. Nilsson, the actress, but Anna Q.—my friend—an altogether charming, human young woman whom I adore, because of her frankness and her beauty and her friendship I treasure dearly.

If I have not already convinced you, L. B. D., that your statement does not apply to Miss Nilsson, I don't know what else I can say. True, she has been the victim of poor stories during the past year, but the performances she gave were always sincere, no matter what, and the pictures were only endurable because she interpreted each role with perfect understanding.

If the fans would only take the trouble to write constructive criticisms concerning the screen players, instead of de-structive criticisms about the players personally—what a wonderful department!
"What the Fans Think" would be! That doesn't necessarily mean that the players should only receive flatteries, which they despise, but instructive criticisms based on sound reasoning, with malice toward none. The odious comparisons of screen favorites recently seen on the fan page have become unbearable. It does not make the players feel any better, agitates the fans, and becomes boring to the neutral reader.

JANETTE RAYMOND.

2045 Clairmont Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Hollywood.

We eat to-day, we sold our rings:
We sigh in May, June are kings;
Why should we worry over things
In Hollywood?

Your gay array of courtiers bold
Have learned to do just what they're told,
And do it for quite little gold
In Hollywood.

Say, must we hang around and wait
Before this dirty garden gate,
While stars come in two hours late
In Hollywood?

Who is this maid of haughty mien?
You think she is a movie queen,
And yet says "I ain't" and "I seen"
In Hollywood.

Oh, see the funny-looking throng!
What keeps them standing there so long?
They want a job, 'less I am wrong
In Hollywood.

Here comes a man, what does he say?
"We don't need youse any more to-day;
The picture's just in, in my opinion.
In Hollywood.

Where one succeeds a million fail,
Alone to-day, to-morrow mail
From fans who wish you were in jail
In Hollywood.

You starve, you fight, you beg for fame
To put electrics round your name;
You're cursed, you're praised—it's all the same—
In Hollywood.

One star comes in, one star goes out;
The people raise a mighty shout;
"They can't know what they are about
In Hollywood."

The air is brisk, the sky is blue,
All out of work and so are you,
But kings must smile and you do, too.
In Hollywood.

Great shadow realm, you may mean fame,
But I call you the heartbreaking game;
You've just a list, a real man's
In Hollywood.

For all your faults I love you, too;
My dreams are all made up of troupers that
So I'll stick till I see it through
In Hollywood.

GRAHAM DALE.

600 West 157th Street, New York City.

A Review of "Love."

To all you Greta Garbo-John Gilbert fans, and to all you who aren't—go see them in "Love!" What a perfect and thrilling picture to those who admire Greta and John! And what a revelation picture to all those who, through some reason that cannot be understood, dislike them! It is beautiful. It is well acted. And, best of all, it is human.

Miss Garbo is the siren, as usual—more beautiful than ever, and so sincere that we loved and wept with her—and when those two qualities are combined, what a treat! I shall never tire of admiring this actress' talent and unusual fineness, but I was just a bit disappointed—oh, now, not in him! but in his role in the story—too unsympathetic a part for him. Even a woman's story that, naturally, it was Greta's picture from beginning to end. I somehow feel that Mr. Gilbert's acting was wasted. He could have given his time and talents to another picture which would be all Gilbert, and left the rather uninteresting rôle of t' rousy to some other actor less talented.

ELEANOR GARRISON.

6022 Twenty-ninth Avenue, N. E.,
Seattle, Washington.

Do You Think So?

The fans' department has always been a source of pleasure to me, but lately I often skip that section entirely. One is always certain to read of the fans debating to which he entered—John, Ronald, or Conrad—or who is lovelier. Greta or Vilma—to say nothing of that ever popular topic, "the foreign invasion."

And now the latest, printing the fans' personal specifications concerning the most intimate privacies of the stars' lives, it seems, is going a bit too far. It not only displays, ill taste on the fans' part, for writing such truths, but, in my opinion, cheapens the hitherto high standard of PICTURE-PLAY itself. Perhaps I am wrong, but for seemingly intelligent fans to wrangle over such affairs—of which they know nothing—is pardon me—dumb.

Malcolm Oettinger's interview with Olive Borden was a scream. If only more interviews were written as truthfully and entertainingly! These space little accounts of the stars are always intriguing and, in my estimation, never in any way lower a player. Two players whom I sincerely admire never get any breaks in the fan magazines. The one is Ethel Wales, than whom there is no better character actress. For six years now she has been featured in prominent roles, consistently, giving in each case a matchless performance, and most often stealing all honors from the coy heroine. Yet what recognition has she received for this?

The other is a male star. He isn't a sheik, is not even handsome, but he is a good actor, a very clever director, and, best of all, a real man. His picture has been smooth but unostentatious; his private life is perfect, and he has a wonderful wife and two adorable kiddies; he comes from a family of troops that are real American folks. Fans, take your hats off and salute a real man—Buster Keaton.

Just a word about Natalie Keaton. She seems to be the winner in the long run. Don't you think that, after all, she has proven the most successful of the Talmadge girls?

SHIRLEY HILTON.

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Los Angeles, California.

Addresses of Players.


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CONTENTS

What the Fans Think .......................................................... 8
A department for and by our readers.

A Sailor’s Sweetheart ......................................................... 15
Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro, in “Across to Singapore.”

Behind Locked Doors ....................................................... 16
Mary Philbin is guarded like a princess in a tower.

On the Threshold Pausing ................................................. 18
Pictures of stars before they became famous.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood ................................................. 19
The first installment of a fascinating serial.

An Infant Paradox .............................................................. 23
Though resembling a flapper, Sally Phipps possesses the wisdom of a Minerva.

All for Love of Vilma .......................................................... 24
Rod La Rocque’s devotion to his wife is truly romantic.

Over the Teacups ............................................................... 26
Fanny the Fan’s irrepressible chatter.

A Young Girl’s Fancy— Hollywood beauties display their springtime frocks.

When a Czar Goes Mad ...................................................... 32
Impressions of Emil Jannings at work on “High Treason.”

The Kid Herself .................................................................... 34
Clara Bow permits herself to be seen in person.

Favorite Picture Players ....................................................... 35
Full-page studies in rotogravure of eight of them.

“Rich”—As He Is ................................................................. 43
An analysis of Richard Dix.

The Stroller ....................................................................... 44
Pungent observations of a samariter in Hollywood.

Quick Lunch ..................................................................... 46
Glimpses of the Paramount studio café, with some startling statistics.

Hollywood High Lights ....................................................... 47
News of the movie colony in tabloid form.

Watch Him for a While ......................................................... 51
Lone Chandler bears inspection.

Colleen Attempts Tears ....................................................... 53
“Lilac Time” is a departure for Miss Moore.

Manhattan Medley ............................................................... 55
Fleeting close-ups of the stars as they dash through New York.

Don’t Let His Smile Fool You ............................................. 59
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is serious in spite of it.

Continued on the Second Page Following

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Paramount Pictures
### Contents—Continued

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>By</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>They May Have Been Your Neighbors</td>
<td>Alma Talley</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biographical data about stars born in the Middle West.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Confidential Guide to Current Releases</td>
<td>Norbert Lusk</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brief tips on many pictures now showing.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Screen in Review</td>
<td>Myrtle Gebhart</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A critical estimate of new films.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Their Rôles Fit Them</td>
<td>Madeline Glass</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casting by psychology is Hollywood's latest move.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Among Those Present</td>
<td>H. A. Woodmansee</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bits of information about the less-prominent players.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the First Flush</td>
<td>Lulu Case Russell</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An interview with a successful newcomer—Lape Velez</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make It Funnier</td>
<td>A. L. Wooldridge</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The pains taken to make comedies more comic.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Can the Fan Please the Star?</td>
<td>Myrtle Gebhart</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A summary of successful efforts.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Cracked Their Shell</td>
<td>L. O. Hester</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The great moment when certain players &quot;found&quot; themselves.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are You Going to Hollywood?</td>
<td>The Picture Oracle</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then by all means study the slang of the studios.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tweeds and Twills</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Photographs of Richard Arlen showing how to wear them.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Information, Please</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Answers to readers’ questions.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## CINDERELLA SAYS GOOD-BY

She's gone out of business, you see. There isn't a place in Hollywood any more for the poor little Cinderella, who is "discovered" by some one and is made a star by sunrise next morning. It isn't done any more and never was done, really, though the legend has persisted with the help of the press agents. The so-called Cinderellas to-day have all worked hard to get where they are—some of them for years. Janet Gaynor, for one, played for two years in Fox pictures before she made her great hit in "Seventh Heaven." Whereupon was born the legend that she was just another Cinderella, a nobody who had never acted before. What of her long apprenticeship as an extra? No one knows so well as Janet what she endured then. In Picture Play for July the truth about all the so-called Cinderellas will be told by William H. McKeg, who explodes the myth completely.

### Welcome the Plump Heroines

Give a hand to girls like Ann Rork, Renee Adorée, Audrey Ferris, and others who have the courage of their convictions in conserving their curves, and making no attempt to reduce them to the proportions of a pencil or a lathe. Myrtle Gebhart will tell you next month all about these girls and how they feel on the subject of their acknowledged plumpness. Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview with Dolores del Rio will present the Mexican star in a new light, and Margaret Reid's analysis of Vilma Banky will delight admirers of both writer and star, while the best, because the most unusual, story ever written about Zasu Pitts will explain her unique charm. These are but a few random items chosen from Picture Play's richly filled pages next month.
I was just about to enter the room when...
Possibly the readers of Picture Play would be interested in knowing something about the players as I have seen them going about their business or their pleasures.

When I was in the Paramount restaurant, not long ago, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Ford Sterling came in together. Wallace was wearing a long, flannel nightgown, and he held it out and danced to his table. He is usually clowning, and is pleasant and friendly. William Powell lunched there, too. His eyes give him his sinister appearance. He has long eyes with a light-blue iris surrounded by a dark ring. His hair is dark and curly. A ready laugh and a sociable, fun-loving nature make him popular. His is one of the few names that will draw me into the theater. I am always certain he will give an interesting performance, regardless of what the story may be.

The members of the "Abie's Irish Rose" company were lunching. Jean Hersholt, who plays Abie's father, wore a misfit dress suit belonging to Wallace Beery. If there is any player who can laugh more heartily, or get more enjoyment out of a joke than Jean Hersholt, I don't know him. Bernard Gorcey, who has the role of Cohen, lunched with Mr. Hersholt. If he is half as funny on the screen as he is in real life, he will be a wow. Mr. Hersholt let his food get cold while he laughed at Mr. Gorcey's antics.

Charles Rogers plays Abie. He is a tall, slim boy with a nice smile and an unaffected manner. Nancy Carrol plays Rose. She is new to the screen, but was very popular here on the stage. She is a beautiful girl, if you like the baby-doll type. She has reddish-blond hair, a round face, round blue eyes and a babyish nose and mouth.

Myrtle Stedman is a beautiful woman with blond hair and fine, expressive eyes. She is friendly, sweet, and gracious. George Bancroft and Fred Kohler lunched together. Mr. Bancroft looks as he does on the screen, and laughs the same way. Watch Mr. Kohler, for he is coming right along as a heavy. How mean that man can be on the screen! And he is so friendly and pleasant in real life.

Richard Dix was there, looking very thin and shaky after a siege of "flu." You girls who adore Mr. Dix, how would you like to have him buy your breakfast for you? That is what happened to an artist friend and me when he was sent here to make "The Vanishing American." My friend had made a beautiful drawing of Mr. Dix and sent it to him. He replied with a nice letter and a photograph. When he came into the restaurant where we were having breakfast my friend spoke to him. He asked if he might share our table. I made room for him so that his fan could sit across from him. She sat there with her eyes fixed on her favorite.

My friend was getting along very nicely when she lost her head and spoiled it all. She told Mr. Dix that she adored him, and that she had gone to New York to be near him, only to find that he had been sent back to the Coast. I shall never forget the frightened expression on Richard's face, as he made haste to shake hands and say good-by. I suppose the poor chap had visions of another madwoman camping on his doorstep and making a pest of herself.

Most of the players look about as they do on the screen, but occasionally one surprises you. William Boyd, for example, photographs blond, but has gray hair. He is, I believe, about twenty-six years old and has been gray since he was nineteen.

Some of the players surprise you with their lack of height. John Gilbert, Douglas Fairbanks, Roy d'Arce, Adolphe Menjou, and Lewis Stone are a few who are not as tall as they appear on the screen. The players appearing with these stars are usually carefully handpicked not to overtop them, and the camera man shoots up at them, thus giving them the appearance of height. John Gilbert and Roy d'Arce look as they do on the screen. Douglas Fairbanks may own a hat, but he has never had it on when I have seen him. He is tanned as brown as an Indian. Lewis Stone is imposing on the screen, but in real life would not draw a second look. I saw him working with Barbara La Marr in her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," and he looked like a tired, old bookkeeper in evening clothes. He has almost white hair, dark eyes, and a small gray mustache. I enjoy Mr. Stone's acting, and usually go to see his pictures, but I wish he would not play the lover. He has reached the bless-you-my-children age.

Gilbert Roland photographs as he looks. He has black, curly hair and black eyes, and looks very Latin. He may be all the world to some fans, but to me he is only a trick eyebrow, a pair of side burns, and a hairy neck. How I would like to shave the back of that boy's neck!

[Continued on page 10]
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What the Fans Think

Reporting on Hollywood

Hollywood may not be the hole of iniquity it is so often pictured, neither is it a slum. A few one-horse photographers have heard that the stars shun night life, it is not so with the younger movie set. Joan Crawford, Aline White, Sally Blane, Virginia Valli, Marie Prevost, Genevieve Tobin and the popular girls can be seen at the Montmartre, Coconut Grove, the Biltmore, or any other accepted dancing place, week in and week out.

Another set in Hollywood, a little older, a little more established, includes Claire Windsor, Dolores del Ríó, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, and all the popular girls can be seen at the Montmartre, Coconut Grove, the Biltmore, or any other accepted dancing place, week in and week out. They have friendly, full of fun, and slangy, Sally Blane is coming along nicely, and if she is as talented as she is pretty, it won't be long before she will be a success.

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The fans are a very good looking, good sports, and superb humorists—in other words, as childlike and sophisticated as you can imagine. If you can, Claire Windsor going down a slide at Venice, Dolores del Ríó with a handful of popcorn, Estelle Taylor and Joyce Dempsey riding bicycles, waving their gorgeous Rolls-Royce for their guests, and Vivian and Rosetta racing through Santa Monica on bicycles, whooping like a pack of coyotes, I believe I have described these idols as I have seen them. They are so entertaining, so beautiful and compassionate, that I wish I knew them better. No wonder Hollywood is the magnet of eyes and ears of the world over.

San Francisco, California.

Some Stars in Review

Here are a few stars as I have seen them:

Mae Murray, My first impression—how disarming! My second—how breath-takingly lovely she must have been in her youth. Her once piquant face is now a perfect sphere, her little, pointed chin almost submerged in a second one by no means pointed; her beautiful body counts. She is almost the point of tenseness. Only her slim, twinkling legs and beccut-lunged arms remain as provocative as ever.

Bela Lugosi, Rolan. Very unpretentious at a casual glance. His hair is very long, black, and oily looking. When you look at him more closely you are held by his eyes—wonderful eyes, a magnet to those famous Gilbert Bills, Dave, and others.

I met them at the Duncans' beach house. They are a lovely set, natural, good sports, and superb humorists—in other words, as childlike and sophisticated as you can imagine. If you can, Claire Windsor going down a slide at Venice, Dolores del Ríó with a handful of popcorn, Estelle Taylor and Joyce Dempsey riding bicycles, waving their gorgeous Rolls-Royce for their guests, and Vivian and Rosetta racing through Santa Monica on bicycles, whooping like a pack of coyotes, I believe I have described these idols as I have seen them. They are so entertaining, so beautiful and compassionate, that I wish I knew them better. No wonder Hollywood is the magnet of eyes and ears of the world over.

San Francisco, California.
Ruth Taylor. No wonder gentlemen prefer blondes, if I may be permitted a banality. Her ability to wear clothes creates an illusion of height and dignity surprising in one so small. She has a beautiful figure, a piquant face, and a charming manner. Falmai, the director of the Italian, saw her in a scene of 'The Most Dangerous Game' and was not deceived without being conceived. She is not the Lorelei type at all—at least, not as Anita Loos portrayed her.

Florence Vidor. The most charming man-of-the-world type I have encountered. He is fascinating! Much better looking in person and exceedingly virile. He is deep, intriguing voice and a magnetic personality.

Rod La Rocque. Again superlatives fail me! Tall, magnificent carriage, impeccable clothes worn with the air of a prima donna, beautiful coloring, flashing eyes. My allegiance to Ronald Colman almost deserted me when I first saw Rod in person—and, oh, how I envied Vilma!

Forget Valentino! Never! In August, 1926, the world mourned the death of Rudolph Valentino. It was a great loss to our film world. He was an artist of the first rank, and an actor whose equal this generation had never known. Thousands, in apparent grief, crowded about his bereft home to catch a last fleeting glimpse of the man they so greatly admired, while thousands more sought comfort in writing of their sorrow. His unfair critics were silenced, while his merits praised him. Poets consoled us with all the beautiful words of heaven and earth. Even the great and the famous of other nations paid their regrets only with kindness and reverence.

In the natural course of all this respect and love, an elaborate and proper memorial was proposed to perpetuate his greatness, and to inspire others with his success. But now it seems that that was the end. A businesslike campaign for funds was never sponsored. A few fans fortunately procured the address of Valentine’s manager, and they sent their contributions to him.

The report now comes to me—sixteen monkeys are saved from death—that the amount so far collected is insufficient for anything worthwhile, while that Valentino still lies in a borrowed grave. Where are the thousands of loyal fans now?

Again the critics speak. They are less harsh than they were once—but they ask us to forget our Valentino! They misinterpret the dignity of our sorrow and call our words of praise “gush!”

Come, Fans. Since it has been the custom from ancient times to build monuments to those who are loved and honored, let us show a real effort to raise that fund originally planned to erect a monument in memory of Valentino—a monument of which all America can be proud.

Conrad Aiken. 604 Holly Avenue, Apartment 1, St. Paul, Minnesota.

What Does the Public Want? It certainly seems that a large number of directors and producers believe the public is afflicted with an inferiority complex—a taste for inferiority in films.

Why should some of the best pictures be accompanied by a bit of uncalled-for vulgarity—like a fine apple with a rotten spot?

Also, in this age mediety is no novelty, and most of us are fed up on it, while long-drawn-out love scenes are only poor comedy.

When "Pajamas" was shown at the local theater, a giggle was heard at the beauteously colored scenes. If a moment later the entire audience was in an uproar of laughter till the scene was over. Scenes of affection are enjoyable, but only in the case of scenes of amorous abandon justified.

The public is not wholly deprived in its taste, and it is time for some of our entertainers—ours. A WESTERNER.

Billings, Montana.

Plenty of Room for Old and New. I found unusual enjoyment in the story "The Battle of the Stars." It is a battle all right—in a sense, a battle of the players, producers, and public as well. The latter are wholly responsible for the success of a picture, the producers are responsible for others. But, alas, there are those whom Lady Luck seems to avoid—those who have met with success and then mysteriously lost their grip. Of those who once were real leaders in the movies there are many whom we, the public, would welcome back to their former glory. Mae Marsh, Clara Kimball Young, and numerous others will never be forgotten.

What about those aspiring youngsters who have gone on two pictures, only to be left to drift away in cheap pictures without ever realizing real fame and success?

There is room on the screen for all, and I, for one, do not think talent and personalities, still continuing to admire my old favorites as much as ever.

New York. EDWARD HUNTLEY.

Not Enough Praise for Lionel. There is one actor on the screen who is not particularly handsome, who never wins the heroine, and who never receives enough credit for his remarkable performances. Never, to my knowledge, have I read a word of praise for him in these or any other fan columns.

Recently, this great man gave an extraordinary performance, in "Drums of Love," so extraordinary, in fact, that I was never wholly interested in the film until his appearance. He rivalled the handsome Don Alvarado, and I fell in love, not with the latter, but, instead, with this remarkable man, with his hunched back and his ugly, yet kind, face. Seldom can I see such a tender and touching performance.

He is Lionel Barrymore—the man who has never given a mediocre performance, and whose achievement in "Drums of Love" tops a career overflowing with brilliant performances and who, in my opinion, has never received the credit due his marvelous acting ability.

Come on, Lionel Barrymore fans—for surely there are others who admire this talented actor—why not to write to "The Picture Fan" and let me be the one to express the appreciation which I have showered upon him. Show that you appreciate a good actor when you see one. ANNIE.

Now You Know. So "Another Fan" wonders how Joan Crawford arrived on the screen. Allow me, please, to tell you the real, honest-to-goodness talent and ability, allied with her individual beauty and radiant charm. What you have not arrived—she is here! Can you stay out of sight that before long we shall see her acclaimed—and rightfully—as the greatest emotional artist ever known.

S. Bowden. 34 Cadwalader Street, Portadown, County Armagh, Cheshire, England.

What the Fans Think.

Please Don’t Neglect Billy Haines! Why do so few readers write about Why Haines? I think he is a very valuable star. Why do so many Americans favor the passionate ardor of the Latin players, who may be good, but who obviously have not the finesse of the lovely lady or a bit more than gaze with burning intensity into their loved one’s eyes? Haines is universally liked—there is no question about that—but it annoys when no one does so much as a fuss about them, as they do about Gilbert and Novarro.

Billy Haines is more than a smart Alec. Any one who has seen him in "The Red Lane" and "The Little Journey" knows that he can be wistful and pathetic, as well as fresh and conceited. In "Tell It to the Marines" he stole the picture. He gives it as another example of his good acting.

A Shower of Flowers.

From the bouquets in my arms, I am going to toss a bunch of gladости to Edmund Lowe on his appearance of a day old in "The Purple Glory." Go on, Eddie, corner all the tough roles, if you must. Then get back into costume—the costume of a well-bred, handsome, handsome, man. I applaud. You’re such a versatile, Eddie, but you’re just the old, likable Edmund Lowe, whether you’re talking tough out of the corner of your mouth or refined euphemism.

Lars Hansen is a player who seems to live his parts. His acting grips you, holds you spellbound, and he dominates every scene. He was such a Captain Salivation, "Flesh and the Devil," and The Scarlet Letter.

A bouquet of roses for Leatrice Joy, whose smile is like a summer breeze. Leatrice is a Plant who is as cute as they come, and a first-class comedienne to boot; and flowers for the old reliables who have come back—Alice Lake and William Russell.

San Francisco, California.

Justified Raving.

Well fans, I’ve just seen “Seventh Heaven!” What would I do if I could express my heartfelt appreciation of the sincere beauty of this production? And Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell! What a lovely glow of love they give in their sortid surroundings, and what real feeling they put into their characterizations! They were such a perfect Anna and Charlie that I fear I shall not be able to see them in any other roles with the same enjoyment.

This wonderful production left me with one regret. If only "Seventh Heaven" was a sacred cow! In this day of our one-picture film! And why do we have to wait from one year to the next for an exceptional picture like this?

Don’t make a picture as splendid as "Seventh Heaven" make you realize that ordinary program pictures are more or less a waste of time and money? If my word has any influence—of course, it has—my slogan would be—and is—Down With Mediocrity!

CAPTAIN RAVENSHAWS.

Chicago, Illinois.

A Symphony of Stars.

My favorites suggest to me various compositions and composers. Lillian Gish, for example, is, in her sweet, sedate restraint, suggestive of Mendelssohn’s compositions.
What the Fans Think

Ramon, Ramon! I can see where Eldreda Peck will give up reading many magazines, if she is waiting for Ramon Novarro's press agent to say he has done something startling. Times have changed. There is no longer any necessity for any artist to do something startling in order to make himself known. They are just people who desire to be judged by their work and, like most humans, they desire to be respected. Ramon Novarro will not do anything extraordinary, merely to bring himself before the notice of a class of people who delight in reading the course of one's intimate life. Why is it that an artist's life is allowed to go unheeded until he becomes famous? Some of these people work hard to reach their ambition, yet as soon as they attain that height they find people are who are anxious to learn all, and often more than what is true about them.

Good luck to these screen folk who entertain us and brighten the lives of tired workers, and may Novarro's press agent ever remain the wise person he is at present, and forbearing toward him. He is really a splendid actor with a frank, boyish character, who chooses to remain exclusive.

Sydney, Australia.

Sounds Good, Anyway.

Why all the agitation about youth versus age? Youth and age are states of mind. There is no such thing as time. If a person looks young, he is young; the number of so-called years he may have lived on this globe mean nothing at all. The belief of age is a relic of the dark ages and is as old as the day, and, along with the belief that the earth is flat and that women are too weak to vote.

We are interested in the newcomers and are glad to see them progress. Those who have engaging personalities and outstanding ability will, of course, sooner or later reach the top. But those who have nothing but youth to offer will not climb very far. It takes something more than a schoolgirl complexion to make a motion-picture star. A Fan.

Los Angeles, California.

Courage—and Then Some.

A great many controversies seem to be raging over "The King of Kings." I have seen this picture and can find no fault with it. People derry having Christ portrayed on the screen. Yet for years we have seen biblical films and I have had the opportunity of seeing these productions in some of the sternest Christian churches. Then why condemn "The King of Kings" and approve such rickety, ancient films, inferior in every way, portraying the Bible story?

Just as DeMille had the courage of his convictions, so has Gloria Swanson for her defiance of the prohibitions placed upon "Sadie Thompson." Gloria has done this not for the sake of notoriety, but she has shown what little regard she has for that group we know as censors.

When we have a group of people pre- siding over these productions emanating from places that may "send us to Hades," we may well be compared to a little child who is spanked and sent to bed without supper.

I find a making of a collection of Ruth Roland clippings from magazines and wonder how many of you would care to help me out.

Martin Boyer.

80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

The Spotlight on Picture Play.

I was so glad to read the article in Picture Play about the quickies, for in my opinion the pictures produced by these companies are well worth seeing, and often attract people when the larger producers fail. Let us hope that the people, and the more popular the players, we find in them, the better we will like it; but, no matter who the actors, quickies will always be quickies.

And, too, I would like to compliment Mrs. Olive D. Thompson on her fine interview with John Gilbert.

Jack McElvenny gave us something delightful differently. He has just talked about his collection of stars' photographs. He certainly is a loyal fan, to say nothing of being a patient one, to have gone to the trouble of collecting so many pictures.

I am sorry that the Banky-Colman team is to be broken up, for they have given us some very good pictures. I am a little afraid of Vilma Banky's future without Mr. Colman, for she is a type that is being rapidly duplicated in the film world; while Ronald has given us many other productions that are of their own merit, so we know what he can do alone.

Pearl McLaughlin.

137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Overwhelming Praise.

I should like to voice my praises for two recent films to me, for in that character he has achieved screen immortality. "A very remarkable fellow."

Janet Gaynor's "Dame" tugs at the heart with an appeal almost spiritual, and the Hollywood type of amour—Garbo, the alabaster, suffused with the ruddy glow of sex—or flamboyant Clara Bow, typifying modern youth on the rampage.

Little Gaynor is saucy, deeper, plainer, and, though devoid of conscious allure, she is somehow so delightfully feminine that she makes those flaunted possessors of "the female type of beauty" far more beautiful. There is a reverence about them that makes the adoring love of the little street waifs for her sewer boy far sweeter far more touching than the love scenes of "Seventh Heaven" to any Garbo or Bow picture, and it is like breathing the fragrance of spring flowers after rain, compared to the artificial heat of a hot-house.

William Fox is also to be congratulated on his choice of Victor McLaglen, whose Captain Flagg, in "What Price Glory?", derailed with the intensity with which he "wester," dispelling the memory of the humid, stifling type of hero who has soaked up the screen in so many superproductions.

George Bancroft is another whose work we are bearing notice, and Gilbert Roland is surely climbing ahead with each picture. His work in "The Love Mart," was wonderful and the interaction between him and the march issue only confirms the impression his screen performances have given—that of an unspoiled gentleman.

Yes, new faces are coming, and new faces will probably just as quickly dis
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

Painstaking 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 stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will 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 those things that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily 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.

Lose 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. Fayro is the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce faster. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. 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 $3.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

A Letter from Russia

I was very much interested in "The Two Joseph Schildkraut Fans," whose letter appeared in the January issue.

Unfortunately, I only saw Joseph Schildkraut in two pictures, "The Song of Love" and "Orphans of the Storm." The latter was much better than the first and introduced Mr. Schildkraut as one of the finest actors. But the first one had a trite and poor plot, yet I was impressed by Schildkraut's bright personality and ability. He has perfect control of his movements, spontaneity and simplicity and is able to convey his feelings without overacting.

A large bouquet goes to PICTURE PLAY — and to fine articles and a great deal of information and photographs. "The Screen in Review" is, to my mind, its most valuable department, for it possesses an understanding, careful, and intelligent editor.

R. S.

Leningrad, Russia.

Not Fair to Irene.

To be forced to stand by calmly watching such a splendid actress as Irene Rich struggling with poor pictures, and attempting to make melodramatic and theatrical characters seem human, is maddening.

It was a gala event for her fans when "Lady Windemere's Fan" was released. It was the first opportunity Miss Rich had to prove how fine an actress she is. And her characterization of Mrs. Erlynne was flawless. Her fans were satisfied and sat back to wait for further developments — but is finally not the artificial and worn "Silken Shaddies" they were given. None of the pictures which followed was any better. She was never given an opportunity to display her extraordinary talent.

Why doesn't some wise producer do something to bring out the talent in Miss Rich, and perhaps we will then see some worth-while pictures.

MARIAN E. SMITH

3034 Heath Avenue,
Kingsbridge, New York.

Youth Every Time.

It is becoming apparent that ealow youth is having more than its day in Hollywood. The camera pictures suffer in consequence, but the majority are good. I can speak only for those of us who are in the neighborhood of twenty and still flapping joyously. For us, life is not yet a poised and finished business so we do not ask so much of our entertainers. Clara Bow spells youth to every girl in America. Going to see one of her pictures rapidly. You will call on a girl friend and hearing about her latest love affair. That our home-town friends don't have such charming affairs only makes Clara that much more interesting.

Jerry Miley, Lawrence Gray, James Delaney would be exciting Sunday-night dates for any coed, consequently we watch for them on the

continued on page 118
D—n clever, these Chinese!

But they aren't clever enough to see through Johnny Hines' disguise as a big Butter-and-Egg Mandarin when he rescues his girl friend from a gang of cut-throat celestials and escapes with her across a chain of human bodies flung high above Chinatown's Broadway!

That's the sort of thing that makes "Chinatown Charlie" just about four times as thrilling and hilarious as a real trip through famous Chinatown...

Opium dens—joss houses—the Bowery... Thrilling?—Of course!—But you don't stand a Chinaman's chance of keeping a straight face when Johnny leads the way!

Coming to Leading Theatres Soon!

JOHNNY HINES

CHINATOWN CHARLIE

Presented by
C. C. BURK

Adapted from the melo-comic extravaganza by...

OWEN DAVIS

Directed by
CHARLES HINES

First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Straight for the open sea is where Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro are bound, in "Across to Singapore." It bids fair to be a voyage neither will forget, for they are in love, though Priscilla is engaged to Joel’s brother, the brawny Mark, who despises Joel because of his youth and apparent weakness. But the boy proves more valiant than any member of the seafaring family, and finally wins both the right to command the vessel and to call Priscilla his own.
Behind

Mary Philbin, like a fairy princess in a
ring to know what the outside world is like,
experience and knowledge, which might

By Myrtle

summed up. "It was Von Stroheim's genius
shining through her impersonation."

Now, through the static, Mary's name is be-
ing broadcast again. In "Surrender," and
Griffith's "Drums of Love," we see Mary
grown up.

Rumors of her excellent work as the blind
girl in "The Man Who Laughs," and now star-
dom in "The Sunflower," which Paul Kohner
has written for her, in collaboration with
Baroness Kocian.

Mary is sweet alyssum—Tchaikovsky's
"Flower Waltz." She isn't brief skirts, slang,
and cigarettes. Nor is she the ordinariness of
gingham gingerbread, and Saturday-night
movies.

She is a myth in Hollywood, where people
mock the romances of their own creation, and
where cynicism runs high. Mary's life is
sheltered to an almost incredible degree. A
short, smooth circuit—work, family drives to
a carefully selected-play with Paul, to Sunday
afternoon musicales at the Lubitschs'. Though
her association in Hollywood has been almost
entirely foreign, she seems curiously un-
touched by alien influence. She is an artless
child. She assimilates, but does not imitate.
At these teas she sits quietly and listens.

"No, I don't understand German yet," she
said later, when we talked alone. "They speak
German, whenever they don't want me to know
what they are saying." She laughed slyly.

"Get bored?" I asked, with rather ruthless slashing
to get at the truth of this chameleon child's
feelings.

Her eyes fluttered.
They would not meet mine.
Mary does not know how to lie, and
she would not speak unkindly.

"They talk to me a
great deal in English.
Sometimes it is lots of
fun.
They have taught
me much of literature
and art and music."

Mary has an inquisi-
tive, alert mind. Its
calm has scarcely been
stirred, but its tendrils are
reaching out. She has
always been timid,
and now that she is
thinking new thoughts,
as yet half-budded, she is
doubly hesitant.

Paul Kohner guards Mary
with watchful solicitude.
Locked Doors

I noticed a new nervous tension, though she was always tremulous. White hands, scarcely larger than petals, fluttered from thin wrists, her tiny self surcharged by an inner lightning. There was some uncertainty in her blue eyes that, bright and birdlike, darted from one to another of us before they dropped under heavy fringes. Tight fists opened and closed. Next to me I could feel a quiver ripple through her.

"Mary says she hasn't slept for the last few nights," Paul said.

"Thoughts go round and around——" Mary broke in.

"About her work," Paul explained quickly.

"She thinks about it too much."

Afterward I learned what Mary had been thinking about. Partly her work, but also of life beyond the short, even circuit.

"Mary will be the screen's greatest character actress," Paul beamed. "They took tests for the Griffith picture, with the blond wig as well as with her own hair. I selected the one with her own hair, but they used the wig to emphasize sweetness and innocence."

"Fairlylike, Paul," she broke in, blushing at her own boldness.

"What are you reading now, Mary?"

"Biographies," she whispered back, her eyes alight. "I love them!"

When we were left alone for a moment, I asked what had happened to the fairy stories and the things she was reading a year ago.

"I don't know. Her low voice was hardly a breath. "They don't satisfy me any more. I'm tired of books."

Abashed, she halted. Startled eyes leaped to mine. In a rush, she plunged.

"Not the jazz."

"I wouldn't like that—"I've heard it. I want to know people. Bad people, good people, all kinds of people. What they do, what they feel. Things and people that I don't come in contact with. They say it would not be right for me, and they know best. But it's getting different. It's not only my work I think about. It's everything—outside." She spoke in hushed whispers and brief phrases. A mere glimpse of her own mixed-up questioning.

"Perhaps I am not grateful enough for all the care I receive. Other girls aren't protected as I am. Dreadful things—vaguely—"happen to them. I just want to know and see. I don't know exactly what."

"Intangibilities. Thoughts that sprang across to me. Though it wasn't all very clear, I grasped the main import: Mary is a little tired of being hedged in."

The others in our luncheon party returned and conversation drifted into the usual routine. Yes, Mary is still thrilled at being in pictures. She is truly. That child has no guile. Besides, there are her imaginative journeys into the world—except that she is a trifle skeptical that they aren't real tours. She has no ambition in a material sense. She just "feels things" and she wants tremendously to act.

"For a while I was very poor on the screen. The stories weren't

Continued on page 110
On the Threshold Pausing

While waiting for success, these now-famous stars scarcely suggested the finish and polish they now display.

Harold Lloyd, above, in his first dress suit, minus his spectacles, is barely recognizable as the type he has made famous.

Esther Ralston, right, decidedly did not know how to wear clothes with her present distinction.

Mary Brian, below, was just a typical ingénue with curls, and no apparent glimmer of humor, when she was chosen for "Peter Pan."

When "Buddy" Rogers, below, graduated from the Paramount School he had not the animated personality and curly hair he has to-day.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, hadn't even learned to pose naturally when she first became an actress, though her beauty was just as pronounced then as it is to-day.

Norma Shearer, below, used to wear her hair like this, but success taught her to bring out her personality by drawing it back from her face.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The first installment of a mystery romance of the glamorous movie capital.

By Alice M. Williamson

CHAPTER I

AT THE RESTAURANT MONT-PARNASSE.

MALCOLM ALLEN tried to look blasé, at least thirty-five, and to seem what these jolly Americans called “hard-boiled.”

In reality he felt so happy that he could have jumped onto the table and capered for joy. He was afraid that he didn’t succeed in looking more than twenty-five, which was two years less than his real age.

All the beautiful “visions” glanced, and more than glanced, at him as they undulated past with the young men of their species.

It was not too imaginative, or conceited, to be sure they were saying, “That’s Malcolm Allen, the English author who wrote ‘Black Sleeves.’ I know that’s his table!” Pierre pointed it out to everyone. “Isn’t he young? He’s terribly good looking, too, don’t you think?”

Allen was not wrong. The girls were saying all these things and more. They wondered why he didn’t go into the movies instead of writing for them. They despised most authors, these little would-be stars, but Malcolm Allen was “different.”

Everybody had read “Black Sleeves,” and the play he’d done from the book would have been a wild success on the stage in England if the horrid old censor hadn’t stopped it. That had queered it for a picture, of course. No studio would dare do a film now, and call it “Black Sleeves.” But it was leaking out that the story Allen had contracted to write for Peerless, would be put into a version of “Black Sleeves” contemporized. That was how to get away with these things. And, gee! that boy looked like the one to do it! You’d never take him for English, would you? Maybe he wasn’t. Maybe he was Irish, or Scotch, or something. A regular looker! Too bad he was only a writer. But he might have some life in him at that!

As a matter of fact, Malcolm Allen bore no resemblance to any popular sheik of Hollywood, except that he had what Hollywood calls patent-leather hair, very black and smooth. He was one of those “dark-browed Yorkshiremen” of whom a poet has sung. “In the war he’d been in the air force—an ace, and the youngest one—a detail which none had discovered or cared a hang about till Allen sprang to fame with his “Black Sleeves.”

He had made a pot of money with the book in England and America, and it was nobody’s business except his own if he had dropped more than half the pot’s contents, putting on his own play. Producers had been afraid of just what had happened. But—well, any how he had a bit left—more than he’d ever dreamed of owning, before “Black Sleeves” somehow wrote itself round his wonderful war romance with Solange Ardette in France. And here he was in far-off Hollywood, being treated as if he were a prince—a “royal” prince, not one of those sad-faced, hungry-eyed princes playing extras at ten dollars a day in all the big Russian pictures.

The Peerless people had given him a bungalow for the duration of his stay, whatever that might be. He had his choice of Hollywood parties, tame or wild, for every night, if he should care to accept, which often he didn’t, being a victim of the desire—apparently foreign—to be alone now and then. In fact, a young man who’d been nobody for more than twenty-six years, was suddenly somebody. It was the adventure of his life to be asked in state to Hollywood—if you didn’t count the little old war as an adventure, and why should you, when all the peaks of his age had been in it, whereas few persons of either sex or any age were invited overseas to Hollywood?

The young man at the table known at the smart new Restaurant Montparnasse as “Malcolm Allen’s table,” was enjoying life so much that he felt capable of desperate deeds—the more desperate, the more fun! And it was just as he told himself this, that a girl appeared at the door.

“Appeared” is the word. She was suddenly there. And she stood staring into the restaurant with its rose and golden glow, its large windows that were sapphire squares of twilight, its small, sapphire-white tables, its floor cleared for dancing, its gleaming saxophones, and its huge, illuminated African drum awaiting the musicians’ return.

Was the girl seeking some one? If so, lucky man! Yet no, she hadn’t the questing expression. She looked worried, anxious, uncertain what to do. Allen wished he had the cheek to jump up, claim the young woman as an acquaintance and—say he hadn’t ordered dinner, because he was expecting her to come.

Perhaps she was no prettier than some of the prettiest stars, at whose almost incredible beauty Malcolm daily wondered, without as much personal interest or increased blood pressure as he felt he ought to have. But the greatest beauties of Hollywood didn’t somehow seem to him like real women. They were just visions, in a blinding light. This girl looked real and extremely human.

She had on an evening dress that was made of dainty material—silver gauze or something of the sort—and was noticeably picturesque: yes, quite a picture frock. Yet, Malcolm couldn’t have said why, it didn’t have the air of being right.

All those who faced the doorway fixed their eyes
slim enough to delight a fashion artist. It was her dress which gave her that odd look, and it was the dress at which the women stared.

"Looks like the Ark," he heard one of them murmur to her escort, as both got up to leave vacant a small table close to the "Malcolm Allen table" in the best window. "Two years old, if it's a day!"

That was Hollywood, Malcolm said to himself. No distinction between the Flood and two years ago! Both epochs were much the same to girls in the movies.

Two years old! Well, maybe! Do dresses live as long as that? Anyhow, it was picturesque; silver, with those crushed, pink roses and floating scarfs of silver lace. And as the girl saw herself eyed and criticized, she seemed to increase visibly in beauty, youthful dignity, and even stature. It was a tall young creature who almost strode with a forced air of self-confidence into the room. She had creamy skin with no color in it, and a full mouth painted crimson by nature or art.

Her long throat, held back, was slender enough to suggest the eternal simile of the lily stalk. But her great splendor, which gave that effect of dazzling beauty, lay in the contrast between copper-red hair and immense yellow-brown eyes, black-lashed and black-browed.

Of course the contrast might easily be due to henna and mascara. Surely all the women were thinking this, because one did judge by oneself in Hollywood. And the idea occurred also to the young man who was hard-boiling himself in the heat of the Kleig lights. Still, he couldn't believe the obvious, especially as the girl's hair was neither too lustrous nor too "set." And then that dress which suggested the Ark to—cats! Well, cats had certainly gone into that vessel in more pairs than one, by the way they'd reproduced themselves since!

"I say Pierre," Malcolm Allen broke in, "it's time to stop this little play. I dared the young lady to do this. Then I was going to explain—and settle. Now you'll have to engage Miss Smith to sell cigarettes. How about it?"

Having dared the plunge—it was rather like a plunge into surf, Malcolm thought, braving that wave of light and perfume and high-pitched chatter—the girl pinned her gaze on the just-deserted table and made straight for it.

"Please clear this," she ordered a waiter who hovered in surprise at the lone onslaught.

He was French and had not got beyond—say, his sixth lesson in Americanese. "Oui—yeah—madame—mees," he stammered, torn between politeness and a conviction that all was not well. "Mais—but—deese tables, he is for two. Ajuste—he sure is betooked. If mees—"
“I’m going to sit here,” said the girl. “I know it’s not taken! Clear off these things and bring me the menu at once, please.”

The waiter was the newest bit of flotsam and jetsam from the quota. He had heard comrades equally French, yet already Americanized, talk about the temperamental stars of Hollywood. For all he could tell, this might be Pola Negri or Greta Garbo or Dolores del Rio—ladies were so different off the screen! Anyhow no proud and poverty-stricken grand duchess stranded in Paris had ever brushed aside *hoi polloi* with a more expensive air than this. Hastily he cleared the table and began rearranging it. “Mademoiselle, she is seule-alone? Or do I put for a monsieur?”

The two tables were so near together that Allen’s ears missed no word the girl spoke. It was not eavesdropping to listen while a young woman chose her dinner from the menu at a restaurant. In most cases it wouldn’t even have been entertaining, but in this case it was so, because of the queer situation in which a beautiful girl had placed herself, and also because she was ordering such an enormous meal.

"Hors d’oeuvres, clam broth with whipped cream, partridge à la Mary Pickford, salad Pola Negri, *Pêche* Marion Davies, demi-tasse, cigarettes Montparnasse.”

Heavens! And this was Hollywood, where the food part of taking a girl out was so cheap that smart restaurants had to make their profit in other ways. The girl wouldn’t remain slim for long at this rate!

Malcolm had nearly finished his dinner, which was on no such scale as this, but he determined to add another item or two. He simply had to see this girl-business through to its close. He wouldn’t miss it for a hundred dollars, or more. He laughed at himself a little. It was rather absurd, the way he enjoyed throwing money about. But it was nice.

The first course of the girl’s meal arrived. She had a dainty way of eating, yet she ate quickly, until she got as far along in the menu as *Pêche* Marion Davies. By that time hunger was satisfied, and no wonder! Such masses

“I am alone,” replied the girl.
She did not even glance at Allen, so flatteringly stared at by others. She seemed preoccupied with herself, and then with the menu, when it had been placed in her slim, ringless hand. But Malcolm could hardly unhook his gaze from the girl. Who was she? Why was her manner so peculiar? Why was she by herself at this hour, in Hollywood, where every beauteous dream had her own screen idol in attendance, or if not a screen idol the next thing—a fat, generous “sugar daddy”? Or as a last, despairing resort, her own husband! Was her dress really of the Ark period, or was it prettier than any one else’s, as Malcolm began to think her face was?

CHAPTER II.

**The Strange Behavior of “Miss Smith.”**

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of food would have sufficed a dozen of the dieting beauties of Hollywood. Now she could afford to play with what was left. Time was evidently no object. It was lucky that Allen had thought of adding new dishes to his own list. Otherwise he would have lacked an excuse to linger.

This was not one of the two popular evenings for dancing at Montparnasse. There were only a few couples on the floor, although Marco Lopez, the handsomely grace professional, had appeared for his nightly duty at eight thirty as usual. An opening was on at a new theater, and though it wasn’t in itself an important affair, screen people liked to show up, if only to be photographed on entering, in a white blaze of calumet. Most of the diners had gone there for the pleasure of being seen, and the satisfaction of saying to each other, “How poisonous! Isn’t this a bore?” Even Malcolm would have gone, being young enough, and new enough to success, to enjoy—secretly—being pointed out as one of the celebrities. But the solitary girl with the red hair and the dress, out of the Ark, had caused him to erase the preview from his program. 

At last she’d finished her dinner, had drunk two tiny cupsful of black coffee, and had smoked several cigarettes. She sat still for a few minutes, then took from a sliver bag that matched her dress an infinitesimal coin, which she laid on the table. She glanced at the handsome waiter, but without asking for her check got up to go.

He darted forward; however, and presented it. “Ze bill, mees,” he announced.

“I will speak to the manager or the maître d’hôtel,” the girl replied, accepting the check with seeming indifference.”

Allen had paid his and left a dollar on the table for his waiter, so that he might be free at an instant’s notice. Now he was rewarded for his foresight. He followed the girl at a discreet distance, as she walked toward the door. Her waiter, distressed, had hurried ahead to find the great Pierre before the client could escape without paying, if that were her intention.

Pierre, the proprietor of the popular Montparnasse, the new and only rival of Hollywood’s beloved Montmartre was a genial fellow; a real personality, and Allen liked him. They generally exchanged a few words when Allen went out, and had a standing joke about the latter’s desire to buy a share in the restaurant business. The Frenchman had a round, smiling face, humorously exaggerating his resemblance to a full moon. But for once the smile was gone. The gaze which fixed itself upon the girl was grim—sharp and inky—black.

“Madame; your waiter says you have forgotten to pay your check,” Pierre said firmly, placing a large body in correct evening dress between the young woman and the door.

“I haven’t forgotten,” she replied. “I haven’t the money to pay. I hadn’t even enough for a tip—only ten cents.”

“You mean you came from home without your purse?” suggested Pierre.

“No,” said the girl. “I hadn’t any money. But I was terribly hungry. I had to eat! I came here, because I thought you might care to give me employment. Then I could pay you for my dinner—and go on living afterward, which otherwise I don’t see much prospect of doing. You have only one girl here selling cigarettes. At Montmartre they have two. Why shouldn’t you have two—and let me be one?”

Pierre’s big, sallow face flushed. The young woman, a stranger to him, had ordered an expensive meal, and having safely eaten it was now trying to make a fool of him. The instinct of long experience told the ex-head waiter of Paris restaurants that this was no practical joke. It was an impudent bluff. The girl no doubt hoped that his reluctance to make a scene would save her. But fortunately the room had emptied. The few clients who remained, with the exception of Mr. Allen, were dancing to the moon and whine of saxophones. There was no serious reason why Pierre should sacrifice justice to expediency.

“I do not need two cigarette sellers,” he said, “and if I did I would wish to choose both myself. You have done a dishonest thing. You attempt to cheat me. Your bill is nine dollars and twenty-five cents. If you refuse to pay, it is a case for the police.”

Malcolm Allen stepped forward quickly. “I say, Pierre,” he broke in, “it’s time to stop this little play. I dared the young lady to do this. I thought it would be fun to see how deep your good nature went. I oughtn’t to have done it but I really did believe you see, that you’d bow her out, like a chivalrous knight, and say you were pleased to hear her host. Then I was going to explain—and settle. Miss—er—Smith, I apologize for letting you in for something disagreeable. My faith in French politeness has crashed! Pierre, you’ll have to mend it by engaging Miss Smith to sell cigarettes, if she’s willing to. How about it? Miss Smith, hand over that check to me, please. I’ve lost my bet; it’s for me to settle!”

The girl stared, with wide-open eyes; and Pierre stared with eyes screwed up. He knew that the rescue was impromptu. The girl had played a trick upon him, and she didn’t deserve to be rescued. It was an old trick, too, he thought. It annoyed him to see the little gold-digger get away with it. Pretty raw, even for Hollywood! But he would certainly not satisfy his spite at the expense of offending a client like the author of “Black Sleeves.”

“Very sorry, Mr. Allen,” he apologized. “I’m afraid I lost my temper. I have had much trouble lately with customers who wish not to pay, some of them very pretty ladies, and I do not like to be made a fool. If I thought your friend Miss Smith really wanted to get work in my place I would see what I could do for her. To please you. Only for that, because it is true I do not need any more hands. But—”

“I do want to work here,” the girl interrupted him.

“I need money and besides—”

“But I was going to say I cannot pay much” Pierre in turn cut in. “If Miss Smith thinks that the tips—”

Allen flashed him a look and Pierre’s quick, Latin wits translated it. “The tips will help out the pay I can give,” he went on quietly. He had intended to warn “Miss Smith” that she must depend upon tips alone if she wished to play the part of second cigarette girl at Montparnasse. But since Mr. Allen was ready to supply the deficiency—such was Pierre’s interpretation of that look—why be mean with the money of another?

“Will Miss Smith accept”—his eyes sought Allen’s—“thirty dollars a week? I might raise to thirty-five shortly.”

“I would be thankful for thirty,” the girl answered. “But—the costume?” At this moment Nora Casey, the one incumbent at present, had nothing to do and Miss Smith studied what might be described as her harem dress. “Would you buy it or should I have to?”

“I would buy it,” replied Pierre, voicing the suggested answer in Allen’s eyes. He took a thin notebook from his waistcoat pocket, scribbled something and tore out the leaf. “Here, Miss Smith,” he said “you may go to that place to-morrow and they will make you a costume. In style it must be like Miss Casey’s but you may choose your color. In one day they will finish the Continued on page 92
An Infant Paradox

Sally Phipps looks and acts like a flapper, but she thinks like Minerva and Cleopatra. Just read what she has to say.

By Beth O'Shea

They never look as you think they'll look, or say what you think they'll say, but usually you do classify them, one way or another, before you meet them. With Sally Phipps it couldn't be done.

Sally it was who romped through "The High-school Hero" with captivating irresponsibility, and got herself acclaimed the screen's newest and most promising ingénue. Her picture, on the desk before me, showed her with wind-blown bob, laughing eyes and modern earrings—a typical flapper.

But her biography, also on my desk, recorded such a ponderous and utterly conflicting ambition. She had wanted to be a lawyer. She had studied Latin, mathematics, and most of the "ologies." So Sally was an enigma.

What sort of girl was this infant paradox anyway, and whether was she bound?

On a blustery morning she arrived in New York. That afternoon I called at her hotel and found that she was out. Was she at the Museum of Natural History, or tea-dancing at the Ritz? That was the question. I decided to wait in the lobby and find out. At five o'clock she blew in, breathless, radiant—a whirlwind of black velvet, soft fur and burnished, red-gold hair. She had been shopping.

Check one for the flapper side, thought I. But no, it had been serious shopping. Sally had been engaged in buying a wardrobe for her new picture, and with decidedly un-flapperlike foresight, she had taken a camera man with her to see that she made no mistake, photographically speaking, in her choice of lines and colors.

"If you don't get things right at the start," she said sensibly, "you have to hold everything up later while you get them changed."

She hadn't been able to buy the costume she had selected, because, when Joe looked at it through the little lens that registers the Kleig-light reaction, he pronounced it too glaringly white.

"It was a skating costume," explained Sally, "to be worn at Lake Placid."

Up in her room she tossed her coat and close-fitting hat across a chair, rumpled her mop of gleaming hair, and reached for a cigarette. Deep in the corner of a divan, she settled the cushions about her and blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Gee—I'm happy! Talk about lucky breaks!" she went on. "I don't believe anybody you know ever had one like this. Playing with Nick Stuart again, clowning along, with Dave Butler directing—which means fun every minute. Add to that, exteriors to be taken at Lake Placid and Palm Beach. Just coming to New York would have been enough, with the long train ride."

I glanced at her to see if she were serious, for I had heard other stars on the subject of that cross-country jaunt from the West Coast, and they had not found it thrilling.

Continued on page 114

She has one of the smallest waists in Hollywood.
T HIS started out to be a story about Rod La Rocque. But that was my mistake. For then I saw Rod, and now it seems this will be a story about Vilma. Or rather Vilma and Rod.

"What—another?" you ask. Countless words have already been written about this romantic marriage. But just try, as I did, to talk to Rod about anything else!

The subject of movies came up, of course. Rod knows a lot about the industry. What this company was doing, how that one was prospering. That brought United Artists into the conversation, and there we were, talking about Vilma again!

There was mention of Hollywood, and foreign film stars, and Europe and—well, you see how it was. All roads led to Vilma. Rod is a young man so much in love, that nothing else in the world is important to him just now. And his feeling for Vilma is so genuine, so romantic that—dear me!—I'm afraid I've caught the fever and am going to get most awfully sentimental in writing about them.

You've heard all about their marriage. Well, this is a story of their first separation, when Vilma went back to Budapest to visit her parents. Rod was on his way to Europe, when I saw him, to bring her home. She had been gone just seventeen days and the separation had proved so unbearable that Rod did an unheard of thing—he left the DeMille studio right in the middle of a picture. That isn't done in movie circles. But Rod did it. He left right in the midst of "Hold 'Em, Yale," and poor Yale has to keep on holding 'em until he returns.

They had planned this trip together, Rod and Vilma. Why, she had been gone from Budapest for three years, and hadn't been back to see her parents. She had acquired a husband, and the family had never met him. They kept writing and writing. They couldn't understand why people with so much money as Rod and Vilma couldn't dash off to Europe at any old time, just for a whim, if they pleased.

Being so far removed from picture making, naturally Mr. and Mrs. Banky couldn't appreciate the exigencies of a contract and the difficulty of a star's getting a whole month to himself. It takes twenty-four days to get to Budapest and back, with the very closest connections.

Rod and Vilma planned and planned for the time when they could go together. Rod had wanted to go to Europe even before their marriage, to ask the parental consent, as is the custom in Vilma's country.

But he never had the time. They had been in love for two years when the wedding finally took place. Then they continued to plan a trip to Budapest, this time together.

Then 1928 came along. Rod looked at his picture schedule. Not a week's time off. Just one picture after another, without time between to catch his breath.

"Vilma," he said, "you'll have to go alone.

Vilma didn't want to go alone. She would wait, no matter how long, until her Rod could go, too.
Love of Vilma

ceived a "come and get me" cablegram from Vilma Banky, in Budapest, he stopped work on his picture, dashed the first boat to Europe. Is he in love? Well, rather! Talley

“But then I thought it out," said Rod. "It might be years and years before Vilma and I could get long vacations at the same time. Suppose, in the meantime, something happened to one of Vilma's family without her ever seeing them again? Why, I could never forgive myself. I'd always feel that it was because of me she hadn't gone home. So I determined she should go."

He knew it would be awful without her; she knew it would be terrible without him. But neither of them realized that it would be even worse than awful—worse than terrible. The separation was more than they could stand. Rod took Vilma to the train. He couldn't leave her. He rode with her to Pasadena and told the chauffeur to drive along beside the train. At Pasadena he kissed Vilma goodbye, and they both burst into tears.

"I looked at her eyes," said Rod, "at her hair. And I thought, 'I won't see her again for six weeks.' And I couldn't get off the train."

So he leaned out the window and motioned the chauffeur to keep on driving. He rode on to San Bernardino. But Rod had to get off some time, so at San Bernardino they wept and clung together, but at last he tore himself away.

He went back home. He wandered about the desolate house where everything reminded him of Vilma. He waited for telegrams from Vilma.

The next day he went to the studio. He tried to work. And every few minutes he would phone his house to ask if a telegram had come. At one o'clock in the afternoon he gave up. He couldn't work. There was no use trying. He returned home to mope. There were some things of Vilma's about, as forlorn as he was at her absence.

When she reached Chicago she phoned him. Again in New York. All in tears. She was coming right back to Hollywood. She couldn't sail without him. But Rod was determined they should carry on. She must go on, now she had got that far. She must sail.

So Vilma sailed.

When she reached Budapest she was fêted, lionized. She had left there, three years before, an obscure little actress, going to seek her fortune. She returned in triumph, famous. There were parties in her honor, teas, receptions, dances.

But she sent a forlorn little wire to Rod. "Rod, dear, please come and take me home."

It was one of the greatest thrills of Rod's life, that pathetic little message, "Take me home." Why, Budapest was Vilma's birthplace, her girlhood home. All her people were there. Only three years before, California had been a strange, alien country. And now this message, "Take me home." No wonder Rod was thrilled. And no wonder his picture schedule, his contract, nothing else mattered.

"I told myself, when that message came," said Rod, "there were thousands and thousands of movies, but only one Vilma!"

So he left the studio and hurried to New York. The powers that be were not pleased, but they were amenable. They even booked his passage so he could take the first boat after he got to New York. But when he reached there, all ready to sail in two days, he found his passage had been booked on the Maurtania. The Maurtania was about to start on a trip around the world! That was another blow, for a young man already-desolate. He had to cancel that rendezvous and wait in town for a whole week before he could sail. On the Paris, finally,

I saw him the day he sailed. It had been just seventeen days since he and Vilma had clung to each other and said good-bye at San Bernardino. To Rod they seemed a lifetime.

Vilma was meeting him in Paris, at the boat train. They were going to Budapest together, so Rod could meet Vilma's parents and her sisters and brother. I think Rod said there were two sisters and one brother. Rod was to be lionized, too, when he arrived, and he was a little worried. He is shy about crowds. But Vilma had cabled him that Ferenc Molnar, the famous Hungarian playwright, was giving a reception in his honor, and all sorts of festivities were planned for his brief visit.

"I booked our passage home on the Agutania," Rod said. "There was a beautiful glow in his eyes as he explained that she had chosen that steamship, because it was the one on which Vilma had first come to America. And what that trip and her three years in America have meant for Vilma! Instantaneous success, and now stardom. A romantic, adoring husband. Fortune has heaped things into her lap. She came over, knowing no English whatever. And

Continued on page 56
well on me?" Before Edna could answer, she had rattled into an enthusiastic description of Marian's new cut. "It's the cuttest thing. All uneven and cut so close to her head it looks like a cap. The girl raised an awful fuss about cutting her hair, at first, but once she consented to ply the shears she certainly went the limit. It's cut so short that Marian's ears show, but there is a little piece that curls over the ears and takes away from the boyish effect. It is so feminine looking. Hello!" Fanny had spotted us and drew up a chair to wait until the barber could take her.

"Why all this feminine appeal, Fanny?" I wanted to know after she, Viola, and Shirley talked about this and that for a moment. Last spring she had been all for the great out-door and deep-brown sunburn, tennis, and swimming. But she seemed to have forgotten all this in the sudden "back to femininity" wave that has swept all Hollywood.

"It pays, my dear," and—believe it or not—Fanny had remodeled her old, frank smile into an utterly beguiling and helpless one.

"After Carmelita Geraghty's horse ran away and the best-looking guide on Jean St. Cyr's estate led her around all the rest of the visit, all the girls have given up knowing how to do things. Carmelita can ride like a streak and nobody believes she was in much danger, but after this handsome fellow rescued her she simply forgot everything about horsemanship. Virginia Valli and I are going to forget all we know about sports this summer, because Virginia had her own experience in being feminine, and it worked wonderfully.

"She and a girl friend went up to San Francisco and while they had all the nec-
Teacups

shop, orders everything in sight, discourse of other people's affairs.

Bystander

essary reservations, they had forgotten to take along enough cash. I think that is lovely and feminine, don't you? They didn't know a soul in San Francisco who would cash a check for them, so they walked in a strange bank and threw themselves on the mercy of the president. He was awfully sympathetic and not only cashed their checks, but sent roses to the hotel by way of cheering up the helpless little women," Fanny giggled. "Oh, everybody's going in for it.

"Did you notice how even the more sophisticated girls among the baby stars were dressed at the Wampas ball? Can you imagine Lupe Velez, with all her fire and dash, taking her bow in a fairylike white dress of the period style? I simply couldn't believe my eyes. Knowing Lupe as I do, I had a hunch she would show up in something between a fireman's helmet and a pirate's sash. But Lupe could wear pinafores and she'd still be the most dashing girl in any gathering," added Fanny, who is loyal even if a little gossipy.

I hadn't been able to attend the Wampas ball and that was enough of an excuse for Fanny to launch into her own observations of the event.

"Sue Carol was another girl you would hardly expect to go in violently for the lavender-and-old-lace effect. Sue absolutely forgot what a cute little flapper she is and appeared in an all-white bouffant dress, with a white rose in her hand. Lina Basquette must also have got wind that all the girls were going in for Puritan effects, for even she discarded her favorite type of evening gown—something dashing and décolleté in black—and wore an orchid creation, with miles and miles of tulle. If the orchestra had taken its cue from the girls' gowns, it would have

Photo by Seeley

Marian Nixon's new bob has created a stir in Fanny's set.

played nothing but 'Hearts and Flowers.'"

Fanny might have gone on and on about the Wampas event if the barber hadn't been ready for her. Viola and Shirley had to leave to do a little shopping, but Fanny insisted that I come into the booth with her to supervise her new hair cut. This was a new barber and Fanny was tickled out of her customary poise when the fellow mistook her for a star, and asked for a photo to put on the wall next to one of Olive Borden.

"What on earth is Olive's picture doing in a barber's booth?" Fanny cried in shocked surprise. "Surely she hasn't had her beautiful, long hair bobbed?" It took both the barber and myself to assure her that Olive still retained her lengthy locks, before she became composed enough to remember she had

Jobyna Ralston entertained her in-laws since Christmas, without a murmur.
heard that Olive and Fox were on the verge of patching up their difficulties.

"It will be nice if she goes back there," observed Fanny with one eye on the barber. "Fox is an awfully important studio. With such pictures as 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Four Sons,' and 'Sunrise,' they've increased their prestige enormously. Then, too, they've bought the whole chain of West Coast Theaters and I hear they have an eye on one of the big companies and may absorb it. If I were a player I'd rather be under contract to Fox than almost any other studio." But I've a hunch that Fanny's real enthusiasm would come from the proximity of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, her special favorites.

"Getting back to Olive Borden," Fanny went on in her harum-scarum way, "a lot of people wondered how Olive was going to keep up her luxurious mode of living after she stopped work. But in spite of the upkeep of her maid, chauffeur and secretary, Olive must have been saving considerable money. Anyway, she's just rented 'Peg' Talmadge's beach house for the summer, and I hear she has bought an apartment house in Los Angeles. Can you imagine buying anything like that out of your savings?' she wailed, thinking I suppose, of her own modest income. "It's all I can do to get a new dress every other meeting to wear to the Mayfair."

I took a look at Fanny's tan sport suit and couldn't work up any sympathy for her. It was obviously brand-new. She must have read my mind, for she immediately explained the creation.

"Oh, I simply couldn't resist this. Evelyn Brent owns some stock in Howard Greer's gorgeous new shop, you know, and she took me in there the other day. They have the most flattering way of selling things," said Fanny as though trying to excuse herself for having ever set foot in such an expensive place. "First, they fit you in a silver room of neutral background."

"What?" I inquired.

"That's right," replied Fanny, who knew I had heard her correctly. "It's just too elegant for words. I bet Paris hasn't anything like it. Then after you have found something that is particularly becoming, they move you into the blue room, or the rose room, to get the finished effect. The blue room makes you look simply wonderful. I defy any one to come out of that room without buying something. It's so different! For no reason at all she then asked, "Have you seen Eleanor Boardman lately?"

I suppose that speaking of the unusual things reminded Fanny of Eleanor, for every one knows Eleanor for her reputation in doing and saying the extraordinary. I told Fanny I
hadn't seen Eleanor recently, as she has been much too busy with her baby and her return to the screen, to see anybody.

"Well, I've seen her," boasted Fanny, who seems to have a knack of seeing even those people who are most secluded. "We had tea at Montmartre a few days ago. Isn't it just like Eleanor to invite you to tea at Montmartre, when absolutely no one goes there except for lunch? We arrived about four o'clock and there wasn't a soul to be seen, except a waiter who was aroused from a nap to serve us. It was simply wonderful," Fanny went on. "We could talk about anybody without the usual Montmartre danger of having her hear you over your shoulder.

"It seems as though everything marvelous in life has happened to Eleanor this year. Of course, the baby is the crowning climax, but on top of that King has promised to take her to Europe. As though that weren't enough to complete any woman's life, M.-G.-M. has given her a fascinating crook rôle, in 'Diamond Handcuffs.' Naturally, everything, no matter how glamorous, is just secondary to the baby in Eleanor's conversation. Before she drove me out to see their new daughter, she made me promise I wouldn't breathe a word to my friends on the newspapers, because Eleanor feels just like Gloria Swanson about publicity for the baby. She absolutely refuses to have it interviewed or photographed."

It seems to me that interviewing an infant of a few months would be a rather difficult task for even the most seasoned reporter, but Fanny always scorns logic.

"I'm not supposed to tell you how cute and pretty the baby is," she continued, "but I just can't help mentioning what beautiful hands she has. I'm sure she is going to grow up to be a pianist—or else to make hand inserts for Cecil DeMille's pictures."

"Why DeMille in particular?" I asked.

"Oh, he always demands perfection in every detail," explained Fanny.

The barber was called out of the booth for a moment, which gave Fanny a welcome opportunity to whisper the information that she'd heard Frances Howard Goldwyn is expecting the stork in her home late this summer.

"Hollywood is becoming so domesticated the reformers won't have anything to talk about pretty soon," sighed Fanny, who has always had a leaning toward bohemian existence.

"I met JobynaRalston on the street the other day and all she wanted to talk about was her new home. Jobyna must have the disposition of an angel, for Dick Arlen's parents have been visiting them since Christmas, and a star who can get along with her in-laws for that length of time deserves some sort of decoration, I think," philosophized Fanny, who has a comic-strip idea of domestic relationship. "But Jobyna is such a lamb, anyway. She even forgives Dick when he invites people to spend the night—even if they haven't yet bought blankets for their new beds.

"Dick and F. W. Murnau have become good friends, and he invited Murnau to spend the week-end with them before Jobyna had completed the furnishing of her guest room. Jobyna was simply beside herself. She dashed around trying to get the room finished before the week-end, but the next day she had to go to work at the studio and the guest room had to go. The evening

Continued on page 108
Loretta Young, left, wears a frock of silver lame' with a fitted hip-girdle of silver lace.

Anna May Wong, right, uses Chinese embroidery in a novel manner for her dance frock.

A Young
Turns to new clothes more but these charming frocks

Dorothy Sebastian, left, is fetching in a cape costume of gray flannel, with a blouse in soft gray and green tones.

Marceline Day, left, displays an evening gown of black taffeta topped by an ecru lace yoke strewn with French roses.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, wears a simple but very smart navy-blue jacket over a frock of printed silk.
Girl's Fancy—
than it does to love in Springtime, may be a step in that direction.

Yola d'Avril, left, is justly pleased with her powder-blue georgette apron-frock, with net vestee.

Doris Dawson, left, combines black broadcloth and ermine, with the ease of one accustomed to both.

Again Yola d'Avril, right, this time ready for a stroll in a sweater ensemble, the blouse of which forms a teddy.

Ruth Taylor, left, takes her morning walk in a golden-brown flannel suit and a sable scarf.

Doris Dawson, right, drapes a batik shawl over her shell-pink chiffon frock.
Music sounded softly behind the big screen surrounding the set of "High Treason."

People tiptoed and whispered, "Jannings is in the midst of a scene!" We found a forbidden peephole and peered inside.

The idiot Czar, Paul the First, was seated in a great, purple velvet chair behind a table. He read a letter, started to sign it, but before he had accomplished it, something distracted the attention of his groping mind and he laughed, forgetting. The sound of his own laughter startled him, and he looked fearfully over his shoulder into the darkness behind him.

The music ceased, the lights went out and Paul shrugged himself painfully back to the reality of Herr Jannings, the great German actor. Blinking, as if a little surprised at the transition, he rose and came forward.

"This," he pronounced, in his labored English, "is the happiest day of my life!" He threw his great arm over the shoulders of Mr. Lubitsch, the director. "I play again with Ernst Lubitsch! He is my old, my good friend. It is now sechs jahre—six years—since he directed me last in Germany. I am very happy! Thank you. Good-by!"

He bowed politely and walked away. Press agents fluttered after him. "But Mr. Jannings—the interview—you must talk!"

"I am too tired," with ponderous finality, "I must rest."

"But Emil!" This was Mr. Lubitsch. "You have promised! It is important—"

"I am tired," Mr. Jannings walked away, heavy footed.

Mr. Lubitsch was rueful. "He is like a child," he said, "Will I do? I will do all I can to help."

We went to lunch.

"This is a difficult part, this Paul the First, which Jannings portrays in 'High Treason.' Paul was an idiot, you know. But he has his lucid moments. A great part with tremendous opportunities for Emil."

Mr. Jannings' plump, pink secretary bustled in.

Emil Jannings, as Paul, promises a performance that will surpass all his notable achievements.

When a Czar

"A million dollars' worth of good enthusiastic way of describing his new last years of the idiot czar, Paul the the pomp of a superb production and

By Helen

"Herr Jannings is prostrated!" he reported and darted away again. Mr. Lubitsch chuckled. "After one half day of work he is prostrated! Oh, well—You see, I know Emil so well. We were on the stage together in Germany, years ago. Then I went into motion pictures to direct and presently here came Emil to act in pictures. We made a great many comedies together, before I directed him in 'Passion' and 'Henry the Eighth.'"

"You persuaded Mr. Jannings to go into pictures?" I was repeating what I had been told.

Mr. Lubitsch was surprised. "Why, no! He wanted to go into pictures. There was no persuading. But we were old friends and were happy to be together, as now."

The plump secretary hurried in again. "Herr Jannings has recovered," he panted. "He sends his apologies and says will you please come to his dressing room?" We agreed.

"Tell me about 'High Treason,'" I suggested to Mr. Lubitsch. "I

The unhappy monarch is suspicious of every one.

Florence Vidor is Baroness Ostermann.
Goes Mad
performances," is Emil Jannings’ en-
picture, "High Treason," in which the
First, are brought to the screen with the
brilliance of an exceptional cast.

Louise Walker

understand it is to be one of Para-
mount’s biggest releases for 1928.
"The biggest," he returned. "It is
taken from the play by Alfred Neu-
mann, which is running now in Ber-
lin. The story is about Paul, the mad
Czar, who was assassinated in 1801.
He is a dreadful combination of ty-
rant, coward, weakling, and madman.
His subjects live in constant fear and
dread of him.
"But he is also afraid—continually
afraid of being killed by his enemies.
"Lewis Stone plays Count Pahlen,
the military governor, a just and good
man, who has a fanatical love for his country. Pahlen
feels that the only hope for
Russia is the abdication or,
falling that, the assassination
of Paul and the succession of
Alexander, Paul’s son, to the
throne. He works continu-
ously toward one or the other
of those ends.
"The plot to force Paul to
abdicate fails and he is killed
by his fear-maddened sub-
jects, whereupon Pahlen, his
duty to his country accom-
Pahlens mistress, who assists in plots and counterplots,
and I assure you she is very fine in
the rôle. It is a new departure for
Miss Vidor, playing a definitely bad
woman. And she is doing it super-
ably."

Vera Voronina, herself a Russian, plays a
lady of the court, who holds Paul in abject
devotion.
plished, has himself shot to death, ac-
cording to a pact he has made with
an officer of the court. Dying, he
says he has been a poor friend—but
a patriot.
"Florence Vidor plays the Baro-
ness Ostermann, Pahlen’s mistress,
who assists in plots and counterplots,
and I assure you she is very fine in
the rôle. It is a new departure for
Miss Vidor, playing a definitely bad
woman. And she is doing it super-
ably."

Our luncheon finished, we pro-
cceeded to Mr. Jannings’ dressing
room. He was a strange, almost a
grotesque figure in the make-up of
the mad Paul. His weariness had
vanished and he greeted us effu-
sively, exclaiming again and again
how happy he was to be playing once
more under the direction of his
friend, Mr. Lubitsch.

The conversation became a babel
of mixed German and English, with much gesturing
by everybody.
"I am one year now in Hollywood," said Mr. Jan-
nings presently. "You remember when I first was here
and you came to tea with Mrs. Jannings and me? Ah.
I was fearful then! I was a stranger in a strange land.
Not only could I not understand the language, but I thought
and felt differently from these Americans. We had no common
mental ground, I thought, upon which to meet.
"I feared that I might not get good pictures. Friends in Ger-
many had warned me. They will ruin you, these Americans.
They have ruined so many artists."
"But now, after a year, I am no longer afraid. It is all right.
I shall be happy here.
"It is a good thing for me that I came to Paramount. "And."
he added, smiling, "a good thing, I think, for Paramount that
I have come to them." He beamed over this amicable
arrangement. "Good business!" he said.
The Kid Herself

Though Clara Bow, when interviewed, is a combination of bored indifference and brazen success, she becomes a dynamic personality as soon as she faces the camera, and exhibits that intense magnetism which brings her 18,500 fan letters a month.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

YOUNG America figures Clara Bow is the little girl who will lead it out of the wilderness to freedom. Clara is freedom itself, from her rolled stockings to rolling her own cigarettes. She is the Statue of Liberty doing a Black Bottom. She’s a hard-chewing, fast-talking little redhead, who responds to the directorial cry of “Come on, baby, let’s see your stuff!”

Meteor though she may be, Clara is at the moment one of the box-office attractions nonpareil—which is another way of saying that all that Mr. Schulberg would like an attraction to be. Clara is engaged in burning ’em up in Peoria, Patchogue, Painted Post, and Pittsfield—and that is no idle Hollywood gossip. This little girl with the brash manner is drawing quarters in every quarter, in a style never surpassed save, perhaps, by Valentino. Clara is a baby cyclone as we go to press.

The temporal touch is included, because here is a freak star, offering little in the way of beauty, less in the way of talent, who is soaring to the heavens of popularity solely on wings of personal magnetism.

Off the screen she may be less magnetic, but once she is projected on the perpendicular platforms, she has whatever it takes to draw the crowds. She is the exhibitors’ pet at this writing, the ace of the picture palaces, the golden girl of the moment. Step right up and take a look.

There was a time when Clara thought interviews were fun and publicity indispensable, but those days have fled. She has grown a trifle anesthetic to such things.

Now, when you seek her out to find what makes her tick and how she regards the future of the industry, she swaggers calmly over, patting a plump cheek with a fluffy powder-puff, and permits herself to be introduced. Her hair is an amazing blend of bright tangerine and red lemonade. It is undisciplined and finespun, glowing in the glare of the arc lights. Her face is round, her chin verging on repetition, her mouth a rosy pout. From the neck down, one might describe her more enthusiastically, but one won’t. Any one who has seen the Bow films has seen the Bow figure. The specifications are correct throughout.

Clara is a startling combination of brazen success and bored indifference. She is juvenile and pert and satisfied. She reminds you of Baby Peggy ten years later.

She suggests all the chorus girls of fiction, all the stage flappers Florence Nash has portrayed, from Aggie Lynch down. She is a composite picture of a waitress at Childs, a hat-check girl at the Ritz, and a protegée of Texas Guinan playing “The Battle Cry of Freedom” on a saxophone.

She lacks poise, but she is cultivating a grand manner that is calculated to set you on your ear. Clara used to say “ain’t” and concentrate on slang, until some one initiated her into the secrets of how a star should sound. Now the slang is out. And Clara is pretty dignified.

More fan mail is received daily, addressed to the Bow child, than has fallen to the lot of any one in pictures, according to the Babson department at the Paramount studio. Arch Reeve showed me the figures, indicating that the wild redhead is getting 18,500 missives a month, or approximately 2,000 more than Valentino received at the peak of his popularity.

The young set the country over copy Clara’s every fad. She is the jazz goddess of the flappers and flappers. The great audience that first saw teethings rings between 1907 and 1917 idolize Clara, blowing smoke-rings at her shrine. Manicure sets and garters are named after her; hats and hand bags bear her indorsement; shrewd coiffes will design Bow bobs, if urged. She is a national sensation.

It is not strange to discover that all this praise, adulation, and far-flung publicity has had a definite effect upon the star-spangled Brooklyn girl. She is a Brooklyn belle, who found her way into the movies through one of those beauty contests. Background she has none; assurance untold. She is the flapper transferred bodily—and I mean bodily—to the screen. And thousands of other flappers see themselves in her shoes, and go to see her as often as opportunity presents.

“You broke into pictures by winning a beauty contest?” I suggested, to dissipate the silence shrouding us like a fog.

Clara stifled a little yawn.

“That didn’t help any,” she said. “Beauty contests are the bunk. The girl who won second prize got all the...”

Continued on page 98
CLARA BOW, who once delighted in being interviewed, now merely permits herself to be seen, according to Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose story on the opposite page nevertheless clearly explains the prodigious hold of the sprightly Clara on the public.
JUNE COLLYER'S patrician beauty is as rare on the screen as it is unforgettable, as you who saw her in "East Side, West Side" and "Four Sons" will agree. Watch for "Hangman's House" and you will see more of her.
WHERE are the adjectives that fully describe Greta Garbo? Can it be that Noah Webster could not find them for his dictionary? They certainly are not there. There is nothing, then, to do except to gloat over this photograph.
If the Paramount School had only given us 'Buddy' Rogers it would have more than justified itself." That is the gist of letters received by Picture Play in the past three months—more letters about Buddy than any other player!
HUGH ALLAN played a villain, in "Dress Parade," and ran away with the picture. Anybody who can do that is a marked man, so just mark him down in your date book, to be seen in "Hold 'Em, Yale."
MARRIAGE and long absence from the screen did not cost Doris Kenyon any of her popularity, for her return in "The Valley of the Giants" only made her charm more apparent. She will be seen in Milton Sills' next, too.
AFTER cutting a wide swath—if you know what that means—in "Four Sons," for Fox, James Hall has returned to the Paramount fold, to continue the enjoyable task of making himself even more popular, in "The Fifty-fifty Girl."
RICHARD DIX has never been known to lose his temper, he hates to buy clothes, and periodically he decides to marry—but doesn't. These morsels of information are only crumbs from the store you will find in the article opposite.
"Rich"—As He Is

In this careful appraisal of Richard Dix, his career is followed step by step, and his popularity with coworkers and fans is accounted for.

By Margaret Reid

RICHARD DIX is a son of the Middle West. Born thirty-four years ago in St. Paul, Minnesota, spending a few years of his childhood in Des Moines, his family returned to Merriam Park, Minnesota. He received his early education there, later graduating from the St. Paul Central High School, and putting in a year or so at the University of Minnesota.

His university career was cut short when he spiritedly abandoned it for the stage.

It had been his father’s wish that Richard become a surgeon. His schooling was conducted with this object in view. From the beginning, however, dramatics and the instinct for them made insidious inroads in his studies. Between football, baseball, and the more earnest business of school plays, he found the hours required for scientific learning increasingly irksome.

The real finish of his surgical ambitions occurred when he watched his brother, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, perform three operations. It was borne upon the youthful Richard that he did not have the strong nerves necessary to a physician. He became, in fact, very sick.

To his family’s dismay, he refused to continue at the university. Taking a job in an architect’s office, he studied dramatic work at night. This led, in turn, to small roles with the Metropolitan stock company, and then to a contract with the Shubert Theater in St. Paul. Here he received fifteen dollars a week. He incurred the wrath of the principals in the company, because his school chums attended religiously and applauded Richard with more enthusiasm than discretion.

Feeling, now, that the world was his own vineyard, he set out for New York and bigger things. In the following three years or so, he saw little enough of New York, his brief visits there being the barren periods between engagements in unimportant road companies.

Three years of one-night stands in jerk-water towns put a damper on his ardor. While he had a good time—no misfortune being great enough to lay low the Dix humor—and suffered from no anxiety about his art, he became a misanthrope about his position in the general scheme of things. An unsuccessful actor, with no special bent for anything else, he was deeply convinced of his complete futility.

During the course of an engagement in a play called “The Fourth Estate,” he was struck by the significance of a line he had to speak.

It was “Somewhere in this world is a place for every man.”
WITH all Hollywood in an uproar about increasing costs of motion pictures, what is said to be the most inexpensive production on record has just been finished.

It cost one hundred and sixty-four dollars, as nearly as its producer could figure it. At this writing all of that amount has not been expended, but at least the picture is finished, because I saw it.

Harry Sweet, one-time comedian, gag man, comedy director, scenarist, and this and that, wrote, produced, and directed it. For lack of a better title, he is calling it "Rhythms of a Great City in Minor," which seems cumbersome, but describes the picture as well as any other. An alternate title considered by the director was "An Elephant, A Ten-penny Nail, and a Quart of Milk."

Only eight hundred and fifty feet long, including the titles—which makes it considerably less than a reel—"Rhythms of a Great City in Minor" contains four distinct stories, each with a cast, plot and setting all its own.

It opens with futuristic camera shots of a city's skyline, with weird jumps into busy streets, traffic jams, and sordid alleys, then launches without further warning into its first story.

No one was paid any salary for working in the picture, but its cast is quite imposing. Arthur Housman, Charles Puffy, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Leslie Fenton, Betty Davis, Max Wagner, and others more or less well known on the screen, appear. Even the director and his assistant are in it as actors.

The picture contains no interior sets, and many of the scenes were "stolen" atop busses and in busy streets.

A good many in Hollywood have seen the picture, including Sid Grauman, who was so enthusiastic that he borrowed a print to show to Chaplin.

Now that it is finished, Sweet hasn't any idea what to do with it, but feels he would like to make a series along similar lines.

Another picture of about the same nature, I am told, has been made by Robert Flohr, writer, press agent, and assistant director. Flohr's picture, it is reported, has the ambitious title of "The Life and Death of an Extra Man" and was made principally in miniature sets constructed and photographed in the kitchen.


In the large and beautiful homes of Beverly Hills wherein the film great make their abode, there is often much talk of art in motion pictures.

Loud and earnest is the talk of the tragic ending, and how the creators of the cinema yearn to give their public a gripping drama and terrible tragedy if only that public would accept it.

Well—when Metro-Goldwyn produced a version of "Anna Karenina" and called it "Love," two endings were made. One showed Greta Garbo diving into the path of an oncoming train, while her sweetie went back to his regiment. The other showed the inevitable reunion of the lovers after a few years, with the mean husband conveniently out of the way and everything hotsy-totsy.

I saw "Love" at a downtown Los Angeles theater, where the great unwashed go to see films, and it had the tragic ending attached. I saw it again—inadvertently, you may be sure—at the Beverly Theater, the only picture house in the precincts of the great, and the conventional ending had been tacked on.

Lucien Littlefield, who has played some excellent character roles in a number of pictures, is perhaps the most unusual actor of his type I have ever known.

Only thirty-two years old, he almost never appears on the screen except as an old man, or at least a middle-aged one. In Will Rogers' sparring picture, "A Texas Steer," he not only played a prominent role, but did an impersonation of President Coolidge in one scene that was so remarkable that many wondered how the director had induced the chief executive to appear before the camera.

Yet despite the fact that Littlefield is virtually in a class by himself, he has always faintly regretted that he became an actor instead of a professional baseball player.

When he was sixteen years old, Lucien and another boy were playing baseball in high school in a Texas town. Big-
league scouts offered them a try-out, which his partner accepted. He later became a famous ball-player. Lucien, being a minor, could not get his parents' consent and gave up his aspirations, eventually becoming an actor instead.

Despite his success, Lucien still feels he would much rather be playing baseball, and has gratified his youthful desires to a certain extent by purchasing a semiprofessional team which contends in a Los Angeles league. He plays second base every Sunday he isn’t working in a movie.

Richard Barthelmess and John Gilbert are very good friends. But it is said they became embroiled in a semihumorous argument recently.

They were making wholly mythical and highly exaggerated threats of physical violence on each other.

"The worst thing I could think of doing to you," said Barthelmess, "would be to kick you in the teeth."

Erudite Hollywood.

I heard a press agent in conversation with Alice White, and in some sentence or other he used the word "flagellation," which, after all, is not the most obscure member of the English language.

Alice didn’t know its meaning and he refused to tell her. "I’ll ask Mervyn LeRoy," she said, Mervyn being then her director. The press agent offered to bet Mervyn didn’t know. He won the bet, then collected similar wagers from all the gag men and scenario writers then present.

An obscure character actor finally came to the rescue and offered a definition, which the press agent refused to give.

Alice has not yet paid the bets.

When Colleen Moore was making "Lilac Time," which seems to have become an aviation story—it may have been that on the stage, for all I know—a flock of army flyers were engaged as technical directors.

One in particular seemed to be the headliner of the outfit. He had the impressive record in the British army of having shot down any number of enemy planes and dirigibles, but manifested a curious reticence about actually getting into a plane himself.

Shortly after his departure, it developed that his war service had actually been confined to the veterinary corps of the British army.

Meanwhile there were on hand some real aces of the American and British armies, all of whom said nothing while the aeronautical veterinary was strutting his stuff.

Among them—to make this item still more drawn out—was a reckless flyer, who had recently inherited a matter of seven million dollars. He crashed a plane just for the fun of it for a thrill in the picture, which seems an odd form of amusement for a man worth seven million dollars.

A number of wandering bands of minstrels make the residential districts in and near Hollywood their habitat. They are mostly Hawaiians, and in groups of three or four they come to your doorstep and play loudly and enthusiastically until you tip them, or drive them off with a rifle.

They cause considerable embarrassment and annoyance to sober folk sitting by the fire, for what the musicians are looking for are the hilarious parties, where they will be called in and engaged by the hour.

The theater owners’ nation-wide vote for the ten best directors of the film industry is no great comfort to Mayor William Hale Thompson and the other 100 per cent Americans.

Of the ten selected by exhibitors, only five are American born, by name: Clarence Brown, Malcolm St. Clair, Henry King, Rex Ingram, and King Vidor. Triumphant Europe is represented by F. W. Murnau, Ernst Lubitsch, and E. A. Dupont, of Germany, Victor Sea-

Continued on page 98
Quick Lunch

These views of the restaurant at the Paramount studio show that not every one in the movies is on a diet.

Behind the scenes of the café, above, where three thousand pats of butter, twenty pounds of coffee and thirty dozen eggs are used daily.

Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll, left, in their "Abie's Irish Rose" make-up, share the menu with Richard Dix and decide how far to go in ordering lunch.

Seventy-five dozen glasses polished and ready, below, to be whisked to the thirsty.
Hollywood High Lights

Telling the news and gossip of the picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

STRAIGHT lines are out. Curves are in.
The svelte, "boyish" figure that used to glide across the Hollywood landscape will soon be no more.
In its place has come the graceful arc of avoid-dupois.
The new "finds" of the screen are-plump, and the established favorites are aiming toward roundness. One very famous exponent of the live-to-grow-thin cult told us not long ago that she had gained eight pounds, and was proud of it.
The straight, flat-chested type has been long in vogue, but forecasters have been predicting a change. Of course, it goes without saying that large hips and bulging waistlines will never, never be tolerated. However, the anemic-looking girls with pencil forms, will have to start eating spaghetti and chocolate sundaes to substitute, figuratively speaking, ellipses for right angles.
Billie Dove was one of the first to make an asset of a pulchritude that was not angular. Perhaps she even introduced the mode, since she is so very popular.
Madge Bellamy, who has been a hit in her recent pictures for Fox, also possesses more curves than the average screen player.
The girl who exemplifies most strikingly the new and rather pleasing roundness, is Nancy Carroll. She will make her début in "Abie's Irish Rose," and is distinctly a new type and very winning in personality.
Neither Fay Wray, Molly O'Day, nor Sally Eilers, the cute little girl who is featured in Mack Sennett's "The Good-by Kiss," are of the willowy genre, to name but a few among a number of newcomers we have lately noticed.

A Tribute to Dolores.

Dolores del Rio captured the silver trophy at the Wampas Ball.
This means that in two years she has gone far in her career, in the opinion of those deciding the contest. The other entrants included Mary Brian, Mary Astor, Olive Borden, Joan Crawford, Marcelline Day, Dolores Costello, Janet Gaynor, Madeline Hurlock, Edna Marian, Sally O'Neil, Vera Reynolds, and Fay Wray. They were the Wampas stars of 1926.
Miss Del Rio and Janet Gaynor were the closest contestants for the silver cup, but the vote of the dramatic critics of the Los Angeles newspapers was in favor of Miss Del Rio. It was felt that she had, actually, more successful performances to her credit than Janet, even though the latter scored such a triumph in "Seventh Heaven."

Of the new 1928 stars, Lina Basquette won the most applause at the Wampas affair, which was held at the Ambassador Hotel, with a large crowd in attendance. Ruth Taylor, Lupe Velez, and Sue Carol were among others warmly greeted. Miss Carol, by the way, wore an exquisite dress of billowy, white chiffon, trimmed with countless rose petals. Miss Del Rio was strikingly attired, the greenish-gold cape she wore, with green-dyed fur trimming, evoking an "ah!" from the audience. She always looks stunning, however.

Mary Garden an Idol.

It is always fascinating to watch the effect of a visiting celebrity on film folk.
The latest to cause a flurry was Mary Garden, when she came to Los Angeles for a series of performances with the Chicago opera company. She sang twice, and the house was packed on each occasion, many stars being present.
Norma Talmadge scarcely missed a single performance during the engagement, and she was escorted on nearly every occasion by Gilbert Roland.
Norma confided to us one evening that she wished she had Miss Garden's drawing power. But considering that Norma plays to millions of fans with each picture, while Miss Garden's audience is limited to the capacity of an auditorium for a single appearance, we felt this was a generous compliment. Norma, nevertheless, lavishes admiration without stint on any one who evidences art and accomplishment.

Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and Julia Faye, who had just returned from Europe, were also regularly in attendance. D. W. Griffith went to a matinée performance of "Sapho" and drew more attention than a star, a crowd stampeding him for autographs.
Will H. Hays a Godfather.

Kenyon Clarence Sills can seek future advice as to what he should do, right from the head of the motion-picture industry. His godfather is Will H. Hays, who, for all practical purposes, is the films' chief executive. Kenyon Clarence is the youngest born to Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon about a year ago. As Mr. Sills and Mr. Hays are old friends, the latter was invited to be the godparent, this being his first assumption of this particular obligation in Hollywood.

For the christening, the little boy was clad in the same robe that his father had worn on a similar occasion. It had been kept by Sills' mother, and was remade for Doris for her child.

Sills and Miss Kenyon are remarkably devoted, not only domestically, but professionally as well. Miss Kenyon has played the lead in three of her husband's starring productions.

The Sub-deb's Wardrobe.

How much money should the sixteen-year-old daughter of a famous star have for clothes?

Here are the figures as presented by Ohye Stokes Mix, the mother of Ruth Mix, and ex-wife of Tom:

- Three or four evening dresses . . . $225 to $250 each.
- Two tailored suits . . . . . . . . $165 to $200 each.
- One cloth coat . . . . . . . . . $100
- One fur coat . . . . . . . . . . $250
- Sport suits (number indefinite) . . . $175 each.
- Twelve pairs of shoes . . . . . . . $12.50 each.

In addition, she listed other items, such as hats, hose, and lingerie, the total with the dresses, suits, et cetera, coming to $4,326.

These figures were submitted during the long-drawn-out suit which the former Mrs. Mix filed against Tom. In this she asked for Ruth's allowance to be raised from $50 a month to $1,500 a month. The judge granted her $2,500 a year, with the proviso that if Miss Mix were sent to a boarding school, she should receive $4,250.

Colleen Waxes Romantic.

Those who have been hoping that Colleen Moore would do a picture disclosing her finer talents, may well look with high anticipation to "Lilac Time." In this Colleen submerges her comedy and gives a very sympathetic portrayal. The picture itself tells an ardent love story, with a war background. We liked the film better than any in which Colleen has played since "Irene." It is to be released as a special.

"Lilac Time" was played on the stage by Jane Cowl, who also starred in "Smilin' Through," which Norma Talmadge made into a very successful film. "Lilac Time" promises to do for Colleen what "Smilin' Through" did for Norma, and that should be sufficient recommendation.

Name Question Settled.

The discovery of Karl Dane's real name evokes bewilderment.

In full, it is Rasmus Karl Thekelsen Gottlieb, so you can't blame his shortening it for screen purposes.

Dane recently became an American citizen. He asked, incidentally, that he be allowed to keep his screen name instead of his real one. He desired to retain only the Gottlieb, as a middle name. On the screen, though, it will still be Karl Dane.

Bushman Again a Grandfather.

Francis X. Bushman is twice a grandfather. A boy has been born to his daughter, Virginia, who is the wife of Jack Conway, the director.

Bushman's son, Ralph, also has a child, several years of age.

Francis X., was away from Hollywood on a vaudeville tour at the time of the new grandson's birth, but was advised by wire of the event, and sent an elated telegram in reply:

Corinne Plans Her Castle.

Corinne Griffith will build a new home in Beverly Hills. It will be of Spanish architecture and will have no less than twenty rooms, rivaling the beautiful Harold Lloyd mansion now under construction. Her nearest neighbors will be Fred Niblo and Edm Bennett.

We see Corinne from time to time, and she is very happy with her new First National contract. She feels that "The Divine Lady" will be one of her best pictures. It is the first "big" historical romance she has ever done, the plot centering around Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The film is adapted from the book of E. Barrington, and Frank Lloyd, who made "Black Oxen" with Corinne, will direct.

"It doesn't seem possible," Corinne commented to us, "that after being in pictures for ten years 'The Divine Lady' should be the first big break I have ever had. Every star has had at least one big production, but I never have had. This will be my first real opportunity in a picture done on a pretentious scale."

After "The Divine Lady," the fair Miss Griffith will star in "Outcast," from the play in which Elsie Ferguson triumphed years ago. Miss Ferguson appeared in a film version of the play, you may remember, but it was far from a fortunate venture.

Too Much is Plenty.

The warning may as well be sent out. There is going to be another "Cohen and Kelly" excursion. They have been to Paris, and now they are going to Turkey. We hope next time that these two worthy families
travel to Abyssinia, Patagonia, or some other remote place, and get lost there.

It is amazing how many of these comedies can be built around the domestic squabbles of two sets of characters, and still find an audience. Each new outbreak seems worse than the last. We have thought this true recently of the Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton combination.

**Back to the Fold Once More.**

Film life occasionally insists on moving in a circle. The return of Jack Holt to Paramount is an instance.

Holt left the company a year ago, but did not fare so fortuitously while freelancing. Now he is back, doing a series of Westerns.

We have always felt that Holt had a fine, inherent acting-talent, very much overlooked. Assigning him to outdoor pictures isn’t the wisest move, perhaps, if it is to be his permanent work. He is really capable of portrayals more polished.

**Bachelor Life Falls.**

Stars do not stay unmarried very long nowadays. Reginald Denny was divorced only a few months ago, but he plans to wed again in the fall. He is engaged to Isabel Stiffel, who is doing small roles for Universal, where Denny stars.

The engagement was announced at a party held at Denny’s mountain cabin near San Bernardino.

Miss Stiffel is an attractive youngster, known by the nickname of “Bubbles.”

**Rudy’s Estate Settled.**

It is curious how the memory of Rudolph Valentino is recalled in the film colony, if only in a dull, commercial way.

There was an auction not long ago of some Egyptian cigarettes that Rudy bought during a European tour, and a number of young girls were among the bidders for these mementos. The cigarettes were unclaimed at the customs office, and were, therefore, disposed of at public sale, after being held for a year. The consignment sold for $88.

The estate left by Valentino has been settled, and shows a balance of approximately $300,000.

**Pola Will Commute.**

Pola Negri informs us that she has definitely settled her plans for the future. She will make two pictures a year—one in this country and one in Europe.

Pola feels that she has encountered more vicissitudes, perhaps, than any other foreign star who later came to this country, because she was the first arrival.

She wants, now, to do only very big productions, and would like at least every other one to have an authentic European background.

Her new contract is with United Artists.

**Bancroft Succeeds Monte.**

George Bancroft was recently accorded the honor of being elected president of the 23rd Club, a Masonic organization composed of film people. Monte Blue was previously president.

**Confidential Report of Bout.**

Famous last words in Hollywood: “Who won the Barrymore fight?”

Participants—Messrs. John Barrymore and Myron Selznick.

Time and Place—Midnight, Ambassador Hotel bungalow occupied by John Barrymore and his brother, Lionel.

Witnesses—Lionel Barrymore and, intermittently, Owen Moore.

Referee—Owen Moore.

Inspiration for Fistic Encounter—Undetermined.

Casualties—Indefinite.

Amount of Purse—Vaguely guessed at. But it might have been plenty, if Hollywood had only been tipped off.

Winner—No decision made, as referee had a special system of counting, similar to one employed in the Dempsey-Tunney battle.

**New Fields Look Greener.**

A new shifting about of professional destinies is due to occur, various players being affected. Leatrice Joy, for one, is likely soon to be seen in Fox pictures. Her contract with DeMille is expiring, and it is known that she has been desirous of a change. She has had very few satisfactory roles lately, with the possible exception of “The Angel of Broadway” and “The Blue Danube.”

Gloria Swanson has decided to make her next production at the F. B. O. studio, though it will be released by United Artists. What with the departure of Corinne Griffith, this leaves the number of stars on the United Artists’ lot somewhat depleted.

Raymond Griffith and Thomas Meighan are with Caddo productions. Menjou is reported leaving Paramount to make pictures abroad. The marriage of Menjou and Kathryn Carver is planned for the early part of May.

It has been rumored that Rod La Roque plans to leave DeMille. However, the report was denied. It was said he might go to United Artists for only one picture, “La Plava.”
An Islander Returns.

Monte Blue returned with some interesting impressions of the South Sea Islands.

During the shut-down of Warner Brothers' studio he worked in "Southern Skies," for Metro-Goldwyn, and the company went on location to Tahiti and other islands of the tropical Pacific.

Blue said he didn't believe in cannibals until he went there. "But now I know they swarm the shores," he told us. "If you think they're dusky-haired natives, though, you're wrong. They're mosquitoes. I had welts on me like barnacles, after being bitten by them. That country isn't all that the authors and artists crack it up to be, either. But anyway I enjoyed it."

Monte stayed only a short time in Hollywood on his return. He is now on the way to Europe with his wife, Tove Jansen. They plan to visit Denmark, the birthplace of Tove's mother, known on the screen as Bodil Rosing, and they may go to see Tove's uncle in Constantinople.

Sounder and Sounder!

Warner Brothers have announced that virtually all their new pictures will be made with Vitaphone accompaniment, and many of them with spoken dialogue. In a number of the important films more than half of the picture will be dialogued.

Jack Warner assured us that no one who cannot speak lines or has not taken up voice culture will, in a few years, have a chance on the screen.

By the way, Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time" is to have sound effects, although no actual conversation.

Is Erich Speeding Up?

A newspaper headline says "Erich von Stroheim will make quickies." Now what do you deduce from that, Watson?

Griffith Retains Scepter.

No more interesting sport could be devised than attempting to guess whom D. W. Griffith will choose to play in his pictures. Griffith's long absence from the film colony makes his selections exceedingly problemati-

All actors regard working under Griffith's direction as a great experience.

From Africa to England.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry seem determined to stay in Europe. Alice, of course, takes a trip to Hollywood occasionally, but Rex has definitely turned his back on the film colony, whether for his own artistic good or ill can only be vaguely conjectured.

In any event, Rex and Alice have for a time changed their abode to England, and are working there on a film called "Three Passions," for United Artists. Ivan Petrovich will play opposite Miss Terry.

The question asked in studioland is: "What are the other two passions?"

D'Artagnan to Live Again.

Douglas Fairbanks is again preparing to flash his sword and twirl his mustache, as that famous character of fiction, D'Artagnan. Doug seems to revel in sequels, and after many debates, he has decided to make one to "The Three Musketeers." It will probably be called "Twenty Years After," but it will not follow very closely the Dumas novel of the same title.

Dumas wrote several novels relating to the intimate and the public adventures of his famous group of swashbuckling heroes, but none of these had the zip necessary for a real Fairbanks production. As a result, Doug evolved an adaptation that is almost wholly original, and that the author, himself, were he alive, probably wouldn't object to—at least any more than most authors usually object under such circumstances.

Secretly, we believe, Doug has entertained a fondness for D'Artagnan greater than for any of his other portrayals. "The Three Musketeers" was one of his best pictures, and though we don't believe much in trying to revive the impression of something very well done, we feel, from what we have heard of Doug's story, that it is going to be something interestingly different. One thing—the picture may not have a typical happy ending.

May Aid New Generation.

There has been talk again lately in Hollywood about the new generation of screen stars, and prophecies that Continued on page 94
Watch Him for a While

Lane Chandler came out of the West, where he was discovered in Yellowstone Park, and now he can’t go back. This story tells you why.

By A. L. Wooldridge

A RARA AVIS has been discovered in Hollywood. Rara avis is Scandinavian, or something, for “rare bird.” He’s a red-headed young giant, and unspoiled. His name is Lane Chandler. He has recently completed the leading rôle opposite Clara Bow, in “Red Hair.” Here’s what makes him rare:

He doesn’t think he’s as good as Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, or Richard Barrymore. He doesn’t crave spats, purple neckties, nor an automobile that shines like the aurora borealis.

He doesn’t care whether the camera photographs his face, his hat, his shirt, or his hip. The ingénue may hog the scene, for all he cares.

He doesn’t want any love affairs. His mother in Montana is this boy’s girl friend.

He doesn’t want to own a mansion in Beverly Hills with Filipino servants and a cellar. He’d rather have a cabin in the hills, with a fishing rod, a gun, and a few good books, than be John Barrymore, Emil Jannings, or the greatest actor in the world.

He doesn’t take life seriously one way or another. If there isn’t money enough in his pocket to buy a regular meal at the Montmartre, or the Mayfair—well, there is much sustenance in a hamburger sandwich, and there are many good fellows hooking their toes into stools at lunch counters along the Boulevard.

He doesn’t care whether he’s leading man for Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, or the snake charmer in a circus—provided the charmer knows her stuff well. He’ll see a lot of humor in anything.

If the studio were to notify him to-morrow that he was through, he’d smile the sweetest smile imaginable, extend his hand to say good-by, turn his face toward the pine trees and the grandeur of the Montana hills and exclaim, “Old-timers, here I come!”

Can you understand why the movie colony is crazy about him? Can’t you sense why Esther Ralston wanted him for her leading man, in “Love and Learn,” and why the irrepressible Clara Bow exulted when she learned he was to play opposite her, in “Red Hair?”

Lane Chandler brought into the studio the freshness, gentleness, and honesty of the open spaces, and he doesn’t care a tinker’s dam what the movies do to him. There is always the call of languorous days in the shadows of the Rockies, miles from Hollywood, where the trout are leaping and where a big boy can live in the outdoors. Robert W. Service painted a word picture of Lane Chandler when he wrote:

“There’s a four-prong buck a-swinging in the shadow of my cabin.
And it roamed the velvet valley till to-day,
But I tracked it by the river, and I trailed it in the cover,
And I killed it on the mountains, miles away.
Now I’ve had my lazy supper, and the level sun is gleaming
On the water where the silver salmon play;
And I light my little corncob, and I finger, softly dreaming,
In the twilight, of a land that’s far away.”

The very indifference of this lad has amazed Hollywood. His was a case where a big, good-natured boy drifted in and said, “Here I am—do you want me? Thought I might fit in, somewhere.”

And want him they did—with all his one hundred and eighty-five pounds of good nature. I imagine that if I were a child, and some fellow took my gumdrops, I’d...
Lane Chandler is a new type. He was born on a ranch near Culbertson, Montana, twenty-six years ago. He is the son of George W. Oakes, now deceased. His education was received in Helena, where he attended high school, and Wesleyan University. While in college, he was on the football team which won the Montana championship in 1921. He played both guard and tackle. Before coming to Hollywood, he was passenger agent for the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, stationed at Old Faithful Inn. His chance for a screen career came when a director, filming a picture in the park, gave him a leading rôle in a two-reeler. And that gave him the film fever. He got it in virulent form, because it seemed to offer opportunity for a lark.

"You should have seen me," says Lane, "when I arrived in Hollywood, in 1925—husky, looking for a job as an extra. Nobody paid any attention to me. I found occasional work and got my five dollars a day for every day I worked—which wasn't often. But when spring came I hit it right back for the park and the wide, open spaces. Nothing equals the joy of living in the hills. When I came back the next winter I got a job as a mechanic with a motor company, and took time off occasionally to do extra work in a picture. Got a big kick out of it. Didn't take the movies very seriously, though.

"Then some one showed Paramount the two-reeler I had worked in at the park, and they did seem to like it. Sent for me and looked me over. Didn't know I had played extra for them. And I didn't tell about it. Outcome of the interview—they took a test and offered a contract.

"Now I have eight, ten—possibly twelve—years I can spare to pictures. I can spare that much only because of the salary they pay. And after that? Well, just watch me head once more for Montana and a ranch. Hollywood can never get that idea out of my head."

Contined on page 104

He is twenty-six and was born on a Montana ranch.
Colleen Attempts Tears

In "Lilac Time" the popular comedienne has a rôle far removed from her usual hoydens, but so shrewd has been her judgment in the past that no one—except herself—is in doubt of the result.

By Helen Louise Walker

Colleen Moore is blossoming forth in a big production. She has been content—or at least so she has seemed—to jog along in program pictures, the financial backbone of her company, one of the biggest box-office attractions, according to exhibitors' reports, in the industry.

She has never gone in, as have other stars of similar reputation, for super-productions, or special pictures, which are in the making for months and months, which cost large amounts of money, and which are released amid tremendous ballyhoo with gala premières, attended by stars in evening clothes who go to be seen, and curious fans who go to see them.

Colleen's pictures, four of them each year, produced at a nominal cost, have opened quietly, unattended by arc lights, celebrities, or depressing speeches by masters of ceremony.

And she has consistently filled those theaters at a rate which many stars of million-dollar productions may well envy.

"Lilac Time" is a big picture. Not in the epic class, but costing somewhere around a million dollars, and with a shooting schedule far longer than anything else she has done recently.

When I asked her if she were graduating into the super-production, ballyhoo-and-arc-light opening, Colleen shivered.

"Don't say it!" she begged. "I'm horribly superstitious! Perhaps—if this picture is as good as we hope—but I dare not say it is going to be, because that is bad luck. Something would be sure to happen! But"—here she stopped and beamed—"the rushes looked awfully good this morning!"

She flitted away to walk, glassy-eyed and staring, through a garden where broken, bandaged soldiers sat on benches, or lay in wheel chairs, accompanied by pretty French nurses. A camera on a truck followed her.

She came back and explained, "I have lost my lover and I am empty with grief—lost and wandering."
She wore a peasant costume, with a little black shawl about her shoulders.

Artillery rumbled past in the street beyond the garden, circled round behind the set, rumbled past again, an unending line of blue-clad soldiers mounted upon discouraged horses, pulling gun carriages after them.

Colleen watched them.

"I should like to make one picture a year—or two. Spend a lot of money on them, and take time enough to work them over and over until they were really good. I would do two comedies and then a drama, just for variety. I am so happy over this one. It does you good to get a drama out of your system once in a while! But the responsibility of making a big picture is so great. It is such a serious matter if you fail.

"You know—it takes a lot of courage to risk failure. But you have to do it. If you never risk failing, you never get anything done at all.

"You know, ego holds you back. You think, 'If I fail, I shall be hurt. I shall lose faith in myself. I am afraid to try!' It isn't the actual failure that matters so much as losing faith in one's self.

"Why, way back when I was a youngster, I used to play the piano. I was rather good at it and people thought that when I grew up I should be a fine musician.

"Well, there was a competition for a scholarship. It was taken for granted that I would win it and study abroad. I practiced and practiced and I began to think, 'What if I shouldn't win?' There was another little girl who was pretty good. I let that thought get hold of me and I began to be terribly afraid. It was not the thought of the scholarship—although I wanted that very much—it was the idea of failing that had me beaten before the competition began. I played very badly and I did not win. Fear lost it for me.

"But as I grew older, I began to see that I could learn from every setback. One failure did not necessarily mean the end of everything. I could try again. And I got over being afraid.

"When I was still quite young I used to spend my summers in Chicago with an aunt. And I would play extra rôles in pictures. I was just beginning to want to go into pictures then.

"One day the director asked for a girl to do a bit. She was to don a maid's costume and carry a tray of dishes across the set.

"I stepped forward very cockily and said I could do it. I thought here was my big chance! So they gave me the costume and the tray, and suddenly I thought, 'What if I can't do it?' A simple thing like that! I got so frightened that when the camera started to grind and they called to me to start, I tripped, and crash! I went all the dishes.

"The shot was ruined and so were the dishes, and I was fired.

"I thought it over and realized that if I had not been so frightened—so afraid of failing—I should not have tried. And I made up my mind that I would never let fear get hold of me like that again.

"Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, called to her.

"'Now wait,' he said, explaining the scene, 'until I say 'Go!'-and then don't go for a minute. Then run!'

Colleen twinkled up at him. "When you say  '"Go!' I don't," she said, "I see perfectly!"

"Little mutt!" he growled and they grinned at each other. It was obvious they were friends.

The shot finished, she returned and took up the discussion where she had left off, exactly as if there had been no interruption.

"Failure and disappointment," she said. "Sometimes I think we learn more from those things than from success. There was the time that I wanted—oh, so much—the leading rôle in 'Peg o' My Heart.' I thought I could not bear it if I did not get it. Later I realized that I was not fitted—not ready to do such a rôle. It would have done me more harm than good had I tried to do it.

"There was the time when I was fired by Griffith." She giggled. "I received a blue slip—one of those fatal, blue slips—saying that they were dispensing with my services, though they appreciated my artistic ability. I read the part about the artistic ability, but did not grasp the rest of the communication. I thought they were paying me a compliment and it was not until the next day that I realized I had lost my job!

"That hurt. It was a blow to my ego. But somehow it gave me a grim determination to go on trying.

Continued on page 169."

It does one good to get a drama out of one's system once in a while, says Colleen.
Manhattan Medley

Bus of information and gossip about film celebrities in New York.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

NEW YORK is fast becoming the center of a frenzied search for buried fictional treasure. Directors, scenario writers, stars, executives, have all joined in the story hunt, which yields no end of promising clues, but only an occasional haul of scenario loot. The trail leads to first nights, publishing houses, libraries, and to authors famous and obscure, in the hope that one or all may yield a prize from across the footlights, from a dusty cubby-hole, or from a voluminous literary sleeve.

Tod Browning journeyed all the way to Europe, wandered over the highways and byways of foreign lands for weeks and had the satisfaction of procuring two stories suitable for the varied talents of Lon Chaney. Samuel Goldwyn likewise, while ostensibly on a belated honeymoon, had a determination to find new screen stories. Lillian Gish has been haunting first nights, hoping to find a play that will suit her. Although, at the expiration of her contract with Metro-Goldwyn, she signed with United Artists, there is still no prospect for her immediate return to the screen for the simple reason that she has been unable to find a story adapted to her spirituelle personality.

Max Reinhardt is returning to America in the autumn to direct her, and I hear that he has a definite idea in the back of his head of the subject which will mark his début as a Hollywood director, but in the meantime the fair Lillian continues to scan manuscripts in the hope of unearth the talent theme.

Having completed "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" in California, Herbert Brenon joined the eager band of story hunters, and succeeded in purchasing Fannie Hurst's "Lummox" for future use, and it is our prediction that when this sympathetic story of a Swedish servant is filmed, Louise Dresser will appear in the title rôle.

When not absorbed in manuscripts, Mr. Brenon took time to confide that he considers Lon Chaney the greatest character actor on the screen, bar none, that Nils Asther has greater potentialities than any other screen juvenile, and that the road to success in films is to have a definite idea and to cling to it. In other words, stick to the guns of your conviction, no matter what the cost or opposition. He points to "Sorrell and Son" as a case in point, because it was pooh-poohed from one film executive's desk to the other before he produced it.

Eddie Sutherland, too, cast his keen eyes over the situation, journeying higher in an airplane. No bones were actually broken but an accident did indeed occur which, as a matter of fact, was not part of the original script. The plane made a landing which was not according to schedule, and Eddie, like Humpty Dumpty, had a great fall, though all the king's horses and all the king's men were not needed to put him together again.

Speaking of accidents, Marla Corda, who, if rumor is to be believed, went to Europe to rid herself of an extraneous husband, played an emotional scene unaided by glycerin or a megaphone. A taxicab in which she was riding ran into an "L" post, and though she escaped serious harm, she was, as the familiar phrase goes, "considerably shaken."

Frances Marion, who has not been in these parts in many moons, joined the first nighters from Hollywood, though Miss Marion, with her sharp wits, is never at a loss for screen ideas. As those who know their film history are well aware, Miss Marion is an institution in herself. She has written scenarios since the industry first began, having supplied stories for virtually every star on the horizon, from Farina to Fairbanks. You may remember that she wrote most of Mary Pickford's early scripts, that it was under her skillful fingers that Abraham Lincoln and Hester Fryne came to life on the silver sheet, and as the wife of Fred Thomson she fills an equally important part in the domestic sphere.

As a matter of fact, Miss Marion is prouder of her domestic achievements than she is of her public attainments. She tells you with pride that Junior is such a fine physical specimen that at the age of nine months he utterly demolished two kidde cars; and now, though still in rompers, completely dominates the household. She puts it down to the father's development of the
"I'm on my way to join my wife," said the young man.

"Say," exclaimed the reporter, "don't tell me you've married her already! I didn't know she was divorced from Jack Pickford yet! That's news to us."

"No, I'm not married to her; I'm married to Vilma Banky," explained the tall young man.

"Ben Lyon married to Vilma Banky? Say, you're spoofing me," and the reporter gave a reproachful glance.

"My name's La Rocque," explained Rod hastily. "Lyon just got in that taxi over there." And the reporter turned and fled after the disappearing auto.

Samuel Goldwyn, who is never at loss for ideas and whose energy is proverbial, is looking not only for stories but for stars, and before he ascended the gangplank with his pretty wife, he delivered himself of these heartening sentiments:

"Actress or shop girl, chauffeur, or soft-shoe dancer, you are a candidate for the movies. I'm looking for a hero to play opposite Vilma Banky, and a heroine to play opposite Ronald Colman."

The two persons he will select must possess seven characteristics, not one of which is sex appeal, which he considers passé. Good, wholesome personalities are what the screen requires to-day, he avers, in outlining these seven requisites:

1. Intelligence and a sense of humor. Movies, like the stage, have outgrown stock gestures, emotions, and situations.
2. Color—that is, distinction of personality. People command interest, or they don't.
3. Youth and adaptability. We don't want people out on a crusade to tell us what's wrong with pictures.
4. Imagination.
5. The modesty that will enable a player to see a rôle as something that forms part of a story, not as a chance to emote all over the lot.
6. Willingness to work. The movies will eventually demand as thorough training as the stage did thirty years ago—physical training as well as cultural. To develop into a rounded and finished player requires long hours. Remember, we start making pictures at eight in the morning.
7. Screen personality, not a doll-like perfection of face and form. We've outgrown all that.

It has become the fashion of the film world to marry in haste and to honeymoon at leisure. Norma and Irving

boy's physique, and points to the truth of her assertions by the fact that the father's monopolization of the boy is so complete, that she had to adopt a baby recently in order to have a bairn of her own to play with.

After she had cast many an anxious eye at "The Trail of '98," which she was cutting while in New York, Miss Marion withdrew to Palm Beach, where Fred Thomson joined her for a brief holiday on the sunny sands.

Rod La Rocque and Ben Lyon came East on the same train, which was the cause of an amusing contretemps at Grand Central Station. An enthusiastic young reporter, being assigned to get Ben Lyon's statement as to the state of his affections for Marilyn Miller, awaited the arrival of the train with impatience. As it drew in, the reporter, imbued with the enthusiasm of his craft, sensed in a tall, well-groomed young man all the earmarks of a star.

He tapped the stranger on the shoulder, and an immediate cross-questioning of his matrimonial intentions began.

Maria Corda, according to rumor, went to Europe to shed a husband.
Thalberg, married months ago, returned to their respective jobs forthwith. Only recently they passed through New York on their voyage des noces, embarking for a Mediterranean cruise. A few days thereafter Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, whose journey to Europe had been styled likewise in the nature of a honeymoon, passed through New York on their way to Hollywood.

Cortez need never fear being described as "the fellow Alma Rubens married." Alma for all her talent, has married talent, too, and while she has been on a holiday, "Ricky," as his friends call him, has proceeded assiduously with his career.

He took part in British productions while in England, and upon his return to America barely had time to write his name on the hotel register, before he was asked to sign on the dotted line of a film contract. He is to be the chief masculine reason for "Ladies of the Night Club," produced by Tiffany-Stahl. Having just come from his ocean liner, he permitted himself only a brief survey of the metropolis, and hastily boarded the train. Being a dutiful wife and one of matrimony's staunchest advocates, the fair Alma resisted all inducements to dally a while in New York, and accompanied Ricky to Hollywood.

On the opening night of "Four Sons," at the Gaiety Theater, when the applause after the showing was going full tilt, the familiar figure of Courtland Smith stepped onto the stage and spoke.

"As the result of her exquisite performance in this picture William Fox announces that Margaret Mann becomes automatically a star," he said. The spotlight was turned on an unobtrusive figure in a simple, afternoon frock. Here was not one of your simpering ingenues, nor a hard-faced doll from the sticks, but a mature, well-poised, and sensible woman, whose quiet dignity was as apparent in her acknowledgment of the applause as was her intelligent restraint as the mother on the screen.

A woman of sixty, an extra for ten years. Margaret Mann never aspired to stardom. Hers is not the nature that craves the plaudits of the crowd but, faced by the problem of making money, she went about her work in the studios with a well-defined dignity which attracted the attention of Fox officials.

While in New York, hers was not the role of the besaved star who haunts the night clubs, and her

Patsy Ruth Miller is writing a novel.

Manhattan Medley

proudest memory of her visit was the afternoon she missed her personal appearance at the theater, went over to Ellis Island, and was highly amused to find that the actualities of Uncle Sam's landing spot are very different from Hollywood's conception of it.

Enter Patsy Ruth Miller, authoress, but by no means exit Patsy Ruth Miller, actress.

Miss Miller finds the task of blending histrionic and literary expression highly satisfactory, especially when it is possible to sandwich in a trip to Europe in addition to histrionic pursuits. Miss Miller, an outspoken young person, admits that her stay abroad will depend entirely upon how much work she will find on the other side. If the screen gods are kind, and she is signed for a couple of pictures, she will remain many months. If they refuse to smile upon her, she will come home in a few weeks. If she has a good time over there, she will stretch her stay as long as possible. If she is bored, she will come back to New York at once. In New York Patsy Ruth is assured of a good time, for she is one of the most popular girls.
and from what he says probably only one person will ever see it. Regardless of all that, I've simply got to finish it. With the help of my author-friends I have already written several short stories, but I'll never let my name be used in connection with anything I write."

That does not sound so egotistical for a writer, now does it?

There is probably no happier woman in the world to-day than Gloria Swanson, for with "Sadie Thompson" Miss Swanson, who had been wabling for two years, achieved with one stroke the highest niche of contemporary film fame. Not only artistically is the picture a huge success, but financially it has been garnering ducats all over the country. In the language of the exhibitor, "Sadie Thompson" is a wow.

"And now," says Miss Swanson, "I have to do something different. I want to dress up again. I'm looking for a story that gives me a chance to dress up in a humorous background. I loved making Sadie. Whatever I make now will be a fearful let-down for me, for Sadie had character, courage, and individuality. How many heroines are there with those qualifications not only in fiction, but in real life? They are precious few, I tell you. And I am afraid that whatever I do now cannot fail but be an anticlimax."

Miss Swanson says that she finds the task of combining financial and artistic responsibility a fascinating one. "Indeed," she says, "I get a huge kick out of putting over a good business deal, and a huge kick out of giving a good performance. I think it is because it is all part and parcel of accomplishment. There's always a thrill in accomplishing what one sets out to do, if it's only a shopping tour. As for the responsibility of it, I've always felt that the responsibility of having other people's money invested in you was just as heavy—indeed, much heavier—than merely risking your own. When I know that some one else has money in a picture of mine, I would never dream of taking a day off. But if I felt worn out, and only my own money were at stake, I would say to myself, 'Well, it's my own money I'm spending. Why shouldn't I stay in bed today and take a rest?' It's my loss and no one else's."

So there, in a nutshell, you have Gloria's philosophy of independence. Since other people's money is always invested in pictures, her soul is never her own.

And while Miss Swanson is poring over pages and pages of scripts and novels searching for a "dressed-up" comedy role suited to her colorful personality, "Sadie Thompson" is earning money for her all over the country.

who come a-visiting from Hollywood. She is always frank, wide-awake, sophisticated, and hasn't the slightest inclination, or desire, to pull the wool over any one's eyes. It is extraordinary how different Pat is off the screen, but if you have found her distinctly "blah" and undistinguished in many of her screen-portrayals, blame it on the casting director. They've been casting her for years as a pallid ingenue, when in reality she is like a flashing meteor.

But to get back to her writing proclivities, Miss Miller believes that writing is the perfect expression of the ego. "An actress," she says, "can only express the ideas of some one else. A writer does the whole thing. He portrays his own ideas, his own thoughts, his own characters, his own theme, his own plot in his own way. Nothing at all influences him. "I'm halfway through a novel myself. Only one person has seen it so far, but my theme is my own."

"Sadie Thompson" is the greatest novel Miss Swanson has ever written. She has poured over its pages for months, and it is a big success financially.

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Don't Let His Smile Fool You
For Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a very serious young man and his father is justly proud of him.

By Margaret Reid

Do you remember—I address, necessarily, only the veterans among fans—pictures in the movie magazines of Douglas Fairbanks with a chubby, round-faced little boy at his side? It seems just a brief while ago; but here, all at once, is the same little boy hidden away in the past of a tall, serious young man. Unmistakably the same, this rather aesthetic, youthful edition of his father.

Douglas, Jr., is only in the vicinity of nineteen, but is mentally mature beyond his years. He would appear older if he didn’t consciously try to. The fact that he does try is the most youthful thing about him.

The first indication Hollywood had that Douglas, Jr., was rather more than just a nice boy suddenly grown up, came when he starred in the Los Angeles stage production of “Young Woodley,” the play—which Glenn Hunter did with great success in the East. The program gave most of its space to the fact that Douglas played Woodley, and the first-night audience was drawn more by curiosity to see the son of a famous father, than by anticipation of a good performance.

Young Fairbanks had previously done one or two sketches at the Writers’ Club; done them nicely, without causing any furor. When the first curtain was raised on “Young Woodley,” no one was prepared for the skillful, finely sensitive characterization of the youthful star. It was a performance a seasoned trouper might well have envied, and it was Doug’s first play. Hollywood was quite properly impressed.

Fairbanks, Sr., when approached on the subject of his son, said he had expected it.

“To me it was an excellent piece of work. Junior gave the role a deep understanding. I believe he shows the makings of a really fine actor.”

In speaking of his son, Douglas, père, is proud and enthusiastic as only he can be about something which interests him. But he is never guilty of parental fulsomeness. Young Doug to his father is just a more than usually intelligent human being, of whom he is particularly fond.

His father is pleased that he has chosen to be an actor.

“He is well equipped for acting. Particularly because he is not limited to that form of expression. He writes very good verse. He studied painting and sculpture in Paris for three years, and does both excellently. His knowledge of literature is extensive. And, through conscious observation, he has gained an understanding of human nature that is rare in a boy. All these things give finish to an actor.

“Eventually, I think his place will be on the screen, since there is greater sweep and scope there. But at present he is wise to prefer the stage. A comparatively obscure beginner on the stage has more opportunity for interesting work than a beginner on the screen. For instance, when ‘Young Woodley’ was taken up to San Francisco, Junior was asked to codirect the production. Whereas in pictures he is only given inconsequential, characterless roles that are of no value to his training.

“He has good picture judgment. I like to have him see my rushes and give me his opinion. I had him do a few of the more romantic titles for ‘The Gaucho,’ and it ended in his practically titling the entire picture.” Fairbanks grinned appreciatively.

“He has so much poetry in him,” he went on, “he floats in the clouds. I bound up there now and then—if you know what I mean—but he stays there, living in the half-world of his imagination. That is where, his verse comes from, and his slightly morbid trend in painting and sculpture. He lives apart, but his humor, fortunately, gives him an anchor to earth when he needs one.

“When I was his age, I was keen on polo and football. I wanted to be outdoors and active every minute. But Junior is happier sitting with a book, or dreaming over a sketch, or a bit of sculpture.”

Don’t, however, get the impression of a young pedant, whose only idea of a rousing good time is a dozen chapters of Nietzsche. He is anything but that. His father

Continued on page 107
Caught by
Glimpses of the players in all sorts

Mary Brian, above, is the proud possessor of an autographed slipper signed by most of the Paramount celebrities.

Gwen Lee, right, obligingly displays a patchwork quilt made of scraps of gowns worn by her friends.

Vera Voronina, below, just must have cauliflower, and if the cook rebels, she prepares it herself with tenderest care.

Lina Basquette, above, poses in her garden just as all the successful stars do.

Stan Laurel, below, is not one to say that a dog is man’s best friend, for he has a wife and new baby, but still his St. Bernard has a place in his life.
of odd moments away from the studios.

Marceline Day, left, likes to play tennis in double-quick time, so she speeds the game by strapping on roller skates.
Allene Ray, below, swabs the decks just like an old salt when she is week-ending.

Do you remember the chin strap? Well, Dorothy Sebastian, above, reminds Hollywood that it can be very becoming.

Dorothy Gulliver, lower left, makes flowers and miniature trees of twisted tissue paper, then applies sealing wax for permanence. What next, did you ask?

William Haines, below, teaches Polly Moran some of the tricks by which he has gained stardom, while Polly carefully follows suit.
They May Have

Perhaps you lived next door to a star-to-be—series, deals with players born in the Middle

By Alma

When she was fourteen, dire necessity made Laura the family breadwinner. She took a chance, went to California, got an extra job at the Christie studio and progressed steadily. Her first leads were with Tom Mix.

Pauline Starke grew up in Joplin and started out, in a small way, in Triangle pictures.

Georgia Hale had a long struggle. Her family moved, when Georgia was six, from St. Joseph to Chicago. In 1922 she was sent as Chicago’s representative to the Atlantic City beauty pageant. With fifteen hundred dollars prize money she went on to New York to try for screen work. There were many weary months. Finally, with two hundred and fifty dollars left, Georgia determined to go to Hollywood. For the first five weeks she got intermittent work at the Fox studio as an extra. Then—a tragedy for her—she broke her ankle and was crippled for eight months. On her first day out she ran into Josef von Sternberg and, as the upshot of this meeting, she agreed to play in “Salvation Hunters” without salary, just for the chance.

You know the rest! Her role in “The Gold Rush,” and so on, though Georgia still has her troubles on the screen.

Wallace and Noah Beery were born on a farm in western Missouri and went to school in Kansas City. There they both

Earle Foxe was born in Ohio.

Blanche Sweet first saw “de” in Chicago.

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Been Your Neighbors

and didn't know it. This article, the second of a
West, and recounts their beginnings in the movies.

Talley

joined the O, D, Woodward stock company and proved their
ability. Finally they had their own repertoire company, touring
the Middle West, and were established
players when they first began in movies.
- Harrison Ford was born in Kansas
City. He too joined a stock company in
Baltimore, and another in Syracuse, and
gradually grew in stature as an actor
until movies followed.
- Alice Joyce, of Kansas City, was once
a telephone operator. Then she became
a model for magazine illustrations, and
finally obtained screen work with the old
Kalem company.
- Rosemary Theby left St. Louis to at-
tend Sargent's Dramatic School in New
York and began her professional career
in that way.
- Claude Gillingwater came from Louisi-
a, Missouri, and was well known on
the stage before he played on the screen.
- Our star zone now continues on into
Illinois, the real heart of this belt. My,
my, what Chicago has done for the mov-
ies! In the old days of the Essanay and
Selig studios there, getting a film start
was fairly simple. If you lived near by,
all you needed was looks and patience.
Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Bryant
Washburn, all of Chicago, and Helen
Ferguson, of Decatur, got their start in
this way. Bryant Washburn had had
some previous stage experience.

Gertrude Olmsted is another gift of Chicago
to the movies.

Photo by Louie

Myrtle Stedman at-
tended Mrs. Starrett's
School in Chicago and
then went on the stage in
light operas. She became
a prima donna and then
she learned of a wonderful
film opportunity for a girl
who could ride a horse.
And how she could ride a
horse! She had become
expert during her sum-
ners in Colorado. So she
applied for the film job
and was accepted. After
making two Westerns she
was signed for five years.
to make society dramas in
the winter, Westerns in
the summer. And so to
Hollywood.
- Virginia Valli, Rod La
Rocque, Dorothy Dalton,
all of Chicago, went out
and joined stock com-
panies. That is not so
difficult when you live in
a city where there is a
stock company and you
don't have to plead,
"Please, pa, lend me some
money to go to Chicago
and try to get on the stage." Many of us might now be second
Ethel Barrymores or Mary Pickfords if father hadn't said, "No
child of mine shall go on the stage!"
- Blanche Sweet, of the Chicago Alexanders, joined Gertrude
Hoffman's dancers and then toured in Chauncey Olcott's company.
Stage experience often paves the way for a screen career, if one
has looks and that secret password—personality! Clara Kimball
Young also graduated from the stage to the screen. Her career
began when, at the age of three, she played in a Chicago stock
company.
- Milton Sills also was recruited from the stage. He got most
They May Have Been Your Neighbors

Kathryn Astor was born in Quincy. But her family moved to Chicago, where both her father and mother taught school. Mary's mother taught a dramatic course, and with high hopes for her daughter, took Mary to New York. A photographer, who took pictures of her, declared she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She started in Triatt two-reelers and was first acclaimed when she played in "The Beggar Maid," based on a famous painting.

Ethel Clayton, born in Champaign, Illinois, went on the stage in a Chicago stock company. Kathryn McGuirre, now Kathryn Landy, was born in Peoria. Her family kept moving from one city to another—Danville, Aurora—and then, most conveniently, to Hollywood. Kathryn had planned to be a dancer, but one day, while she was still in high school, she went with a friend who had business at the Mack Sennett studio. Kathryn was one of those lucky girls who was asked to play in pictures.

Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville and his family moved to Los Angeles. He played on the stage for four years before beginning his screen work. Ralph Lewis came from Englewood, Illinois. James Morrison, the former Vitagraph player, from Mattoon; Peggy Montgomery from Rock Island.

And now let's take the train into Indiana. There aren't many Hoosiers on the screen. Monte Blue, of Indianapolis, is probably the most popular star from this State. He worked at almost everything before becoming an actor. He was a locomotive fireman, a cowboy, soldier, miner, lumberjack, salesman, prop man, and finally secretary to D. W. Griffith, which was the springboard to his movie career.

Juliane Johnston, of Indianapolis, studied dancing with Ruth St. Denis. She toured with her in vaudeville, then played small rôles in movies. Her best rôle was the feminine lead in "The Thief of Bagdad."

And then there's Alice of old Vincennes—Alice Terry. She moved with her family to Los Angeles, where she finished school. Right in the midst of all the film studios, it wasn't so hard for Alice.

Louise Fazenda's family also moved, fortunately for Louise, from Lafayette, Indiana, to Los Angeles. She started, in 1915, as an extra in Universal comedies. Buck Jones, of Vincennes, joined a "Wild West" show and then turned his horsemanship talents into account in the film show.

It was all very simple for Carmelita Geraghty, of Rushville, for her father is Tom Geraghty, the scenario writer. Could a girl ask for a better break in making a start in motion pictures?

Continued on page 22
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery story by Charles Grabbe. Franchot Tone, a French Foreign Legionnaire, leads a party of escaped prisoners to safety. Excellent performances by Ronald Colman, Noah Beery, Ralph Forbes, and John Miljan.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in the title role, gives an earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman as Saul is excellent in the role of Messiah; Mary MacAvery, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles with distinction.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three sincere, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adorée.

"The Circus"—United Artists. Charles Chaplin returns to slapstick. While inspiration of his latest film is lacking, Chaplin shows off his acting. Because his lady-love likes a tight-robe walker, Charlie decides to learn. The humor and pathos of this episode are inimitable. Merna Kennedy is good.

"Four Sons"—Fox. A simple and superbly told tale of the effects of war on four brothers. With John Gilbert and four sons—three of whom are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mann, James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, and Laura La Plante are well cast.

"The Gauchó"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as a bandit and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a picture that not only has beauty, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupé Velez both excellent in their respective roles.

"The Last Command"—Paramount. Emil Jannings does some magnificent work as a Russian grand duke, who is stripped of his power and ends his life as an extra in Hollywood. William Powell and Evelyn Brent.

"Man, Woman, and Sin"—Metro-Goldwyn. Talk of a boy reporter who idolizes the mistress of the publisher and during a fight kills the older man. He is finally freed. Jack Gilbert magnificent as the reporter and Jeanne Eagels, as the scarlet woman, is unique. Gladys Brockwell and Marc MacDermott are also good.

"Sadie Thompson"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson and Edmund Lowe in the role of a distempered woman, who, in an attempt to come back in the role of an outcast, is temporarily reformed by a fanatic. Lionel Barrymore shares honors with Miss Swanson.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Skillfully directed tale of a farmer and his city vaunted. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Angel of Broadway, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Excellent picture of enter-tainer in rowdy, cabaret who tries to mock the Salvation Army, but is eventually reformed. Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi.

"Baby Mine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Robust slapstick by the inimitable team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The lad is a lucky lad from the country, and they are married—but Dane runs away. Arthur induces him to return by announcing he is a father—whereupon he and his wife search for infants. On Dane's return he finds triplets—then the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood is a scream.

"Beau Sabreur"—Paramount. Tolerably interesting so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." Story of a young major who tries to avert a native uprising, and his eventual success. Gary Cooper, Noah Beery, William Powell, and Evelyn Brent.

"Buck Privates"—Universal. Dull comedy about an ingénue, her pacific father and a regiment of American soldiers—with the hero and heroine enjoying slapstick and happiness forever after. Lya de Putti, Zasu Pitts, and Malcolm McGregor.

"Cheating Cheaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be crooks, too. Betty Compson at her best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"Chicago"—Pathé-DeMille. The play, which was a clever satire on a murder trial, is made into a sentimentai melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting, it is a failure for Victor Varconi, the film fails to click.

"Cohens and Kellys in Paris, The"—Universal. Boisterous adventures of the now famous movie family abroad, with actors, who could have utilized their talents to better advantage. Farrrell MacDonald, George Sidney, and Vera Gordon.

"The Devil Dancer"—United Artists. Gilda Gray in unusual role of a Tibetan dancer. Costumes and settings magnificent, but story too thin. Anna May Wong, Kalla Fasha, Clarissa Selwyn are all admirable.

"The Dove"—United Artists. A tame version of the play. Norma Talmadge makes an elegant prima donna out of what she could have been with the cabaret singer. Noah Berry's best role since "Beau Geste," Gilbert Roland the hero.

"Drums of Love"—United Artists. Not up to the usual D. W. Griffith standard. Tale of two brothers and the tragic love of one for the other's wife. Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore, and Don Alvarado.

"The Enemy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Mod-erately interesting story of the Austrian side of the late war. Lilian Gish is excellent, but hasn't nearly enough to do. Ralph Forbes, Frank Currier, and George Fawcett.


"Get Your Man"—Paramount. Excellent picture of fascinating Clara Bow as an American girl in Paris, who falls in love with a Frenchman betrothed to a friend of the family. She compromises him and "gets her man. Charles Rogers and Josephine Dunn are in the cast.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Paramount. Fairly amusing version of the famous book. Ruth Taylor's Lorelei excellent, but Alice White, in the role of the untruthful Dorothy, injects snap into what otherwise might have been a rather dull film.

"Girl in Every Port, A"—Fox. Lively tale of a sailor who sets out to "get" his rival, but both men discover the unworthiness of the girl and end by marrying her. Emil Jannings is excellent and Victor McLaglen in his first starring film—Robert Armstrong and Louise Brooks.

"Her Wild Oat"—First National. Enjoyable, though absurd, story of a girl who is a luscious waif in New York with the son of a duke posing as a mechanic, and what happens when she masquerading as a duchess, meets the boy. Cloonee Moore, Larry Kent, and Hallam Cooley.

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Philps.

(Continued on page 211)
TENDERLOIN” is the first picture to employ the Vitaphone as a means of recording dialogue—not constantly, as in a stage play, but in the high spots of the picture. There are three such episodes in the new melodrama, with Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, and Mitchell Lewis as the speakers.

The experiment is interesting, of course, and marks an important phase in the recent development of talking films, which every one will want to see and hear. It is far from satisfying, however. But those who feel the need of the spoken word in connection with motion pictures, will see in this experiment the forerunner of a more tasteful effort, a more convincing demonstration.

For myself it is a dreamy prospect, a consummation most devoutly undesired. There is too much unnecessary noise in the world as it is; not a little of it coming from human throats. Escape from this was found in the soothing quiet of the movies, where the appeal of many a player was enhanced by the grateful silence which surrounded him. But now that Dolores Costello, the fragile, is given, by means of the Vitaphone, the driving, vocal force of a radio loud speaker, where is peace, where is illusion? Nor is Conrad Nagel a good actor when he speaks, for the talking device shatters that opinion in a syllable. Like Miss Costello and Mitchell Lewis, his enunciation is distinct enough to be heard above an earthquake—or so it seems—but more than reverberating distinctness is required to give color and light and shade to human speech. Without these the voice isn’t human and words are empty sounds.

As if to make their words as empty as possible, the players have been given dialogue such as was heard in ranting melodramas a generation ago—but not since. To cite one example, the villain walks into the room where Miss Costello is sleeping, and after she refuses to tell him what she has done with the money he thinks she has stolen, he glares at her and says: “All right; you’re not bad to look at, so my night shall not be wasted.” Miss Costello shudders and cries out: “No, no—not that! You have a sister!” It may be that in some communities this will be accepted as the plausible utterance of virtue in distress, but elsewhere it will be deemed heartily burlesque.

Yet for all this “Tenderloin” is an exciting picture.

An extravagant melodrama of the underworld, with crooks, gunplay, a bank robbery, and a lovely heroine addicted to coquetting over the rim of a ginger-ale glass, even though she is a dancer in a cabaret. What is more, it has ingenuity, suspense, and excellent acting. Until the spell of silence is broken.

Rose Shannon, the heroine, loves Chuck, a crook. To protect herself from his advances, she strikes him and he falls heavily to the floor. She thinks she has killed him and dashes out into a terrific storm. In their flight, a sack of money is flung into the gutter, where Rose finds it. She is arrested, but when the bag is opened it is found to contain paper. Chuck reappears and puts into operation an elaborate scheme to make Rose divulge the hiding place of the money she is supposed to have. In the process Chuck is disarmed by her love and, of course, reformed by it, too. Nevertheless he goes to prison for his crimes, but after five years comes back to Rose, and with the help of two other reformed crooks and the Vitaphone—the happy ending is achieved by means of song, a quartet. The song is “Sweet Adeline.”

She Fell in Love with Her Husband.

“Two Lovers” is the inept title of a picture that deserves a far better one, for it is brave, glamorous, and romantic—just such a picture that should mark the final appearance together of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, before they go their separate ways in quest of further popularity. “Two Lovers” might be tacked onto almost any film.

These lovers lived in the sixteenth century, when Flanders was under Spanish rule, so their romance is played against a background of political intrigue and military maneuvers, but the flower of love blooms as fully as if treachery and murder were not there to blight it.

The Duke of Alva, the cruel Spanish governor of Flanders, arranges a marriage of convenience with his niece, Doña Lenora de Vargas and Mark van Rycke, the bailiff’s son, neither of whom has seen the other. Lenora is willing to sacrifice herself and Mark says that many men have died for their country, but few have married for it. The wedding ceremony is incredibly beautiful and finds Mark in love at first sight of Lenora, but after their marriage she makes clear to him that her love is for one of her countrymen, Ramon de Lina, and Mark chivalrously withdraws to dwell on the doubtful bliss of being wedded but no husband.

Around this familiar situation has been built a picture of charm and fire, of delicate sentiment and forceful thrills, with moments of unforgettable beauty at either extreme. Lenora gradually and quite logically falls in love with her husband, and her erstwhile fiancé is shown to be faithless. But after Lenora has acknowledged her love for her husband, she discovers him to be none other than the mysterious “Leather-face,” whose daring exploits as a spy have repeatedly
in Review

pictures, with notes for your guidance.

Sergeant Lusk

enraged her uncle and thrown the Spanish troops into confusion and defeat. Her reconciliation to his seeming duplicity comes with the discovery of her uncle's treachery.

To me the most thrilling moment is found in Lenora's almost superhuman efforts to release the drawbridge and permit the Flemish soldiers to enter the Kastiel, and the sight of these men struggling in the moat is a picture that remains with one long after they have escaped its slinky waters. Miss Banky is lovelier than words, so there are none on this page to capture the perfection of her performance. Mr. Colman, though to me a man of introspection rather than action, is sufficiently established with the majority as an incomparable hero in any mood he elects to play, so no applause of mine is needed. Noah Beery is familiarly impressive as the Duke, and all the minor roles are capably played.

Great, Big He-men.

On the strength of “Underworld” George Bancroft has earned stardom in “The Showdown,” a careful attempt to build around him a series of situations equally effective. The result is not quite successful, because it has neither the strong motivation nor the unusual characterizations of the crook picture. But it rates nevertheless as a good, though not conspicuous, melodrama in which primitive emotions are at a premium. Mr. Bancroft is Cardan, an oil prospector whose quest takes him all over the world.

In this story he is seen in the tropics, where he is confronted by his old enemy, Winter, who represents an oil corporation. The two recall Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, of “What Price Glory,” because their hatred of each other is mixed with admiration. Winter attempts to take Cardan’s girl, Goldie, away from him, but fails. With the coming of another woman, their rivalry is sharpened. She is Sibyl Shelton, who follows her husband, Wilson, into the tropical wilderness. Cardan warns her that the heat will demoralize her, but she hautishly denies that possibility and bravely faces loneliness and peril when her husband is forced to leave her. Alone with Cardan, Winter, and her half-crazed brother-in-law, Sibyl is weakened both morally and physically, when her husband unexpectedly returns with news of his discovery of oil. Cardan, who has just succeeded in gaining Sibyl’s confession of her love—if you choose to call it that—proposes a game of cards with Wilson for the oil well. It is made clear that Sibyl, too, will belong to the winner. But Cardan is stricken with sentimentality and permits the young couple to go back to civilization, with their oil rights intact.

All this is set forth with eloquent byplay, a convincing background and excellent acting on the part of all concerned. Evelyn Brent’s spirited performance is unhampere by the beautiful clothes she brings into the wilderness. Neil Hamilton, in the highly dramatic role of the young husband, plays with fire and conviction, and Helen Lynch, as Goldie, is vividly true to life. Fred Kohler is Winter, and Leslie Fenton is the brother-in-law.

Hats Off to Edmund Lowe.

A crook picture can be clever, adroit, subtle, and polished as well as thrilling. “Dressed to Kill” is such a one. It is droll and ironic, too, with the best acting Mary Astor has ever done and a rôle for Edmund Lowe to equal his Sergeant Quirt, in “What Price Glory.” There is no similarity between the tough soldier and the suave but iron-willed crook, yet both characters are equally effective in the hands of the actor playing them. I can think of no one who could play “Mile-away” Barry in the new film with the brilliant, yet firm, authority of Mr. Lowe. The story has unusual phases, too. The beautiful girl who intentionally crosses the path of Barry is not a detective, but is seeking to recover bonds for the theft of which her sweetheart is in prison. That in itself is not a breath-taking situation, but the development of it is. There are scenes in a night club frequented by the gang which have not been equalled, particularly the quiet murder of a stool pigeon and his funeral attended by his murderers in the guise of mourners bearing floral pieces. In the course of the gun-play, the narrow escapes and the heroine’s gradually increasing evidence against Barry, the two fall in love. It is believable love, though, because it is not stilled o’er with the pale cast of sentimentality. Of course Barry cannot marry the girl, so he dies defending her from his confederates. This sums up the plot, but like many other good pictures it is embellished with characterization more interesting and pungent than the story itself. Besides Mr. Lowe and Miss Astor, Ben Bard is also conspicuous, and the supporting types were chosen with inspiration. “Dressed to Kill” shouldn’t be missed for it is the best crook picture since “Underworld.”

Wilma Banky and Ronald Colman invest the matter of falling in love with great beauty, in “Two Lovers.”
Snobbery in the “Follies.”

Whether “The Heart of a Follies Girl” should or should not be seen, depends entirely on the place occupied in your affections by Billie Dove, Larry Kent, and Lowell Sherman. The picture is weak, illogical and quite lacking in lightness, with comedy as far away from it as plausibility. But it has considerable beauty, thanks to Miss Billie and the production, but emotion means more, doesn’t it? Teddy O’Day, of the “Follies,” falls in love with Derek Calloway. When she admits this to Roger Winthrop, the producer of the show—who, of course, adores her—he turns the tables by making known to her that Derek is his secretary and a thief as well. From Teddy’s reaction to this you would think that a secretary was a garbage man, but she says she loves him in spite of it. Derek is sent to prison and Teddy waits years for him. He escapes, but Teddy tells him it is his duty to go back. He does, Voilà! Also blah.

A Melodrama of the Rails.

For a nice, unpretentious picture which many will like and some won’t, why not see “The Night Flyer”? It has atmosphere, quaintness, mild thrills, and good acting by William Boyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Philo McCullough. It is a railroad story, of course, laid in 1894, when the president of a Western road saw a chance to save his company from bankruptcy by winning the government contract to carry the mails. Human interest comes from Bill Bradley, fireman of old No. 99 which is about to be scrapped when Bill saves the mail from a crack locomotive on its trial run and delivers it in triumph on No. 99. There is also the rivalry of Bill and an engineer for Katie Murphy, the lunch-counter girl. All this is as simple as love among the daisies, but it is developed with a great deal of humanness. Mr. Boyd is skillful and engaging as Bill, and Miss Ralston and Mr. McCullough fit in well.

Free Life and Fresh Air.

“The Shepherd of the Hills” is all that you would expect of Harold Bell Wright. This means that the picturization of his novel is a faithful one, with more vitality than usual and a sincerity that is very apparent. It is a story of plain people in a backwoods community, with characterizations so clear that each one stands out: There is David Howitt, who seeks peace in the solitude of the country and who comes to be known as The Shepherd, because of his gentle leadership of the people. Wash Gibbs, the villain, turns the people against The Shepherd when the latter prays for rain, and causes a landslide to destroy the supply train that Young Matt, the hero, is bringing into the town. This precipitates a gory fight, in the midst of which The Shepherd’s prayers are answered and rain pours down in torrents. There is much more to the story than this, as well as some interesting characters, including Little Pete, beautifully played by Maurice Murphy. Molly O’Day is the heroine, and Alec D. Francis, John Boles, and Mathew Betz are fine. Altogether, the picture is worth seeing. It is not to be missed if you are a reader of Harold Bell Wright.

Miss La Plante Dons Trousers.

Laura La Plante casts genuine radiance over the proceedings known as “Finders Keepers.” She is really a brilliant comedienne, though you may have known it all along. It is a frail picture, so far as story goes, and hinges upon one situation, but that alone is worth seeing. It has to do with Barbara Archibald’s attempt to disguise herself as a soldier in order to be near her sweetheart, and her discovery by her father, who happens to be the colonel. Scarcely more than that is the story, but it is played with such verve and unself-consciousness by Miss La Plante—who is the whole show—that the unpretentiousness of the film only throws into sharper and pleasanter relief the fair Laura’s performance. John Harron is her sweetheart, Edmund Breese her father, with Arthur Rankin and Eddie Phillips somewhere in the background.

The Last of the Apes—Maybe.

“The Leopard Lady” is Paula, a vaudeville performer who is sent by the Austrian police to join a circus and uncover the secret of the murders committed in every town the show visits. It takes
several reels for her to do it, because evidently she had never seen any of the recent films in which an ape is the menace, and therefore has no suspicions of the hairy monster owned by Caesar, of the circus. The truth is kept from her, while considerable suspense is developed and much circus atmosphere is spread over all. One of the thrills comes when Paula is attacked by her leopards as she puts them through their paces during a performance. The picture is not as effective as it might have been, because dullness has been allowed to creep in—probably through the effort of the director to prolong the film. Overacting, too, detracts from its plausibility, but on the whole Jacqueline Logan, as Paula, Alan Hale, as Caesar, and Robert Armstrong, as Paula's sailor sweet-heart, are quite satisfactory and the film is above the average.

Miss Ralston Has Nothing to Learn.

In no other player is found Esther Ralston's beauty and her delicious sense of comedy, to say nothing of her skill in expressing that state of mind. Or is it just technique? But no matter. She is both beautiful and clever, and that happens so rarely that the harassed critic can be forgiven his enthusiasm. In "Love and Learn" she has ample opportunity to display her gifts. Her role is that of a girl whose parents are on the point of separating, and her endeavors to cause them enough trouble to take their minds off each other. Her innocent escapades land her in jail, so her parents unite in freeing her. There is much more to it than this, especially when she finds herself in the same hotel room with a young man, a political candidate, whom she is trying to save from the machinations of his rivals. This situation is played with delicacy and charm, but it is in the earlier sequences that the story of "Love and Learn" is most unusual. Lane Chandler is the hero.

A Pretty Shrew is Tamed.

Pleasingly inconsequential, but excellently directed and skillfully acted. That, in a peanut shell, is "Soft Living," Madge Bellamy's new picture. It is based on an idea of considerable originality; Nancy Woods is secretary to a divorce lawyer, who is successful in winning large alimony settlements for his feminine clients. So Nancy decides to become a divorcée for the sake of what she can get out of it. But first she must marry, of course. She chooses Stockley Webb, a young millionaire lumberman, and makes him think she loves him. He sees through her deception and sets out to teach her a lesson by means of lumber-camp hardships and jealousy. Needless to say Nancy has loved her husband from the first, without knowing it. Consequently it is only right that she is brought to her senses in time for a happy ending. All this is played with farcical intent, the result being an agreeable picture of charm and polish. Miss Bellamy's talent for light comedy grows with each rôle. In this one she is scintillant and provocative.

Love Among the Go-getters.

"The Latest From Paris" is a misnomer, for it is a tedious comedy minus a trace of sartorial smartness— or smartness of any kind. Its background is the cloak and suit trade, its dramatic kernel the competition between representatives of rival firms. Ah, but one of them is a girl! So we are treated to the great surprise of having love her commercial enemy. There is just no telling what these scenario writers will think up next. You will agree when you see what Ann Dolan, the heroine, does to outwit the vamp and keep her from marrying Joe Adams. Ann gathers together all her woman's wits and strategy, cloaks herself in the vamp's furs, and dashes off in a sleigh with Joe to the wedding, casting many a coy look at him over her collar. Alert go-getter that he is, Joe never suspects the deception. In case you are eating your heart out with suspense, it all comes out hotly-tosy. Norma Shearer is Ann and Ralph Forbes is Joe, rôles that must have taxed their endurance, but not their talents.

The Sorrows of a Waitress.

Far from among her best pictures, "The Secret Hour" is not among Pola Negri's least. Faced with the problem of converting

Continued on page 94
Why Their

Time was when players were chosen accord could portray. But now that psychology surprised to learn how much the mind of

By Myrtle

width from ear to ear—proportionate length of face—head in profile a complete half-circle from brow to nape of neck—face in profile divided into equal thirds—compressed brow, deep-set eyes—planning ability and judgment, energy, quick but cautious decision.” Of course, the director was kidding the theory a bit, for my benefit, pointing our indications of a hustling American type.

“You often have heard the expression, ‘He is not the type.’ There is no such thing as a type. That is merely a term used to convey the idea that an actor does not seem suitable for a pre-conceived rôle. On analysis, we find that the reason for it lies in some feature, which indicates the lack of a certain quality that the character is supposed to have.” Paul Sloane, the director, was speaking. “More and more we are studying features as they reveal character, and pictures are being cast after analysis of eyes, noses, and ears.

“Rod La Rocque’s steady popularity is due to the fact that he appeals to the mother instinct in women, and he is usually cast in rôles that give this quality full scope,” Sloane discussed players whom he has directed.

“His steady, clear eyes seem to be inquiring about something, with a hint of appeal. And he has a timid smile. His chin and mouth are firm, indicating no weakness of character, yet there is a delightful whimsicality about his lips. This combination makes the ideal film hero, sweetheart rather than lover. He is the ‘permanent’ sort, the ‘big-boy’ type, who is protective in a certain sense, but who always needs maternal care.”

Alan Hale’s character, as revealed by his features, caused him to be selected for an important rôle in “The Blue Danube.” Another actor was scheduled for the rôle of an Austrian, but was replaced by Hale when, as the story evolved, Hale’s features suggested him as more suitable.

“The character is a comedian, and so is Hale, though he used to be miscast as a villain. His popularity—he has been forced to act by public demand, though he would much prefer directing—is largely due to proper casting, now, as a heavy with a humorous quirk. His mouth reveals humor, turning up at the corners, and his bland, twinkling eyes further the suggestion.

“Jetta Goudal is a lady of mystery. She appears to be almost a mystic, not only because so little is known

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**W**hat does an eye reveal? Or an ear disclose?

“She won by a nose,” is an expression applied in Hollywood not to race horses, but to stars.

Most actors play the same rôles over and over. There is Pickford, the eternal sweetheart, Gilbert, the impetuous suitor. Gish, the wistful and ethereal heroine.

You wonder why no greater opportunities for versatility are given certain players. It is because they are limited, not by acting ability, but in facial equipment. However much they long to, however well they might portray other rôles by skillful technique, they cannot—because of an eye, a mouth, or a nose.

“Casting by psychology” is a new phrase in Hollywood. It sums up a method of casting which has helped directors considerably.

Character is revealed in the face, minutely so in each feature. The consideration of these revelations of traits is what is called casting by psychology. A feature must show that the actor has a certain characteristic of the rôle he is to portray. All emotions are stamped on the face, and various degrees of each are reflected in slight differences of eyes, mouth, nose, and so on. It is an absorbing study.

A handsome leading man was astonished when a director examined his head, murmuring, “Umm, good
Rôles Fit Them

The tendency to preconceived notions of what types they influence the casting of pictures, you will be the actor to do with the rôle he plays.

Gebhart

of her—artful lady!—but also because of her odd features. Her face is of the Oriental mold—high cheek bones, a nose which one might term Mongolian, an oval face, oblique eyes. These suggest, first, impassivity, and then wisdom. And great reserve force.

"Richard Dix? You see aggression in his jaw line and strong mouth, in his snappy eyes, as well as in his energetic manner. He is the typical American—at least, the sort we like to call typical of our country."

Other directors are also applying this theory of casting by psychology, following certain general rules.

A prominent eye indicates emotionalism, deep-set eyes reflective tendencies and controlled thought.

Though the eyes are supposed to be "the windows of the soul," the nose is really the most important feature, psychologically. To summarize a few of the directors' observations—a large nose indicates exceptional capacity, both mental and physical, with such traits as courage, energy, and ambition. Yet the players would resort to plastic surgery to remodel the feature that tells directors the truth, even if it isn't beautiful!

Gloria Swanson's very individual nose has had much to do with her success. First, by attracting attention, and because it denotes her determined character.

Gloria Swanson's nose

Mary Pickford is eternally the child, innocent and good.

One who possesses dilated nostrils is sensitive and excitable. Refinement is shown in the thin, delicate nostril. A nose like Florence Vidor's means conservatism and breeding.

A contracted mouth, with the corners drawn toward each other, bespeaks ultra-conservatism, an unwillingness to make friends, and self-centeredness. A well-shaped mouth—Mary Pickford's, for example—with a medium underlip, reveals sweetness and sympathy. Deliberation is shown in an upper lip mildly drawn down in the center, meeting the underlip gently drawn upward. A protruding lower lip indicates arrogance, intolerance, and a tendency toward despotism.

A narrow head denotes limited mental scope and often deficient physical vigor, this being confirmed by a thin face with contracted features—a composite proclaiming weakness and selfishness. A well-curved and high forehead indicates imagination and powers of reflection. A brow running at right angles to the nose, except when it turns upward at the inner corner, tells a tale of cynicism and superciliousness.

Anita Loos looked over the waves of blondes that ambition to play Lorelei washed upon the beaches of Hollywood. Ruth Taylor was chosen as high priestess of the gold-diggers, because her eyes were unusually large and perfectly round. Baby eyes do not, as some think, mean stupidity, but observation and quiet alertness.

His eyes make John Gilbert the impulsive lover. They are the eyes of a romantic lover. Small, now sparkling, now teasingly tender, now angry at being thwarted, back

Continued on page 112
Among
Interesting bits of information

Take Gael Kelly, for instance. After finishing school, she studied to be a singer. One morning she went over her vocal exercises, only to discover that her high notes were very low. They told her she should have waited before taxing her voice. She should have waited until she was older.

"If I don't do one thing, I'll do another," Gael prophesied. So she came to Hollywood, with her mother and brother.

While doing extra work, Gael determined to stagger the colony. She dressed like a bird of Paradise, but soon altered her mode when a couple of agents told her she looked very much like another actress. Unable to speak to say what she thought of such a comparison, she staggered home, discarded her finery, and next appeared as herself.

The change in dress seemed to work like a charm. Just for not being afraid to ruffle her hair while acting, she was given a lead in an independent picture, "The Law of the Island." Gael had played her first leading rôle. Extra work was abandoned from then on.

After that she was chosen for the lead opposite Gardner James in "Thou Shalt Not Kill!"

If you want to know if she can really act, by all means see "Thou Shalt Not Kill" when it comes to your neighborhood.

He Has an Operatic Past.
A man who cannot retire. That is the predicament of Andres de Segurola, who gained fame as an opera singer. But when he gave up a singing career to pass

Gael Kelly.
Those Present
about a few of the less-heroic players.

the remainder of his days in peace and comfort, he suddenly found himself dragged into the limelight again, with prospects of remaining there for some time to come.

De Segurola was a leading bass-barytone at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, at the time he resigned, in 1920. He refused to wait until his voice should fail and be asked to retire. So he proceeded to follow his whims—as an impresario, taking his own company to Havana each year for a season of opera, and sponsoring a series of "Artistic Mornings" at the Plaza Hotel, in New York.

Gloria Swanson was selecting the cast for her first independent picture, "The Love of Sunya," and was looking for an actor to play the rôle of an impresario. As a last resort she turned to her old friend, De Segurola, and begged him to do it. He stepped in and gave a striking performance.

That ended De Segurola's retirement. He was immediately besieged by other producers, and finally found it necessary to come to Hollywood last year to follow his new career. He has brought his voice on the screen in "Glorious Betsy," the Napoleonic picture, in which he sings the "Marseilaise" over the Vitaphone.

Alice, Thy Name Is Versatility.

When Alice Belcher first started on a career, she hoped to become a singer. A few trips to Europe had led her to believe that the operatic field was her goal in life. Instead, musical comedies and plays fell to her lot. So opera was abandoned and never thought of again.

Leaving the stage in New York to enter pictures, Miss Belcher played opposite John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride," one of his early pictures, a comedy.

As if one celebrity were not enough, she was chosen to play with Caruso in his picture, "My Cousin." This was thrilling! She thought that her old desire for operatic glory was now to be fulfilled—not in reality, but by bringing her in contact with great singers in the movies.

The ill-fated result of Caruso's screen venture dulled such ideas.

Opera now became a thorn in Miss Belcher's artistic side, for she was sent to appear in Mary Garden's still more ill-fated "Thais."

"Ali opera singers, except Geraldine Farrar, should appear only with an orchestra," Miss Belcher avers.

When John Barrymore made "When a Man Loves" he had Alice in the cast, wearing a massive wig which had to be propped up to rest her neck between scenes. "Did you wish this thing on me?" she asked John after a hard day's work.

"Yes. But, my dear, see how beautiful it makes you," he replied.

One of her pronounced successes was as the eccentric heiress in "Pals First," one of Dolores del Rio's first pictures. She has lately appeared with Claire Windsor, in "Blondes By Choice."

Another Villain Reforms.

At what stage of his life does a villain become a comedian? This has become an interesting question in the studios. Wallace Beery has arrived at the goal in the years of his maturity as an actor. And so has Raymond Hatton, and more recently George Bancroft. In "The Patent Leather Kid" Mathew Betz, one of the most menacing of sad men, showed a rare flash of humor.

Quite as strikingly as any of these, Alan Hale proves that an accumulation of years spent in films, adds considerably to one's gift of comedy.

Hardly more than a year ago, Hale scored a brilliant hit as a roystering sea captain in Leatrice Joy's "Vanity." He was the life of the production, which wasn't, perhaps, one of the season's outstanding features. He followed this with another mirth-maker of the sea, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and more recently played a comic heavy in "The Leopard Lady," with Jacqueline Logan.

Hale has personality and is versatile. He likes directing better than acting, but every time he gets a start with the megaphone, somebody selects him for a rôle that is not to be ignored. So his dream can't be realized, except spasmodically.

No one needs to be told that Hale's first work in pictures goes back almost to the beginning of film history, when he did slapstick, went through the Griffith school, and performed all other traditional duties which served then to establish a player as one of the true old-timers.

Curiously enough, he is still only in his middle thirties. That is because his stage debut was made at nineteen years of age.

The pictures that Hale is chiefly remembered by, include "The Covered Wagon," "The Four Horsemen," in which he played the German father, and "Robin Hood."

Alan Hale.

Alice Belcher.
In the First Flush

Lupe Velez, the young Mexican actress, tastes the first sweets of success and revels in what may, alas, be her next year.

By Madeline Glass

viewer, however, was forty-five minutes late. Then and there Lupe made a resolution never again to be prompt. So far as I could determine, the resolution will never be broken. After nearly an hour the starlet arrived, apologetic but undisturbed.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" she begged, as we were led to a place of seclusion.

On the table lay many motion-picture publications, which were arranged in rows.

"Weech do you write in?" asked Lupe, looking at the magazines.

When I told her she studied the cover of Picture Play, then settled into her chair and smiled across at me.

"All time I am so happy," she bubbled. "I cannot believe all these wonderful success have come to me. I wake in the night and ask myself if it is true. It is like miracle. I am so happy!"

From under the brim of her wide, felt hat her small face beamed. Miss Velez possesses odd, intriguing loveliness. Her narrow brown eyes, with their delightfully tinted lids and long, black lashes, the dusky, oval-shaped face and the marvelous mouth, skillfully painted a vivid scarlet, present a study in Spanish-Aztec beauty not soon to be forgotten. Her dark hair, entirely invisible from the front, hung in ringlets on the back of her neck.

"I go to the shows with my mother and grandmother," said Lupe. "All time people think I am wild and go to parties. But I am not wild. At the studio I have pep, but at home I am quiet. Once we work from ten in the morning until the next morning, and all the time I have pep. But I do not like parties. I do not go to them."

The words tumbled in unstudied profusion from her lips. Her voice, rich, golden, and intense, rang in my ears for hours afterward.

"I hate to go to bed and I hate to get up. My grandmother do not like my dresses, or the way I do. She say she were different w'en she were a girl. So I ask her about her first kees. Then she start to tell me. For two hours she talk—all about hees hacienda, and hees horses, and hees peoples. Then, after two hours, she tell about the kees. I think it very honey—her lover like Eskimo! He navair do for movies!"

From time to time she raised her long, narrow hands to roll back the brim of her hat or demonstrate with quick, undulating gestures.

"I do not know why they say I was doncer in cantina. I navair done in cantina in my life. Always I donce in theaters—the best theaters in Mexico. I do that because I must earn money, and I do not know anything else. My father was wounded in the revolution and he

Continued on page 96

One of the rarest sights in the world is a truly happy person. Usually there is a fly in the ointment, some obstacle to this much-desired state.

Even in gay Hollywood one hears hard-luck stories and sees strained, apprehensive faces. Stars fear for their popularity, extras for their job. Lively flappers fling determinedly to attract attention, fading beauties resort to peroxide and false eyelashes, stereotyped sheiks strive to cultivate sex appeal—oh, it's a grim struggle. All, of course, are hoping for ultimate happiness, success.

I suspect that the nearest approach to happiness comes when the player is young and eager and is getting the breaks. It is then, surely, that fan mail, published photographs, waiting interviewers and flattering press notices bring real enchantment. In this odd business, fame may be won, at least temporarily, by one striking performance, and a player who is unknown to-day may keep a room full of journalists waiting to-morrow.

All this is preliminary to saying that Lupe Velez—pronounced Lu-pay Va-leth—who played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," and who was Roé La Rocque's leading lady in "Stand and Deliver," is a very happy girl—the happiest, I think, that it has ever been my lot to meet.

She was, to be sure, somewhat late for our appointment. Tardiness, it seems, is Lupe's chief weakness. A few days previous to our meeting an incident had occurred that served to aggravate this tendency.

Lupe had an appointment with an interviewer and, after much persuasion from the publicity staff, astonished every one by being exactly on time. The inter-
Lupe Velez gayly denies that she ever danced in a Mexican cantina, but only in the best theaters. After setting the world right about that more or less vital fact, she exults in her sudden success, in the story opposite.
Half-Baked

Glimpses of adolescent life, in "Harold Teen."

The well-known comic strip is brought to the screen by Mary Brian and Arthur Lake, left, as Liliums and Harold Teen.

William Bakewell, right, as Percival, the "sophisticated" cousin of Harold.

Alice White, above, as Giggles, the high-school vamp, whose kiss is fatal.

Arthur Lake, left, in the full glory of Harold's regalia.

Ben Hall, right, plays Goofy, who furnishes much plot.
All a Dream

Hilarious moments in "Vamping Venus."

Charlie Murray, at top of page, as Cassidy, who is transported to ancient Greece and finds Louise Fazenda, as Circe, the enchantress.

Thelma Todd, right, as Venus, and again, outer right, Mr. Murray and Miss Fazenda.
Laughter—with a

The eternal tragedy of the clown who must

Loretta Young, as Simonetta, the circus girl, at top of page, is wooed by Nils Asther, at Luigi Ravelli.

Cissy Fitzgerald, left, as Giacinta, a maid, prepares Simonetta for her act.

Lon Chaney, outer left, as Tito, the clown, realizes too late that his fondness for Simonetta has grown into love.
Breaking Heart
not show his grief in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Lon Chaney, Loretta Young, Nils Asther, and Bernard Siegel have a magnificent supper.

Loretta Young and Lon Chaney, outer right, misunderstand each other for the first time.

The clowns on this and the opposite page are, of course, Mr. Chaney.
Conrad Nagel, at top of page, worsts his enemies in a duel.
Miss Costello, above, in a sad moment.
*Betsy*, right, enters the presence of *Napoleon.*
Napoleon
of "Glorious Betsy."

Miss Costello, above, and, again, inner left.

Betsy, above, does not suspect Jerome's identity, nor her own beauty, below.

At top of page Betsy, the belle of Baltimore, receives visitors.

In the garden, left, the lovers plight their troth.
Adolphe Menjou's new picture, "A Date with a Duchess," promises a delightful rôle for the suave comedian and many chuckles for those who see him as Henri, whose position is so humble that he makes his living by sitting on the back of an elephant, in the costume of a maharajah, at the Folies Bergères. From this coign of vantage he sees The Duchess in the audience and, in true Menjou fashion, falls in love. What is more, he eventually wins her. Evelyn Brent, above, and, again, left, is The Duchess.
MAKE it funnier!

That's the imperative command that flicks like a whiplash over a comedian and his professional funny men every time they put their heads together to concoct a new comedy. Most comedians would give their right arms for a score or two of sure-fire laughs. Anything to make the picture funnier!

But what is funny? Gag meetings resound with heated arguments over whether or not audiences will take to a certain bit of funny business. Leading comedians often differ violently on matters of gags. They use the gags of their competitors as horrible examples of what to avoid.

It's all a matter of opinion. Some of the Harry Langdon gags, which have garnered laughs in his recent features, were offered and turned down as not funny when the comedian was working for Mack Sennett.

It is said that when the script of "Behind the Front" was submitted to one of Paramount's directors, he refused to produce it, saying it was not funny and would flop at the box office. Another director was assigned to the job, and the picture turned out to be one of the greatest box-office hits. There are many cases such as these. On the other hand, when everybody in the studio has agreed that a certain thing is very funny, often it dies dismally when shown to an audience.

Frequently gags and titles, which seem funny to their creators, will be vetoed by supervisors and other studio officials, who are unable to get their point of view. There is the amusing case of the new title writer who put this caption into a comedy: "That guy's name is Boyle. He gives everybody a pain in the neck."

It turned out that there was an executive named Boyle in the organization, so the title was speedily changed.

The work of making a comedy funnier does not by any means end even when the scenes are assembled and the titles written. The previews show up the weak spots and a lot of unliked stuff is clipped out. Sometimes the gags that a comedian is sure of, have to be eliminated.

For instance, Buster Keaton once made a picture in which he worked in a garage, with a magnificent, new car standing near by. Gag men had worked out a series of clever and potentially funny gags by which the dumb mechanic accidentally broke the wind-shield, lamps, fenders, and finally completely wrecked the car. The audience did not laugh as it should have, and it finally dawned on the comedian's staff that they wouldn't, because the destruction of so beautiful a car horrified them. They would have roared if it had been a cheap car.

While Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, and the other big-league comedians are trying out their comedies at previews, stealthy business is afoot in other quarters. The smaller fry of two-reel comedy makers on Poverty Row find that it is cheaper to "borrow" new gags than to invent their own.

They always manage to get wind of the previews of the new feature comedies, in spite of the mantle of secrecy, and pirate many of the gags. Often their cheap and hastily-made pictures will appear in the theaters before the big pictures are released, giving them priority on the funny business they have pirated. Sometimes the gags which the small fellows have pilfered are eliminated from the completed feature, and so they find themselves sole possessors, without having spent one cent or one hour of thought on the gags themselves! And they are often good gags, although eliminated from the big features through some exigency.

In spite of the constant endeavor to make every moment of a comedy funny, some feeble stuff does get onto the screen. Often it is an imitation of some picture that was very funny.

Several years ago Buster Keaton made a comedy in which he tumbled from a building, the force of the fall carrying him into the ground out of sight. Several scenes later he emerged from the hole, with a Chinese wife and several children. Comedians haven't been able to forget how audiences roared at that famous gag. They try to think of something just as wild. And

Continued on page 106
How Can the Fan

While stars cannot even attempt to read the hundreds unnoticed and are almost sure to be answered.

By Myrtle

worked, or one where he has formerly been under contract, will not bother to forward mail.

And, too, a photograph will not satisfy many fans. How, then, can you attract the star's attention so as to merit a personal letter?

Mary Pickford likes to receive letters that suggest stories, or types of roles in which the public would prefer to see her. Though she may not answer them, she reads them. Mary has made a genuine effort to please her public. I have seen her in actual throes of worry and indecision. And when, instead of heeding requests, she filmed her own choice "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "Rosita"—the clamor from her fans taught her never again to let her dreams sway her. In "My Best Girl" she thinks she has the qualities that her fans expect, combined with a little of her own judgment. Now, she is searching her fan mail to determine a majority vote for the selection of her next role.

Douglas Fairbanks, on the other hand, is less guided by fans' suggestions, but likes their opinions of his work. That is, he does not care particularly for them to suggest heroes for him to play, but likes to know what they think of each film. He makes what he pleases, and wants the fans' reactions after the picture.

Norma Talmadge enjoys most those letters which are sincere tributes. Criticism neither annoys nor amuses her, and is sometimes followed. "Kiki" did not please Norma's fans—seldom is a star's own idea of what she should play in conformity with the fans' ideas. There will

A schoolboy sent Lois Wilson a model of his bulldog.

The first gift Gwen Lee received from a fan was a "good luck" mirror which she has used ever since.

A fan sent Alice White a baby pig for good luck, much to the amusement of the express company.

M ANY articles have been written about fan mail. Yet, curiously, the topic seems perennially new. Why? Because the situation between player and public changes with screen trends, or because each year ushers in a new group of fans, who ask the same old questions.

Compare the fan letters of five years ago with those of today. You will find that the fan's viewpoint has changed amazingly. The fan often writes constructive criticism, idolizes far less gushingly. But the same demand persists: send me your photograph! And the old query: how can I please the star and get a picture, or an answer to my letter? Some of the following advice may have been given five years ago, and some of it may be new. I offer it as to-day's suggestions from the stars.

The obvious reason why a star does not answer your letters is that he or she hasn't the time. Even with a battery of secretaries, it would be an impossibility. The majority make some effort toward sending photographs, regardless of whether or not a quarter is inclosed to defray the enormous expense of these portraits. With such huge stacks of mail, however, letters are bound to be lost, some addresses are illegible, employees are not always reliable, and the waiting fan continues to wait—and unjustly blames the star. Often, too, the studio at which a free-lance player has
Please the Star?

of fan letters they receive, yet, certain ones never pass
Read this article and find out how to please your favorite.

Gebhart

be no more gamin rôles; instead, she will confine herself to characterizations of lovely womanhood.

"I admit that I do not begin each day with my toast in one hand and a letter opener in the other," Constance Talmadge laughed one day. "I do enjoy reading most of my fan mail, however. Some of the letters are very amusing. I adore the passionate declarations of sentimental foreigners, especially the Latins, with their lavish adjectives and their charming insincerity.

"Seriously, though, I do like comments on my work. I can't say that I really prefer-criticism to applause, but I realize it is better for me." To Corinne Griffith, her mail constitutes a barometer of public opinion. During her recent year of uncertainty, she paid particular attention to her mail and expects to profit by taking the fans' advice as to rôles.

Likewise, Colleen Moore is eager to know exactly what people think of her pictures. She has built her following by obedience to her fans.

With her inherent candor, it is not surprising that Dorothy Mackaill should read letters giving honest opinions, instead of flowery epistles. Sincere, intelligent comment is appreciated by Billie Dove. Fans desirous of pleasing Irene Rich should write her regularly, giving worth-while criticism and suggestions. Whether or not you approve of her, or her work, make your letters to Marian Nixon ring true. In fact, sincerity is prized by all the players.

If you want to make a hit with Louise

Dorothy Sebastian received a Hungarian doll from one of her foreign admirers.

Mary Brian prizes a box of wax orange blossoms made by a blind ex-soldier.

Fazenda just ask her advice. It is a part of her practical, helpful nature that she loves those letters which ask her to decide perplexing personal problems, and make her feel, as she says, "like Beatrice Fairfax." I wonder if she realizes what she is getting herself into, by stating this for publication! Criticism interests her doubly, because of her inferiority complex and some girlhood hurts which taught her to fear flattery. She is ready to agree with your criticism, but becomes astonished when you praise her.

John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess, and other men players like suggestions. Barthelmess, particularly, searches his mail for hints of books and plays for suitable vehicles.

Mary Astor's reply surprised me,

"I enjoy most the letters from the shut-ins, the invalids, or those who live in lonely districts and seldom see pictures. These carry a note that goes straight to one's heart. Recently I received a delightful letter from a man who is marooned eight months of the year on a peak in the Sierras, where he operates a weather and water gauge for the government and a big power company. He had just seen his first picture in eight months—one in which I played with Lloyd Hughes. Certainly I answered that letter, and he received one of my nicest photographs."

Continued on page 104
In "The Shepherd of the Hills," John Boles, as the artist-hero, is supposed to paint a portrait of Marian Douglas; but as he does not paint in real life, Sacarole, above, a studio artist, obliged with this portrait.

Milady Sits for

When celebrated painters visit Holly so much in the scenery as in the faces

Señor Beltram-Masses, above, former court painter to the King of Spain, painted Marion Davies in several of her romantic roles. Miss Davies, herself, stands at the right.

Louis Ubobel, below, has transferred to his canvas the wistful smile of Janet Gaynor—or has he not?
Colleen Moore, above, is quite pleased with her sparkling image which Leon Gordon, a Russian painter, executed during his stay in Hollywood.

The striking canvas of Julia Faye, below, as Mariasha, in "The Volga Boatman," is the work of Power O'Malley, an internationally known artist.

Claire Windsor, above, congratulates Ernest Linnenkamp, of Vienna, on his portrait of herself, as well as thanks him for nominating her the most beautiful blonde in the United States.

Her Portrait

wood, they find inspiration not and personalities of the stars.
They Cracked Their Shell

Cecil DeMille, in giving advice to movie aspirants, recalls how many now-famous players found themselves.

By A. L. Wooldridge

This is Cecil DeMille’s message to all those who aspire to careers in the movies. It was given to me on the set, while Phyllis Haver was doing an emotional scene as DeMille looked on from the side lines.

“And,” said the producer, “two years ago Phyllis was in obscurity! How did she find herself?”

There was a hint of pride in his query. Phyllis had graduated from the Mack Sennett lot, with the reputation of having the loveliest figure on the screen. Her photographs were framed all over the world. But she could not act. Phyllis watched her chum, Marie Prevost, flame into stardom. She saw Louise Fazenda — “the ugly duckling” she called herself — offered contracts. She saw Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, and others soar into prominence. But she got nowhere. Then suddenly she emerged — a beautiful, radiant actress, whom every producer in Hollywood would like to have under contract.

“How did she find herself?” DeMille repeated.

He watched Phyllis, as she threw her soul into her work. Phyllis, the failure, the heart-sick girl whom nobody wanted, the same Phyllis whose present success is the talk of Hollywood.

“It’s worth three years of any young man or young woman’s life to find if he or she has talent for pictures.” DeMille said. “If, at the end of that time, the spark has not been developed, and the player is still where he began, it’s better that the movies are dropped and some other vocation followed. Three years should tell the story.”

In my hand I carried a copy of a newspaper which contained a report from the Central Casting Bureau, where extras are employed. The report said:

“One in six thousand! Only one extra girl, among the six thousand registered at the Central Casting Bureau, averaged as much as five days’ work during the past six months.

“Out of a total registration of five thousand men, only two managed to average six days every week for six months, and two averaged five days a week.

“Eight girls averaged four days a week, and twenty-one were fortunate enough to get three days a week. Twenty men averaged four days, and thirty-six earned their living by working an average of three days a week.”

The rest? Well, never mind. The significance of DeMille’s musings, and the corresponding Central Casting Bureau’s report provide food for thought.

No one knows motion-picture work better than Cecil DeMille. No one has developed more stars. He brought forth Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Jack Holt, Julia Faye, Leatrice Joy, in “The Silent Partner.”
Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, William Boyd, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, and others. He has encouraged at least fifty widely known players to carry on and has gently but firmly, advised as many more to "go home and forget it."

Back in the hinterland there are possibly a hundred thousand girls and young men, looking hungrily toward the movies. "Can you afford," asks DeMille, "three years of your life to find out if you belong on the screen?"

Success means luxury and all that goes with it, including publicity and perhaps adulation. Are they worth striving for? Decidedly—for three years!

But one sees those lines of extras outside the studios. There are the lonely rooms somewhere south of the Boulevard. There are the young men with haunted faces, the disappointment on the faces of the girls, and the older men and women just hanging on. One sees written in ever-deepening lines the yearnings, the bitterness of unrecognition, the plodding of the thousands.

"After three years go home and forget it!" says DeMille.

There is a whole sermon in his admonition. Hollywood is full of aspiring actors and actresses. Some of them have been there for years, hoping against hope. Just around the corner, just beyond the next turn, they believe the big chance is waiting. So they hang on.

"Not long ago," DeMille went on, "a very pretty girl came to me and said, 'I don't seem to get anywhere. Tell me what's wrong, please. I've tried so hard.'"

"She was attractive and well dressed, but there was a coldness about her which showed that the shell had not been penetrated. She was merely a girl with a pretty face. There are thousands of them. I advised her to quit.

"The truth of the matter is, their shell has to be cracked, just as a hawg chick has to crack its shell. As it develops, it has to find itself. It took William Boyd five years to crack the shell he had about him. He came to me several times, discouraged. 'I can't make it,' he complained. 'I won't do.'"

"But I believed he had it in him, felt confident of it, and advised him to stick,'"

In the photograph files of the DeMille studio we found half a dozen stills of "Why Change Your Wife?" which was filmed at the old Larry studio. William Boyd, in the uniform of a naval officer, stood in the crowd just back of Julia Faye. Although in a minor rôle, he stood out like the proverbial million-dollar His- pose and personality were becoming evident.

"That was the day he found himself," said DeMille. "That was the day he let loose and cracked his shell. From that moment he felt that he had arrived and we knew it, too.

"Tommy Meighan came to me in his early days and protested that he wasn't getting anywhere. 'Keep at it, Tommy!' I insisted. I felt confident of him and he rang true—in time. I said to Leatrice Joy one day. You're through! I can't do anything with you. It isn't in you to succeed. You are pretty, but that's all. You can't act, because you have no inspiration.'

Continued on page 106.
Somebody Must Listen

When the stars give vent to music, animals prove to be their best friends.

Rin-Tin-Tin, left, pays gentlemanly attention to Helen Ferguson's playing.

The little goat, below, is distraught, but Gary Cooper plays on.

"How can you?" is what Clyde Cook's audience thinks, below.

If Bozo is any judge, Sally O'Neil, above, had better consult her music teacher.

Charles Delaney, left, has hit upon a rapturous tune, if Stubby's expression is sincere.

William Demarest, right, puts his soul into his music, but his listener is merely polite.
Are You Going to Hollywood?

Then this miniature dictionary of studio "slanguage" will interest you.

By Lulu Case Russell

FOR the information of Dakotans, Arkansans, Canadians, and other foreigners about to visit hectic Hollywood, the land of make-believe and motion-picture studios, a serious and well-intentioned attempt is hereby made to compile a visitors' compendium, embracing those strange and incomprehensible terms heard in the jargon of the studios. The more general terms like "lot," "set," and "location" are too familiar to the average fan to be gone into here.

The language of the electrical department, that most essential accessory to embalmed drama, is perhaps the most picturesque and mysterious of all. It permeates and gives color to all other branches of the overgrown industry, and it may be wise to take it up at once, leaving the maverick expressions to be hog tied and branded later.

Taking the "slang" of the electrical department, then, we have "juice," the electrical current, and it therefore follows, as night does the day, that "juicer" is the term applied to the electricians. They have other names, one of the printable ones being "gaffers." The camera itself has several "slang" names, one being "cheese box," referring presumably to the product it turns out, with "coffee grinder" and "rock crusher" for variety.

"Twist it" means to turn the camera crank. "Punk" is the term applied to assistant camera men, those agile youths who scale mountains and wade raging torrents with the precious camera slung over their shoulders, it being their fate not to "question why, theirs but to do or die" at the command of their superior, the cinematographer.

"Broads" are the side arcs, out of which grow the expressions—"hang the broad," which means to take the head of the lamp and hang it on a chain on the side of the stem, and "trim the broads," studio language for resetting the carbons; "feed the broads," a phrase indicating to a juicer that the carbons are to be reset by opening and closing the control switch.

"Broads" are diffused lights, whereas "spots" are not diffused. The command, "Hot your spot!" indicates to the particular juicer in charge, that he is to light his spotlight. A 35-ampere spot is called a "baby," therefore if you hear a hoarse-voiced electrician shout, as you pass through a studio, "Hit the baby!" there is no need for a call to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, because all the electrician wants is that the "baby spot" be hit. The even more astonishing cry of "Kill the baby!" simply means "put out the baby spotlight," just as "Kill that sun!" means to turn off one of the sunlight arcs, or "sun arcs," as the powerful lights that turn night into day are called; while "Crack the sun!" means to light a sun arc.

"Rotary" is a spotlight from 80 to 150 amperes. "Scoop" is a side arc with a scoop-shade opening. "Hit the domes!" means to light the overhead arcs, and "Turn the banks over!" is just another way of suggesting that the humble juicer reverse the polarity of the Cooper Hewitt mercury lamps. "Save 'em!" is not a Hoover slogan, but electricians' slang for turning off the current.

Instead of saying to the men in charge of the lights placed above a set, "Gentlemen, we are about to start shooting—will you kindly take your places among the rafters?" a great deal of time and language is saved by one word, "Decorate," and the workers proceed to scramble up to their lofty perches, not among, but above the stars.

Harbor no suspicion that you have wandered into a farmyard or a meat-packing plant if you hear some one shout, "Hook on that pig!" because the meaning conveyed to the initiate is simply that a very short plugging box is to be put on the line; and no cruelty to the genus Arachnida is contemplated when the order, "Tie on those spiders!" is sent through the air, as this only means to connect a few cables.

"Get your iron!" means that the rigging crew is to line up the sets, and "Give us more spaghetti!" means to run out more cable. "Hit the deck!" means it is lunch hour, or quitting time at night.

When the camera angle is changed and it is found necessary to change slightly some article in order to get it into the picture, the term "cheat" is used. So if you hear the director saying, "Cheat that chair!" you know he means that the prop man is to shove the chair forward or backward slightly.

The publicity department has a language all its own, too, much of it being the same as that in most newspaper offices, but with the idea of making this the last word in lexicography, it is appended.

"A break" means that some innocent editor falls for a press agent's dream about one of the players, and prints the story, "A lousy break!" is the same thing, only the editor fails to print the story in a prominent place.

"Art" is the euphemistic synonym for photograph of star, star's home, star's chow dog, or other item of breathless interest to the world at large.

Now to wander afield, calling flowers of unassorted slanguage thither and yon—one expression that came into being when "The King of Kings" was being cast in Hollywood, and which crops up whenever a period picture is rumored to be about to start, is "peddling the brush;" in more understandable, but less picturesque words, it means that actors allow their beards to grow and then hopefully apply at the casting offices for jobs calling for bearded beauties.

"Poverty Row" is a certain Hollywood street where the smaller companies, makers of what are known as independent films, have their offices and studios. The name indicates that the actors get little cash in return for their services, and that the pictures made by these companies are to those released by the bigger companies about what a ten-cent store purchase amounts to compared to a gift from Tiffany's.

"Gag man" is a humorist, who thinks up unusual and interesting bits of funny business for the makers of comedy pictures, and therefore "gag" is the term applied to an alleged funny line, or bit of business.

"A hoss opera" is the term applied to Western pictures.

"Rushes" are the hurried, first prints made of the film taken during one day's work on a picture and are projected nightly that the director, producer, and star may see if the work they have done is satisfactory. If it isn't, then the set will not be struck and the call for retakes will be sent out.

This covers the most frequently used expressions, although each department has a few stray, unbranded words of its own. But this gives the visitor a vocabulary extensive enough to make him feel at home in that orderly hodgepodge known as a motion-picture studio.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 22

dress, because it is for me, not for you they work. And it is for Mr. Allen, not yourself, that I say, come when the costume is ready; report at ten a. m. and I will show you what to do. We open for lunch at eleven thirty, but there is little to do at that hour. I hope you are pleased, Mr. Allen, that I accept your friend?"

The emphasis was marked, but Malcolm took no notice. "Yes, I'm much obliged, Pierre," he said, "I'm going now but I'll drop in for early lunch to-morrow."

Pierre understood that he would then settle the business of Miss Smith's wages, et cetera, in a way satisfactory to the restaurant; and Malcolm knew that the Frenchman guessed just how long and how well he had been acquainted with Miss Smith as a matter of course; how he would make it clear, he resolved, that his interest in the girl was chivalrous, not sentimental.

Whether that was or was not entirely true, he wasn't sure. But he must insist for Miss Smith's sake. Meanwhile, he was consumed with curiosity about her. What kind of a girl was she who would steal a dinner, then save herself by letting him name her "his friend, Miss Smith," and accept a situation given to please him?

She allowed him to walk out with her into brilliantly lighted Hollywood Boulevard. The street was bright as day and all the shop windows were aglow, showing smart hats and dresses, paste-buckled slippers with immensely high heels and fantastic jewelry. Even Broadway, with its famous white lights and electric advertisements, could hardly be more dazzling.

The girl drew round her shoulders a silver scarf, the only wrap she had, and stopped Allen as he beckoned the doorman.

"I think you more than I can tell," she said in the same low tone in which she had spoken to Pierre. "I suppose you think I'm dreadful. Maybe I am. But—if you only knew! Besides, I was so terribly hungry. The trouble is, I can't explain much. I'd rather not even tell you my real name. Miss Smith will do very well. I hope I shall see you again in the restaurant, and I shall pay you back when I get money, which I ought to have soon. Besides, there will be tips, I hope. I shall accept them! I know, of course, that man Pierre expects you to stand for my salary. But I mean to be a success and then he'll be willing to invest thirty dollars a week in me, himself. Now I must go. Good-by, and thank you again."

"Do let me take you home," Malcolm begged. "I don't ask to know your name if you don't want to tell it. But I'd like you to know mine. I am—"

"I heard the man call you Mr. Allen," the girl broke in, "and I always see the newspapers, so I suppose you must be Mr. Malcolm Allen, who wrote 'Black Sleeves.' Don't think, please, that I don't trust you. I do! The way you did everything showed me that I could. Besides, I've read your book. The man who wrote that would never be horrid to a woman. Only I'd rather go home alone, thank you all the same. I live not very far away, in a house where they rent rooms."

Malcolm was disappointed, though not vexed. Perhaps he even liked Miss Smith better for her refusal.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I won't urge you. But I hope we are going to be friends. After meeting in such an odd way, we ought to be. And—look here! For Heaven's sake don't misunderstand, but—but you said you were hungry."

She laughed. "Well, I'm not now! I shan't be for a long time. I took good care of that. I know what you want to ask. You'd like to suggest lending me some money to go on with. That's not necessary. My landlady will believe me when I tell her I've got work at Montparnasse, starting at once. I owe her only for one week. I hate getting into debt. That's why I was hungry! Everything's going to be all right with me, now, thanks to you. But I believe, even if you hadn't helped me, I should have landed that job. I had to!"

"It doesn't seem your sort of job," Malcolm objected. "Have you ever tried to break into the movies?"

"No," Miss Smith answered. "I've been in Hollywood only two weeks. But in any case I don't—"

"I'm sure I could get you a small part in my picture," Malcolm said. "The picture that Peerless will produce from the scenario I'm writing. "You are kind!" the girl exclaimed. "That would be a perfectly miraculous chance for me if I did want to act. But just at present I don't. What I want is to be what I'm going to be at Montparnasse. Good-by again! We shall meet again!"

She was gone!

She had dashed away like a Cinderella at the stroke of midnight. And she was as mysterious to Malcolm Allen as Cinderella had been to her prince at the ball.

She wanted to work at Montparnasse. She preferred to be second cigarette girl there, rather than accept an offer over which most young women would have been inclined to faint with joy. Why? Why?

They May Have Been Your Neighbors

And then there's Tom Santschi, of Kokomo, who joined a stock company, John Bowers who did the same, and Charlie Murray of Laurel, who, for twenty-one years was part of the well-known vaudeville team of Murray and Mack. His movie offers came as a matter of course after he had established a reputation.

And so we go on into Ohio, most notably represented by the Gishes. Lilian was born in Springfield, and attended Ursuline Seminary at Massillon; Dorothy was born in Dayton. Their careers are too well known to need much space here.

In 1898 William Boyd was born in Cambridge, but during his childhood his family moved to Oklahoma. William started out to be a business man, but he was ambitious for fame and went through all the hardships of getting movie work and establishing himself.

Warner Baxter grew up in Columbus and was in the insurance business before going on the stage for six years, and so into movies. Earle Foxe, born in Oxford, attended Ohio State University and then joined Douglas Fairbanks' company in Chicago. When Doug went on the screen Earle soon followed.

Hobart Bosworth was a real adventurer. Leaving his home in Marietta, he ran away to sea when he was fifteen. He tried his hand at everything. He was a fighter and wrestler, a cow-puncher, a stevedore, a longshoreman. He did odd jobs in San Francisco. And then he went on the stage there, in the McKee Rankin stock company, and eventually became leading man for such noted stars as Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fish. When he achieved stardom himself, movie offers followed.

Perhaps some of these famous people were once your neighbors. Growing up, going to school, hoping some day to be famous, perhaps even thinking of a possible screen future. Certainly these States, through which a star zone runs, have done more than their share to add to world's entertainment.
Tweeds and Twills

Richard Arlen demonstrates how the well set-up young fellow should wear them.

Mr. Arlen, left, with a single-breasted suit of slate-gray wears black shoes and a Spitalfields tie of dark color, thus upholding the conservative mode.

The double-breasted suit of dark gray, right, he likes, because its uses are perhaps more varied than any other daytime clothes.

His riding togs, above, are equally devoid of flashiness, or even horribleness, and are worn with the ease of a gentleman.

For tennis, left, his outfit is practical, with roominess emphasized.

Golf, right, finds him wearing more black than is usual in Hollywood, his tweed sweater being of black and gray and his knickers all black.
the highly censorable play of "They Knew What They Wanted" into celluloid pamflet for innocents, those concerned in the task tackled a stiff job. For the crux of the plot lay in the relation of the waitress heroine and the young worker on the fruit ranch of the old man she came from the city to marry. The ranch is in the picture, together with Annie, the waitress, Luigi, who has offered her marriage by mail, and his shiftless foreman, Jack. But instead of being swept by Jack into illicit passion, Annie walks with him into matrimony instead. When finally they confess to Luigi, who has recovered from his accident and is eager to wed Annie, he accepts it with good grace and invites the two to go on living with him. This is far from being the turbulent drama of the original. It is, in fact, almost placid. But it moves along steadily enough and Miss Negri plays with careful restraint unlighted by any spark. So completely is she in character, she never once gives any hint that she has known the elms of royalty.

Jean Hersolt is Luigi and Kenneth Thomson Jack.

Family Life of a Puglist.

"The Count of Ten" is a prize-fight picture in which Billy Williams, the hard-boiled manager of Johnny McKinney, goes to arrange a match with the champion and returns to find Johnny in love, much to his disgust. But he cannot prevent Johnny's marriage to Betty, though he sees sooner than Johnny does, that Betty's family is sponging on him and encouraging the young wife to go in for the society racket. The climax comes when Johnny bravely fights with a broken hand in order to earn a large sum of money for Betty's demands. Disillusionment comes when he discovers it is for her brother's gambling debts, but on learning that she knew nothing of the truth he is reconciled. A worn story, yes, but it is nicely directed and finely played by Charles Ray, as the fighter, James Gleason, the manager, Jofyna Ralston, as Betty, and, as usual, Arthur Lake stands out as the brother.

Bad Manners Among Swells.

After much raving about William Haines in "West Point," last month, my impressions of his new picture, "The Smart Set," are blurred by slight boredom. It is not that Mr. Haines' skill is less, but perhaps it is more obviously employed to force the new Haines hero into our good graces. He is Tommy, whose hobby is polo instead of golf, baseball, boxing, or football, as we have seen in other pictures featuring the same hero with a different name. But he has all the "fresh" characteristics of the others, if not more. For one thing, he takes off his shoe at a country-club dinner and tosses it into the soup of a fellow diner. That may be funny, but as a matter of taste it is too utterly utter. However, to go on with the story: Tommy goes too far with the conservative polo set and his services are dispensed with. Need I say that in the nick of time he redeems himself by reckless courage, dare-devil horsemanship, and rather maudlin devotion to his pony, whose life is imperiled in a stable fire? Alice Day is wholesomely charming as the girl, who sees good in Tommy in spite of his outrageous treatment of her, and Jack Holt and Hobart Bosworth are, of course, at home on the polo field.

Who Cares?

"If I Were Single" is one of those domestic comedies in which the four characters busily misunderstand each other, quarrel and patch up their differences. All their maneuvers are so thin and petty that it would take a shut-in, deprived of pictures for a year, to be interested in them. Ted and May, married, have a riff. Ted lends his cigarette lighter to a flirtatious girl he doesn't know. A great deal of footage is given over to his explanation of the affair to May. Then the girl turns out to be May's school chum. Did you ever! There's a funny pianist mixed up in all this excitement. Played by André Beranger, it is the best rôle in the piece. The others, in the hands of Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, and Myrna Loy, are very suburban.

With Rolling Pin and Lorgnette.

"Bringing Up Father" is a glorification of the rolling pin as a symbol of a wife's rights. The picture is, of course, based on the comic strip of the same name, with Maggy, Jiggs, and Dinty Moore naturally very much in evidence. Mrs. Dinty Moore here appears as Jiggs' sister, a departure from the cartoon which I suppose will be as shocking to the readers of the comic strip as if Ophelia were made Hamlet's mother-in-law to suit the exigencies of a film. The story—such as it is—centers around the ambitions of Maggie to live up to her idea of society life, her efforts to marry her daughter to a nobleman, and her resolve to snap out of it when Jiggs frightens her by attempting suicide as a joke. It is all rather rowdy slapstick, but its underlying humanness makes it worth while. Polly Moran, Farrell MacDonald, Marie Dressler, Tenen Holtz, and Jules Cowl are adept at low comedy, and Gertrude Olmsted and Grant Withers are the young people whose love affair furnishes sentimental interest.

Disrobing in a Rage.

Lowell Sherman is the serpent in "The Garden of Eden," so you know Corinne Griffith's new picture is not a biblical film. In fact, it's awfully modern—or pretends to be. The garden of the Eden Hotel at Monte Carlo, you see—"Toni Le Brun runs away from her humble home to go to the big city to be a "star." But she only, gets as far as the cabaret, where she is extremely unpopular with the other girls because she is more beautiful than they, and with the management because she is virtuous. But she is popular with Rosa, the wardrobe mistress, for when Toni is discharged for slapping the face of Henry von Blessing, Rosa takes her to Monte Carlo. Rosa is really a baroness, who saves and scribbles for an annual fortnight of glory at the resort. There Toni falls in love with Richard Spanyi, who believes her to be the daughter of the baroness. When Henry turns up at the moment of Toni's wedding—well, she tears off her finery and stands revealed in her teddies, rather than marry into a family that believes everything it hears of a girl. Yes, it ends happily. The picture is entertaining enough at the beginning and the end, but it sags and rambles midway. Besides Mr. Sherman, Louise Dresser, Charles Ray, and Maude George are in the cast.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 50

they will occupy the center of the stage in the future.

Along with this have come rumors that some of the long-established luminaries of the screen will soon be giving a portion of their time to the production of films starring others. So far nothing has materialized, and in view of the successes scored by Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, and others in their recent films, the report wouldn't appear to have much substance.

However, there is a thought suggested in these passing forecasts.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea

Continued on page 90
For the Ladies

Marceline Day visits an orchid farm and learns all about the exotics.

Marceline pitched right in and learned the business from the seed up. She is seen above, with baby plants several dozen of which are placed in a pot of fern roots and set in a hothouse for eight months.

She inspects the almost-grown plants, left, waiting to blossom after seven years of careful nurture, while, right, she is shown with a five-year-old plant.

The tiny plant she is holding, lower left, is three years old and has just been transplanted into its own pot.

The triumph of the orchid is shown, lower right, when it is ready to be pinned on some dance-going shoulder — maybe Marceline's own.
Continued from page 26

now, though she has still a decided accent, 'twas amazing how well she speaks it, Rod says—with an astonishingly large vocabulary. And the language was all the more difficult for her to learn, because there is no Hungarian-English dictionary. She had first to translate every word from Hungarian to German, and then look it up in a German-English dictionary.

Rod is quite a cosmopolitan person. He had one experience, on a previous trip to Europe, which most Americans would give ten years for—a tête-à-tête with the Prince of Wales.

It was in England. Rod had been invited to a hunt breakfast in Sussex, and the Prince was also a guest. When Rod was introduced and the Prince caught the name, Rod La Rocque, he said, "Ah, the 'Ten Commandments.'" No comment. No praise. But it won Rod's liking instantly. The next morning after breakfast, the guests departed for the hunt. Rod didn't go, because he had injured his arm and was unable to ride, with all the strenuous jumps involved. And the Prince didn't feel up to it, so he stayed behind also. The two sat on the veranda overlooking a beautiful garden bright in the sunshine. The Prince lit his pipe and so did Rod. They sat there smoking.

"I had no idea what to say or do," said Rod. "Whether to call him 'Your Highness' every time I addressed him, or to call him nothing at all."

They sat there fully five minutes in complete silence, puffing on their pipes. It is customary always for royalty to open the conversation, if any. So Rod waited. "Ripping day," said the Prince finally. The universal topic for beginning conversation! Rod said, yes, but he enjoyed London fogs, because they were so different from anything they had in southern California.

And so they chatted, the Prince fumbling constantly with his necktie, a nervous habit he has. He got quite confidential and spoke wistfully of the frightfully social life he has to lead. Never a moment to himself. Everywhere he goes, crowds, crowds.

"I thought," said Rod, "that he seemed the most pathetic man I had ever met."

All this has nothing whatever to do with the story of Rod and Vilma, but we can't all meet the Prince of Wales, and I just thought you might like to hear about it.

In his own little niche, and on a proportionately smaller scale, Rod had the same kind of social thing before him in Budapest. A round of festivity, when all he wanted was to see his Vilma and her people.

"It's all bunk," said Rod, "about fans not wanting stars to marry. Our fan mail has increased twenty per cent since our marriage. I think that, in those old days, when it was considered bad business for actors to marry, the trouble was not in marriage itself at all. It was the fact that many of those former stars didn't admit they had wives, and then when the public found out, they resented the deception. As if marriage were something to be ashamed of, instead of being the oldest institution in the world."

And I've an idea that, if Rod and Vilma ever make that picture together which they talk of making, the love scenes will certainly be the most wonderful and romantic love scenes ever filmed!

Continued from page 74

have never been well since. I have heem in a sanitarium. I am not ashamed that I am poor. I work and my mother encourage me. My leetle brother and sister, they want to help, too."

Miss Velez is quick to explain that she is a Mexican, not a Spaniard. Both parents have Aztec blood. Lupe first saw the light of day in a small town near Mexico City. This little place had no less than three hundred churches. The inhabitants, with the exception of Lupe, prayed much and often. Lupe, it seems, was inclined to forget her religious duties. Once, while trying to amuse herself in the yard of their quiet home, she unintentionally hurled a stone through a window. Her father and mother came to the door. Also her grandmother. No one said a word; they merely looked. And continued to look. Finally Lupe could endure it no longer.

"No, I didn't," she squeaked, defensively.

At the age of fourteen she went to San Antonio, Texas, where for two years she lived in a convent.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, Lupe has a great future before her. Since the most extravagant language is used to describe actors and actresses of mediocre charm and ability, one hesitates to eulogize for fear of seeming susceptible. But I will go so far as to say that Lupe completely captivated me. She is frank without being bold, naive without being affected, and romantic without being spurious. Despite her gay, exuberant manner there is nothing of the obvious flapper about her. She is not a flapper—she is Lupe.

All this talk about her career in the movies being dimmed because Del Rio preceded her, is nonsense. Didn't Valentino precede Novarro? Had poor Valentino lived he could not have held his popularity against the steadily growing favor of the beloved Mexican. Perhaps I am prejudiced—as the man remarked when arguing against his own hanging—but I stoutly maintain that Lupe has more sweetness and warmth than the opulent Dolores.

Some one brought in a dozen magnificent new portraits of Miss Velez, taken specially for the Wampas ball. Each picture was inspected and pronounced beautiful by Lupe. I think, however, that she was referring more to the exquisite photography than to her own pulchritude.

"Look at that hand! Look at that mouth! Beautiful! That man do much more wonderful work. I mus' have more of these picture."

Getting up, she gave an amusing demonstration of the photographer's antics while posing her for the pictures.

"I sink heem ver foney and I laugh at heem. Now I mus' ask heem for more picture." The last was added with some chagrin.

"I love my fan mail," she told me. "They write to me and I read the letters—every one of them. The women here in the States they are wonderful to me. They say nice things about my work and I know they are sincere."

"How about the men?" I inquired, my own voice sounding flat and uninteresting compared with hers.

"The men they are good, too. Yes. They are the pajamas off the cat!"

A troubled journalist poked his head in the door to say that he could wait for Lupe no longer, as he had another appointment. Lupe, a picture of surprised innocence, asked him if he would please make arrangements to see her another time.

Fearful of being politely assassinated by the three or four other writers who were waiting to see Miss Velez, I reluctantly got to my feet. Even a person who knows better than to wear out her welcome dislikes to leave such a happy, radiant personality.

Yea, verily, she is the pajamas off the cat!
No Rough Stuff Here

Flash and Cita revive a lost art by “keeping company,” with the dignity and restraint of an old-fashioned parlor courtship.

Since a bit of boldness is never amiss, Flash, above, climbs up beside Cita on the divan and lightly rests his “arm” on her shoulder.

In common with the rest of femininity, Cita, right, listens with enjoyment to the sweet nothings Flash murmurs in her ear.

Flash, above, has the right idea when he pays his evening call, accompanied by an offering of dog biscuit by which he hopes to win a smile from Cita—and he does.

What courtship would be interesting—or real—without a tiff such as Flash and Cita, left, are enjoying? But they are only pouting, though Cita’s expression indicates that she will be the last to speak first.
The Kid Herself

Continued from page 34
attention, because—well, because. I
didn’t get into ‘Down to the Sea in
Ships’ until a year later. Elmer
Clifton saw my picture in a maga-
azine. He gave me a test and I got
the part.

It was an effort for her to be so
informative. But she was good
enough to exert herself. If some
bozo had to see her, maybe it was a
good idea to see him and get it over.
And it didn’t hurt to be civil. He
wouldn’t stay long. Why didn’t they
get those side lights fixed beforehand,
and get the action going again?

“I’ve learned how to do the hula
for this picture,” said Clara. “Got
my legs scratched wearing those
prickly wraiths. Had a tough time
learning steps, too. Ride horseback
a lot in the picture, too. That makes
you stiff, you know. Sore all over.
Geo’!”

Then a friend appeared on a near-
by stage, and Clara whisked off to
see her, reappearing a few minutes
later. Conversation languished. Leads
led nowhere. Was she aware of the
fact that some 18,500 letters came
for her every month? “Yeah?” she
said.

Nor was she outwardly concerned
to hear that her pictures were cre-
ating more or less of a furor from
seaboard to seaboard. Her nose was
shiny and she made immediate steps
to remedy the situation. She tapped
her riding boot with a quiet and
rubbed her chin reflectively. “Yeah?”
she intoned.

Then they were ready to go on
with the day’s work. Lights clicked
and sputtered on, camera men took a
final squint through the finder, there
was a fatherly call of “Come on,
baby!” from the director, and Clara
walked jauntily before the camera.

As she came under the arc lights
she seemed to become a totally differ-
ent person. The indifferent girl
metamorphosed into a dynamic per-
sonality. The schoolgirl became
the starlet. Her eyes sparkled, her
manner grew sportive. Clara was
snapping into it. Bow was playing
the kid herself. Here was the little
girl every one was giving such a great
big hand; here was the flapper who
was sharing attention with John
Held’s immortal Margie, the car-
tooned soubrette, whose styles set the
styles all over the country, if hear-
say is to be credited.

Clara’s feet jigged nimbly to the
strains of the two-man orchestra
wheeling near the set. Clara’s tan-
grine hair frisked beneath the ab-
surdly large sombrero she was wear-
ing. Her eyes widened, her shoul-
ders shrugged as she turned to in-
quire regarding the delay. “How come?” she asked.

The third assistant director gave
the signal to the second assistant, and
he in turn advised the director that
all was in readiness. “Come on,
baby,” the latter called.

She scampered in the door, tossed
her hat on the gas jet and approached
the stove. That was all. But it was
enough.

“Save everything,” called the di-
rector. The lights dimmed. Ham-
mers resumed their pounding. Clara
relaxed. Her face once again as-
sumed its ennuyant expression, re-
sembling a doll-like mask. Clara was
the star again.

“Well, see you some more,” she
said mechanically, to speed the part-
ing guest.

There is little to be gained in track-
ing the stars to Hollywood, you see.
If you would know Clara Bow, stick
to the Bijou Dream and see “Get
Your Man” or “Red Hair” or “La-
dies of the Mob.” For there you see
the kid herself.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45
strom, of Sweden, and Herbert
Brenon, of England.

This information I gleaned from
the annual edition of The Film Daily,
a trade publication, and many other
items of interest and surprise assail
me in its pages.

For one thing, I find precious little
originality in picture titles. For in-
stance, eight pictures have “Love” as
the first word of the title, and one
has that and nothing else. Next in
popularity is the word “fighting,”
which begins five titles. “Ladies,”
“Women,” and “Man” are tied, each
being the first word in the titles of
five pictures, while “Desert,” “Gal-
loring,” “Broadway,” and “Heart,”
are tied, with four apiece.

The movies are still glorifying the
“Rose” of this and that, this year’s
product being “Rose of the Bowery,”
“The Kildare,” and “The Golden
West.”

Also, I discover the somewhat ap-
alling fact that since 1915 there have
been something more than 8,500 fea-
ture pictures produced, not to men-
tion comedies and serials. Madness
lies in the direction of the statistics
which might be worked out from this
figure alone. Consider, for instance,
one man starting out to look at all
these pictures, on the hypothetical
and entirely impossible basis that he
could keep a firm grip on his reason
to the end.

Each picture would consume, on
an average, an hour and a half of
that man’s time. So, if he worked
every day for eight hours at the task
of witnessing these pictures, and
took no time off for Sundays and
holidays, he would be 12,750 days at
the job and it would be something
like thirty-five years before he saw
“The End” flash on the screen.

Imagine, then, this man stumbling
out of a dark projection room into
the blinding sunlight, muttering sub-
titles softly to himself.

Imagine him touring Hollywood
and seeing these vast motion-picture
studios turning out more and longer
productions by the dozen.

Imagine those improbable events,
and you can bring the thing to a vivid
climax by visualizing the greatest
campaign of arson, pillage, and mur-
der ever known in this land, as this
poor soul set upon the temples of
the cinema with sword and torch.

To Alexander Korda, Hungarian
artist and gentleman, and now a di-
rector in Hollywood, must go a mental
distinctive and unique.

He is one director who makes and
has made a serious and, at times, cu-
ning drive to prevent having his pic-
ture taken, particularly of the vari-
ty known as “publicity stills,” wherein directors are shown beside
the camera, reading the script or
showing the leading man how to em-
brace the star.

Directors as a whole are peculiar-
looking mugs, though Korda is not
excessively so. His quite plausible
theory is, however, that he is no par-
icular ornament to any photographer’s art, and that, furthermore, the
public is not interested in seeing di-
rectors’ pictures.

He boasts proudly that he got
through his first American produc-
tion without having a single picture
made, one of his shrewdest artifices
being to go without shaving when-
ever possible, and offer his stubby
beard as an excuse.

When he directed “The Private
Life of Helen of Troy,” however,
studio officials were anxious to bally-
hoo the picture as much as possible,
and ordered Korda to pose whenever
requested. He acceded to the re-
quests silently, but as balm to his
personal views, he managed to look
as sad as possible when the shutter
was snapped.
for Mary, Doug, and others to spend a part of their time on this sort of enterprise, between their own starring films? They would have much to contribute to the development of the new talent that seems so decidedly in the spotlight.

A few years ago Charlie Chaplin registered an achievement when he directed "A Woman of Paris," in which he did not appear. And it would be very interesting to see if this feat could not be duplicated by some one else in the group of the screen's most celebrated personages.

James Hall Rewarded.

James Hall has earned his spurs. And by that we don't mean he is to appear in Westerns, either. Hall has been climbing steadily up the ladder of popularity, and was recently rewarded with a long-term contract and several nice verbal pats on the back, by Jesse L. Lasky indicated in his prognostications of the future, that he thought Hall would become a star.

Mostly Hall has played leading man to Bebe Daniels. He has been in several of her best pictures. Working in "Four Sons" apparently advanced his career considerably, although we must confess that we couldn't develop any wild enthusiasm over his performance in this production. Just the same, we believe he is on the highroad to fan favor. The mail that he receives at Paramount is described as of "mammoth proportions" — which is a high superlative, even in the case of a press agent.

The Eternal Idol.

Though her appearances in pictures are rare, Pauline Frederick returns to the stage at regular intervals on the Coast, and every time she does, it means a big turn-out of her admirers. Pauline's latest triumph has been in a comedy, and the ovation given her the opening night生活方式 evidence of her popularity. There were, as usual, so many floral tokens that the stage could hardly hold them. The feetlights are exciting more every day constantly in Flinland. Joseph Schildkraut and Henry B. Washhall have been among those recently attracted. Schildkraut has launched a company that is staging very high-class productions. Washhall starred in Edward Knoblock's "Speakeasy," and at the premiere D. W. Griffith, Colleen Moore, George Siegmann, and others with whom he worked in the old "Birth of a Nation" days, were present. Bessie Barriscale, whom you may remember as a star some years ago, also recently returned in a play.

In vaudeville one finds the names of Agnes Ayres, John Bowers, and Marguerite de la Motte, and Bryant Washburn headlined.

The Lovely, Languid Lya.

We heard from Lya de Putti over the phone upon her return from Europe, and her voice sounded charmingly languorous and world-weary. Lya remained abroad almost six months, and during that time disposed of her home in Berlin.

This doesn't necessarily mean that she will stay in Hollywood permanently, she says. She feels that her future in America depends a great deal on her success here in pictures, but she has always averred that she would never relinquish the fight for this success until she had turned it into a complete victory.

There is no mistaking Lya's fascination as a personality, but she has lacked the chance to demonstrate this adequately in the roles she has played in this country.

Cough It, If You Like.

How would you like to have to tell your friends to address your mail to a place called Cuntyemotzin? It sounds very complicated.

Cuntyemotzin is in Mexico, and Dolores del Rio went there on location for "Revenge," in which she is now being starred.

A Hymeneal Omen?

There must be marriage impending between Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli. When we shook hands with them recently at a preview, our arms did the crisscross which is universally considered prophetic of a wedding.

Both Charlie and Virginia have been denying the report of their engagement regularly to newspaper reporters. However, they are seen very frequently in public together.

Camera Becomes Acrobatic.

What is a "go-devil'? If anybody should happen to ask you, it is the name of a new device that moves the camera about in a very animated way, while a scene is being photographed.

F. W. Murnau seems to be sponsoring the invention. In any case, it was specially built for his production of "The Four Devils," and maybe that's why it is called the "go-devil."

The device looks somewhat like a steam shovel. It swings the camera about, and lifts it up and down, with an amazing rapidity. It is being used to photograph trapeze performers in action, and its gyrations are so swift that it can follow their every move and their flights through the air, without missing anything.

"The Four Devils" will probably be a very expensive production. It is said already to have cost fully three quarters of a million.

Eddie Raises Salads.

Edmund Lowe may be nominated the successor of the late Luther Burbank. Eddie has acquired a ranch, and is experimenting in raising a new kind of vegetable. He describes it as a combination of a tomato and green pepper, and says it makes an excellent salad.

Eddie's brother is in charge of the ranch, but he and Lilyan Tashman visit there nearly every Saturday and Sunday. Eddie, by the way, has been playing the lead in Colleen Moore's picture, "Heart to Heart."

Hamilton Sings for Himself.

Among players severing old connections, is Neil Hamilton. He is leaving Paramount after three years, ostensibly to free lance, though it would surprise no one if he connected with Fox. He has played in several Fox pictures, and his sympathetic role in "Mother Machree" is thought to indicate that others may be forthcoming. His success in the "mother" picture was due in no small measure to his singing, via the Movietone, of the sentimental ballad which gives the picture its name. Instead of employing a vocal double, Neil was permitted to warble as he pleased, the result being as pleasant a baritone as "talking" pictures have so far disclosed.

"Rich"—As He Is

He does, however, rebel openly when an effort is made to run his pictures into the channel of starring vehicles, where every situation is draped around the star.

When he looked at the final edition of a picture in which appeared that hilarious comedienne of the stage, Edna May Oliver, he found her role

Continued on page 96
Continued from page 83
so there is an orgy of wild gags on the screen, some idiotic and funny, but more are just idiotic.
The public never sees the wildest gags, however. A comedian, like a doctor, buries his worst mistakes. Sometimes it takes a preview audience to detect them, and then they are quickly interred in the waste film on the cutting-room floor. But usually they are vetoed when first suggested at the gag meeting. Gag men, sitting in solemn conclave, pursue the elusive laugh like a half-starved negro chasing a black hen in the dark, and often flop on their noses. Some of the ideas evolved in such meetings are weird—gags gone ga-ga!

A gag man at one studio thought it would be amusing to show Junior Coghlan washing his pony in the bathtub, spattering soapsuds and horrifying the English butler. And, just to top it off, the boy could mount the pony on four bars of soap and skid him around the hallway!

An assistant director, whose interest also ran to animals, suggested that there could be nothing funnier than a pair of porcupines trying to stage a Gilbert-Garbo love scene. He was told he could shoot the scene all by himself—and must be still trying.

Somebody suggested to Mack Sennett that Ben Turpin should be shown reading a note from a lady, while tears streamed from his eyes. The cause of the tears was to be, not unrequited affection, but the fact that the note was written on onion skin paper. Out!

A gag man, working on a comedy of a husband besieged by his wife's relatives, evolved a quaint notion. Whenever dinner was served, thrifty hubby could hide Uncle Zeb's false teeth and thus save the price of a meal!

Still another gag man, working on a hospital comedy, suggested that one of the surgeons, after performing an operation, should sew up the patient on the sewing machine! The suggestion was somewhat drunk, it must be said in his defense.

Liquor gags are always cropping up, but, good or bad, are usually discarded, because they are frowned on by the censors and the Will Hays organization. So are various other gags which bear upon vulgarity, forbidden subjects, and the like.

Now that circus pictures are in vogue, a writer suggested that a circus dwarf should fall in love with a seven-foot lady, and should get a job as a steeplejack to train for kissing her. Another bright idea was offered for a divorce comedy. A neglected wife artfully persuades her husband to move to New Jersey. Why? Once in that mosquito-infested State, errant hubby soon discovers the advantage of having a loving spouse to slap the mosquitoes where he can't reach them, and thus spends all his nights at home. Another divorce headed off. However, neither of these pictures has yet been produced.

Sometimes gag men offer weird suggestions, merely in a spirit of banter. Often, however, they suggest impossible ideas and can't understand why others consider them ridiculous.

Gags built around death are sometimes suggested. One gag man thought it would be funny for a comedian to pose as dead, in order to collect his own life insurance. The bottom drops out of the coffin and the enraged pallbearers chase him. One of the real corpses sits up and laughs heartily. 'No! Not even in the wildest two-reeler!'

When such gags are suggested, retribution comes swiftly and sure. In some studios the gag men keep an inflamed bladder handy, and the luckless proposer of the wild gag is promptly crowned with it. Sometimes the man who makes the worst suggestion is awarded a brown derby. Gag men take delight in razzing each other's fantastic ideas.

Sometimes, however, the wildest ideas turn out the best. And so gag men, with inflated bladders and brown derbies threatening them, continue to think up preposterous funny business. They are seldom content to let well enough alone. Their motto is, "Make it Funnier!"

When a Czar Goes Mad

Continued from page 38

"This picture, 'High Treason,'" he went on, "is the greatest opportunity I have had. It will cost, impressively, "a million dollars. But you will not know it when you see it."

"I mean," he struggled to express himself, as he saw my surprise, "I mean—it is not all to be spent on crowds of extras, and lavish settings. There will be—a million dollars' worth of good performances!

"Wait until you see Florence Vidor! Never have I seen so great a performance by a woman. I tell you she will be a new star, all over again—a different kind of star—when this picture is released.

"We will show Americans something about costume pictures," Janings went on. "They have been afraid of costume pictures. The public has not liked them. That is because they have been unreal. The moment actors put on costumes of another period, they become artificial and forced.

"That is not right. People were the same in 1801 as they are now. A man is a human being, even in a powdered wig.

"He has the same emotions, the same mental reactions as a man in modern, ready-made clothes.

"That is one difficulty which Mr. Lubitsch will find is greater here than it is in Germany. I do not know why it is, but the moment American extras put on period costumes, they become awkward. They strut around as if they were at a masquerade ball. They cannot forget their clothes for a moment—nor can they let the audience forget them.

"By the same token, many actors would portray a madman, an idiot, like the one in this picture, as if he were always gibbering—so!" His face became a hideous mask—eyes rolling, tongue lolling out.

"But that is not true. Paul had his normal moments. He would make a decision, calmly, as any other man. But before he could carry it out, his unbalanced mind would be distracted by some trifle. He would forget. Things became disconnected and he could not coördinate.

"He feared his subjects, so he persecuted them. Life was one long terror of assassination. He had all his food tested for poison. He was afraid to be alone, trusting no one.

"There is a scene in which he wakes up at night in bed, terror-stricken. He leaps up, runs down the corridor in his nightgown, seizes his crown, puts it upon his head, mounts his throne and cries, 'No one can touch me now! I am the emperor. God has ordained it!' He thinks he is safe there. Poor, befuddled, terrified being!

"But there! We will not talk of Paul any more. I must be this poor madman for so many weeks. Say for me that I am happy that I am here in Hollywood, happy about my picture, and happiest of all that I play once more with Ernst Lubitsch!"

So, amid general expressions of mutual regard and joy in reunion, in guttural and effusive German, we parted. And I went away, pondering upon the old, old saying that whom the gods would destroy, they first made mad.
Hats On!

James Murray rummages through the studio wardrobe, and obliges his public by showing how he looks in the headgear of various periods and countries.

The three-cornered hat, above, illustrates how James Murray would have looked in George Washington's time.

If you like to fancy Jimmy Murray as a sheik of the desert sands, you have him, above, as one.

The age of chivalry, above, finds Mr. Murray wearing a hat of Sir Walter Raleigh's time.

An Indian chief's regalia, above, finds our bouncing Jimmy appropriately solemn.

The earliest beginning of the hat is seen in the upper oval, which shows a youth of ancient Greece.

The helmet of the Crusaders is illustrated, above.

It's a fine Irish gentleman Jimmy is, left.

The beaver hat, right, belonged to Beau Brummel's time.
Dotty and Betty.—You're nice girls; but, oh, how you like to make me work! However, you are one of those about not expecting answers too soon. I don't know William Boyd's birthday, except 1898. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Elton Fair has blondish hair and brown eyes. She is five feet four and a half inches tall. She hasn't any children. Ralph Forbes was born on September 30, about 1902. Besides the films you mention, he has played in "Tillie the Toiler," "The Latest from Paris," "The Trail of '88," "Dogs of the War," and "The Actress," the last three not yet released at this writing. His American screen career began with "Beau Geste," though he played in quite a few English pictures before coming to America. "Leatherface" was released in New York several months ago as "Two Loves." I don't know the exact date of Charles Farrell's birth. He is a brunette, five feet ten inches tall. His pictures include "Sandy," "Old Ironsides," "The Rough Riders," "Seventh Heaven," and—not yet released—"Luna Park," "The Escape," "The Street Angel," "The Red Dancer of Moscow." Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902. He works for First National. His pictures include "Convoy," "Naughty But Nice," "The Mark of the Frog"—a Pathé serial—and "The Mad Hour." He has played for three or four years, but only minor roles until recently. Johnny Mack Brown was born on September 1, 1904. Yes, "The Fair Coed" was his first picture. Raymond Keane was born in 1906. Brown hair and eyes. You have mentioned all his pictures. William Haines is twenty-eight, Marion Davies thirty. "Quality Street" was released in New York last November. Release date for "The Patsy" not announced at this writing. James Murray has made only five films—"The Crowd," "In Old Kentucky," "Lovedora," "Rose-Marie" and "Tide of Empire." He is twenty-seven. Andrey Ferris is eighteen. Sue Carol has been working at the DeMille Studio lately. Pauline Garon lives at 801 Whitley Drive, Hollywood. And aren't you ashamed to make a poor old man work so hard?

Brownie from Brunswick.—With all those beautiful bouquets you hand Picture Play, I'd just be a dirty dog if I didn't answer your questions. So watch me roll up the sleeves and get to work! Charles Rogers uses his real name. He is twenty-two. His new film is "White Lily Rose." Clara Bow is twenty-two and unmarried. Height, five feet two and a half inches; weight one hundred and nine pounds. Mary Brian was born in CORSICA, Texas, February 17, 1908. Real name, Mary Louise Dantizer. She got into movies by way of a "personality contest," though she had started out to be a painter. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, July 18, 1904. He attended the University of Minnesota, and then joined a stock company. He has played in pictures since 1921. Richard's real name is Ernest Carleton Brimmer. James Hall is married to Renee Hamilton. Hamilton is his real name, and I don't know what Renee's name was before she married Jimmie. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are both unmarried. Also Larry Gray. Larry was born July 27, 1898. Neil Hamilton's birth date is September 9, 1899. His wife's name is Elsa, but I don't know her maiden name. Nancy Phillips is about nineteen and works at the Paramount Studio. In "Frisco Sally Levy," the motor-cycle policeman was played by Charles Delaney. William Boyd is thirty; he is under contract to DeMille. Other Hungarian players besides Vilma Banley, are Lya De Putti, Victor Varconi, and Maria Corda.

Mabel Nelson.—It's rather hard to keep track of players who retire from the screen and disappear—that is, as far as the public is concerned. The last I heard of Edith Storey—several years ago—she was living at Northport, Long Island. Molly Malone played in a Bayart film, "Daring Deeds," released last January. She formerly lived at 6621 St. Francis Court, Hollywood; whether she still does or not, I don't know. Her mail would be forwarded from there.

J. B. A. Movie Admirer.—What a lot of admiration you must have stored up, to admire some of the movies I've seen. Jackie Coogan was born in Los Angeles, October 26, 1914. His parents played in vaudeville before Jackie became famous— or at least, his father did—and like most actors who are not starred, had their ups and downs financially. Jackie played on the stage with his father when he was only sixteen months old. He made his screen debut in Charlie Chaplin's "The Real Flower Girl" when he was about three. Baby Peggy has been appearing in vaudeville occasionally. She is too old now for a screen baby; she's ten—and as you know, that's an awkward age for children. Almost all screen kids have an interlude in their film work when they get about that age. Charles Rogers is twenty-two. Richard Dix thirty-three, Marian Nixon twenty-three, Olive Borden in her early twenties. It requires three or four months for answers to appear in Picture Play.

Bun.—What's the matter with having to call me The Oracle? I always thought that was such a pretty name? Back numbers of Picture Play can be obtained on request from the subscription department of this magazine. Send twenty-five cents for each copy requested. Leslie Fenton free lances, so we have no means of keeping up with him.

Barbara.—Tell Andy Gump champs himself, you say! Who do you think he is, a Chin-chin Chinaman? I can't blame you for your interest in Charles Farrell. He was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts, about 1902. He attended Boston University before venturing to Hollywood, where he struggled along as an extra for several years. He isn't married. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, about 1898. His real name is Richard Van Matimore. He attended St. Thomas' School in St. Paul, and then the University of Pennsylvania, where he was a champion swimmer and skater. He served in the Royal Flying Corps in the war. Married to Joynah Ralston.

M. B.—Worrying me with your questions! I should say not. I've got lots to worry about, but not one of those worries are questions. Yes, Thomas Meighan has signed up with Caddo Productions. His films will be made in California, and he'll probably have a great deal to do with selecting his stories—Tommy always has been largely responsible for the stories he filmed. As to whether there will ever be another interview with him, I suppose there might be, if anything new to say about him comes up. Aileen St. John-Brown was in Europe for several months, but she is back again, now.
Gone Is Ladylike Decorum

One glance at these feminine fights shows that the clinging-vine girl has been displaced by her sisters, who are eager for battle.

Lina Basquette, above, in “The Godless Girl,” raises such a rumpus that we can only say, if atheists act like this, then give us religion any day.

The shocking scene, left, could have been avoided if the girls had been brought up correctly, but as they are raising Cain in “The Loves of Carmen,” Dolores del Rio and Carmen Castillo must not be blamed.

Lucila Mendez, right, shows just how far a girl will go these days, when she is annoyed by Fannie Ferrari, in “Coney Island.”

Phyllis Haver and Julia Faye, above, show what happens when one murderess is jealous of another’s prominence, in “Chicago.”
How Can the Fans Please the Star?

Billie Dove echoes the sentiment of other stars in preferring letters to gifts and asks, if gifts must be sent, that they be inexpensive. She is particularly pleased with souvenirs of a place or a person. One of her favorites is a hand-carved wooden puzzle, carved by the donor.

Of most interest to Norma Shearer are the sketches of herself. One, not copied from a photograph but from imagination, showed her in a coiffeur different from the ones she usually wears, the hair being caught at the back with gardenias. She found it so attractive that she has worn her hair that way many times. Aileen Pringle’s fans, knowing of her hobby, send her odd boxes. Recently she received one carved from redwood by a boy of ten.

In Jobyna Ralston’s living room is a wicker flower basket. It is a decoration that ordinarily one would put in a sun parlor, or on a porch, but for sentimental reasons it occupies a place of honor. It was woven by hand, the work of a crippled child in Mississippi. They began corresponding when Joby was starting in pictures and have been wonderful letter friends ever since.

Of the hundreds of gifts which Francis X. Bushman has received, the one most prized is a snuffbox used by David Garrick. Six years ago a fan read of Bushman’s admiration for Garrick and sent the actor his dearest heirloom.

Dolores del Rio has a charming custom, whenever the gift is something that will show in a photograph, of having a picture taken of herself with the present, and mailing the picture to the fan. A little girl in Sweden sent her an embroidered handkerchief, which she wore in “Resurrection,” and later mailed the child a still of the scene in which she wore the handkerchief about her head. The youngster was so elated that Dolores received one hundred letters from children in the same town, all asking for that picture.

On her last birthday Esther Ralston received from Brooklyn a string of beads and a hand-embroidered handkerchief. The stitches were crooked, but the design was gay and youthful. A note scrawled in bad English informed her that the sender, aged fifteen, had been in America from Italy only a year. She had saved out of her factory earnings to buy one remembrance; the other she had made.

Miss Ralston prizes a fan letter from a girl in Illinois, who wrote that she was writing for a friend in the hospital, who was not expected to live. The request was for a picture, and with it Miss Ralston sent a note wishing the invalid recovery. A few months ago a group of visitors came on the set. A twelve-year-old girl watched Miss Ralston with fascinated eyes. Finally Miss Ralston learned that the child was the little girl of the hospital letter.

Clara Bow has two favorite gifts from fans. One is a pair of beaded garters, with her name worked in bright red against a blue background. These were made by a crippled boy. The other is a hand-carved ukulele, made by a Hawaiian boy.

I ran across one very amusing circumstance. After every Adolph Menjou picture that pleases a certain fan—an importer of table delicacies—Menjou receives a hamper of Russian caviar, sausages, fish, fruits from the tropics, and hothouse grapes. If the fan does not enjoy the current Menjou film, no hamper arrives.

So, you see, to please a star you need not write a literary masterpiece, or send an expensive gift. Don’t think, “I’m so ordinary—he wouldn’t care to hear from a nobody like me.” You are the very sort he or she would most prefer to hear from, provided you write sincerely and tell just what you think of the star’s work.

Watch Him for a While

Quiet, dignified, glowing with a sense of humor, Lane makes one think of the beloved Frank Bacon and “Lightnin.’” There is no drawl in his speech, nothing affected in his manner, and the pose of an actor would be as foreign to him as garrulity would be in President Coolidge. To see him in chamois gloves and white spots, such as some actors wear, would be as offensive as seeing Will Rogers in a smock, or Jack Dempsey in an organdie shirt with ruffled cuffs. At the studio he’s sort of a big brother to every lanky blonde and snappy brunette. He looks on them tolerantly, listens to their troubles, gives a little advice, then lets them run along. “They’re all right in their way,” he says, genially. “Smart, and a pretty lot of kids.”

They may put Lane Chandler in a dress suit—and he will wear it with grace and ease—but they will never make of him anything but a man from out of the West. He fairly exudes its freshness. It is this very thing which distinguishes him in the studio, and it is no wonder that every actress wants him as leading man. He can ride—he can rope. He can stroll into a ballroom scene with the nonchalance of a boulevardier and, on the other hand, munch hot dogs with wayfarers—and enjoy the experience.

I don’t know, of course, but I’ll bet my rancid, old pipe that you couldn’t buy Lane Chandler’s contract from Paramount for the amount of a prima donna’s salary per annum. He’s just naturally a rara avis in Hollywood. Watch him for a while!
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They Cracked Their Shell

Ever so often, however, he gets fed up and goes to his mother's home for several weeks. Here he lives quietly, enjoying the peace of his mother's gentle domination, and his sister's understanding and adoration. He loves the same tranquility and charm he finds there, and luxuriates in it—until restlessness returns and he is out and around town again.

Periodically he decides he must marry, since it is the proper thing to do—a home, fireside, etc. But the idea of marriage is a very serious one to Richard, and the woman he asks to share it with him would necessarily be such a paragon of virtues and graces, that she would not be likely to accept so unworthy a person as him. Those are his sentiments, and his humility is deadly earnest.

In the meantime, he is one of the most popular of our free-lancing young men about town. He is impressively flirtatious and in five minutes can make any female from sixteen to sixty believe she is the only woman in the world. At present he is seen with Thelma Todd, Marceline Day, and Jean Arthur.

He plays golf a great deal, and expertly. With Gregory La Cava and another Paramount man, he has an interest in a boat. Between pictures he likes to cruise along the coast, fishing and swimming. He is a prize-fight fan. One visiting champion, who was watching him rehearse a scene for "Knock-out Reilly," said, "it was a damn shame that guy was acting in the pictures when he could clean up in the ring."

His reading consists mostly of manuscripts and books under consideration for pictures. But it has been inadvertently discovered that he can quote virtually any scene from Shakespeare you care to name. He is unusually well-informed, but doesn't make a fuss about it. He is more likely to tell a funny story and stories are very funny when rendered with the Dix humor.

It speaks well for his studio disposition that his best friends are Gregory La Cava, Malcolm St. Clair, and others of his coworkers. He is "Rich" to the majority on the lot, and to almost everybody who knows him.

Business acumen he has acquired as part of his profession. Most of his considerable earnings in pictures he invests in real estate. He owns lots in New York, where the new Hudson River bridge is planned, which it is estimated will be worth about a million dollars in 1932.

The addenda that he is tall, dark, and handsome is necessary only for that scant minority who do not attend his pictures regularly.

"Rich"—As He Is

Continued from page 99

Almost completely deleted. Asking what had become of it, he was told that it was feared she might steal the picture from him.

"That part was the best laugh I've had in months. It goes back in—every foot of it," he said decisively.

His generosity to coworkers is a byword around the studio. He is devoid of professional jealousy and works for the picture as a whole, rather than the quantity of his own close-ups.

He likes costume pictures for the sole reason that he doesn't have to worry over the problem of clothes. He doesn't mind wearing whatever is handy, but the bother of buying new clothes hangs heavily on his spirits. His friends are forever protesting against some garment he happens to be wearing, and he will then rush to a tailor and order a new wardrobe as other people go to a dentist.

Part of the time he lives by himself and part of the time with his mother and sister. His own household is presided over by his valet—an ex-champ of the ring, who keeps Richard in the pink of condition. Living alone, he goes in seriously for amusement, excitement, parties. His capacity for extracting a grand time out of life is tremendous, and he lives to the full.

Continued from page 89

"Brutal? Yes! She sank to the floor and tears flowed. I let her sob for a while, then I said, gently, 'That's what we want in pictures, Leatrice. That's what we want you to give—your whole soul. Now run along and take a little rest and then come back. You'll make it.' She found herself that day. It was her first real step toward stardom. "We want, we need young men and young women who are fully possessed of confidence and determination. They are essential to success. Do you know how much trouble we have in finding four principals for each picture we make? Every producer in Hollywood will tell you it requires a search. Yet there are thousands trying to get into films."

I called his attention to the number registered at the Central Casting Bureau for extra work.

"Whenever the time comes that one is satisfied to continue as an extra, it's time to stop, to get employment elsewhere. Three years of extra work is enough to decide the career of any one with screen aspirations."

"I saw thirty feet of Seinett comedy," he continued, "in which Gloria Swanson merely leaned against a door and turned the knob. That one little flash told me she had talent. I cast her for the feminine lead, in 'Don't Change Your Husband.' Lew Cody got his first good chance in the same production. I took Bebe Daniels out of Harold Lloyd comedies girl and gave her a chance, in 'Male and Female.' I chose Monte Blue from the throng and gave him an opportunity, in 'Something to Think About.' I picked Wesley Barry from a crowd on the Lasky lot and chose Rod La Rocque for a featured role in 'The Ten Commandments.' Vera Reynolds got her first big chance in 'Feet of Clay.' That spark of ability, that indescribable something, came out in all these players. They cracked the shell."

De Mille qualifies his theory of three years' apprenticeship by adding that players must, of course, have dramatic talent, although it may be undeveloped. "All of us think we have talent," he said, 'but all of us haven't. But if it isn't sufficiently developed after three years of trying to bring it out, it's time to seek another vocation."

The movie impresario left to make some recommendations to the director, and I caught Phyllis Haver smiling at me. "Phyllis," I said, "Mr. DeMille doesn't think much of you as an actress. He thinks you've missed your calling." She let out a stifled howl, then confided: "Two years ago I did my hair up in a knot, put on a plain dress and went to see a fortune teller. 'I'm thinking of going into the movies—of trying to be an actress,' I said. 'Do you think I would succeed?'"

"The fortune teller looked me over critically, felt my hands, saw strength in my arms and body, and replied, 'Don't do it! You would make very fine rubber. Lots of tips, lots of money. Fifty dollars a week, ver' easy. You be a masseuse!"
Don't Let His Smile Fool You
Continued from page 59

has seen to it that he has a balance of athletic prowess. In outward appearance, undeveloped boyishness is behind him. He is almost as lithe and fit as the senior Douglas. He puts up a beautiful battle in "Doug," a sort of tennis played with shuttlecocks—a game of his father's invention—and of such demon speed and dexterity that all but experts are frightened away.

A handsome kid, this Fairbanks. Tall, broad-shouldered, slender in hips, with the grace of the athlete in his movements. His features, however, are not like his father's. His hair is fair instead of black, his eyes blue rather than gray, yet they are remarkably alike, these two, in appearance.

"But he likes contemplation," his father says, "where I like action. He likes abstractions where I prefer actualities. He is more like Barrymore than like me. And that is probably the trend his acting will take. But he is impatient. Apprenticeship seems never-ending to him. 'L'Aiglon,' right away, is his plain."

Naturally young Douglas is much sought by the unattached ladies of Hollywood. He has been rumored engaged, at various times, to Betty Bronson, Lois Moran, Helene Costello. The night I saw him on the stage, Joan Crawford, swathed in white fox, sat alone in an upper box, following his performance spellbound, sending optic messages down to him.

His good dancing and droll wit make him a popular guest with the younger set, but he will never be the partying type. His work absorbs too much of his interest to allow for that. While he does the newest steps, it would bore him to hold a conversation about them, when there are things like Havelock Ellis, modern music, and painting and sculpture to talk about.

Between Douglas and his father there is warm, intelligent understanding. Doug, Sr., never uses his paternal prerogative to command his son to follow his wish. Even if he were that sort of a father, it would be unnecessary, since to the boy his judgment is as near infallible as human judgment can be.

Unmistakably there is in this sensitive, brilliant boy the foundation of an important—perhaps great—artist. And it is gratifying to know that the name his father made so illustrious will not sink into obscurity, but maybe be perpetuated in equal distinction.

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Golden Glint
THE SHAMPOO PLUS
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

Murnau was to come out. Jobyna called him up. “We’ll be delighted to have you, if you’ll bring your own blankets.”

Just then the barber returned and wanted to know if Fanny wanted a water wave and she told him she certainly did, as no one was wearing straight hair any more. She even suggested having a henna rinse, but I tried to discourage her by mentioning Joan Crawford’s experience with henna as an excellent example of what not to do. But you can’t tell Fanny anything. She seemed to know all about that.

“Joan’s hair does look like a mop,” she admitted, “but I don’t think people should criticize girls for what they do to their hair. It often photographs better that way. Natural hair often looks dead on the screen. Nancy Carroll has the most luscious shade of red hair in the world, but the day I met her she told me she was considering tinting it a more brilliant hue, because it looks flat on the screen. Maybe Joan and Clara Bow discovered the same thing.”

The barber sided with her, and after that what was there for me to do but retire from the argument?

“What’s that commotion?” asked Fanny all of a sudden and, sure enough, there was a great deal of bustle going on outside. Fanny still had a lock or two to be trimmed, so I was appointed the investigator.

It seemed that Phyllis Haver had just called up from the DeMille studio, to say she had found a job in pictures for the young son of one of the hairdressers.

“If that isn’t just like Phyllis!” exclaimed Fanny after I had relayed the information. “That girl simply goes out of her way trying to get people jobs in the movies.”

“I suppose you’ve heard about little Dorothy Ward, whom she discovered in a 5-and-10-cent store and took to the DeMille studio and got her a contract? Margaret Livingston, out shopping, saw the girl and thought how cute she would be in pictures. She told Phyllis about her and Phyllis immediately got permission for the girl to have the day off. Phyllis thought she was so cute, she drove her out to the studio right away—and Dorothy has been working there ever since.

“Some people are just born lucky,” I observed. “Yes,” agreed Fanny, “but poor Bebe Daniels isn’t one of them. Did you ever know a girl to have as tough luck as Bebe? If there is any stray accident wandering around, it is sure to happen to her.

“She and Jimmy Hall were both badly injured during the making of her last picture, when a van in which they were riding was upset by a tree branch. Bebe, in the hospital for weeks with a wrecked back, was much more seriously hurt than she imagined. The doctor and her mother tried to turn the accident into a nice, quiet rest for Bebe, but she simply wouldn’t have it that way. People kept dropping in on her and if three of them got there at the same time, Bebe would insist on a little game of bridge. I’m sure if she had stayed there any longer, all the doctors and the nurses would have been taking a hand to fill in.

“Next to Bebe, Hugh Allan rates the first-aid medal. Hugh has a positive talent for breaking his leg. Several years ago he was signed to play opposite Mary Pickford, but just before the picture went into production he fell and broke his leg. Not long ago he was at the horse show, when one of the horses became frightened and leaped into Hugh’s box. In trying to get out of the way of the terrified animal, he leaped from the box to the cement floor six feet below and cracked the same leg again. Hugh’s only comment was that he was glad he had finished a picture instead of just starting one. I suppose you learn to be philosophical in Hollywood,” sighed Fanny, “after the first hundred misfortunes. Wouldn’t it be appropriate if Hugh were signed for a lead with Bebe, in ‘Wrecked Love,’ or something like that?

“On second thought,” went on Fanny, “that would be a much better title for Madge Bellamy’s marital romance. She and Logan Metcalfe had been married just a month when Madge filed papers for divorce. It’s nice to think that Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks were engaged long enough to have found each other’s shortcomings before they took the leap.

“Mary had intended to have a nice, quiet family wedding, with only relatives and a few close friends attending, but a day or so before the ceremony Kenneth asked if he could invite a few of his men friends. I guess Mary didn’t realize how many friends Kenneth had in Hollywood, for a whole floor of them showed up for the wedding. Isabel Johnstone, who was bridesmaid, told me that when she and Mary started down the stairs to the tune of the wedding march, it looked as if they were breaking in on a stag party. Don’t you love that?”

Fanny said the only thing she could
think of that would be funnier, would be to have Jack Gilbert married at a cat party. "Not that Jack is thinking of getting married anywhere," Fanny quickly explained. "He hasn't even been rumored attentive to any one since his break-up with Greta Garbo. "I'm rather sorry Jack and Greta have fallen out of love with each other—they created such nice, exciting rumors."

The barber made his final clip on Fanny's neck and her new bob was immensely becoming. It just goes to prove that a girl can't go wrong in imitating the stars. They have a gift for setting the fashions. It gave me the idea that I might copy Billie Dove's new style of wearing a long bob in the back, with sideburns cut short. But I guess Fanny was right when she said any girl who tried to imitate a beauty like Billie, would come out on the short end of the bargain. Just a case of comparisons being more odious than usual.

Fanny still had a shampoo and a wave and a manicure to be done, so she asked if I would stop by the cleaner's and pick up a little dress she was planning to wear to Marian Douglas' housewarming.

"She hasn't moved from her cute Spanish house," Fanny quickly explained, "but she has had the house redecorated and a new wing built, so she has invited a few friends to see the finished job. Did you ever see a girl blossom out as Ena Gregory has after she changed her name to Marian Douglas? She's peppy and happy where she had been quiet and retiring before. Her clothes are absolutely the last word in chic," added Fanny, to whom clothes are a tremendously interesting item. "She has ordered two of the most exquisite evening gowns. I do hope some producer sees her in them and rescues her from the Western roles she has been playing. Ena has such a gorgeous figure she would make a great clotheshorse for somebody like Cecil DeMille."

I reminded Fanny that Cecil was no longer making anything but religious debates, and would therefore have no need for a clotheshorse.

"Oh well," said Fanny, "Cecil DeMille will always mean luxury and sunken baths to me, no matter how many commandments he makes on the screen. I liked his pictures a lot better when he was breaking them instead of making them."

That's Fanny for you every time!

Colleen Attemps Tears

Continued from page 54

"There was the time, when I had not worked for five months, that I was offered a leading rôle with Tom Mix. Now I needed such a rôle very much just at that time. But I had made up my mind never to take two jobs in succession of the same sort. I must have just a little more—even if it were only a dollar—so I would know I was going forward.

"I was offered a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week—which was just what I had received for my last rôle. So I asked for a hundred and fifty. They told me they could not pay more than the figure they had named. I hesitated. I needed that job. Then I told them to think it over and telephone me at five o'clock. I could not work for less than a hundred and fifty.

"I was away, but at the door I nearly went back to tell them I would take the lower price. I sat at home all afternoon, wondering whether I had not better call them up and capitulate. I did need that job. But I had to risk failing.

"At five o'clock they called me and told me they would pay my price.

"It was wonderful what that little triumph did for me! The mental lift that gave me, was worth twenty times the extra money I received by holding out.

"I had kept my resolve. I had a big company meet my terms. I was going forward.

"And I worked twice as hard on that picture as I should have!"

"All along it has been like that. People come and me with 'Flaming Youth.' And yet I knew I had to try something different from what I had been doing. So I risked it—and it proved a wise move.

"My friends were very dubious about 'So Big.' And I was afraid, too, on account of the old lady I had to portray at the end of the picture. But I tried it. I would not let myself think about failing. And it went over.

"So maybe—he paused. "But you must not talk about things before they happen. That is bad luck. You must just think hard that it will be all right—have faith!"

"'Lilac Time' has a sweet love story. It is not an epic production but a nice story. We hope it will be very nice and then who knows?"

She gave herself a little shake, hinting about what might happen.

"Let's not talk about failure any more!" she begged. "Let's just sit here and giggle!"

So, for the rest of the afternoon, we did.
Behind Locked Doors
Continued from page 17

interesting, and I couldn’t understand what the directors wanted me to do.”

Von Stroheim, she said, had scolded her and made her cry, but it was to bring out something for the scene.

“Working for Mr. Griffith was thrilling. He coached me so patiently and quietly.” Her sentences were no longer on strings, as if she wished to retrieve them a second afterward.

“He directs differently from anybody else. You have to change it all around up here.” A hand whirled about her head. “Other directors let you imagine how the girl would feel. You sort of create. With Mr. Griffith, you don’t give your own feelings. You feel what he thinks, or try to. When you can’t, you act it by technique—he gives you every motion.

“The vamp scenes?” She laughed gaily. “They were fun. At first he said, ‘Mary, you play that too childishly.’ I didn’t know how anybody would feel vamping her husband’s brother. I never knew any one who did anything like that. So Mr. Griffith told me how to turn my head, my eyes—each gesture.”

“You were like a mirror, reflecting his thoughts you mean?”

“Exactly! That’s it.”

Perhaps that was why, her charming performance in the first half of the picture was lauded, her work as the vamp was a trifle absurd.

I raised the question of why she is always cast as a foreign maiden.

“Because I don’t look like a flapper, I suppose. But all American girls aren’t flappers are they? Mr. Griffith promised that some day he would have me play an American girl for him.”

Mary minced at her food. She never eats heartily, that nibbling adds to her fair-like—sorry folks, but that’s the only word—charm.

Paul smiled indulgently and chided her, “Eat more chicken. Mary. You’re nervous. Relax.” Obediently, Mary ate—quick, tiny bites—and tried to sit at ease, though I still felt the little quiver and a silent alertness. “For Mary, character. In ‘Surrender,’ you saw suffering—”

“Yes, a skillful performance,” I replied. “Mary has grown, astonishingly. Still, it seemed to have a dreamlike quality—as though it was not Mary acting those scenes, but a remote second self. It was Mary’s imagination, not Mary’s knowledge of how Lea would feel. How can you expect her to portray character when she does not know life—”

Paul rose abruptly. “Mary must return to the set.”

Mary danced on ahead of us, unbelievably naive.

Paul is a gentleman. He does not become angry; or if he does, he conceals his ire when I speak my thoughts.

“It is our way,” he explained. “We cherish and protect. Is there another in Hollywood like Mary? Please, can’t you see that we want Mary to remain as she is—”

“Was—” I interjected.

He turned to me sharply. “She is the same baby—she has not changed.” He hammered the words, staccato.

It was useless to argue. Paul, through the highest and finest of motives, is determined that the world’s ugliness shall remain unknown to Mary. There is a wall of invisible high fence. Mary, at twenty-one, or two, retains a child’s innocence. Doubt though you may, it is true. And it is, as Paul argues, refreshing—like slipping out of a crowded, dirty street into a cool garden. Instinctively, you hold your tongue. Once I started to tell a joke. It was a perfectly nice joke. But Paul is stalked by fear—fear for Mary. A glance silenced me. Ah, Paul, you might have trusted me! If there are journeys out into the world to be made, the charge is yours and theirs, not mine.

A hushed quiet pervades her set. The music trails melodious charm. The director’s tone is low. I doubt if an oath has ever been uttered in his presence. Paul’s consideration is for others, too. Steps must be repaired, that no one be hurt; a man, enjoying a nap, must not be disturbed until needed. And for Mary is reserved an attitude that combines humble and tender service with firm guardianship.

It is a debatable question. Innocence is lovely. Yet it is unreal. And drama must be built upon a knowledge of life. Will imaginative fancy suffice for Mary’s personal development and nourish her talent, or would understanding of life give her more?

And is it fair to Mary? She is missing a lot of natural fun that is right for girls of her age. She has innate character. Ugliness would not stain her. It would merely teach her. She would instinctively shrink from the sordid and turn her head, like the sunflower she is soon to enact, toward the light.

Besides, there is a little danger to her health, in this concentration upon her work. She lives in a world of imagination. She does not care for
sports or exercise, is “too tired for them, anyhow, after working all day,” yet responds like a violin string to any mention of acting. The tempo and tension of such high-keyed work takes toll of frail strength. Janet Gaynor’s collapse was quickly hushed up. Pale and trembling, she was hostess at a studio luncheon and presented with a new contract and a bouquet of violets, and friendly pictures were posed. But that’s another story. Mary is more gently cared for. She will have a vacation before starting work in Paul’s story, “Sunflower.” Indeed, two days after our talk they rearranged her schedule, so as to give Mary a week’s rest at Palm Springs.

Mary’s dressing room bears the imprint of her personality. A clean, neat little place, with a few ruffles, toylike decorations, pastels, and seashore prints. Two fresh rosebuds pinned on crisp curtains.

What has been gained by writing this article? I don’t know. That’s the way I feel about Mary and her future. I don’t know. She is a network of cool little quivers. By letting in other air for her to breathe— as air is carefully mixed in a theater—they might become little flames, to give to her work greater power and versatility. She has the talent, but she seems doomed to play convincingly only the wistful, quaint little person that she is herself.

Mary is a charm so individual, with exceptional talents and a unique personality. What she will become depends upon so many factors— directors with understanding to guide her, and the degree of contact with the world that may some day be permitted her, and its influence upon her—that for the present her place upon the screen must be a little uncertain.

In two articles in Picture Play during the past several years I have likened her to a candle that flares up and glows low, wavering. I can only add that as the more darts upward now, it glows higher and stronger. I am afraid it may wane again. Some day I hope it will become a fixed light.

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of them is that indefinable something which women do not analyze, but which is irresistible. His strong, almost pugnacious jaw further suggests that, if he wishes, he can hold after he has won.

Jack's magnetism is important, but secondary. He is alert, of fine physique, lithe, and graceful. And he is definitely a woman lover. A man who wavers a little and needs her, but she prefers to be swept off her feet by the man who knows her own mind and heart, however temporary that affection may be. Gilbert epitomizes every woman's secret romance, so say his directors. But watch him closely, and you will see that his power lies in his eyes.

Ramon Novarro has the face of the aesthete. His character—loyal, idealistic, sweet but strong—is mirrored in his clear, straightforward eyes that meet yours squarely. His face is strong, even stern in repose. There is a misconception that strength lies only in a superabundant physical vigor, in a certain brutality. The greatest strength is that of character, which comes from self-denial and self-discipline. Ramon has a firm jaw-line, which indicates courage and steadfastness to an ideal.

He is miscast when given romantic or swashbuckling roles, but is appreciated by those who see, though but dimly, his idealistic qualities. Stories in which he should be cast are the most difficult to find, which accounts for the uncertainties of his career.

In Mary Pickford's wide blue eyes you see eternal childhood. Her features, Her color, Her personality from the first moments of others when well-born. Enlarge a share for one of the finest and most

Charlise Farrell and Janet Gaynor made you believe in them, because of their youth and freshness. These qualities, as seen in their features, are also in their candid eyes, which seem to be full of faith. They were selected for their roles in "Seventh Heaven," because of that joyousness of youth which is like a spring breeze, as well as for their acting ability. Charlise has a long, firm jaw, and a high forehead, the features of the fellow who combines aggressiveness with intellect.

The quaint heroine of "The Wed- ding March" must have outstanding spirituality, Erich von Stroheim noticed that Fay Dray's eyebrows were unusually high, which gives an ethereal impression. Her mouth is small and very sweet. Her short, thin, straight nose complete the effect.

A set jaw brought Gary Cooper a Paramount contract, indicating the vein of steel, which screen heroes must have. His eyes, large and dreamy, of grayish blue, add gentleness to a face that is the perfect combination of strength and tenderness.

Clarence Brown has carried this new idea to the point where he has evolved a theory that commercial business should "cast" its workers as a director does his actors. His rules are two. Can an actor think the part so intensely that it is mirrored in his eyes? Has he some particular feature or mannerism that will create a psychological impression in the minds of the audience? The distinction is this—first, he projects mental impressions for the audience to receive; secondly, he generates these within the audience.

I have found his observations of particular interest.

"Whatever you want most to do, is shown in your eyes. There is behind Lillian Gish's mental make-up an intense desire to shed light—to teach. She might have made a great teacher—she is teaching, in a way, on the screen."

Jacks Murrin won his first big role, in "The Crowd," because his irregular features indicate "average-ness." This very lack of a perfect profile also won him the gangster role in "The Big City," that of a boy whom entitled had made a crook.

A handsome boy would have conveyed the impression of being a gangster by preference, because he would have suggested a disinclination to work, a capitalization of his looks, making less probable his re- generation.

Though Norma Talmadge would prefer to play gamin roles, her features are not coarse enough for her to seem realistic in them. The same applies to Virginia Valli. Louis Wolf-heim's face is his fortune. Inasmuch as he himself wants to have it re- lanced meant, any comments of mine would be superfluous. Part of William Boyd's engaging personality lies in his humor, which is reflected in his ready smile and small, twinkling eyes. He is not handsome, so he plays the humorous, average fellow instead of the charles-russel hero.

So now, when you complain that your favorite does not play certain roles in which your imagination pictures him, you will know what the producers mean when they say, "He is not the type."
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An Infant Paradox

Continued from page 23

"I don't see how any one can ever be bored on a train," continued Sally, and then I saw that she meant it. "I loved every mile of it, even at night lying in my berth, watching the lights in farmhouses and towns. I've never been out of California before, so you can imagine what it meant to me. Everything was new and interesting."

She has amazing eyes—amber, gold-flecked, fringed with long, dark lashes. You notice her eyes first, and after that, a certain poignant curve of cheek and chin. She has one of the smallest waists in Hollywood—and has never had to diet a day to get it!

"It's going to be a great help this season," said Sally, "for they say the normal waistline is coming back into fashion. The last few years it hasn't made much difference—trocks have been straight up and down anyway."

"Why did you want to be a lawyer?" I asked abruptly. There, really, was the key to her personality. If I could know that I would know everything.

She looked surprised. "So you heard about that? Well," she locked slim fingers behind her head and leaned back comfortably, "I decided to be a lawyer in my freshman year at Hollywood High School," she began. "because it was the last thing any one expected me to be. It struck me that we were all too much of a pattern—we dressed the same way, talked the same line, danced the same step, and even thought the same thoughts.

"I was getting along right," she went on. "I had as many dates in the course of a week as the rest of the crowd, and I was pretty well pleased with myself. But then one day a girl visitor came from New York, and she stole my best boy-friend right from under my nose. I don't mean that it broke my heart, or anything like that, but it did make me sort of wonder how she did it.

"I decided that it was not because she was more attractive than I, but because she was different. I consoled myself with the thought that, if I could go to New York and play around with her crowd, I could probably return the favor. I thought about that a lot. And I reasoned that the farther a girl goes from her own environment, the more successful she is likely to be.

"Southern girls should go to school in the North and Northern girls should go South. Isn't that true?"

It was true, and I wondered how any one who looked so young could be so discerning.

"And so," Sally continued seriously, "I thought the same idea would work out pretty well in choosing a profession.

"To test my theory, I applied for a job in the school library, because I knew that every girl who had held that job before had been one of the 'grinds'—the horn-rimmed spectacle type, you know, with ground-gripper shoes. Everybody thought it was a huge joke at first, but when they saw I really meant it, and was doing the work as well as it had been done before, they thought it clever of me."

"Of course," said Sally, "if I really were the highbrow type—knew about books and things, and were clever—then I'd take the other tactic. I'd keep all my wisdom inside and act like a perfect fool."

"But I don't know much just yet," she mused cheerfully. "I thought I'd go to college and study to be something that no frivolous-looking girl had ever dreamed of being. At first I considered social work and then medicine. I was all set to be a doctor for a while, but when I looked at Gray's 'Anatomy' and began to memorize bones, I decided there were too many vertebrae. Then I hit on the lawyer racket. Everybody thought I chose that because my father and grandfather had been successful in law—heredity stuff—and I let them think so."

"But how did you get into pictures?" I prompted, remembering that this, after all, was an interview and that facts are facts.

"Oh, that," said Sally, "was just luck. Luck and Frank Borzage. I was standing on the side lines of his set one day watching him work, and he came over to talk with the man I was with. We were introduced, and he asked if I'd like to take a test. One of those things that never would have happened in a thousand years if I'd been trying for it."

"There's some funny law about things like that." Sally lapsed again into philosophy. "I'm going to work it out some day when I have time. I want to know why it is that you can try and try for a thing and not get it, but if you turn your back on it and don't look, it sneaks up and gets you. I know lots of girls who have tried and tried—"

I, too, had known lots of girls who had tried and tried—but they hadn't looked like Sally.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Honeymoon Hate"—Paramount. Amusing and deftly told tale of an heiress, her two inferiors, and an impoverished nobleman. They eventually marry, and amusing situations arise when he attempts to tame her. Florence Vidor is her usual charming self and others are Tullio Carminati and William Austin.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his band, also Mary McAvoy's story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.


"Love Me and the World Is Mine"—Universal. Moderately interesting picture of Vienna before the war. Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Betty Compson.

"London After Midnight"—Metro-Goldwyn. Excellent mystery film, Lon Chaney, as Burke of Scotland Yard, employs subtle and uncanny means of punishment. The principals are Conrad Nagel, and Henry B. Walthall give expert support.

"Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Superficial and unsatisfying. However, the beautiful sets and romantic situations will make it a box-office attraction. The principals are John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, George Fawcett, and Brandon Hurst.

"Lovely Carmen"—Fox. Robust and entertaining, but not much like the original "Carmen." Dolores del Rio is the ragamuffin gypsy heroine, Don Alvarado her soldier lover, and Victor McLaglen the toreador who comes between them.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian circus queen, her clown sweetheart, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in plausible but interesting tale of a caravans in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a cow causes his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.


"My Best Girl"—United Artists. Mary Pickford's latest, and one of her best. Tale of stock girl in the 5-and-10 who falls in love with a new clerk—Buddy Rogers—without knowing he's the owner's son.

"The Noose"—First National. Thrilling story of Richard Barthelmess as a bootlegger who commits murder to save his mother's name, though he doesn't know her. He is acquitted with the aid of his mother—with neither of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce and Lubin.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnapped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dorothy Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"On Your Toes"—Universal. Sparkling. Reginald Denny as a prize fighter, whose grandmother thinks he is an aesthetic dancing teacher. High delight in adoration of Edna May and an unexpected call. Barbara Worth and Mary Carr.

"Pajamas"—Fox. Pleasant picture of spoiled millionaire's daughter in the Canadian Rockies, who is saved and won by up-and-coming young man. Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good fight against little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proves a cowboy, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—First National. What this picture has no connection with the book, it is funny enough to stand on its own merits. Lewis Stone and Martha Corda have the important roles of Egerio Cortez, George Fawcett, and Alice White.

"Quality Street"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel in delightful delirious comedy of demure English girl who waits twelve years for her soldier lover, and then has to win him back by strategy.

"Road to Romance, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish currier of the early nineteenth century who, to save the fair heroine, Marceline Day, disguises himself as a pirate.

"Rolled Stockings"—Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Philips.

"Rose of Marie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy, though beautifully produced, yarn of an Indian maiden who loves a man suspected of murder, marrying some one else to save him from capture. Joan Blondell, James Murray, and House Peters.

"Serenade"—Paramount. Delightful light comedy with Adolphe Menjou at his best. Story of a musician who, on becoming famous as a concert pianist, discovers his own home only to be deftly brought back by his clever wife. Kathryn Carver, Lin Basquette, and Lawrence Grant.

"Sharpshooters"—Fox. Story of a tough sailor with a girl in every port, and what happens when he meets one who takes his love-making seriously. George O'Brien, Lois Moran, and Owen Moore.

"Silk Legs"—Fox. Gay and entertaining picture of two young people

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representing rival hosiery firms and the consequent result. Madge Bellamy is vivacious and engaging, James Hall and Maude Fulton.


"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of the atical life, based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"A Texas Steer"—First National. Will Rogers a cow-puncher elected to Congress, as a result of his wife's social ambitions. His wife and daughter attempt to crash society with disastrous results. Louise Fazenda and Ann Rork.

"That's My Daddy"—Universal. Amusing story of a baby orphan who adopts Reginald Denny—a bachelor—as her father, and the consequent series of lies explaining her presence. Little Jane La Verne walks away with the picture.

"13 Washington Square"—Universal. A story with an original twist. The outcome of the efforts of an aristocratic mother to save her son from marrying the girl of his choice. Jean Hersholt, Alice Joyce, and Zasu Pitts.

"Thirteenth Juror, The"—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unsuspicious criminal lawyer accused of murder, who can save himself only by compromising the woman he loves. Francis X. Bushman as lawyer and Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon capably assist him.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Dumas sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a haughty society girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's run-rolling sloop.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Exciting screen version of this old-time favorite. It is a tale of tragedy, laughter and tears. Arthur Edmund Carewe, Margarita Fischer and George Siegmann.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

"The Valley of the Giants"—First National. Lumbar-camp story, and the efforts of a son to save his father from ruin by competing. He makes a hero of the heroine of the story, and his father. Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, and George Fawcett all help to make this an excellent picture.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.


"Crystal Cup, The"—First National. Exaggerated, boring film of a girl with a violent antipathy toward men who eventually marries a novelist only to find herself more interested in his best friend. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"The Divine Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not so divine. Greta Garbo miscasts as an actress who will not acknowledge her soldier-sweetheart after she becomes a star, attempts suicide and is saved, of course, by the hero. They spend a lot of time after the camera. Lars Hanson is the boy friend.

"Dress Parade"—Pathé-DeMille. William Boyd miscast as smart-Aleck cadet at West Point who is taken down a peg or two. Bessie Love is the comic main character.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typi
cal Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Figures Don't Lie"—Paramount. Trivial, interesting tale of a stenog
ger, a go-getter salesman who is jealous of her employer, and the em
cplo-er's wife, who is jealous of the
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"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plighted self in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story ruined by too much slapstick. Janet Gaynor is in a role which takes her a job as maid in the home of her beau's business competitor and aids him in putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-brow society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

Information, Please

We—I refuse to think you're Lindbergh and his plane or that you will start a fan club if you can find a group of your friends interested in the same star. I have no official connection with fan clubs, but believe you merely get a group together in your home town, write to your favorite star for permission to start a club in his or her honor, and then through fan magazines invite others to join yours. You write letters to one another and some of the larger clubs publish little magazines for and by their members. Lupe Velez is nineteen; her new picture will be "La Fiesta," I think that's her real name. Yes, Donald Keith played August Jr., in "The Way of All Flesh," Donald is twenty-four. Laura La Plante is twenty-three, Wallice Beery is nineteen. Her next film will be "La Plante," I think that's her real name.

EDNA KLATT—Johnny Hareon is one of those free lancers, who dash about from studio to studio to strike a bargain. He is working in a Laura La Plante film, "Finders Keepers," at the Universal Studios. He has brown hair and eyes.

JEWEL—Never say I'd let a girl bubble over with questions and not help her out! In "Aloma of the South Seas," Bob Holden was played by Percy Marmont, Natale by Warner Baxter, and Sylvia by Colleen Moore. I don't know William Haines personally—that is, I have only been introduced to him. No, Buster Collier isn't married; he's one of those players who is always getting himself tangled in rumors, but nothing comes of the engagements. Donald Reed played a very small role in "Convoy," he was an Keith's assistant. I don't know at what, as I didn't see the picture. Picture Play published an interview with Greta Garbo in the issue for October, 1926, and again in April, 1928, and with Clara Bow in 1929. Picture Play every month, I think all your favorites are discussed from time to time.

J. A. H.—You've come to the right place to get questions answered—that's just what I do! Greta Garbo is twenty-one. As to whether she and John Gilbert will ever get married—I'll bet they don't know themselves. As for me, I doubt it. Pola Negri has not left the screen, though her studios with Pathé were not renewed. Aileen Pringle is divorced from a man named Pringle—I don't know his first name—whose father was governor general of Jamaica—or whatever it is that Jamaica has. Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris, of English parents, and grew up in London. Greta Nissen has been working in "Hell's Angels" at the United Artists Studio; see address at end of questions.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

screen, Ernest Torrence, Lewis Stone, Emil Jannings, to say nothing of Victor McLaughlin, may be excellent artists, but you can't sit on the front porch and show them the moon. So let us have the youngladies part of the time, anyway.

JAYNIE C.

Colfax, Iowa.

Which Proves—What?

Perhaps some of the fans will be interested in the results of the popularity contest, which is held each year at the New York boarding school I attend. There was strong competition in the latest one, but Bebe Daniels ran off with the prize for the most popular actress. The publicity, which Ruth Taylor has had shows when she obtained second place, although none of the girls had ever seen her in a picture. Doris Kenyon was close behind, probably proving that she will have a solid welcome when she appears again on the screen. William Haines carried the vote for the most popular actor. George Sidney was second, being declared the best comedian, and Johnny Hines took third, thereby leaving all the handsome young schoolgirls behind. Flora Finch, Leatrice Joy, Jean Carlyle, Marguerite, Ivan Petrovitch, Glenn Tryon, Lewis Stone, and Lon Chaney were also represented among the votes; while many of the more popular players such as John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, and Richard Barthelmess carried a low percentage. Edna Murphy and Arthur Edmund Carew got the least votes, probably because they are not very well known.

Considering the results of the contest rather unique. I thought other fans might be interested.

Orchid

Columbus, Ohio.
F. W. R.—Edmund Breese should be pleased with your admiration for him. As to his effective himself in favor of other players, that of course isn’t his fault. He has to play whatever roles he gets. As for his ever being starred, it’s a little late for that. He is fifty-six years old.

Eileen M. Yes, I too hope this department will be of great use to you in the future, provided you have any more questions left to ask after this first card. Larry Gray was born July 27, 1898. He has seen hair and eyes, is five feet ten in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He has been in pictures about four years. His latest films are two Fox productions: "Pajama Heaven, " Ladies Must Dress," and "Love Hungry." He isn’t married, and neither is Richard Walling. Richard is in his early twenties, has curly blond hair and blue eyes. Height five feet eight; weight one hundred and thirty pounds. No, I don’t know any film stars with birthdays on June 17th. Laura La Plante is twenty-three; height five feet and a half; weight one hundred and twelve pounds. Jackie Coogan is thirteen. Colleen Moore’s picture which followed "Naughty But Nice" was "Her Wild Oat." Since then she has been making "Synthetic Sin," "I’ll Tell the World," and "Little Time." Lois Moran’s new Fox film is; "Publicity Madness," "Sharpshooting," and "Love for the Irresistible Lover" for Universal. Ramon Novarro threatens some day to leave the screen and become a concert singer, but no one knows whether he’ll ever really do it. Mary Brian isn’t married. Picture. The world will doubtless publish a photograph of Larry Gray when a new good one comes into the office.

Miss Saucy.—Do you think that’s a nice thing to wish for—bigger and better questions? Better. If you like—but bigger, nay, nay! I’m away behind in my work already. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, but doesn’t say when. She is five feet six. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Don Alvarez was born in Allentown, Mexico, November 19, 1904. I don’t know his exact height and weight. Leila Hyams was born in New York City in 1905. She weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds and is five feet five inches tall.

Renee D’Arcy.—Does that make you Roy d’Arcy’s twin sister? It’s amazing how interest keeps up in the Paramount School. That was discontinued in March, 1926, at the graduation of its first class. Alice White is about eighteen and was formerly a script girl at the First National Studio. She was given a screen test and a small role in "Sea Tiger," in which she made such a hit that a long contract was given her. She has red hair. Myrna Loy has red hair and green eyes. She intends to be a dancer, and studied under Ruth St. Denis. She danced in several prologues at Grauman’s Egyptian Theater, where Henry Waxman, the photographer, saw her, and introduced her to Mrs. Valentin, author of "What Price Beauty?" A screen test followed, and her film career began. See Miss Saucy. Her next picture is "The City of Sin." She is a Warner contract girl, the studio that produced her picture. The address of the Motion Picture News, the magazine for exhibitors, is 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Mary Bave.—Your questions are so simple, and yet I don’t know how to answer. Warner Baxter is not under con-

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tract to any one at present. He was en-
gaged by Fox only for the one picture "Singed." "Ramona" is a United Artists film; perhaps if you send your letter to him at that studio, they will forward it. Since then he played in "The Tragedy of Youth" for Tiffany—938 North Seward Street, Hollywood—but this studio has so many free-lance players running in and out, they would be less likely, I should think, to forward mail. I don't know whether or not Warner answers his let-
ters.

VERA PATT.—Greta Garbo's films are not announced very far ahead. "The Divine Woman," already released, followed "Love," and he next announced "Heat." I have a feeling that title will be changed.

CURBY.—"Breakfast at Sunrise" was adapted for the screen by Gladys Unger from a French farce of the same name by Fred de Grezac. It was directed by Mal-
colm St. Clair and the cast includes Con-
stance Talmadge, Don Alvarado, Bryant Washburn as the Marquis, Marie Dressler as the Queen, David Mizr as the Duke, and Burr McIntosh as the General, Alice White as Louden, Paulette Dubal as Geor-
giana, and Albert Gran as Champignol.

CONSTANCE WHEATLY.—No, there is no form to follow when writing to me. I'm used to anything! Gareth Hughes, was born in Llanelli, Wales, in 1897, and was educated there and in Paris. He played on the stage before his screen career began. His early films included pictures with Clara Kimball Young and Margaret Clark. "Sentimental Tommy" was his most outstanding screen success. He is five feet five and a half inches tall. I believe he was born between March 28 and 31. He has been playing on the stage recently, part of the time in a Los Angeles stock company. "Heroes in Blue," a Rayart film, is his only other picture. The only address I have for him is a part of a year old—In Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles. Nazimova's address is in the list below. I don't know whether she still sends photographs or not; of course she no longer plays in pic-
tures.

LESLIE N. YOUNG.—Jean Arthur seems to be a most mysterious young lady. None of the companies for which she has worked know anything about her except that she was born in Plattsburg, New York, and educated in Portland, Maine. That's the trouble with these free-lance players—no company is sufficiently interested to ob-
tain the information. I don't think she is married. Sorry not to be more helpful.

D. E. A.—So you'd like to be a picture star yourself? Who wouldn't! Yes, I have met both "Buddy" Rogers and Ra-
on Novarro, and they are both quite as they are on the screen, boisterous and spoilt. Ramon won't leave the screen for several years, anyhow, I think. Buddy is twenty-two. I'm sorry, but I haven't the cast for "Polyanna," and that film is so old that United Artists hasn't the cast, either.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—I don't see any reason for you to apologize for your writing. At least I can read it, and that's a help to my business! Gilda Gray was born in Krakow, Poland, October 24, 1897. She is about five feet three and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. Eddie Phillips was in Philadelphia, but he doesn't tell us when the big moment oc-
curred. He is five feet eleven and a half and weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. George Lewis was born in Mexi-
can City at a date known only to him-
self. His biography tells everything about him but his personal description. Thanks for the information.

QUEEN.—A FAN OF ALL THE STARS sug-
gests that you might reach Prince Yucca Troubetskoy at the Metro-Goldwyn Stu-
dio, as he frequently plays small roles or bits in pictures there.

LOUISE FAN.—Of course English fans are well informed. Write lots of letters from England. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, twenty years ago, and as a child determined to be a dancer. She joined Ruth St. Denis' school and toured for two years with the Den-
ishawn dancers. She appeared on the stage in several revues, and danced in London at the Café de Paris. She was "discovered" by a screen possibility while playing in Ziegfeld's "Louie the 14th." Brunette, height five feet two, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. She is Mrs. Edward Sutherland. Her new film is "14-Karat."—Paramount. Barry Norton is a Fox player. Born in Buenos Aires; his real name is Alfrico de Biraben, Jr. His new films are "In the Land of Smiling." He came to America for the Dempsey-Firpo fight, went sight-seeing in Hollywood and became an extra. He got his first chance in "The Midnight Kiss."

RUTH FORBES.—Of course threatening letters are not very desperate threat, and you're quite right in carrying it out. Ralph Forbes was born in London, September 30, 1902. He is a blue-eyed blond. Yes, he is married to Ruth Chatterton separated, however. The march song played as accom-
paniment to the war scenes in "The Enemy" at the Astor Theater, New York, is called "Where's my Easy Slinging." He was compos-
ed, I think, by Reynell Wreford, of London. "An Old German Love Song" by Carl Eckert is repeated during all the love scenes; and a third number, frequently played, is "Frivolous Cupids," intermezzo, by Charles Schonenfeld. All these are published by the Photoplay Music Pub-
lishing Company, 1520 Broadway, New York. And I hope this information was really important to you, because I had a terrible time finding out for you—finally had to go and interview the orchestra leader himself. I suppose the best way to see some of the stars in person, when you are in Hollywood, is to hang about outside the studio gates. Ralph Forbes works for Metro-Goldwyn, of course, in Culver City.

A MOVIE FAN.—Paramount has offices, including, of course, their publicity departments, in New York—Paramount Building, Times Square—and in Hollywood. See list of studio addresses below. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899, and was educated in San Antonio. He has brown hair, blue eyes. Not married. Pau-
line Garon was born in San Carlos, Septem-
ber 9, 1903. She is five feet one, has blond hair and hazel eyes. She is Mrs. Lowell Sherman. Rex Lease was born August 9, 1907. He has been working lately in Tom McCoy pictures "The Texas Rangers" and "The Night Rider." Not married. Larry Kent is under contract to First National; his new pictures include "Her Wild Out," "The Diamond Hour," "The Heart of a Fol-
lies Girl!"

Addresses of Players.

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Name

Address

---

What the Players Read

Huntry Gordon.

As a youth, I read for excitement, for adventure, and exhilaration. Now that the middle years are creeping upon me, I realize how much time I have wasted in aimless reading and consider first the educational benefit of literature.

The deepest enjoyment is given me by H. G. Wells, who has the most profound mind of any writer to-day. He is a lucid, straight thinker who details facts and analyzes situations and effects most expertly. His historical things, particularly those dealing with the war, I find of great worth.

Of fiction, I most prefer E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has charm of style and that technical gift of building up and sustaining interest in his characters.

I read in moods. If I am blue, I turn to light humor—Irvin Cobb, Stephen Leacock, or Mark Twain. When I feel in a happier frame of mind I look for something more serious.

John Roche.

Historical romances of Continental life hold greater charm for me than any of the modern piffle. Perhaps I am unduly imaginative, but I do thrill over the intrigues and dramas of the colorful old courts, particularly of France, Italy, and England. I have singled out for rereading Strachey’s “Queen Victoria” and Barrington’s “The Divine Lady.”

Books dealing with the aftermath of the World War also interest me. The truth about the war is just beginning to be told, since the authors of “What Price Glory” had the courage to call a spade a spade. War isn’t pretty flag-waving and bright uniforms and glory. I know. I was there. So were a lot of other fellows. They know that war is ugly and snarly and hateful, that it takes men out of their little grooved lives and smocks in their faces a lot of truths they never had dreamed of before in their smugness. War is fine, when it is for an ideal, for a country’s safety or principle.

But the books that tear aside the glamorous curtain from the crude brutality of war are the ones that give its most faithful picture, and pay the highest tribute to it. “The Belgium,” by A. Brooks, and “Now It Can Be Told,” by Sir Phillips Gibbs, are two of my pets.
Do you buy advertised goods?

Of course you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them—through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on are equally well-known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleum—the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminum ware, gas ranges, hot water heaters, dish and clothes washers, cooking utensils of all kinds—practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.

* * *

Read the advertisements and buy advertised goods. They are the safest investment
Read the Truth

—when they learn to smoke for pleasure they flock to CAMELS

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Debunking the Cinderella Myth

Dorothy Sebastian
Painted by Modest Stein
All the World Loves a Good Love Story

It's the most popular kind of story there is. The greatest novels of all time are love stories. Romantic love never loses its appeal. The delights and heartbreaks, the tenderness and bitterness incidental to courtship and marriage furnish a never-failing fund of material for the writer of romantic fiction.

That is why, in selecting titles for the Chelsea House line of books, it was thought well to include several love stories. These books are known as the

CHelsea House Popular Copyrights

They are bound in cloth with gold stamping, printed on good paper from new, clear type, and in general appearance are the equal of most books made to sell at $2.00. They are all new stories that have never before appeared in book form, not reprints of old editions. They are sold for

75 Cents a Copy

Some of the Love Stories in the Chelsea House Popular Copyrights are described below

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By PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

The story of a pure love that rose above conventions. A romance that will have a particular appeal to the modern woman.

The Awakening of Romola
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 overcome obstacles instead of finding a way around them, are the dominant themes of this romance of the younger generation.

Wanda of the White Sage
By ROY ULRICH

Marrying a girl he'd never seen before and taking her out West was a pretty experience for Dan Chadwick, but it was only the start of his romantic adventures.

Ask Your Bookseller for Chelsea House Popular Copyrights

There are also Detective and Mystery Stories, Western Stories, and Adventure Stories—all the most popular types of fiction—included in the CHELSEA HOUSE POPULAR COPYRIGHTS. WRITE FOR A COMPLETE LIST.

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Fate has tossed a nice young millionaire right into Lois Moran's lap—but love-hungry Lois can't decide whether to grab him on the spot or wait to see if love will bring handsome Larry Gray to his senses!

Wise little Marjorie Beebe knows what she'd do—and in doing it she reveals a genius for light comedy that gives her an undisputed place in the front rank of screen comedienne!

The doubts and longings of the two young lovers, worrying over the universal problem of how to be happy though married on $40 a week, make "Love Hungry" both human and humorous. It's a laugh-feast from start to finish. Don't miss it at your favorite theatre.
Picture Play

Volume XXVIII

Contents for July, 1928

What the Fans Think
An open forum for and by our readers.

What the Fans Think
An open forum for and by our readers.

Picture Play's Gift to His Fans
An informal study of John Gilbert.

Debunking the Cinderella Myth
Brushing aside the contention that stars do not work for their laurels.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood
A second installment of this gripping serial.

That Irresistible Urge
How the stars gratify their longing for the stage.

They Knew Her When—
Zasu Pitts as her home-town knows her.

Hollywood High Lights
Up-to-the-minute news of the movie colony.

They Didn't Know It Then
Photographs of various stars before they dreamed of acting.

Enter the Plump Heroine
Several of our actresses refuse to starve for a svelte figure.

Mexico's Claim to Fame
In the person of Dolores del Rio.

Favorite Picture Players
Full-page studies of eight of them.

Vilma—As She Is
A character sketch of Vilma Banky.

This Is the Life!
The Christie girls go on a yachting party.

Manhattan Medley
What's being seen and heard among film folk in New York.

"The Godless Girl"
On the set with Cecil DeMille while filming this much talked-about film.

The Caviar of Poverty Row
Is none other than Dorothy Revier.

Lew Comes Back
Mr. Cody returns to M.G.M. after a brief sojourn in vaudeville.

The Stroller
A humorous rambler reports on Hollywood.

Voices Are Tested for the Movies, Now!
The Vitaphone becomes an important factor.

Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan's spicy gossip about the town of make-believe.

Through the Camera's Eye
Informal shots of screen celebrities on and off the set.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Youth of Today—
Stars of Tomorrow!

Paramount, the star maker! Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft—a few of today's favorites, Paramount made! Paramount policy is to constantly seek new faces to enrich the screen and new personalities to keep pace with changing public taste. Developing them, encouraging them, with the best in story and directorial talent and with unlimited resources, physical and financial. Paramount takes pride in presenting here, ten of its most promising candidates, the youth of today, stars of tomorrow! Give them a hand!

FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER
CHARLES ROGERS
JAMES HALL
MARY BRIAN
LOUISE BROOKS
RICHARD ARLEN
EVELYN BRET
and CLIVE BROOK
RUTH TAYLOR

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Coming in August! The great new Paramount "Whole Show Program for 1928-29." Soon your Theatre Manager will be planning your Fall and Winter entertainment. Now is the time to tell him that you prefer Paramount.

Paramount Pictures
Produced by Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, President, Paramount Bldg., New York
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases
Brief tips on pictures now being shown. 67

The Screen in Review
A critical survey of the latest films. Norbert Lusk 68

“Make Me Imperfect!” He Cries
Warner Baxter’s plea for a human hero. William H. McKegg 72

Hail the Conquering Hero!
Jack Holt gallops back into Westerns. Helen Louise Walker 74

Dangers—Plain and Fancy
Risks encountered by a director of outdoor films. Ann Sylvester 83

Where Shall We Week-end?
How and where Hollywood finds its recreation. Mignon Rittenhouse 84

“If I Had Wings of An Angel—”
Stars who have had to go to prison—in the movies. A. L. Wooldridge 88

Their is Not a Happy Lot
The casting director’s job is far from an easy one. 90

A Matter of Taste
Stars illustrate the headdresses of various countries. 91

Beauty and the Beast
The villain pursues the heroine. The Picture Oracle 102

Information, Please
Answers to readers’ questions.

Does “Pull” Help in Hollywood?

This is a question often asked by those who aspire to get into the movies, as well as those who have tried and failed. Often it is answered in the affirmative by those who see other reasons for the presence of certain players on the screen. All are wrong. “Pull” does not bring success in Hollywood. Often it does not even give the person with an influential relative, a chance to show what he can do on the screen. Still more often, “pull” has actually kept beginners out of the movies, because of prejudice against the person suspected of willingness to take advantage of it. Picture Play for August will publish William H. McKegg’s most interesting and illuminating story of all the brothers and sisters of famous people in the studios, who have tried to gain a foothold in the movies and who, in almost every case, have gained scarcely more than a toe hold. And this despite powerful positions occupied by their close relatives. You will learn a great deal of why “pull” has not helped, but hindered certain careers.

But, For That Matter,

so will you learn much from, as well as be vastly entertained by, such items as Malcolm H. Oettinger’s encounter with William Haines, Myrtil Gehart’s account of Reginald Denny’s trials and tribulations, as well as Margaret Reid’s penetrating analysis of the one and only Ramon.

And what of the foreign invasion these days? Have the fans become resigned to it, or do they still resent the presence of those players who have come from across the seas to make a success in Hollywood? A. L. Wooldridge points out, in his comprehensive story, just what has happened to some of the importations who arrived with a blaze of trumpets, and who are now missing from Hollywood, and why. In fact, there will be so much to learn from the next number that we might justifiably assume a professorial air; but we won’t. Just read it, and decide if it isn’t pleasant to be so well-informed.
They gave me the “ha-ha” when I offered to play ... but I was the life of the party after that

The first day of Dorothy’s house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

“Welcome,” said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, “I don’t know how you feel, but I’m all peppepd up for a good dance.”

“Fine!” cried Dorothy, “Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum! Now who can play the piano?”

Instantly the laughter and murmuring ceased. All looked at one another foolishly, but no one said a word.

“How about you, Jim, you play, don’t you?” asked Dick.

“You’ll play ‘Far, Far Away’,” laughed Jim.

“Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?”

“I honestly don’t,” I said, “but I can’t play a note,” she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

“If you folks can stand it,” I offered shyly, “I’ll play for you.”

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

“You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can’t tackle a piano. But your kidding must be in another,” I’ve never heard you play a note and I’ve known you all your life.”

“There isn’t a bar of music in your whole make-up,” laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. As I strode to the piano I couldn’t help checking to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then I struck the first snappy chords at that foot-hoisting fox-trot “St. Louis Blues.” Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Box-trots, wallaces—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couple who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my adoring friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

“How wonderful, Jack! Why haven’t you played for us before?”

“How long have you been studying?”

“Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?”

“You gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!”

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was окива and sent for the complete course at once. When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no frisky method—just a simple, common-sense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

I was able to play this easy no-teacher way—right at home. The piano I declared; or any other instrument that you may choose. Almost half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the advantages are only a few cents a day.

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson. Don’t delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

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Please send me your free booklet, “Music Lessons In Your Own Home,” with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

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Year: 

Month: 

Day:
What the Fans Think

Can It Be That New Faces Are "Cheap?"

A PROMINENT producer said, in an interview, that the fans want youth and new faces on the screen. I don't agree with him. What we fans want is personality, and with very few exceptions the new players recently introduced are as insipid as weak tea. Personally, I think the producers are interested not so much in giving the public what it prefers, as in cutting down salaries. These "new faces" come very cheap and so the fans "want them."

With the exception of Greta Garbo, Dolores del Rio, and Janet Gaynor, I haven't seen a new face in a long time that I'd spend a quarter to see again. Charles Rogers is being buoyed to the skies, but his low forehead and flat head spoil him for me. I prefer Richard Arlen. I was keenly disappointed in the much-heralded Ruth Taylor as Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." If Miss Taylor ever reaches the heights, then I shall be much mistaken. Recently I saw "The Wizard," in which Leila Hyams played the lead. She is a pretty, though commonplace, young woman, who wears clothes very badly. Every time she appeared on the screen I thought of Claire Windsor, who is beautiful, talented, and everything the rôle required. But the fans want "new" faces, and Miss Windsor probably receives five times the salary paid to Miss Hyams. Blanche Sweet has gone to England and Betty Bronson is free-lancing, while the fans are asked to admire ex-"Follies" girls, overnight "discoveries" and what not. Many of these may be pretty, but they have nothing else to excuse their presence on the screen. And the men are no better—half-baked, callow youths, who are all right in college plays, but ridiculous in sophisticated drama, paired off with Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, or Corinne Griffith. Here are excellent actresses and beautiful women, but they need men, not boys, to play opposite them. In her last three pictures Miss Talmadge has used Gilbert Roland, though for what reason the fans can't understand. He was unsuited to his rôle in "The Dove," and made Miss Talmadge look older than need be.

"Buddy" Rogers is too gauche to play opposite Clara Bow. Clara needs a man considerably older in order to bring out her best points. The older players have lasted, because they had something to give the screen—personality, and that is what the new crop sadly lack. If the producers are sincere about pleasing the fans, let them pay the old-timers their salaries and start the newcomers at the bottom, in bits, and not jump them into leads overnight.

Baltimore, Maryland.

E. V. W.

Make Way for the Youngsters.

Gloria Swanson hit the nail on the head when she said "I felt like an old shoe after seeing Janet Gaynor in 'Seventh Heaven.' I think that applies to all stars of rather mature age who attempt to play young darlings on the screen to-day.

Youth! That seems to be the cry of producers as well as the public. The public now demands youth, and producers are answering that cry by giving youngsters the best rôles.

Mentally going over the successes of the past year, the majority of them were due to the performance of young actors. "Seventh Heaven" is a striking example.

No longer can the old-timers hope to compete with the new generation of stars. Swanson, Negri, Talmadge, and others, you have had your day and have tasted glory, so give the others their share of fame.

Frank W. Leach.

4 North State Street,
Concord, New Hampshire.

What, Again?

Some months ago a letter of mine, published in these columns, expressed my annoyance that such a mediocere actor as Ramon Novarro had been able to climb to such an important position on the screen, while more talented actors remained behind. I attributed his success to his press agency's efforts. After reading the various letters which subsequently appeared in his defense, I still maintain that such is the case.

It is very plain that most of his fans are enthusiastic about him simply because they have read that he has a spotless character off screen. It doesn't make any difference to them whether he can act or not. They figure that to dislike any one who is such a saint as Novarro is made out to be, would be absolute atheism.

The following excerpts, taken at random from some of his followers' letters, will serve to prove my point: "When Ramon Novarro speaks, the gift of sight is not necessary. You can shut your eyes and see vividly..."

Continued on page 10
Marvelous New Discovery
Makes Hair Beautifully Wavy

THE SPANISH BEGGER’S PRICELESS GIFT
By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Clarita Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our mothers despised us. Our hair simply wouldn’t behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Clarita’s family moved to Spain and I didn’t see her again until last New Year’s eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, secretly touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, wavy hair but me and I felt they were all laughing, or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl’s face was a halo of golden waves. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own strangely, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Clarita Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn’t wait. I blurted out—Clarita Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?

She smiled and said mysteriously, “Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story.”

Charity tells of the beggar’s gift.

“Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

“Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end of the plaza, and always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

“The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and offered him a large sum of money in a glossy bottle, or endorer your hair by some ‘permanent waves,’ for this remarkable Spanish waving fluid, called ‘Wave-Sta,’ will bring you beautifully waved hair in 30 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

“Don’t be another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer NOW and always have the beautiful wavy hair you want.”

“Miguel, let me show you how to use it.”

“Hi, Minis,” he said. “You have been very kind to an old man. Permission (tell me) secrets, what it is you heart most desires.”

I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, “Miguel, my hair is straight and still. I have no idea how to do my own hair and wave.”

“Ah, se ordinario,” he said—“Many years ago—a Carlist prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven’s wing and straight as an arrow. Like you. this lady walked the peinados (wavy hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesetas to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the Moorish. God of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess’ straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlets and wavy locks.

“Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret too. Years ago I told him a secret wish. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish.”

“I called a coach and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

“At the door of the apothekey shop, a famous old hair-dresser met me. I measured out my elixir. When I had been exposéd and ranched into his salon. Presently he returned and handed me a box.

“Gently excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my own room, I combed out my hair, open the box, the juice did not seep into my hair as directed. In twenty minutes, not one strand more, the transformation, which you have noticed, had taken place.

“Come, Whinifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you.”

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Clarita’s mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. What had been impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into wavy brilliances. My head was a mound of ringlets and waves. It shone like a sun before it never had before.

You can imagine the excitement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious hair. It was wavy. Men remarked about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream.

But it was true—exceedingly true. My hair was wavy and beautiful.

For a hour there I dreamt to myself, but I felt that all women should be given this remarkable beauty aid, which makes this new found beauty secret available to all women, regardless of their financial status.

Next the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in a glossy bottle, or endorer your hair by some ‘permanent waves,’ for this remarkable Spanish waving fluid, called ‘Wave-Sta,’ will bring you beautifully waved hair in 30 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don’t be another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer NOW and always have the beautiful wavy hair you want.

Advertisement Section

Wave-Modeller Included

And with this healthful blessing you get a simple, easily manipulated Wave Modeller which enables you to fix the style and line of the waves to your style and exact liking—direct wave or marcel—anyway you like it.

Combine a wavy-faced comb with handle and a two-fork wavy press with rounded base. Used in combination with “Wave-Sta,” these devices produce the most salivating results.

Made of handsome and durable materials, the Wave Modeller offers you a better story than it asked for the combination in this liberal trial offer.

Amazing Trial 0 for

(Only one Order to a Family Now!)

For a limited time ONLY, we are offering a full sized bottle of “Wave-Sta” (Spanish Waving Fluid) and a set of our simple Wave Modellers at a price which cannot nearly equal compounded, mark-ups, and shipping. This offer is our way of giving back to you the money you have spent down to $2.35. Please remember that this is a trial offer for one set only. You will receive more for each family at this price. If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using “Wave-Sta” for 3 days, return the unused portion and your money will be refunded. Under the terms of special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance—simply send you coupon. Then when the men order this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him $2.35 for the centavos’ postage and your hair wavying costs are covered.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If you have “Wave-Sta” and the Wave Modellers you are not able to make your hair wonderfully wavy, try it now, buy now, new slinky, new lovely, you have to do it or else you will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a better offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

5 W. Austin Ave.,
Chicago, III.
Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

COUPON

CENTURY CHEMISTS

5 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, III.

P (P. 19)

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of “Wave-Sta” (Spanish Waving Fluid). And a set of new Wave Modellers. I will pay postage. (For the special trial price of $2.35 plus few cents’ postage.) Should it, however, fail to live up to your description, I will return them within 5 days upon receipt, and will be refunded the money paid, a trial order.

Name _______________________________________________________

Address ________________________________________________________

Note: If you are not satisfied with the product enclosed, you shall enclose $2.35 and “Wave-Sta” will be sent to you postpaid.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

what he is describing. From his voice you would never know that he had any interesting, versatile, quiet, respectful, determined, and, above all, an innate gentleman. . . .

You ask me if Novarro can play the piano. . . .

Paderewski once played a duet in the year 1914, and when he looked upon love as one of the greatest gifts in the world, I suppose he had me in mind. It is true that we are both musicians, but what makes us one of the greatest gifts in the world, I wonder, when you consider the many other vocations, professions, and hobbies. . . .

One of the things that I have always admired about Ramon Novarro is his determination. He is a real artist, and he is determined to be one of the greatest of his generation. His dedication to his craft is what makes him a success.

Helen Beal

82 West Central Avenue,
Delaware, Ohio.

Another “Seventh Heaven”? Never!

My sincerest wish concerning Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor is that their wonderful success in “Seventh Heaven” will not be dampened by their appearance in other similar pictures. As the same type of characters as Diane and Chico.

The producers seem to have the mistaken idea that when a star makes a hit in a certain type of role, that star must forever be given identical roles, or the previous. box-office receipts will be a total flop. Why don’t the producers realize that if they would cast their stars in a variety of roles, the harvest would be richer than ever? That the theater-going public is human—they tire of seeing the same thing, and the star must reappear in similar roles is the reason why there is only one person who can play the part of a woman in a male role.

William Haines, I am afraid, will meet with this fate if his producers don’t stop casting him in “smart-Aleck” roles, because it happens to strike the public’s fancy now. Mr. Haines is like the “Minstrel” and “Slide, Kelly, Slide” who were truly wonderful, and his performance was enjoyed by every one. But on top of that, he is running through the same mold. I wonder if this star can do anything except a know-it-all sort of creature. He has mastered this role so well that he will like to see him in something different.

There is another person in “Seventh Heaven” who made a great personal triumph, and that is Gladys Brockwell. I was so glad to see her on the screen again, and I think her interpretation of Diane’s sister was more than marvelous—it was superb!

The young stars may be making great strides these days, but they never can do justice to the heavy, emotional roles until they have experienced the trials and tribulations of those graduated from the old school. We need the new stars and the old ones, too.

May neither cause the elimination of the other.

Jeanette Raymould

2045 Clairmount Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

From a Soldier Bold

The best thing I like is a fight, so I will get into the argument about Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

There is only one theater at this field artillery post—yes, I am a young soldier—and whenever either one of them lands on this side of the state, I am the one that gets the “Full House” sign about ten minutes after the show starts.

Our main way of seeing a white girl in these black and white movies, it doesn’t take us too long to discover the good ones—both in acting and looks. This place is so small that “The Big Parade” hasn’t landed here yet, but I will see it if it takes a month’s pay.

They say Jack Gilbert is a lady-killer. He may or may not be, but if he is—that was personally, I don’t think he is that kind of a guy. Likewise, I have my opinions—which I won’t state in public—of any one commenting on the private lives of these people. I don’t think that the men who say things about Jack have never known—four or eleven sweethearts, each one thinking she is the only one.

If I wanted all the soldiers who agree with the foreigner sign to come to see a show of Greta and Jack, it would total about nine and a half thousand—and I want to get to bed before reveille. Remember, Jack and Greta, if you need help, just call on the boys from Schofield.

Louise Brooks—she’s great! There is only one thing I hold against her, and it is neither her acting nor her looks. I wouldn’t want her for a wife, because she packs a wicked right, and I’d hate to have to strike such a charming young lady every time I wanted a kiss.

Battery A, Eighth Field Artillery,
Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

The Purpose of This Department.

Fans, aren’t you getting tired of the cruel and insulting letters which are written by some who seem to have no regard at all for the feelings of players and other fans? Some very unkind fans go so far as to call the stars names. They seem to forget that the purpose of “What the Fans Think” is to exchange helpful, sincere opinions, to tell players you are there, to let the fan write to the fan, and to help the authors write letters which may prove helpful.

If you will look closely at some of the more cruelly abusive and insulting letters which are written, you will see the authors very rarely sign their names.

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo seem to come in for more than their share of insolence. Letters have even been written about a very unkind letter about Marion Davies. I think Marion Davies is one of our most versatile actresses. While I admit she is not tall, she is very delicate, and there are three or four outstanding pictures in which she has proved she can act.

Stanley A. Frazier

48 William Street,
Gouverneur, New York.

Have Americans An Inferiority Complex?

Why all this excitement about the foreigners? Can it be possible that we Americans are afraid of fair competition? I am reluctant to believe this of my countrymen, but to read some of the fan letters one would have a hanging sense of inferiority which makes one afraid of competition.

If the foreign actors were working for lower salaries, thus relieving the rate of pay standards of American actors, all of us, and were thus forcing Americans out of the game, the situation would be entirely different. But it is not so. They are not so wise to suffer derision. But there are so few of them in comparison with native-born Americans that the advantages are all with the latter.

There is so very little supply of talent far exceeds the demand, it is becoming very difficult for any one to break into the movies. It is doubly hard for a foreigner, no matter how deserving he may be. With very few exceptions, it is
only the most talented and persevering who ever succeed.

It is quite right to urge people to stay away from Hollywood, for the motion-picture profession is sadly overcrowded; but it is unfair to discriminate against any particular class or race. We fans should be more interested in a star's ability than in his nationality. Leave that to the immigration authorities to worry about.

2101 Canyon Drive, Hollywood, California.

Honest—if Nothing Else.

May I say a few words on the much-discussed subject of Malcolm H. Oettinger's impressions of Pola Negri?

Looking at it from an unbiased standpoint, it seems to me that Mr. Oettinger is to be congratulated on having had the courage to express his convictions. We asked for an honest impression of Pola Negri, and we got it. That it was unpleasant is beside the point.

Those fans who are raging because their illusions have been rudely shattered should consider that there are two Pola Negris—the actress and the woman. She may be a wonderful actress—no one denies it—but because in private life, she did not impress Mr. Oettinger is no reason for slamming him. Personally, I believe that any woman who collapses at Valentino's death, cries, "Love is not for me," and wails at the top of her voice, and who, a short time after, trots up the altar with the announcement that she has discovered "the greatest lover in the world," numbers sincerity among her virtues. We do not criticize her posting, because it must be very difficult to retain one's own individuality in such an atmosphere of vanity as Hollywood affords. But let us leave it at that, for wrangling can do no good. When, however, J. K. Hopkins attempts to raise Pola's status by lowering the prestige of others, we can scarcely commend him for honesty.

Personally, I think Mr. Oettinger performed a difficult task with courage and without restraint. At all events he was honest, and for that reason alone I take off my hat to him.

R. AVILNER.


Carbon Copies Not Wanted.

Alice White, it seems, is capitalizing on Clara Bow's success, even if Clara's latest picture is entitled "Red Hair," and even one knows Clara had red hair before Alice had.

Yet Miss White pleads that people cease comparing her with Clara. She is making a change in her personality because, the man is interested in used to go with a flapper—and he tells her all the things he disliked about her. The man is a director, and it isn't hard for us to guess that Alice White refers to Victor Fleming and Clara Bow. But is Mr. Fleming the cause of the change in personality? Hasn't Clara changed, too?

Alice White may be the same type as Clara, but she will never be the delicious person Clara is. Clara is herself at all times, while Alice is merely a rubber-stamped edition of Bow. Alice's hair was originally chestnut brown, then it became blond, and very recently it has turned red—all the same color as Clara's.

Let us have the original, not the carbon copy of Clara Bow!

Lucile Carlson.

206 East Main Street, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

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Copy this bathing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only, so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

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2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by July 16th, 1925. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and details. Judgment of the Federal School judges. All contestants will be notified of results. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.
What the Fans Think

A Fan From Poland.

Although I see many American films, I do not know much about American stars, except what I read in Picture Play.

As I haven't seen Lillian Gish, the Duse of films, I think Norma Desmond is the West American actress. Other favorites of mine are Vilma Banky, Janet Gaynor, Dolores del Rio, Clara Bow, Leatrice Joy, and a few others. There is a whole league of those who I don’t know by name only a few, they are Pola Negri, Mac Murray, Bessie Love, and Blanche Sweet. While I dislike them, I would never say unkind things which would offend their fans.

The bon vivants whom I always see with pleasure are Rod La Rocque, Lars Hanson, Clive Brook, John Gilbert, and Charlie Chaplin.

Conrad Veidt is my favorite actor who has come to America to try his luck. He was one of the busiest and best known European actors. He is a great actor in Picture Play, but his American films did not bring him success. Of course, I do not know whether he was to blame or not. It is true that when he played in a German film, he made the picture better by his acting in it.

This letter is not only my first one to Picture Play but is also the first letter in English I have ever written.

RENATE HERMELIN.

Jagiellonska 11 a,
Lwow, Poland.

More Impressions.

I have seen many stars in person, and my impressions of some of them may be of interest.

Alice Joyce greatly impressed me with her vivacious refinement and perfect figure, and a perfect lady. I regard her as one of the few stars who are far lovelier in reality than on the screen.

Levis Stone has a striking personality. His countenance reveals great strength of character, dignity, and refinement.

Barbara Bedford had long been a favorite of mine, and I was genuinely thrilled when I saw her again. She is a strong and interesting personality and did not disappoint me in the least.

Silk Philbin is a shy, sweet, fragile little girl with small, sensitive features and a very quiet manner.

Laura La Plante is the friendly, self-possessed type, and thoroughly democratic. She always has a cheerful smile or a pleasant word for everyone, and is immensely popular in the studio.

Norman Kerry appears merry and rollicking, seemingly full of fun and good humor. Generosity is one of his most prominent characteristics.

E. E. B.
Hollywood, California.

Are Movies Made for Children?

One film out of fifty is intelligent; the other forty-nine are vapid.

I have outgrown my babyhood and approached the age when I expect the sort of intellectual appeal in my movies. To find a film that does not disappoint me is a pleasant surprise.

General Delivery, Abilene, Texas.

Let Us Have Silence.

I have just read Edwin and Elza Schalder’s paragraph in the April Picture Play concerning the “catching on” of the Vitaphone. It certainly is not, as far as the public is concerned. I still have to meet the person who enjoys those orchestral accompaniments to pictures. And as for the Movietone—“Sunrise” was spoiled because of it. Although I enjoyed the picture itself, immensely, I came home with a headache, caused by this canned music. Do we have to stay away from a good picture just to show our disapproval of the accompanying orchestra?

Yesterday I heard a Vitaphone presentation. One act was called “Amateur Night,” and the stage was covered with vegetables thrown at the performers. When the act was over, my only wish was that I could lay my hands on one of those vegetables to treat the two singers in like manner. The whole indignity probably went to waste, and there was an air around one could hear murmurs. When the act was over the general opinion to be heard on all sides was, “Terrible!” It strikes me as being forced upon the public, and I for one am forced to protest against it very strongly.

ERNA CHAPIN.
Springfield, Massachusetts.

Probably Part of Her Job.

Recently I saw Clara Bow in “Get Your Man,” and while its technique is probably considered good and there was humor in a few spots, the chief objection I found with it was the general moral tone of the film. The heroine is a bold, scheming, deceitful person, who is determined to “get” her man by fair means or foul.

As to the French custom of formality between lovers—saying nothing of its merits or lack of them—it is discourteous to that country and their traditions up to ridicule. If witnessed in France, the picture can only have a detrimental effect. It must be understood that these remarks have been made with the character.

As to Miss Bow herself I know nothing, except to suppose that she is under contract and must appear in pictures provided for her. CLIFFORD P. RUMIS.
57 Roxboro Street N.W.,
Toronto, 5, Canada.

A Plea.

I, too, want to plead for Leslie Fenton and Barry Norton, in whom I am greatly interested since seeing “What Price Gloria.” Barry has been given the opportunity of his career in Murtaugh’s “The Four Devils,” and I know that he will ever be placed in slapstick again. And I hope that Leslie will be given his big chance soon. These boys are two of the most promising youths who have appeared in films during the last two years.

It appears that Joan Perula has finally found someone to agree with her in her denunciation of Ramiro Novarro. She must possess a tremendous amount of courage to come back after the withering attack of the Novarro fans brought about by her first letter. The woman must like punishment, for she can be depended upon to give it to her—and how!—

CROCELLA MULLEN.
7966 Willoughby Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Is John Barrymore Joking?

I should like to know what has happened to John Barrymore. After seeing him in “Sunrise” I called him The Beloved Rogue,” I refuse to believe that he is making pictures for any reason but fun; but it does seem rather selfish of him to drag beautiful Dolores Costello down with him. If Mr. Barrymore cannot do any better than emulate youth very badly, he should at least have the decency to leave picture making to the more capable.

LOUISE E. JOHNSTON.
92 Hampstead Road,

Not a Leg to Stand On.

This is in answer to pacita Lema’s letter, in a recent number of Picture Play.

Her impressions, indeed! She may not like the players she shuns so mercilessly, but why should she not criticize wise?

Miss Lema says of Olive Borden “her extravagant poses set forth her faulty features, such as too long a face and prominent teeth.” A very nice bit of constrictive criticism that! Olive Borden may not be one of our foremost dramatic actresses, but she is certainly one of the most attractive and physically perfect ones. Lack of prominence teeth, indeed! Apple sauce, Pacita.

And poor Dorothy Mackaill, a really charming blonde, has “scanty hair and small head.” Has our experienced one seen “The Fighting Blade,” or “Myghty Lak a Rose?” Either of these pictures is answer enough for that brilliant effort.

As for Greta Garbo—I don’t care for her type, but I am the first to deny that she has “beady eyes.” Her eyes are certainly fascinating, veiled as they are by extravagant lashes.

And if Renee Adorée, “Mellisande of The Big Parade,” the warm and understanding Mellisande, is “only a plump French low-class girl,” then let us have more of them.

MARRILYN MAE ENGDELOW,
Louter Hand Lodge, Gerard’s Cross,
Bucks, England.

Come On, Betty Compson Fans!

I have been reading “What the Fans Think” for two years, but have never seen any reference made to Betty Compson’s death and personality.

There must be others who admire her as much as I do, so why not give her a boost? I would like very much to hear from one of her fans.

LOKRA BERESFORD.
72 Swainfield Road,

Do We Owe the Old Stars Anything?

Why the bitter controversy over stars—isn’t every one different? The only difference in “What the Fans Think” are great, but the brickbats are inexcusable. If the criticizer would stop to put himself in the shoes of the old stars, he would see much criticism.

The new players deserve praise, but let us not forget the old. I wonder how many pleasant hours some of you have spent watching Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and Corinne Griffith? Can you ever forget Norma’s “Smilin’ Tom” and “Secrets,” Gloria’s “Manhandled,” and Mary’s “Daddy Long Legs”? Let’s be faithful, always. Didn’t they make the most sense? Aren’t they the really great? Let us not forget them in our ardent praise of Garbo, Gaynor, Banky, and Bow. Don’t we owe the old stars something we can never repay for all the beauty they have given us.

General Delivery, Abilene, Texas.
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who had courted Death 'till he found this
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they were privates!...

All combined in a lavishly specta-
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A new and greater COL-
John Gilbert turns his back on the view from the loggia of his home in Beverly Hills, to give the full force of his smile to his fans who, according to Picture Play's barometer, are more emotionally enthusiastic than ever before. It is unlikely their fervor will subside when they behold him as a sympathetic young crook in "Four Walls," his next picture, and when he is seen in "The Carnival of Life," with Greta Garbo—but why go on?
Debunking the

When Janet Gaynor and other girls achieve fairy-tale heroine who spent her time-gazing pen But the legend is completely shattered in this

By William

Fay Wray and Janet used to share a Universal dressing room three years ago. They were not important enough to possess separate ones. The Cinderella song was flung at Fay when she sprang into notice as Von Stroheim's new find, when she was given the lead in "The Wedding March." To be with "Von" is the acme of success to any boy or girl in the movies.

There is little of the Cinderella about Fay. She started extra work when she was sixteen. For six months she worked at the Hal Roach studio with Janet Gaynor, then for a year with Hoot Gibson in Westerns. If that's not hard work, what is?

They even call Mary Philbin a Cinderella. Mary sprang into sudden prominence when Von Stroheim chose her for "Merry-Go-Round." "A little Cinderella girl sprung from nowhere," was the cry. Yet Mary had been vainly trying to get a break for nearly two years before she won this lead. No one remembered that.

Nancy Drexel is a little girl chosen for one of the second leads in "The Four Devils." "Another Cinderella kid!" was the shout from those who had never heard of her before. Nancy could tell you a few things to explode this Cinderella myth.

Eighteen now, she played...
Cinderella Myth

sudden success, people like to compare them to the sively at the ashes, waiting for something to happen.
story of what preceded fame in numerous notable cases.

H. McKegg

her first role on the stage at eight. Cinderella never worked as hard as she. School in the day, the theater at night. When a New York newspaper ran a contest, Dorothy Kitchen—as Nancy was then called—won, and was sent to Hollywood. For six months she played for Universal. Then came a role with Tom Mix. A role in "The Way of All Flesh" followed. Now Nancy is under contract to Fox. Spending most of her young life on the stage, and a year of hard work in the movies before getting this break, hardly makes her a Cinderella, does it?

Vilma Banky has more than a few times been called a Cinderella. Of course, her advent in Hollywood under the guidance of Samuel-Goldwyn was a sheer good fortune for her. But Vilma had worked in Europe on the stage and screen for several years. It was a slightly stouter Vilma one saw in such pictures as the late Max Linder's "Circusmania." Today we see a slender Vilma, like a wraith in the moonlight. Those who do not know of her past work seem to think that Mr. Goldwyn picked her up from nothing and nowhere. A Cinderella, of course. Of course not.

Mack Sennett signed her for two years. She played in his comedies. Three years of hard work before she got her big chance—that's anything but Cinderella-like.

A newcomer at DeMille's, by the name of Jeanette Loff, is another Cinderella, according to those only now hearing of her. Her rapid rise might well lead one to believe so. Yet she started playing extra in "Young April." Later she played in a serial, "The Man Without a Face." Most recently she appeared opposite Rod La Rocque in "Hold 'Em, Yale." Things have not come to Jeanette for nothing. She has had to work hard. Not so long ago she was a theater organist in Portland, Oregon. Would Cinderella follow the news reels and the features with appropriate music? I should say not. She would be too wistful, gazing at the ashes of the kitchen grate, waiting for Prince Charming.

Then there is Marian Nixon. Of late Marian has been attracting much notice, yet years of unrewarded effort preceded it. She began by joining a vaudeville troupe as a member of the chorus, and coming with it to Los Angeles from her
Debunking the Cinderella Myth

George Hill, the director. He might stand for the Prince Charming to-day, but Gwen did plenty of hard work before she met him.

Seven years ago Jobyna Ralston aspired to stage or screen fame. To-day she is well established in the movies. A Cinderella, they say of her, with a handsome husband, Richard Arlen. Of course they say wrong—that is, outside of Richard. For Jobyna worked in Hal Roach comedies and spent four years as Harold Lloyd's leading lady. One of her first leads, some five years ago, was with Rod La Rocque, in "Notoriety." It was Jobyna's gift from her good fairy.

Joan Crawford is constantly called a Cinderella. If she has had one fortunate fairy gift she has had a hundred, they say. Yet Joan has probably earned all the gifts her kind fairies have given her. Years spent as a cabaret dancer and two years spent at M.-G.-M. before they gave her leads, broke Joan into the stage and movies. If you asked her opinion she would instantly tell you what she thinks of luck in the picture world. In the movies you don't get anything for nothing, but have to earn every mite.

They would like you to believe that Jean Arthur is fortune's favorite. Jean has now suddenly flashed to the fore as Richard Dix's leading lady in "Easy Come, Easy Go." Not only that, but she is also to play opposite Richard in his next picture, "Warming Up." People are just hearing of Jean, and naturally proclaim her a Cinderella. She started by being a model for Alfred Cheney Johnston. For five years she worked faithfully but obscurely in pictures.

The "Leather Pushers" series marked her début in the movies. Second leads and Fox comedies were her next bill of fare. "Cameo Kirby," with John Gilbert, was her first smattering of real art. No, Jean Arthur is no flash in the pan—no Cinderella.

Barbara Kent comes under the Cinderella category, though she did not walk right into pictures without striking out for them. They tell you that Barbara was seen by a Universal official on Hollywood Boulevard and signed up on the spot, even though they hardly ever have ink and papers on the sidewalks. All the same, people raised their eyebrows when Barbara Kent was chosen as Richard Barthelmess' leading lady in "The Drop Kick." She had appeared briefly in "Flesh and the Devil." Even as fairly like as this sounds, Barbara did not get the opportunity without trying.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The second installment of this fascinating mystery novel finds our hero embarrassed by the whim of his employer, but determined to remain in Hollywood at any cost.

By Alice M. Williamson

CHAPTER III.
SHATTERED HOPES.

In the hall, which was living room as well, stood Camillo, Malcolm's Filipino butler, at the telephone.

The little brown man who, like most Filipino servants in Hollywood, took more interest in the weekly boxing contests than in his work, was too busy talking to hear the door open and shut.

Malcolm stood still for an instant, smiling and wondering whether Camillo was making a professional engagement for himself at that famous place, where five thousand Hollywood husbands are supposed to spend every Friday evening. Camillo was a better boxer than butler; but he was so pleasant and smiling that Malcolm knew he would forgive another Friday absence as he had forgiven the last. The Filipino, however, was not "dating up" for one of those minor fights. He was talking of his master's business.

"Welly solly, sah, you have so much trouble. But Mist' Allen not home yet. If you not get him at Montparnasse I not know what say. Yas, sah, I tell him call you when he come, at youah house numbah; no matt' what time, yaas."

Malcolm waited for Camillo to hang up, as the speaker at the other end of the line might be some bore who had better not learn the news of his return. As the Filipino turned and saw him, he spoke. "Hello, Cam! Who was that calling?"

"This time it was Mist' Kerlin, sah," announced the small, brown man, who looked more Mongolian than Spanish. "Little while ago it was Mist' Nardo, and one time it was Mist' Vintnor."

"Oh!" said Malcolm, surprised. Joseph Kerlin was the president of Peerless. John Nardo was the famous director who had been given charge of Malcolm's picture, and Karl Vintnor was the almost equally famous continuity writer who would put the novelist's somewhat amateurish scenario into shape for the director to handle.

Malcolm felt a sudden prick of anxiety, a hunch that something was wrong. He had lumbered that noon with the important trio, and with Reina Norska, the star of his picture, in the bungalow of the lady. The bungalow in question, quite a miniature palace, consisting of gorgeously decorated dressing room, bath, reception room, tiny dining room, and a gleaming white kitchenette, was on the Peerless lot.

The four had discussed the plan for the screen play in which, as a matter of fact, Malcolm was trying to incorporate uncensorable bits from his novel and the play he had written from it. A difficult problem it had been, but he had told Reina and the three men that he believed he was confronting the difficulties. Pressed for details, he had said he was a duffer at telling a story in words, but he expected to get his scenario back from the typist in an hour or two. He would look it over hastily for corrections, and bring it to Mr. Vintnor or Mr. Nardo, whichever preferred to see it first. Finally it was arranged that Malcolm should hand the typed pages of the revamped "Black Sleeves"—now entitled "Red Velvet"—to Karl Vintnor. Karl would read the stuff quickly and call in Nardo for an immediate consultation.

Malcolm had left the lot gayly. When he had read through his own work, beautifully typed, he had not felt so happy since he saw the first notices of "Black Sleeves." And, for the love of Mike, what had he to worry about, now? What he ought to be feeling was that Kerlin, Vintnor, and Nardo were tumbled over themselves to say how pleased they were with the ideas he had knocked together. The only wonder was that Reina hadn't called up too. But maybe, as star as she was, she hadn't been shown the scenario. Malcolm didn't yet know the etiquette of these procedures.

Still, he couldn't overcome that queer sensation of threatening evil, much as he'd often felt when ready to give himself an ice-cold shower, at home in England on a December day.

He called the president of Peerless, not at the studio, but at his home, according to Mr. Kerlin's instructions to Camillo. He gave his name to the discreet servant who inquired, "Who is speaking?" and in a few seconds Malcolm heard Kerlin's rather guttural voice at the phone. "Hello, Allen. Got you at last! Will you come up here at once? Nardo and Vintnor are with me. We want to see you."

"All right," replied Malcolm. "I'll come as soon as I can get there in my car."

His bungalow was between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, where almost all the richest film stars lived now, since Mary Pickford and Doug had turned fashion in that direction. The Kerlin mansion was at Santa Monica, about twelve miles away, but Malcolm Allen's chauffeur needed no encouragement to burn up the road, and despite traffic the car arrived at the gate of "Seahaven" in less than half an hour.

It was a beautiful house, standing with its back to the white road and its face to the sea. Joe Kerlin and his pretty wife, who had been a blonde star before marriage had destroyed all her film qualities, lived there when they were not in New York. Malcolm had been entertained at Seahaven when he first arrived, at a little dinner of twenty lovely ladies and the same number...
of marvelous men. But there was no air of festivity to-night. The dinner hour was long over, and he was ushered directly into Mr. Kerlin's study. Around a big Empire desk, said to have belonged to Napoleon the First, and certainly costing enough to be genuine, were grouped the three men he had gayly parted with at Reina's luncheon. They had high balls and black cigars, yet they were in no merry mood. They looked at Malcolm as if he had murdered several beautiful Peerless stars and destroyed the expensive young bodies in quicklime.

"Sit down," said Joe Kerlin, abruptly. "Have a high ball—a cigar? No? Well, then, let's get right down to brass tacks. The fact is, Allen, your stuff won't do." Malcolm stared at the small, dark man, whose eyes were like blue ice under black crows, but he kept calm, as he'd learned to do in zero hours between the years of 1914 and 1918. "What's the matter with it?"

"Only everything," gloomily answered John Narbo, the director, a handsome, sallow man with a hooked nose and magnificent gray hair.

"Yeah, I guess that's about all that's wrong," echoed Karl Vintnor, a tall and stringy person who looked like a flattering caricature of a New England Yankee. "Only everything, my boy."

"Please tell me exactly what you mean," said Malcolm.

"Well," replied Kerlin, with his queer accent, "these boys got their heads together on your 'Red Velvet' stuff, and they both thought it was the bunk. They brought their grievances to my office but I'd just left, so they had a bite to eat somewhere and came here. I'd promised to take the missus to that blah preview..."
of Nationwide’s new flop, but I let her down when I heard the business was urgent. We tried to get you

“Giving yourselves some, too!” Malcolm couldn’t resist.

“My dear chap, do we need publicity?” came the bored question. The question was plainly offensive.

“I don’t know,” laughed Malcolm. “All I know is, you keep a cageful of publicity hounds out here and another in New York, to say nothing of the personal publicity man each star employs.”

“This is a long way,” said Kerlin, “off the question of ‘Red Velvet’ as things stand now. Or rather, they don’t stand! They’ve fallen down.”

“There’s time yet for you to put them on their feet again,” Narbo, the most sympathetic of the three said, more cordially.

“How have I fallen down, and what, according to you, must I do to set Humpty-Dumpty on his feet again?” Malcolm wanted to know.

“Why,” said Kerlin, taking the words out of Narbo’s mouth. “Black Sleeves’ was as snappy as a live wire. You’ve made ‘Red Velvet’ dull as ditch-water.”

Malcolm’s tanned face flushed, and his eyes lit, though he kept his temper.

“Indeed?” he said. “I think that’s rather a harsh criticism, especially as—”

“We haven’t got time in Hollywood to drink sugar and water before we speak,” broke in the great magnate, who knew himself one of the highest rulers in the screen world.

“I was going to say,” Malcolm went on, “especially as you had yourself warned me to tone everything down for fear of the censors.”

“There’s a happy medium between red-hot stuff and tepid dishwater,” Kerlin persisted. “Now don’t take offense. We’re meeting to discuss matters. Narbo and Vintnor both say your stuff is blah, and they can’t make

Continued on page 92
That Irresistible Urge

Many are the reasons behind the fascination the stage holds for the stars, and most of them have succumbed to the lure at one time or another. This illuminating article explains why, and recounts some of their experiments with the spoken drama.

By Margaret Reid

In a previous lesson we learned how, at one time or another, all the little movie actors become restive in the silence of their professional habitat, and how there is an urge for vaudeville—and its substantial remuneration—apparent in many.

The text we have to consider to-day is similar in part, but concerns only the earnings of our subjects, for their earnings in the field are virtually nil.

All biology aside, this is about the picture stars who appear intermittently on the legitimate stage in Los Angeles and Hollywood. These ventures are undertaken sheeprly for the pleasure and artistic satisfaction they afford the players. The question of remuneration is an insignificant one. In the cases of the Potboilers’ Art Theater and the Writers’ Club it is nonexistent, the players giving their services gratis.

This is mainly the field for contract players, who can only spare short intervals to the indulgence of this more or less secret yen. Particularly those players who find that nuances and subtleties which are deemed unsuitable to the movie box offices are absorbing to theatergoers. In some instances, players who have had bad breaks in pictures, and find difficulty in getting work, consider it good business thus forcibly to bring their troupings to the attention of directors who won’t bother to look at their screen tests.

The stage in Los Angeles is a rather deplorably unp polished institution. A curious blending of local boys and girls make what they fondly think is good; a smattering of competent and unremarkable old stock-players who are nicely adequate; and occasional brilliant, average or bad performances by picture stars. Now and then we get a Broadway production in the full glory of its original cast. More often it arrives to us distressingly disguised by the loving hand of home talent. With the opening of several new and elaborate legitimate theaters about town recently, the community begins to take heart as an individual theatrical center. Their interests enlivened by this, these picture stars who are stage inclined begin to look speculatively at the possibility of combining the two mediums.

Our most successful artistic proof is the Little Theater of Los Angeles.
This ambitious clan began its activities at "The Potboilers" in a loft on Main Street, a more or less Tenderloin district of Los Angeles. Fighting its way through the indifference of a community devoted entirely to the making of movies, it stands today in highly improved circumstances. Still poverty-stricken but ambitious, its barren little theater is patronized by the elite of the film world. And more often than not, the actors on its stage are film celebrities whose time is virtually worth a thousand dollars a minute.

Naturally, the Little Theater can pay its casts in nothing except gratitude. But the high standard of its productions, and the intelligence of its carefully selected programs, have great appeal to those screen lights who have become a bit fed up on playing within the narrow confines of their own box-office demands. And, too, players with a necessarily suppressed desire for satire, for costume plays, for tragedy, find their outlet here. Those who bemoan that they are cruelly limited in type on the screen, find here the variety they crave.

While movie stars in vaudeville do not draw particularly well in Los Angeles, on the legitimate stage they are eminently popular. This may be explained by the fact that in vaudeville it is the technicians who are in demand—the fast steppers, the good singers, the bright wise-crackers. The movie star, relying almost solely on personality and his public's curiosity, fares not so well in a town already familiar with his off-screen face and figure. But the movie star in a good play is a drawing card dear to the hearts of local theatrical magnates.

The management of the Little Theater is continually receiving offers of their services from picture celebrities. Wisely, the theater does not cast its plays indiscriminately, just to have screen names on its programs. But many have appeared to advantage in plays suited to their talents. And this often in rôles that are distinct departures from their customary types on the screen.

Charles Ray and Patsy Ruth Miller are representative examples. Ray, long the wisful, bashful bumpkin, had, since his return to the screen, been given rôles dealing mainly in light farce or broad melodramatics. Patsy Ruth, who is notably scintillant off the screen, has done practically nothing but pressingly blah young ladies on it. Both being talented young people anxious to do better instead of bigger things, they accepted with gratitude the offer of an engagement at the Little Theater. The play was Patrick Kearney's "A Man's Man," a sensitive and ruthless study of a thirty-a-week clerk and his wife, and the ineffectual tragedy of their tawdry life in a New York flat. The two stars in the principal rôles gave searching, understanding performances.

The audiences that crowd the shabby little playhouse are made up of the more discriminating of Los Angeles theatergoers and Hollywood film people. At the close of the performances there is barely an evening passes that some cinema celebrity does not seek out Florence Raphael, the courageous manager of the theater, and offers his services if a suitable vehicle is slatted for production. Corinne Griffith is among these; also Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, and his wife, Elise Bartlett.
Mrs. Raphael, in speaking of the motion-picture element in the majority of their casts, frankly admitted the commercial value of these names.

"A motion picture star's name on a program is specially valuable to us, because of the new patrons it draws to the theater. People who come mainly out of curiosity to see a picture celebrity in the flesh, usually become interested in the play and the theater itself, returning for other productions. This enlarges the circle of our patronage considerably.

"However, we are careful not to sacrifice the value of suitable casting in our offerings, just for the sake of having a well-known name on the posters. While it might pay momentarily, it would lower our standard and defeat our purpose.

"Almost all picture people have to be watchful of their voices. These are usually pitched too high and have to be 'placed.' Also, the tempo of their action has to be considerably speeded. They are accustomed to acting with their faces alone, which is necessarily slower because it accentuates and exaggerates what they are expressing. We have to remind them to be spontaneous."

A glaring exception to the admirable code of film players in regard to punctual attendance at rehearsals was the recent unethical behavior of Reginald Denny. The strong feeling his action aroused in the colony is criterion of the fortunate rarity of such cases.

The Little Theater planned a production of 'The Great Catherine,' George Bernard Shaw's comédie-satire of an episode in the life of the Russian empress. Years ago in England, before any flickers of film ambitions had disturbed his success on the stage, Reginald Denny had played the smug young English captain upon whom Catherine's vagrant fancy alights briefly. Knowing this, the Little Theater asked Denny if he would care to repeat the rôle in the local presentation. He accepted readily and began rehearsals at once.

Two days before the opening night the theater had a phone call from Mr. Denny. He was sorry, but found it would be impossible to fulfill the engagement. Pressed for a reason, he had learned from his manager that his Universal contract forbade such an appearance. Frantic, the theater tried to persuade Mr. Denny of the havoc wrought by this abrupt withdrawal of the leading man forty-eight hours before the opening. But to no avail. The movie star just wouldn't play.

In desperation, they took a chance on Gene Gowing, a well-liked young player in local theaters. Surmounting the considerable obstacle of learning a difficult rôle in less than forty-eight hours, Gowing gave such a smooth and humorous performance that Denny's absence was scarcely noted, and regretted not at all.

The story of the prohibitive clause in Denny's contract of course convinced no one. It is said that he was royally incensed over the size of his name on the posters. Fancy it! George Bernard Shaw's name was in larger type than his! Evidently there were people who had to be taught the importance of Reggie and his name.

Occasionally these ventures from celluloid into the flesh are harrowing. I remember in particular "The Firebrand," in which Ethel Clayton, Ian Keith, and William Farnum were implicated. During its New York run, with Joseph Schildkraut in the title rôle, the play was highly praised by the critics. But when it reached the El Capitan Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard, its skill and charm were almost hidden behind the awkwardness of its production, which had the elephantine grace and finish of high-school drama.

Ian Keith has a bad Barrymore complex, using his faint resemblance to John as an excuse for emulating his gestures and expressions. As Benvenuto Cellini he ran amuck, greatly to the detriment of the colorful rôle he was playing. Ethel Clayton's gold-and-white beauty could not compensate for her diction, which was so diffused as to verge on baby talk. William Farnum's performance was excellent, judged by the well-known old school of acting, a standard not used any more. The local life of the play was mercifully brief.

On the other hand, we point with civic pride to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who turned suddenly from an unobtru- Continued on page 106

'Owen Moore is recognized as a brilliant farceur by Hollywood audiences.'
They Knew Her When—

Not only a few people, but the whole town of Santa Cruz, California, feels that way about Zasu Pitts, as you will learn when you read this interesting story by a girl who lived next door to her.

By Patsy Dubuis

Can a star be what she wants to be, or must she be as her home town wants her?

Can she become a wicked, slinking vampire on the silver sheet after years of angelic innocence in the home town? Does she rise to dramatic heights in vain, so far as those who "knew her when" are concerned?

Consider Zasu Pitts, who hails from the little town of Santa Cruz, California.

It's not uncommon to read about an actor who visits his birthplace and is given the key to the city, to say nothing of the unabashed adulation of old friends. I read about one the other day, whose official welcome under such circumstances consisted of a parade and a municipal holiday. Little town, of course. But nevertheless a welcome of rousing proportions was accorded. And the particular player was not important in Hollywood.

That is why the attitude of Santa Cruz toward Zasu Pitts, and Zasu Pitts' attitude toward Santa Cruz, is so unusual.

Santa Cruz is Zasu's home town. She went to school there, and it was Santa Cruz she left to seek her fortune in Hollywood. Fortune that has taken an exceeding rise since that first role of hers, in Mary Pickford's "The Little Princess."

First, I'd better tell you about Santa Cruz as Zasu and I know it. We lived next door to each other there, you see.

That was when Zasu was just starting high school, and I was riding a tricycle. I fell off the tricycle in front of Zasu's house. She was in her garden, where I had often seen her. This time she noticed me—my wails, I mean. She came running out, picked me up, dried my tears, and then took me into the garden and showed me the flowers, told me their names, and let me pick a few. After that I called her "The Flower Lady." And unconsciously I still think of her as that—just as the rest of Santa Cruz will continue to think of her as "Mrs. Pitts' little girl."

For Santa Cruz is a very small town. Most of its residents have lived there for two score years or more. They know every one and remember every one who ever left. Moreover, if a wandering Santa Cruzan chooses to come back for a visit, after an absence of fifteen years or so, he is greeted with no more surprise than if he had just walked around the block and were coming back for the afternoon mail.

Perhaps that's why it was not as startling as it might have been when its plain little daughter, Zasu Pitts, became a famous figure on the screen.

When Zasu lived with her mother and brother in Santa Cruz, she was as familiar a figure as the ice-cream man in the white wagon, who used to warble "Don't You Remember California in September," while slowly driving through the streets. Zasu's bicycle, with its dilapidated delivery basket on the front, was almost a town institution. Zasu made small
deliveries for any one and every one after school hours. That was her way of helping out the finances of the family.

Zasu wasn’t foolish and flighty like some of the other girls of her age. She was “unusual,” the townsmen said. But not any more unusual than the Swedish boy, who used to pick apples from our trees for five cents a box. He was a dreamy, irresponsible boy who picked beautiful things and could see no reason for accepting money for gathering rosy apples and placing them in neat rows in boxes. Zasu was a quiet, big-eyed girl, who passed every moment of leisure in a flower garden. The apple gatherer is unusual, because he still picks apples every season for nothing. Zasu is still unusual—but famous.

Interviewed on the subject of Zasu, a Santa Cruz resident of many years would probably sigh, yawn, and then drawl, “No, we didn’t expect much of the Pitts kid. She was sort of long and lank and was always traipsing around on that rusty bicycle of hers. And then she spent an awful lot of time in her flower garden—”

Now, don’t let this seemingly indifferent attitude that Santa Cruz has, make you think the little city is not fond of its daughter. That’s just it. They love her so much—those friends of hers—that she will always be like a daughter to them. A daughter whose success has not changed her in their eyes. Who is expected to come home for a time every year—as Zasu does. But whose appearance on Pacific Street is no more exciting than the aspect of old Doc Meyers, who has been making the same rounds for twenty years.

Last summer I was in Santa Cruz talking to Leona Brown, a girl who at one time had played dolls with me. I mentioned to Leona that I had seen Zasu only a short time before and that we had been talking about Santa Cruz.

“Hi!” Leona murmured, “I wonder if it’s going to rain-to-day. I’d better hurry my lunch hour if it is.”

That wasn’t so good, so I tried again. “Zasu says she’s coming back here to live.”

Leona turned vaguely surprised eyes on me as she said, “Why, of course, she comes back every once in a while. She’s going to take a place up on the hill, I guess. Goodness, look! Mrs. Andrews has a new coat—she must have been in San Francisco.”

And that was that. Might just as well try to make an idol of Zasu in Santa Cruz as to attempt crossing the Pacific Ocean in a frail, shaky canoe. Every picture in which Zasu plays eventually gets to Santa Cruz. After “Greed” was shown there, Zasu was the recipient of countless letters from indignant Santa Cruzans. They didn’t like her role in it—she didn’t act enough this way or that. She looked too skinny and her face was peaked. Had she forgotten to take those pills Doc Meyers prescribed last year? And so on.

When the news reached Santa Cruz that Zasu and Wallace Beery had been blown unconscious by seven sticks of dynamite, after a mistake had been made in the timing, Zasu found letters urging her to stop such dangerous foolishness. Sitting on dynamite!—the idea! Didn’t she remember the time the rooming house on Lincoln Street had been blown to pieces by only one stick of the stuff? And here she had been sitting on seven!

Then, “Casey at the Bat” arrived in town. And its leading lady was glad to know Continued on page 112

Santa Cruz knew her as a lanky, big-eyed girl traipsing around on a rusty bicycle.
Hollywood High Lights

Unreeling the News and Gossip of the Studio Center.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

The census of red-headed girls will soon have to be taken in Hollywood. The increase in flaming tresses is constant. We have often anticipated that there might be a switch to some ultra color like mauve or heliotrope, but auburn, with many variations, is the most persistent favorite. It even rivals the blond vogue which has always enjoyed many devotees and adherents.

Janet Gaynor is a recent convert. Her hair is not brightly burnished. It is not an obvious change, but it is expected to result in new photographic high lights. When she is seen in "The Four Devils," Nancy Drexel in the same picture, has by way of contrast, become decidedly light-headed. This was because she bore too close a resemblance to Miss Gaynor on the screen.

Joan Crawford's transmutation—or is it transformation?—is the one that continues to amaze us most, however. She positively dazzled us with the rich, coral glow of her coiffure, when we saw her recently at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. It is several tinges brighter than the terra-cotta that she wore earlier in the season. You will see Joan display this new hue in "Our Dancing Daughters." But what is surprising is that it films goldenesque rather than eboniesque, as so often happens with the cardinal color.

Mary Astor, Nancy Carroll, and Doris Hill are still among those who display Titian tresses au naturel, while Clara Bow and Alice White remain permanently loyal to the luminous, coppery pigment. Dorothy Gulliver and Margaret Livingston disclose natural sandy preferences.

Curls, too, are coming into fashion. Greta Garbo and Billie Dove are the leading innovators. Greta's style of hairdressing has long been individual and, to add romantic charm to her presence, she has lately cultivated the custom of letting the curls dangle freely over her shoulders. Billie Dove displays captivating ringlets clustered around her neck, when she goes out publicly nowadays. Camilla Horn also exemplifies this custom with individuality.

Madge's Success Compensates.

Unlucky in marriage—lucky in career! Madge Bellamy 'can' gladden herself with this thought. She has a new contract with Fox, and is reported to be receiving four thousand five hundred dollars a week, an advance of one thousand dollars over her previous salary.

Madge has a clever story for her next picture—Edna Ferber's "Mother Knows Best." Part of this film will probably be made with the Movietone.

Madge was on the stage in "Dear Brutus" and other plays, some years ago, and is looking forward to speaking lines again, especially as she will be one of the very first stars in the colony to record her voice on the Movietone. She will impersonate Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, Eddie Foy, Anna Held, and others, so altogether "Mother Knows Best" promises her a capital opportunity.

A Retort Courteous.

John Barrymore's droll humor was in evidence at an evening radio speaking, sponsored by United Artists not long ago. Barrymore was introduced by Douglas Fairbanks, who said: "Mr. Barrymore is in a peculiar position. The stage deplores the fact that he belongs to pictures, and pictures deplore the fact that he belongs to the stage."

"Since neither the stage nor the screen is willing to claim me," retorted Barrymore, in his habitually polished manner, "I shall probably eventually have to content myself with becoming either an acrobat or a radio announcer."

Doug, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, and D. W. Griffith spoke into the microphone, and Dolores del Rio sang a number composed for her picture "Ramona." It was one of the most noteworthy assemblages gathered for any radio event.

Rogers Hit of Evening.

Personal appearances of stars bring amazing results. For example, we did not know how popular "Buddy" Rogers really was, until a benefit recently given for flood sufferers in southern California. Rogers was the hit of the evening. He was given a rousing welcome. And who do you suppose his closest rival was? None other than Chester Conklin.

This was sensational, in view of the fact that on the
same program were such well-known people as Jack Gilbert, Tom Mix, George Sidney, Jack Mulhall, and others presumably very much better known, and rated great box-office favorites.

Rogers and Charlie Farrell are seemingly supremely triumphant among newer comers, though Don Alvarado and Gary Cooper are also very highly rated.

Fan-mail results prove the amazing popularity of Rogers and Farrell, however. Rogers, at the Paramount studio, gets an average of three thousand seven hundred letters a week, while Farrell, at Fox's, receives three thousand five hundred. At Metro-Goldwyn Gilbert and Ramon Novarro are the leaders. The girl-winners in these studios include Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, and Janet Gaynor. Clara still receives six thousand five hundred letters weekly.

"D. W." Discovers Sally.

Sally O'Neil is elected to be D. W. Griffith's star in "The Battle of the Sexes." There are several other major luminaries in the film, but Sally's is the performance that will be watched for. Griffith has always done well by youth in his films. Consequently, whatever ingenuity he decides to feature may consider that her career is blossoming.

For a time it was rumored that Mary Philbin would play the girl in "The Battle of the Sexes." We understand that satisfactory arrangements could not be made, because of the likelihood of her appearing soon in "Show Boat." Mary naturally would have liked to play the role, because she regarded working with Griffith in "Drums of Love" as such a "wonderful experience," to use her own words.

Sally is elated. She is taking life far more seriously these days, and has set about to make a great name for herself in pictures. She is one of the brightest little girls in the colony.

Dolores an Easter Hostess.

Dolores del Rio gave a brilliant Easter party, with throngs of people present. Even Charlie Chaplin attended. However, Charlie's social appearances are not such an extraordinary event today as they were two or three years ago. One sees him frequently in public now. His health hasn't been very good lately, but he is gay, enthusiastic, and tremendously interested in life despite this.

Leatrice Joy, Camilla Horn, Billie Dove, Greta Nissen, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Charles Farrell, Victor Varconi, Warner Baxter, Winifred Bryson, Ralph Lewis, Vera Lewis, and Vivian Duncan were present. Greta Nissen created a mild sensation by coming stockless, and looking naively childlike in a cape of gold, with her skirt above her knees. Leatrice wore a white lace dress of very slender lines, that lent rare distinction to her personality. It was decidedly old-world.

Dolores' beautiful home, and her charm as a hostess, were both the inspiration for approving comment.

Mary's Best Friend Passes.

"Without my mother I might not have been able to meet failure; without her I know that I could not have met success. Her happiness has been my aim throughout my career; she has thought only of my good. She has been my greatest aid and has always stood beside me, relieving me of practical burdens, helping me to retain my perspective in my work, and leaving me free to achieve and to accomplish. Without her I could not possibly have carried out my career."

Thus Mary Pickford spoke to us of her mother shortly before her death. She had no advance inkling of its sudden arrival until a few hours before the sad event. There is no loss, perhaps, that any one in pictures has suffered as great as that of Mary's bereavement. In few instances have mother and daughter been so close to each other in sympathy, understanding, and love.

It was Mrs. Pickford's judgment that was reflected in every step of her daughter's success from the time she was a child on the stage; and her devotion to her other children, Lottie and Jack, was equally ideal.

The pall of sadness cast over their lives by Mrs. Pickford's death caused both Mary and Doug to give up plans for picture-making, and go to Europe instead. They will stay there until late summer. Mary felt that there were too many associations and reminders in Hollywood for the time being.

Jack Turns a Corner.

Time moves on in filmdom. It doesn't, for instance, seem possible that the rise of Jack Gilbert to fame as a star with Metro-Goldwyn should date back four years. But it's a fact that it does.

This was brought to our attention not long ago when we learned that he had signed a new contract with that organization. William Haines joined M.-G.-M. about the same time as Gilbert, though only as a beginner. Jack had previously been starred by Fox.

Looking back on Jack's career for this period, we should say that his two best performances were in "His Hour," and "The Big Parade." He has been enjoying the fruits of these early conquests; he has had personal success in great measure, but he needs outstanding pictures. He is a splendid and capable chap, whose talents are only very occasionally realized.

Torrid Romance in Prospect.

We might add to Jack's list of successes "Flesh and the Devil." It was not quite as advantageous for him personally as "His Hour" and "The Big Parade," but nevertheless a worth-while production.

We recall "Flesh and the Devil," because Clarence Brown is to direct another film called "The Son of
St. Moritz," with Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Will the love scenes be torrid? We'll give you just one guess!

From Stogies to Spices.

It used to be the fashion to name cigars after stage stars in the days of rotund hip lines, narrow waists and —shall we say it?—bustles.

That complimentary custom has never prevailed in the days of the cinema. It has its counterpart, however.

There are shops in Hollywood that specialize in salads, sandwiches, and confections bearing the names of the fair and famous; and now Laura La Plante has just learned that in far-away Egypt a cake has been created in her honor, containing exceedingly rare and delicate spices. We never should have suspected that Laura was a pet of Pharaoh's descendants, but this must prove that she is.

Louise Leads to Adventure.

Louise Fazenda is always discovering some fantastic sort of new adventure. If it isn't some odd little antique shop, heavy with incense, into which she leads us, it is sure to be a Chinese joss house, or something equally interesting. It seems that with Louise one is always going on some sort of weird excursion.

She afforded us a real thrill not long ago, when she led us to a quaint Japanese restaurant, that served food of mysterious origin, with elusive and exotic allurements, which required all our dexterity in the use of chop sticks to consume successfully. One of the several unusual things that happened was that the main part of the meal was disposed of at one table, and that we moved to another for the dessert. In all these intricacies Louise was ably assisted by Mrs. Sojin, wife of the Japanese actor who played in "The Road to Mandalay" and "The Thief of Bagdad."

After dinner Louise led us to a theater where we witnessed a group of Japanese plays, which were remarkable for their acting. We noted among the audience Charles Chaplin, Harry Crocker, Hobart Bosworth, Cornelis Kiev, and others of the colony. While the show was on, Louise and Mrs. Sojin regaled us with roasted chestnuts, strawberry soda, abalone chips, tangerines, and ice-cream cornucopias, beside which combination even a Japanese dinner paled into insignificance.

It was generally conceded that despite the remarkable excellence of the performances, none of the plays presented would make good film material. In one of them the hero was stabbed to death in the wildest fight we have ever seen outside a Tom Mix film, while the heroine took poison. Those of the picture folk who quest for new artistic thrills, were actively in attendance, however.

Plays Return Engagement.

It is one thing to give warm praise to the work of a new actress—it is another thing to seek to reengage her for leading woman on the very earliest occasion.

Dick Barthelmess, however proved that he liked the work of Lima Basquette in "The Noose," by signing her for "Roulette," which he is now completing. Miss Basquette went right into this from "The Godless Girl."

Dick has recaptured his popularity during the past season, both "The Patent Leather Kid" and "The Noose" were big hits. Dick thinks he has another winner in "Roulette." He is doing a dual rôle in this film.

A Conservative Celebration.

Here's one to try on your friends. Douglas Fairbanks is its sponsor, and he demonstrated its effect amidst an uproar of laughter at a recent meeting of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Ask somebody: "Did you ever hear how the Scotman celebrated the Fourth of July?" Then, before he has time to think, give three snaps of the finger of your right hand. If the snaps are loud enough, the implication won't miss, what with the basis of humor for Scotch jokes already abundantly established.

The academy meeting was in honor of a visiting delegation of film technicians. One of filmdom's pet gags was worked to great advantage with this staid body. This consisted of having a character actor, whose name eludes us at the moment, impersonate a belligerent German, who attacked the worth of all scientific and film achievements in this country. Nearly half the audience took his talk seriously, and were inclined to become a trifle miffed by it, since it was very denunciatory. There was terrific merriment when the deception was discovered, and the crowd realized that they had only been kidded by the "preposterous contentions" of an "arrogant foreigner."

Doesn't Give a "Woof."

The virtues of Rin-Tin-Tin as a star may be extolled to the skies, but he will never be awarded any medals as a watchdog. He slept through the recent arrival and departure of a sneak thief at the residence of his owner, Lee Duncan. Fortunately the burglar was satisfied to purloin the contents of the ice box, or Rin-Tin-Tin's disgrace might have been horrible and permanent.

An "Ex"-ceptional Case.

"Ex's" do still remain devoted in Hollywood. "Ex's," as you undoubtedly know, is the term current for those who have once been married, but are separated by the usual formal courtly proceedings.

Devotion of "Ex's" has fallen slightly into disuse lately, but its revival was surmised when Kenneth Harlan attended a party given by Marie Prevost at her residence for a group of newspaper folk. Marie has a new house in the Spanish style in Beverly Hills, and is a proficient and delightful hostess.

As one of the features of the event, everybody was required to inscribe his name on the wall of her billiard room in ad
tion to a sentiment befitting the occasion. Almost every one who attended, taking cognizance of the fact that Marie had changed the color of her hair for "The Godless Girl," remarked that either as blonde or brunette she was a charming and fascinating girl.

MacLean Reenters Tourney.

Just about the time that we were convinced that Douglas MacLean had forsaken the screen for good, news arrives that he is to star in two feature comedies a year for the Christie organization. Doug has some very amusing successes to his credit in the past, like "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours' Leave," "The Hottentot," and "Going Up." He won steady success as an independent producer, but did not fare so well when he released through Paramount. His Christie contract means, however, that his pictures will continue to play on the company's program.

There are few screen players who have had more schooling in the art of acting, for Doug studied this very seriously when he was preparing for the stage.

Bancroft Seaside Estater.

George Bancroft's waxing good fortune is proven by his purchase of Norma Talmadge's beach home. Bancroft has gone right up the ladder as a star since "Underworld," with his salary duly increasing. He is said to receive approximately three thousand dollars a week under most recent arrangements.

The Talmadge home is one of the finest in the Santa Monica section, and during its tenancy by Joseph M. Schenck and Norma it was the scene of many festive social affairs. It is a twelve-room structure of Italian architecture. Bancroft is reported to have bought it for one hundred thousand dollars.

Problem in Mathematics.

Our chronicle of marriages, engagements, and divorces this month tabulates as follows:

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Please don't ask us what this means, or how we arrived at it.

The marriages include Johnny Walker and Maude Wayne, both in films, and George Lewis, actor, and Mary Lou Lohman, society girl.

The affianced are Alice White and Richard Grace, the latter a stunt flier.

The divorced are Jacqueline Logan, who procured her decree, and Blanche Mehaffey, who will procure hers. Virginia Pearson is legally sundered from Sheldon Lewis, because they did not like the same kind of literature, or for some such odd reason.

Separation—official—Virginia Brown Fair and Jack Dougherty. Mr. Dougherty was the last husband of Barbara La Marr, and married Miss Fair a little more than a year ago.

Separation—tentative—Dolores del Río and Jaime del Río; announcement was made, however, that they will not divorce.

Proposal: Admiring English gentleman to Mary Duncan. Received over telephone from London, and caused actress to be arrested for speeding in her anxiety to return home in time for call.

Jinx Swerves to Esther.

Has the jinx that pursued Bebe Daniels so relentlessly turned now to Esther Ralston? Bebe has had accident after accident in the past few years, but has been spared, now, for several months. Miss Ralston has just met her first one, and she is a bit superstitious.

Like most of Bebe's, the accident happened during the filming of a picture. Esther was working in a scene, where she was driving an automobile. The camera was placed on a truck directly in front of her, which was attached to the car she was driving, the power of her machine being used to pull it along. The scene was being photographed on one of the studio streets.

The camera truck cut off Esther's vision, and she did not notice a tree that obstructed the way. She was traveling about thirty miles an hour, when she collided with this. The camera truck was upset, with the result that the director, Gregory La Cava, the camera man, and other assistants were thrown on the road. Mr. La Cava was knocked senseless and Esther's neck was wrenched.

"Bebe probably wouldn't have thought a thing of this accident," Esther said, "but to me it was terrible. I was scared to death."

New Partners in Romance.

Miss Vilma Banky, star; Mr. Walter Byron, leading man.

Mr. Ronald Colman, star; Miss Lily Damiti, leading woman.

Thus is a new alliance of film destinies forecast. A famous pair of co-stars have each acquired a new partner. It isn't quite definitely settled at this writing that Miss Damiti will play opposite Colman, but there is every assurance that Mr. Byron is to appear as the hero of Miss Banky's film.

They are both new discoveries. Mr. Byron is English, Miss Damiti, French. They were signed by Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, during his recent trip to Europe. At least Mr. Byron was, while temporary arrangements were continued on page 110.

Little Mary Ann Jackson uses her feminine wiles on Harry Spear.
They Didn't Know It Then

Little did these darlings suspect that one day they would become famous the world over, and give their mamas automobiles and things.

Jean Crawford, above, just as poised at six as she is to-day.

Mae Bush, right, looked as though she had the weight of the whole of Australia, her birthplace, on her six-year-old shoulders.

Lois Moran, below, at the age of fourteen months—a baby of whom any mother would be proud.

Norma Shearer, above, in her best bonnet—and what a bonnet!—at the age of three, when she was as calm about things as she is to-day.

Gertrude Olmsted, below, even when she had celebrated only three birthdays, knew all about how to use her pretty eyes to advantage in one of her earliest experiences with the camera.
Is a career worth more than health?

Several actresses asked themselves this question, and since their decision to eat—let the pounds collect where they may!—the craze for diets is waning. The "Dangerous Curves Ahead" sign is being taken down, and Hollywood café owners are smiling again, now that the acute competition for sylph-like figures is over.

Nita Naldi introduced the spinach diet; in turn, there were the lamb-chops-and-pineapple phase, the orange-juice régime, and sundry others. More than one girl suffered a nervous breakdown from lack of proper nourishment that the camera, which unflatteringly photographs one a size or two larger anyhow, might record flat figures.

Now the tendency is for the healthier girl to replace the wistful shadow. Nor is she less attractive than the slim heroine. The frail girls appeal in an imaginative, romantic atmosphere. But those engaged in portraying modern girls have come to the conclusion that they need not sacrifice health for art's sake.

Her slight plumpness makes Ann Rork the more likable and natural, and not just another silhouette. She attacked this question as frankly as she did her food. Ann is the ringleader of this new movement.

"They ought to put my round-faced picture on the billboards to advertise 'Eat and Be Healthy Week,'" she chuckled over a plenteous meal. "I eat what I like when I want it. I'm a rebel.

"After all, a career isn't the only thing in life. I'm terribly interested in mine. Particularly now that I am free-lancing and no longer under contract to Dad." She grimaced. "I've the sweetest Dad in the world, but he's awful to work for. He will take business home. And instead of having things made soft for me, as some people thought, whenever there was any extra labor to be done, it was shifted onto my young shoulders. As soon as I started being my own agent and boss, I handed myself better roles. After I've played enough baby-eyed ingenues, I want to do comedy. I'd like to work with one of the boys and play an average, modern girl who gets into scrapes, but who can take care of herself."

She looked quite capable of doing that very thing, in her tan tweeds, brown raincoat, and soft felt hat. "Englishy," she insisted, adding that she had felt very protecting, having brought the umbrella along for me.

"So you see I'm not in the movies for fun. I'm anxious to work hard, but I don't see why I should sacrifice my whole life—especially chocolate parfaits. Girls in other professions succeed on their merits alone. Why not in pictures, too?"

"It's so silly to endanger your health." Ann heaped dressing upon her salad. "Dieting is ridiculous. Some girls take their careers too seriously. Must we give all to our art?" A hand raised, in the best Negri manner.

"I'm a normal, average girl and I want a good time and varied interests. There's no reason why I—or any other girl—should go dippy about a career. I was born plump. Sometimes it shows on the screen. But if the public won't accept me looking healthy, I'll just have to fold up the career. Though, to be sure, I reduce ten pounds the week before I start a picture."

I gasped. Ten pounds in a week, and no diet!

"Well, I don't eat quite so much—I simply go to a party every night."

Again this merry and vital young person handed me a wallop. Many actresses will tell you how, preparatory to a new picture, they go to bed every night at eight in order to look their best.

Extra pounds don't bother Audrey Ferris, for she likes her mother's cooking too well.
"Not I!" Ann complacently ordered a sweet.
"I've discovered that when I am dining with some one interesting I don't eat very much. We're too busy talking. At home, we all know each other's business, and there's seldom much zest to the conversation; so we eat. Therefore, I get invited out by some thrilling young man—and dance until eleven. I also play golf and tennis. I mean, I pretend to. Exercise is incidental. I'm really crazy"—her brown eyes twinkled from her round face—"about trains, ships, airplanes—in fact, every mode of locomotion except walking."

Her average weight is 132, her height five feet five inches. For a picture she reduces to 122, and adds the extra pouplmage the first lazy week afterward.

Renee Adorée has always snapped her fingers at the scales. Her comment was terse and her laugh gay.

"Eating is a habit I contracted when quite young, and one which I have kept up faithfully. If your work interferes with your meals, drop the work! Seriously, I would not diet, not even for 'the roaring lion,'" referring to the M.-G.-M. trade-mark. "This movie acting is at times a nerve-racking business. Our nerves are always at a tension. We need to build up our strength rather than deplete it by insufficient food."

"Heard you were getting up an amidi- diet list." Aubrey Ferris, Warners' smart child among the thirteen Wampas babies, contributed her remarks, with a grin. "Put me down. Some of the critics noticed my curves in a recent picture. Let them try dieting, if they like. But not for me—not while I have a mother who can coax things out of an oven that would make the Ritz chef envious. I am ambitious. I want to get ahead in pictures, to become popular. But health is more important. I don't overeat—much." Again the grin. "Still, I never exactly leave the table hungry. When there's any excess baggage—really enough to worry about—I go in for strenuous gym work. Setting-up exercises keep me limber—when I remember to do 'em."

If I wanted to be catty, which I don't, and if it were really the reason for the choice, instead of the plot of the story itself being the cause, I might say that the gentlemen preferred the blond Ruth Taylor to the red-haired Alice White, because Ruth was slimmer. Alice is tiny and cannot carry an extra ounce, without its being evident. However, I haven't seen her starring herself.

Phyllis Haver's figure has always been well curved, even in the flat-chested days. She saw no
Mexico's Claim to Fame

Dolores del Rio's amazing record of thirteen pictures in little more than two years is a record unapproached by any other leading player, but the vogue of the Mexican star is accounted for in the first minute of an interview with her.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

If the wise men of the West are to be believed, the particular bright star of the immediate future will be Dolores del Rio.

Prophecy is dangerous in any business; in the film industry it approaches the apex of folly. But in this instance the prognosticators base their guess upon pictures that they consider already "in the bag." In Hollywood we say that a picture is "in the bag" when it is morally certain to be a success, even though not yet released.

Dolores del Rio has established a record among the invading foreign ladies by appropriating one choice leading rôle after another, by gracing one super-special after another, by achieving enviable notices for all her performances in rapid succession.

First there was her hit in "What Price Glory," acclaimed in many quarters as one of the ten great pictures of all time. Then came her brilliant, moving characterization in "Resurrection." "The Trail of '98" is destined to add to her laurels, "Carmen" was nothing short of a sensation, "Ramona" is highly touted by the experts, and then there will arrive "Revenge," especially designed to exploit the Del Rio talents, heralded as the supreme Del Rio triumph.

All these pictures have been feature affairs, well above program standards, and it is upon them that the wise men base their glowing predictions.

"Just as Garbo flashed across the movie skies, so will Del Rio," they say. And it is inevitably apparent that she will. Her Carmen, in what Fox called "Loves of Carmen," however deleted for general showing it was, brought forth the Mexican star in all her flashing vitality, all her abandon, all her fiery charm. It rivals the Negri portrayal in "Gypsy Blood." Certainly it is a spirited, exciting performance.

Most people know of her aristocratic family in Mexico, most people have read of her husband, wealthy Jaime del Rio; but to appreciate Dolores you should meet her.

At the family manse in Hollywood I found her husband awaiting her arrival. He is a swarthy, slender, dapper man with a formal little mustache, a man one might easily mistake for Alfonso of Spain.

"Dolores will be home any minute," he announced.

The home is Mexican in design, richly but tastefully furnished, perfectly appointed. We talked in the mellow light of the rambling living room until a barking dog heralded the approach of his mistress.

She proved to be an olive-skinned beauty with extravagantly large eyes, a lovely body, and vivacity that might be termed electric in its effect. Her sleek, brown hair is parted in the middle and drawn tightly over the ears, a simple coiffure that heightens the classic contours of her face. Here is a Latin type as rich in beauty as she is distinctive in individuality.

"I am late. I am sorry," she said with a brilliant smile, and in this case brilliant is a dull word: "I have been trying on costumes, having pictures taken, seeing people. I am rushed. But I love it!"

Her English is excellent, although she declared she had learned most of it from the marines in "What Price Glory." If this is true, she has been highly successful in expurgating their vocabulary. There is a slight accent, but nothing suggesting pose. Most foreigners impress one as being affected. You ask for examples and you get Lya de Putti, Jetta Goudal, Pola Negri. Not the Del Rio. She is spontaneous, interesting, frank in expressing herself.

She has been fortunate in having Edwin Carewe's guidance from the beginning, when he persuaded her to try pictures. He has not permitted her to sign for more than one picture at a time, except when she has been assured of his direction, and as a result she has been able to realize the fruits of pyramid ing popularity. Her salary has been bid up by rival producers, rising from $250 to something reputed to be over $2,500 weekly. And even in the golden hills of Hollywood that is considered a living wage. Carewe has taken care to place her in special productions almost without exception; more money was spent in making them, more time was taken, and better results were obtained than would have been the case with program pictures on a long-term contract.

"From the day I came to Hollywood, I have been busy," she said. "From the beginning I have had work—so much! But there is not much to do in Hollywood but make pictures. I like to work with interesting parts."

In the little over two years that she has been a handmaiden to the baby art she has appeared in thirteen pictures, an amazing record for any newcomer, but all the more astounding when one notes that fully half of these pictures rank as special productions, actually as well as nominally.

"My pictures overlap," she said. "As I finish 'Resurrection' I start on 'Carmen,' and before I am through that I am getting costumes for 'Trail of '98.' Then as soon as that is finish, I must be ready for 'Ramona' and 'The Red Dancer of Mos-
DOLORES DEL RIO says that she learned most of her English from the marines in "What Price Glory," according to Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview opposite, and that above all things she does not want to be a "long-suffering herring."
MARCELINE DAY is coming along nicely, thank you. Surely you must think the same, if you saw her in "The Big City." Depth and charm were there, and strength, too. Now she is to rollick a bit, in Buster Keaton's next.
THOUGH the fans indulge in heated controversy over new stars versus old ones, Irene Rich remains untouched by criticism, her position secure in the rise and fall of screen destinies. Her next picture? "The Perfect Crime," with Clive Brook.
GILBERT ROLAND shorn of his mane does not mean Gilbert Roland minus his fire and picturesqueness. Far from it. Submitting to the shears prepared him for his role in “The Woman Disputed,” and maybe the pleas of the fans counted, too.
WITH awareness of her dramatic power, Joan Crawford is developing a flair for charming costumes as ample as her wisp of chiffon once were brief. And don't you like her better as a Spanish lady than as a dancing girl?
Hear! Hear! Beautiful Marguerite de la Motte, too long absent from the screen, is coming back to play Constance in Douglas Fairbanks' "Twenty Years After," the same heroine she played in "The Three Musketeers." Talk about the law of compensation!
RALPH FORBES, who once was the Prince of Wales in a stage play, and is quite at his best on the screen in "The Trail of '98," will be seen in "The Whip," a melodrama of the English race tracks.
VILMA BANKY'S character, in Margaret Reid's skillfully sympathetic analysis opposite, is exactly what you would expect. She is tranquil, even in the happiness of her marriage, and serenity gives the final luster to the beauty of her face.
Vilma—As She Is

This analysis of Vilma Banky is both penetrating and sympathetic, while the character, as well as the pronounced individuality of the beautiful Hungarian, is carefully presented.

By Margaret Reid

THREE years ago Samuel Goldwyn discovered Vilma Banky.

Traveling in Europe, he caught one glimpse of her face in a continental film and hurried to Budapest to sign her. She came immediately to Hollywood, one of the first of the foreign influx. On her arrival, she began work almost at once in “The Dark Angel,” the initial production of the Banky-Colman series. Since the first showing of that film, she has held an important and unusually secure place in the changeable firmament.

Lacking the electricity of a Garbo, she compensates in a lyrical, tender appeal which is perhaps more understandable to American audiences in general. The last two years have seen tumult in the industry, but the popularity of Vilma Banky has been unfluctuating. It would be tardy redundancy to remark that she is undoubtedly here to stay.

The furore of her first few months in Hollywood has, of course, somewhat abated. Partly because the novelty of quaint, broken English has lately become submerged in itself, due to the ever-increasing number of foreign importations. Partly because Vilma is seldom seen in public any more. But she was a nine evenings’ sensation when she came.

Her timid, wholly irresistible ventures into English, her shy dignity, her charm and her beauty, John Gilbert gave her the title by which she is still known: the Hungarian Rhapsody. A trifle bewildered by the lavishness of Hollywood social success, she was entertained to the limit of her endurance.

Secretly homesick and unhappy, Vilma hated it. She dislikes crowds, big parties, cafés. People, in abundance, tire her, make her nervous. She wanted terribly those first few months to be let alone now and then. She would resort to subterfuge for an evening at home—alone or with just one or two friends. But Mr. Goldwyn and his aides were of the opinion that she should become acquainted with her coworkers, with the customs and the language. So Vilma, admitting their wisdom, stepped out when it couldn’t be avoided.

It was subject for feminine hostility that the beautiful Hungarian wore no make-up, in its literal sense. Meaning no rouge, no lipstick, no powder. Her clear, almost olive, skin was in fascinating contrast to her yellow hair. That her hair was discovered to be innocent of peroxide was the crowning treason. Vilma has since become Hollywoodized to the extent of faint touches of powder and lipstick. It is said that Mr. Goldwyn advised this as being prettier according to accepted standards, but it is not nearly so arresting.

Our best bachelors have laid hearts, hands, and salaries at Vilma’s inattentive feet. One of the few escorts with whom she was seen at all frequently was Rudolph Valentino. Her marriage to Rod La Rocque was the social apex of last season.

Shortly before her wedding she rashly stated the possibility of her retirement into domesticity. Quite sincere in her belief that marriage and the movies were two separate careers and could not be combined, she was convinced that a household over which its mistress did not preside vigilantly, would speedily go to pieces. Having since found that her attempts at supervision are regarded as rank intrusions by her expert servants, and that as a housewife she is an excellent actress, she is still a picture star.

She is officially a star now, the Banky-Colman team having been severed, both players stepping into individual stardom. Vilma is frankly apprehensive, realizing the element of danger in the lonely prominence of this position. That she is not too elated about the prospect, augurs well for her future. It attests, too, the native acumen which has enabled her to absorb the laws and caution of the business.

The composite reincarnation of such as Isolda, Récamier, or Cléo, she speaks of the folly of costume pictures, their lukewarm reception by the public. Her first starring vehicle is a story of modern times. She is unhappy in any rôle lacking intelligence. The motivations of a character are as important to her as the actions.

In her earnest study of our language, she put aside all books printed in her native tongue, nad reads only English. Her favorite author is O. Henry. She has read virtually all his works, and is fascinated by the unexpected twist at the finish of his stories. She also likes mystery tales, but is careful to read them only in broad daylight, particularly those concerning Sherlock Holmes.

She prefers gypsy music to all other. An early liking

Continued on page 100
Marguerite Andrus, Nancy Dover, Jane Laurell, and Mary Ashley, above, open their day afloat with truly nautical setting-up exercises.

Marguerite Andrus, right, gives the old boat a clean face and, below, she is about to hoist sail.

Mary Ashley and Marguerite Andrus, above, spy something in the distance—probably a ship with a tea party in full blast.

The hard-working crew of four, below, turns out to signal a hint for an invitation.
the Life!

decide they can have as much a bit more chance of getting wet.

Marguerite Andrus, Nancy Dover, Jane Laurell, and Mary Ashley, above, decide to take it easy at last, after agreeing to be careful not to let their slippers drop into the water.

Jane Laurell, below, displays a sextant exactly as if she knew what to do with it.

Nancy Dover, above, decides to give the ocean the once over, while Mary Ashley, right, turns deckhand.

Hurray! The girls, below, sight land and conclude that going back to work at the studio isn’t so bad after all.
HERE all this time I've been thinking New York was really a rather grand place to come to for its own sake, but now it turns out that I was wrong. All this month movie stars have been leaping off trains and on boats, and New York has just been a little way station for foreign ports. "What are you doing in New York?" "I? Oh. I'm sailing to-morrow." Going to Europe, or coming from Europe!

There's Eleanor Boardman. Yes, indeed, there is Eleanor Boardman, a perfect darling, if you'll take it from me, though why should you? Eleanor doesn't get to New York often, while as for going to Europe—well, she's going to get pretty tired of hearing, on the boat. "You don't mean that this is your very first trip? Not really?"—in that snooty tone that leaves you nothing to do but jump overboard because you've never before been to Europe.

It's King Vidor's first trip also and he and Eleanor are having a real ain't-this-grand vacation. In Paris for weeks. In Italy, motor ing about from city to city, In Budapest. Back to Paris and home. Three months of going where they like and doing what they like. And perhaps Eleanor might make a picture while she's gone.

In New York, before their departure, they had Marion Davies' apartment. You remember, dear reader—indeed any reader I may have is certainly dear to me—that I told you some months ago about Marion Davies' apartment, the entire twenty-seventh floor of one of New York's swankier new hotels. And there's Marion, in California seven eighths of her time, with the large and lavish apartment going, as it were, to waste. So whenever one of Marion's friends leaves Hollywood for New York, the generous Miss Davies says, "You s-s-simply m-m-must t-t-take my apartment" in that cute little stutter for which she is famous. Rent free, of course. Which is always a big help when one has traveling expenses.

Just before the arrival of the Vidors, Adolphe Menjou had been lent the apartment by Miss Davies. Oh, yes, Adolphe was sailing to Europe also, where he and Katherine Carver planned to be married early in May, and, for all I know to the contrary, probably will be by the time this gets into print.

Ramon Novarro also went to Europe. It was his first trip abroad since "Ben-Hur," and he wanted particularly to go to Madrid to see his two sisters, Rosa and Leonora Sameniegos. They are nuns and Ramon hadn't seen them for twelve years.

Novarro sailed on the De Grasse, and he wished to slip down to the boat as unobtrusively as possible. It's quite enough of a job to get one's self and one's baggage all safely off on a steamship, without having things complicated by reporters and photographers and even the most ardent well-wishers. So Ramon
Medley

come on hurried visits to two who are working here.

Talley

evolved a perfectly quaint idea for a disguise, which unfortunately did not fool the reporters—any one knows you can’t fool a reporter. But Ramon hadn’t shaved for days and days and his disguise—well, really, you’d never guess it. As the saying goes, it was a scream! Ramon wore dark glasses and carried—of all things—a nine-month-old baby.

Anna May Wong went to Berlin to make her first starring picture, for Ufa, which has an option on her services for a second film also. “Schlamm” was the working title of the first one, and Anna May hoped it would be changed. Translated, it means “Slime,” and who in the world wants to star in a picture called “Slime?”

The little Chinese girl was traveling with her sister, and a large wardrobe which included lots of Chinese costumes exquisitely embroidered, and designed with a marvelous sense of color. Most of them Anna May has sent to her from Pekin—and maybe you think this wasn’t a surprise to me!—the styles change there just as they do here. They are now wearing short skirts and three-quarter-length sleeves.

“Look at those sleeves,” said Miss Wong in annoyance, indicating a point just below her elbow, “they sock you right here.” Wasn’t it a shock to hear Anna May’s Oriental lips bursting out with our American slang! Though, really, of course, Miss Wong speaks quite American English, as she was born in San Francisco and has never been near China.

In her own household, however, Chinese is always spoken. Anna May lives with her parents and six brothers and sisters. And think what fun it must be for Anna May, every time she comes home, to cuter laughing—stage directions—and say: “Ah, I’ve come to the Wong house.”

Jane Winton also went to Europe, on a belated honeymoon with her husband, Charles Kenyon, whom she married a year ago. She is spending the summer in Vienna, Germany, and Italy, and may make a picture or so before returning. And now that we’ve said bon voyage until we’re hoarse to departing screen stars, we might hang around the piers a while longer and shout “Welcome home!” to returning travelers. Patsy Ruth Miller came back very quickly from a European venture in picture-making which turned out less rosy than she had expected. A little matter of salary, it seems. Patsy Ruth is used to talking money in big figures.

Rod La Rocque brought his Vilma back from her parental home in Budapest and were they all smiles at being together again! Those La Rocques! They’ve been married a year now, but to hear the way they overwork those words, “dearest” and “darling,” you’d think the big event took place only last week. Rod will say, looking at Vilma, “Isn’t she sweet?” and Vilma says, looking at Rod, “I hope you like my lovely husband.”

So when Vilma went home to visit her parents for the first time in three years, Rod, when the separation became unbearable, left in the middle of a picture to go after her. Vilma traveled twenty-nine hours from Budapest to meet Rod’s boat train in Paris, and then turned around and traveled twenty-nine hours back again to take Rod home to see the family.
of his surprise and being his most charming self. And oh, how charming Rod can be when he puts his mind on it, or even, for the matter of that, with his mind on something else.

Anyhow, Rod liked the family and they liked him, and after dinner he got up and said, “Ah, surprise!” or words to that effect, and dragged out the twenty-one-pound machine. Grinning broadly, he plugged it into the light socket, turned it on. Whir, went the machine and sauce! went the lights, with every fuse in the house blown out. Rod’s present that was to make such a hit with the Banky family! Well, Papa Banky had to read his evening paper by candlelight. And it turned out that the Budapest lighting system was geared up so differently from ours that Rod had to bring his present back home again, and still those customs officials at all the international borders are not quite sure just what Rod has put over on them inside that funny contraption.

Marceline Day, on her very first visit to New York, was just a young girl out for a good time. Properly chaperoned by her mother, she came East to play opposite “Buster” Keaton in his new film about a news-reel camera man.

Marceline was seeing all the shows, and having her first taste of night life, and trying, with her mother, to get acquainted with New York’s funny traffic regulations. It seems that in Los Angeles the pedestrians get a chance to cross the street. In New York, their lives are their own affair, and if they can manage to cross streets without getting killed while cars make left-hand and right-hand turns, then they’re just lucky, that’s all. At least that’s the way Marceline felt about it after her first day in New York.

She didn’t like the big city. There were too many tall buildings, and no lawns in front of the houses, and everything was too hectic. All right for a visit, yes, but she didn’t want to live here. Give her Hollywood any time, that’s a real place. Marceline is one of the few I’ve met who didn’t feel exiled in California. And when she goes back I do hope the Chamber of Commerce appreciates her loyalty and gives her a silver cup, or at the very least, a rising vote of thanks.

Harry Carey was playing in vaudeville in New York when the bursting of the St. Francis Dam wiped out his half-million-dollar ranch in California. Harry had worked for years on that ranch. In

Filing a vaudeville engagement in New York, Harry Carey received news that his ranch was wiped away by a bursting dam.
the early days when he hadn't much money, he had chopped down trees himself and cleared the ground. It took years and years to get the ranch into such valuable condition, with irrigation canals and so on. And then—you can't say, "Ain't nature grand" to Harry!—it was all washed out in one night.

The house itself was all that was left of the wreckage. It stood at the top of an incline, safe from the rushing waters of the flood. But a great deal of back-wash poured up to the front porch and carried away the terraced lawn, so that now, if you'd leap lightly off the front steps you'd land twenty feet below.

Fortunately most of the ranch helpers were away, though the cook was drowned, and his wife who, poor soul, had come up from a near-by village to spend the night with her husband. The only survivors on the ranch were one dog and five guinea hens.

The one dog who came to New York with the Careys will never know his luck! Harry and Mrs. Carey didn't want to bring him but the children insisted. There are two children, 'Dobe, aged seven, whose hair is the color of red 'dobe brick, and Cappy, a little girl of four.

Harry says he can never bear to go back to what was once his ranch. More than a hundred of his friends around the neighborhood are buried there in the mud and, for Harry, going back would be unbearable. Harry is a neighborly person. He mingled very little with the Hollywood colony, but kept a general store near his home, and used to sit on a cracker barrel like any farmer, and "chin" with the villagers.

As for the ranch itself, Mr. and Mrs. Carey take the loss rather philosophically. No weeping, no wailing. Harry continued his vaudeville engagements with Fox, in a Western playlet which he wrote himself and which was going over marvelously. He is going to buy a new ranch somewhere on the coast of northern California.

In New York he attended the opening of “The Trail of '98,” in which he played the villain. Every one thought he was one of the best in the cast, but not Harry! “Good Lord,” said Harry to Olive, his wife, "I'm just terrible. I'm just the smell of the Yukon.”

Harold Lloyd's trip to New York was largely a vacation. He came for the opening of "Speedy," his new picture, which had a gala premiere for charity. "Speedy" describes Harold on his travels. Immediately after the picture opening, he dashed off to Toronto for the week-end, where he was, among other things, made a member of the Iroquois tribe of Indians. Then back to New York and on hastily to Washington, where he was to dine with Vice President Dawes.

Mildred Davis Lloyd was to follow Harold from Hollywood a little later; too late, I fear, to become an Indian.

Preceding Tom Mix to South America was Fred Kley, who, with James Stuart Douglass, is Tom's new employer. For the new Mix films are to be made in the Argentine. The Hollywood-Argentina Cinema Co., it's called, and Tom and Tony, with a staff of twenty-five electricians, camera men, and so on, are going to do their stuff all over the Argentine.

The South Americans love Tom and there is to be a gaudy welcoming committee to celebrate his arrival in Buenos Aires, with all the fancy government officials on hand, wearing, my guess is, lots of ribbons and medals, to bid Tom welcome.

Tom wants new worlds to conquer, photographically speaking. It seems that California, and all around within a radius of several hundred miles, has just been shot to death—movie shooting, that is. Every picturesque hilltop and valley has appeared so often on the screen, according to Frey Kley, that it's almost like a passe movie star whose face the public has tired of.

But there's life in the old Westerns yet, and Tom is going to find it. "Trailing Tony" is the tentative title of his first film, which is all about Tony's getting lost on the way to the Argentine and how Tom finds him with a girl on board. The girl,

\[Continued on page 90\]
“The Godless Girl”
Vivid impressions of Cecil DeMille’s latest philippic in the making.
By Grace Kingsley

DeMille was making scenes for “The Godless Girl.” He was working on the third floor of the set. Those posters on the walls were exact replicas of posters being used by youthful atheistic societies.

A sweet-faced young girl rushed past us. She ran out of the camera lines, a mob behind her, baiting her. The girl was Mary Jane Irving, playing Lina’s chum and dearest friend in the picture.

That was the signal for a change of action. That mob was to follow and crush her—

“Is this, then, the end?”

The godless girl’s chum lay dying on the floor of a bare hallway close to the stairway which led up the two flights to the room where the girl atheist had been holding forth. She had been crushed against the railing upstairs on the landing—the railing had given way and she had crashed down those two flights.

Mary Jane’s head was pillowed on Lina’s arm. A twisted look of pain was on Lina’s face. She had no answer to make to her dying chum. She had taught the younger girl that there was no hereafter and no God.

In the meanwhile, on another stage, a sort of cheerful pandemonium reigned, as a hundred other young high-school students waited to be called to work in other mob scenes.

A group of boys were playing handball on one side, while a crowd of girls chatted on the other side, and in between, here and there in nooks and corners, were tables where games of bridge were going on, while other tables were study tables. These study tables were crowded with pupils, each with a teacher. For each of the high-school students working in the picture must receive a certificate of work done at the end of the day, and only pupils well up in their studies are permitted to play in pictures. How they manage to study I cannot see, but in the midst of the chatter and turmoil, the sound of building, the shouts of Frank Urson directing the mobs through a megaphone, and all the multitudinous sounds around a movie set, these students do manage to learn their

DON’T be a sap all your life and believe the religious bunk.”

“Join the godless society—kill the Bible! There’s no hereafter!”

And there was a poster on the wall showing a serpent swallowing the Bible, and another of a youth with a sword killing a dragon labeled “The Gospel.”

Lina Basquetté, graceful as a panther from her long years of dancing, was urging her followers among the high-school crowd to work for the Four A Society—the atheist group—as she pointed to the slogans of the society she represented.

While outside a fundamentalist group of students, led by Charles Duryea, was coming swiftly to break up the atheist meeting.

Cecil DeMille gave his short, sharp commands, relayed by his right-hand man, Frank Urson, through a megaphone, and that mob—one hundred and fifty young people—was let loose.

Vegetables flew; other missiles were hurled. It was pandemonium let loose for sure.

One is fairly overwhelmed at the zeal of these youngsters. I’m sure Mr. DeMille was, that day, and that he hoped to be able to control the tide of youthful energy without mishap—hoped to, but wasn’t sure that he could.

Lina Basquetté was having her clothes torn off!
lessons. Many of them are used to this sort of thing, having worked in pictures many times before.

Outside the walls of this large stage building, other groups of high-school boys are playing baseball and football. Any number of these children, I find, are former kid picture-players who are just growing up. These include “Buddy” Messenger and Pat Moore, Carter de Haven, Jr., Johnny Jones — whose real name is Edward Peil, Jr. — and others.

And I found “Peaches” Jackson, who used to make us laugh and weep in Thomas H. Ince’s pictures, sitting all by herself reading a novel by H. G. Wells. May Giraci was there, too, and a number of other girls, now quite grown into young ladies, who used to play child rôles.

And there was the little girl whom Phyllis Haver discovered in a five-and-ten-cent store at Christmastime. Her name is Dorothy Ward, and she has a lovely, expressive face, with wistful, hazel eyes and floating hair.

There is a poetess among the girls. She is Ida Mae MacKenzie, who used to play in Universal pictures when a very little girl. I think she will become a writer, as her verse about “The Godless Girl” was really beautiful.

We got a chance, before the reform school sequences were made, to talk a while with Mr. DeMille.

“This isn’t overdrawn,” he said. “I mean the state of things as regards youth’s attitude toward God. Propaganda of atheism is being added to the natural apathy of people toward the church to-day. Even in the lower classes of school, propaganda is being scattered. In one school in Los Angeles alone — a high school — we found two hundred students paying dues to an atheist society!

Moreover, we found in our research that crime among youth has grown out of all proportion to the population. Youth of fourteen to-day is committing crimes committed by youth of twenty, thirty years ago.”

What if this DeMille, I reflected, turns out to be the Charles Dickens of the screen? Dickens, you remember, did incalculable good with his stories of prison conditions and school life. And he did it all so humanly, so vividly, so dramatically, that the world paused to listen and then was roused to action.

DeMille told his stories in the form of novels, because that was the most popular way of telling stories then. DeMille is telling his story on the screen.

The greater part of “The Godless Girl” takes place in a reform school.

Before DeMille made his reform-school scenes, he went to no end of trouble to in-
vestigate conditions, just as Dickens went to no end of trouble to find out about the schools and prisons of his day. DeMille has even gone so far as to place youthful investigators—in the guise of young offenders—in the reform schools, whence they came with their reports when their investigations and observations were finished. He has obtained affidavits of former inmates of reform schools, too.

"And every incident we show in our picture as taking place in the reform school, actually happened," said DeMille. "And how many other incidents that we have not used!"

We met Jeanie MacPherson, who wrote the story of "The Godless Girl," and she gave us much additional information.

"The laziness of parents in looking after their children, and the growth of big cities, where nobody knows his next-door neighbor and is suspicious of every one, is blamed for the increasing criminality of children," she said.

"We found many of the reform schools very good indeed, but in many of them the attendants are hard-boiled, without knowledge of child psychology, and therefore are unable to deal intelligently with the problems in their hands."

"We found that solitary confinement on bread and water is in vogue in all reform schools. This is more dreaded by the inmates than whipping.

"There are chain gangs in several reformatories, whipping posts, the stocks, and electrically charged fences."

"One of the great points is silence. Silence is the universal rule. In one institution the girls' beds are in tiers around the room, and a matron sits on a raised dais and watches all night, so that the girls must sleep with the lights on. Bloodhounds are used to hunt down runaways."

Some punishments in the reformatories are very formidable. For instance, one child was kept a hundred and twenty days in solitary confinement, subsisting on bread and water.

An instance vouched for in one affidavit is to the effect that a boy at table, not wanting his corn bread, threw it to a boy who did want it. It missed and fell on the floor. The officer in charge crushed it under his heel and made the two boys get down and eat it off the floor.

The system in use in some places, where the probation officers keep the money, or most of it, earned by children out on parole, until their probation period is over, seems to work a good deal of hardship. It discourages the paroled youths, often making them turn back to crime.

In some States children in reform schools are separated from the older inmates. In other places they are kept together—little ones of seven and eight years old with hardened criminals of twenty and over—a terrible system.

"Often the heads of institutions know that wrong things are going on, but they are powerless to better conditions. Often, too, you will find some splendid man or woman working to make things better, but usually they have not the money nor the influence to put over the needed reforms," said Miss McPherson.

"Industrial education," she went on, "is a tremendous help in really reforming boys."

Continued on page 99

Lina Basquette is reprimanded by Kate Price, as the hard-boiled matron.
The Caviar of Poverty Row

She is Dorothy Revier, who is so easily the choicest possession of the independent companies that she is frequently borrowed by the big ones.

By Helen Klumph

WHEN one of the minor independent picture companies borrows a well-known player to embellish one of their productions no one takes any particular notice. These upstarts have been acting pretty fresh the last year or more, using capable casts and making better pictures, every once in a while, than some of their more pompous neighbors. But a few months ago when Fox and First National sent ambassadors over to the once-lowly Columbia factory and said, “Please may we borrow that leading woman of yours? We have a rôle that no one else can play”—then Hollywood sat up and took notice. The conviction has been growing on them ever since that Dorothy Revier was worth noticing.

In case you don't understand the snobishness of dominant producers, let me explain that for any of them to admit that an independent company has anything they want, is rather like the lord of the manor running down to the gardener's cottage to borrow some caviar.

Dorothy is decidedly the caviar of Poverty Row, and she does very well, thank you, when contrasted with the troupers bred in the more extravagant elegance of bigger studios.

She is very beautiful—not merely pretty in the fatuous manner of magazine-cover girls but really beautiful, with haunting gray eyes and mobile lips that droop a little sadly in repose, but are usually curled upward in amusement. She has the easy grace of a dancer; nothing flamboyant or showily dramatic about her, just a tremendously effective economy of movement. But all this you, who have seen her on the screen, know. I would like to tell you what she, herself, is like, and it is no small task I am setting for myself, either.

In the first place, she completely ignored for days and days my telephoned request for an interview. That might mean any of several things: that she had developed the overworked Duse-Maude Adams complex which leads young artistes to seclude themselves from the public prints, and sit home wondering how long it will have to be kept up before some one notices how aloof they are. It might mean that she was one of the younger cinema set, with so many dates with college boys that a prying interview just couldn't be worked in anywhere, without interfering with something more interesting. Or it might mean, prosaically enough, that being under contract to Columbia meant working sixteen or eighteen hours a day. I feared the worst, which was the first mentioned.

About the time that I despaired of ever hearing from her, the phone rang and one of those friendly, confiding, sweet voices said: "I'm awfully sorry, but I simply couldn't..."
attending to anything. My baby has been sick all this week. She's all right now, so if you're still interested, I'd like you to come over any time."

Whew! Of course I was still interested, much more than before, as a matter of fact.

We met at the Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood, where she lives. After learning that she would be right down, I sat in the lobby waiting so long that I was afraid one of the meticulous bell boys would come over and dust me off. But when she came, I couldn't be annoyed with her.

"I was so tired, the time slipped by and I wasn't dressed. I simply threw my clothes on, but I guess I kept you waiting quite a while. Not a good way to make an impression, is it?"

Obviously, she isn't the sort of person who works at impressing people. And she did look tired, with a joyous sort of weariness as though she had won the fight against whatever harassed her.

"My baby was threatened with pneumonia; it was terrible."

Then followed one of those baffling, enigmatic silences broken by the cursory ordering of luncheon, which neither of us wanted, by prying questions from me and casual, distracting answers from her. Then we both burst out laughing, and accepted each other as friends.

Being amused is the most highly developed talent that Dorothy has. She is no propagandist carrying aloft a torch of art, no down-trodden employee who wants to give you the real inside story of how she has been repressed and thwarted and cheated.

Self-consciousness of being a subject of public interest does not drive her to babble of the yearnings of her soul. She can avoid talking about herself even when directly questioned, and do it with an air of graciousness. But she can't keep from being amused at some trifle or other for more than two or three minutes at a stretch. And hers is the fantastic sort of amusement of a Donald Ogden Stewart, a Robert Benchley, a Ring Lardner.

Her mind is shrewd and direct, devoid of intellectual poses. It is not an ingénue mind—one which can willingly be probed, secure in the realization that nothing more than the ga-ga philosophy of a nursery rhyme will be found there. She gives the impression of knowing a lot of things that she won't mention.

Nor is her manner that of a gingham girl. She belongs in the gallery of sophisticates. If she played the dazzling, careless Iris March, of "The Green Hat" fame, I am sure it would be hailed as a great characterization. Erte, or any of the modernist poster artists, might draw her with profit; but it should be as illustration of wholly charming, if slightly decadent, verses, and not as a Harold Bell Wright heroine for a fireside-companion magazine.

Of her background I learned, when we went up to her apartment, and hilariously explored through a desk full of old pictures. With her little girl, a beguiling, silent child of about six, curled up on my lap, and my feet entangled in the fringe of Spanish shawls that sprawled over chairs hiding the prosaic hotel furniture, with the very latest model of phonograph playing.

*Continued on page 108*
Lew Comes Back

When Lew Cody had salary difficulties with Metro-Goldwyn, he started on a vaudeville tour. He never completed it, however, because he was recalled to the studio. But he has much to say of his experiences on the road.

By Ann Sylvester

MONSIEUR LEW CODY—debonair, dapper, different—is in a class by himself, in that frothy sort of sophistication that is the caviar of the screen. Lew does his stuff as nobody else can. That is the reason Metro-Goldwyn saw the error of their ways, and recalled him from a vaudeville tour to make more of those Pringling comedies.

Lew and M.-G.-M. had a little difficulty over salary. M.-G.-M. said, "No," Lew said, "O. K." and went out and booked himself for thirty weeks on the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. He says that is the great advantage of having a "crutch"—a crutch being something you can fall back on, when something you are depending on won't stand up. At the end of his fifteenth week: Lew got a wire. "Come home. All is forgiven," was the gist of it.

So the prodigal returned with his sly bon mots and his boutonnière. He is glad he is back again, but he is equally glad that he was away for a little while.

"I was in a rut," he said one day between scenes of the new Pringle-Cody comedy. "I was absolutely digging myself in the road between home and the studio. Every day was the same. Breakfast, Studio. Work. Lunch. More work. Dinner. The paper. Bed. I was even getting tired of my friends." And when a man begins to tire of his pals it is high time something is done about it.

Vaudeville not only supplied the necessary recreation, but it gave him three months of intimate association with new people, new places, new faces.

"I made some marvelous friends on that trip," he went on. "They are wonderful people, those two-a-dayers. I've heard a lot of picture stars complain that they couldn't get along with the vaudevillians, but luckily they liked me. Maybe it was because I didn't step in and try to beat them at their own game. I'm not a vaudeville entertainer, and I didn't try to be one. I was just a movie actor making a personal appearance. My act was very simple. All I did was to come out and tell a few little stories about Hollywood. If I knew a good one about Norman Kerry, I told it. I tried to vary my stuff every day, and I was flattered when the people on the bill with me would gather in the wings and listen.

"But the players weren't the only friends I made. At various big stops, club women would come backstage to meet me. One day one of them said: 'Mr. Cody, you are very disillusioning.' I thought: 'Heavens! What have I done now?' She went on to say that she had upset their ideas of wicked Hollywood by presenting it as a peace-loving little town of real people, not merely painted puppets. I told her that if I had succeeded in doing that, I had more than justified my trip.

"Between shows I was surprised at the way the real vaudevillians spent their time. What do you suppose they did? Went to the movies! Yes, sir, they are the greatest fans I have ever run across. They see all the new pictures and read most of the fan magazines. They asked me question after question about their favorites in Hollywood. They wanted to know if certain ones were 'rizzy' and if others were 'nice.' They had seen most of my pictures, and said they remembered when I had been advertised as 'The Butterfly Man.' I hope they forget all about that. I'm trying to live it down, in real pictures about real people.'

For that reason he particularly liked "Adam and Evil." He liked it because Aileen Pringle, as his wife, made him wear his rubbers on rainy days, and wind the clock and put out the cat at night. It was domestic stuff, even if it was interpreted by the screen's leading boulevardier, and it was the sort of thing that Lew believes will erase any lingering memory of the days when he was billed as a "he-vamp."

"That butterfly stuff nearly killed me professionally," he groaned at the very memory of it, "and rightly so. Any man who is credited with having said, 'Show me the woman I can't win,' deserves to fail. I wouldn't make such an asinine remark as that. It was the idea of an overealous press agent." But it did him plenty of harm—Lew, not the press agent.

"After I had played a couple of those butterfly roles I found myself without a job. I couldn't get one for love or money. Women resented the attention my agent had created for me, and the producers were wise. One day my manager came to me and said: 'Lew, I've got

Continued on page 107
ordering of luncheon, which neither of us wanted, by prying questions from me and casual, distracting answers from her. Then we both burst out laughing, and accepted each other as friends.

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Her mind is shrewd and direct, devoid of intellectual poses. It is not an ingénue mind—one which can willingly be probed, secure in the realization that nothing more than the ga-ga philosophy of a nursery rhyme will be found there. She gives the impression of knowing a lot of things that she won’t mention.

Nor is her manner that of a gingham girl. She belongs in the gallery of sophisticates. If she played the dazzling, careless Iris March, of “The Green Hat” fame, I am sure it would be hailed as a great characterization. Erte, or any of the modernist poster-artists, might draw her with profit; but it should be as illustration of wholly charming, if slightly decadent, verses, and not as a Harold Bell Wright heroine for a fireside-companion magazine.

Of her background I learned, when we went up to her apartment, and hilariously explored through a desk full of old pictures. With her little girl, a beguiling, silent child of about six, curled up on my lap, and my feet entangled in the fringe of Spanish shawls that sprawled over chairs hiding the prosaic hotel furniture, with the very latest model of phonograph playing...
Lew Comes Back

When Lew Cody had salary difficulties with Metro-Goldwyn, he started on a vaudeville tour. He never completed it, however, because he was recalled to the studio. But he has much to say of his experiences on the road.

By Ann Sylvester

Monsieur Lew Cody—debonair, dapper, different—is in a class by himself, in that frothy sort of sophistication that is the caviar of the screen. Lew does his stuff as nobody else can. That is the reason Metro-Goldwyn saw the error of their ways, and recalled him from a vaudeville tour to make more of those Pringling comedies.

Lew and M.-G.-M. had a little difficulty over salary. M.-G.-M. said, “No,” Lew said, “O.K.,” and went out and booked himself for thirty weeks on the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. He says that is the great advantage of having a “crutch”—a crutch being something you can fall back on, when something you are depending on won’t stand up. At the end of his fifteenth week Lew got a wire, “Come home. All is forgiven,” was the gist of it.

So the prodigal returned with his sly bon mots and his boutonnière. He is glad he is back again, but he is equally glad that he was away for a little while.

“I was in a rut,” he said one day between scenes of the new Pringle-Cody comedy. “I was absolutely digging myself in the road between home and the studio. Every day was the same. Breakfast. Studio. Work. Lunch. More work. Dinner. The paper. Bed. I was even getting tired of my friends.” And when a man begins to tire of his pals it is high time something is done about it.

Vaudeville not only supplied the necessary recreation, but it gave him three months of intimate association with new people, new places, new faces.

“I made some marvelous friends on that trip,” he went on. “They are wonderful people. Those two-a-days. I’ve heard a lot of picture stars complain that they couldn’t get along with the vaudevillians, but luckily they liked me. Maybe it was because I didn’t step in and try to beat them at their own game. I’m not a vaudeville entertainer, and I didn’t try to be one. I was just a movie actor making a personal appearance. My act was very simple. All I did was to come out and tell a few little stories about Hollywood. If I knew a good one about Norman Kerry, I told it. I tried to vary my stuff every day, and I was flattered when the people on the bill with me would gather in the wings and listen.

“But the players weren’t the only friends I made. At various big stops, club women would come backstage to meet me. One day one of them said: ‘Mr. Cody, you are very disillusioning.’ I thought: ‘Heavens! What have I done now?’ She went on to say that she had upset their ideas of wicked Hollywood by presenting it as a peace-loving little town of real people, not merely painted puppets. I told her that if I had succeeded in doing that, I had more than justified my trip.

“Between shows I was surprised at the way the real vaudevillians spent their time. What do you suppose they did? Went to the movies! Yes, sir, they are the greatest fans I have ever run across. They see all the new pictures and read most of the fan magazines. They asked me question after question about their favorites in Hollywood. They wanted to know if certain ones were ‘rity’ and if others were ‘nice.’ They had seen most of my pictures, and said they remembered when I had been advertised as ‘The Butterfly Man.’ I hope they forget all about that. I’m trying to live it down, in real pictures about real people.”

For that reason he particularly liked “Adam and Evil.” He liked it because Aileen Pringle, as his wife, made him wear his rubbers on rainy days, and wind the clock and put out the cat at night. It was domestic stuff, even if it was interpreted by the screen’s leading boulevardier, and it was the sort of thing that Lew believes will erase any lingering memory of the days when he was billed as a “he-vamp.”

“That butterfly stuff nearly killed me professionally,” he groaned at the very memory of it, “and rightly so. Any man who is credited with having said, ‘Show me the woman I can’t win,’ deserves to fail. I wouldn’t make such an asinine remark as that. It was the idea of an overzealous press agent.” But it did him plenty of harm—Lew, not the press agent.

“After I had played a couple of those butterfly roles I found myself without a job. I couldn’t get one for love or money. Women resented the attitude my agent had created for me, and the producers were wise. One day my manager came to me and said: ‘Lew, I’ve got

Continued on page 107
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It was a war picture; I forget which one. There was a lot of loud music and drums and soldiers marching around, and dramatic titles about “War, War, War!” and “Men, Men, Men!” and the crimson surge of battle. And there was quite a handsome young man, whose private’s uniform had obviously been tailored for him, who was not unreasonably afraid when he heard all the big cannon firing and the machine guns rattling, but who snapped out of it when his two buddies were killed. 

Why must there always be two buddies? Can’t a guy ever just have one pal in the army? 

Anyway, when the young man’s buddies were killed it appeared that he took the war completely in his own hands and did any number of valorous things, including capturing a machine-gun nest and killing large numbers of extras in German helmets and capturing a general, and one thing and another. He was wounded, eventually, after having won the war on that whole sector, and was taken to a field hospital where his sweetie was a nurse. The doctor said he couldn’t possibly save his life—and then did it, largely because the nurse stood by and kissed the hero during the operation. 

It was a very long picture, too, and the loud music made my ears ring. When I got out of the theater it was still raining, and I was tired and sleepy and a bit petulant, and the street car was full and I had to stand most of the way. 

That night I didn’t sleep very well and I did a lot of dreaming about pictures of the war. That is a bad sign. When I begin dreaming about things like that, it is time to start putting something in my coffee. 

I dreamed I was in a deep dugout, with hot and cold running water. The cannon were booming overhead and machine guns were making a lot of clatter, and every once in a while a star shell would light up the entrance to the dugout. I do not know who I was supposed to be, I wasn’t really in the war at all, so I assume I was in on a pass or something. I might have been the street washer in “Seventh Heaven,” or the dying soldier in “The Big Parade,” or the lieutenant who went balmy in “What Price Glory”—or maybe even the dancing girl in “The Patent Leather Kid.” 

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Then came a voice from another corner of the dugout. It was Edmund Lowe, and he was saying: “Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast.” He said this a good many times, laughed hoarsely and, as I remember it, he died. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to him. 

A pair of airplanes flew into the dugout just then, but no one seemed to think it peculiar at the time. “Buddy” Rogers leaned out of one and said: “All set?” And Richard Arlen, in the other, replied: “O. K.” 

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I lined up my camera carefully, got out my flash-light powder and fired. I had concealed a hand grenade in the powder and threw it into their midst just as I clicked the shutter. They all died amid a great deal of noise, and I awaked feeling much better.

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He lost his job as general, or was robbed of his bonds, or lost his wife and went to prison, or was fired, or was robbed of his repulsive coat in each of his characterizations. From then on the result was inevitable. He grew a beard—a white beard—acquired dark circles under his eyes and trudged about helplessly, shaking his head from the shock of his loss in each instance.

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George Lewis, the handsome young juvenile, wants to retain the "young" part and not be considered a Kenneth Harlan juvenile by his fans.

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It would be futile to attempt to picture the bewilderment of the department at having an actor tell them he didn't want to see his name in print. But George figures that he's only endeavoring to protect himself.

"You see," he said, "a lot of people think I'm about four years younger than I am, and I don't want anyone to pity me for having been married at the tender age of seventeen, when I'm actually twenty-one. Every time they see me on the screen they would shake their heads sadly and murmur, 'Too bad. That young fellow's married—too young! And I love my wife.'

The Stroller has a lurid dream inspired by all the war pictures he has seen.

A director's faith in Hollywood's "yes" complex was shattered when he read adverse opinions of his picture on the preview cards.

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A certain director, with infinite faith in the "yes" complex of preview followers, came to work one morning after a preview and eagerly scanned the post-card returns. He was gratified at the large number, but when he read them he realized that a sacrilege had been committed. Nearly every one listed the defects in the photoplay and briefly, but scathingly, related the incompetence of the director. He did not notice that the writing was all the same.

Said director was baffled until his press agent came to the rescue, dictated several score of favorable comments and hurried to post them in the vicinity of the theater.

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Voices Are Tested

And all because of the birth of "talking" pictures, which to hear how they register by means of the complicated

at first, and played for drama at a high pitch. A wail followed her "Oh, let me try again! I can do much better!"

And Irene spent almost all day talking and running into the next room to hear what she had just said, and by the seventh or eighth time her voice recorded with splendid inflections.

May McAvoy, likewise, was nervous when she made her debut in talking movies. But if you have seen—and heard—"The Lion and the Mouse" you are acquainted by now with May's lovely speaking voice.

One evening Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy accompanied Conrad Nagel to the studio. Conrad maneuvered Lois under the microphone and began to kid her. When she realized that a joke had been played on her, she was eager to hear her own "play back." Her voice proved so pleasant, and she was so interested, that arrangements were made right then for her to appear in a playlet.

All one afternoon I sat in a projection room watching and hearing these skits. There was a dramatic one in which Audrey Ferris was rebuked for her modern dress and actions, a comedy of a postman taking a hike on his vacation, a satire on the California weather enacted by May McAvoy, and others. Among the dozen playlets ready for release are "Hollywood Bound," with Gladys Brockwell; "A Man of Peace," who is Hobart Bosworth; "Miss Information," featuring Lois Wilson.

I'm having my voice tested for my next picture!"

That's a new one in Hollywood, but a remark heard often. Warner Brothers have been filming playlets with the aid of the Vitaphone, and everybody wants to play in them. A girl friend nods to you absent-mindedly and mumbles incoherently, and you know she is memorizing her lines for the picture in which she will make her vocal screen début.

When talking pictures first seemed a possibility there was some doubt as to whether the voices of stars with no stage experience would register. With Vitaphone, they do not require special training. All that is needed is a moderately pleasant voice.

Stage diction to a great degree has a certain sameness. I have noticed a peculiar accent among actors from the footlights—each might be a tonal facsimile of the other. Not a New York accent, nor yet a Boston accent, nor an English one. I have called it the actor's accent. It is a manner of articulating and pitching the voice for effect.

The screen actor talking through Vitaphone uses his normal, untrained voice, the amplifiers carrying the conversational tone throughout the theater. Thus "screen voices" are more individual, and there will be less monotony to them than on the stage.

The actors are all crazy about it. Other companies are lending their contract people to Warners for playlets, and prominent actors, who haven't sought a casting director of their own accord in years, are asking to be put in a Vitaphone act.

Three minutes after a test is made, or a sequence is taken, they "play back." That is, in an adjoining room the disk is run off and the voice alone is heard.

When Irene Rich started her "speakey test," they could hardly stop her. She was frightfully nervous

By Myrtle
for the Movies, Now!

have so intrigued the fancy of the stars that they are eager Vitaphone mechanism, which is here fully explained.

Gebhart

and Edward Horton, and Irene Rich in "The Beast." They are as funny as the average short comedy—some are much better—with the added novelty of continuous dialogue.

The method of Vitaphone filming has been described before in Picture Play. A short reiteration will suffice. The entire stage is covered with felt. The camera man shoots through a glass window from a sound-proof box, so that the sound of the camera's click does not reach the recording apparatus. This consists of microphones placed about the set out of camera range. In one of the playlets, in which all the action transpired at close range, they were hidden in imitation telephones on a desk. Usually, however, they are above, in boxes from which project arms something like inverted periscopes. Operators move these arms toward and away from the people as they turn to catch tonal gradation. The "mixer"—a man, not a bottle—sits in a glass booth halfway up the side wall, behind the camera, and controls the sounds by turning various knobs as they come to him through the microphones.

Voice and film are recorded separately, the one on a disk, the other on the usual film, but both are projected onto the theater screen from one motor. Thus one cannot stop without causing the other to cease.

Synchronization is arranged during the cutting. Actors can judge their vocal interpretations of scenes within three minutes, but cannot see their actions on the screen until the film is developed. Film of the regular size is used, but the magazine, which is attached to the ordinary camera, is much larger, containing one thousand feet of film instead of the usual four hundred. The extra footage is necessary so that the action of an entire sequence can be recorded simultaneously with the vocal recording, as the latter must be continuous.

The actors know their lines when they report, their "sides"—as scripts are called in theatrical parlance—having been given them previously to memorize. The action is rehearsed, as usual. Then they "play back" the voices for pitch, and adjust the machinery. Finally, the director orders silence and the sequence is shot through without a stop. His instructions are given by motions and pantomime. Once, while watching, I very nearly laughed, in which case I would have spoiled that "take."

The Vitaphone machine attached to the ordinary projector, and amplifiers to be placed behind the screen, constitute the equipment which the theater owner must buy. Already three hundred have been installed in various theaters.

An entire building, comprising stage, laboratories, and administration, is devoted to the Vitaphone activities. Just now Lloyd Bacon is directing most of the playlets, but the plan is to have each director study the Vitaphone, as it will be used in varying degrees in all Warner pictures. A separate scenario force is engaged in writing not only scenes and action, but dialogue as well. Two cutters, who have studied the mechanism, confer with the regular cutters, and a special laboratory staff operates the network of machinery which occupies several long rooms and which looks to me just like a hundred dials, wires, bolts, and things.

Continued on page 104
NOTHING short of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration could have been more explosive than Fanny's entrance into the Montmartre.

"Don't mind me if I break out into a few hoorays," she announced breathlessly, as she nodded to acquaintances right and left, and waved with both hands. "I've congratulated so many people on getting jobs the last few days, that I've worn this smile continuously and it's getting all wrinkled. When the phone rings nowadays, I don't even stop to say 'Hello!' I burst right out with, 'Oh, I am so glad you got the part.'

"Have you ever known a town to change so within a few weeks?"

Obviously she wasn't in the least interested in an answer. She babbled on and on. Hollywood, she insisted, had all the air of Main Street on circus-parade day. Studios were opening, every one—to the last old man with whiskers—was at work, and all was prosperity and merriment.

"It must be the coming of spring tra-la—or is it summer?—that has done away with the slump that had every one down a few weeks ago. Now don't tell me," she went on vehemently, "that it's just a few profitable pictures, or a new financing deal, that has put new life into the picture colony. I can't bear to associate anything so vulgar as money with this coming of sunshine into Hollywood."

Oh well, let Fanny have it her romantic way, even if the recent skyrocketing of stocks, in which picture producers were heavily interested, did have something to do with the resumption of production on a big scale.

"Isn't this a funny town?" Fanny will be obvious sometimes.

"You don't have to go into the studios," she rambled on, "to find a bustle of activity among picture makers. It seems to me that I've run into a comedy company on every street corner, and every time I go out toward Universal or First National I see horses, elephants, and lions placidly riding to work on trucks. There's another sign, too, that is unfailing. For weeks the girls who sell box lunches along the roads to the studios, have had truckloads of lunches on hand, instead of a modest little tableful."

But only Fanny could sing hallelujahs of joy over a truckload of box lunches.

"And speaking of lunch," she went on, airily ordering the waiter to bring her a little of everything on the buffet, "have you heard of how Charlie Murray became the hero of the First National studio? Or of 'The Whip' company, at least?"

She assumed, and rightly, that I hadn't.

"Charles Brabin, who is directing 'The Whip,' simply has no heart at all when it comes to thinking of his company's feelings. Their stomachs, rather. When he gets started working, twelve o'clock passes—and one, and two—and still there is no mention of time out for lunch. Mumbles and grumblings do no good. He goes right on. Finally, at three o'clock the other day, when a hundred or more extras were simply starving, Charlie Murray wandered over from a neighboring set and hollered 'Lunch' and the extras picked up their make-up cases and ran before Brabin's assistants could stop them!"

"Dorothy Mackaill has stellar honors in 'The Whip' and it will be no small distinction if she succeeds in dominating that picture. Lowell Sherman, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Ralph Forbes are all playing in her support."

"Dorothy is playing one of these horsey, up-in-the-morning, off-for-a-canter heroines—she, who has
Teacups

has come over Hollywood.

Bystander.

had enough accidents to make her hate the sight of a horse. But, never mind, she looks stunning in the riding habits she wears. A girl might even tolerate lethal gas, if it gave her a chance to look so well.

"Dorothy seems to be having a lot of fun. She has so much energy that between scenes, instead of resting in her dressing room, she goes visiting. She timed her entrance on one set perfectly the other day. Jack Mulhall was just in the midst of a passionate close-up with Greta Nissen, who is playing opposite him in 'The Butter and Egg Man,' when Dorothy bounded in. She waited until the cameras stopped grinding, and then she rushed in, grabbed Jack by the coat collar and shouted, 'You base deceiver!' in true melodramatic fashion. 'Don't make him suffer,' she warned Greta. 'He kissed me just like that in the last four pictures.'

"I don't see how players can get back into the mood of a scene after an interruption like that, but it doesn't seem to bother most of them at all. Why, Lowell Sherman went all over the studio the next day, sending whole troops into spasms of laughter, and a moment later they were back playing tragic scenes as though they'd never known what it was to smile."

"But what did he do?"

"Oh, it doesn't sound funny. You'd have to see him. When he was coming out of his dressing room he found an enormous straw hat—the kind rube character men wear. So, Lowell, in an elegant bath robe, put on the hat, discarded his monocle and leer, and adopted the bland grin of a simpleton. He wandered on sets where troops were working, and stood quietly by until shrieks of laughter sent him off for new fields to conquer.

"There's a marvelous crowd of people working out at First National now. I just can't keep away from the place. Colleen Moore is making 'Heart to Heart,' with Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman in her support; Dick Barthelmess has Lina Basquette and Margaret Livingston with him in 'Roulette.' Corinne Griffith has H. B. Warner, Marie Dressler, and a lot of others with her in 'Lady Hamilton.' Dear old Sylvia Ashton is playing in 'The Boss of Little Arcady.' And that reminds me—the current gag of the studio is that Lindbergh is going to attempt a non-stop flight around Sylvia Ashton!"

Greta Nissen plays opposite Jack Mulhall in "The Butter and Egg Man."
Over the Teacups

D. W. Griffith. She and Phyllis Haver and Belle Bennett are all in his new picture. He is remaking ‘The Battle of the Sexes’—one of his earliest and most popular pictures. I hope he pulls a comeback and makes a really great picture this time.

Hope springs eternal. For my part I gave up hope, when I heard that the introduction to the new picture was a microscopic study of the mating season among microbes. D. W.’s pictures always annoyed me when he introduced little birdies in their nests, or suckling pigs, and now he has gone a step further.

I was glad to hear that Phyllis Haver was working, even though her performance in “Chicago” was one of the disappointments of my life. Maybe it wasn’t her fault, though. I thought the whole picture was a terrific let-down from the gorgeous irony of the play. I wondered, audibly, where all the other little orphans of the former DeMille company were.

“Vera Reynolds has been sold down the river for one picture with Columbia. It is the first time she has ever been lent to another company, and I dare say she doesn’t like it any too well, but a girl under contract has no choice in the matter. The shut-down at DeMille’s proved a blessing in disguise for Leatrice Joy, though. At last she gets a lucky break—she is going to be directed by Monta Bell. She is to play the lead in ‘The Bellamy Trail,’ and may make some more pictures for Metro-Goldwyn later.

“You were wondering a while ago what would supplant aviation pictures as the reigning fashion in films next season. Well, now you know. It’s murder-mystery stories. Every studio has at least one in the making. I only wish that one of them would show some originality, and film a murder-mystery story that I read years ago. It opened in the conventional way: a man had been murdered, and some one stood over the body with a smoking revolver in his hand. Step by step, suspicion was cast on every character in the piece; but in the end it was proved that the man with the smoking revolver, the man who was suspected in the first paragraph, had really committed the crime.

There are going to be dozens of films dealing with companionate marriage, too. That was to be expected. Sam Sax grabbed the screen rights to Judge Lindsay’s book for a paltry twenty-five thousand dollars, so no other company can use the title. But that won’t stop them from using the subject matter. Esther Ralston is the companionate bride in the Paramount thesis on the subject, Patsy Ruth Miller is slated to preach on the subject for Tiffany-Stahl, and June Collyer will uphold the Fox contribution on the subject. Now when Warner Brothers dig up a similar story for Dolores Costello, the representation will be complete.”

Fanny’s voice suddenly dropped to a whisper. “Have you seen the lobby of the new Warner Theater?” she asked, with a gasp. I didn’t blame her. It has the large...
est, goldest ticket booth ever seen outside a circus. However, that won’t keep the grand opening from being one of the most spectacular affairs in Hollywood history. Al Jolson is going to be master of ceremonies, and the picture is to be “Glorious Betsy,” with Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, and interruptions by the Vitaphone. Vitaphone dialogue hasn’t been heard to any extent yet, in Hollywood, and every one is curious to find out if it is genuinely effective. The fault seems to be that so far none of the dialogue has been worth hearing. The characters speak, but they have nothing to say.

“You missed the most thrilling opening the other night,” Fanny gloated. “For months there is going to be argument over ‘Street Angel.’ Every one went hoping that Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell, and Frank Borzage would repeat the tremendous success of ‘Seventh Heaven,’ but it is too soon to know whether they really have or not. I, for one, think it is a better picture in some ways, though the story isn’t so powerful. Janet and Charlie give magnificent performances, and the photography is such that every camera man in town—except possibly George Fitzmaurice’s—ought to be compelled to go once a week to study it.

“Janet and Charlie were so nervous the night of the opening, they nearly died. It was a much greater strain on them than the night ‘Seventh Heaven’ opened, because then they were newcomers and had no past glories to live up to. They should have been satisfied with their reception, though. Every one loved the picture. I hate to think of either of them making pictures with any one else; they are so ideal together. I can’t say as much for some other teams.”

I knew that Fanny would break out with some dissatisfaction sooner or later.

“No one need save a seat for me at the future Fay Wray-Gary Cooper pictures. I’ve seen ‘The Legion of the Condemned.’ She isn’t even pretty. I’ll never believe the advance ballyhoo of a player again.

“There’s a rumor that Ruth Taylor and James Hall are going to be teamed in a series of pictures. I can do nicely without that. Oh, why couldn’t Paramount have given her ‘Buddy’ Rogers?

Kathryn Landy will once more be known professionally as Kathryn McGuire.
For once Charles Chaplin, left, is not the star of a picture. He plays a bit in "Show People," a story of the movies, with Marion Davies and William Haines.

Polly Moran, above, uses a man's hatbox for a unique purpose—a make-up kit on location.

Joan Crawford, above, shows us how to keep the waistline supple.

George K. Arthur, center oval, impersonates a maid in "Detectives," with Karl Dane as the victim.

Doris Kenyon, left, is very proud of her prize Dalmatians.
Camera's Eye
with the picture folk.

Buzz Barton, above, F. B. O. juvenile Western star, is alarmed at the sudden swelling of Tom Mix's cheek.

Joe Cobb, left, one of the "Our Gang," takes up golf with all the enthusiasm of a beginner.

Lawrence Gray, above, patiently goes through the scales with Flash, between scenes of "The Deadline."

Monte Blue, above, in an offstage moment during the filming of "Southern Skies," with native divers of a South Sea village.

Polly Ann Young and Dolores Brinkman, below, will have their exercise at any risk.
Through the Camera’s Eye

On her return to Hollywood, Gloria Swanson, above, was given a doll-likeness of Sadie Thompson.

Sylvia Beecher, above, uses Buster Brodie’s head to demonstrate to director Nick Grinde exactly where in Mexico she comes from.

William Boyd, below, examines his favorite golf stick with the concern of one whose game will be ruined by a scratch.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, above, and her son, Bill, in the garden of their Hollywood home.

Laura La Plante, left, digs the first spadeful of earth for the Hollywood road that will bear her name.
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title role, givesargest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as Messala; Mary MacLaren, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade,"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three fast dirty doughboys, whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

"Circus,"—United Artists. Chaplin Chatsworth returns to slapstick. While inspiration of his last film is lacking, this should be seen. Because his hobby loves a tight-rope walker, Chaplin decides to learn. The humor and pathos of this episode are inimitable. Merna Kennedy.

"Crowd,"—Metro-Goldwyn. An epic of the middle classes. You share the joy and tribulations of John and Mary from their first meeting, through marriage, parentage, failure and success. Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

"Four Sons,"—Fox. A simple and superbly told tale of the effects of the war on a German mother and her four sons—three of whom are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mitchell, Sally Blane, Eddie Quillan, and Louis J. Gasnier.

"Gaucho,"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as a bandit of Indian and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a picture that not only has beauty, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupe Velez both excelent in their respective roles.

"Last Command,"—Paramount. Emil Jannings as a man who is put to work as a Russian grand duke, who is stripped of his power and ends his life as an extra in Hollywood. William Fricke, Louise Latham, and Donald Crisp.

"Sadie Thompson,"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson stages a triumphant comeback in the role of an outcast, who is temporarily reformed by a fanatic, Lionel Barrymore shares honors with Miss Swanson.

"Seventh Heaven,"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian wail whose first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a lawyer worker, is swept off to war last as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"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.

"Two Lovers,"—United Artists. Tale of a sixteenth-century maiden whose treacherous uncle negotiates a marriage to a man with reasons of his own, and her eventual love for her husband. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Baby Mine,"—Metro-Goldwyn. Robust slapstick by the inimitable team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The latter dates a gosky girl from the country, and they are married—but Dane runs away. Arthur induces him to return by announcing he is a father—whereupon he and his wife search for infants. On Dane's return he finds triplets—then the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood is a scream.

"Beau Sabreur,"—Paramount. Tolerably interesting so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." The efforts of a young major to avert a native uprising, and his eventual success. Gary Cooper, Noah Beery, William Powell, and Evelyn Brent.

"Buck Privates,"—Universal. Dull comedy about an ingenue, her pacifist father and a regiment of American soldiers—with the hero and heroine enjoying slapstick happiness forever after. Lya de Putti, Zasu Pitts, and Malcolm McGregor.

"Cheating Cheaters,"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be crooks, too. Betty Compson at her best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"Chicago,"—Pathé-Demille. The play, which was a clever satire on a murder trial, is made into a sentimentai melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting by Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi, the film fails to click.

"Cohens and Kellys in Paris, The,"—Universal, Bolsterous adventures of two famous movie family abroad, with actors who could have utilized their talents to better advantage. Farrell MacDonald, George Sidney, and Victor Varconi.

"Count of Ten, The,"—Universal. Good prize-fight film. Climax comes whe penniless hero fights with broken hand to earn money for; wife's demands, only to learn money is for her brother's gambling debts. All ends happily when he discovers she is innocent. Charles Ray, Jobyna Ralston, and Arthur Lake.

"Devil Dancer, The,"—United Artists. Gilda Gray in unusual role of a Tibetan dancer. Costumes and settings magnificent, but story too thin. Anna May Wong, Kalla Fasha, Clarissa Selwynne are all admirable.

"Dove, The,"—United Artists. A tame version of the play, Norma Talma makes an elegant prima donna out of what should have been a cheap cabaret singer. Noah Beery's best role since "Beau Geste." Gilbert Roland the hero.

"Dressed to Kill,"—Fox. Unusual and exciting crook film, with Edmund Lowe as the crook, and a girl who is seeking to recover bonds for which her sweetheart is in prison. The crook dies defending her from his confederates.


"Enemy, The,"—Metro-Goldwyn. Moderately interesting story of the Austrian side of the late war. Lilian Gish is excellent but hasn't nearly enough to do. Ralph Forbes, Frank Currier, and George Fawcett.

"Finders Keepers,"—Universal. Laura La Plante, an excellent comedienne, who attempts to disguise herself as a soldier to be near her sweetheart, and her discovery by her father, who is the colonel. John Harron.

"Garden of Eden, The,"—United Artists. Fairly entertaining film dealing with difficulties of coming to the city to be a star and falls in love with moneyed man, climax coming when his family objects. However, the film is not a sad one. Carl Laemmle, Charles Ray, Louise Dresser, and Lowell Sherman.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,"—Paramount. Fairly amusing version of the famous book. Ruth Taylor's Lorelei excellent, but Alice White, in the role of the unremined Dorothy, injects snap into what otherwise might have been a routine film.

"Girl in Every Port, A,"—Fox. Lively tale of a sailor who sets out to "get" his rival, but both men discover the unworthiness of the girl and end by sharing external reasons of their posing as a mechanic, and what happens when she, masquerading as a duchess, meets the hero in white flannels. Colleen Moore, Larry Keut, and Hallam Cooley.

(Continued on page 11.)
The Screen in

A critic’s catalogue of the latest films, with com

By Norbert

whom are Larry, the hero, and the heroine, Berna, and her father; Jack Locasta, gambler and general bad man; Lars Peterson, a dumb Swede; Samuel Foote, “Salvation Jim,” and the other principals, all of whom are definitely colorful bits of humanity in the welter of nameless flotsam and jetsam bound for the Far North.

It is when the voyage is ended that the pictorial magnificence of the film begins to awe the spectator, as the gold hunters pit their endurance against the forbidding heights of Chilkoot Pass and gamble their lives against the treacherous peril of White Horse Rapids. The latter episode, together with a snowslide, is aided by a device similar to that first used in “Old Ironsides,” whereby the screen is magnified and the scenes are brought closer to the audience. Thus the snowslide apparently sweeps out over the stage and overwhelms the spectator. The love story, as pointed out above, is naturally of secondary importance to thrills such as this.

When finally Dawson City is reached, and the pioneers begin their search for gold in earnest, Locasta pays Foote to decoy Larry far from the scene in order that he, Locasta, may possess Berna. Forlorn and all but starving, she accepts the supposed friendship of Mrs. Bulkey, also in the pay of Locasta, and eventually accepts Locasta because there is no other refuge. She has become the usual dance-hall girl when Larry returns laden with gold, and fondly believes that Berna is his reward. Desperate and heartbroken, she flings the treasure in his face and cries: “Everything’s too late!” This precipitates the memorable fight, the death of Locasta and the reconciliation of the lovers.

This small, conventional story gives no inkling of the largeness of the scene surrounding it. Nor can it even suggest the effectiveness of the acting of Dolores del Río and Ralph Forbes. The latter easily gives his best performance so far, and offers belated justification for his abandonment of the stage for the screen. Harry Carey is Locasta, as fine a bad man as the camera has ever found in Alaskan melodrama, and Karl Dane reaps laughs galore as the Swede. George Cooper is no less important, and skill is seen in all the lesser roles played by Emil Fitzroy, Tully Marshall, Russell Simpson, Doris Lloyd, Polly Moran, Cesare Gravina, and Telen Holtz, forgetting for not one moment those brief flashes in which the boy, Johnny Downs, significantly appears.

An Italian Pastel.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, who may almost be said to have revived one’s faith in love in “Seventh Heaven,” appear again in roles almost similar. The picture is “Street Angel,” and it was directed by Frank Borzage, whose delicate sentiment had much to do with making the first-named picture the sensational success it was. Yet, in spite of their combined efforts, “Street Angel” is not its equal. You might just as well know the worst right away, for that is the question you are reading this review to find out.

Exquisite, frail, seen through a mist of illusion, “Street Angel” lacks vitality and those flashes of in-
spirations expected of the gifted trio. Miss Gaynor, nevertheless, gives a superb performance as Angela, the little Italian girl who, in escaping the police, stumbles into a circus and falls in love with an itinerant painter in the person of Mr. Farrell, whose Gino is no less finely played. They leave for Naples, where Gino expects to marry Angela, as soon as he gets an order for a painting. There they live for a long time, much as they did in "Seventh Heaven," until he gets his commission and returns to the garage with a great basket of provisions, and the joyful news that they will wed in the morning. But Angela has been recognized by a police sergeant, and is given one hour with Gino before being taken into custody. So she makes merry with a breaking heart, and finally steals out to disappear with her captor. Gino loses heart in his work, and roams the streets in search of his lost sweetheart. Eventually he is led by a girl to the wharves, where he comes upon the released Angela, and tries to kill her for having deceived him. His pursuit leads him into a church, where over the altar hangs a portrait of the Virgin painted by Gino, with Angela as his model. This—and the look in Angela's eyes—brings him to reason.

There you have the story—tenuous, incredible, ready to be blown away by the first breath of logic, and slow, very slow, in the telling. But—as pointed out before—it is rich in optical beauty. There is also beauty in the contemplation of Miss Gaynor's small self, and a wondering smile at her transformation into an Italian, apparently by no more obvious means than inserting tiny gold hoops in the lobes of her almost as tiny ears. On sober reflection, you conclude that she must also feel like an Italian peasant to make you believe she is one.

Desirous of Death.

For those who haven't seen "Wings," "The Legion of the Condemned" is the next best thing. In some respects it is even better, though this will not be granted by those who are interested primarily in the airplane warfare so magnificently pictured in the bigger picture. But the story, I think, is far more unusual and romantic. If the recklessness of the five young men, in their eagerness for death, is somewhat strained, at least they are interesting personalities and good actors. So let them have their fling at recklessness—and act all over the place. No one expects drawing-room restraint from members of the French Foreign Legion, anyway.

The five young men of several nationalities are introduced as aviators, each desiring death as much for himself as for France. Then in rapid succession, by means of cut-backs, are shown the reasons for their weariness with life. They are melodramatic, one of the youths having killed the husband of his sweetheart, another causing the death of his girl companion in a wild automobile ride, and so on. It is the story of the fifth man, Gale Price, that is the most important and which dominates the picture. Gale, a newspaper man, had discovered his sweetheart, Christine Charteris, sitting in the lap of a member of the German legation at an embassy ball. Later on it is all cleared up when she reappears as a member of the United States Secret Service. When she is trapped by the Germans, and is about to be shot, it is her rescue that brings the picture to a rather unexciting conclusion. But much that is exciting has gone before, together with the aforementioned romantic recklessness and excellent acting.

Gary Cooper is effective as the youthfully grim Gale Price. Mr. Cooper's repression is well suited to the rôle, and his moments of intensity have a fiery quality that burns through his repression like a flame. Fay Wray, of whom you have heard much and seen little, plays Christine with feeling and charm, and makes you want to see her again. More spectacular than either, is the acting of Barry Norton, as the Legionnaire who sought death and found it. Lane Chandler, Francis MacDonald, and Voya George, a newcomer worth watching, are the other three devil-may-cares.

The Whirl of New York.

Harold Lloyd's pictures are infrequent enough to be events of the first order to fans the world over. The breathless legions, then, can be assured that "Speedy" is there. It lives up to its title all right, fairly bristling with surprises in the way of gags, and it has captured the spirit of New York in terms of rollicking comedy as few pictures ever have. The panorama of the city, presented as an introduction, is a triumph of photography, both realistic and imaginative, and, because of its beauty, it is strangely thrilling. The story is unusual, too, though almost any story might do if it were punctuated with laughs. But Lloyd is too intelligent to depend on laughs alone. He never has.

He is in love with a girl whose father holds a franchise which a railroad wants to get. In order to retain his
The Screen in Review

rights, the old man has to drive his horse car once every twenty-four hours. *Speedy* takes a hand in protecting *Pop Dillon*’s rights, and precipitates a magnificently funny street mêlée, in which hooligans in the pay of the railroad battle with the tradesmen served by the car line. There is so much more to the picture than this, however, that it is hardly fair to mention it ahead of countless other sequences equally good. *Speedy* as a soda jerker, for example, and as a taxi driver, with “Babe” Ruth as a passenger bound for the stadium; and as a skylarking visitor to Coney Island. Each of these is a gem of comedy in itself, and separately would put any picture over. Mr. Lloyd’s performance is crisp, expert, sympathetic, and he looks uncommonly youthful. Bert Woodruff is fine as *Pop Dillon*, and Ann Christie is his daughter.

*Mrs. Levine Learns Her Letters.*

“We Americans” is another of those racial pictures, in which the ghetto heroine marries well. Not an Irishman this time—oh, my, no!—but a man whose family came over in the *Mayflower*. An original twist, as it were. It will, perhaps be an incentive to other heroines who are ashamed of their pants-pressing fathers and who leave home, only to return with the catch of the season. Because Beth is dissatisfied with her family and their mode of living, and forsakes it for a studio where she plies the art of interior decoration, the old people decide to better themselves. So they go to night school and learn not only to read, but the principles of Americanism as well. It has a magical effect in every particular. *Mrs. Levine* discards her housewife’s apron for a stylish stout, and the home becomes a model bridge-lamp-and-gate-leg interior. *Mrs. Levine*’s business also shows the influence of modern methods and snappy dressing. So that when Hugh Bradleighb and his *Mayflower* family come to look over the Levines, there is nothing for Beth to be ashamed of.

The picture will please those who like the honest sentiment of the melting pot, as well as those who admire George Sidney, Patsy Ruth Miller, John Boles, George Lewis, and Eddie Phillips; and they will certainly like Beryl Mercer, a recruit from the stage, in the Vera Gordon rôle of *Mrs. Levine*.

*Little to Rivet.*

Very close to earth is “Skyscraper,” in spite of its lofty title. It would be sheer ostentation to call it a story, so we shall say nothing about that. Let us, then, identify it as a chronicle of two steel riveters, *Blondy* and *Swede*, their gustily humorous pranks and their underlying sentimentality—for they are buddies in the manner of screen teams. A chorus girl named *Sally* flits through the picture, displaying close-ups of her legs, and robust humor is attempted in the frequent dislodgment of *Swede*’s false tooth. “Hello, Brooklyn! Where’s your bridge?” is one of the subtitles. Many scenes show the two workmen perched aloft on steel girders of a building under construction, and a visit to Coney Island is shown in comic detail. William Boyd and Alan Hale are, respectively, *Blondy* and *Swede*, impersonating the roughnecks in the manner of accomplished actors, while Sue Carol is a pretty *Sally*, and Alberta Vaughn is inconspicuously present.

*Mr. Chaney Sans Disguise.*

For once, a picture has enough plot to make the telling of it next to impossible. I refer to “The Big City,” Lon Chaney’s latest melodrama, which you will guess is a tale of the underworld, ending with a broken heart for Mr. Chaney. This is not said in derogation, but in acknowledgment of the formula which the star has followed with success. He achieves a departure in this, however, by appearing as himself, minus any old or new disguise. He is *Chuck Collins*, a crook, whose confederate, *Helen*, runs a costume shop as a blind, with a naive assistant named *Swishine*, who is innocent of all that goes on before her eyes. *Chuck* and his crowd use their wits against a rival group, with the resulting gun play, suspense, sentimentality, and a few ironic touches for good measure. The picture is notable for outstanding performances rather than novelty of story, but at that it is good entertainment and should not be missed by admirers of Mr. Chaney. He dis-
plays his usual consummate skill in all the moods of his rôle. On the surface Chuck is a brutal character—one that the average picturegoer would avoid in real life—yet so remarkable is Mr. Chaney’s appeal to the sympathies, that it is not difficult for the most timorous spectator to regard him as a friend, and, at least partly, share the harrowing experiences and emotions of the crook. Betty Compson, as Helen, is shrewdly effective in one of the finest performances of her career, while Marceline Day, as Sunshine, has never played with more charm and depth. James Murray is well cast as Chuck’s crook protégé, who rehearses the girls in a colored cabaret as a side line.

Miss Bow Disrobes

“Red Hair” is the new confection that has been spun around Clara Bow. It is like the ornament atop a wedding cake, unsubstantial but pleasing. Clara is “Bubbles” McCoy, a pertly provocative barber-shop manicurist, whose three “papas” supply her with many of the charming things of life, each unknown to the other. Bubbles has no one to guide her but a respectable grandmother, whose motto is “Lights out at ten o’clock.” So Bubbles has the advantage of the most rigid upbringing, but it looks as if she left it behind with her grandmother when she went out. At any rate. Bubbles’ girlish appeal wins the heart of a young millionaire, who gives a party to announce his engagement to the manicurist. Arrayed in borrowed ermine, Clara discovers that her three “papas” are her fiancé’s guardians! When they object to her marriage, she tears off clothing they have given her, and suddenly appears the man from whom she borrowed the wrap—which she returns! Whereupon Bubbles modestly plunges into a lily pond, whence she is rescued by the hero with a blanket. All this is lively, “cute,” and there is no denying Miss Bow’s cleverness. Lane Chandler is a satisfactory foil, and the three patrons are Lawrence Grant, Claude King, and William Austin. Gertrude Claire, Jacqueline Gadson, and William Irving are also effective.

Unpretentious and Pleasant

Pleasid though “Skinner’s Big Idea” is, it is rather interesting and the “idea,” though not particularly “big,” is recognizable. Skinner, made a member of his firm because of a go-getting stunt, finds himself expected to fire three elderly employees who have worked for years to make the business successful. So he decides to rejuvenate the old men and pep up the works. His first step is to hire a charming stenographer, whose influence is so pronounced that the old fellows go in for physical training, hair cuts, and snappy clothes, with the result that the business booms. Threading through this is a love affair between the stenographer and the president’s son, with a happy ending inevitable. Properly enough, Bryant Washburn is Skinner, for he played the same character in the early version of “Skinner’s Dress Suit.” Martha Sleeper is as promising a heroine as I have seen in many a day, and unless all signs fail, Hugh Trevor is also due to become well known.

Acting on Impulse

Rod La Rocque, as Roger Norman, an energetic young Englishman, complains that London is dull after the war. On being shown a newspaper picture of Ghika, a Greek bandit, with a caption describing him as dangerous, Roger dashes out of his club to find Ghika, wherever he is, and fight him. With such a foundation as this, only the most incredible things could happen. They certainly do, in “Stand and Deliver.” Roger saves the life of Jania, a beautiful girl who attaches herself to him, and eventually they are captured by Ghika, who keeps them prisoners on top of an immense precipice which can only be reached in a basket suspended by a rope. A great deal happens, but it is so outlandish that never once does it touch probability. The picture keeps you in a land of fantasy, but it hasn’t the charm of imaginative melodrama, because it is told in terms of realism. Therefore it misses fire. Rod La Rocque’s performance is spirited, impassioned and charming; so is that of Lupe Velez, as Jania.

Continued on page 96
“Make Me Imperfect!” He Cries

It isn't that Warner Baxter thinks he himself is without flaws—you didn't believe that, did you—but that he wants to play rôles which combine the faults and virtues of human beings, and not just their made-to-order goodness.

By William H. McKegg

E very one connected with pictures declares the business is a hazardous one. It has freaks and turns enough, to make you believe there is a premium on craziness. Yet, strange to say, it is just this mad complexity of events inside the film kingdom that makes it irresistible to those who know it.

Players, one and all, realize this. It is probably best that they do. Otherwise they might easily be forgiven for contemplating a nose dive off the Santa Monica palisades onto the rocks below. Knowing what they know, the players are always full of enthusiasm for “the next move.”

You may start in as one thing, but the movies, sooner or later, place you where you ought to be. You can put nothing over on the camera's eye. One player will start out as a hero, and in a couple of years will be acclaimed a dashing hero, or a comedian. A little thing may make her début in the rôle of an ingénue, but before she knows it all about her, she finds herself cast as a sophisticated woman of the world.

Mother knows best, they say. I say the cameras know better.

If no one else agrees with me, I know Warner Baxter will. He has proved the above to be true, much to his own satisfaction and benefit.

Warner had spent a few years in pictures before he was placed where he wanted to be. So he knows all about it.

When he first started in the movies he found no difficulty in being cast as the hero. He came from the stage. He was good looking, tall, dark—you know the type. In no time he had won his fan mail and his public. They are two indispensable proofs of an actor's popularity with the fans, the exhibitors, and his studio.

One very good rôle to come his way at the beginning, was in “Those Who Dance.” Many took notice, Cecil DeMille in particular. Right after this picture Paramount obtained the services of Mr. Baxter and felt they had added one more attraction to their galaxy.

Somehow Warner was invariably cast as the all-perfect hero. He could do no wrong. He was ever setting examples for others to follow. True, he did play a sophisticated rôle in DeMille's “The Golden Bed,” but that was merely an interruption.

“It always seemed—to me at least—the same,” Warner declares. “Drawing-room pictures are very good. They have their place. I like them. But I cannot tolerate them if the characters are superficial. A variety is better than a circle of sameness. I liked ‘The Great Gatsby,’ for it gave me a chance to play an interesting man, a character. As Gatsby I had a rôle with something to it.”

The parting of the ways came between Warner and the Paramount fortress, when he left to free-lance, as he has done ever since. In this way Warner can choose what rôles he likes.

We might regard the Gatsby rôle, therefore, as the turning point in the Baxter career. It showed him as a knowing man of the world.

“I think the majority of people like romantic stories
and characters far better than realistic ones. Why else are Vilma Bank and Ronald Colman so famous? And Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell? Merely because they personify romance.

In "Ramona" we see Warner as an Indian lover. The passionate love and the romance between Alessandro and Ramona will place the Baxter attraction on an even higher level, as every maiden who sees the picture will avow.

Stripped to the waist, galloping over the wastes on the bare back of a sleek horse, Warner makes a striking figure. And Dolores del Rio, as Ramona, helps the romance along in her own particular way.

Not long ago Warner played with Blanche Sweet, in "Singed." In it he gave another clever characterization of a tough gambler of the mining camps who, after amassing a fortune, becomes a figure in San Francisco society. The rôle was that of an attractive man, bad, yet good.

"Just now," Warner further contends, "the public wants to see a fellow’s weaknesses as well as his virtues. The too-perfect hero seems scarcely human any more. I doubt if he will linger much longer in the movies. People wish to see a man beset with difficulties, even those of his own making, and rejoice with him when he surmounts them."

How greatly Warner must have enjoyed the too-perfect heroes he was forced to play not so long ago!

Personally, he is a man of determined appearance. Unaware of his identity, one would quickly select him as a man of affairs—business affairs, you understand. Gentle ladies, when they see him in the grill of a smart hotel, leaning on a table à deux, probably wish themselves his companion. When he chances to glance at them through the azure veil of his cigarette smoke, they probably hope they look like Jutta Goudal. But all this is the merest conjecture and might be too extraneous for comment, except that it does present a picture of the gentleman during his leisure moments.

Between pictures our hero flees to his cabin in the mountains, a half day’s journey from Los Angeles.

"My nearest neighbor is over a mile away from me," Warner relates without any apparent regret. "The scenery around my place is among the finest in California."

No comforts are lacking, even though the cabin’s inhabitants resort to a somewhat primitive mode of existence. A Victrola, a piano, and a radio add to their joys. The radio lives up to its promise and catches messages from points as far east as St. Louis. The heights make the atmosphere clear and quiet. In Hollywood, as Warner knows, one can never escape tuning in on Aimee’s temple.

After finishing "Ramona," Warner spent a holiday at his mountain abode with Finis Fox, the scenarist of the picture. Shooting on grounds full of game, and fishing in a lake full of piscatorial prizes, added to their enjoyment of the retreat which Warner maintains for special friends.

Even a menagerie is kept on the grounds of the domain. Wild foxes have been comparatively tamed by kindness, though the cute little little things Continued on page 105
Hail the Conquering Hero!

Jack Holt couldn't be spared to roam the free-lance field and play any and every role—no, not while there were Western heroes waiting to do and dare. So Paramount has recalled him by popular demand. Read what he has to say about it.

By Helen Louise Walker

JACK HOLT has returned to Paramount to make four Zane Grey pictures. This is interesting, because when he left Paramount a year or so ago to free lance, the company announced that there was not sufficient interest in Westerns to warrant their keeping so expensive an actor for this purpose.

They were going to make more and cheaper Westerns and, since that type of picture furnishes valuable experience to young players, they would use them as a sort of training school for prospective stars whom they had in stock.

So they assigned Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler to these roles. Lane had ridden horses somewhere in the open spaces.

Both these young actors developed with unexpected rapidity and graduated out of the Western class very soon. Exhibitors shouted so loudly for more Jack Holt-Zane Grey pictures, that the company was almost forced to make arrangements to supply them.

It is a strange thing about Westerns. Vorges for desert pictures come and go. Films with Russian atmosphere take their places, and disappear from view. Exotic love-stories, sea pictures, Irish-Jewish comedies, crime stories—all these have their little day. And that's that.

But Westerns go on, year in and year out—the backbone, some say, of the industry. Certainly the most abused vehicle, the most stereotyped, of any type of story used in pictures.

They were almost the earliest kind of movie. And they have never outgrown their vogue.

They are seldom taken seriously by their makers. They are ground out in ten days or two weeks in many cases, according to a formula. A golden-haired girl—of doubtful mentality, since everybody else, including the youngest member of the audience, knows that the heavy is no good and that any one who has dealings with him is bound to get into trouble sooner or later. But she persists in trusting him, thereby getting into all sorts of a mess. It all ends by his kidnaping the moronic miss and holding her prisoner in a deserted cabin, in order that the noble, hard-riding hero may rescue her in the nick of time.

For the rest, cowboys gallop hot-headedly here and there upon bored and tired horses. You seldom see a cow.

The Zane Grey Westerns are more elaborate. They nearly always have plots. And the company spends enough money on them to rent a herd of cattle, now and then, to be stumped.

Jack Holt is not one of the authentic heroes of saddle and lariat, recruited for pictures. He is the son of an Episcopal minister and spent his youth in New York and Virginia. Westerns happened to him, as it were, without his volition.

In the first place, he looks exactly as a cowboy should, but seldom does. He is clean-cut, tall, broad-shouldered, and very straight. Any golden-haired miss may well be proud to be rescued from the villain by Jack Holt!

"The only way I can explain the lure this type of story has for so many, many people," he says, "is the twelve-year-old boy who lives in all of us. My most ardent fans are boys of this age, you know. And men in whom the twelve-year-old boy still lives, enjoy these stories too. They have little appeal, I believe, for women.

"I knew an old chap down in Arizona. He was sixty-five and had spent all his life making money. But he had always wanted to be a cowboy. And he never relinquished that dream in all the years he spent accumulating a fortune.

"Finally he retired and went to live on a 'dude ranch.' He spent his days swanking around in the most elaborate cowboy outfit you ever saw. The widest and fluffiest of angora chaps. A carved leather 'bucking belt' so wide that if a horse had ever really bucked with him, the thing would certainly have cut his throat. He
Jack Holt's return to Paramount to play in Westerns inspired Helen Louise Walker's interview on the opposite page, in which the star says, among other things, that outdoor pictures satisfy the twelve-year-old boy that still lives in most men.
Fred Warren, as the jeweler, above, is held up by George Cooper in this eventful history of a diamond.

The Curse of
Melodramatic scenes from "Diamond overtakes those who crave

Lena Malena, left, as Musa, a Kaffir girl whose desire for diamonds brings her to America. She is also seen, below, with Carlos Molina and Eleanor Boardman, as Tillie, of the underworld.
to the Country

if Billie Dove is in the neighborhood, as is of "The Yellow Lily."

Billie Dove and Clive Brook, at top of page, have a little misunderstanding, without which no great love is complete, while Gustav von Seyffertitz looks on in stern disapproval.

Billie Dove, above, in a pensive mood and, right, she drinks a silent toast with Clive Brook as each wonders what is in the other's mind.
A Delectable Fräulein

Camilla Horn came from Germany to play the heroine in John Barrymore's "Tempest," after several ladies of Hollywood had been weighed and found wanting. Now that she has successfully taken root, there is no telling how far she will climb.
Dangers—Plain and Fancy

All the risks in making movies are not encountered by the players, as this story of Al Rogell, the director, proves.

By Ann Sylvester

There have been many stories of the risks encountered in the movies by players, but you haven't heard anything to compare with the hazards of being a director out on a prairie location, with only a pocket pistol between himself and possible death.

After viewing a few current movies, you might think a dozen directors ought to be shot. But all joking aside, they've shot at Al Rogell, with the intention of winging him. If you think that is a joke, it's because you haven't heard Al tell about the plain and fancy dangers of being a Western director. I mean a director of pictures that are made out in the Great Alone, where anything is apt to come up, from a tarantula to an Indian uprising.

"Say," he began, "when I was a kid I used to sit out on my back fence, like Pepe, and imagine I was a mountaineer in a feud, or an Indian with a couple of scalps at my belt; but in my wildest imaginings I never thought I would grow up to see my dreams come true, as they have in the movies. I've played mountaineer and I've had trouble with some pretty mad Indians, and I've run for my life from bandits."

It wasn't so long ago that we all can't remember when Al played mountaineer. It was when the Los Angeles newspapers electrified the colony with the information that Al Rogell's "Shepherd of the Hills" company and Edwin Carewe's "Ramos" unit were literally at daggers' points over the possession of a certain beautiful location called Inspiration Point. At first the wise picture colony thought it was a publicity stunt, until the information floated in that armed guards had been ordered to shoot trespassers on the coveted territory. The sheriff dispatched men to keep order in the two camps, and an exciting time was had by all. To most of the people involved in the episode it was a new and dangerous experience, but to Al it was an old story.

"I guess the men who direct the society dramas and the 'art' stuff never run into anything like that," Al went on, "but the boys who have been directing range pictures could tell stories that would make the tilt between Mr. Carewe and myself look like parlor enter-

Al Rogell and his wife, Marian Douglass, boast that never a cross word has been exchanged by them, but maybe they go in for cross looks instead.

tainment. I've been on locations when my life wasn't worth a nickel, and there has been more than one night when I've walked up and down in a tent, wondering whether I would be present at breakfast the next morning.

"I remember, once, when I first started directing Westerns, I was sent out on an Indian reservation. Four or five tribes were to take part in the picture. The morning we were to start shooting, I found a heated argument going on between the chiefs of the tribes as to who was to be big chief of the gathering. In other words, it was a political debate as to who was to be mayor and run the camp. Naturally, the chief of each of the tribes wanted to be chief of them all, and all four had a bunch of tough-looking tribesmen to back up their claim. They refused to work until we got this settled.

"They said they would leave it to me. It didn't mean a whoop to me which one was big chief, but I was so anxious to get to work I was a little careless in my decision. I called each of the big boys separately and told him he was to be big chief. That made four big chiefs.

"We worked through the day and everything went along well enough, so long as I directed the activities, but the minute we stopped work and they set up camp the fun began. Each Indian tried to boss. In their funny, grunting language each chief relayed the information that he had been appointed the high and mighty by me. When they compared notes, they were furious. They stamped into my office and demanded justice, and said if it wasn't settled to their satisfaction they were going to pack up and go home. You can imagine my embarrassment. Here I was out there to get an Indian picture—and all my Indians were going home. Not only that, but they were mad. It seems I had insulted the dignity of each tribe.

"I walked the floor all night, trying to figure the problem out. Outside my tent I could hear the Indians muttering and ranting. It wasn't exactly funny, and it wasn't until daybreak that I hit on a solution. I stepped outside and yelled to them to rally around.

"Listen, you boys," I shouted, "as long as you are working for me I am going to be big chief—understand? As long as you are willing to do

Continued on page 88
Where Shall We Week-end?

When the stars ask each other this question, the answer is never slow in coming, for there are dozens of enticing ways to spend a holiday, as you will learn from this delightful description of how Hollywood finds its recreation and where.

By Mignon Rittenhouse

The people of Hollywood's movie colony are the country's champion week-enders, and no wonder. For in no other part of the nation are there as many places to go, and things to do, as there are in the environs of the picture center. Populous cities and swanky resorts, the miniature Monte Carlos of nearby Mexico and the gilded ballrooms of modern American hotels, beckon to them on the one hand. On the other, lonely mountains and lakes, where hunting and fishing abound, and vast stretches of the Mojave Desert, call to them to adventure or rest. There are recreations and resorts for every taste.

Del Monte, California, to the north, lures a large part of filmland's population at one time or another. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Norma Shearer, and Pola Negri are especially fond of week-ending there, after a strenuous period spent under the Kleigs. Its shady walks and polished dance floors are an unfailing attraction for many stars.

For players who want something "different" in the way of resorts to week-end in, there is Tijuana, Mexico, to the south. From Thanksgiving Day until spring, horse-racing flourishes at the track just on the edge of town. Here is a combination of a wild and woolly Western village of fifty or sixty years ago, and a Spanish hamlet of to-day. On one of the humble wooden porches of its main street, a señorita, wearing flashy earrings, humors a shrieking parrot while she licks the froth off her two-quart stein of beer. Farther up the turbulent dirt street, two Mexicans engage in promoting a cock fight. Color, dash, adventure? Go to Tijuana.

Fifty or sixty miles farther down the coast is Ensenada, on beautiful Ensenada Bay. This is fast being developed into a Monte Carlo of North America. Hunting and fishing abound in this resort, which advertises that here "liberty" can be enjoyed "with refinement." Whether or not this is meant as a slam on its northern rival, Tijuana, isn't explained. A magnificent casino is being erected, to lure the American tourist, and an ever-increasing number of Hollywood's elite are succumbing to the various delights of this attractive resort.

Beach homes are extremely popular as week-end
resorts. Only a short drive from the center of Hollywood, Ringe Ranch, a new beach tract on the edge of Santa Monica, is being rapidly developed into a large colony of film people. Already Herbert Brenon, Anna Q. Nilsson, Raymond Hatton, Neil Hamilton, Marie Prevost, Clive Brook, Conrad Nagel, Ronald Colman, and others have erected cottages on its ocean front. The large tennis court of Mr. Brenon is a favorite meeting ground for the colonists and their friends on a sunny Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

Then there are the mountain resorts. Noah Beery's fishing club, near Mount Baldy, bids to become one of the most popular of places for Hollywood week-ends in the near future. Sixteen streams full of trout are reason enough. Besides, the scenery in that vicinity is beautiful and is easily accessible to Hollywood.

But Brother Wally, preferring solitude, has erected a hunting lodge at Bishop, in the high Sierra Nevadas. So far, not even the studio photographer has ventured to accompany him there, over the two hundred and fifty miles of rough roads and treacherous mountain trails.

Lon Chaney, Warner Baxter, and Roy d'Arcy also seek solitude, wandering far into the mountains very often to spend their week-ends.

The man of a thousand faces likes to avoid faces when holidaying. Much of his free time he spends, not in studying make-up, but in fishing in some little-known mountain stream.

Somewhere in the San Jacinto mountains lies Warner Baxter's retreat. Surrounded by oaks and pines, the cabin is very difficult to find, and as it is some two hundred miles from Hollywood, Baxter is assured of complete rest and quiet in his haven when he week-ends there. A trout stream, a lake and extensive hunting grounds are near by the cabin, where he and a few close friends enjoy fishing and hunting together.

Roy d'Arcy is the possessor of a string of blooded horses, and spends his time when not working in riding around the countryside and breaking in his colts.

The San Fernando Valley calls to many. D. W. Griffith has a ranch of some two hundred and twenty-five acres there. Tucked away from the world of Kleigs, backed up against the mighty shoulders of the San Bernardino mountain range, and with Mexican shacks on several sides, it is an ideal place to go when bored with the artificialities of studio life. It reeks with memories and movie history. On this site, Griffith and a company of actors pitched tents twelve years ago to make the first covered-wagon picture, "The Last Drop of Water," depicting the hardships undergone by the early pioneers during the gold rush. Here, too, "The Battle of Elderberry Gulch" was fought. Covered wagons trekked westward there; synthetic Indians and pioneers fought, bled, and died before clicking cameras to make red-blooded entertainment for the melodramatic tastes of early audiences.

Arrowhead Springs is one of the most famous of week-ends' paradises. Its mineral baths are renowned. Ruth Taylor, who is under weight, often spends her week-ends there, trying to gain the extra pounds that her contract stipulates she should have. William Powell and Clarence Brown are also frequent guests there.

Those who are tired of California's open winters, go to Big Bear Lake, higher in the mountains than Arrowhead Springs, to take part in such sports as skiing and toboganning. Snow? Yes. That, too, is within access of semitropical Hollywood.

Catalina Island has always lured motion-picture people. Zane Grey, whose successful screen plays make him eligible to be included in the ranks of film celebrities, and Mack Sennett, the producer, go there to hunt big fish. Off the island, John Gilbert and his yacht, The Temptress, roam the high seas when the actor has a week-end to spare. His boat is equipped with auxiliary engines, and is so well constructed that Gilbert plans to take a trip to the South Seas with her some day. [Cont'd on page 105]
"If I Wings of"

"Over these prison walls I would befall heroes and heroines on the some of them must

Betty Compson, left, in "Cheating Cheaters," is not resigned to her fate by any means, but seems intent on causing a run in her stocking, just to spite the prison authorities.

One can easily see that Buck Jones, below, isn't going to adapt himself to prison life very easily—he looks so sad, in "The Branded Sombrero."

Carroll Nye, left oval, has been in enough scrapes on the screen to know all there is to be known about prisons, but in "The Girl from Chicago" he is innocent.

George Bancroft, left, made a sensational hit in "Underworld," and his escape from this prison had a great deal to do in furnishing the thrills.
Had an Angel—"

fly." With all the scrapes that screen, it is no wonder that languish behind bars.

John Gilbert, right, in "Man, Woman and Sin," looks just as handsome in prison as he does in an officer's uniform but, between ourselves, he doesn't seem to like it as well.

Tom Mix, below, in "Silver Valley," is certainly not going to change into anything so drab as prison garb—no, sir, not Tom.

Poor Monte Blue, right oval, looks so sorry for his offense, in "Brass Knuckles," that his fans think he ought to be released without further punishment.

You just know that Ralph Lewis, right, in "Held by the Law," did it for the wife and children, and as he has to suffer a lot in all his pictures, it might as well be behind bars.
NOT long ago a woman entered the Paramount studio carrying a brick—a nice, red brick, which had eight sharp corners and was rough. She glided toward Fred Datig, casting director, with all the grace of a panther entering her lair.

"I have come," she said, "to get work. I need it. You must give it to me!" There was a snap in her voice, a ring of finality and determination, which was ominous. She toyed with the unit of building material held in her throwing hand. A threatening look was in her eye.

"I have come here again and again," she continued, "seeking a chance to make a living. Now I have no money left. What are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Datig looked at the woman and recalled having seen her before. He did not recall ever having given her employment. Somehow she was not just the type to find regular work; in some way had seemed never to fit in. He knew nothing of her straitened circumstances, nor her struggle for daily bread. Furthermore, roles are not given to women merely because they need them. Mr. Datig had nothing to offer her unless—well, unless she was intent on hurling that brick. He doesn't like to dodge bricks. So he began to parley.

"What kind of work can you do?" he asked.
"I can play any kind of rôle."
"How much pay do you want?"
"Whatever is commensurate with the work."

He studied her a moment, appeared to become lost in meditation, then suddenly said, "Let's go out to the Bebe Daniels set."

She arose and followed him from the room, still carrying the brick. She was still holding onto it when Mr. Datig found a policeman, who disarmed her and led her to an exit.

The incident is indicative of what transpires with painful regularity in casting offices. Into them come at times peniless, discouraged, dejected men and women who are on the verge of suicide. Before, the outer wicket, too, stand the men who have failed, the derelicts who believe that pictures afford a means of making an easy living.

"There was up to me to tell him," Mr. Datig said, "and I saw tragedy creep into his face. His lips went white. He said not a word in protest, but I sensed that this blow would snap what was left of his spirit. It was the last straw. The fellow looked at me and smiled. "Thank you," he said softly, and turned to go.

"Hold on! I called. 'Wait till I talk to the head office a moment. Sit down a bit!'"

"I went up front and said abruptly, 'There's a man out there, who will be dead by morning if he doesn't get the part he's up for. He can play it. Let's give him a chance!'"

"They told me I was getting soft-hearted, that suicide threats were made every day, but they didn't amount to much.

"But this man hasn't threatened suicide!' I protested. 'He isn't that kind. Yet it is written in his face. He means it.'"

"My pleading availed nothing and I had to deliver the ultimatum. Next morning the story was in the news-

Theirs is Not

A man who had been well up in the profession, but who in recent years had begun to slip, and being considered for a fairly good role, He was not a 'whiner,' not a fellow with a hard-luck tale. He had accepted hard knocks with a smile and without a murmur. Now it appeared he was to get another chance. He stood before the casting-office window, eager, anxious, but dignified. But only an hour before, the studio officials had rejected his name and awarded the role to another.

"It was up to me to tell him," Mr. Datig said, "and I saw tragedy creep into his face. His lips went white. He said not a word in protest, but I sensed that this blow would snap what was left of his spirit. It was the last straw. The fellow looked at me and smiled.

"Thank you," he said softly, and turned to go."

By A. L.
a Happy Lot

directors are poured the sor
scheme and trick is practiced
gratitude for their favors is
when roles are withheld

Wooldridge

papers—a quiet spot beneath
a palm in Westlake Park, a
note of explanation, an auto
matic and—rest. His blood
was not on my hands. I had
done all I could, but the
thought of how a life might
have been saved merely by
giving a role in a picture, re
mained for days in my mind.

‘Fifteen years I have been
casting for pictures. I have
no friends. I cannot afford
them. They say I am hard
boiled. I wish I were. I do
have to steel myself against
pityful tales. It isn’t easy to
do. A woman of refinement
will come in here. ‘I’m hun
gry,’ she will say. I’ve had
no food to-day. I have been
evicted from my room. There
is no place to go—no one to whom I may turn. I have
a child, who is hungry. ‘My God, Mr. Datig, I’m de
perate.’

‘I can give her from my own pocket the money with
which to buy something to eat, but that relieves the
condition only slightly. Then what? Heaven only
knows. A man appeared at
the window not long ago and
said, ‘I came from Honolulu
to get work in pictures. I’m
tired, now, of asking for it.
You find something for me!’

‘We didn’t send for you,’
I told him. ‘You’d better go
back to Honolulu. There’s no
demand for your services
here, and frequently I’ve told
you so.’

‘Now, without doubt, that
man went away believing I
entertained a personal dislike
for him, which was not true.
We simply did not need him.
In fact, one of the hardest
things I encounter is keeping
persons from thinking I dis
like them, because I do not
use them more often in pic
tures. You probably have
read of the prison executioner
as ‘The Man Who Walks
Alone.’ Let me tell you that
a casting director is virtually
in the same position. The fa
vors you do are soon for
otten, but hatred and bitterness
are nurtured and long re
membered.

Fred Datig, Paramount’s casting director, admits he has
friends, but they are not among those who apply to him
for work.

Ginger, the dog actor, is as eager for a role as his fellow players among the
human extras.

‘I’ve no idea, of course, the number of persons in
this business who think they would like to be a casting
director and hand out jobs to their friends. But you
can’t have friends in this position—and keep them. You
can’t pass out the jobs they want, when you know the
applicants are unsuited to the roles. I have friends, yes!
But away from my office.’

As the director talked, he
was interrupted by calls from
a battery of telephones. Yet
nothing perturbed him. He
spoke kindly, wasted no
words, but left no opening for
argument.

‘I am constantly looking
for new talent,’ he continued
presently. ‘It is true that
there is a surplus of players
in Hollywood, yet we want
new stars. I discovered Laura
La Plante when I was casting
for Universal. Irving Thal
berg, then with that company,
did not show enthusiasm when
I mentioned her as a girl with
possibilities. But I cast her
in bit after bit, and was con
vinced that some day she
would arrive.

Eventually Laura was
signed. She is the best box
office bet Universal has to
day. Likewise I picked Janet
Gaynor from the mob and
now she is being starred.
There is need of young men,
too, for leading roles. The
Continued on page 100
A Matter of Taste

In illustrating the head-dresses of various countries, the stars prove that beauty is the same the world over.

Lena Malena, left, the new German actress, wears the headgear of a French peasant, in "The Fighting Eagle," her first American picture.

"Heavy hangs the head that wears a crown"—but not when Dolores del Rio, right, wears her weighty Chinese creation.

Lya de Putti, left oval, wears the national headdress of her native Hungary, in "The Heart Thief."

Bebe Daniels, right oval, dons a feminine version of an Arabian turban, in "She's a Sheik."

Jetta Goudal, left, is appropriately mysterious as a daughter of Morocco, in "The Forbidden Woman."

And Vera Voronina, right, displays a Russian hat with the fitting pride of one born in that country.
LEO—
The M-G-M Lion, Is On His Way!

You've seen him countless times on the screen. He now makes his personal bow to the audiences of the world! He is starting across America and will circle the globe. His route will take him to many hundreds of cities. What a thrill to see Leo, himself, at last!

THESE ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE CURRENT SEASON. Watch for them at your local theatre!

JOHN GILBERT in THE COSSACKS
DIAMOND HANDCUFFS with ELEANOR BOARDMAN
LON CHANEY in LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH
SYD CHAPLIN in SKIRTS
NORMA SHEARER in THE ACTRESS
RAMON NOVARRO in ACROSS TO SINGAPORE
DANE & ARTHUR in DETECTIVES and CIRCUS ROOKIES
WILLIAM HAINES in TELLING THE WORLD

CAN YOU REMEMBER $50 WORTH?

Often half a dozen people will give different descriptions of things they see together, because memory plays us such strange tricks. That's why I'm interested in watching how people's memories work. Try yours on these five questions. I will give $50 and the Cossack Wrist Chain which I wear in my newest picture, "The Cossacks," to the man who sends in the best set of answers. The best answers from a lady will win $50 plus the Russian Glass Beads that Renee Adoree uses in the same picture. Miss Adoree will also send photographs of herself for the fifty next best answers.

John Gilbert

THE TEST

1 In what picture does Lon Chaney appear without one of his typical make-ups?
2 Who discovered Joan Crawford? What did she do before going into pictures?
3 Describe in less than 75 words the biggest picture thrill you ever had.
4 From what country did Greta Garbo come?

What business-life role has Norma Shearer played in recently?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"More Stars than there are in Heaven"
Should a Girl Ever Propose?

YOU haven't forgotten that this is Leap Year, have you? Well, it is and it's a girl's privilege to propose if she wants to. Whether or not you intend to exercise your right, don't fail to read "The Girl Who Proposed," which will appear shortly in Love Story Magazine.

Also don't miss "Betrayal," a complete novella, by Cora Linda, in an early issue.

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE
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Beauty and the Beast

Further illustration of the futility of attempted conquest, when the gentleman lacks good looks.

"Ah, ha!" sneers Dick Sutherland, above, at Dorothy Dwan.

Lillian Gish, below, trusts her eyes to repulse brawny Montagu Love, in "The Wind."

Emil Jannings, above, finds that Florence Vidor dares resist a czar, in "The Patriot."

Armand Kaliz, left, angrily discovers that Margaret Livingston is fearless in the face of a covered revolver.

Perhaps Joan Crawford, as Rose-Marie, below, wouldn't mind if Gibson Rowland were less unkempt.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

CHAPTER IV.

LADY GATES APPEARS.

Air-mail letters were so new to Malcolm, that the "Lindy" stamp with the graceful plane sailing across it gave him a little thrill of excitement. But that emotion died at sight of the handwriting. It was that of his aunt, Lady Gates, of Leeds, the busy, foggy Yorkshire town which seemed for her an appropriate frame.

She had written to him some time ago suggesting that she might "come and keep house" for him in Hollywood, a place "she'd always wished to see, since beginning to interest herself in the movies." In common gratitude Malcolm ought to have wired back to the lady who was his godmother, and had more than hinted at a will in his favor: "Dear Aunt Kate, do come. Shall be delighted." But instead he had hastily telegraphed: "So sorry impossible put you up in small bungalow lent by Peerless. Don't think you would be happy in Hollywood. Best love, Malcolm."

Now, here was her answer and—suddenly excitement rose again. Holy cats! One didn't send air-mail letters from England! Besides, the letter was postmarked New York. "Good Lord! The last straw!" groaned Malcolm, as he opened the envelope and read aloud:

"MY DEAR MALCOLM: You stated you were sorry you couldn't put me up in your small bungalow, so I know from that you would have liked to do it if you had found it possible. Well, I had somehow set my heart on seeing Hollywood, and when your cable came I felt so disappointed that I just made up my mind to go, anyway! Of course, my dear boy, I won't inconvenience you. I have learned of a very nice hotel they say is halfway between Los Angeles and Hollywood, called The Ambassador, so that is where I'll stay, and by the time you get this a suite will be engaged there for me. I am writing this in New..."
A Helping Hand

It's necessary to have a maid to assist in this business of acting.

Marie Prevost, above, leaves her dressing room for the set, while her maid follows at a respectful distance.

Jacqueline Logan, below, keeps Mina in good humor by her own cheerfulness and consideration.

Pola Negri, above, is adored by her maid, because of her camaraderie and total lack of stand-offishness.

Irene Rich's maid, left, takes particular care of the star's wigs.

Webster suggests a costume, and Julia Faye, below, usually follows her advice.
York, as you will see by the postmark, and sending it to you by air, which, I think, quite thrilling, and so American.

"Well, now I will go back to explain that I decided what to do the minute after receiving your cable, at the Savoy in London. While I was spending a few weeks enjoying myself when I wrote proposing a visit to you. I got the hotel people to take all the trouble off my hands, except the ins and outs of the business, which one has to do oneself.

"You see, I have changed a good deal since my poor husband died. George was a good man, though trying in some ways, and living with a person of such powerful personality did get me into a Puri- tanical habit of thought. Would you believe it, I saw my first screen play after George’s death! And to put, and the interest for making pictures it started in my mind, I attribute a kind of waking up I have noticed in myself. I’m not at all the same sainted aunt you visited at Leeds, New York is having its influence already, and I’m sure California with its sunshine and gayety will make a new woman of me!

"I didn’t wire from London, because I feared you might think it your duty to worry me, but I didn’t mean it to be any risk, or something like that. And I scoured to risk it! To-morrow I leave, and expect to arrive in Los Angeles the day after you receive my letter. I will telephone from the train, somewhere en route, so you can be sure of the time; and then I know I don’t even need to ask if you will meet me at the station. I am so excited over this adventure, that I feel quite young and skittish already.

"Your loving godmother and aunt, 

Kate.

"Young and skittish!" Malcolm almost groaned at the picture. Aunt Kate Gates was, he imagined, about sixty. She couldn’t weigh less than one hundred and seventy solid American pounds. She had thick, gray hair, a snub nose, a few wrinkles on a wholesome, ruddy skin, a rather short neck, two comfortable chins, and what might be called an old-fashioned figure.

He had made this mental note the last time he had visited the house at Leeds: “She upholsters herself and dresses her drawing-room.” Later, he had caused somebody in “Black Sleeves” to utter this bon mot about somebody else. Now Aunt Kate was coming to Hollywood, feeling young and skittish!

As for him, he felt as old as Methuselah and sad as Job. But not alone was it his duty to be decent to Lady Gates. Her money might be extremely useful to him in this crisis he saw ahead! He couldn’t and wouldn’t leave Hollywood defeated, not that this young girl in a silver dress had appeared on the stage of his life. He might produce his own picture, if it were to be produced at all. And he told himself that there was nothing sordid or disloyal to his aunt in suggesting that she join him in a movie speculation. If she

wanted to be in the spirit of Hollywood, that ought to please her better than anything else—a fat, stodgy old lady who could hope for none of the joys of Hollywood youth.

He did not even try to do what he had been bidden to do by Joe Kerlin. After that talk with the three big men of Peerless, he had decided that he couldn’t make such changes as they wanted and keep his self-respect as a writer. He had been a good fighter in the war, and something of the old fierce eagle spirit stirred in him now.

He’d be a coward to ruin his work and hurt his reputation for the sake of pleasing these men—and keeping his bungalow, and watching the money roll comfortably in. And a coward was what he didn’t intend to be!

“Somebody else will want to produce ‘Red Velvet,’ ” he told himself. Or if not—well, I may find myself thanking Providence for poor old Aunt Kate. She’s pretty sure to be a sport.

The girl of the silver dress would not begin work at Montparnasse next day. She would have to wait for her new costume. But Malcolm went, rather earlier than usual, to lunch at the smart restaurant, and arranged financial matters for “Miss Smith.”

All his reckless boy in spending easily made money was gone, but he wasn’t going to be a pauper even if worst came to worst; and he and Pierre settled things between them. Then—having been roused early after an almost sleepless night by the promised wire giving the time of Lady Gates’ arrival—he started off directly after luncheon to the station.

There she was, among the first to leave the train, and Malcolm’s first glance told him that Aunt Kate had changed indeed. She was still the stout, gray-haired old lady of sixty, but she was no longer “upholstered”; she was dressed—and dressed, Malcolm imagined, by some fashionable shop in London. She had pearls, real ones no doubt, since her husband had died worth half a million pounds. And from her ears hung diamonds as big as large-sized peas. In old days, during the life of the keen-minded cotton magnate, knighted for services to the Conservative party, Lady Gates had been inexpressibly elegant, almost timid. Now she greeted Malcolm so expansively, with a slight Lancashire accent, that all the lovely stars who had returned to the Coast from New York on the same train, stared at the fat, bejeweled Englishwoman.

Malcolm took her in his Rolls-Royce which she greatly admired, to the wonderful Hotel Ambassador, with its lawns, and smart shops, its bungalows, its palms, its theater and general effect of being a whole town in itself. A suite had been reserved and provided with flowers by the management. Lady Gates was entranced with everything including the Buckley sky and brilliant sunshine—“so different from dear Leeds!” And she was feverishly anxious to begin “seeing life.”

Malcolm had got out of an engagement for the evening, and invited his aunt to dine at Montparnasse.

“It’s one of the nights when they dance there,” he said, “and now you’ve turned into such a gay, young person, you’ll enjoy watching the fun.”

Yes, Lady Gates agreed, she would enjoy watching the fun. But at eight o’clock, seated beside Malcolm at his table, her jolly face with its double chin was clouded.

“I never saw so many beautiful girls and wonderful young men!” she said. “Who is that gorgeous, dark man dancing with the little yellow-headed thing? Is he some well-known star?”

“No,” explained Malcolm, “that’s Marco Lopez, the professional dancer here. He’s a Spaniard, or Argentine, or something. Graceful, isn’t he?”

“Graceful? I should say he was!” breathed Lady Gates. “He’s perfect. Oh, Malcolm, seeing these girls dancing with him and the other men, makes me long to be young and have my own fun, instead of watching others. I never realized before, but it’s awful to be old! I wish I could go back to twenty!”

Her eyes filled with tears. Malcolm was sorry for her, but sorry for himself, too, for he was afraid she was going to cry.

Just at that moment the celebrated and popular Marco, with the “little yellow-headed thing,” swished past their table. Lady Gates’ eyes and those of Marco Lopez met. A spark seemed to flash between them.

Malcolm noticed the look, and was slightly disgusted. But it was well that he could not foresee the future.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Hollywood Hero

He was to be shot at sunrise, but he slept soundly, rose early, ate a hearty breakfast, and laughed and talked with all the members of his household. And yet he was a condemned man—condemned to be shot at this unearthly hour for a paltry thousand a week.

Blaine C. Bigler.
The Man Pays, Too

Not only the ladies pay and pay, but in the movies jewels and money seem easy to get from gentlemen.

Jacqueline Logan, above, in her latest picture puts away a neat haul, while Gertrude Astor looks on.

In the movies, manicurists are certainly go-getters, as Clara Bow, right, proves to Claude King, in "Red Hair."

Ford Sterling, lower right, tries to show unconcern at Ruth Taylor's request for a trip abroad, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Richard Dix, below, feels that nothing is too much for Nancy Carroll, in "Easy Come, Easy Go."
An Amazing State of Affairs.

In "Doomsday" Florence Vidor, as a wife who married for money, reverses the proceedings of real life. When her husband debeterously presents her with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar pair of earrings, she flies into a tantrum and threatens to leave him. Finally she does, saying that she is tired of being a mannequin. 

All this sets off beginning when Mary Viner, daughter of a retired army officer, chose to marry the wealthy Percival Fream instead of the man she loved, Arnold Forze. And she made her choice after seeing Arnold's dilapidated "Doomsday Farm," more than anything else. Therefore little sympathy can be claimed for Mary. In fact, she is the most unsympathetic heroine I can remember. Satisfied to leave her father in charge of a housekeeper provided by her husband, satisfied to jilt Arnold, satisfied—at first—to accept the luxuries of her husband, it is no wonder that she is a most unsatisfactory heroine, whose final gesture—that of divorcing her husband and going to the farm to cook for Arnold—carries no conviction at all. Yet the picture is not uninteresting, because of the acting and the meticulous production. For some reason Miss Vidor is at her best, as Mary, and Gary Cooper's gaunt gaminess fits Arnold, while Lawrence Grant proves himself, as usual, to be one of the most accomplished actors.

A Slapstick Orgy.

"Why Sailors Go Wrong" is not the right title for the picture of that name. Not that it particularly matters, for it is so violently slapstick that almost any name would do, but the observation is made for the sake of mentioning a picture about which little else can be said. It's funny, but it doesn't excite criticism. Either you take it, or leave it. The central figures are Sammy Cohen and the late Ted McNamara, the former a farcical taxi driver and the latter a cabman. They get aboard a yacht owned by the villain, who has persuaded Doris and Dick, the juveniles, to join him for a cruise. For most of the voyage Dick is locked in a cabin, while the villain concentrates on Doris. Little, however, is seen of all this, for the major footage is given over to the monkey-shines of Cohen and McNamara. Finally they land in the South Sea and continue their adventures with monkeys, lions, and crocodiles. It's a hodgepodge of rough comedy.

Familiar, But Funny.

It's a far cry from iron workers to Turkish baths, but it is sounded—and with considerable farcical effect—in "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath." Yes, the bath is invaded by men, while the ladies dart around wrapped in sheets. You have seen this before on the screen, but it is regarded as sure-fire material for laughs. It doesn't fail in this instance, though the mix-up in the bath is only the climax of the picture. That which goes before consists of the romance between "Speed" Darrow, a hero in overalls, and Helen Slocomb, who sells on street corners the box lunches her parents have put up. When the business is sold for a large sum, the Slocombs move uptown and begin to put on airs, Ma Slocomb going in heavily for the reducing racket. A quarrel sends Ma and Helen to a Turkish bath, while Speed and Pa Slocomb, caught in a raid, escape over the roof into the bath establishment. All this is jazzed up by wise-cracking titles and hearty humor, with excellent performances by Jack Mulhall, Dorothy Mackaill, Sylvia Ashton, James Finley, to say nothing of the novelty of Guinn Williams' presence as Sweeney, Speed's pal. He is surely a coming comedian.

Whipped Cream and Kisses.

Light as air is the best way to describe "Love Hungry." A pleasant little comedy, it further points to the vogue for pictures so light that it is difficult to remember what has gone before the final fade-out. This one is almost devoid of a story. Instead of a plot, it has a patchwork of sequences, a set of brightly amusing subtitles, an excellent cast, and some good acting. Quite enough, you say, if the result is good. Well, it is.

Lois Moran, as Joan Robinson, is a chorus girl who brings a girl friend from the road to her mother's boarding house. In the absence of Ma Robinson the girls are Maxine (Ma) and Helen, who are mistook for prospective roomers by Tom Harsey, a boarder, and treated as such. This is really a delightful episode, which Miss Moran, Marjorie Beebe, and Lawrence Gray play for all it is worth. Other incidents equally good follow this, in which the trio, supplemented by John Patrick, play with an excellent sense of comic values. Miss Beebe is a first-rate comedienne and is extraordinarily clever, considering her youth. She makes you feel that you will see a great deal more of her later on—and be glad of it. Edythe Chapman and James Neil, husband and wife in real life, play Ma and Pa Robinson as if they meant it.

French Gallantry.

Adolphe Menjou has changed his act in "A Night of Mystery." Instead of a gay philanderer, he is the hero of a society melodrama and is quite submerged in the heaviness of an unconvincing picture. However, the locale is French and the names of the characters are those of Gallic fiction—Thérèse d'Espremont, Gilberte Boisame, as well as Captain Ferrol, the rôle played by Mr. Menjou. Gallantly he goes to return to Gilberte, the wife of a judge, the letters she has written to him during their clandestine affair. He is now betrothed to an ingénue. As he leaves Gilberte he witnesses a murder, but does not say anything about it, because of the consequences to Gilberte. But when the ingénue's brother is accused, he is faced by the problem of saving the boy's life or compromising the judge's wife. So he takes the blame upon his own shoulders—until all ends as it should. Evelyn Brent, Nora Lane, William Collier, Jr., and Claude King are in the cast.

Poor Gin.

The combination of Elinor Glyn and "The Mad Hour" suggests something that the picture never realizes. Instead of an illustration of flaming love, it is a denunciation of the jazz age, a crook melodrama and a tragedy with the moral, "The wages of sin is death." "Cuddles," a flapper, marries Jack Hemmingway, Jr., following a gin party, is sent to prison, has her child taken from her, and finally rides wildly into the night and plunges over a cliff, while Jack contracts one of those society marriages dear to the screen. Some of the scenes are diverting, while others are dull. Sally O'Neil, as Cuddles, is engaging and shows decided promise in a better picture, while the others—Donald Reed, Larry Kent, Alice White, Lovell Sherman, and Margaret Livingston—are handicapped even more than Miss O'Neil by the hodgepodge in which they are asked to take part.

Excitement and Laughs.

The exquisite Esther—I refer to Miss Ralston—finds herself in a melodramatic farce called "Something Always Happens." The idea is fresh, the acting excellent, and the picture good. Miss Ralston, as an Americanheiress, is visiting the country home of her fiancé, the son of an earl. She finds English life too dreadfully dull. Whereupon her fiancé cooks up a series of exciting horrors, only to have the tables turned by the villain and the horrors become real. Neil Hamilton and Sojin shine.
Daughters of the *Dons*

A popular locale for films these days is early California, which gives our heroines an opportunity to wear picturesque gowns.

Dorothy Sebastian, below, is all ready for the fiesta in "Wyoming," and looks as Spanish as can be.

Dolores del Rio, above, as *Ramona*, is captivating enough for any man in California, old or new.

Mary Astor, above, prays for the return of her lover in "Rose of the Golden West," with the fervor of a maid of Spanish blood.

Dolores Costello’s wistful beauty, right, will no doubt make her lover gasp when he arrives to enliven this scene from "Old San Francisco."
Dangers—Plain and Fancy

Continued from page 88

as I say, we will get along great. When we get through here you can appoint any big chief you want." With that I stamped back into my tent, trying to look tough and important, but believe me I was holding my breath. All I could hear outside was a big silence. Then there was a war whoop that sent a chill down my back.

"I waited. A second later the four chiefs presented themselves at my tent, all smiles and beams. I had not only vindicated myself, but had saved their honor and it would not be necessary for them to go to war to avenge the slight. They said they would call me 'Wise Father'—or something like that. Now that they were all happy again, I didn't care what they called me. But I want to tell you that Solomon's decision between the two mothers had nothing on that problem.

"Another dangerous moment I put in was on a ranch, the property of a woman who was trying to keep the State from running a right-of-way through her land. She was like one of these earthy women you read about in books. She was as tanned and hearty as a man, and was just as competent to look out for her own interests. She had a bunch of cowboys out there, who obeyed her slightest command, and she had hinted that they were prepared to shoot all trespassers. In spite of this—I knew all about 'Dangerous cow.' See, here are pictures. A good girl, Ramona! I have played naughty girls mostly. But as long as they are human and interesting I do not think it matter.

"I am delighted at the variety of roles I have had—good women and bad. It is interesting to be now very bad, then a good type. You do not grow tired if you always do different things. But never do I want to become a long-suffering herring." She meant heroine, but it was too pat a twist to rectify.

One picture, "Joanna," was enough to prove to Carewe that Dolores del Rio was a discovery, and from a small role in that she was featured in "Pals First," with Lloyd Hughes. From that time on, her ascent has been spectacular. Her driving vitality is transferred with amazing fidelity to the silver sheet.

"Don't know I have been lucky," she will tell you. "I have been fortunate in having Mr. Carewe advise me. He has been wonderful. But there are hardships, too, of course. In 'Trail of '98' I was burned during one of the big scenes, a dance-hall fire. I had been assured it was perfectly safe, no danger at all. Luckily I was not badly hurt. Then in making 'Carmen' I was photographed from angles that I never would have permitted. It was done without my knowledge. Those scenes were cut. But the actress is at the mercy of the producer in a matter of that sort. The public does not know this. The public sees the actress do this or that and criticizes her personally, as if she were responsible. Really we must do as we are directed to do, except in rare cases. And if what we do is dangerous, or in bad taste, we must suffer the consequences."

Despite the drawbacks attendant upon the two productions, "Loves of Carmen" and "The Trail of '98" she declared her favorite pictures. "Carmen, of course, is a woman any actress would love to play," she explained. "And in the Klondike story of '98 I found great sweep and strength. A big story, much doing all the time, and powerful climaxes. But it was difficult to act. Usually two or three hundred extras would be the background, and for two of us to concentrate with the crowd all about was hard, I tell you. Mr. Brown is a fine director, I think."

Some time ago Fox completed two program pictures, "My Wife's Honor" and "The Gateway of the Moon," in which Dolores appeared. So potent did her drawing power become that Fox decided to remake these pictures, building up the Del Rio roles, and, in good time, released them with the Mexican girl starred. This in itself is augury of what is in store for her.

On the screen the Del Rio vogue is rapidly assuming huge proportions. Reviewing Dolores off the screen, it is easy to understand how Edwin Carewe should have been urged to invite the beautiful Mexican girl to visit Hollywood, just to give the films a whirl. And now the whirl is turning into a whirlwind.

Mexico's Claim to Fame

Continued from page 34
of course. A South American leading lady to be selected by a beauty contest as soon as the new company gets settled in Buenos Aires.

Tom is all enthusiasm for his new venture. In fact, when Mr. Kley first called on him to outline his proposition, Tom looked at his watch and said: "You may have fifteen minutes." This was at nine forty-five in the morning. They didn’t move from their seats until four that afternoon!

June Collyer returned to her native New York for a visit after her first six months in the Hollywood studios. What a break that girl has had! It’s an old story now, how young Miss Dorothea Heermance was urged by a family friend to take a screen test at the Fox New York studios. Allan Dwan was looking all over the East Side and West Side, for a young girl to play the society belle in "East Side, West Side." He was afraid he’d have to give up and send to California for some one.

And along came June! She took the test rather as a lark. And bless me if it didn’t start her on a screen career. There was, strangely enough, no parental objection—some girls have all the luck. Mrs. Heermance, in the days when she was Miss Collyer, had been an actress herself once. So Dorothea began. Collyer, her middle name, seemed a good screen name, and she selected June because she liked it. This proved to be quite a coincidence because her mother had almost christened her that.

Anyhow, after this first rôle, June played lead in only her second picture, "Womanwise." Then followed "Four Sons," "Hangman’s House," and, on her return to the Coast, she was to make "Part-time Marriage." And was she the pride and joy of her family on her visit home? Don’t ask such a silly question. For June is the only daughter with several brothers, and daddy, who is Clayton Heermance, a wealthy lawyer, just dotes on his pretty daughter. He had seen "Four Sons" five times.

He joined her every day at lunch, interview or no interview, and they beamed upon one another, and made jokes, and I’m here to tell you that if "us girls" could pick out our own fathers, Clayton Heermance would be smothered in the rush.

Charlie Chase was a little late for his appointment and very, very sleepy. You see, he, too, was in New York having a fling at night life. Charlie plays in Hal Roach two-reelers and he’s one of the few comedians who never wants to play in full-length features.

"You might be funny for two reels," he says, "but I’ve got a family to feed and I know better than to get out and try to be funny for six."

Perhaps you’ve also heard of Charlie in his earlier incarnation as Charles Parrott, director of Mack Sennett comedies. He directed Gloria Swanson in the very first film she ever made in California, for Mack Sennett. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver; Charlie directed them all and knew them when—

But he’s through directing pictures. He’s driven a truck, he says, and been a waiter, and directing is harder than any of them! He’s an actor now, for keeps; he knows his luck.

Continued from page 49

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 52

"The Godless Girl"

"Nevertheless you promised to see the girl, and she and her mother have come a long way," persisted the writer.

"Oh, very well," Mr. DeMille acquiesced in despair.

The girl was brought in.

She turned out to be Phyllis Haver dressed in kid clothes! Mr. DeMille didn’t lose his temper. He roared with good-natured laughter. Kidding around the sets, no matter how serious the story, is always in order. Phyllis and Marie Prevost, the latter having an important rôle in the picture, are great chums. They kid each other continually. The other day Marie went over to the set where Phyllis was working, and spoke to Phyllis’ director.

"I’m becoming a great actress," she told him solemnly, "now that I have a serious rôle and am working for Mr. DeMille, and I wish you would keep people like Phyllis Haver off the set!"

Phyllis was almost taken in for a moment, so serious was Marie in pretending she didn’t know that Phyllis was anywhere around.

I came upon a group of extra girls who weren’t working, pretending they were wax figures in a window those manikins! The effect was very funny.

Whenever the youngsters get to making too much noise, Frank Urson always calls out: "Oh, key down to a college yell!"

Eddie Quillan is furnishing a lot of comedy in the picture.

Dressed in his Oxford bags, he has a very funny scene. He is the heedless, happy-go-lucky high-school boy in love with Lina. Because he has a crush on her, he proposes to join the atheist society of the school that both attend.

In taking the oath of the godless society, the girl says: "Remember, no religious holidays are to be observed by an atheist."

Eddie replies: "Not even Christmas?"

"Not even Christmas," the girl answers. And Eddie slowly takes off his badge.

Marie Prevost has a wonderful rôle. She is a hard-boiled girl, who declares that she guesses "she was born in a reformatory—she’s been in one ever since she can remember." However, somewhere in her background was a bit of religious training, and she has stuck to it all through her life—a practical religion, without sentimentality—but it is through her that the godless girl gets her first taste of religion.

Marie manages to get a tremendous amount of comedy out of her scenes, and a lot of drama, too. At the last she sacrifices—

But why spoil the story for you?
Theirs Is Not a Happy Lot

motion-picture industry is almost at the point where it would pay a bounty on the heads of eligible young men. But again I warn you—latent talent must be there. If it is, we'll bring it out.

"The satisfaction of seeing your discoveries succeed compensates, in a measure, for some of the unpleasant things which happen in the casting office, but it cannot wipe from one's mind the memories of those sad and wistful faces which come to the window and turn away when employment is denied. Nor does it erase the regret for jobs withheld, which would have prevented suicides."

The experiences of Fred Daig are not dissimilar to those encountered by casting directors in all the Hollywood studios. None has forgotten the suicides more or less attributable to the inability of players to find employment.

"A handsome, gentlemanly young fellow, whom I had known for a long time, came to me one day," said Robert McIntyre, for years casting director for Metro-Goldwyn, and who is now production manager for Samuel Goldwyn. "He needed work badly. He was just about at the end of his string."

"Harry," I said, 'there isn't a thing here, except a bit which will pay fifteen dollars a day. I could hardly offer you that.'"

"I'll take it!" he cried.

"But you are worth something better," I urged. "I don't like to put you down that low."

"I'll take it!" he repeated. "I must eat." His face was pinched. Lines of care were showing. I gave him the part. Next day the picture was postponed for two months, and the following morning I read the story of Harry in the newspapers. It was suicide.

"One day I drove up to the studio gate along about sundown. I opened the door to shout some instructions, when a man stepped in my car and sat down. He seemed to think I had stopped to pick him up. So I let him ride. The conversation went something like this:"

"Work in pictures?" I asked.

"Yep!" he replied. "I'm an actor."

"Doing much lately?"

"Nope! Just been trying to get a job out here. They turned me down—those young bucks in Bob McIntyre's office."

"See McIntyre?"

"Nope! But he's as bad as all the rest. No good, that feller."

"I let him out, without revealing my identity. But I learned about myself from him."

"They have come up to the casting window, have become enraged when they got no work, and tried to punch my assistants in the face." Students of human nature, these men—all of them. A sad-faced young man walked up to Gus Corder in the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn.

"Good-by, Mr. Corder," he said.

"Going away?" the director asked.

"Yes. Going on a long, long journey. Nobody wants me. So I'm going to kill myself to-night."

Corder looked at him through the corners of his eye, and made up his mind that the fellow was only seeking sympathy. So he replied, "Good-by, old man. Make a good job of it while you're at it. The world has no use for quitters."

"Well, sir," Mr. Corder said, later, in referring to this incident, "the fellow looked dazed for a moment, then turned and moved slowly out of the room. Did he commit suicide? He hadn't the nerve. He hung around the studio for a while and eventually disappeared for good."

"A case of another kind was a little woman who appeared before me, her face drawn and haggard. She had once been beautiful. But lines were coming in her face. Something was wrong."

"What's the matter, my dear?" I asked.

"Nothing!" she replied as bravely as she could.

"I know better. There are red blotches on your lips. What have you been doing?"

"It took me a long time to get the story, but eventually it came, little by little. She had despaired, and in a fit of despondency had drunk a deadly lotion. Quick action by police surgeons saved her life."

"But here she was, an old-young woman with talent, alone and afraid of the world. She needed help, friends, and counsel. I talked to her long time. Then I asked a director to use her. This little act encouraged her. She got a new grip on herself. She's working to-day and millions of persons know her. Tell you her name? Not for any amount of money!"

Into the ears of these men are poured the sorrow of Hollywood. Upon them is worked every trick and scheme to get work. To them falls the task of diplomatically disposing of applicants, who come with notes from influential friends. On their shoulders rests the responsibility of choosing players who will be a credit to the cast. They are the buffers between the executive offices and the gate-crashing mob. If you think it's a pleasant task, you're all wrong.

Vilma—As She Is

for Wagner was spoiled during her residence in Munich, where, all her friends being ardent devotees, it was incumbent on her to attend the Wagner concerts three times a week. She would love to be able to sing. In her head the tunes are perfect, but when she tries to give voice something happens to them.

Her English is still hesitant, and delightfully colored by her accent. She is, happily, slow to become standardized according to celluloid rule and rote. Her reserve, her imperceptible calm, have not yet given way to the more popular, insistent vivacity. She is aloof; it is to be sincerely hoped that the jealous accusations of "high-hat" will not frighten her into an assumption of jocular good-fellowship. Admittedly she likes very few people. To judge by her pose, she looks for too much in them. Above all, she abominates the poseur, the inflated ego, the artistic liar.

She is too unassuming to give her friendship unasked. She might admire a person tremendously, but she would not lower the barriers of her reserve, unless conscious of the other's liking for her. It is this quality which will end her career at the proper moment, she says. When she finds that the public has lost interest—does not like her—she will leave the screen at once. There will be no hanging on, no trying to come back. She will definitely have finished, because it would be impossible for her to foist herself upon people who do not respond.

Vilma and her husband live in a quiet, Colonial house on a conservatory street off the beaten track of show places. The street has an air of rich dignity, which is not lost on entering the La Roque home. Their house is furnished in flawless taste, the luxurious grace of period furniture and decorations lending to it a European atmosphere.

She is essentially tranquil—in her success, her troubles, her worries, her happiness. Serenity gives the final luster to the beauty of her face.
Helping Himself

And so solves the servant problem. George K. Arthur shows how to do it in these double exposures.

George, upper left, makes a perfect chauffeur for himself, and, above, is proud of himself as a gardener. While as a secretary, right, he looks traditionally efficient.

While the butler, above, looks a little too eager for comfort, his master seems to be a tolerant fellow.
JOHN H. BROWN.—Now, John, where have you been hiding that you didn’t know the Paramount School had gone out of existence? Yes, sir! At the graduation of its first class in March, 1926, its pupils were recruited from all over the country and trained in screen acting essentials—make-up, dancing, fencing, swimming, carriage, and so on. Ramon Novarro—Ramon Sarmientos—was born February 6, 1899. “Buddy” Rogers—christened Charles Rogers—was born in 1901; George O’Brian, in 1900; Harry Norton—Alfredo de Biraben, Jr.—is about twenty-three; I don’t know his exact birth date. Gilbert Roland—Francisco Luis Alonso—was born in December, 1905. Jack Pickford was born in 1886; I don’t know the month. The Pickford family name is Smith. All the above players are unmarried; Jack was recently divorced from Marilyn Miller, and was the widower of Olive Thomas. All these addresses are listed at the end of The Oracle.

W. W. PORTER.—Your town must be taking a long time to catch up; all these pictures you ask about are three or four years old. A Thompson’s leading role in “Thundering Horses” Ann May; in “Galloping Gallagher,” Hazel Keener. Principals in “The Border Legion” were Antonio Moreno, Helene Chadwick, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Gibson Gowland. In “Greed,” Gibson Gowland, Zasu Pitts, Jean Hersholt, Chester Conkin, Sylvia Ashton, Dale Fuller. In “The Iron Trail,” Wyndham Standing, Alva Tell, Reginald Denny, Thurston Hall, and Betty Carpenter.

BANJO IKE.—I suppose you speak with a twang. In “Johnny Get Your Hair Cut,” Jockey Dolan was played by Bobby Doyle. He is not an actor but a real jockey, who rides in the races at Tattersalls, and was engaged only for that one film.

DYNAVITE.— Aren’t you just a little bit dangerous to have around? Joseph Striker has been playing in pictures for four or five years, so a complete list of his films would be quite lengthy. His pictures in the past year, besides those you mention, are “Spedding Through,” “Thumbs Down”—both quickies—and “Rose Marie.” I’m sorry, but Estelle Taylor plays both minor roles that I have no record of what other films she has been in, besides “The Collegians.” I have my hands full, you see, trying to keep up with all the films of featured players. Estelle was one of the candidates considered for Wampus stardom this year. She wasn’t elected, but at least the fact that she was considered would indicate that she shows promise.

MRS. E. R. PRATER.—I should think there would have been heated arguments in your family if your sister says Leatrice Joy was once married to Douglas Fairbanks and is Doug, Jr.’s mother! And poor Leatrice scarcely thirty! Doug’s first wife, and Junior’s mother, was Beth Sully, now Mrs. Evans.

S. BLOOD.—Mabel Ballin played the title role in “Jane Eyre,” with Norman Trevor opposite. Crawford Kent was St. John Rivers; Emily Fitzroy played Grace Poole. Stephen Carr was the only other player now known on the screen. See answer to Sarah Powers.

SARAH POWERS.—You’re putting me in a little nancy country, asking me to tell you the truth, whether I’m young and good looking. I’d hate to have you think I was conceited! If all Ramon Novarro needs to make him perfect in your eyes is the ability to sing, he’s a very lucky young man. He sings so well that he hopes in a few years to retire from movies and go on the concert stage. There are several Ramon Novarro fan clubs everywhere. I can give you the following: Miss Dorothy Wallaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio; Miss Nicoletta De Pierre, 241 West Otterman Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. Harry Davero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California; Gish-Novarro-Haines-Shearer Club, Joseph Black, 155 Ross Street, Brooklyn, New York. I can’t say whether all these clubs are still functioning. You ask for a list of fan clubs; there are fifty or so of them, and if you will tell me which stars you are interested in, I can give you the addresses of their clubs.

PAULINE STEVENS.—You can’t go wrong, addressing me as “Picture Oracle” —that’s what they call me. Though I’ll let you in on a little secret—they didn’t name me that at my christening. Arthur Rankin was born August 30, 1900. He is related to the Dewey-Barrow family. I think he is married. His new pictures are “Finders Keepers,” “Domestic Troubles,” and “A Woman’s Way.” Glad you like my column.

AN INTERESTED FAN.—Too late for the April issue; there seems to be a waiting list of letters, and I take this opportunity of answering a few. William B. Carroll Nye was born in Canton, Ohio, October 4, 1901. He is a brune, six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty. He began his professional career in a Los Angeles stock company and played his first film role in “Classified,” in 1925. That is his real name. He was married to Helen Lynch on February 9, 1927. His latest picture is a Rin-Tin-Tin film, “The Land of the Silver Fox.”

HELENE.—Despite your very gracious letter, it just isn’t possible to give answers in the next issue. Magazines require several months for printing and distribution. No wonder you ask where Nils Asther has been all these years; he’s been in Sweden for most of them. Before “Sorrell and Son,” he played in “Wide and Eva.” He has also been working in “The Blue Danube” and in several Metro-Goldwyn films, “Laugh, Laugh, Laugh” and “Diamond Handcuffs.” Nils is not married. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn; studio address, Culver City, California.

DIXIE BELLIEUX.—See Helene. Rex Lease is not a contract player, but he has been working recently in Tim McCoy pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. Try him there. Niles Winters has not appeared on the screen for several years, but he has been playing on the stage. He is on tour now, but his New York home is at the Gilford Apartments, 140 East Forty-sixth Street. I scarcely know what address to suggest for Pierre Gendron. He has not played in pictures for several years, but is, I understand, writing plays. You might reach him at the Lambs’ Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City; most actors in New York belong either to that or to the Friars’ Club, at 80 West Forty-eighth Street.
Two exclusive new features in the Improved Kotex

and—Prices Reduced

The Improved Kotex was two years in the making. When it was finally perfected, our enthusiasm for this remarkable improvement decided a tremendous change in production: the doubling of our output to meet anticipated demand. As a result, you get the Improved Kotex, with its exclusive features, for less than you formerly paid.

The New Exclusive Advantages

In Kotex—and Kotex only—you get the new form-fitting shape, perfected after long research in our laboratories, after consultation with 27 women doctors, 83 nurses, 6 specialists in feminine hygiene.

Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered, by an exclusive process, so that the pad is perfectly adjusted. However flimsy or clinging your gown, it may now be worn with absolute assurance of exquisite grooming—no bulk, no awkwardness will affect the smart outline of the costume.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the filler made fluffier—through new methods perfected by Kotex scientists, permitting a degree of comfort never before possible.

1 Form-fitting, non-detectable shape, with corners scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Now the most clinging gowns may be worn without altering slender, smooth lines.

2 Softer, fluffier—thus ending chafing and similar irritation.

& All the qualities you have always known in Kotex are retained.

Approved by Women Doctors, Nurses

These important changes were made under the supervision of women doctors and nurses because they could appreciate your problems from a woman’s point of view as well as professionally. Their approval of each detail is particularly significant. And these improvements, which carry their enthusiastic endorsement, are found in Kotex only.

Former Exclusive Features Retained

The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while worn.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay... in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. At all drug, dry-goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Company.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman’s hygienic comfort.

KOTEX COMPANY
150 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago III.
Voices Are Tested for the Movies, Now!

Continued from page 59

Vitaphone interpolations have been used in "The Jazz Singer," "The Lion and the Mouse," "Glorious Betsy," and "Tenderloin.

At least ten major productions this year will be largely Vitaphonized, and about three hundred playlets will be filmed, all with prominent players. And, of course, every Warner picture will have Vitaphone orchestration.

"That was our first interest in Vitaphone—musical accompaniment, for the benefit of the small-town exhibitor, to replace wheezy organs and banging pianists," one of the officials told me. "For some time the Bell Telephone Co. and the Western Electric had been working on the idea. Probably every one of their three thousand engineers had a try at it, or gave suggestions. When they had got it to a feasible point, about a year and a half ago, we joined forces. Improvements are being made all the time."

"Noah's Ark" is to be a big special, with Vitaphone. There will be another Al Jolson Vitaphone, also. One fault with "The Jazz Singer" was the abrupt blankness when the singing or dialogue stopped and the ordinary screening continued. In future, more and more sequences will be done with the voice. Not as yet, however, an entire film. There are sketches of action when no words are needed; and the occasional necessary title will be printed, because it would be too costly to make that entire sequence by Vitaphone. But whenever there is a dramatic scene where the spoken words have import, you will hear them.

And watch out for the "trailers." You are all too familiar with the advance notice that is flashed on the screen at the end of the program, "Next week: Susie Dimples in Love and Hate." Don't miss it—drama—comedy—thrill! Very often the announcement flickers.

These trailers have now grown artistic, if you please. I saw and heard the first one, Conrad Nagel's announcement of the merits of "Glorious Betsy," starring Dolores Costello. The curtains of a stage set parted. He appeared, bowed, spoke of the pleasure "in store for you" with the showing "next week" of "Glorious Betsy." "You will hear Pasquale Amato and other famous opera stars singing, a wonderful orchestral accompaniment, dramatic dialogue. Would you like to see a stirring scene?" He bowed. A sequence from the picture, with musical accompaniment, showing Dolores in a love scene, was flashed on. Then Conrad, again. Thus he introduced shots from the film, the little act running but a few moments.

Some of the playlets have exterior scenes. These were constructed on indoor stages. However, improvements are being made with the view of open-air recording, which they assured me would soon be possible. The apparatus will be a strange sight, a novelty to further delight the tourists who congregate on Hollywood corners when a company works on street scenes. I can imagine curious throngs watching the "mixer" in the glass box, controlling the noises, subduing a trifle the screech of street cars and the coughing motors of flivvers.

The most imaginative of us may look ahead and foresee the day when these playlets will replace vaudeville. This the Warners deny, claiming no desire to push the two-a-day billings out of business. Certainly, however, they will be a boon to the small towns where spoken dialogue is heard only when second-rate troupers drop off for a one-night stand.


Hail the Conquering Hero!

Continued from page 74

was spangled with silver stars and the clank of his enormous spurs could be heard for many yards.

"It was rather a splendid thing to see. Not many of us have the courage, or the opportunity, to make our early dreams materialize in that manner. He was keeping his promise to the twelve-year-old boy he once was."

"Western pictures satisfy that urge in lots of men."

"One could understand the thing, perhaps, if it were only in America that this type of picture had so consistent an appeal. One might say that it was because this phase of our national development was the most picturesque, the most colorful, in our history. One could imagine that we had not entirely outgrown the urge to 'go West, young man!' to explore the undeveloped parts of our country, to live in the open.

But they tell me that Westerns are just as popular in Europe—even in China—as they are here. So that explanation will not do.

"It is the motion, perhaps—that sweep of free movement—which appeals to the eye and the imagination. Everybody likes horses. Everybody likes to see men riding hard. Perhaps that is it. I don't know, really."

"Of course the West, as presented in pictures, does not remotely resemble the country or the life as it really was, or still is."

"If any cowboy, for instance, rode after hour, as you see them do in pictures, his horse would be dead and he would have to walk home. Besides, he would lose his job. Horses, bred on the range, fed on grass, could not stand such treatment, and no cowboy who knew his job would perpetrate such an outrage upon his beasts."

One would never guess from Mr. Holt's appearance that he had ever ridden the range, or ridden the pack trails in the Yukon country for the government. He is one of Hollywood's best-dressed men. And he gives this flair for clothes part of the credit for his success in outdoor pictures.

"The hero of a Western picture must be a symbol of romance," he says. "The real cowboy in blue denim overalls and flannel shirt is not a romantic figure. We must dress our heroes to fit the popular conception of a gallant knight of the saddle. Therefore—satin shirts, well-cut silk corduroy breeches, high-heeled boots and so on. And they must fit as well as it is possible for a good tailor to make them."

"The public would not enjoy seeing the hero gallop here and there, righting wrongs and rescuing maidenens, half so much if he were unkempt and unshaven, and if his clothes did not fit him properly while he did it."

"We leave the denim and the week's growth of beard to the villain!

So there he is. A tall, good-looking, somewhat platitudeous man, the father of one of those twelve-year-old boys to whose ilk he is a shining hero.

Perhaps the explanation of the success of men like Holt—of Western pictures—lies, after all, in the longing every normal man has for the open, for solitude and adventure.
Where Shall We Week-end?

Continued from page 83

Palm Springs lures nature lovers, who go there in the springtime to see the desert flowers in full bloom. Fay Wray frequently week-ends there.

Clara Bow, a real little roughrider, goes hiking and horseback riding along mountain trails or the bridal paths of Beverly Hills, Richard Dix and Sojin are fond of duck shooting.

And many of the players stay right in Hollywood—over the week-end. Polo and golf, at the numerous clubs in and around the city, beckon to the athletically inclined. The Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, and Montmartre, of course, offer attractions unexcelled by the swankiest resorts. But even though you'll find as many players congregated there on Saturday night as are named in the Oracle's columns of Picture Play, there is still a large proportion who remain in their homes over the week-end. And you can't blame them if you've ever visited their homes. Some entertain—some just rest.

Among the girls and men who often spend their leisure by the familiar hearth, are Bebe Daniels, Emil Jannings, Joan Crawford, William Haines, Dolores del Rio, Renee Adoree and her husband, William Gill, Eleanor Boardman, and King Vidor.

Miss del Rio, it is rumored, sensibly spends her week-ends in making up for sleep lost while acting before the camera. Renee Adoree and her husband keep open house from two o'clock Sunday afternoon on, often entertaining more than a hundred guests. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor, when not taking motor trips, give delightful swimming parties in the sort of a pool that makes a diver enthusiastically out of a confirmedlandlubber. Joan Crawford, who recently bought a lovely home in Beverly Hills, spends much of her time these week-ends in moving furniture around. And behind his white-pillared home on the Boulevard which is Hollywood's Great White Way, you may chance to see Emil Jannings, some Saturday afternoon, at his favorite pastime—feeding and caring for his brood of chickens.

Just where do the poor actors, the bit players, and obscure extras, spend their week-ends? Working in the studio, or on location—if they're lucky. Bathing at the cheaper resorts—if they're free and have the money—at Venice, perhaps, the Coney Island of the West. Wandering about town, visiting the movie houses, the coffee shops; reading in the public libraries; at home, cleaning their clothes with gasoline for the coming week; gossiping on corners with acquaintances; riding around town in their Fords purchased on the installment plan, borrowed, or otherwise acquired. And some of them, summoned to court for speeding, and not able, as their more fortunate brothers in pictures are, to escape sentence by paying a fine, spend their week-ends—in jail. Oh, well. Three meals a day for two days means half a week's room rent.

So you see, there is a silver lining to every cloud!

“Make Me Imperfect!” He Cries

Continued from page 78

delight in snapping at your hands the first chance they get. Another amiable pet is a coyote, who seems to delight in his domestication. Other animals there are too, all giving mean looks to every one save Warner, from behind the bars of their cages. They pay for their keep. Burglars, taking advantage of the caretakers' absence one night, paid a visit to the cabin, but took very little. The menagerie evidently scared them off. But they were not faint-hearted burglars. They went farther afield and ransacked Neil Hamilton's cabin where, as Neil tells himself, there is no menagerie when he is not staying there. In this placid retreat Warner Baxter enjoys himself in simple fashion. Tasty stews are cooked over a large open fireplace. The surroundings make them more appetizing than if they were served at the Ambassador. Back to the city again we meet the sophisticated gentleman of the Boulevard, a figure to admire at the premiere.

So there you have him—the established favorite of the films, the agreeable companion in reality. He has, he stresses, no kick to make. In this day and age that is rare. But has Warner not got what he wants? Have not the movies placed him in the position he hoped to gain? Has he not won from this fortunate turn of events the pleasures of an ideal existence? He certainly has.

Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial Creme Brings Amazing New Results, or Your Money Back.

Chances are—9 out of 10—your skin is neither smooth nor flawless. But with the new Gerardine Graham creme your skin can be made soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme.

Geritage Graham Beauty Secret
A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream...not a bleach cream...not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known...and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin; it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crow's feet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only $1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only $1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 7-P M., 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. (Good for address at College St., Toronto, Ont.)

Mail Now

(Mrs. GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 7-P M., 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new beauty secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50, if not delighted I understand you guarantees to refund my money.

Name

Address
That Irresistible Urge

Continued from page 24

sive movie actor into a charming and dangerously near-brilliant young player of spoken lines. Beginning inconspicuously in a sketch at the Writers' Club, and creating such an unexpected and deep impression, his next appearance was in "Young Woodley" at a downtown theater. Recently he essayed "Saturday's Children," a play on an entirely different note. He has rapidly become one of our leading local Thespians, and a source of gratification to the film colony.

Edward Everett Horton has, temporarily at least, abandoned all picture work in favor of the stage. He has leased the Vine Street Theater, just off Hollywood Boulevard, and assembled his own stock company. Long a favorite on the local boards, his following has even increased since he became a movie actor. Seats are selling well in advance for his present offering, "A Single Man." Horton has a whimsical humor and deft subterfuge that are shown to their best advantage on the stage.

In passing, it is interesting to note that Horton has ignored all lessons in presentation he might have gleaned from the movies. His methods, from the advertising to the production itself, have a refreshing dignity and a nice repose. It is positively exhilarating—in Hollywood, where advertising matter of any kind takes its cue from the exotically-cinema—to be spared the "Screen's Most Magnificent Laugh-king Returns to Stage in a Red-hot Farce! See Him—Hear Him—In Person!" Instead, one is simply informed in an inconspicuous ad, that "Mr. Edward Everett Horton is appearing in 'A Single Man,' at the Vine Street." And judging by the run on the box-office, that is all that is necessary to say.

Probably the incubator of this urge among cinéastes for the stage, was the Writers' Club. This quiet, rambling brown clubhouse on Sunset Boulevard is an institution comparatively old for our striping community. Bimonthly, with the exception of the summer interval, the little theater in the club is filled with the pleasant stir of well-bred conversation, the crackle of literary shirt-booms, the sparkle of conservative gowns and jewels. Here and there the layman can pick out the familiar face of a visiting star or director. This is the audience, polite, appreciative—but ruthlessly hard-boiled critics.

Stage fright is far from unknown behind the curtain that conceals the small stage. Players, so sure of themselves before the camera, are tremulously afraid of making fools of themselves in this less-familiar medium. And this, particularly in front of these seasoned critics of whose faint, if well-concealed scorn, they are always a trifle conscious.

The programs are composed of short sketches, usually in one act. Sometimes given by the club members, others by outsiders. The production of them is necessarily economical, but generally effective and in good taste. Some of the plays are merely adequate, but more frequently than you would expect, some are little gems.

Every program boasts at least one film celebrity. Now and then it turns out that the celebrity has been wisely cast for decorative, rather than practical, purposes. This, however, is the exception rather than the rule, since here the audience cares for film celebrities only if they are good trouper.

One particularly fine offering at the Writers' was "Thirst," a sketch by Eugene O'Neill. Fifteen minutes of stark, awful drama, ending suddenly in blood-curdling tragedy it was magnificently played by Henry B. Walhall and that flippant portray of celluloid gold-diggers, Lilian Tashman.

Patsy Ruth Miller is a favorite with Writers' Club audiences. Carmel Myers is likewise successful, her volublous beauty being most effective.

That light farce, Owen Moore, will go down in the club annals as one of the finest actors to grace its stage. Surprising everybody, he gave a brilliant portrayal in a drama flavored with tragedy.

One of the most delightful of all the plays presented here was the performance of a John Golden sketch, in which Eleanor Boardman had the principal role. King Vidor directed the playlet, and Eleanor displayed the brilliance that had been darkly hidden in a series of inadequate screen vehicles. Interesting roles she has had from time to time during her film career, but never—with the exception of "The Crowd"—one of sufficient greatness to encompass the keen intelligence and sensitive emotionalism of her powers. The playlet at the Writers' Club hardly did this, but it did give the surprised audience a glimpse of a quite unsuspected Boardman. Delicate, haunting, tender, her performance was of a Maude Adams quality, without any
a job lined up. What’s the least money you will take?"

"I was so glad at the chance I said: ‘They don’t make money that little.’ He insisted on knowing my figure. ‘Ten cents—if you can get it,’ I told him, ‘and a nickel if you can’t.’ I figured this was my chance to redeem myself. I would have gladly paid them for the work."

As every one knows, he built himself back so successfully that G.-M.-G. starred him soon after that, and he developed into one of the best box-office bets out of what was about the worst box-office frost.

"I’ve tried to manage myself more wisely since I got back on my feet," he said, "but in this business we seldom know what is best for us after all. When I gave up my contract for the vaudeville tour, I didn’t know whether or not I would ever be on the screen again. But I figured I was right in holding to my argument, and it worked out that way. Still, on the other hand, look at Ray Griffith. There is one of the cleverest actors the screen will ever see. That boy is a genius—I mean he can convey more in half a scene than most of us can get over in a reel. But where is he now? He walked out of his contract because he believed he was right, and he hasn’t worked since, though I hear he has something lined up. Poor Ray, he can’t even fall back on vaudeville. He can’t speak above a whisper, you know."

Life’s like that, Lew figures. Some get along and some don’t. ‘Take it as it comes,’ he philosophized.

That’s the way Lew is. Off the screen he is an unworried gentleman, going about his business of making pictures and getting as many laughs out of the parade as possible. His wise-cracks are quoted from Hollywood to New York and back again—all depending on Lew’s location at the time. As a master of ceremonies at previews he can’t be beaten. He can get a laugh where the other fellow has to admit he is unaccustomed to public speaking. While he was away on his tour, picture openings weren’t what they had been.

"Yes," Lew grinned, "I hear they missed me. Do you know that when I left the studio, all the carpenters and electricians got up a petition begging Metro-Goldwyn to keep me here?"

I looked at him in surprise. It isn’t like Lew to blow his own horn.

"Yes," he insisted. "They said I had the only good beer in town."
the very latest of crooning blues, and a telephone ringing incessantly, I learned a little of this Dorothy Reviere person.

"Nothing unusual about my childhood. They’re all pretty much alike, aren’t they, until you grow old and sentimentalize about them? I was always dancing—started taking lessons when I was younger than most. And this is where that landed me at seventeen."

She tossed me a crude black-and-white photograph of a little figure, scantily clad, bent in one of those almost semicircular back bends that are the pride of cabaret performers.

"That was at Tait’s in San Francisco."

She did not go on to tell me that Tait’s was the most exclusive of cafés, or that only the most eminent performers appeared there. One more mark in her favor.

"There was a studio at San Mateo making pictures and I was engaged to dance in one of them. Played a small rôle, too. Look how suddenly I grew up."

She handed me a photograph of a girl who had just decided to be an actress and who knew how to do it—big picture hat, eyes heavily made-up, a strained pose. But one of the most beautiful photographs I have ever seen. It looked like Barbara La Marr in her days of glory.

"I decided to come down to Hollywood to try my luck."

The chapters that she skipped there included all the praise and brilliant prophecies that her first employers heaped on her.

"Like most girls in their teens I dressed to look older. Played vamps and wild women in the accepted manner. Finally, I got around to take a good look at myself in pictures and decided that there was entirely too much of Dorothy. So I reduced ten pounds."

"Harry Cohn put me under contract about two and a half years ago, and in Columbia pictures he’s given me a chance to play all sorts of rôles. I bleached my hair and that gives me a better chance to play heroines; softens my face."

She was making a commendable effort to talk about herself, but her halting remarks showed lack of practice.

As I came to her latest photographs I saw that she had shed all the marks of theatricalism, and had lost the imitativeness that made her resemble popular favorites. She is now a distinct individual, and it isn’t her beauty that impresses you so much, now, as a kind of burning intensity within.

She has not, as yet, had any great opportunity on the screen. She was in “The Drop Kick” with Richard Barthelmess an engagement which made many friends for her on the First National lot and brought her many fans. She was in “Loves of Carmen,” but her rôle was slashed to bits—one of the breaks of the game—which often means that as a supporting player an individual is too good. She has just finished a rôle—also under the direction of Raoul Walsh—in “The Red Dancer of Moscow,” and is eager to see how much of that is left in.

To one who has seen many players come and go, it looks as though she had every quality of screen greatness except dogged persistence in pushing herself forward.

Most of the people who have achieved great prominence on the screen have more showmanship in their manner. But if you met Dorothy in person, you would love her more for the lack of it.

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**Enter the Plump Heroine**

Continued from page 28

When the scales give her cause for the slightest alarm, Elinor Fair does not cut down her food, but she does stop being driven everywhere, as she would lazily prefer, but wears out some shoe leather and goes in for a systematic routine of exercises.

Cecil DeMille has put the ban on flat chests, and considers figures with curves, as well as faces and talent, in signing new girls. The rounded feminine figure, he insists, will return to favor again. Other producers have not followed suit with similar opinions—indeed, the antifat clause is still in most contracts—but all signs point to the hope that a girl need risk no injury to her health by foolish diets, in order to retain her place on the screen.

Of course, we need not expect the return of the hour-glass figure. But the rebellion of these few against the dictum of reedlike slenderness may bring to the screen a sturdier, healthier type of heroine.
Debunking the Cinderella Myth

Continued from page 18

Coming with her parents from her native Canada, she stopped at Santa Cruz on her way to Los Angeles. In doing so she won a personality contest. In Los Angeles she was victorious in a similar contest. And there was another in Hollywood. She was a champion at winning personality contests. It certainly paved her way to the movies, but don't think she had an easy time of it once she got in.

Now, there are a few girls who do seem to have had the luck of Cinderella. They have not yet become world-famous but may. June Collyer had a small role in "East Side, West Side" and Fox signed her on the strength of it. Today June is playing leads. She has played five of them in eight months.

Sue Carol came to Hollywood and jumped into the lead with Douglas MacLean, in "Soft Cushions." Recently she completed a role opposite William Boyd in "Scrapers." Many of the susceptible directors and the young bloods of Hollywood regard Sue as the one. People call her a Cinderella. She may be. But I doubt it.

One could not close without alluding to the Young sisters. Sally Blane is getting along with Paramount. Loretta Young played the lead opposite Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." The youngest sister, Polly Ann Young, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn. These three little girls might be called Cinderellas, but even they did not get to their present positions without escaping the extra ranks.

No, indeed. Take it as it stands. Cinderella is a poor comparison to make in regard to these young people. Cinderella obviously was cute and pretty and babyish. She never tried to do anything. She depended on luck to find her out. And in the movies that never happens. If you bustle about and work hard you might make the grade. But no fairy godmother brings gifts to you until then.

As Louise Fazenda so aptly remarks, "If Cinderella did as much walking as I did in tramping from studio to studio, she would never be able to put on a slipper for the rest of her life."

The Strollers

Continued from page 57

her the time. They did that gladly enough. And it wasn't that this particularly shrewd young lady couldn't understand them when they did. But they just wouldn't talk about the things which her editor wanted.

"My gosh," she complained, "how am I going to write an interview with Milton Sills when he's entirely too intelligent to interview? He talks about psychology, philosophy, literature, painting, music, and the other arts in an authoritative way. But how many magazine subscribers want to read about that?"

The other day I walked on a set where Jack Wagner was the gag man. For personal reasons I wanted to get him away from the set for a half hour or so.

Jack hesitated, looked over at the producer who was plunged in a brown study, smiled, and said, "All right. Let's go. I just gave him an idea. That will hold him for a while."

Who'd have thought it, but a certain big studio near North Hollywood has become a party to a "sucker" excitement conducted by one of the big Los Angeles sight-seeing bus lines.

Every day or so a bus-load of tourists who are willing to pay the price, is driven through the gates of the studio, taken to the end of the lot about a mile away, permitted the doubtful thrill of looking at empty sets, and driven out again. The tourists aren't allowed to leave the buses. But once in a while, when a company is working outdoors, they stop the bus for a few minutes and get a long shot of somebody working.

From a distance they recognize no one, so the driver tells them an extra is so and so, the star, and another thus and thus, also a star.

The studio gets a rake-off on this concession, according to reports. Sounds like the old Chinatown gag of hiring fake opium addicts to lie all day in the stench of an underground hole, where tourists may view them for a dollar.

In this item I make further confession. I'm pretty tired of the underground penny-shocker type of film, wherein the bold, had criminal either gives his life for a noble cause at

Continued on page 114

Advertising Section

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The numbers in the squares spell four words. Can you make out what they are? A is B in 2, O is 3, etc.
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 90

made for the services of Miss Damini. We might note that Byron looks a little like Colman, while Miss Damini, judging from her photographs, slightly resembles Miss Banky.

Byron's name was Butler, but was changed to enhance his poetic appeal.

Another Traffic Report.

If there isn't a cessation of arrests for speeding in the near future, we're going to have to start a police court corner in this column. "Have you received your bench warrant yet?" is becoming a veritable byword in the picture colony. A bench warrant, of course, is a nasty little reminder that you once received a tag for some traffic violation, which maybe you have forgotten about.

We noted that several involving film stars, have been issued of late.

Here is a list of those who have been accused of various indiscretions in regard to speed and traffic regulations: John Barrymore, Laura La Plante, Cullen Landis, Carol Dempster, Mary Duncan, Virginia Brown Faire, Sally Rand, Molly O'Day, Ruth Roland's chauffeur.

Wouldn't it be fierce if somebody had gone to jail?

Faces That Are Welcome.

The mention of Ruth Roland recalls that she is back in pictures again, filming a series of two-reel dramas. This is her first screen effort in several years. She has been in vaudeville once or twice meanwhile.

Two other stars, who have returned, are Mary Alden and Lila Lee. Miss Alden will soon be seen in "Ladies of the Mob," a Clara Bow film, and Miss Lee in "A Bit of Heaven," a Burton King production.

Among other stars well known, Betty Compson is enjoying a great renewal of success since she played in "The Big City," with Lon Chaney. She is just finishing an important role in "The Barker," with Milton Sills.

Betty Bronson, who has been absent from the screen for a time, is a girl reporter in "The Bellamy Trial." She looked exceedingly pretty the day we saw her on the set. Leatrice Joy has the feminine lead in "The Bellamy Trial," which is said to resemble in some ways the Hall-Mills murder case.

India's Lure Elusive.

Mary MacLaren, too, is back in Hollywood, after being away for nearly three years. She was married, you may remember, to an English army officer, Colonel G. H. Young, stationed in India.

The marriage turned out very unhappily for Mary, she told us upon her return. Her dreams of the lure of India did not materialize. She was both lonely and ill in the far-away land.

The unpleasantness of her experience has not diminished her personal attractiveness. She will likely appear on the screen again.

Yet Another Chaney Rival.

"Come out and see me while I'm working in 'The Divine Lady,'" Victor Varconi smilingly invited us, "I have one eye and one arm."

We never suspected that Victor would emulate Lon Chaney, and we don't know that he has. But there is no question that the physical handi-cap he endures in the Corman-Griffith film would seem very Lohnike.

Victor is playing the role of Lord Nelson, the British hero who both loved and fought valiantly. He suffers the afflictions just noted only in the later scenes. Elsewhere he appears as a very handsome and magnetic figure—quite whole.

Miss Griffith plays the beautiful Lady Hamilton, while the role of her husband is taken by H. B. Warner. Norman Trevor was originally to have portrayed Lord Hamilton, but he was taken seriously ill about the time production began.

Effect of melodrama.

Who fired that shot?

Whoever did, Joseph Von Sternberg seemed to be called upon to do most of the explaining. You may remember Von Sternberg as the director discovered a few years ago by Charles Chaplin. It was "The Salvation Hunters" that led to his first recognition, and last season he gained a great fame with "Underworld," the crook melodrama.

It may have been the influence of this picture that lurked in somebody's subconscious mind at the party given by Von Sternberg. Anyway, two of his guests staged a mock battle with each other, first in the house, and then out on the lawn. This climaxed in a pistol shot, which frightened the neighbors and caused them to phone the police.

The whole affair attracted a notoriety that was neither anticipated nor desired, though Von Sternberg argued that it had only been a little fun.

"Some of the boys were just shoot-
We Laughed; Now We Weep.

If there are tears to be shed, let them rain right now, or else cease for all time.

The famous team of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, which remained together for several years, has been broken up.

We wish we could feel unreservedly sad about this, but we can’t, quite, because some of their later films were very weak.

Beery has been working as a tramp in “Beggars of Life,” in which Richard Atten and Louise Brooks are cast. Hatton is free-lancing.

The Beery-Hatton comedy team was one of the best, but the scheme itself wore out. Wallie will do more dramatic parts in the future, and “Beggars of Life” seems a good start in that direction.

Richard on the Mend.

Richard Dix’s operation for appendicitis nearly led to a disastrous outcome, due to complications that set in just after it was performed. But Richard is himself again, now, and will resume work shortly.

Toll of Misfortune.

A leaking gas pipe resulted in an explosion at the home of Art Acord, that nearly caused the death of the Western star a few weeks ago. Acord was badly burned, and was laid up for several weeks.

Acord is married to Louise Lorena. They were estranged at the time the accident occurred. But Miss Lorena was constantly in attendance upon him during his illness. Friends of the couple anticipate that this may lead to a reconciliation.

Karl Dane, Thelma Parr, and Estelle Taylor’s sister, Helen, were the victims of various recent accidents. Dane was thrown from a skidding bicycle while doing a stunt in a film, and broke his collar bone, injured his shoulder, and fractured two ribs. The casualties seemed unusually heavy for this sort of happening, but he was riding at considerable speed and took a terrific fall.

Miss Parr was hurt very badly in an auto crash. Some doubt was felt at the time as to whether she would ever be able to appear before the camera again, because her face was so badly cut by flying glass.

Estelle Taylor’s sister, like Acord, was injured by the ignition of gas escaping from a pipe between the walls of her house.

That Irresistible Urge

Continued from page 106

definite resemblance to the work of Adams. It was the unexpectedness of the discovery of such talent in this reticent girl that made the audience search their memories for comparisons.

Of all the picture ladies who have dabbled, from time to time, in the local stage, Eleanor Boardman is most likely to make it an issue instead of a side line.

At the expiration of her old M.-G.-M. contract, something over a year ago, she was discouraged about the stagnation of her film career and planned not to sign again, but to try her luck in the theater. But the late Marcus Loew, in persuading her to resign with the company, also strengthened her resolve to devote herself to the stage exclusively; since not then, in the fairly near future.

“Mr. Loew pointed out,” Miss Boardman explains, “that youth being almost a necessity in pictures and of no importance at all on the stage, it would be foolish for me to rush into the theater at once. After all, I have spent six years building up some sort of career in pictures. Now that there is perhaps some chance that I might have an opportunity for something interesting, it would make those six years futile if I gave up now.

“Then, too, if I went on the stage, it would mean going to New York, which would be impossible for me. By the time this contract is finished, I think that Los Angeles will be a theatrical center in its own right. All these new theaters going up, the fact that we are beginning to get New York plays with the original casts, is awakening local interest. When I am ready to switch, I shall be able to do it right here.

“I intend to do it. Nothing can stop me. And it won’t be by halves, trying to divide my time between stage and studio. There will be no more pictures for me. So many film people think it is just a matter of a slight change in your make-up, this changing your face, the screen to the stage. As a matter of fact, it is an entirely independent medium. It requires study and training quite apart from everything you may have learned in pictures. When I go on the stage it will be as a novice, to learn at the very beginning.”
Over the Teacups
Continued from page 63

They Knew Her When—
Continued from page 26

missed some pictures that must have been good. I made a great discovery the other night—and a lot of other people. An utterly delightful young person was the center of attraction at the Ambassador. Every one was asking who she was, and she proved to be Dorothy Gulliver, who has, made dozens of those college comedies for Universal. Hollywood is just discovering how attractive she is."

And that probably means that I’ll be hauled off the main highway to little side-street theaters, where old Universal comedies are playing. There really should be a theater where old films would be run on request.

“‘There’s one player we won’t have to make any excursion trips to see in films,’” Fanny assured me—‘Margaret Livingston. It looks as though Margaret’s day had really come at last. She just made a picture for Fox and one for Warner. Now she is working with Barthelmess for First National, and after that she goes to Metro-Goldwyn for ‘The Bellamy Trail.’ And after that she has a contract with somebody or other for a series of pictures.

“But really, if any more film players go on the stage, I’d rather they’d go to New York to do it. I haven’t had any sleep in weeks, I’ve been so busy going to theaters. Bessie Barscale, in ‘Women Go On Forever,’ brought out every one who was old enough to remember her in films; Henry Walthal, in ‘Speakeasy’; Helen Ferguson, in ‘New Brooms,’ the other night—and, incidentally, Helen has become quite a skillful actress; and now Mac Busch is about to open in ‘From Hell Came a Lady.’ Oh—well, weary as I am, I wouldn’t miss that one."

“At least I had a good sleep at ‘Rosina.’ That was a restful picture. Will some one please tell me what it was all about?"

“And in addition to all the theater and film openings the last few weeks, there was John Erskine’s lecture. Loads of film people went to that. But nothing that he said at his lecture compared with a remark he is supposed to have made to a friend. The friend, who is a very successful motion-picture director, was marveling at the way Erskine has emerged from dull, academic circles and become a popular novelist. ‘Yes,’ Erskine is reported to have said, ‘you were blessed with the native ignorance that has taken me years to acquire.’"

But as I pondered over the remarks of Erskine, Fanny was busily gathering up her belongings.

“Before I go,” she called back to me, ‘I must tell you the startling rumor that is being circulated all over Hollywood. It is that Harry Langdon is going to have some one beside him playing in his next comedy.”

me seriously. “If my work in a picture isn’t good, they let me know, and I feel horrible when I disappoint them. And then, they don’t like to see me as the simpering heroine of some love story. That’s because they know me so well—they know that I’m not beautiful, and that I’m not languishing or clinging vine-ish,” They remember that when I was in Santa Cruz I was a lengthy, big-eyed, serious girl. And they won’t have me any other way. Unless it’s in a comedy rôle. They like comedy, because they like to see me happy.

“114 glad I wasn’t a pretty and popular lapper when I was in Santa Cruz, because the town would expect pretty and popular things of me on the screen. And I couldn’t have done them. I’m glad I am, so glad—that I can be natural and be what my home town wants. I wouldn’t want to be anything else.”
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MEN—Experience unnecessary; travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write America Foreign Detective Institute, 114, St. Louis, Mo.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 67

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Philps.

"Honeymoon Hate"—Paramount. Amusing and deftly told tale of an heiress, who antagonizes an impoverished nobleman. They eventually marry, and amusing situations arise when he attempts to tame her. Florence Vidor is the usual charming self; and others are Tullio Carminati and William Austin.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also Len McAvoy. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is discouraged from going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.


"Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Superficial and unsatisfying. However, the beauti-
falls in love with a new clerk—Buddy Rogers—with nothing knowing he’s the owner’s son.

“Night Flyer, The”—Pathé-De Mille. Simple, human railroad story of 1894, having to do with struggles of the president of a Western road to save his fortune from bankruptcy: William Boyd and Jolynne Kelston.

“Nose, The”—First National. Thrilling story of Richard Barthelmess as a bootlegger who commits murder to save his mother’s name, though he doesn’t know it. He is acquitted with the help of his mother and neither of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.


“Patent Leather Kid, The”—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceived little prize fighter who is forced to evade the war. Under-drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.

“Private Life of Helen of Troy, The”—First National. While the picture has no concept book, it is funny enough to stand on its own merits. Lewis Stone and Maria Corda have the important roles, others being Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, and Alice White.

“Road to Romance, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century who, to save the family, disguises himself as a pirate.

“Rose-Marie”—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy, though beautifully produced, yarn of an Indian maiden who loves a man suspected of murder, marrying some other fellow to save him from capture. Joan Crawford, James Murray, and House Peters.

“Secret Hour, The”—Paramount. Adaptation of stage play “They Knew What They Wanted,” with punch taken out. Waitress arrives to marry rancher, who offered her marriage by mail, but she fails in love with his foreman. Rancher nobly permits the two to live with him. Pola Norwood, Jean Hersholt, and Kenneth Thomson.

“Serenade”—Paramount. Delightful light comedy with Adolphe Menjou at his best. Story of a musician who, on becoming famous as a composer, deserts his home only to be deceitfully brought back by his clever wife. Kathryn Carver, Lina Basquette, and Lawrence Grant.

“Sharpshooters”—Fox. Story of a tough sailor with a girl in every port, and what happens when he meets up with a lady who takes his love-making seriously. George O’Brien, Lois Moran, and Gwen Lee.


“Silk Legs”—Fox. Gay and entertaining picture of two young people representing rival hosiery firms and the consequent result. Madge Bellamy is vivacious and engaging. James Hall and Maude Eburnom.

“Sit Up and Shout, The”—Warner. Irene Rich gives sincere performance of mother who sacrifices the man she loves to give her daughter wealth. When daughter encourages an adventurer, she is interested more in himself than in him. Everything ends happily. Audrey Ferris, Helen Herbert, and John Miljan.

“Soft Living”—Fox. Madge Bellamy skillfully plays a woman who declines to go in for the heavy alimony racket, and what happens when her husband sees through her scheme. She comes to her senses in time for a happy ending. John Miljan and Joan Marsh.

“Smart Set, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Not up to the usual William Haines standard. Smart Alec polo player is barred from final game, only to rush in at crucial moment and thus save the day, incidentally winning the girl. Alice Day and Jack Holt.


“Tenderloin”—Warner. Full of suspense spoiled only by the noisy Vitaphone. The love of a girl for a crook and his reform—but not until he goes to jail for five years. All ends happily. Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel.

“Texas Steer, A”—First National. Still Rogers a cow-puncher elected to Congress as a result of his wife’s social ambitions. His wife and daughter attempt to crash society with disastrous results. Louise Fazenda and Ann Rork.


“Thirteenth Juror, The”—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unscrupulous criminal lawyer accused of murder, who can save himself only by compromising the woman he loves. Francis X. Bushman is unique as the lawyer and Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pigeon capably assist him.

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"13 Washington Square"—Universal. A story with an original twist. The outcome of the plot depends on an aristocratic mother to save her son from marrying the girl of his choice. Jean Hersholt, Alice Joyce, and Zasu Pitts.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Dunean sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Exciting screen version of this old-time favorite. Full of thrilling horors, laughter and tears. Arthur Edmund Carewe, Margarita Fischer and George Siegmann.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Baurcroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

"Valley of the Giants, The"—First National. Lumber-emp story, and the efforts of a son to save his father from ruin by competitors. He makes a heroic rescue of his heroine and her father. Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, and George Fawcett all help to make this an excellent picture.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in a swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.

"West Point"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining and lively. William Haines is at his best as the smart youngster who pooh-poohs military authority, but is finally subdued. Joan Crawford and William Bakewell.

"Wild Geebe"—Tiffany-Stahl. Poignant drama of a Minnesota farmer, who keeps his wife in fear of exposing an indiscretion in her youth. The death of the Farmer brings freedom to all. Eva Southern remarkable as the rebellious daughter. Others are Belle Bennett, Russell Simpson, Donald Keith, Anita Stewart, and Wesley Barry.


RECOMMENDED WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Bringing Up Father"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rowdy but human slapstick comedy, based on the comic strip of same name. Polly Moran, Farrell MacDonald, and Marie Dressier.


"Divine Woman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not so divine. Greta Garbo miscast as an actress who will not acknowledge her soldier-sweetheart after she becomes a star, attempts suicide and is saved, of course, by the hero. They live happily, etcetera. Lars Hanson is the boy friend.

"Dress Parade"—Pathé-DeMille. William Boyd miscast as smart-Aleck cadet at West Point who is taken down a peg or two. Bessie Love is the commandant's daughter.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a woman afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Figures Don't Lie"—Paramount. Trival, uninteresting tale of a stenographer, a go-getter salesgirl who is jealous of her employer, and the employer's wife, who is jealous of the stenog. Esther Ralston and Richard Dunne.

"Gateway of the Moon, The"—Fox. Inane story of a girl who goes out to get her man, but he will have none of her. Finally he succumbs to her charms—as they always do in films. Dolores del Rio, Walter Pidgeon, and Leslie Fenton.

"Girl in the Pullman, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Silly farce based on the embarrassment of a young doctor when he discovers his ex-wife in the same Pullman with himself and his bride on their honeymoon. Harrison Ford and Marie Prevost.

"Girl from Chicago, The"—Warner. A fagged girl manages to track down the man guilty of the crime for which her brother was sentenced. Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, and William Rains are all excellent.

"Good-time Charlie"—Warner. Sentimental, maudlin picture relieved only by Helene Costello's radiant presence. Story of a martyred father, who sacrifices everything for his daughter. Warner Oland, Clyde Cook, and Montagu Love are in the cast.

"Gorilla, The"—First National. Another mystery story relieved by hilarious comedy. Charles Murray, Fred Keeler, J. Leo Herlihy, and Keeler Glass are the excellent players who help to solve the mystery.

"Heart of a Follies Girl, The"—First National. Weak and illogical film, saved only by Eddie Foy's hearty show girl in love with the secretary of her manager, whom the latter proves a crook. The secretary goes to prison, escapes, but now is on the advice of his ladylove. Larry Kent, Lowell Sherman.

"If I Were Single"—Warner. Very thin domestic comedy in which four characters busily misunderstand each other. Marian Marsh and Louis Calhern.

"Ladies Must Dress"—Fox. Stenographer having no clothes-sense is taught by a girl she dresses up a million dollars on a small salary. The steno blossoms forth like a Parisian, winning back her sweetheart, Virginia Valli, Lawrence Grant, Hal Holbrook, and Nancy Carroll are all good.


"Leopard Lady, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Long-drawn-out efforts of a vaudeville performer who is sent by Viennese police to join a circus and discover mystery of a series of murders, and her discovery of an ape as the killer. Jacqueline Logan, Alan Hale, and Robert Armstrong.

There is a recipe to suit every one for every occasion in this remarkable book. The favorite recipes of the leading stars of the stage and screen are included. There are

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76 " " desserts
31 " " eggs and omelettes
20 " " famous people's dishes
17 " " cooking fowl
26 " " frozen desserts
9 " " fruits
19 " " icings and fillings
10 " " invalid cookery
39 " " meats
12 " " one-dish dinners
9 " " oysters
41 " " salads
10 " " salad dressings
28 " " sausages
28 " " sea foods
32 " " soups
79 " " vegetables
9 " " vegetarian dishes

AND MANY OTHERS

This Volume Should be in Every Home

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CHELSEA HOUSE
Publishers
79 Seventh Ave. New York
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

"Love Mart, The"—First National. Beautiful but dull film. Billic Dove, as a brawling swimmer in 1915, will have none of her suitors, but becomes enamored of a stranger. The villain appears and the stranger, Gilbert Roland, saves her from the slave market in the nick of time.


"One Woman to Another"—Paramount. Florence Vidor in feeble film of man who tries to sacrifice her life to her brother's children, but comes to when she discovers her rejected beau in the toils of a scheming blonde.

"Shield of Honor, The"—Universal. Unconvincing melodrama of a policeman who is retired because of his age, but wins back his place by heroism. Neil Hamilton and Dorothy Gulliver are good, while Ralph Lewis suffers in his usual fashion.

"Spotlight, The"—Paramount. Unconvincing, slow picture. Producer trains an unknown girl, giving her a Russian name and announcing her as a new cinema from Europe. Esther Ralston, Neil Hamilton, and Nicholas Soussanin are excellent.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plaintive self in sentimental film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story played to perfection. Janet Gaynor in role of girl who takes a job as maid in the home of her beau's business competitor and helps him in putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producing Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"Wizard, The"—Fox. Unskillful mystery film. A "professor" grafts a man's head on body of a chimpanzee, training him to kill. Edmund Lowe, a reporter, solves the mystery, with the help of Leila Hyams, as Anna, who kills the beast.

The More the Merrier.

I still receive requests for additions to the movie game, but as I have run out of stars' names I am now using names of pictures in their place, and hope the fans will like them.

1—If "The Gay Defender" were "Framed," would he ride across the "Open Range," as "Fast and Furious," as "Chain Lightning," or as "The Man with the Pastowing Head"? I took him to be, and therefore become a "Hero on Horseshack"?

2—If I Were Single" and asked a "Gentleman of Paris" and "The Broadway Kid" to "Come to My House" for "Tea for Three," would they refuse because "Gentlemen Prefer Scotch" or because "Three's a Crowd?"

3—If "The Volga Boatman" had a "Girl in Every Port," would "Rose-Marie" and the "Joy Girl" be among them?

4—If several "Lonesome Ladies" with "Pretty Clothes" and "Rolling Stockings," "Shanghai Blues," and "The Irresistible Lover," and kept him "Out All Night," would they have "The Poor Nut" "Running Wild" because it was leap year and he knew their slogan was "Get Your Man?"

5—If "Becky," who was one of those...
From "The Extra Boy."
Can you imagine any one putting on the ritz real ritzily? Well, then you have Oliva Borden. This miss isn’t even pretty, but her eyes are beautiful. She would be a far greater actress if she would forget her self-importance and act naturally.

My introduction to “Buddy” Rogers occurred when I collided with him as he came from the restaurant. He gave me one of his cheerful smiles, revealing a row of even, white teeth. Buddy is tall and good looking, with dark eyes and curly hair. He’s a quiet sort of a chap, too, if you know what I mean.

I had the pleasure of playing a small part in the sparkling Lope Velásquez’s first picture, a Hal Roach comedy. charming is the word to describe this young lady who possesses a pippy, hot-hot personality. She is dark, as Mexicans are, and beautiful.

Girls, Conrad Nagel, is swell looking, tall and slender as a cadet. His hair is blond and very thin, but, in-sh-sh—sh—he wore a dandy toupee in “Quality Street” and appears dashing!

You’d be surprised how much prettier Julia Faye is off screen. She is very ladylike, too, and even in the reform-school gang which she stars in as “The Goddess Julia,” Julia looks refined. But she’s a clever actress and will no doubt convince you that she is hard boled on the screen, whether or not she is. Ah! Victor Varconi is handsome, no foolin’. A fine physique this man has, smiling dark eyes, and a debonair manner. Jane Gaynor is a prettier girl. One would hardly think she the great actress that she really is. She doesn’t go around showing off, and is very cute and well thought of.

You’d be a bit disappointed if you could see Charlotte Chaplin in real life. He’s a serious man with gray hair. One would expect him to be full of life and smiles, but I have found that all comedians are rather serious, and Charlie is no exception.

The Extra Boy.
3725/ Clarington Avenue,
Palms Station, Los Angeles,
California.

Bury the Novarro Hatcher!
It is going to take a lot of self-control to answer that sweet, kind-hearted miss of Jean Paul’s without using unlady-like language.

Ye gods! Every one in the fan world knows by this time that she can’t stand Ramon Novarro. Every time I pick up Picture Play there is a letter from her expressing her dislike for this—to her insipid Novarro person. If she has such an aversion for him, why not write a thesis on it and send it to him? No one is begging or commanding her to like him; no person is forcing her to see his pictures.

If Miss Perula missed “Ben-Hur” she missed half her life, and if she passed up “The Student Prince” she has already missed the other half. I hope she doesn’t miss any more, for I hate to see her missing all the joy in life.

I am asking Miss Joan to please quit, and then we will put the “Novarro versus other stars” hatchet among our souvenirs.

LORRAINE WILLIAMS.
Jefferson City, Missouri.

So Speaketh Egypt.
It amuses me to see the importance the Americans are giving to such an illusory thing as the cinema, for I am an Egyptian. I consider films an agreeable pastime, but after seeing a picture I do not discourse about the acting of the stars. I haven’t an idol, as probably every American has.

I would like to say something about “Corinne and Juanita.” I have liked Rudolph Valentino in two or three roles only because I was not blinded by any sort of infatuation for him. I do not understand men, and am allowed to devote your time and your hearts to the defense of an actor, a man who has not done anything immoral. Tell me of Lindbergh, and I will be with you in all your enterprises.

ALY HOSNY.
II Sacrè Cour Street,
Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt.

The Man-Eating Garbo.
After seeing John Gilbert in “Man, Woman, and Sin,” and some years ago in “The Snob,” I am more than convinced that he is the one actor to play Clyde Griffiths in “An American Tragedy.” What say you?

In his latest picture Jack is himself again. Not that lovick individual who necked himself through two flaming star dramas. My one fear is that M.-G.-M., upon finding that the man-eating Garbo is not going to be such a sensation alone, will cast her in more Gilbert films.

Mrs. Arthur Cole.
4747 Glenwood Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Oettinger Started Something.
I am greatly disappointed in Malcolm H. Oettinger. I always knew him as a clever writer and, until now, thought him a fair one. I now know he is fair only to those he has been his favorites have. I read anything that detracted from her fascination—not even Mr. Oettinger’s account—but I am afraid that for some fans it will.

I have never met Pola, but I think I understand her. Of course, she was not herself. How could she have been, when she was anxious not to be labeled “temperamental” again? She was, and still is, in spite of that interest(s) progressive. Only by being herself can she be the same magnetic, brilliant, fascinating woman that captured the hearts of her fans. Mr. Oettinger said he tried to “draw her out.”

How could he, when he had no sympathy with his subject? He didn’t give her fair play.

I picture Malcolm as a well-dressed young man, the go-ahead type, given to making sarcastic remarks and devoid of any deep feeling. Remember, fans, salt is an excellent remedy for that terrible Malcolm H. Oettinger complaint.

LILLIAN.
Gisborne, New Zealand.
Adolphe Menjou Conceited?

We have discovered an individual who thinks Adolphe Menjou should have a talk placed on his scar! Are we to suppose that this will—indirectly—help to eliminate some of his reported conceit?

Of “Another Fan,” who writes from Toronto in the March issue, let me ask, why the “sock” at Adolphe Menjou? As one who has met him, let me say that he is a real homme de monde, and one should not be deceived by his air of sophistication, for he is really good fun and his suspected conceit just isn’t. Atlanta.

Away with Censors.

Not long ago I saw John Gilbert in “Love”—a film which the critics thought would melt the Russian snows. No doubt the critics witnessed the film on a New York screen. If they had seen it in Philadelphia they wouldn’t have recognized it, for here we have censors—old women who sit by and slash films for the “good of our fine city.” They have made of “Love” a picture that the proudest prudes might view without a blush. No, until some aggressive fans, who refuse to be treated as children, take it upon themselves to throw the censors bodily into the Atlantic Ocean will we be rid of such stupid censorship.

To change from this disagreeable subject to one more pleasing, I should like to congratulate a certain Fox star whose prosperity has in no way affected his modesty and reserve, a boy who can still be seen riding among the streets of Hollywood in a humble Ford roadster; a boy who, since playing the role of Chloe, “in the seventh Heaven,” has won the heart of every movie-goer. Charlie Farrell, may your star never set!

DONALD MACCAMPBELL.
101 South Forty-fifth Street.
West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Perhaps Pola Was Tired.

One letter in “What the Fans Think” department amused me. It spoke of the “fiery Pola” and the “nancy, helpless” Lilian.

The last time I saw Pola Negri in “The Woman on Trial,” she was far from fiery. In fact, she did a poor imitation of Lillian Gish. My idea of fiery was that given by Gloria Swanson in “Sadie Thompson.” Pola is sunk too deep in cables and luxuries to have much fire left.

Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Renee Adoree Wasted in Poor Films.

I am at a loss to understand why an actress as capable as Renee Adoree proved herself in “The Big Parade” is cast in such films as “The Show.” In “The Big Parade” and “Mr. Wu” she rose to heights which no other performer has ever equalled, yet she has since been given a succession of the most mediocre roles, while newcomers with far less ability, and practically no following among the fans, are given the choice parts.

Evelyn Brent is another capable trooper who has waited years for her just reward. She was marvelous in “The Last Command” and “Underworld.” Real ability is scarce on the screen, but I believe the fans are beginning to recognize it more and more and are demanding it, rather than the inexperienced, flapperish, high-school types which the big producers have been palming off on us of late.

C. BARTON JENSON.
Coronado Beach, California.

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So positive are we that you will find Merke Derma Vials of wonderful help in ending dandruff and falling hair, and in stimulating new hair growth, that we offer you PROOF without obligation. Simply mail coupon for one regular size vial ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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FREE—One Regular Size Vial

Thousands of people from coast to coast are discovering Merke Derma Vials—the secret of new, lustrous, healthy hair. Now we welcome this convincing test. Simply take advantage of our generous free offer explained in the words above, use Merke Derma Vial should yourself and see how remarkably helpful it is in ending dandruff and falling hair. Send and mail coupon TODAY, Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-256, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-256, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

For willing to be examined—without obligation on our part. Please send me one of the regular size Merke Derma Vials absolutely FREE and tell me how to use it.

Name ________________________________
Address ____________________________________________
City ___________________ State __________
Information, Please

Continued from page 102

THE MAD HOUR.—Lotus Thompson is an Australian. Edmund Cobb is from New Mexico, a brumet. Madge Bellamy was born in Texas. She is five feet four, has brown eyes and reddish-brown hair. Laura Astor хоро is enough for to-day.

MEES VERDUE.—Never too busy to answer a few questions, especially when they are asked so graciously as yours. Ronald Colman is married to Thelma Ray, though they are separated. Boris, in "The Garden of Allah," was played by Ivan Petrovitch. Gerald Fielding is English, born in India. That was his first film. Write Sally Blane at the Paramount studio. See Joaquin H. Bowers and Oscar Belieux. John Mack Brown and Greta Garbo, both Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City.

TWO ANXIOUS GIRLS.—Most of your questions are answered above; see ELEANOR, OF SOUTH DIVISION HIGH, Rex Lease is a brumet, about five feet ten.

HEE, HEE, CLARA.—I'll try to take your advice not to overdo like fans who make it easy for me by asking simple questions. The Wampus baby stars of 1924 were Clara Bow, Elinor Fair, Flora Gray, Catherine Hawthorne, Jane Hatt, Julanne Johnston, Harriet Keener, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Marion Nixon, Lucille Ricksen, and Alberta Vaughn. I'm sorry I don't know any of the home addresses you ask for. Tom Moore lived several years ago at 1909 Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles. You might try to reach him there. Conway Tearle can be reached at the Friars' Club—see DIXIE BELIEUX. Viola Dana plays sometimes in F. B. O. films. Try her there. I believe Marshall Nolan has returned to England to produce one or two pictures there.

FOREIGN FANS.—If you are interested in exchanging stars' photographs, Miss Jeanne Esterman, 2224 West Division Street, Chicago, Illinois, would like to hear from you. She has a lot of photographs, some of which she would like to trade for pictures of Clara Bow, Richard Barthelmess, Joan Crawford, Richard Arlen, and one or two more of her favorites.

LEE BAILEY, 16 Rossonian Apartments, Houston, Texas, would be very grateful if fans would send her old movie magazines or pictures cut from them. Miss Bailey is manager of a fan club and would like the old pictures for their clubroom.

No, Miss Bailey, I don't suppose Carol Dempster has retired permanently from the screen, although she hasn't played in anything since "The Sorrow of Satan." When Griffith became affiliated with United Artists, I understand they insisted he get a leading lady with more box-office value.

CUBAN FAN.—So you thought Greta Garbo was born in Canada? Well, anyhow, she did come from a cold place—at least, Stockholm is too cold for me. Al Jolson was born in Washington, D. C. Earle Foxe in Oxford, Ohio, Maurice Costello in Pittsburgh. Natacha Rambova was a New Yorker. I'm not sure she was born here. Scotch-American means, usually, born in America of Scotch descent.

A QUEERLUS QUARTER.—I suppose our American money would be quite a puzzle to you who live elsewhere. The nearest English equivalent for an American quarter—twenty-five cents—is a shilling, or

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twenty-three cents in United States currency. You might be able to get pictures of the dog stars, free, by writing to their studios—Rin-Tin-Tin at Warner Brothers, 5842 Sunset Hollywood, and Thomas O‘Fynn at Gotham Studios, Universal City. I can’t find out where Silverstreak is working. Next time you see one of his pictures, look at the name of the comic partner and his or her address will be found in this department. Claire Wind- sor and Bert Lytell were divorced in Aug- ust, 1927.

MARIA SALVADOR.—Indeed, I do want you to write again; as you say, I don’t often get letters from Spain, and your letter is delightful. I should like very much to hear about Spanish films and actors; we seldom hear of them in Amer- ica. Gosia Ekman, I am told, lives at 19 Hjorthagsgoven, Stockholm. Don’t ask me how to pronounce that one. Camilla Horn is now in America, under contract to United Artists, 720 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles. Her Berlin ad- dress is Spichernstrasse 17, but she probably won’t return there for some time. Until Nov., Nittenburgsabelsburg, a small village just outside Berlin.

E. E. L.—If only everyone’s questions were as easy to answer as yours, running this department would be a nice, soft job. But don’t worry; it isn’t! I often have to take my spade in hand and dig and dig for information. Ben Lyon’s is a bril- liant net, with that lucky combination of very dark hair and dark-blue eyes. I don’t know of any stars with birthdays on Sep- tember 21st. Gilda Gray’s comes on Octo- ber 24th. Lya de Putti’s name is pro- nounced Lée-a de Pu-ti, like pie, in put and take—ty. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. J. Ramon Novarro’s films during 1927 were “Lover, My Student Prince,” and “The Road to Rome.” His first 1928 film is “Forbidden Hours,” unless that title is changed for the fourth time before its release.

A TORONTIAN.—Thanks for the bou- Quet for Christmas. The address—do you love bouquets! Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. Phyllis Haver is a native of Kan- sas City, Mo., 1895. Her real name is O’Haver. She is not married. She used to be a Sennett bathing girl and is now under contract to De- Mille. Her recent films are “The Wise Wife,” “Your Wife and Mine”—an in- dependent picture—“Chicago,” and “Tenth Avenue.” At this writing, she is to play the lead in D. W. Griffith’s new picture, “The Battle of the Sexes,” for United Artists. Earnest O’Flynn was born in Pittsburgh, of Irish descent, and grew up in Toronto. He appears mostly in comedies; in the several features he has played in, his lines have been in the living-room or living room. He worked in “Sweet Rosie O’Grady” and in “Heroes of the Night,” but the sequences in which he played were cut out. Wenda Trin at 1534 North Curson Avenue, Hollywood.

EAST.—Now what am I to do about Buster Keaton? I enclose your letter to him was returned from the Tiffany-Stahl studios, yet that company announced that they had signed him to a five-picture con- tract. Perhaps the contract occurred after you wrote; you might try him there again. Eve Southern is also under contract to that company. Clara Bow is twenty- three; five feet three and one half; weight, one hundred and nine. Mary Pickford is thirty-five, five feet tall; weight, one hun- dred. Elinor Fair is twenty-four, five feet four and one half; weight, one hun- dred and five. Eileen O’Malley is about twenty-seven. She weighs one hundred and five and is five feet two. Lacy Cody is about forty-three, not quite six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy- eight. Richard Arlen is thirty; Gloria Swanson, twenty-nine. Gloria is five feet three and weighs one hundred and twelve. Mae Murray has left the screen, but I think just Hollywood, California, would reach her.

CLARENCE LYNCH.—I see you’re a real Western fan. I don’t know whether Ken Maynard uses his real name or not. He has a brother known as Ted Austin, so that may be his. He has played in several dozen pictures. West- erns stars almost always own their own horses—in fact, a whole stableful usually. “I love Dad’s Old Greyhounds,” said Dorothy Devore. In “The Valley of Hell” Edna Murphy was the heroine, Conway Tearle and Alice Terry played the leads in “The Great Divide.” I don’t know about Captain Plume.” If you’ll tell me who produced it, I can find out who the players were.

A MISS.—See Hey, Hey, Clara. And watch for next month’s Oracle and I will give you names of other Wampus stars. I’ve no more space in this issue.

How I Spent My First Pay Check

Raymond Keane.

Could hardly wait to buy a nifty sport roadster—and to park it proudly in front of the Best Girl’s house.

RITA CARITA.

An auto salesman took me check away from me in exchange for a cute little coupé—or whatever part of one you own after the first pay- ment down. While in New York, my idea of spending money had been to buy clothes in Fifth Avenue shops, but after coming to California for picture work, I realized that a person without a car was handicapped about as much as a sign-language expert would be if he had both arms ampu- tated. Hence, the car.

Marceline Day.

My first check went into an orgy of shopping. I bought a complete new wardrobe—adorable dresses, and hats and shoes, and lovely accessories. I reveled in buying them, and used to take them off their hangers and from their boxes to ad- mire them over and over again. My only regret was that I could wear only one dress at a time. On days at home, I used to change my frock several times, in order to parade each and every one of my precious possessions.
HAVE you heard about it? This amazing new aid to beauty? If not, read every word of this announcement. For it tells of a remarkable device—made of rubber—that can bring you youthful beauty!

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$1.00 offer

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For a short time only, Mme. Vionay will send Beautycup with full directions and a regular $1.00 jar of Beautycup Cream for just $1.00. By ordering now, you save $1.00! Fill in and mail the coupon THIS MINUTE!

Joyce Compton.

After purchasing presents for mother and father, I asked First National to give me back the canceled check. And had it framed, of course!

**Addresses of Players.**


**Gwen Lee, Ramon Navarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Louis Calhern, George Arliss, Marion Davies, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, Buster Keaton, Johnny Mack Brown, Paul Rob, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

**Ulima Banksy, Ronald Coleman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 728 South Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

**Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billy Dove, Ken Maynard, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Mackaill, Harry Lauter, Mary Astor, Larry Kent, Costume Griffith, Donald Reed, and Molly O'Day, at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

**Helen Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marion Nixon, Art Acord, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethlyn Claire, Norma Kerry, William Desmond, and Malcolm

**Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.


**Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Robert Brewster, George Arliss, Clara Bow, Lionel Barrymore, and Dorothy Sebastian, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Crescent, Los Angeles, California.

**Burl Hart, Mary Ann Jackson, at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

**Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Burton Lane, Kit Gray, and Eddie Cook, at the F. R. O. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

**Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.


**Robert Frazer, 858 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Ruth Miller, 806 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

**Robert Agnew, 6337 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

**Dorothy Revier, 1307 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

**Betty Francher, 1317 1/2 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

**Juliane Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

**Glucidon McGreggor, 6943 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emelita Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Rosemary Tibe, 6107 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Jackie Coogan, 678 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


**Malcolm Julianna Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

**Elia Gray Tery, 1218 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Harold Lloyd, 6510 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

**Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuero Street, Los Angeles, California.

**Elouen Perry, 315 Beehove Drive, Los Angeles, California.

**Buddy Messinger, 1513 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**Herbert Rawlinson, 733 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

**Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

**Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

**Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

**Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

**Ludens, The Studio, 3300 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ La Pampa, Hollywood, California.

**Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.


**Virgil Rich, Laurel Canyon, Box 799, P. O. Box 10, Hollywood, California.

**Carl Foret, care of Tim tips, Lamb Club, West Forty-Fourth Street, New York City.

**Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hulan, Los Angeles, California.

**Pat O'Malley, 1532 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Gordon Griffith, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

**Inez Burnand, 628 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

**Wallace MacDonald, 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

**Marceline Day, 1337 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtith Street, New York City.

**Allce Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, California.

**Alice Calhoun, 658 South Lorraine Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

When Caesar was a boy

The Forum was the common market-place for all of ancient Rome. Today a few crumbling columns stand as mute reminders of its former grandeur.

In our present-day complex civilization, market-places have become scattered. It is no longer possible to visit them all in a morning—or even in a day.

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Advertising has become the common market-place of this twentieth century
It's the favorite.

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Jadie Bellamy
Painted by
Modest Stein

Does "Pull" Help in the Movies?
"I wish I'd known"

There's always a new experience ahead—something you haven't done before and which calls for a decision.

You become engaged—and immediately you are called upon to decide on the purchase of many, many things you never bought before.

You marry—and furniture, draperies, silverware, china, talking machines, oil-burners, gas-stoves, automobiles claim your dollars and call for your choice.

A baby comes—and again you face a new experience in purchasing clothes and powders and blankets; in buying a crib, baby-carriage, foods, toys.

Next—what school? For the years pass incredibly fast. Once more, a new decision.

Every room in your house requires a choice. Every meal served in your dining-room results from your having decided on what to serve. Every day confronts you with a multitude of possibilities from which you must select those which make life happier and better, and make the dollars go further.

How on earth are you going to make those decisions? How can you know what you want and what you don't want? How can you buy to such advantage that you'll seldom, if ever, have occasion to use that futile phrase, "I wish I'd bought something else"?

Read the advertisements—read them carefully. The advertisements are an encyclopaedia of news and information on the things you want and need.
Wilder than any of the Arabian Nights are the tales that might be told of some modern “Roadhouse” nights—and here is one of them you won’t forget in a hurry! Lured by a voluptuous siren who acts as the “come-on” for a gang of crooks operating a popular roadhouse as a shield for their real business, Larry Grayson runs the gamut of drink, passion and wild abandonment until he wakes up to find himself on trial for murder!

Here is a picture that will open your eyes—because what happened to Larry Grayson could happen to anyone!

With Maria Alba, Warren Burke, Lionel Barrymore and Julia Swayne Gordon in the leading roles, “Roadhouse” is one of the most powerfully enacted stories of modern youth ever filmed!

William Fox presents

with

Maria Alba
Warren Burke
Lionel Barrymore
Julia Swayne Gordon

Richard Rosson Production
Picture Play

Volume XXVIII

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1928

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What the Fans Think
An open forum for and by our readers.

A Happy Partnership
Mary Brian and Richard Arlen pair off for a busy season.

The Foreign Invaders Repulsed
An interesting summary of talent that has failed.

A Montana Ranch—England—Hollywood
An intimate story of Gary Cooper's life.

Well, Here They Are
Appropriately introducing Lill Damita and Walter Byron.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood
Another installment of our mystery serial.

Their Stairways of Fame
Ups and downs in homes of the stars.

Pull Hasn't Helped Them at All
The futility of influential relations in Hollywood.

Hollywood High Lights
The latest news of the movie colony in tabloid form.

The Eternal Feminine
Lois Moran, Madge Bellamy, and Sally Phipps display fashions.

The Young Man of the Hour
He is William Haines.

Favorite Picture Players
Full-page studies of eight talented ones.

When Beauty Is a Burden
Pity the plight of poor Billie Dove.

The Strange Case of Conway Tearle
Margaret Reid

The Little Girl Who Never Grew Up
Elizabeth Petersen

Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan has her say—and how!

Just a Hard-woiking Girl
Marion Davies' own description of herself.

Shakespeare Was Right!
Pictures which prove that clothes make the man and the nationality, too.

Continued on the Second Page Following
"best show in town!"

in SHORT FEATURES too!

PARAMOUNT

Whole Show Program for 1928-29

• Big Specials—"Wings," "The Wedding March," "The Canary Murder Case" and more! Great Star Features — Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Emil Jannings, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels — and more!

It's the greatest program that Paramount has ever planned for you! Best of all, you get short features of the same de luxe quality as Paramount feature pictures! The alert Paramount News, Paramount-Christie Comedies, The "Great Stars and Authors" series, Krazy Kat and Inkwells Imps Cartoons. Paramount — the Whole Show!

PARAMOUNT NEWS

"The Eyes of the World"

World-wide organization. Largest staff of expert camera men. Nine big local editions blanketing the United States serving each territory with local news events. All the news of all the world first and best.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK
Stars that Rose in the East .......................... 56
Alma Talley

You Never Know ........................................ 59
When comedians assume feminine disguises they keep the audience guessing.

Manhattan Medley ........................................ 60
Antoinette Despard
News and gossip of the stars who visit New York.

Will She Make the Grade? ............................... 64
Aileen St. John-Brenon
The discovery of Doree Leslie and her chances of success.

The Stroller ................................................ 66
Carroll Graham
Jocose observations of a Hollywood pedestrian.

The Screen in Review ................................. 68
Norbert Lusk
Critical notes on the new films.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases .......... 72
Brief tips on pictures now being shown.

Fooling the Kleigs ....................................... 73
Novel means of preventing a complaint dreaded by the stars.

Ramon—As He Is ......................................... 74
Margaret Reid
A revealing analysis of the one and only Novarro.

Music and the Movies .................................. 83
Harlow J. Peters
The development of symphonic orchestras in film theaters.

They Had to Be Discovered ........................... 86
Ann Sylvester
How some of the stars were helped to realize themselves.

Pity the “Elusive” Face ............................... 89
H. A. Woodmansee
The handicap of not possessing features that stand out on the screen.

Information, Please .................................. 102
The Picture Oracle
Answers to burning questions.

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YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

Producers of motion pictures face difficulties about which the general public knows little, as more and more restrictions are placed upon the making of films. Broadly speaking, these restrictions come under the heading of censorship, but they are really more than that, and have little or nothing to do with morals. For example, did you know that Italy banned Greta Garbo's "The Temptress"? That Norma Talmadge’s "The Dove" was produced in accordance with the requirements of Mexico? And that every picture filmed in Hollywood must needs comply with the regulations of various States and countries if it can hope to be shown there? Edwin Schallert has written for September PICTURE PLAY a most informative article on this subject, which will open your eyes to the problems of producers, and explain why many scenes in notable films have failed to satisfy.

He is the Writers' Waterloo

So Madeline Glass describes Richard Barthelmess, whose infrequent appearance in PICTURE PLAY is explained by the remarkable story of Miss Glass' difficulties in recording her conflicting impressions of him, which will appear next month. John Barrymore is gayly iconoclastic in Helen Louise Walker's interview with him, and Joan Crawford is the subject of Malcolm H. Oettinger's enthusiastic article, while Barry Norton and James Hall, about whom many are inquiring, are subjected to the scrutiny of William H. McKeag, with results that will make them more popular with their fans. Myrtle Gehart rediscovers Betty Compson and Estelle Taylor, and Margaret Reid describes the glories of Esther Ralston's new home—a fitting setting for that radiant, blond beauty—while Mignon Rittenhouse has compiled a most engaging story of the earliest symptoms of acting in the lives of the stars. So you see, from this brief summary, that next month's PICTURE PLAY will be a lively companion on your vacation jaunt.
They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play

... but I was the life of the party after that

The first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pep-peped up for a good dance!"

"Fine!" cried Dorothy, "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and meriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly, but no one said a word.

"How about you, Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes I'll play 'Far, Far Away'," laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another, "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me, but as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect.

They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me while-eyed.

They—-I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loos-ing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues."

Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—

with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for me?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—

—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson.

The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—

just a simple, common-sense method—just a simple, common-sense method—just a simple, common-sense method—just a simple, common-sense method—just a simple, common-sense method.

And regardless of what instrument you pick, the course arrives only a few cents a day.

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking, so if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be able to play for your friends' enjoyment—

send the coupon today for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson. budding artist—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, each or en bloc.

U. S. School of Music, 537 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

537 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course.

Have you above instrument?

Name

(Please write plainly)

Address

City

State
What the Fans Think

Are Talking Movies Wanted?

HEAVEN preserve us from the talking movie! I have heard that there is a strong possibility that they may become general. But such a state of affairs would be too awful to contemplate. Just think of the Duke of Bluffington talking with a strong, nasal twang, or a hard, coarse, voice coming from some exquisite heroine. I'm afraid we would be sadly disappointed if we heard some of the stars speak: and anyway, I have always held that one of the great attractions of the movies was that one could rest there without the strain of listening for every word. The orchestra serves as a musical background for the picture.

When will the film producer learn that sex appeal is not the point of paramount importance in a movie? Take "Wings," for instance. Here we have a magnificent picture of war in the air, thrilling fights five thousand feet up, glorious photography, an epic of the screen. But what does the producer do? "We must bring in some love interest," he says. Lo, Clara Bow, a bewitching madcap in the right picture, is squeezed into the film to display "It" in front of the airplanes! Needless to say the tone of the story is changed, and the grandeur of the shots of great planes fighting in the heavens is considerably hampered by a return to a close-up of Miss Bow. I am a great admirer of Miss Bow. She was splendid in "Mantrap," but even her most fervent fan must see she is out of place in this picture.

To return to the film producers' love of sex appeal. Emil Jannings is fat, middle-aged, and ugly, but his pictures are about the finest ever made. "The Last Command!" shows acting of such marvelous power and restraint, that one wonders how Jannings can improve on it.

And it's a box-office draw. If dollars are the sole aim of the producer, this should interest him!

James M. Duncan.

22 Grosvenor Road,

Face to Face With Greta.

My chum's dad has a prominent position in the M-G-M studio, so we got a pass to go through one day. We were standing there trying to make up our minds where to look first, when a tall, slim, awkward—mark me, very awkward—girl came along. She had no hat on, and her hair was quite pretty. When she came closer, we then saw it was the much-discussed Greta Garbo. And now, when I read Malcolm Oettinger's remarks in April Picture Play, it sure gives me a laugh! I've never seen Pola in person, but believe me, Fans, you're very silly to take any notice of his opinion of her.

We were real close to Greta. The beauty and magnetism that Oettinger raved about certainly were not there. She has an extra-large mouth, which is the first thing you notice about her. And she has very large feet—which isn't exactly a fault, but it isn't added beauty, either. Her eyes were covered with the "purplish tint" that Malcolm Oettinger accuses Pola of using. Of course he didn't notice that on Greta Garbo. He wouldn't—he's that type!

She's tall, very tall, almost lanky. Her hair is her one good feature. She smiled at somebody standing near us and we noticed very unattractive teeth, for a star! When we saw Vilma Banky the same day, I felt like rushing up to her and talking. She gives you the feeling that you know her. I wonder if Malcolm Oettinger has ever seen her? No doubt if he has, he wouldn't realize a beautiful person when he saw one.

Really, I was more than surprised when I saw Greta. All you girls that long to be actresses, don't be discouraged. If Greta Garbo can haul down the money she does, we can all be stars, for beauty certainly did not get her in.

I saw May McAvoy and she's awfully pretty. May never really interested me on the screen, but she's a very pretty girl and deserves much more popularity than she has achieved. And Vilma Banky is a dream. I never realized such beautiful people existed.

I wish the people that like Greta could see her in person. And I also wish I had seen Pola myself, to see if she was so "ritzy." This man who took us into the studio informed us afterward, when I asked him about Pola, that she had always seemed so friendly as any other actress. I'd just like to name the ones that he said are "ritzy."

B. L. F.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Some Stars Are Shy.

In the May issue, "California Forever" very glibly condemns Evelyn Brent as sullen and defiant. It seems to me that such condemnation should not be printed,

Continued on page 10
What the Fans Think

unlike it is a fact. People with a preserved nature, or rather of a shy disposition, often retire behind a mask when in their private lives. Florence Vidor is another who shies herself her many times.

A friend of mine is a reporter for a college daily. She has interviewed many stars. They are as truly varied in disposition as any number of persons chosen at random from any crowd. I was fortunate enough to interview Mac Murray when he visited France about a year or so ago. She treated us with courtesy and responded graciously to our pleas for photographs. She was so different from the exotic Mo of the screen that then and there I promised myself never to condemn or judge a person's character by their screen work. Let's leave their private lives private. We're not interested in the complexities and tantrums of our favorites. Nine times out of ten they are only press agents' yarns.

To return to Evelyn Brent. Have you seen "The Last Command"? "California Forever," can you call her sullen or scornful in that? Please don't be ridiculous! You would probably be as elated as I should be, were we to receive her photograph. I hope to, some day.

JACK JENKINS

3141 D Street, Sacramento, California.

Movies Can Promote World Peace.

How long are the producers going to continue with war pictures, I wonder? We hate war, and are so tired of viewing the conflict on the screen. Besides, there are many known heroes that can't forget, and each picture that portrays warfare cuts open wounds anew. Many of us would remain away from a picture if we knew it could cut a thousand, but we can't tell the title whether or not it means peace or war. The pictures could do a lot for world peace and better understanding of our fellow men. They could bring about permanent peace between nations by portraying the good in all races. We'd like to see pictures of the everyday life of all nations, and the other nations would like to see the real America, and not the jazzy, shadowy characters that are often shown as substitutes.

Los Angeles, California.

Citizenship and Profit.

Regarding the article "Must They Become Americans," in May Picture Play, it is not necessary for the stars to become citizens. The gain of wealth is not all on the side of the foreign stars. Without the ability of foreign stars, Hollywood would not be our. The artists have the right to sell their services in the best market, let it be France, Germany, or England.

We have had in vaudeville many American artists who have been with us for years, and seem likely to remain where their entertainment is appreciated.

In the past we had R. G. Knowles, a great favorite on the English stage, but who remained an American citizen. There is no pressure brought to bear on an American citizen. Yet the laws of England protect them, even in propriety, the same as a British subject, and neither press nor public refers to them as foreigners.

I am of the opinion the writer of the article has little or no knowledge of London.

The views of American and English artists who have worked in both America and England, New York and London. You will find a general preference for London and it has a certain bright lights of Broadway never will approach.

General Delivery, J. Ross, Yakima, Washington.

What Is "Gilbo-Garbage?"

My gosh! I'm writing to throw a particularly large and heavy brickbat at Greta Garbo. The person who said Garbo is "a perfectly nice-looking little idiot" is right.

"I'm a flapper, and I don't mind telling people so; but whoever said flappers like "dumb," should, I think, have known that Garbo always plays, is all wet! We don't mind petting, but when they start showing that kind of loving, good Lord! It's the old fogey who never knew what "necking" is, who like that junk. Can you imagine a normal boy and girl doing the contortionist stunts that Gilbert and Garbo do in the name of love? I can't. Nobody ever sees that except in the movies. That isn't love; it's plain bunk! We call it "Gilbo-Garbage," out here, and the name fits it.

A FLAPPER WHO IS NOT A GARBO FAN, Kalispey, Montana.

Reviving the Foreign Invasion.

That is my final offense, or defense—whichever it shall be. However, I am moved to make my little speech, because of, and in answer to, the article in the May number, "Must They Become Americans?"

Of course! And why not? Should we play Santa Claus to a lot of selfish, mercenary foreigners who come to our shores, now in the midst of a war, and return to spend it in their own countries? Or, worse yet, who do not return to their countries, but who live on here and pay allegiance to their home states? This last returns, of course, to the "eternal question," Charles Spencer Chapman. Whether or not he is a genius remains to be proven to me, because I just can't figure out why we should pay allegiance to a man who earns millions here, but will not become one of us, who serves under two flags, yet when both countries needed him in the World War, served under neither. A flacker, dear me, no. Merely a genius. He may be funny to some, but not to me. I have other brows on which to place my laurel wreaths.

And Ronald Colman, long my favorite. I must confess a surprise at the knowledge that he also remains an Englishman. However, he at least went to war in his country called England, and he really wants to become an American. I doubt very much if it would raise such a hue and cry as he seems to think.

On the other hand, judging from Pola Negri's past performances in obtaining the spotlight, I would say that her attempts to become an American were for the benefit of publicity only. That, of course, revives the question of Garbo? Yes, Garbo is a law unto herself. Who would try to pass judgment on a spleen?

England is at present boycotting American actors and actresses. "Indeed," says she, "why should we employ Americans, when our own countryside are without work?" That's all right, if she wants to do it that way, but why should we nourish our offshoots who prefer to live on our soil? Note this item, in a recent newspaper:

"Our British cousins have classified Charles Chaplin's recent picture, "The Circus," as a British production, because Chaplin, its star, producer, director, and producer is English. Nothing like giving credit where it belongs."

I enjoy seeing the sulky Garbo, the lovely Villa, the artist Jeanings, the handsome Novarro, and the sparkling Del Rio; and now and then the score or more of other foreign artists; but, just the same, I think that those who earn here, who live here, are entitled to a share in the wealth is belongs to the country which makes it possible for that art to reach the world.

LORRAINE CHANDLER.

1900 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Let Ramon Show His Teeth.

Why do the fans seek to hurt the dear people who give us so much pleasure? They are human beings and heirs to the human legacy of suffering.

To accuse Tom Mix of effeminacy, or Bull Montana of vanity would merely advertise these worthless intents. Gene Keaton of netting ill-gotten gains from dental advertisements would probably make him smile—almost! It would be absurd for Ann Miller to dispute the use of corn plasters, but if little Ann uses some special shampoo for that lovely hair of hers, I, for one, would be glad to learn of her name.

Ramon Novarro has, among other things, perfect teeth. Is it very unlikely, then, that he uses good dentifrice? But I take it that some of your readers object to Ramon getting his teeth too clean. Dear, dear! How naughty of Ramon!

Ramon is young—gloriously young, engagingly young. Alas, he will not always be young. Some fans may feel that a fifty-year-old Ramon would charm them quite as well, but I have my doubts. I don't think there's a more perfect body in the world than Ramon's, and yet he's about the only one who doesn't tell us "How He Does It!"

The above statement, coming as it does from a girl, may shock nice-minded folk. But I think it is Ramon certainly the story that lies behind his physical splendor. I am always glad to see a picture of Ramon anywhere, even if it adorns an advertisement for eye wash—which, of course, it never will.

Advertisement is only to be deplored when the public is deliberately misled.

May God's heaven bless you, Ramon, and its radiance abide ever in your soul, to the glory of your beautiful dark eyes, and may this fair earth give you to of its fullness, and your days upon it be long and bright.

A recent letter by Viola Davies, intended to be a tribute to Valentino, was in reality an insult to his memory. Rudolph would not thank those who drag their flowery words through the mud before placing them on his shrine. He would not thank those who mistake petty spite for loyalty, and dirty water for tears. I am positive Valentino was a gentleman and would not stoop to slander a boy whose happy idealism perhaps he envied, nor would his soul rejoice at the defilement of his own dead body. What has astonished my friends and myself here in Scotland is the splurge of vile spite directed by the so-called "Valentino fans" at the artists who have dared survive him.
Valentino, the man, I liked. Valentino, the actor, never.

I feel he was a bitter, disappointed man, cheated of his just deserts—of a home and children and of manhood's fruition. Valentino buried his youth with Julio De- muey. The Half of many times back again. Beteibet did not really suit him, although the costumes did. The Valentino craze was like back-water fever. Deliriously people sought to see his shadow; deathly sick they were to see his corpse. The living, breathing young man eluded them entirely.

I greatly admired Valentino, and I feel his life was infinitely more tragic than his unassuming tragedy because he was cheated of his ambition to portray something finer than sheiks. He was not happy. There was no serenity in his eyes, but only a vague unrest.

And I loved Wally Reid dearly. He was a clean-souled, fair-minded boy, whose happy eyes kindled an answering gleam in ours. The sun in his hair, and in his soul, the blue of heaven in his eyes and its fairness on his lips—with these Wally was blessed. Very gently, the great Creator took away the cup of life from him and then gave him back the dregs. He was, and still is, loved. He will live in our hearts forever, a beloved memory. He was just "Wally," and as such everyone adores him. From fervor marked his passing—only pity that the world must go on, a little darker, a more cold and impoverished place, because Wally" had gone.

One more word about Ramon. I pray that no more fiendish weapons, thinl camouflaged beneath scanty coverings of arum lilies, will be directed against a boy whose only jewels are in his eyes, and whose only ornament is the grace of a pure mind and a perfect body.

MURIEL GRAHAM.

Ingholm, Beruchen, Saskatchewan.

Wally Reid’s Memorial.

I feel sure the fans will be interested in hearing something of the progress of Wally Reid’s memorial, the announce- ment of which appeared in Picture Play several months ago.


We have prepared a beautifully bound "Golden Book of Remembrance," in which will be inscribed names of all the fans who have contributed toward the fund. The book will be kept in Wally’s chapel in perpetuity. Special souvenir acknowledg- ments will be given to all the fans responsible for making the book possible.

The names of some of Wally’s best films, notably "The Woman God Forgot," in which he was costarred with Geraldine Farrar, and "Forever," in which he gave so beautiful an interpretation of "Maurice's, Peter Bobstion.

If there are enough fans in any one locality who would like to see one of Wally’s films revived, they will send us the name of their local theater manager}

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If there are enough fans in any one locality who would like to see one of Wally’s films revived, they will send us the name of their local theater manager
Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

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Wear what you please
Do what you please
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Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will 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 bodily 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.

Lose 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 try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. 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.

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Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. I understand 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.
To me she has said, "I was born in a log cabin, but I don't intend to die in one." The things she has looked upon as handicaps, such as having had indigestion and being too large to begin work early in life, will prove assets. I am sure the future holds much for Madeline. She deserves it, and I am foretelling

Next to William Henry McKegg, one of Picture Play's best writers. That was my opinion before I ever met Henri. He was born in England and educated in England. Five years ago he came to Hollywood from Paris. Although he has traveled all over Europe, this small-in stature, but remarkable-in mind young fellow likes Hollywood so well that he has become the American citizen. Three cheers for Henri! Can you imagine an Englishman with a sense of humor? Well, Henri has one. Perhaps he developed it since coming to Hollywood. He says a sense of humor is necessary to the enjoyment of life in the movie metropolis. Mr. McKegg is quite a linguist, being well versed in four languages. He loves with his mother and devotes all his time to writing. He desires to become well known in the field of fiction. Henri, too, remembers his first interview. It was with Neil Hamilton. He declares it was full of faults, that he has had a long, hard fight to overcome the European habit of writing long-winded sentences and long paragraphs. However, he is elated that the fight has been won.

Many of Mr. McKegg's articles have been likened to "Japanese" films. They have invariably caused comment among the fans I know. Henri does not feel that the fans are interested in the writers of the stories we read in the magazine. But I think the fans are interested in the writer, as well as in the subject discussed.

Anyway, you've "met" Henri and Madeleine. We should be proud of them, should we not? They have risen from the ranks of fandom, and by their own admission remain fans!

Olive D. Thompson.

706 West Forty-ninth Place, Los Angeles, California.

Here's a Vote for James Hall.

It certainly is gratifying to see how James Hall is gaining in popularity. I picked him out two years ago as one of the coming stars, and so far he has more than lived up to the opinion I formed about him. He has done well in many of the parts he has played and, I believe, has every chance of becoming a great star.

Being a Good Crook.

Seeing that crook portrayals have been popular on the screen recently, I wish to say that Evelyn Brent's characterization of a lady crook is very amusing when brought out by a first-class woman. Miss Brent and her distinguished predecessors, Betty Compson and Priscilla Dean.

To my mind Betty Compson is "Queen of Crooks," so far as screen characterizations go. Who can ever forget her wonderful portrayals in "The Miracle Man," "Kick In," "The Woman with Four Faces," "The Wise Guy," and, more recently, "Ladybird," "Cheating Chasers," and "The Big City?" Miss Brent's work in "Underworld" does not even remotely compare with Betty Compson's in "The Miracle Man" or "The Wise Guy."

A close second to Betty Compson is the dashing Priscilla Dean. Who can forget her work in "Outside the Law," and the rest of her old pictures, "Reputation," "Driftin,'" and "The White Tiger"?

I recently saw a reissue of "Outside the Law," and, despite its ancient costumes and sets, I got a greater thrill in viewing it than I did "Underworld," with all its modern advantages.

If Miss Brent wants to continue being a crook in films, I suggest she study the work of Betty Compson and Priscilla Dean in their old pictures. That is, if she wants to become a professional. Now, in comparison, she is merely an amateur.

Meet Another Writer.

What about the writers who have made Picture Play the success that it is today? Aren't they worthy of honorable mention? An injustice has been done, for in so very short a space as this, I can only mention the title of "star" as much as any actor.

There's Myrtle Gehart. Take adorable, charming, and all the other sweet adjectives you can think of—put them all together, and then you will have but a slight idea of this writer. Last year I dropped her a line, mentioning the fact that I would like to receive information about Phyllis Haver. I am president of a club in her honor. Miss Gehart not only told me where to get the data, but I also obtained through her, indirectly, a beautiful photograph, signed personally and autographed. Not content with that, Miss Gehart sent me a picture of herself, signed to me. I think as much of that photo as any other I possess. If I had phylills Haver's Hollywood, my first stop would be at the home of this woman—not to annoy her, but to pay homage to a truly marvelous writer.

Another writer with whom I am in contact is Madeleine glass. She is not a frequent contributor to the magazine—what a pity!—but she knows how to describe the stars in a most interesting manner.

The Oracle should present a medal of honor pinned on him. He's a dear! Courteous. Of course. He became an honorary member of my club, and hunted through his files to secure data regarding new screen faces. Just imagine what it would be like to us movie-mad folks, if it were not for the patient Oracle, ever ready to be of assistance.

And last, but by no means least, I have to thank this department, for through it I have been enriched by several pen pals, whose messages bring joy to my heart.

You know you can write to Picture Play. Let the public rave about the stars; I'll rave about the magazine. If one stops to think, they will realize I am sensible in praising something in the Hollywood wise—whereas—but I'll stop now before I get into hot water!

Helen C. Brauer.

210 French Street, Buffalo, New York.

Appreciative.

Will the fans accept my humble thanks for the opinion of my own, "Hollywood writers in which is true of the May issue? Although I have attempted to send individual replies, I have been verbally swamped with letters, so I feel called upon to express this in the form of offering my heartfelt appreciation.

In spite of the fact that distance separates us, we are all bound together by a common understanding and feeling for the heroes.

May all our minds continue to glean further wheat from the chaff of the screen world.——Graham Dale.

600 West 157th Street, New York City.

Continued on page 117.
Who Was It? Who Killed—
The answer to the crime puzzle! Gripping mystery, breathless suspense, the exciting sort of story that keeps you burning the midnight oil to get to the dramatic climax and learn the identity of the criminal.
The best mystery and detective stories are now obtainable in book form in substantial attractive cloth bindings, gold stamped, with good paper and large clear print; volumes that are the equal of most novels published at $2.00. These books are known as the

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—he says in Los Angeles Times: "Famed for the discovery of Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and other first-water stars, Mack Sennett has registered again as a Columbus of talent. In 'The Good-bye Kiss' Miss Eilers discloses as much youthful charm as any girl who has come to the screen for a long time. Perhaps more."

Ask famous Louella Parsons
—she says in Los Angeles Examiner: "'The Good-bye Kiss' is an original and delightful romance. Johnny Burke, Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp are accorded praise for their artistry in this Sennett comedy."

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—he said in Photoplay's May issue: "Romance, kisses, comedy, pathos, all intermingled, keep you laughing and crying in this personally-directed special of Sennett's. Sally Eilers justifies the claims about her beauty and ability, and Matty Kemp, her leading man, has much appeal. Johnny Burke is a comedian of first rank and walks away with honors."

Ask anyone of the millions
who saw "Mickey" and "Molly O," Mack Sennett's previous full-length feature hits!
And besides it's

**A First National Picture**

**THEY TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF GOING TO THE MOVIES**

See 3 New Stars in the Making—

**JOHNNY BURKE**
**SALLY EILERS**
**MATTY KEMP**

Discovered by the most famous of all star-makers—
Mack Sennett!
This is the mating season, so to speak, when players who have won a following are paired for future work on the screen. Mary Brian, who has served a long apprenticeship as a most obliging and self-sacrificing leading lady, in support of masculine stars, now blossoms forth as a heroine in her own right. She will be cofeatured with Richard Arlen, who has been growing more popular in each successive picture, in "The Upstart Gentleman."
The Foreign In

The legion of alien aspirants to film fame has seemed of Hollywood producers, and have started their

By A. L.

In August, 1926, newspapers announced the arrival of Nathalie Kovanko, Russian actress, with her husband, Viachetslav Tourjanski, rated as a celebrated director of French films. The two had been "discovered" by Harry Rapf, Metro-Goldwyn executive, while watching four of ten uncompleted reels of "Michael Strogoff." The picture was directed by Tourjanski and starred Ivan Mosjoukine and Miss Kovanko. Mr. Rapf opened negotiations with the two, and presently they were headed for Hollywood, with the Russian beauty hailed as the first important Slavic "find" since Nazimova. The publicity writers told how the two, both of the Russian nobility, had lost everything to the Bolshevists and were exiled.

"They hurried on to Paris," the stories ran, "while films beckoned Miss Kovanko. She be-

Maria Corda made only one film in America, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

They're going back—the stars of the foreign legion. Back to the steppes and the villas, the music halls and studios of the Continent—back where they are understood. They're going to spend the remainder of their lives where meat is something like "meatovitch," and "lutfisch" is the national sustenance. And Hollywood may go to thunder!

Countless foreign-born actors, actresses and directors have found that, while America may be dripping with milk and honey, garnering a satisfactory supply of such products is a serious undertaking; and while they may achieve success in Germany, Russia, France, or Sweden, their points of view do not always coincide with those on this side of the Atlantic. They come to Hollywood in the belief that its streets are paved with gold, only to find asphalt and disinterest. They go away bitter, disillusioned. They are bewildered by attitudes they cannot conceive.

Not long ago a request was made to the Actors Equity Association by American-born players, to appeal to the State Department in Washington for a more rigid enforcement of the alien quota law, as it applies to those seeking employment in films. It seems, now, that such an appeal is unnecessary. The foreign stars, one by one, are leaving.

For the past few years I have watched, from the side lines in Hollywood, the arrival of more-or-less-celebrated players from Europe. Each came heralded as "the great star from Budapest," "the darling of Berlin," "the idol of France," or with some such designation. I have seen them ballyhooed and boosted, then basted and bumped. I have seen many slowly sink into oblivion, and disappear. They drifted away, and no one asked where. Who is here who remembers Charles de Roche, the handsome athletic actor brought from France by Paramount a few years ago, and hailed as another Valentino? He played with Pola Negri in "The Cheat," and had the rôle of Rameses II in "The Ten Commandments." He was a sensation in Paris, but he made less than half a dozen pictures for Paramount.
vaders Repulsed!

...ingly been vanquished by the exacting demands exodus from the land which held such lure for them.

Wooldridge

came the screen idol of Paris almost immediately, while her husband's feats in direction won recognition. Both look forward to great opportunities in America. "We can have so much more to work with in America," said Tourjanski, 'that it is an inspiration to arrive here and feel we are actually a part of your great industry.'

Exactly what Metro-Goldwyn had in mind for the two Russians is not known. Strangely enough, Miss Kovanko came just at the time when Greta Garbo was "acting up" over terms of her contract, and just when the cast was being selected for "Flesh and the Devil." Suspicion was felt in some quarters that the coming of "the idol of Paris" might have some bearing on the Garbo situation. At any rate, when the dispute with the willowy Garbo
Nati Barr was cut out of two films, and so passed out of the picture world entirely.

Ivan Mosjoukine was surrendered after appearing in "Surrender."

Thoroughly approved of by the fans, Arlette Marchal nevertheless returned to France.

was amicably settled, no rôle was found for Miss Kovanko. Tourjanski directed "The Adventurer," an inconsequential picture starring Colonel Tim McCoy, then both left the lot. After staying around Hollywood for a while, during which time there were some negotiations with United Artists, the two took passage for Europe, where they are yet.

Less than a year ago, it was announced with quite a bit of elation that Mona Martenson was on the way to America from Sweden to join her chum, Miss Garbo, in Hollywood. Elation was felt, because Greta is one of the loneliest and most unhappy women in the film colony, and it was thought that the presence of Miss Martenson might cheer her. Besides, she had won fame in Europe, greater, possibly, than Garbo had won.

Just two screen tests of Mona were taken. "Terrible!" the studio executives exclaimed.

They paid the expenses of Miss Martenson's trip from Stockholm, and she went back. It could not be said she was not a talented actress. But she just "didn't fit" into American films.

"The most beautiful woman in Russia" is the appellation which a committee of distinguished artists and authors bestowed upon Natalie Barrache, brought to America a little more than a year ago by First National, and her name changed to Nati Barr. Nati, the second of a family of six daughters, was born in Leningrad. The family status was that of the upper middle class which, by ties of marriage, was closely aligned to the aristocracy. In common with her sisters, all of whom were endowed with unusual beauty, charm, and intelligence, Nati received a broad, cultural education such as is not generally enjoyed by the majority of even wealthy Russian women. As a result, she is not only beautiful, but cultivated as well—a charming conversationalist, a gifted musician, an excellent dancer, with literary attainments of a high order. Just before the outbreak of the war she married Prince Eugene Roumi-antzeff, a wealthy landowner. During the hard days immediately following the revolution, Prince Roumi-antzeff died and

Continued on page 114
A Montana Ranch—

Gary Cooper, who never thought of the experiences along the road

By Patsy

Gary’s early activities in Helena were swapped on the steps of porches, and over back fences. Every one who had ever known this suddenly famed son of Helena, could remember at least one or two interesting tales about him.

And, at that, Helena is no “hick” town. There is an imposing capitol building, an equally pretentious post office, any number of substantial-looking office edifices, a set of socially elect, a good laundry, and a traffic cop. Daughters and sons of the ”Four Hundred” are sent away to finishing schools and colleges. Helena is more of a big city than the old-fashioned mining town it is supposed to be.

Back in 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cooper came to Helena from England. They purchased some thousand acres of land, fifty-five miles north of Helena, on the upper Missouri River, calling their new home Sunnyside Ranch. There they raised cattle, and Charles Cooper became a judge in the courts of the State. In 1901 Gary was born. Now, Gary was an exceedingly lively little boy. He had the whole ranch to play upon, and he loved it.

“Between the ages of six and eight,” Gary told me as we ate corned beef and cabbage in the Paramount restaurant, “I had a mania for causing the sudden demise of barnyard fowl. I liked to play that I was a ferocious Indian, and would pick up the unfortunate creatures by their necks, and swing them around my head. This, I believed, was the next best thing to brandishing a tomahawk.”

Needless to say whippings were a regular occurrence in the house of Cooper, for Gary’s mother did not share his enthusiasm for so-called redskin practices.

Then there was school. Gary Cooper did not like school. The world outside the schoolroom window looked very inviting. There were, of course, nice things like history.

“I used to read ahead of the class in all my history.
books, with the result that I never knew just where we were," Gary smiled at this. "My teacher was sure that I was possessed of the devil. But it was really nothing more than love for history.

"Practically all my grammar and high-school life was spent in looking out of the schoolroom window, and dreaming. Dreaming of the long rides over the hills—and the other rides that were to come. Dreaming of college in England, where I would see a little of this assuredly beautiful and interesting world. Oh, I was a dreamer, all right. But I got through school with a surprisingly high average."

The summer vacations were hardly long enough for this boy who loved the outdoors. There were long trips with the Cree Indians who lived near the ranch. Miles away from Helena they would ride, and there they would hunt and fish, while the little white boy learned all the ways of the Indian. Learned something of the calm, beautiful creed of these people, too.

Finally Gary's high-school days ended. He was sent to England to college. After two years there homesickness drove him back to Helena.

"Besides, I wasn't learning much," he confided. "I didn't like it well enough. Biology—I was interested in that; and I liked journalism. But geometry might just as well not have been in my course, as far as I was concerned. Well do I remember my first geometry test. I had not studied all term—hadn't even opened the book, or noticed the examples on the board. It was within two weeks of the time for the final examinations, when it was borne in upon me that I would not pass. That would be a terrible disgrace. The only way I could possibly get through would be to study night and day—do every problem in the book—do them correctly—and memorize the rules for doing so. I did. And I passed with an average of ninety."

Back in Helena, days were pleasant. Fred's company owns several large sheep ranches near Helena, was one of Gary's best friends. And it was Fred who told me of some of the great times he and Gary had together, when Gary came back from college and Fred was home from Stanford University.

"Gary was never afraid of anything," Fred told me. "There is a seventy-five-foot waterfall a short distance from the ranch. Gary was fascinated by it. The Indians had told him some legend about it that I never knew. Anyway, he was always near it, always wondering if there wasn't some way of going over it without meeting death below. I think I convinced him that the rocks were too pointed and hard for actual comfort."

"He was awfully well-liked in our crowd. The girls liked him because of his good looks, his character, and his plainness. The fellows liked him because he was straight, and had never been known to balk at any hard or difficult task. Of course, we never thought of him as being unusual or wonderful. He was just Gary Cooper—and was a regular fellow."

Fred did not say this for publication. So far as he knew, the only thing I had to do with magazines was to buy them from the newsstands. He had no idea that I'd ever meet Gary Cooper. I hope some day I shall get the chance to tell him that, as soon as I had mentioned to Gary that I had recently been in Helena, he asked me if I knew Fred. Had I seen him? What was he doing? Gary loves to talk about Helena.

In 1924 Gary Cooper came to Los Angeles.

"I had always wanted to enter the advertising business," he told me. "I had an idea that I could write sure-fire copy. Besides, I wanted to get out among people—many people. There in Helena we had our own little crowd, and it was very pleasant. But not at all broadening. I believe that every one should change his environment at some time, so that he does not settle into a rut."

Los Angeles did not welcome Gary with open arms. He drifted about for some time with nothing to do, and at last found a place writing advertising copy for a small agency. This lasted nearly two years, and then the company suddenly went under. There were no other advertising jobs open, so Gary decided to try motion pictures. I guess nearly every person has had an idea that he would like to try pictures. You see some actor on the screen, and cannot help but feel that you could do as well.

"I knew that I was not handsome—as the standard of masculine beauty goes—but I did have enough confidence to think that I could do as well as some of those I had seen.

"To make a long story short, I joined the ranks of extras, haunted the studios, and nearly starved for eight months. Then Henry King decided that I was the type to do Abe in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." After this, Paramount thought they had some sort of a "find" in me. Why, I don't know yet. 'Arizona Bound,' my first starring picture, came after my small part in 'Barbara Worth.'"

Continued on page 110
Well, Here They Are  Lili Damita and Walter Byron, Samuel Goldwyn's latest European "finds," have arrived in Hollywood to play opposite Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in their separate starring pictures.

Mademoiselle Damita is French, a dancer in Parisian revues before she was persuaded to attempt films, in which she has been prominent for three years. She is, as you see, a blonde, and the photograph gives some suggestion of her deep-brown eyes and their veiled expression. But no suggestion is found of her animation, her gay good humor, her charm, her worldliness, all of which make her irresistible in a personal encounter. She speaks excellent English, with just enough accent to make her speech piquant but never halting, and her childlike complexion proclaims, more conclusively than a birth certificate, that she is but twenty-one. Mademoiselle Damita's besetting fear—which seems unfounded—is that she will perhaps not be liked, because she is foreign.

Walter Byron is an Englishman, twenty-six, first brought to the attention of Mr. Goldwyn by Ronald Colman, who certainly ought to know what is expected of his successor in Miss Banky's screen affections. Their first picture together will be "The Awakening."
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The third installment of this engrossing mystery of Hollywood brings about the collapse of our hero's plans, the dawn of his love for the baffling "Miss Smith," and the laying of a trap for Lady Gates.

By Alice M. Williamson

CHAPTER V.

MALCOLM CONFIDES IN LADY GATES.

A FEW moments later, Lopez was bowing before Lady Gates. With Latin politeness, he begged Allen's permission to ask his guest to dance. The dancer's English was good, but still precise.

Malcolm was annoyed. "Like the swine!" he thought. "Attracted by the pearls and diamonds!" Aloud, he said civilly that it was for Lady Gates to decide; and his imagination painted a humiliating picture of what the stout, dressy figure would look like, circling round the floor of Montparnasse in the slim, dark Argentine's arms.

All that still clung to Lady Gates of good, Yorkshire common sense helped her, however, to resist the tempter. Red with excitement, her face beamed with joy at the flattering invitation, but she regretfully refused.

"I think it's a real compliment that you should ask me," she stammered, "and I'd love to! I can't dance very well. It's so long since I tried, I'd be frightened to make an exhibition of myself. But—but I wonder if—now don't be offended!—do you ever give lessons?"

"Yes, madame, I do to a very few ladies, on the days when, here at Montparnasse, they do not have the dancing," replied Lopez, his splendid eyes conscious of the jewels. "I would teach you with pleasure, if you wish."

"I do wish. Can I have a lesson twice a week at the Ambassador Hotel, where I'm staying?" Malcolm's Aunt Kate asked, without glancing at him. She looked ashamed, yet mulishly determined.

"But certainly, madame," Lopez assured her in his low, slightly guttural, yet attractive, baritone voice. He gave her an address and telephone number, which she jotted down quickly with a gold pencil extracted from her diamond-rimmed box.

"I suppose you think I'm an old goose, Malcolm," she apologized when Lopez had gone. "But, well, somehow or other I want to get into the spirit of the thing here, if I can. Poor me! It's thrilling. I feel as if I'd been drinking champagne."

Malcolm was tempted to say, "Don't let it make you feel as if you had drunk too much!" But he didn't. And he didn't confide to his aunt the heavy trouble he was staggering under, behind his air of casual enjoyment, about "Red Velvet," alias "Black Sleeves" he couldn't see his way to suit Mr. Kerlin and the others. Yet it was terribly important to suit them. He had been called up by all three, and had had to admit, "No progress with speaking, so far." Their voices had not sounded patient, and Joe Kerlin had spoken again about the waste of time, with salaries and overhead expenses running on. Malcolm foresaw a show-down, a row. And that was the only thing he did see clearly in his future.

He listened smilingly to Lady Gates' chatter, but his thoughts were so far away, that his soul seemed to have gone from behind his eyes and left them empty windows. Lady Gates had become a very self-centered woman, but even she soon saw that Malcolm wasn't really there with her at the table.

"What's the matter, Boy?" she inquired, a little tartly, using her old name for him. "You haven't heard a word I've said for the last five minutes! I asked you what was the best beauty shop in Hollywood, and you said, 'Yes, quite so!' I believe you're thinking about some girl!"

Malcolm was on the point of denying this, when suddenly it occurred to him that this rich, more or less good-natured old aunt might be useful to "Miss Smith," if the girl were a stranger in Hollywood—as she appeared to be. If Lady Gates saw her first, selling cigarettes at Montparnasse, and wearing a harem get-up for all the world to see, more than likely the Yorkshire woman would be snobbish. But what if he interested her in Miss Smith to begin with? He could make a story about the girl, and work up the mystery. Then the knight's widow from Leeds might look upon Miss Smith as a princess in disguise, and perhaps be "nice" to her. He had a feeling that Miss Smith would need to have people nice to her; and an elderly woman, as a chaperon, might aid him to get better acquainted, without being misunderstood.

"Well, I must confess I was thinking of a girl!" he admitted.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lady Gates, "Have you fallen in love with one of these movie stars?"

"No, indeed," said Malcolm, "they're beautiful, and they're not the dumb-bells that the people who've never been to Hollywood imagine them. They're jolly clever, most of them, and fascinating. But somehow they don't seem human beings to me. They're just what Gesheimer calls 'figures in light.' The girl I'm thinking about is as beautiful as the best of them, but—she's different. I don't know how to explain, exactly, yet she's thoroughly real. She's facing life. There's a mystery about her—"

"Oh, a mystery!" broke in Lady Gates. "Mystery is all right in movies and stories, Boy, but beware of it in women you meet, especially in such a place as Hollywood, the home of vamps!"

"This girl has only just arrived here," said Malcolm. She's certainly no vamp! She isn't of Hollywood—yet. Maybe she never will be. She has come for a special purpose, frankly I don't know what, but I'm sure it's something to be proud of, rather than ashamed.
And queerly enough, it concerns Montparnasse. She—er—hasn't much money, and needs work. I—er—people I know could have got her a screen job, if only to walk on at first, and even that would pay her seven fifty a day. But no, she refused. She wanted to be here—said she 'needed to be here.' And—well, the only job for a woman at Montparnasse is that of a cigarette girl, at half the money she could have earned more easily on the Peerless lot or somewhere else."

"A cigarette girl!" repeated Lady Gates, disillusioned. "She will sell cigarettes to people lunching and dining here, as that girl you may have noticed to-night does. She'll be on hand to-morrow. Her costume will be ready then."

"A costume like the young person's over there!" Lady Gates inquired, nodding toward the undulating form of the fair cigarette seller in harem dress, who in private life was Nora Casey. "Oh, Malcolm, you wouldn't marry any one like that!"

"She's entirely unlike this one," said Allen. "Wait till you see her. I told you, she has a reason—a mysterious reason, apparently, for being employed at Montparnasse. She isn't the usual type at all, and besides—"

"But the costume! Why, it would be like marrying a chorus girl!" came the protest.

If it hadn't been funny, Malcolm's anger would have risen against the silly, old woman. But it was funny, and instead of frowning, he laughed.
“Don’t count my chickens before they’re hatched, for Heaven’s sake!” he said. “I’ve seen Miss Smith, as she’ll be called here, only once—"

“As she’s called? Then Smith isn’t her name?”

“Well, no. As a matter of fact, I wished the ‘Miss Smith’ onto her, myself.”

“How strange!” sighed Lady Gates. “And what is her real name, if you don’t mind my asking?”

“Mi/Marco Lopez. Unfortunately,” said Malcolm, “I did mind trying to drag out of her that very thing myself, as she volunteered no information—practically refused it. But I was able to do her a slight favor, and if I can win Miss Smith’s confidence by good behavior, maybe she’ll tell me her name and all the rest, by and by. I wanted to interest you in her, Aunt Kate, because I know how kind-hearted you are, and this poor girl’s in need of a helping hand—a woman’s hand—here in Hollywood, where she doesn’t know a soul worth knowing, I imagine, and where she came just a fortnight ago.”

“I’ll look at her, of course, dear boy,” promised Lady Gates, with a somewhat martyred air. “But you’ll forgive me if I say that I’m afraid she won’t be my sort.”

“And you may not be hers!” Malcolm snapped, losing his sense of humor at last, in Lady Gates’ humorlessness. “My idea is, that she’ll turn out to be a camouflaged princess, and you used to have quite a weakness for princesses, Aunt Kate.”

The girl’s expression was so strange that, almost mechanically, Malcolm twisted round to see what had stiffened her smile and frozen its sweetness. It was Marco Lopez.

Continued on page 94
Their Stair

Fame, popularity and riches make it possible for wish, so that each of the staircases pictured below,

Jack Mulhall, left, pauses on the stairway in his "Dream House," a beautiful Spanish mansion he has but recently built.

The staircase in the home of Louise Brooks, left, has a substantial appearance, but who would bother about the stairs, when their owner smiles at you so engagingly?

The stairway leading from the patio to the upper floor of Richard Barthelmess' home, below, is beautified by expensive tiles of varied colors.

W. C. Fields, below, enters his home by way of narrow stone stairs which fit in perfectly with the garden surrounding the house.
ways of Fame
the stars to have exactly the sort of homes they reflects, somewhat, the personality of the owner

The stairway at the right is made the more beautiful by the rich Japanese hanging, and the decorative presence of Gertrude Olinsted.

Irene Rich’s home, right, like its owner’s personality, radiates a charming simplicty, and “homeness.”

Doesn’t Aileen Pringle, below, look like Bebe Daniels as she stands at the foot of the stairway in her luxuriously appointed home?

Emil Jannings, below, whose fame increases with every production in which he appears, finds the time to rest a bit on the stone steps leading to one of the several levels of his beautiful gardens.
Pull Hasn’t Helped

Being related to a screen celebrity lined up against the advantages, most relatives of stars fail in their

By William

This seemed vague encouragement to Julius. Nevertheless, he returned to Hungary. Not long ago, Vilma told me that her brother was busy working in pictures in Budapest, earning something like thirty-five dollars a week.

Suppose you were related to Richard Dix—don’t all shout at once—wouldn’t you expect it to bring you some “pull” in the game? Whether you would or not, his brother-in-law has to scout for his own jobs. Jack Compton, married to Richard’s charming sister, Josephine, is now gaining a foothold in the work. He has never used Dix’s name or influence at any time. Not that Richard has been mean enough to prevent him. Like a gallant fellow, he offered to aid if necessary. This, however, was declined by the self-confident Mr. Compton.

WHEELS within wheels, my dear—"

"Of course you know who her brother is—"

"They’ll put the entire family in next."

"That’s the way you get on, having a famous star for a sister."

This is what you often hear in Hollywood, around the studios, generally from those having failed to make the grade. Occasionally, they have good cause for complaint. Yet, if any of them had a director for a brother, wouldn’t they expect him to get them a position in a studio? I imagine they would—if only as supervisors.

In one way or another, to be connected with some high official, some star, or some director, is often more detrimental than helpful to screen aspirants. Casting directors are likely to think that you are being pushed ahead on account of your relationship, rather than for any ability you might possess, and are almost certain to pass you up and choose some one else.

Influence might help you in an executive department of the studios, but the screen is another thing. Ye poor director has to put up with being harassed almost to desperation by supervisors, but the world at large passes judgment on a player. If he is no good, he is no good. That’s the end of it.

About two years ago Vilma Banky’s brother paid her a visit. Julius evidently believed that Sister Vilma, knowing so many big people in the picture business, would help pave an easy opening for him. In this, Brother Julius was mistaken.

"Nem, nem," Vilma told him at the time. "Go back and get work in some studio at home, and maybe some nice man like Mr. Goldwyn will come over to Europe, discover you, and give you a nice contract."

If Richard Crawford and Constance Howard make good it won’t be because of Sister Joan or Brother-in-law Samuel Goldwyn.
Them At All

has a good many disadvantages
This interesting story explains why attempt to share the spotlight.

H. McKegg

"I'd rather do it on my own," he stated.
"Being introduced and sponsored by you might harm me rather than help me."

Soon we may see another famous actor from the Dix clan, and Sister Josephine the wife of a film star. Stranger things have happened.

Now there is one child who is helpful to her relatives—to a certain extent. Colleen Moore did help her Brother Cleve to start in pictures three or four years ago. Cleve is a contract player with First National, but in spite of being brother to Colleen, and brother-in-law to John McCormick, producer of her films, he does only extra work, and occasional bits in productions. He plays in "Lilac Time." Having good photographic possibilities and a keen personality, Cleve Moore should get ahead. Invariably being labeled "Colleen Moore's brother" may be the cause of his present standstill.

As already stated, Colleen is kind-hearted. She gave her young cousin, Jack Stone, a part in "Lilac Time." If he proves to have real talent, he will possibly get on. If not, he won't, and all his cousinship will avail him nothing. It's just like that.

When the craze for movie acting infected the Wilson family, all the girls were stricken. Lois Wilson was the famous sister. She still is, for that matter. First of all, about three years ago, Sister Constance was given a chance by Paramount. Since her début she married a young officer in the navy, has two children, and now seeks to return to the screen. But does she trade on Lois' prestige? She does not.

After Sister Connie's desertion of the screen, Sister Diana picked up the wreath of art. So as not to be pointed out and blacklisted as "Lois Wilson's sister," Diana adopted the name of Kane. As Diana Kane she did some very good work in several pictures. Marriage seems to put a stop to all the talents in the Wilson family. George Fitzmaurice, the director, married Diana. Of course, she may come back after a while. In these days of self-expression, and what not, anything can happen.

Relationship has never bothered Patsy Ruth Miller or her young brother, Winston Miller. Pat brought fame to the family, it is true. But Winston stepped out by himself and won much notice for the many boy parts he played. The boy is now a youth of some eighteen years, and will be seen from now on in juvenile rôles until he is ready to play leads. Meanwhile Patsy Ruth continues to career along with leading-lady honors. There is no trading on each other in this cinema ménage.

You might imagine that a celebrity
Pull Hasn’t Helped Them At All

like Tom Mix would use his influence for his daughter’s benefit. Ruth Mix has so far done mostly extra work. She is the sweetheart of one of the characters in “Four Sons”—a bit so small that one hardly caught sight of her. If influence helps, Ruth should have started out in leads.

There is Adolphe Menjou’s brother, Henry. Henry is soon to receive his degree as a doctor. About Adolphe’s age, he is old enough, probably, not to go crazy over grease paint. All the same, he

has been doing extra work. Brother Adolphe’s influence, though effectually used in the choice of his leading ladies, never extended far enough to bring fame to Henry.

Many have seen Allan Simpson in “Padlocked” and “Sea Horses.” Allan has a brother. This brother wanted to go into the movies. Programmed as John Darrow, you probably saw him in “The High-school Hero.” Rather than trade on his brother’s better-known name, he changed his own, so the story goes. In doing so he did better, perhaps, than if he had used his brother as a lever.

Another brace of brothers, Lloyd Hughes and Earle Hughes, are getting along very nicely in spite of being related. Earle wanted to get into pictures. His brother, though well known, did not help him. To learn dramatics, Earle spent five years on the stage, in stock companies. Evidently he picked up quite enough, for he is now in pictures. He has a small part in “The Godless Girl,” Cecil De Mille’s new opus.

Strange as it may seem, considering his re-

lationship to the famous Lloyd, Earle has played at all the other studios except First National, where his brother presides with honor and rank. Only extra work has been his lot there. One might think that having a well-known featured player for a brother would be of use. But as you see—or ought to—it is not.

Natalie Talmadge has such influence among her relations, that if influence counted for anything she ought to be the biggest star in motion pictures. Joseph Schenck is her brother-in-law. Norma and Constance Talmadge are her sisters. Buster Keaton is her husband. In Buster’s comedy, “Hospitality,” made some three years ago, Natalie played the heroine. Now, the rumor goes, Natalie wants to return to the screen. Her influential connections seem of little use, for she is still unnoticeable.

When she flashed inside the gates of Metro-Goldwyn she soon won influence. She began under the nearly unpronounceable name of Lucille Le Suer— which is the French for “perspiration.” The girl had a brother. He appeared on the film horizon as Hal Le Suer. Lucille changed her name to Joan Crawford. Hal changed his to Richard Crawford. Sister Joan might have aided his début, but the rest is up to him. His first part, fully a year ago, was in “The Night Bride,” with Marie Prevost. All the same, Richard has to struggle along as best he may.

A young girl, playing with Richard in the same picture, has attracted attention to herself. She is clever. Her name is Constance Howard. She is the sister-in-law of Samuel Goldwyn. Perhaps Brother Sam made it possible for her to play opposite Douglas MacLean, in “Hold That Lion.” Even so, we should all thank him, for Constance is a good bet. But the fact remains that had she not ability of her own she would never have gained any headway at all.

I recollect, when “The Pony Express” and “North of 36” were being filmed, a hard-working young Scot hustling about with props and the like. I saw him again as an extra in Pola Negri’s “Flower of the Night.” Ian Torrence received scant help from his famous father. Apart from giving him the chance to start at the bottom, Ernest Torrence did nothing else for his son. “Let him

Continued on page 104
Hollywood High Lights

Pithy paragraphs of the news and gossip of the studio colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

MARRIAGE is again becoming epidemic in the picture world. It usually does, in early summer. "Love blossoms with the jackaronda tree," might well become the slogan of Hollywood. The jackaronda tree, we should explain, is a flora seen everywhere in May and June, in southern California, which quite belies its name by bearing beautiful lavender blossoms.

However, this isn't an essay on floriculture, but an account of "domestic-cultivation" as practiced in the film colony. And this year is again yielding abundant evidence to prove that filmdom is not discouraged by past overthrowing of the hearthside Home. Despite a host of matrimonial upheavals, there are once again sun-dry weddings and numerous engagements.

Here is a list of the venturesome: Richard Barthelmess, wed to Mrs. Jessica Sargeant, Eastern society belle; Adolph Menjou and Kathryn Carver; Katherine MacDonald and Christian R. Holmes; Vera Steibel and Russell K. Dougherty of Atlantic City. The officially engaged include Ben Bard and Ruth Roland; Reginald Denny and "Bubbles" Steiffel; Tom Tyler and Ethlyn Clair, both playing in F. B. O. Westerns; George Duryea, leading man of "The Godless Girl," and Grace Stafford, stage actress; Blanche Le Claire, a newcomer under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, and Jack Votion, a casting director.

And now that they are getting married, will they stay married?

A Truly Secret Romance.

Dick Barthelmess' wedding was at once the most mysterious and the most astounding. He didn't even permit his closest friends to know about it.

As you possibly have heard, the ceremony was performed in Nevada's famous divorce center, Reno. Dick evidently wasn't superstitious about the locale.

Florence Vidor was one of the witnesses, but left for New York and Europe immediately after, so nobody could learn details from her.

Dick and his wife flew by plane to San Francisco, just managing to catch the boat for Hawaii, where they spent their honeymoon.

Dick's daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, was taken East by Miss Vidor to visit her mother, now Mrs. Vivian Bath. Little Mary, by the way, has a half-sister, born just a few months ago to her mother.

Almost Companionate.

A rumored engagement between Matty Kemp and Sallie EIlers, who play leading roles in "The Good-by Kiss," was adroitly disclosed just about the time that this picture had its première in Los Angeles. Matty and Sallie are devoted—that's true, but they are both pretty young to get married.

We have met the two youngsters, and Sallie is a charming, wistful girl of the Janet Gaynor type. She has the most expressive pair of dark eyes that have lately shone upon the screen. Kemp is of the Buddy Rogers school of juveniles.

A fantastic story was published at the time of their reported engagement, to the effect that Mack Sennett, who discovered them, would not permit their marriage unless they signed an agreement to stay wed for five years. This is the length of their contract with him.

A Very Formal Divorce.

A method of simplifying divorce announcements was instituted in the case of Dolores del Rio. As a rule, separation proceedings are carried out with considerable secrecy, accompanied by a host of guesses, conjectures, and rumors as to just when, and how, they are going to happen.

With Miss Del Rio a different program was adopted. The announcement of the divorce took on a formal character. "En masse," representatives of the press were invited to the studio and there provided with a statement of facts, and afterward permitted to ask any additional questions they desired.

Immediately after this, Miss Del Rio left for Nogales, Mexico, to file suit.

It is understood that the action, as brought in the Mexican courts, will leave her free to marry again in about another month. It has been assumed that she would wed Edwin Carewe, the director. She, however, denies her intention of ever marrying again.

Hail the New Hero!

Will Don Alvarado be the next romantic conqueror? There are signs of his growing supremacy, and the screen must ever have its Latin Lotharios. It is a poor season that does not bring at least one into ascendency.

Alvarado's probable victory was forecast at the première of "Drums of Love," D. W. Griffith's picture. He was given an ovation, second only to that of the celebrated director, who was being officially honored.

The turnout to welcome Griffith, as a film pioneer, was one of the biggest of the season. It was the twentieth anniversary of his association with pictures, and "Drums of Love" was the first film he had made in California in eight years.
“D. W.” introduced one or two stars of the production in addition to Don Alvarado. Mary Philbin was among them, and won decided approval.

Cecil De Mille introduced Griffith and referred to him as the Rodin of the cinema. De Mille also presented Griffith with a token—a combination cigarette lighter and watch.

Jolson Supplies Gayety.

The opening of Warner Brothers’ new theater in Hollywood, once again demonstrated Al Jolson’s efficiency as an entertainer, and Conrad Nagel’s vogue as an orator. Jolson followed Conrad on the program, and informed the audience that he had written Nagel’s speech for him. “That boy, though, puts in words of his own, like ‘illustrious’ and ‘notable’—did you notice them? He’s smart,” Al said with a significant twinkle in his eyes.

When Jolson was leaving the theater, he shouted good-by at the top of his voice to everybody, and as a parting shot, on boarding his taxi, exclaimed, “This is my car, and I’ve paid for it.”

Not everybody who is presumed to own an automobile in Hollywood, is always so fortunate, was Al’s implication.

Donning the Serious Mien.

Two heroines of comedy are going to turn serious. One is Clara Bow, and the other is Madge Bellamy.

We hear that Paramount is depending on Miss Bow to take the place of Pola Negri, when she leaves that organization. It is believed at the studio that Clara has definite talents as a dramatic actress.

We think it only fair that Miss Bow should have this chance, since one can’t be expected to go on being funny forever, especially with the poor comedy material now being provided at the studios. Clara’s pepfulness has been a joy, but we feel that she has inherently deeper talents. These were demonstrated very vividly once, in a tragic role that she did in “Children of Divorce.”

Miss Bellamy’s accomplishments as a comedienne have gained her a popular following, and this has been well for her career. But the Madge that deserves to be seen some time, is the one associated with the stage production of “Dear Brutus.”

In “Mother Knows Best,” the Edna Ferber story, she will have ample opportunity to be serious. There is a very pathetic side to this interpretation of a mother’s dominance over her daughter, and the suppression of her individuality.

We mustn’t forget to add that Louise Dresser, that sterling actress, will portray the mother.

Meighan in Social Whirl.

While on the subject of Louise, we must tell that we visited her home for a Sunday afternoon tennis party. Louise is an ideal hostess, everybody being permitted to follow his or her own inclinations in seeking enjoyment. The afternoon was spent at tennis, and in the evening a buffet supper was served, followed by an impromptu song recital by Charlotte Greenwood.

Among those whom we met was Thomas Meighan. Tom seemed more than pleased over the picturization of “The Racket.” In this he portrays the police captain, who, without proper political support, undertakes to fight the bootleggers. “The Racket” was one of the best New York plays of the past season, and certainly should prove the most vital material Meighan has had in ages.

Marie Prevost plays the only feminine role. She remained a blonde for this production.

Jean Discovers Manhattan.

Not one prominent actor in one thousand can boast that he is paying his first visit to New York. However, Jean Hersholt, who is there now, can assert this with absolute truthfulness. He is on his initial trip to Manhattan.

The circumstances are very curious—doubly so, since he came to this country from Europe, and didn’t travel around the Horn, or anything like that, either.

Jean arrived originally in Montreal. He and his wife went there from Sweden to visit her people. Then he was called directly to San Francisco, to take part in the Danish exhibit at the exposition. Subsequently he worked in pictures, but it was a long time before his talents were recognized, and he had no money to travel. When he began to achieve success, he was kept so busy that he had no time to go anywhere.

Even his present journey is on business. For he is acting in “The Girl on the Barge,” the scenes for this being filmed on the Hudson River. So he hasn’t had much time for sight-seeing.

Sally O’Neill plays the girl.

A Sympathetic Chauffeur.

Lew Cody has a devoted chauffeur—a boy who walked all the way from Kansas City in the hope of obtaining employment in Hollywood. Lew, it seems, had made the chance remark, while there on a vaudeville tour, that should this youth ever come West, he would give him a job. The boy took the half-humorous promise seriously, and upon his arrival, Cody made good by giving him a position in his household.

Now, the chap, who is called James, idolizes Lew. However, he doesn’t know very much about pictures. So one day when he saw his employer at the studio with his eye made up black as if he had been in a fight, he had a sudden rush of sympathetic feeling, and went out and got into a battle himself.

“He told me,” Lew narrated afterward, “that he wanted to have a black eye, too, just so we could feel sorry for each other.”

Murray Twice a Granddad.

Charlie Murray has a namesake—and a second grandchild.

“And I’m going back to Florida to see him, as soon as possible,” Charlie told us.
The youngster is about three months old. He is called Charles Murray McWade—thus named by Murray’s daughter and her husband, who decided to christen him after his celebrated grandfather.

Murray has a great many relatives in the East, among them a cousin in Ohio, whom he hopes to bring back with him to the Coast.

“He’s been wed to an office desk for years,” Murray told us. “I want to get him away from it, but it’s a hard job.

“He’s been preparing for months for the trip, and now he writes me: ‘Well, we’re all ready, just about packed and everything, and so even if we can’t come with you, we’ve had the fun of planning the trip anyway.”

“Can you imagine it?” exclaimed Murray. “After that, I’m going to bring him West, even if I have to bind him up in a strait-jacket."

Awarding Seasonal Diplomas.

Stardom—whatever that may mean—has been duly conferred on three First National players—Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, and Jack Mulhall. There is some vague sort of honor connected with all this, of course, notwithstanding the proverbial saying that the public makes its own stars.

At all events, we’ll take time out to announce that Miss Mackaill will do “The Girl in the Glass Cage,” by George Kibbe Turner, and “Two Weeks Off,” by Kenyon Nicholson, as her first starring pictures, while Miss White will appear in “The Show Girl” and “The Bluffers.”

Jack Mulhall will play in “Applesauce,” from a stage play, and “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.” The co-starring of Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill will be continued intermittently.

Stars Up in the Air.

Actually, to keep track of film stars these days, one must spend a certain amount of time visiting the various air ports around Los Angeles. Pretty nearly every company is producing some picture with a few aviation sequences. And in certain cases the stars themselves have had to flutter about, high above terra firma, in order to intensify the realism.

Not long ago we found a group of excited youngsters down at Culver Field, all aghast over working in “The Air Circus,” which Fox was filming. They comprised Sue Carol, David Rollins, and Arthur Lake. Rollins and Lake were equipped with parachutes in anticipation of “taking off” — not coming down—very shortly. Miss Carol was buckling her enjoyment of various feats, like loop the loops and tail spins, performed where the clouds were thickest, by the craft in which she had ridden.

Just when she was at the apex of her descriptive rhapsody, a plane swooped down over the field with a terrific whir and clatter, and Sue let out a frightened scream, and dived frantically into the arms of the man nearest her. Doubtless just to show that being scared is all a matter of one’s viewpoint.

She is very popular at the studios. She is gifted with unusual animation and intelligence. Less pretty in person than she is on the screen, she is nevertheless a girl, who by her sprightliness and lively manner, immediately captures attention. We didn’t see her to the best advantage on the day we met her, because she was wind-blow and attired in an aviation costume, which naturally doesn’t enhance one’s beauty.

Our New Prima Donnas.

Studio press agents are now beginning to refer to films as operas. So probably they will very soon be calling stars divas. Terminology of the screen will have to be revised, now that there are so many sound devices.

The latest one is Firmatone, which sounds as much like a new drink as a musical apparatus. It is sponsored by First National.

Billie Dove will be one of the first to make a Firmatone picture—namely, “La Tosca.” While she won’t sing, she may talk in some of the more dramatic scenes. Much of the operatic music will be reproduced for this good, old dramatic war horse, which Geraldine Farrar, Maria Jeritza, Emmy Destinn and others have used to conquer the musical world.

First National will also produce “No, No, Nanette,” the highly successful musical show, with the device. This will be sung as well as acted.

“The American Beauty” Surprises.

Katherine MacDonald’s marriage rather took our breath away. It is the third venture for “The American Beauty,” as she was known during her screen career.

Somehow we have always felt that Katherine would not give up the screen entirely. However, she is one of the stars who has vanished entirely in recent years, after a brief reign of popularity.

Katherine’s present husband is immensely wealthy. He is the nephew of Max Fleischman, the yeast manufacturer, and owns a large estate in the millionaire colony at Montecito, California. He has a private “zoo” at this place, built for the enjoyment of his two children. Katherine’s four-year-old son will now share in the diversion afforded by this menagerie.

The marriage came very near ending tragically for the newly wedded couple, owing to their being in an airplane accident, which occurred while they were on their honeymoon trip. The plane crashed during an attempted landing. As it turned out, neither bride nor groom was hurt.

Mary Prefers Quietude.

Mary Miles Minter’s name flashed into print recently, when she had occa-
Hollywood High Lights

Louise Looks Toward Stardom.

The little girl with the Chinese-doll bob, Louise Brooks, is nominated among the winners of the new season. Louise has been doing very well in pictures and roles, and is now climaxing her progress in “Beggars of Life,” featuring Wallace Beery, Richard Arlen, and herself.

Louise is a sensitive, self-conscious girl, whose superficially defensive manner often results in people accusing her of being snippish. She is really a very dependable and earnest little trouper, and those who know her well predict that she will attain marked success.

The marital union between Miss Brooks and Eddie Sutherland is broken up—a pity, since they seemed suitably mated. Sutherland is no longer directing for Paramount, where Miss Brooks is under contract.

The grounds for their divorce were chiefly incompatibility, although Miss Brooks in her complaint indicated mental cruelty as an additional cause. This may seem strange in view of the fact that Eddie is a very likable chap, personally.

An Old-fashioned Girl.

Eve Southern is yet another star who has found something less than “such sweet sorrow.” Miss Southern aired her domestic affairs in court, with the outcome of a legal separation from her husband, Robert Shepherd, an architect.

On her visit to the judicial tribunal, Miss Southern wore a skirt of ankle length, and thereby managed to arouse a buzz of comment. She averred that she preferred that style of garment.

Harry Langdon’s divorce was another conventional domestic débâcle. But, relieving the monotony, was “Bull” Montana’s mirth-provoking plea to the police to save him from his spouse who, he expostulated, had “beat him up” with a shoe.

Every Little Bit Helps.

Betty Blythe hasn’t had a good break in so long, it is pleasant to chronicle that she has an important rôle in Greta Garbo’s “War in the Dark.”

We caught just the briefest flash of Betty, in the regal wedding costume of a duchess in “Glorious Betsy,” when it was shown at the Warner Theater opening, and we couldn’t imagine it meaning anything for her.

Curiously enough, Betty told us, that flash was most beneficial. It brought to the mind of Fred Niblo, who attended the première, that Betty would be just the type to fill a rôle in “War in the Dark,” and so he took steps, the very next day, to engage her.

Jetta Goudal is at last working again. She is cast in

Continued on page 96
The Eternal Feminine

Displaying new frocks, be they of gingham or cloth of gold, has ever been the delight of the ladies, and who does it better than the stars?

Sketches by James Gray

Sophistication is expressed by Madge Bellamy, above, from whose long-waisted gown of flesh-colored satin hang pointed wisps of chiffon.

Lois Moran, upper left, shows the Dutch influence in her quaint frock of dark-blue flat crape, its lace design repeated on the hat.

Sally Phipps, outer left, wears a beach costume of gray wool and a coat of riotous color.

Miss Phipps again, left, obliges with a débutante suit of black kasha, its simple outline emphasized by white flat crape.
The Young Man of the Hour

William Haines waited four years for his chance to prove what he could do on the screen, and ever since “Brown of Harvard” his performances and popularity have been pyramiding prodigiously. But above all things, he does not want to become a one-part actor.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The young man of the hour is William Haines. You probably knew it all the time. To any one who has been following the fortunes of the film people, it has become increasingly apparent that the ingratiating Haines is the logical choice for president this year. His performances have been pyramiding prodigiously; his has followed hit, triumph has topped triumph. It is a Haines year.

The screen never has been exactly top-heavy with acceptable juveniles, as they are called. Once upon a time there was Jack Pickford. Dick Barthelmess came and went, returning in “The Patent Leather Kid.” The recent boys, Don Alvarado and Richard Arlen and Gilbert Roland and the rest, are pretty much of a pattern, cut from the same cellu-loid. Young Fairbanks may possibly be developed, and Buster Collier has his bright moments, but the field, as viewed through these binoculars, is clear for Haines. His nearest rival is Charles Farrell, who will be considered at a future date.

Haines is neither too handsome nor too noble in his screen incarnations; he is upstanding in an inoffensive way. Away from the camera he is a brash, easy-going youth with a world of confidence and an abundant personality.

He was wandering about the vast expanses presided over by Metro and Goldwyn and Mayer, and he preferred sight-seeing to being interviewed. Clad in a collegiate sweater and equally collegiate flannels, he visited set after set,helloing and hey-heying as he went. He stopped to hear Polly Moran’s latest story, consulted Greta Garbo about duck hunting, paused to wish Dorothy Sebastian luck on her new picture, and borrowed a cigarette from Eddie Brophy, an assistant director.

Haines is good looking in a boyish, healthy way. His smile is worth thousands at any box office. He talks boyishly, too, relying upon an easy, natural manner to ingratiate himself. As a matter of fact, he is riding along on personality, and it will carry him far. Personality counts far more in filmdom than either looks or ability. Personality, definitively speaking, is the open sesame to success, bulky pay envelopes, imported cars with special bodies, and national popularity.

“Nothing but blue skies,” he quoted blithely, as we strolled along. “I always say that California climate is just about the swellest climate in California. Always sunnyside up. Except in January, August, and two to grow on.”

William Haines, in “Show People,” plays a role which promises to be far removed from his succession of wise-cracking heroes.

The carefree manner was superinduced by the fact that not long since, Bill had been presented with a new contract that tilted his weekly check at approximately a forty-five-degree angle.

For four years he was a stock actor at Metro, three years playing bits that were infinitesimal. “Usually I was the flash of lightning, or the shriek in the dark,” Bill explains. Then opportunity knocked, and Haines was on his toes as he fairly jumped at the chance.

Haines came to Hollywood without having so much as carried a spear in support of Robert B. Mantell; indeed, he had never been on the stage at all. True, there were amateur theatricals at Staunton Military Academy, but any casting director would regard that as a liability rather than an asset.

Bill went to Staunton because he is a native of Staunton, Virginia. Continuing in biographical strain, it is perhaps not irrelevant to note that he is twenty-eight, unmarried, black-haired, lazy, good-natured and fond of reading in bed.

Joseph Conrad and Donald Ogden Stewart are his favorite authors, sufficiently diversified to suit any one, and the car made famous by Michael Arlen is his favorite, too. He is saving up for one.

“Can’t you see me riding down Santa Monica Boulevard, with my long, white beard flying proudly in the breeze?” Bill asked. “It will be the proudest day of my life.”

When he heard that John Robertson had cajoled the front office into producing Joseph Conrad’s “Romance”—called, in the films, “The Road to Romance”—he was all for doing the young adventurer, but Robertson elected Ramon Novarro.

“I don’t want to get single-parted,” Bill said. “I like comedy, of course, but I want to do all kinds of pictures. So far, I’ve done fresh young fellas. The wise-guy type is ‘oke’ if you don’t overplay him. But you know how the public is. It wants a change of pace every so often, if not oftener. That’s my yen. To give ’em variety and plenty of it. Baseball, golf, West Point—fine. But different bozos, too, don’t you think?”

As you may gather from this untrammeled report, Bill is a good egg, normal in his enthusiasm, his hopes.

Continued on page 92
WILLIAM HAINES dresses carelessly, smokes cheap cigarettes, loaf's between pictures, and cannot keep away from the studio, according to Malcolm H. Oettinger's discoveries opposite, which present the popular Billy as easy-going and engaging.
PICTURE PLAY exists to please its readers, and ever since some of them complained that a picture of Leila Hyams hadn't appeared in ages, we have been searching for one that should reflect her beauty and charm. How about this one?
LARRY KENT is one of the few "seaworthy" leading men. This is because he was born at sea, and do let us say he brings something of the fresh tang of salt air to his roles! His next, in "The Head Man."
EVER since Ruth Taylor appeared in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and toured the country, every one has been asking about her, because, don't you see, Ruth made a hit. Now she is to be paired with James Hall in a comedy.
EXTRA! Lost—Donald Reed. Following "The Mad Hour," he has been missing from the casts of new pictures, much to the chagrin of those fans who remember him in "Naughty But Nice," and want him back. Please, Mr. Reed, act up.
Ever since Jobyna Ralston's marriage to Richard Arlen, she has been Hollywood's pet bride, and the indications are that she will be its perpetual one. Just that happy, you know. But she's carrying on her career, too, as witness "The Toilers."
SUE CAROL has more than "It," and without benefit of Glyn, either. So much more, indeed, that it amounts to that something known as "Je ne sais quoi" in diplomatic circles—and by other names in the history of feminine conquests.
BEAUTIFUL Billie, the cooing Dove, wants to play passionate gamins—messy ones, who don't care how they look—because she is tired of being just a charming, bisque figure having its picture taken. Or so she confides in the story opposite.
When Beauty is a Burden

Poor Billie Dove is doing her level best to overcome what she considers a handicap—that of being too, too beautiful.

By Helen Louise Walker

This is a sad story. It is no more than fair that I should make that clear at the outset, so if you do not like sad stories, you can avoid reading this one.

Its heroine is a beautiful woman—one of the most beautiful women on the screen. That is what makes it so sad. For Billie Dove's beauty, which she once considered her greatest asset, has turned out to be her greatest burden.

In the first place she was a "Follies" girl. All "Follies" girls are decorative. That is how they get to be on Ziegfeld's pay roll. And if a woman is sufficiently decorative, it is a sort of tradition—an unwritten rule—that nothing much more can be expected of her.

She simply lends her charming presence to the places where it pays her best, spends an hour each morning signing testimonials for various and sundry patented aids to beauty—leans back and collects.

But you can see for yourself that if it so happens that a woman has, in addition to beauty, brains, talent and ambition, she will not be satisfied with the soft existence pictured above. If she has a burning desire to count for something in this world, then she has a lot to overcome.

For people not only expect little from the beautiful woman, but somehow they become irritated with her if she tries to rise above her congenital status.

Thus poor Billie's sad story.

The desire to count for something manifested itself early in Billie's career—about the time that the beauty, which had made her so much money and caused her so much worry, began to dazzle the beholder with all its perfection.

For when Billie went into the "Follies," she stipulated earnestly that she was not to be a chorus girl. She was very young, but she felt, somehow, that she could not quite bear to be, even then, a mere member of the chorus.

She recalls this with a twinkle.

"They said: 'All right. We'll give you a part!' she relates. "And since I could neither sing nor dance, and had no stage experience whatever, this was very generous of them! Anyhow I was satisfied with the edict."

"I did not find out what my 'part' in the show was to be until just before the opening night. There was a bird number in the revue—one of those things where the girls all wore elaborate gowns with huge headaddresses, supposed to represent different birds. A man sang during the number, and it developed that my 'part' was to sit suspended in an enormous iron hoop 'way up at the top of the stage, while he sang the song toward my general direction. They even turned a spotlight on me, and I was convinced that I was almost the star of the performance!"

You see, ambition dogged her at the very outset.

Then one day she went to the Selznick studio where George Archainbaud, the director, saw her and was struck by her fatal, but valuable, beauty. He asked her if she would like to go into motion pictures—which was the very thing for which Billie had been waiting and hoping. He gave her a small part in the picture he was making at that time. Billie was to take the role of a nurse in a hospital.

"He just wanted to see how I would photograph," she says. "But I almost did not get even that! A technical man told Mr. Archainbaud, at the last moment, that the nurses had to wear gauze over their faces during the operation! I was so worried. I rushed over and reminded him that I was one of the nurses, and that if I had to wear that thing he wouldn't be able to tell about me. So he let me be the nurse who wheeled the patient into the operating room."

Continued on page 111
THE locale of this little drama is that dark, mysterious region of the motion-picture industry devoted to its political government. For the industry has a political government, you know, despite the popular opinion that the various factions are just one big family, and there are no mundane transactions beyond the signing of very jolly contracts. To the fans, it is a fairy commerce. But at such close range as Hollywood, it is found to be business—business first, art a meager second, and business third. Business complex, tremendous and often ruthless.

As to the ruthlessness, is offered—par example—Conway Tearle.

Two years ago Tearle was at the peak of his popularity. After four years of building up one of the strongest followings in the business, he was the highest-paid leading man on the screen. He was in such constant demand that for every offer he accepted, he had perforce, to refuse one and sometimes two. Virtually he was a star in so far as stardom means strength at the box office. His name had such drawing power, that many times its used on posters in print as large as the names of ladies he was officially supporting.

Ostensibly he was, and had been for a long time, “set”—if one may use a term indicating security in this capricious trade. It here develops that one may not.

For two years ago, on the completion of “My Official Wife” for Warner Brothers, Tearle decided to take a brief vacation to break the grind of continuous work. He went to Arrowhead for a couple of weeks of rest. And when he returned to town it was to find his picture career finished—closed—wiped up. The gates were inexorably shut to him. Not just one, or a few, but all—without exception and with perfect simultaneousness.

In the ensuing years he has made one picture, “The Isle of Forgotten Men,” a quickie.

Understand, there was no dwindling in his popularity. He was in even greater demand than ever before. Lady stars sent their directors to look for Conway Tearle before they began any other preparations for production. Exhibitors relied comfortably on his name to bring them capacity houses. And it did—every time the fans rallying to the box office, no matter what the picture he appeared in.

This, then, was the condition at the time his screen career was picked up between a Jovian thumb and forefinger and dropped into cinema limbo.

Why? None of the common folk knew, and none of the czars would tell. In the movies’ own quaint way, Conway Tearle was banished to Siberia, and there was no reversal or modification of the sentence. And that was unalterably that.

Theories were tentatively advanced, all to be exploded by the first argument against them. That he had outlived his popularity—the explanation for the usual professional finis—was not even suggested.

There was, though, his salary. Thirty-five hundred a week was an amount often far in excess of the salaries earned by the stellar ladies he was engaged to support. But if thirty-five hundred a week for a leading man irked the producers, they had learned to regard it as an excellent investment.

Then there was his adamant refusal to sign contracts, insisting on the selective privileges of the free lance. Free lancers are the stepchildren of an organization, company officials preferring that the salaries paid remain in the company. Forced by popular demand to cast Tearle, rather than one of their own players, in an important rôle, they may have nurtured a little short of love for him on this score; but surely nothing to manifest itself later, in such a large way, as his professional annihilation.

Another count, albeit a minor one, against him was his trying habit of talking back to the moguls in office. His wit, which can be caustic, was disturbing to the dignity of these gentlemen. They could at no time be sure that this actor—one of their hired help, as it were—was not secretly laughing at them. And if some particular issue were at stake, he made no bones about speaking his mind. And an actor putting a producer on the carpet, is a bold reversal of the humbly accepted code.

He acquired the reputation of being hard to handle, a Bolshevik. But, on closer scrutiny, it was found that all he had done was to refuse to work Sundays, or on twenty-four-hour stretches. A pioneer in this idea—and blazing the trail for others who revolted likewise—he incurred the wrath of efficiency experts.

Another point timidly ventured by Boulevard sleuths was his increasing lack of youth, a phenomenon not uncommon to the human race. But, argumentatively, they also point to several feminine stars of long standing opposite whom Conway Tearle was wont to play, and whose present leading men are quite half their age. And

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The Strange Case

Why was he suddenly banished from the large salary he demanded, or his disturbing was not that he was unwanted. This story

By Margaret

Conway Tearle in "The Common Law," had a rôle that relieved, somewhat, the monotonous parts that fell to his lot.
of Conway Tearle

screen at the height of his career? Was it the habit of talking back, or what? Certainly it will help you to draw your own conclusions.

Reid

to players who have progressed, with the course of time, into maturer and more characterized rôles. So that, as a point, is out.

It is admitted that Tearle has always been dissatisfied with his screen rôles. But only because of their consistent inanity. Fight as he might, he has always been cast as the Well-dressed Man. And this, when his laments were for intelligent character rôles. The one glimmer of hope, when he was cast as the unregenerate Stephen Ghent, in “The Great Divide,” was blotted out when, midway through the picture, it was decided wiser to have him tidy up and be a courteous gentleman for the remaining reels.

These, gentlemen, are the facts before us. Put them all together and they spell—mother, indeed—all that is visible to the naked eye of reasons for Conway Tearle’s dismissal from the screen.

On the other hand, we have his enormous popularity with the public, and his excellent abilities. And, it is necessary to add, the law of logic, which automatically refutes such reasons as being of sufficient magnitude to cause the complete death of his career.

Conway Tearle, you must know, openly charges the producers with conspiracy to ban him from the screen. It is not a light charge. Tearle has irrefutable evidence with which to back his statement. And he has had two long years in which to observe the far-reaching results when all the producers get mad at once.

Just why they are mad at him, he cannot tell. He realizes that he was not a wholly model employee, that he demanded when it would have been more politic to scrape a bit; that he was imperious rather than ‘umble. But these things are personal, and it is incomprehensible that they be carried outside the managerial office. And it has become a common thing for stars to be rude to producers, without getting a stiletto in the back next day.

“I have always marveled at the tolerance of the long-suffering public toward me.”
—Conway Tearle.

If he knew on just what grounds he was ousted, it would be easier to defend himself. But his hands are tied, for he doesn’t, and probably never will, know. It is difficult to strike back at an enemy—more, only the shadow of one—in the dark.

Intermittently, during his interval of idleness, directors, stars, and subproducers have approached Tearle, expressing a desire for his services. To his skepticism as to whether such a suggestion would be sanctioned by their “front office,” they replied that it was their own business whom they employed and the front office could keep out of the matter. But in all these cases, the front office evidently stubbornly repeated its dictum that Conway Tearle was persona non grata. And this, even where it was a subproducer who wanted Tearle and who was, of course, paying his salary

Continued on page 92
ONCE upon a time there was a little girl, who lived in a forgotten garden. The world rushed by without her, for she was content to pass her days with only the birds and flowers for her companions.

She was a happy little girl, with a heart like an opening rose and a soul that was patched with sunlight. The joys that mean so much to those who dwell in the world, left her untouched. To her a bird’s song was sweeter than a dance-mad orchestra, and the quiet stars brooding over her moon-bathed garden thrilled her as the glare of electrics never could.

The flowers in her garden loved the little girl. When she moved among them, the poppies caressed her finger tips, and the roses withdrew their thorns that they might not prick her. The buttercups and jonquils stretched themselves into a carpet of gold for her to walk upon, and the lilies forgot their stateliness, and the pride they took in themselves, to bow and sway before her as humbly as the meanest weed.

They gave her the things they loved, to make her beautiful. The bees brought wild honey to color her hair, and a shower of apple blossoms tinted her cheeks. Her eyes were the brown-velvet centers of the dogwood flowers that bloom in the woods in spring, and her body was the slender narcissus, fragrant with a faint perfume.

But the fairy who lived in the heart of the yellow rose brought her the most precious gift of all. "I bring you everlasting childhood and an understanding heart," she said, as she waved her magic wand over the little girl’s head.

"All over the world, when people hear the name of Mary Pickford they will remember their own childhood and bless you."

The flowers nodded their bright heads and clapped their leaves enthusiastically.

"Now she will never leave us," they cried jubilantly. "She is ours forever."

But alas, they could not see into the future.

The years passed, but they left no trace of their passing on the little girl. In years a woman, her heart remained the heart of a child. Her eyes were like an enchanted mirror in which sorrow was turned to happiness.

One day, as she sat in her garden, she heard a voice calling from far away. It was the voice of the world and of all things living:

"You live so sheltered in your forgotten garden, but you do not know life, and the ecstasy of living. Come out into the world and live!"

The little girl listened to the voice, and she thought of the unknown things that awaited her in the world. Taking only her dreams, she followed the voice out of the garden and into the unknown. The rosebush caught at her dress to restrain her, and the wind caressed her gently as it sighed through the willows. "Good-by, little playmate," cried the flowers.

But the little girl had gone so far that she did not hear them.

Day after day she trudged along, through cool woods fragrant with balsam and along roads white with dust. Sometimes the flowers by the wayside beckoned to her and she ran happily over to them, thinking they were her friends from the garden. But when she reached them they turned away and flurled their petals.

Sometimes her spirits drooped and her feet faltered like tired white birds, and her dreams hung heavy on her soul. Cold winds came and the snow caught her in its frozen grasp, but she kept on her way.

The world was so different from her garden. There she had known nothing but happiness; her birds and flowers lived forever; there was no decay, nor envy, nor sorrow.

But in the world she saw death—and life that is sometimes harder than death. She saw disillusionment and bitterness and hatred, and she wept for the lost peace of her garden.

One night she lay under the stars, wondering how her beloved flowers and birds were, now that she was so far away from them. A moonbeam that had wandered away from his mother came dancing to her.

"Little moonbeam," she cried, "you who have traveled all over the earth, tell me how it fares with my garden and my loved ones."

The little moonbeam hung his head as he answered.

"Everything has been laid waste by the salt of your tears," he said sadly, "and the birds have flown..."
Who Never Grew Up
the life and character of a star you know well.

Petersen

Illustrated by James MacDonald

to another garden, where the echoes of your weeping can no longer drown their song.

The little girl wept bitterly at that; then, remembering the havoc that her tears had already brought, she wiped her eyes and smiled bravely.

"If my tears have laid waste my garden, then my laughter will make it live again," she said.

"Ah, no, little girl," said the moonbeam, with a sigh. "It is not so easy as that. Laughter can be cold and brittle, when it does not come from the heart. You must earn happiness, and you will find your garden again."

The little girl pondered long after the moonbeam had danced away.

"How can I find happiness?" she sighed.

A gentle breeze fanned her cheeks, and her golden curls fluttered as though some one were caressing them. The fragrance of roses hung about her, and she felt a soft touch on her cheek as though a rose leaf had kissed it.

It was the little fairy who lived in the heart of the yellow rose, who had been summoned by her sigh.

"Happiness lies in making others happy," said the little fairy in a voice that sounded like a golden bell. "Only the heart that gives of itself can find true happiness."

"In the West lies a city of make-believe that is called Hollywood. Its inhabitants give laughter and romance to the world. You, too, have something to give the heart of a child. Find your way there and you will find happiness."

When the fairy had flown away, the little girl began her perilous journey to the city of make-believe. She had to go through fire and water to reach it, but her childlike heart was as an armor, protecting her from all danger.

At last she came to the wall that surrounded the enchanted city. An army of men and women and children were clamoring at the gates, and the little girl’s heart failed her when she saw the want and disillusionment graven on their faces.

"Who are you?" she asked a weeping woman.

"We are the failures," the woman cried.

As the little girl tried in vain to comfort her, the gates of the city opened, and a man who was known as the great director stood there. With him was a youth who turned a crank on a square, black box.

"What is that?" asked the little girl of the failures.

"That is the motion-picture camera," they answered in awed voices.

Even in that vast throng the little girl stood out as though she were the only person there. Her golden hair gleamed the brighter in contrast to the drab-

ness of the others, and her eyes shone with a light that came from within.

"She has a perfect camera face," said the youth who turned the crank of the little, square box.

"She has a soul," said the great director, "and that is rarer."

So they took the little girl into the enchanted city, and the magic eye of the camera looked into her very soul and gave it to the world. Her fame spread to the four corners of the earth, and when people saw her they remembered their own youth and the dreams they had forgotten long ago.

Princes and kings sent jewels for her fingers and her hair. Suitors sailed over the seas, and rode over the deserts, to beg her to marry them. The wise shook their heads and whispered, "She’ll change with all this adulation—wait and see!"

But the little girl, who never grew up and whom the world knew as Mary Pickford, remained as unspoiled as ever.

Little children brought her their dreams and laid them at her feet. The old brought her their sorrows. And they became so much a part of her, that when her lips smiled her eyes were soft with unshed tears.

She gave bread to those who hungered for food, and to those whose souls were hungry, she gave of the richness of her sympathy and understanding.

There came a day when a prince, as loved by the people as she, came wooing. He was Douglas Fairbanks, and his deeds of courage and valor had

Continued on page 109
I REALLY mean it this time," Fanny the Fan announced vehemently; "I'm through with openings. If any one so much as mentions opening a window, I'll have to be led to the nearest sanitarium. And if I were, I'd probably find that it was having a special, deluxe, grand opening with arc lights out in front, and an army of tulle-and-ermine-clad figures going in.

"This hasn't come over me suddenly. It's been coming on for weeks. I've helped to open everything from Russian restaurants, gilt picture palaces, and new boulevards, to electrical equipment stores. My one burning ambition, now, is to help close something. At last I understand what made Major Campbell say good-by forever to his career as a motion-picture director, and become a prohibition agent.

"There is just one consolation in life. I'll never live to attend the opening of 'Hell's Angels.' Ben Lyon has been working on it for six months, now, and the end isn't even in sight. He's learned to pilot an airplane in the picture, and in case it is really ever finished, he is going to fly to New York. But his chances, at the present rate, are very slight. Maybe by the time the picture is finished it will be a quaint, historical romance of those old-fashioned vehicles, airplanes."

But while Fanny may be bored with openings, I am not. As one who has been known to stand outside, just to watch the crowds pour in, I waited until she calmed down a bit, and then begged her to tell me about some of them.

"Well," she began, "there was the Warner Theater opening. No one will ever forget that one, including the poor electricians, who were stationed on the highest hills of Hollywoodland, turning gigantic spotlights back and forth. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't go in the theater at all. I'd just pick out a nice, quiet street corner and watch the shafts of lights playing across the sky. Nothing in the picture was half so beautiful and dramatic.

"And that's not saying anything against the picture. What I saw of 'Glorious Betsy' was beautiful and charming, but I didn't see much, as all the people in the same row with me were possessed with a desire to walk back and forth in front of me. They were always getting seized with the idea that they saw Dolores Costello somewhere in the house, and once they got that idea they would plunge out of their seats and go to get a look at her, right up close. When they weren't doing it, the people in the row in front of me were. It was the most ambulant audience I've ever seen, and if there isn't any such word, there should be, to commemorate that occasion.

"I'm sorry I didn't see more of

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Over the

Fanny the Fan awards citations for naiveté, cruelty and luck, and reviews recent events in Hollywood.

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Joan Crawford has a splendid role in "Four Walls."

Clara Bow, with Pola Negri's departure, becomes official queen of the Paramount lot.
Jeacups
By
The Bystander

Dolores—because, via Vitaphone, I heard too much. Even her best friends are in favor of wearing ear muffs whenever she bursts out into speech. The Warner Brothers should be cited for cruelty. Dolores most decidedly should be seen and not heard.

“Her voice doesn’t sound as bad as all that, when you talk to her. It’s just on the Vitaphone that it gets a raucous tone, that is utterly inconsistent with her exquisite beauty.

“Well, to get back to the opening—Heaven forbid. The streets were so crowded, some smart director should have brought a camera along in order to film mob scenes. There must have been a million dollars’ worth of extra talent out on the streets that night.

“Warner’s was the very acme of gilt and red-plush openings. The next ones were all sentiment and hearts and flowers. Sennett opened ‘The Good-by Kiss’—a more than full-length film, conceived, executed, written, directed, and—it is to be hoped—buried by him personally. The picture takes the grand prize for childishness, naïveté and hokum. However, the leading lady, Sally Eilers, was delightful and the audience was little short of grand. All the old Sennett trouper except Gloria Swanson—who was in New York—were there, and the affair had the friendly atmosphere of the old grads’ tribute to the principal of the old, red schoolhouse.

“Then there was the D. W. Griffith picture, ‘Drums of Love,’ Griffith can claim as his foster children even more of the stars of to-day than Sennett, and of course they all turned out to pay him homage. He didn’t make the same old speech that has seen service on so many first-nights—the one where he is so overcome with emotion that he can hardly speak. He was quite poised and dignified and charming, and he seemed really to have something to say. I don’t remember what it was, but it sounded quite impressive at the time.

“By the time a few days had passed, and the opening of ‘The Trail of ’98’ was announced, everyone had the feeling that just one more couldn’t do any one any harm, so the usual, glittering audience turned out for that one. Every one should go to see ‘The Trail of ’98’ at the close of a terrifically hot day. There are miles and miles of snow. There was a lot of plot, too, but somehow I can never manage to get awfully interested in what happens to Dolores del Rio or Ralph Forbes, on the screen. I know that I stand almost alone in that, but a girl has a right to be bored by a few screen people.”

And Fanny really should be bored by more of them. Of late, her enthusiasms have reached the point where there really was nothing for her to do but get a soap box and start making speeches. She will still be raving about Gloria Swanson, in

At last Janet Gaynor is to have a long-promised trip to New York.
“I haven’t even started,” Fanny protested. “There was the night that Helen Ferguson returned to town, an experienced stage actress now, and opened in ‘New Brooms.’ It looks as though it would run for months. There is no telling when Helen will be seen on the screen again. Then, on two days’ notice, Lois Wilson up and made her début on the stage, in ‘The Gossipy Sex,’ with Edward Everett Horton. Lois is very charming on the stage. She is going to do another play right away, but it won’t keep her from making pictures. She has signed with F. B. O. to be featured in a picture to be started very soon. Some girls are almost forgotten by the studios until they burst out on the stage, and then every one is impressed by their acting and urges them to make pictures again. Look at Mac Busch; she hadn’t had an interesting part in pictures for a long time, but she had no more than opened on the stage in ‘From Hell Came a Lady’ than Metro-Goldwyn discovered they just must have her back on the lot again.”

That’s the second time in recent weeks that Metro-Goldwyn has gone hunting for an accomplished actress, and had to recall a former contract-player. They brought Carmel Myers back to the fold to play with John Gilbert, in ‘Four Walls.’ Every one is raving about her performance. It isn’t at all like the stick-in-the-mud sort of rôle she used to play. She is almost an ugly duckling in this one. No make-up, hair slicked back, and heavy on the pathos all the time. And Carmel is acquitting herself nobly.

“But the real sensation of the Metro-Goldwyn lot is Anita Page. They thought she was just a pretty, little girl, with a face that was easy to photograph from any angle, but she fooled them, and turned out to be a tremendously magnetic personality.

“There are a lot of youngsters making names for themselves. Pretty soon any girl of twenty-five will be rated as a grande dame. There’s Loretta Young; she’s just fifteen. And I’m willing to bet that Virginia Gray, the child who played Eva, in ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ will be a star some day. I watched her working with Mary Astor, in ‘Heart to Heart,’ and she was really lovely.”

“And you’re the one who is always talking about loyalty to the favorites of yesteryear! Where is Lillian Gish? Where is Mary Pickford?”

“Abroad.” Fanny answered laconically. “It’s so long between their pictures, that new stars have time to come and go. I’ve heard, though, that Lillian’s trip abroad is on business, I think she is going to make a picture in Germany.”

“New stars come, but they never go.” Of that I’m sure, since hearing that Mac Murray is once more making pictures.

“And what do you think of the newest First National star, Alice White?” Fanny asked. Purely a rhetori-
cal question, as she didn't give me a chance to answer
that, whatever any one thinks of Alice White, at least
they must admit that hers is never a negative per-
sonality on the screen.

"What a break that girl is getting!" Fanny ex-
claimed. "Al Santell is directing her in her first star-
ing picture. No one could ask for more than that.
He has an uncanny way of bringing out the very best
in people. Remember what he did with Corinne
Griffith, in 'Classified.' Ben Lyon, in 'Bluebeard's
Eighth Wife,' Richard Barthelmess, in 'The Patent
Leather Kid'? She is sure to be good under his
direction.

"I'd like to see him direct Billie Dove. I've an idea
that he could bring something out in her that would
make us forget the 'merely beautiful' things she has
been doing. But Billie's plans are all made for a long
time ahead. She is just starting 'The Night Watch,'
and when she finishes that she is going to Italy to
make 'La Tosca,' under George Fitzmaurice's direc-
tion. There is to be some kind of vocal and instru-
mental accompaniment, but I refuse to get interested
in that. I still prefer my movies silent.

"There is quite an exodus abroad. Negri is going,
after one more picture for Paramount. She wants to
divide her time between making pictures here and
abroad. Her departure will make Clara Bow the
queen of the Paramount lot, if she isn't already.
Clara's pictures have such tremendous drawing power
at the box office, that naturally she has great prestige
at the studio. She is making an underworld picture
now, 'Ladies of the Mob.'"

"Will there never be an end to underworld pic-
tures?" I complained as bitterly as though I had seen
a lot of them, which I haven't.

"Maybe," Fanny admitted, though grudgingly. "The
rage for them seems to be dying down. I heard of only
five being started last week. And I've heard of only one
companionship marriage story being cast this week. That's
the original, and only genu-
ine one, authorized by Judge
Ben Lindsey himself. The
leading roles are to be played
by Betty Bronson and Doug-
las Fairbanks, Jr. They
ought to make an attractive
couple.

"But there's a tale con-
ected with the casting of
that picture that must be
told. Judge Lindsey came
out to confer with the pro-
ducers of the picture, and it
developed that he was a great
fan of Patsy Ruth Miller.
Pat was his first choice for
the lead, but unfortunately
she was tied up, making a
picture for Tiffany-Stahl.
And the tragic part of that
is that Pat admires the
judge, treasures her auto-
graphed copy of his book,

Patsy Ruth Miller does not al-
ways agree with the scenario
writers.
Just a Hard-working Goil!

Marion Davies just manages to struggle along on a few millions in diamonds and things, but for all her wealth she has not acquired a tall headgear, and is one of the most popular of all the stars in Hollywood.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Just a little girl, trying to get along in the movies!” Marion Davies characterizes herself, in her teasing banter.

Oh, surely, just a poor kid with a couple of million or so in jewels, and only she knows how many million more are cunningly invested, an indefinitely huge apartment in New York, and a few domiciles in California that make the Ambassador look like a bungalow.

Just a star who does pretty much as she pleases, works as if she didn’t have anything more important on her mind, and shows up for appointments, or doesn’t. But she has a gorgeous sense of humor, and she hasn’t acquired any tall headgear.

As a matter of fact, in her new picture, “Show People,” she is just what she calls herself.

It ought to be a wow. It’s a grand slam at everything in the movies, a “bird’s-eye view of Hollywood.” All the stars will be in it, at least all the M.-G.-M. stars, and some others.

“I know, I’m a star now,” exclaimed Marion. “I’m being supported by Jack Gilbert, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, and Lon Chaney. Almost everybody on the lot will appear in the studio scenes. Perhaps”—her eyes became very wide and ingenuous—“even Greta Garbo!”

The heroine comes to Hollywood to get in the movies, and all the things you read about are screened. The first test, the first close-up, the use of onions, gels, and other devices to make actresses cry, are shown in action. But I’m going to be on the set when they film her being interviewed, because I won’t have my art burlesqued!

Billy Haines is being costarred as the “low comedian,” and Polly Moran, in her own words, is “a very low comedian.” It will be like old times. Fifteen of the original Mack Sennett stock company will reappear, among them Kalla Pasha, and the bathing beauties, and maybe the Kops.

“Hollywood.” Marion observed, in commenting on her present “opus” which will burlesque our haughty queens, “is a place where one hundred people have convinced the world that they are more important than the other many millions who live on the old globe.

“Dodging custard pie,” she murmured, “is dirty work. People with nerves should never go into the movies, and people without nerve can’t.”

Marion’s wit is spontaneous. With whatever props are at hand, she clowns. Many of the gags in her pictures are repetitions of ones she has previously pulled for the entertainment of those on the set. Her impersonations of Lillian Gish, Mae Murray, and Pola Negri added laughs to “The Patsy.” You’re absolutely nobody in Hollywood until Marion has mimicked you. And her set is never a safe place to loiter, except at your risk.

There was Jane Winton’s “arrest” during the filming of “The Patsy.” A man, claiming to be from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, appeared on the set, charging Jane with making false returns on her income tax. She was told that she faced a jail sentence. Jane became tearful.

“’It’s a mistake, but it will be terrible, if it gets out! Besides, I can’t go to jail, now that we’re in the middle of the picture.” At first, King Vidor said lugubriously that he would have to engage another actress for her role, and retake her scenes, but finally he and Marion made arrangements with the officer to put up bond for Jane. She was to work every day, and be delivered into his custody each evening. She would spend her nights in jail. Jane fell—and how!

“Poor dear!” Marion tried to console her. “I’ll bring your victrola and your dinner down to your cell every evening.” She wanted to write down Jane’s favorite dishes, but Jane was hysterical. It was not until her fright got her too upset to work that they confessed. The “arrest” had originated in Marion’s fertile brain.

Jane, however, is often a conspirator. The party at Marion’s beach house, when Jane “stole” Charlie Chaplin’s cigarette case, was a riot. It had Charlie’s initials boldly carved upon its gold. Jane hid it—now, you guess where—and Marion ordered that everybody be searched. The butler was stationed at the door, at her insistence, though Charlie was nervous over the social amenities at stake.

“I must telephone!” Jane thus drew suspicion toward herself.

“Don’t let her out!” Marion cried. “Search her!” Charlie intervened, begging them to forget all about the missing case. The maid delegated for the job could not find it. Marion proved a better sleuth, and triumphantly held up the case.
"Why, Jane Winton!" she exclaimed. "All this time we've been friends, and you a thief!" Jane cried. The act was good. Everybody was embarrassed. Charlie, to protect Jane, denied that it was his case.

"With 'C. C.' all over it? We know it's yours. And she claims she doesn't smoke, either. We've been duped!"

Marion waxed furious. Jane acted the culprit rôle to perfection.

The excitement grew, and Charlie became more ill at ease.

"I gave it to her. Forgot. I gave it to her. Please believe that, Marion," he begged. "Let her go."

When they could restrain their mirth no longer, and the joke was out, King Vidor said, "Well, if you two could act as well for the camera, the producers would leave Europe alone."

And the time that she got Jack Pickford to play suicide, Agnes Christine Johnston, the pretty scenarist, had been questing for a new plot, claiming there was nothing dramatic in real life. Marion and Jack left the room. In a few moments Marion screamed.

Agnes ran upstairs, the others were at her heels. Jack was on the bathroom floor, his face and head decorated with what later proved to be catsup. Agnes got her thrill, but also the worst fright she ever had.

And the evening that Seena Owen, a house guest, decided to retire early, the actors were Kathryn Carver, Adolphe Menjou, and Harry D'Arrast. The audience consisted of numerous guests. The announcement of Miss Carver's engagement to Menjou had been made that evening, and every one had congratulated them. Outside Seena's door, Menjou began to declaim in a loud voice, "Open that door! I saw D'Arrast take Kathryn in there!" Seena's protestations that she alone was in the room served only to whet his ire. "Let me at that man!" he raved, until Seena frantically opened the door.

Pinching those little nips that make one jump, Marion sneaks up behind you—and glides away. A certain director happened to be standing near

Marion Davies impersonates
above, Lillian Gish; upper right, Mae Murray; right, Pola Negri.

Marion without benefit of make-up.

Jane when Marion slipped up and pinched her, and instantly was deep in conversation with some one else. Jane turned. It couldn't have been the director! Why, he was always such a gentleman! But he was the only one standing there. And Jane was an offended lady. She said plenty, with a crowd of extras looking on. The director was bewildered. Only when Jane had used all her vocabulary did Marion admit it. Then Jane, mortified, had to apologize.

There was the time Marion had the newly successful actress crazy over the "loss" of her huge paste pearl, and the occasion when she pretended to be a young society lord. She isn't always cutting capers. Her spray of wit sometimes is shut off. One day when she was filming "The Fair Coed," everything had gone wrong. A basket-ball game was in prog-

Continued on page 106
Shakespeare
Clothes make the man, and more often

Olga Baclanova, left, a Russian, makes an admirable English duchess in "The Man Who Laughs."

While Renee Adoree's Russian attire, right, in "The Cossacks," completely submerges her French personality.

As a Swede, Warner Oland, below, is a worried-looking Greek in "Stand and Deliver."

William Austin's English reserve, left, gives place to fiery Latin impulsiveness in "Drums of Love," but at the right, Josephine Borio's Italian heritage is not too convincingly disguised by the Russian costume she wears in "The Cossacks."
Was Right!

than not, they also make the nationality.

Emil Jannings' German training, oddly enough, enables him to give a wonderful portrayal in "The Patriot," a story of Russia, right.

Dolores del Rio, right, as Toska, in "The Red Dancer," is Russia's gain and Mexico's loss.

Mexico loses again as Ramon Novarro, right, "goes Balkan" in "Forbidden Hours."

Hungary should be proud of "Tony" Moreno, above, even if they know he's a son of Spain; and it took just a half hour to convert Theodore Kossloff, left, from a Russian, into a perfectly good citizen of Palestine, in "The King of Kings."
Stars that Rose

This month our survey of the star belts takes York, where we pause only long enough at the born there. It will be interesting to see if

By Alma

and then, upon his return from a London triumph in "Broadway Jones," he was offered a screen rôle opposite Laura Hope Crews, in "The Fighting Hope." He supported many famous women stars until, as every one knows, he became a star himself after "The Miracle Man." Adolphe Menjou, with his French mannerism, is a strange product for Pittsburgh. His French parents sent him to Culver Military Academy, and then to Cornell. There he studied mechanical engineering. But there also he joined the college theatrical society and wrote one of its most successful plays. That settled Adolphe for engineering—or rather, against it! His first long stage engagement was with a stock company in Cleveland, where Adolphe lived for fifteen years. His first screen rôle was with Vitagraph in 1912. The war, in which he became a captain, interrupted his screen career, but not permanently. It was "A Woman of Paris" which first put him on the highroad to fame, in the kind of rôle in which he is inimitable.

Lois Wilson, though born in Pittsburgh, grew up in Alabama. She was a schoolteacher until she won a beauty contest conducted by Universal. She is one of the few contest-winners who remained permanently on the screen.
in the East

you through Pennsylvania and New
various towns to identify stars who were
any of them were once your neighbors.

Talley

And then there's the Costello family of Pittsburgh. Maurice
was on the stage for eighteen years, and of course began his
screen work when movies really
were in their infancy. Dolores and
Helene, oddly enough, had to make
their way into movies by way of the
stage. They were doing a sister act in
George White's "Scandals" in Chicago,
when one of those countless Warner
Brothers saw them and missed his train
in order to hand them a dotted line and
a fountain pen.

William Powell moved from Pitts-
burgh to Kansas City, and then when
he grew up he went on the stage, with
the usual hardships. In fact, he played
on the stage for some ten years before
he was really noticed and given the
screen chance which has since made for
bigger and better villainy in the films.

Lois Moran left Pittsburgh, with her
mother, when she was twelve years old.
They went to Paris, where Lois studied
dancing. She was becoming successful
in the opera ballet there, and had made
two pictures, when she heard that
Samuel Goldwyn was in Paris looking for a
young girl to play in "Stella Dallas." She
sent him her picture and he sent for the
original and so Lois got her film start.

Hedda Hopper, whose father was a
Baptist minister in Pittsburgh, went on the
stage. Then she went to Hollywood, with
some degree of stage success behind her.

We are grateful to Pittsburgh for Dolores Costello.

"Who are you?" they
asked her in Hollywood,
and after a while she
showed them.

Peggy Shaw left Pitts-
burgh and joined Gus
Edwards' Revue, like
Lila Lee of New York;
then the "Follies," then
movies. Katherine Mac-
Donald and Mary Mac-
Laren, two sisters who
had their little day on the
screen, were both born in
Pittsburgh. Mary went
on the stage in the Win-
ter Garden; Katherine
was discovered by B. P.
Schulberg and exploited
as "The American
Beauty."

And now our train
stops in Philadelphia.
Eleanor Boardman, after
studying at the Phila-
delphia School of Fine
Arts, went on the stage.
Then it was that the old
Goldwyn company took
its camera in hand and
went on tour, with a
great fanfare of pub-
licity, looking for new
screen faces. Eleanor's and Bill Haines' were the two faces se-
lected, though it wasn't for several years that either of them
became famous.

Janet Gaynor's family moved from
Philadelphia.

Janet Gaynor's family removed from Philadelphia to Los An-
egles, where Janet attended high school and played bits in pictures
for some time before it occurred to any one that she was good.

Jane Winton and Mabel Ballin, of Philadelphia, both reached
the screen via the stage. Jane was once a dancer in the Fokine
ballet, then she went into the "Follies." Edmund Burns is also
a product of the stage, though he began his business career as
a broker.
Douglas MacLean, after leaving Philadelphia, attended Northwestern University and the Lewis Institute of Technology in Chicago. But his technical education was apparently quite wasted, because when he finished he went on the stage. He was once in Maude Adams' company, and then with the Morris stock company in Los Angeles. His ability as a comedian won the lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart's riotous picture, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," which at once established Douglas on the screen.

Jackie Saunders went to St. Joseph's Convent in Philadelphia, and then became one of "Dawson's Dancing Dolls." Stock engagements followed, then the screen. Mildred Davis went to the Friends' School in her native city and then headed straight for the screen.

Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton. She also lived, as a girl, in Seattle and then in New York. She toured in concert work before she got her chance in pictures. And then there's E. K. Lincoln from Johnstown, William V. Mong from Chambersburg, Naomi Childers from Pennsylvania—her biography doesn't say what part.

It's only right to expect that New York should have produced a great number of screen players. Look at the size of the place! And anyhow it's the home of the theater, and also presents greater opportunities. Many of them grew up in stage families, and so we have the Barrymores, Bert Lytell, William Collier, Jr., Arthur Rankin, Alice Brady, Conway Tearle, Leila Hyams. Among many others who established themselves on the stage before their screen careers began, are Lila Lee, Nita Naldi, Frank Mayo, Edith Roberts, Madge Evans—who played on the stage as a child and has returned to it—Billie Dove, once of the "Follies"—Kenneth Harlan, formerly a runner on the stock exchange, and then a dancer—Priscilla Dean, Jack Mulhall, Elsie Ferguson.

Richard Barthelmess had stage heritage, though he started to become a lawyer. But once, coming home for the holidays from Trinity College, in Hartford, he suddenly realized that his widowed mother was sacrificing herself in order to put him through school. This would never-do, he decided, so he gave up all thoughts of law and turned to acting. "War Brides" with Nazimova, gave him his first chance.

Richard Talmadge, born in New York, of Italian parents named Metzetti, found a chance to show Douglas Fairbanks that he knew a thing or two, himself, when it came to leaping from chandelier to chandelier. Fairbanks was impressed and helped Richard to get on his feet in the movies, where—if an acrobat could be said to remain on his feet—he has been until very recently.

Malcolm McGregor and Maurice Flynn, a couple of Yale boys from New York, reached the screen with no previous stage experience. Maurice first had a fling as a rancher in Colorado.

George Walsh and Johnny Walker are a pair of athletes from Fordham University. Johnny was on the stage for several years before starting out in pictures.

Nancy Carroll, of Tenth Avenue, New York, and Josephine Dunn were both chorus girls.

Nancy married Jack Kirkland, a scenario writer, and got her entrée into the film studios. Josephine went with a girl friend to the Paramount studio when that company was organizing its school. Josephine was urged to take a test herself, and was one of the lucky few who were not only called, but chosen.

Oh, I almost forgot—of all people!—Emil Jannings. He says he was born, not in Brooklyn, as is generally supposed, but in Manhattan. But when he was only a year old his family returned to Germany. Emil was adventurous. When he was ten he ran away to sea and when he was sixteen he went on the stage. He played in stock companies for twelve years, and by that time he had made sufficient reputation to receive screen offers.

May McAvoy was born in the exclusive Murray Hill district.
You Never Know

These pictures conclusively prove that this is an age of masculine mammas and feminine papas.

Something is wrong with this picture, right, of George K. Arthur and Karl Dane.

Sweet Lupino Lane, above, has evidently won prizes for something;

while Harry Langdon, right, is being a poor, but determined young lady;

and the picture, below, of Billy Dooley and Vera Steadman, deserves no title.

Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel, above, succeed in being coy; but it's hard to tell what Billy Engle, Jimmie Adams, and "Buddy" are doing, below.
PITY the poor movie queen! Offers, offers everywhere—and hardly a single rôle she wants to play. Estelle Taylor could be busy all the time if she wanted to, but she has made a vow never, never to play another rôle which requires wielding a weapon of any kind. She has had enough of whips, and would like to try quips for a change. She wants to do comedy. Instead, she will probably do “Cleopatra” in natural colors. What Cleo’s natural colors were, I will leave it to Miss Taylor to reveal. She promises she won’t play the serpent of the Nile as an old-style vamp, if she can help it. For all her vivid and exotic beauty, Estelle has a very modern sense of humor. She calls her husband Mr. Ginsberg, and makes him like it.

The Dempseys visit New York ever so often. This time they stayed long enough to sign contracts calling for their joint appearance in a stage play, in the fall. “The Big Fight” will employ the fistic talents of Mr.

Lupino Lane Entertains.

“Little, but oh, my!” I am referring to Lupino Lane, who stands about five feet four inches in his stocking feet—though not, I hasten to say, at this interview—but who expresses in his small person more humor, showmanship, and camaraderie than any ten giants you might select.

Mr. Lane visited New York with his beautiful wife, who is an English blonde. English blondes are different from American, or even Hungarian blondes, as you know if you have met any. She isn’t in pictures—for no good reason, except that she really prefers private life. She shopped while Mr. Lane made vaudeville audiences howl with mirth at the Palace Theater on Broadway. He was almost lured into a musical-comedy engagement, but the call of the camera was finally too strong for him, and he returned West with his wife, to resume film activities at the Educational studio.

His pantomime is priceless, and no wonder. He is descended from a long and illustrious line of pantomimists. The Lupino family is to England what the Four Marx Brothers, Ed Wynn, Joe Cook, and a few other fellows, are to America. Lupino Lane was born in London, and made his first stage appearance at the age of three. He has been at the serious business of making audiences laugh on stage, or screen, ever since. He’s played in drama, musical comedy, vaudeville, comic opera, and revue. He convulsed New York several seasons ago in “The Mikado.” As the Lord High Executioner in the Gilbert and Sullivan classic, he slayed ‘em.

Dempsey, and the acting abilities of Mrs. Dempsey. It will be produced by David Belasco. Jack and Estelle will be back in late summer to begin rehearsals. There is a clause in her contract which says that if she finds a screen rôle she likes better, she can leave the show on two weeks’ notice. Yes, she’s still true to pictures, and she’ll never leave them for very long.

Manhattan

In again, out again, the stars shed their brightness on the gay metropolis in their all-too-brief visits to New York.

Photo by Riccer

Buddy Rogers has changed little since his Paramount school days.
The Wife of a Genius

The wife of a genius is generally supposed to be a martyr. So when Norma Shearer returned from a two months' intensive honeymoon tour of Europe, as Mrs. Irving Thalberg, I peered at her to ascertain the effects of daily association with the gentleman who is usually referred to as "Hollywood's little genius." What I saw was a very radiant, beautiful, and blissful bride who said, "I love my husband more than ever." The assumption is not that Mr. Thalberg isn’t a genius, but that there is a new style in geniuses this season. Mr. Thalberg is just as much a genius as he was when he supervised "The Big Parade" and other big pictures, but he is genial, handsome, and humorous instead of erratic, morbid, and crabby. He proves that a man may be a genius as well as a model husband, while Miss Shearer demonstrates that a star may also be a successful wife.

"I've no intention of retiring from pictures," she said when she and her husband stopped off in New York on their way home. "I don't know how that story started. I'm eager to get back to work, after this vacation. My latest picture, 'The Actress,' pleased me very much. At the same time, I enjoy superintending the details of my home, and I take a domestic delight in china and linens and things. I don't see why marriage and a career are incompatible!"

The Thalbergs took a Mediterranean cruise, exploring Algiers, Naples, and Rome, as well as Paris, Berlin, and London. In Paris Mrs. Thalberg shopped for clothes and Mr. Thalberg for pictures. She made a real effort to leave pictures behind her, and the only reminder was a visit to Old Heidelberg, where she saw the actual setting of the Student Prince's romance with Kathi. Fans who would have crowded to get a glimpse of Norma Shearer in the flesh, failed to recognize a smart young matron named Mrs. Irving Thalberg. Norma has always been aloof in a gentle, patrician sort of way, and she proved on this trip, that it is entirely possible for a celebrity to enjoy private life, if she really wants privacy. Norma Shearer has always maintained her identity. Not even the informality of Hollywood has been able to break down her English reserve. She refuses to let fame interfere and make her conspicuous. This is probably the reason she has kept her charm so fresh and intact. You can purchase a ticket to watch Norma Shearer act but, gosh darn it, you don't get a lock of her hair with it!

Buddy Rogers Idealizes Mary Pickford.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers is a great, big boy now. He is twenty-three—count 'em, twenty-three—years old. He is also a star, with all a star's responsibilities. He
Manhattan Medley

Glen Tryon Is a Wow.

Glen Tryon says his hobbies are dogs and books. And when he says that, he smiles. And adds that he should be photographed with his hobbies, but how can he? He has no pipe to go with the dog, and no fireplace to sit in front of, with his book. This may give you some idea of what kind of a star Mr. Tryon is. He's a wow!

He is an actor, all right, but he refuses to work at it outside the studio. He likes pictures and gets a great kick out of acting in them, but he doesn't carry around a roll of his own film all the time. He is interested in other things. Oh, lots of things. His pal is Garret Graham, who writes clever subtitles, and he would rather tell you what a swell guy, and title writer, Graham is, than what a wonderful actor Glenn Tryon is. He is very practical about his own work. He is businesslike and crisp.

"I do a sad act in Doctor Paul Fejos' picture, 'Lonesome,'" he remarks. "He can oblige with any kind of act, you gather. When he was a kid he always gave shows. He invited all the neighborhood kids in to help him, but he always grabbed off the villains' parts for himself, because the villain was the heavy actor of the troupe. That was back in Julietta, Idaho—or was it Spokane, Washington? These two cities have always fought for the privilege of going on record as Glenn Tryon's home town."

He wanted badly to be an actor, but because he was so practical, he decided to go to school first, and learn some useful trade, so that, in lean seasons, he could always earn a living until the theatrical business boomed. He took the course—as a machinist. Later, when he was a real actor, he took the course, with a number three or four company of "Friendly Enemies," his mechanical training stood him in good stead. Stranded, penniless, and hungry, he dug up his union card and presented it, asking for a job as a journeyman machinist. He got the job, although the foreman was slightly dubious about giving it to a youth whom he had watched emoting on the boards of the local theater only the day before.

Bigger and better acting jobs came his way. He was in vaudeville. I believe, when Hal Roach saw him, and signed him for Roach comedies. After a season or so in the two-reelers, Glenn appeared with Laura La Plante, in "Thanks for the Buggy Ride"—and his film fortune was made. Universal then starred him in "Painting the Town." Now he is one of the ace comedians of the screen. "Hot Heels" is his latest. But no matter how famous he becomes, he swears he will never pose for a picture with his dog. "It wouldn't be fair to the dog," says Glenn.

John Barrymore Is Polite.

A group of people sat huddled in a small sitting room of a suite at the Ambassador Hotel. At first glance

reminds me of a slightly older Booth Tarkington boy, looking out on the world through great big, serious, worried eyes. He came East to make a personal appearance at the opening of "Abie's Irish Rose," and to attend Paramount's convention at Washington, D.C. He's still here, because he is starred in a college story, tentatively titled "Yale"—all about the rah-rah boys up in New Haven. When I saw him, Buddy—only he wishes you wouldn't call him that—was hoping that Mary Brian would be his leading lady, because Mary is such a sweet type. There is nothing of the brashness of the fictional college hero about young Mr. Rogers. His ideal woman, besides his mother, is Mary Pickford. He is still as boyish, and almost as eager, as he was when a member of Paramount's Seminary for Young Thespians, in Long Island City. And if that isn't refreshing, what is?
you might have mistaken them for a group of starving extras, or oppressed Armenians, or something. They had that stricken look. Then you say that they were only interviewers, in the process of interviewing Mr. John Barrymore. Now Mr. Barrymore is supposed to be something of an ogre to reporters. There's many a juicy tale as to how he has held whole armies of reporters at bay, with a scathing epigram. But this time, Mr. Barrymore was as gentle and harmless as a lamb. He spoke softly and courteously. His manners were perfect. The reporters were relieved but, on the whole, a little disappointed. Their idol—the bad play-boy of the movies—had fallen. He was positively polite.

He came East solely to persuade a certain expert electrician of the theater to return to Hollywood to work on the open-air production of "Hamlet," at the Hollywood Bowl. This contemplated production of the tragedy of the melancholy Dane, was of far greater interest to Mr. Barrymore than mere movies. But he did say that he liked "Tempest" better than his other pictures, that Camilla Horn is a charming actress, and that he looks forward to making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

"Who will be your leading woman, Mr. Barrymore?" I asked him.

The famous Barrymore eyebrow—the left one, I believe—raised a very little. "I really haven't the faintest idea," he remarked.

"Well, who would you like to have?"

The equally famous Barrymore mouth twitched a little. "I'd like to have Greta Garbo. And if you asked a truck driver whom he would enjoy escorting to Coney Island, he would probably tell you Greta Garbo. I have just about as much chance of having her play with me, as he has of walking out with her."

That settled that.

Another Hard-working Girl.

Evelyn Brent looks like a runaway countess, at the very least. She has smoldering eyes, a cynical mouth and a sophisticated slope to her shoulders. Yes, she looks downright dangerous. Michael Arlen might have written her. Then she begins to talk, and you recognize just another sensible, hard-working Hollywood girl on a well-earned vacation. She sits smoking, and saying in a throaty voice how wonderful it is to be in New York, and seeing all the shows. Evelyn worked in the East a year or so ago, before Paramount moved all its companies to the Coast. The breaks were for her, and she was ready when the good parts came along. "The Last Command," with Jennings, was the last word in opportunity. Evelyn grasped it, and now she is one of the important picture girls.

She talked about her luck, as she called it, and how wonderful it is to work with Emil, and how silly it is to link her name with Gary Cooper's—"Just because," said Evelyn, "I sat beside him at a dinner given to Otto with Clive Brook, whose popularity never seems to wane.

Lili Damita Arrives.

Gentlemen—a brand-new blonde! Her name is Lili Damita, and she was discovered in Paris by Samuel Goldwyn, on his recent star-gazing tour of the Continent.
Will She

Her name is Dorée Leslie and she was picked by Rapf for stardom in New York. This interesting and he wanted another potential star. After interviewing two hundred possibilities, he signed one girl, which might lead you to suppose that beauty is scarce in New York.

"Beauty is plentiful," contradicts Mr. Rapf, "but we are not looking for beauty alone. What we want is individuality, and it is the hardest thing in the world to find."

The highways and the byways are being combed for it. No longer are the producers vying with each other in an effort to secure "names." They are searching frantically for obscure talent which may be developed into a box-office attraction. Some of the greatest successes of the past year have been scored by unknown girls who, far from being shunned as of old, are being sought after and made much of. It may be just a spark that will light up her way to fame.

She may be lurking on the outskirts of a crowd of extras, or may be running a switchboard, a cafeteria, or a beauty parlor. At any rate, whoever she is, or wherever she is, or whatever quality she may possess, she is sure to get her chance—if she comes within range of a camera.

Metro-Goldwyn, for example, maintains a test department in New York, presided over by Al Altman, whose sole duty, week in and week out, consists of taking tests of each aspiring miss whose talent seems to justify risking two hundred feet of film. A special deputy from the company covers all the plays and musical productions, and whenever a countenance appears of more than passing interest, an appointment is quickly made, and the owner thereof is given the privilege of registering its smirks and quirks before Altman's lens. If there is a glimmer of hope after the screening, the test is shipped to California. But results are few and far between, for screen requisites are many and few are chosen.

The possession of what Elinor Glyn terms "it," has nothing to do with the case. Mr. Rapf will tell you, "It," if you remember, is Mrs. Glyn's definition of sex appeal. And while a pleasing presence is essential, beauty alone cannot sway the judgment of the camera.

The camera is a cold, calculating proposition—a despot unmoved by sentiment. It has no favorites, and when its merciless eye is focused on a bit of femininity, be she ever so fair, it can be relied upon to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Plain, unvarnished facts are its stock in trade, and it is a telltale of the first water. It has no illusion, and does not attempt to preserve any.

A very beautiful girl may present herself on the studio set. The staff may be agog about her. The camera will plumb her to her depths, revealing perhaps that she is shallow, ungainly, or unresponsive—just plain, negligible, and uninteresting despite her pretty face and form.

It's an ordeal, of course, this trial before the camera, but it isn't shyness that is apt to destroy a girl's chances of future success. It may be the very quality the producer is searching for. It may be just those diffident, retiring ways which will stir a director's fancy and
arouse his imagination. No, it is the lack of that certain, undefinable something which makes for an arresting personality—this is what spells the failure of so many screen tests.

For, as Mr. Rapf points out, individuality is the quality that the whole film world is seeking. It may be expressed in a hundred ways—an upward curve of the lips, a haunting expression in the eyes, an unconscious trick of mannerism. It may be ruined by a prominent nose, an awkward gait, or a hollow cheek.

Gloria Swanson had the strange impenetrability of a sphinx which producers found puzzling and, therefore, interesting. Betty Bronson had the quaint habit of putting her tongue in her cheek and clapping her hands, which somehow expressed *Peter Pan*. From Clara Bow’s eyes shine a love of life and its gayeties, which is contagious. Greta Garbo has the lure of a pagan soul. A spiritual quality is Mary Philbin’s greatest asset.

"Yet the curse of the film aspirant is her eagerness to be like somebody else," says Mr. Rapf. "Girls write to us by the hundreds, saying they are like Mary Pickford, Dolores Costello, Vilma Banky, Lillian Gish, or Dolores del Rio. They think that is a recommendation, but they are sealing their doom with that one stroke of the pen. We want new types, not replicas. We needed freshness, spontaneity, new faces on which to build new ideas."

For this purpose he haunted the night clubs when he came to New York, always on the lookout for that elusive something which might bespeak originality.

"You find the most attractive girls in night clubs," avers Mr. Rapf. "You may spot a possibility on the dance floor, in the show, or in a group of people at a table. It is my custom to find out their names whenever possible, and our office makes an appointment for the test."

The result of his recent peregrinations in New York was highly entertaining. For days and days he interviewed applicants. Two hundred got wind that he was looking for new talent. He saw them all, looked them over and made elimination. Most of them were impossible for one reason or another, but twenty-five excited maidens arrived at the Cosmopolitan studio at crack of dawn, by appointment.

Continued on page 109
The revelations of a motion picture, its life and works:

June 7th, a purely mythical date—Sol Finkelstein, producer extraordinary, who still knows his buttons, purchases the film rights to "Artichokes," a novel by the famous writer, Josephine Doakes. Price, $25,000, which was extremely surprising to Miss Doakes.

June 9th.—A conference of the scenario writers is held, to find out what is to be done with "Artichokes." Little is decided because nobody knows, but the title is tentatively changed to "Pink Lingerie."

June 11th.—Miss Doakes arrives in Hollywood to confer with the producer and director of "Artichokes," and to see if there is any more easy money to be obtained from the picture business.

June 21st.—Herman J. Zoss, crack scenarist, finishes and submits his adaptation of "Artichokes," with recommendation that the title be changed to "Flapper Daughters." There were no flappers in the original story, but he stirred some in.

June 22nd.—Miss Josephine Doakes reads Mr. Zoss' screen version of "Artichokes" and clambers aboard an Eastbound train, talking to herself. There are some things even an author will not do for money.

July 9th.—Sixteen other scenarists have written versions of the story, and the title of "Artichokes" has been tentatively restored, just to confuse the critics and general public.

July 15th.—Alice Appleby is chosen to star in "Artichokes," because no other player on the lot would consider it. This necessitates writing another version of the story, inasmuch as there was no part for Alice in the original tale.

July 22nd.—Al Bloom has been chosen to direct the picture, which is now called "Flappers in Lingerie," because he is Sol Finkelstein's cousin, and Sol is convinced there must be some picture he can direct well.

August 14th.—Production is actually started on "Artichokes," under the working title of "Her Mysterious Lover." The setting has been changed from South America to Iceland, and a war sequence has been worked in.

November 12th.—Final scenes are filmed for "The City of Romance." the title having been changed, due to a sudden inspiration of Mr. Finkelstein, who remembered having seen a story of that name somewhere.

November 25th.—The seventeenth preview of "The Blond Bride," the latest title of "Artichokes," is held, and the cutter and title writer are blamed because the picture is so bad.
The present fad in the movie city—and perhaps elsewhere—is to scatter statuary about the highways for advertising purposes. Where formerly screaming billboards are now sculptors’ versions of cows, advertising dairies, bell boys advertising hotels, and so on.

On a vacant lot near the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue is a large, colored statue of Billy Dooley, the two-reel comedian, and beneath it a placard stating that he stars in Christie comedies.

Now perhaps the Christie company paid for that, but I doubt it. In the first place, the producers would not be likely to buy just one, nor would they so honor Mr. Dooley, when they have at least six other comedians equally prominent.

You should come out and take a look at it some time.

The eccentricities of Howard Hughes, the youthful multimillionaire, who launched a film career by producing “Two Arabian Knights,” have been the basis of much gossip in Hollywood.

Hughes is said to be but twenty-three years old and the possessor of a tremendous fortune, together with an unreasonable income from royalties derived from an invention of his father.

Having financed “Two Arabian Knights,” and watched Lewis Milestone direct it, he decided he could make pictures himself. Consequently, he has been directing “Hell’s Angels,” with Ben Lyon, James Hall, and Greta Nissen, for months and months. His purpose is to make his pictures good, regardless of cost, and he has been spending money on the production as though he were a veteran director, accustomed to squandering hundreds of thousands.

Retaking scenes is his chief delight. It is asserted in one of the innumerable stories about him, that he filmed one scene something over fifty times.

“We’ll use number seventeen,” he ordered at last, calling it a day.

For “Hell’s Angels” Hughes has had fleets of airplanes at his disposal, for months, and has learned to fly, during the production of the picture.

When Hughes first arrived in Hollywood, so the story goes, prepared to become a film magnate, he rented a palatial suite in an office building in the center of the movie colony. It was lavishly furnished and decorated, and seemingly would have suited even Cecil DeMille. But Hughes decided he wanted a private bath as well. The manager of the building explained that the plumbing was all on the other side of the edifice.

“How much will it cost?” asked Hughes.

“Perhaps five thousand dollars.”

“Put it in.”

The plumbing was rearranged over nine or ten floors, and Hughes paid the bill without protest.

Then he started to produce pictures at the Metropolitan studios, and moved into offices there. He has never been in his palatial downtown office since it was remodeled to suit him. One lonely secretary inhabits it, and explains to callers that Mr. Hughes’ headquarters are really elsewhere.

George Melford, a director for Universal, got credit for adding a subtle touch to his production of “A Man’s Past,” when he was actually covering up a glaring incongruity.

Ian Keith was playing the role of a blind man in the picture. After he had worked on the part for a month or so, and was thoroughly established in all the exposed film, some sharp-eyed soul observed the fact that in every scene he was wearing a wrist watch.

“For what reason,” asked the amateur sleuth, “would a blind man wear a watch when he couldn’t tell the time by it?”

Long and profound were the conferences. To remake all his scenes was impossible. To permit such a discrepancy to thrust up its head unexplained, was out of the question.

Melford solved the difficulty, at length, by shooting a close-up of Keith running his fingers over the face of the watch, indicating that he could tell the time by feeling the dial.

Many a critic commented upon the subtlety of that scene, and the gosling remained hanging aloft.

At this writing, three different Hollywood photographers are involved with the law in one way or another. Strangely enough, none of them are being prosecuted for the portraits they have made of film stars.

Have you ever noticed in rotogravure sections, fashion pictures, and advertisements, the pictures of some young girls labeled “screen stars,” who have never come before your scrutiny on the screen? Well, so have I.

In Hollywood there is a group of girls on the outer fringe of the movies. Some of them eventually get into the game, and some of them remain on the fringe until old age or matrimony overtakes them.

Consequently, having little or nothing to do, they are anxious and willing to pose for any picture which has the remotest possibility of ever appearing in print. You may find the bewitchingly beautiful form of Pearle Passover wearing Blue Bird Corn Plasters, or Ginsberg’s Nonsnappable Garters. She will be labeled “Hollywood Screen Star.” But never, unless your wary eye should discover her among the crowd in a cabaret scene, will you perceive her on the screen.

The reason is not difficult to explain. Every studio signs up a num-

Continued on page 108
In "Tempest" John Barrymore has his best picture in a long time, without, however, setting any new standards in acting or emotional response. But it is so far superior to his recent pictures in the matter of restraint, that by comparison it becomes highly meritorious and will no doubt greatly please those to whom Mr. Barrymore is still an idol. It is a curiously uneven picture, some of it being just_hash and at other times it achieves moments of genuine inspiration. At all times it is a delight to the eye, for once again the Hollywood technicians prove themselves far more deserving of being considered artists than the scenario writers, whose imagination is puerile by the side of those who create the backgrounds, the light and shadow, through which the writers' princes and peasants pass.

There are many such in "Tempest," for it is a story of the Russian revolution, the downfall of the czarist régime and the triumph of communist government. Mr. Barrymore is Sergeant Ivan Markov, a peasant, who strives for a commission, and on getting it is scorned by his aristocratic brother officers, not one of whom is as patrician looking as Mr. Barrymore. There is also the Princess Tamara, whose scorn of Ivan is even more sweeping than that of the officers. Naturally depressed by this, Ivan drinks freely at the birthday party of the Princess, and wanders into her bedroom to lay white roses and an amulet inscribed, "I love you," on her lacy pillow. He is too overcome by emotion to leave, and there the Princess finds him. She summons her father and her fiancé, Ivan is disgraced, shorn of his epaulets and sentenced to prison. Rescued after the Bolshevik revolution, hating the class that had oppressed him, he becomes a Communist official, and thus the Princess, now a prisoner passes before him for sentence. Need you be reminded that the Austrian frontier is seemingly just around the corner?

There are moments of great pictorial beauty in all this, notably the birthday party, glimpses of marching troops seen by Ivan from prison, and the ride through the snowy countryside across the border. There are also uniformly good performances, except in the case of the star. In the early sequences Mr. Barrymore does not characterize at all. He indicates neither the simplicity of the peasant nor the eagerness of ambitious youth. Instead he is all leading man. It is not until the prison sequences—the familiar bear and the wild glint in his eyes—that he considers the rôle worth while. Then he does characterize, and with more reserve than usual.

Camilla Horn, the German actress, is engagingly lovely as the Princess, a rôle far from sympathetic, and a newcomer, one Boris De Fas, is striking as a peddler who becomes a Communist commissioner, and Louis Wolheim finds his best opportunity to date as Sergeant Bulba.

Evil Beauty.

"The Man Who Laughs" has a quality all its own. It is bitter, mordant, macabre—a delight to the discriminating, because such pictures are few and far between. Miasmic sentimentality in its various dilutions is far more likely to break box-office records, but it is fervently hoped that the names of Victor Hugo, as author, Paul Leni, as director, and Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin as principal players in an admirable cast, will exert their influence over those fans who pause undecided whether to see "The Man Who Laughs" or say, "The Heart of a Follies Girl."

Once the choice is made, it seems impossible that any one should fail to be engrossed by its strange story, nor fascinated by its atmosphere of evil beauty, however much of conventional love interest may be lacking from this romance of a blind girl and a monster.

Neither is a sympathetic figure in the usual sense, but the scenes through which they move, and the striking occurrences which sweep them through those scenes, are mentally, if not emotionally, absorbing. They, no less than the direction and the splendid perspective on the complicated story, are further evidence of what may be expected of Paul Leni, who also directed "The Cat and the Canary," and invested that ordinary mystery story with suspense and a gruesome quality found in no other, so that in the mind of the critic who has seen all the mystery films, it stands alone.

Mr. Leni had a far greater task in bringing the Hugo novel to the screen, as well as far greater scope for the display of his talent. As perhaps you know, the period is England in 1690, when the young son of a noble who has offended King James II is turned over to a gypsy band accustomed to mutilating children. The boy,
abandoned, is brought up by a mountebank, and in time becomes chief clown of a traveling circus, the hideous grin carved upon his features by the gypsies evoking certain laughter from all who see it. He is Gwynplaine, "The Man Who Laughs," and is loved by Dea, a blind girl, also of the circus. He attracts the attention of the Duchess Josiana, of Queen Anne's court, who falls in love with the clown for his very grotesqueness. When Barkilphedro, the jester, reveals to the Queen that Gwynplaine is the son of Lord Claucharlie, the very man whose estates the Duchess is enjoying, the Queen is persuaded to vent her hatred of the Duchess by a cruel jest. She restores the clown to his place in the peerage, with the order that the Duchess shall marry him. Gwynplaine realizes the folly and futility of this when, in the House of Lords, his peers cannot contain themselves for laughing at his misshapen face, and Barkilphedro insinuates into the Queen's mind the belief that Gwynplaine is laughing at her. He flees, and is eventually restored to his only possible love, Dea.

Conrad Veidt's Gwynplaine is magnificent—technically magnificent. Nothing that study and imagination can give is missing from his playing of a difficult rôle, except sympathy, and that Mr. Veidt strangely lacks, as was proved in "A Man's Past." At the risk of an unfair comparison, it must be noted that Lon Chaney, no matter how repellent his make-up, always succeeding in sharing his torment with his audience. Miss Philbin is pleasing enough, despite the obvious artificiality of a blond wig, but it would be unjust to heap superlatives upon her when they are so clearly deserved by others: Brandon Hurst for his malicious Barkilphedro, Josephine Crowell for her fataus, yet crafty, Queen, and Sam De Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann for admirable acting. This brings us to Olga Baclanova, as the Duchess, whose graceful superciliousness and easy distinction are apparent to any spectator, but the dark passages of whose mind will be illuminated only to those who are of the world.

Better Late Than Never.

First and last, "Abie's Irish Rose" is good. This is because of the acting and the sincerity of the direction, not because a new trail is blazed in the history of Jewish-Irish domestic clashes. There have been too many of those on the screen—inspired, in the first place, by the success of "Abie" on the stage—for another to throw additional light on a subject which is to many quite distressing. Be that as it may, the latest film of this kind is done with dignity and taste not found in any of the others, with an absence of boisterous horseplay that verges on reticence; yet all the dear hokum is there. As it stands, the picture is too long; it drags, and while it is interesting, there is a complete lack of high lights or emotional thrills.

The story is perhaps as familiar as any, but it will do no harm to acquaint those few who did not see the play with its bare outline. It begins with the arrival of Solomon Levy in this country, with his young wife, to whom a son, Abie, is born. The boy, now motherless, grows up on the streets of New York, while his father instructs him in the tradition of the Jewish faith. War sends him as a youth to Europe, where he meets Rosemary Murphy, who is serving as an entertainer. They are secretly married on their return, whereupon Abie brings his bride to see his father, whose antipathy to the Irish is a byword. Rosemary is introduced as "Miss Murpheski," whose name is, of course, supposed to establish her race. It does. And this is the most serious weakness in the plot. Eventually a second marriage is forced upon the young people by old Solomon Levy, and Rosemary telegraphs her father in California that she is marrying an Irishman. The arrival of Patrick Murphy exposes the deception and starts a family feud, which after a time is patched up by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohen—and the arrival of twins, one presumably Irish and the other Jewish, in order that both grandfathers may be satisfied.

The less said about the story the better. But not too much can be said of the acting that makes it seem real. Jean Hersholt is extraordinarily sympathetic as Solomon Levy. He achieves a characterization which will endure among the fine performances of all time. Charles Rogers is thoroughly happy as Abie, and Nancy- Carroll, a comparative newcomer, is perfect as Rosemary. Somehow my heart warms to Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer, as Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. Though dangerously near burlesque, they contrive to inject so much warmth.
and humanness in their rôles, that you love them for bringing peace and happiness to the home of Abie and his Irish rose.

The Belle of Baltimore.

Making allowances for the overstatement of the title, "Glorious Betsy" is a nice picture, tearful, charming, lingering. History has been altered here and there, to suit the exigencies of drama and romance, but no one will mind. For the picture has been devised solely for believers in romance, and not for those who are in search of a historical document. So let us to a brief outline of the story, that you may know what it is about.

Betsy Patterson, the belle of Baltimore, is wooed and won by Jerome Bonaparte, a brother of Napoleon who masquerades as a tutor of French. Not until he has won Betsy's consent does he reveal his identity. With this comes word that Napoleon has been made emperor. So Mistress Betsy has made a brilliant match, in the estimation of Baltimore society. But when Jerome takes his bride overseas, and she is presented to the emperor, Madame Bonaparte is made to realize the enormity of her error in allying herself with self-styled royalty. Napoleon preaches to her about destiny, patriotism and sacrifice, all pointing to his plan to marry Jerome to a princess for reasons of state. So Betsy is sent back to Baltimore, apparently to spend the rest of her days in graceful desuetude. At the moment preceding his marriage to the Princess Fredericka—effectively played by Betty Blythe—Jerome flees the scene, and presently is seen again in Baltimore with Betsy and their son. Napoleon now realizes that his imperialistic ambitions are as nothing compared to the call of fatherhood.

The picture not only has a Vitaphone accompaniment, but there is dialogue. In the utmost fairness, it must be said that the latter interpolations aid the film not at all, though a presentation scene is made more realistic by the singing of negro melodies. Miss Costello is, as usual, charming in the rôle of Betsy, and Conrad Nagel is thoroughly agreeable as Jerome. John Miljan and Marc McDermott are also in the cast.

A Happy Misalliance.

Leatrice Joy's best picture since I don't know when is "The Blue Danube." That ought to be news as welcome to you as it was to me when I saw the picture for few stars have been more unfortunately obscured than Miss Joy of late—and few, if any, have been so nice about it. Have you ever read any complaints from her? Then all the more praise is hers for shining so charmingly when the opportunity came. It comes easily and naturally, for "The Blue Danube" is not a pretentious picture. It is only very beautiful, very tender, very romantic—the love of an Austrian baron for a tavern maid, their separation by the war and the machinations of a hunchback, and their eventual reunion for a lifetime of pleasant conventionality. It is one of the few happy endings that you can believe will last, because it doesn't seem made by the director so much as by circumstances over which he and the players had no control.

But the director, Paul Sloane, certainly exercised a great deal of control in creating settings so beautiful and true, that for the life of me I can't believe he did not take the company to Austria. He didn't, though. Just another proof of Hollywood's supremacy when the technical corps are in charge of some one who knows how to guide them. The performances are all of the first order. Miss Joy is winsome. That's the word. Old-fashioned, yes, but it stands for all that is feminine. Nils Asther, as Baron Erich, displays, in my opinion, the first proof of why he was brought to Hollywood, where he certainly should remain after this. His suggestion of youthful cynicism goes further toward making his rôle more interesting and convincing, than if he had been the traditional hero. Joseph Schildkraut, as the scheming hunchback, is perfect and will amaze those who have never seen him in a character rôle. Altogether, "The Blue Danube" has the glamour of real artistry.
The Bogs and Fogs of Ireland.

The commonplace story of "Hangman’s House" scarcely deserves the beautiful Irish atmosphere which surrounds it. This is extraordinarily fine, a rare tribute to the skill and imagination of the director and technical staff, and possibly their shrewdness, too. For the lovely mists that cloud the outdoor scenes cast a glamour over the proceedings, which no doubt seemed as trivial to those concerned in making the picture as to those who see it. There is some novelty, however, in a story that concerns the aristocracy of Ireland instead of the usual peasantry, though there is enough of the latter to make you sure that the locale is truly Irish.

Connaught O'Brien, the lovely, high-born heroine, marries a man she does not love at the behest of her father, whom she does love. The man is John Darcy, who is mixed up in the political turmoil which eventually made Ireland a Free State. There is also Dermott McDermott, the juvenile hero, whom Connaught has known since childhood, and Citizen Hogan, who sympathizes with the young people and is out to "get" John Darcy. Before this is accomplished, there is a steeplechase, as beautiful as it is thrilling, in which Dermott at the critical moment replaces a jockey and wins the race on Connaught's horse. And eventually Darcy is shown up as a blackguard, and the young people are united by his death. All this achieves a production rather than a story, and in the former category it is notable.

June Collyer makes the heroine an aristocratic beauty, but not as emotional one, and Larry Kent, for a reason not understood, is a phlegmatic hero instead of the hot-blooded one tradition tells us Irish gallants should be. Victor McLaglen is droolly whimsical as Citizen Hogan, and Earle Foxe is the bearded villain.

Across to Singapore.

Dolores del Río, as Ramona, is of course picturesque—sturdily picturesque, with her cuteness emphasized by trousers in an early sequence, expensive dresses later on, and a parakeet poised on her shoulder. Warner Baxter, as Alessandro, strikes a welcome note of vitality on his first appearance, and Roland Drew, as Felipe, is oh, so languishingly romantic.

A Long, Long Voyage.

Nothing could be pleasanter than Ramon Novarro’s comedy in the early part of "Across To Singapore," but not even his presence atones for the wild doings in the rest of the picture. It is a new version of "All the Brothers Were Valiant," first filmed about ten years ago, and everything in it has been used innumerable times since—whenever a sea story has had to be found for a star, to relieve the monotony.

Mr. Novarro is Joel Shore, the youngest of four seafaring brothers who look upon him as a weakling, for no other reason, curiously enough, than his youth. Certainly the Novarro physique is anything but frail, and character is written all over his face. But you know how biased brothers are. The elder brother is in love with Priscilla, who prefers Joel. Her indifference to the elder Shore drives him to drink in the dens of Singapore, and he is left behind.

Continued on page 91

The Call of the Blood.

As beautiful a picture of California in 1849 as the screen could conceivably present, is found in "Ramona." It is exquisite to the eye—so soothing, in fact, that the slow pace at which it moves encourages the spectator to admire the scenery at the expense of the players. Their acting is good, but lacks emotion and seems unimportant beside the backgrounds. The familiar story made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson years ago has Ramona, half Indian, who runs away from the aristocratic Señora Morena, who had adopted her, to marry Alessandro, an Indian. Misfortunes befall her, for her child dies and Alessandro is killed. Then—in the picture, not the novel—Felipe Morena, who had loved her from childhood, reappears in time to save her life from utter ruin. Interpersed in this tepid tale are wrongs of the Indians at the hands of the whites, which culminate in the historic massacre of San Jacinto, reproduced with fine skill and vivid reality.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"BEAU GESTE"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Elissa Landi for individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"CIRCUS, THE"—United Artists. Charles Chaplin reverts to slapstick. While inspiration of his last film is lacking, this should be seen. Because his ladylove likes a tight-rope walker, Charlie decides to learn. The humor and paths of this episodic film are inimitable. With Kenneth Harlan.

"Crowd, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An epic of the middle classes. You share the joys and sorrows of John and Mary from their first meeting, through marriage, parenthood, success. Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

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

"GAUCHO, THE"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as a bandit of Indian and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a picture that not only has beauty, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupe Velez both excellent in their respective roles.

"LAST COMMAND, THE"—Paramount. Emil Jannings does some magnificent work as a Russian grand duke, whose son is his successor and who tries his hand at acting in a film, "The Beautiful." The picture is a success.

"SADIE THOMPSON"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson stages a triumphant comeback in the role of an outcast, who is temporarily reformed by a fanatic. Lionel Barrymore shares honors with Miss Swanson.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"—Fox. Tale of a Polish girl, who in her first taste of happiness is snatched from her when her hero, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Excellent performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

"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.

"Two Lovers"—United Artists. Tale of a sixteenth-century maiden whose treacherous uncle negotiates a marriage for reasons of state, and her eventual love for her husband. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"We Americans"—Universal. A Golf heroine, in love with a blue-blooded hero, scouts the family hearths for a scène that old people go to night school and blossom forth as true Americans, with nothing for the heroine to be ashamed of. Patry Ruth Miller, George O'Brien, and John Boles.

"Skyscraper"—Pathé-DeMille. Gaudy, hit-laden story of two steel riveters, a chorus girl and a visit to Coney Island. William Boyd, Alan Hale, and Sue Carol are all good.

"Big City"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining melodrama of the underworld, ending with a broken heart for Lon Chaney. Excellent cast, including Betty Compson, Marceline Day, and James Murray.

"Red Hair"—Paramount. Pleasing film of Clara Bow as a manicurist, who wins the heart of a millionaire, only to find that her three "papas" are her fiancé's old schoolmates who object to her marriage, whereupon she strips herself of the "borrowed clothes."

"SKINNER'S BIG IDEA"—F. O. O. Fairly interesting film of a go-getter who rejuvenates old men in his employ rather than sell young blood replace them. A little love interest thrown in. Bryant Washburn, Martha Sleeper, and Hugh Trevor.

"Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath"—First National. Humorous and wise-cracking film, with the Turkish bath as climax. Jack Mulhall, Dorothy Mackaill, Guinn Williams, and Sylvia Ashton give excellent characterizations.

"Love Hungry"—Fox. Pleasant little comedy of chorus girl who brings chum to mother's boarding house, who, in mother's image, becomes as prospective roomer by a boarder. Lois Moran, Lawrence Gray, and Marjorie Beebe.

"Baby Mine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Robert Young by the imaginative team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The latter pairs Karl with a gawky girl from the country, and they are married—but Dane runs away. Arthur induces him to return by announcing he is a father—whereupon he, and his wife search for infants. On Dane's return he finds triplets—then the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood is a scream.

"Beau Sabreur"—Paramount. Tolerably interesting so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." The efforts of a young hero to avert the nation's disaster, and his eventual success. Ganna Cooper, Noah Beery, William Powell, and Evelyn Brent.

"Buck Privates"—Universal. Dull comedy about an ingénue, her pacifist father and a regiment of American soldiers—with the hero and heroine enjoying slapstick happiness forever after. Lita de Prati, Zasu Pitts, and Tom McClure.

"Cheating Cheaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be crooks themselves. The hero, at his best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"Chicago"—Pathé-DeMille. The play, which was a clever satire on a murder trial, is made into a sentimental melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting by Phyllis Haver and Ronald Colman, and Ethel Varconi, it is not.

"COHEN'S AND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE"—Universal. Boisterous adventures of the now famous movie family abroad, with actors who could have utilized their talents to better advantage. Farrall MacDonald, George Sidney, and Vera Gordon.


"Dove, The"—United Artists. A tame version of the play. Norma Talmadge makes an elegant prima donna of what should have been a cheap cabaret singer. Noah Beery's best role since "Beau Geste." Gilbert Roland the hero.

"Dressed to Kill"—Fox. Unusual and exciting crime film, with Edmund Lowe as the crook, and a girl who is seeking to recover bonds for which her sweetheart is in prison. The crook tries to defend her from his confederates.

"DRUMS OF LOVE"—United Artists. Not up to the usual D. W. Griffith standard. Tale of two brothers and their tragic love affair for the other's wife. Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore, and Don Alvarado.


"FINDERS KEEPERS"—Universal. Laura La Plante, an excellent comedienne.
Fooling the Kleigs

Incandescent lighting is doing away with the use of arc lighting, but in the meantime the fight against Kleig eyes goes on.

Gwen Lee, above, has discovered that slices of raw potato cure, when placed on the aching orbs.

Anita Page, left, finds that drops of a diluted solution of witch hazel helps her best.

Joan Crawford, lower left, uses a special paste which has been prepared for her; but Polly Ann Young, below, uses a strip of raw beetsteak as the most effective cure.

Marceline Day, above, uses fur-lined, horn Eskimo snowglasses when she is on the sets and not before the camera.
Ramon—As He Is

PICTURE PLAY is proud to offer this brilliant, comprehensive and sympathetic analysis to the admirers of Mr. Novarro.

By Margaret Reid

H e is twenty-seven years old. At times his same wisdom would befit a savant of eighty. Again, he might be boisterous, naïve twelve. Not a volatile person, he is, nevertheless, a varied one.

There is in him a wealth of, as yet, untouched possibilities. Since leaving Rex Ingram's patronage he has been, in the main, unfortunate in the mediocre vehicles selected for him. At all times he has contributed smooth, dramatically sound performances. The misfortune does not lie in the fact that he is difficult to cast. This he is not, for—almost alone of his contemporaries—he is equally at ease in broad comics or in romantic tragedy, and in all the half-tones of drama lying between them. The misfortune is that so much more should be made of his ability, than is utilized in adventure stories and Alger-flavored heroics.

At one time a dancer, he was discovered by Rex Ingram. The occasion was a program at the now extinct Little Theater of Hollywood. Ramon was the principal in "The Spanish Fandango," a pantomime. Between engagements he was eking out what he bravely called a living, by what extra work he could obtain at the studios. Ingram at once sensed the potentials of the fiery youngster in the "Fandango." He sent for him, gave him screen tests, and while waiting to begin work, lent him to Ferdinand Pinnery Earle for "The Rubaiyat"—released five years later as "The Lover's Oath"—and finally brought him almost to immediate fame in "Rupert of Hentza" and "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Novarro comes of sturdy middle-class Mexican stock—the bourgeois that has pride of lineage, is comfortably secure, tranquil, and conservative. His father was a successful dentist, until the revolution wiped out his practice and the family fortunes, and made necessary their departure from Mexico. One of ten children, Ramon is second in line, having an older brother.

Hollywood knows little of Novarro's private life. He is never seen at the favorite haunts of the film colony. He doesn't accept invitations and has been to the Mayfair Club but once, and then only under pressure. When he does go out it is to an opera or concert, to a little Mexican café down in the Plaza, a play, or to the obscure Spanish theater. He loves anything pertaining to the theater. His particular passion of the American stage is the mad humor of Ed Wynn.

Almost his only close friends among the profession are Ronald Colman and Herbert Howe. The German director, Murnau—himself more or less a recluse—is a recent acquaintance. The director's favorite music is Spanish folk-music, and his interest in Ramon's unlimited knowledge of it never flags. One of his most fervent admirers and boosters is Kathleen Key, who has worked with him in several pictures. Principally his friends are of the Spanish and Mexican colonies. To them he is not Ray-mon, or Ram-on, Novarro, the famous star, but Kra-mon, the charming and brilliant son of Doctor Samaniegos.

Ramon's love of family is intense. He has always lived with his people, instead of in bachelor quarters. In the enormous old house, in a sedate section of Los Angeles, he has with him his entire family, with the exception of two sisters, who are nuns. One of these is in a Mexican convent, the other a Sister of Mercy in the Canary Islands.

When he travels he takes along part—or all, if possible—of his family. When away from her, he misses his mother with boyish forlornness. They all share his life, and with them he is content. He adores them. He watches over his sisters with vigilant devotion. Recently he set up two of his brothers in business. They devised a new coffee substitute, and he backed and established them in offices in Los Angeles. Whenever he goes out, some of his family accompany him.

On a journey or in public, his family are timid of the celebrity attached to them, because they are Ramon's relatives. It is against their wishes, and in considerable bewilderment, that they are lined up and photographed or interviewed. They are all of a most retiring nature.

E very Novarro première is a gala occasion in the Samaniegos household. Most celebrities, it must be noted, order seats and then ask the publicity department to look after the family, themselves preferring to appear in more glittering company.

On Novarro first nights there is the row of fifteen or twenty seats for the immediate family and close friends or visiting relatives. And Ramon, glowing with pride, shepherding his brood into the seats with meticulous gallantry. The brothers, thrilled and nervous, the sisters—in ruffled white with broad

Continued on page 96
Music and the Movies

The transformation of the tinny piano that used to accompany the heroics on the screen into a magnificent symphony orchestra.

By Harlow J. Peters

GIDDY-AP, giddy-ap, giddy-ap, whoa! My pony boy!” The itinerant pianist bangs out the popular melody on his tinny instrument, as the handsome hero of “The New Station Agent” jumps on his bucking broncho to go to the heroine’s rescue. Then comes some hurry music, made up of any scale of notes and, finally, “Hearts and Flowers,” as the two screen lovers face the camera for the short fade-out at the finish. Then “One Minute, Please, to Change Reels.”

Yes, you’ve guessed it. The scene above happened in the not-so-dim past when any converted store was a motion-picture palace, and art was undreamed of in this despised form of entertainment. The tinny piano, the flickering screen, and the badly ventilated nickelodeon comprised the best to be found in New York City seventeen years ago, with the same holding true for Chicago and every other large city.

Yet in those early days music played an important part in the showing of a picture. No “movie fire-trap” owner would think of running a film without that wreck of a piano to add the proper atmosphere to the story, or at least to cover up the grinding of the harassed projection machine. Motion pictures and music have seemed to be natural affinities from the beginning.

They are still affinities. From the battered uprights of 1910, motion-picture music has risen as the silent art has progressed from made-over stores to marble palaces. The large symphony orchestras of to-day still aid the hero to get his broncho started in the right direction, but although heroes are no braver and horses no sturdier, they certainly appear to give more exciting performances when a hundred men speed them along to the sound of soaring violins and blasting trumpets.

Along with the development of the theater and the growth of film orchestras, must be added the demand of the film-going public for the best in music to go with their pictures. The audiences nowadays would laugh at the efforts of the incompetent, albeit conscientious, key slammers of yore. They want no “speeded-up” version of “Hiawatha” to go with a troop of galloping horses; they would much rather hear the orchestra play Wagner’s “The Ride of the Valkyries,” and enjoy the horses and the music both.

And the film public is getting what it wants. In all of the large theaters over the country you can find orchestras to compare with the best in
Nowadays it is nothing un
feminine sex to be tried for
the screen, and needless to
sympathy of the jury, the
Sometimes they even succeed
should have

Mary Pickford, left, contributes
one of her inimitable scenes to
“My Best Girl,” when she takes
matters in her own hands, and dis-
turbs the dignity of the court, in
her efforts to win the discharge of
Carmelita Geraghty, as her way-
ward sister.

Ruth Taylor, below, as Lordet Lee, in “Gentlemen Prefer
Blondes,” explains between babyish sobs, that somehow her mind
went blank and—the gun just shot Mr. Jennings. Two guesses
as to what the verdict will be.

Olive Borden, above, in “Come To My House,” gets awfully
wrought up over the serious charge preferred against her,
and enters an emotional denial and defense, while Cornelius
Keefe registers close-lipped concern.
on Trial

usual for members of the murder and lesser crimes on say they always win the judge and the audience, in making you feel the victim been murdered.

“We both grabbed the gun, we scrambled, and then it went off,” explains Phyllis Haver, right, as Roxie Hart, in “Chicago,” as she practices her wiles upon a susceptible masculine jury, according to the careful coaching of Robert Edeson, as her unscrupulous attorney.

Esther Ralston, below, at least shows what the well-dressed woman on trial should wear, even if she shows little concern in what the verdict which Lane Chandler, as the judge, will hand down, in “Love and Learn.”

Pola Negri, above, sadly and stoically relates the deplorable events that led up to the tragedy in “The Woman on Trial,” with such convincing results that she is of course acquitted.
They Had to

Never does an unknown player become an among those who want credit for discover whose faith and determination opened the some little-known facts about well-

By Ann

sume for the sake of this story, that the fellows who really discovered them are not necessarily the directors, or the big-gun producers, but some of the smaller-fry boys, who not only pointed out a star in the making, but did everything in their power to bring him or her to the attention of some one who could really put them over.

Among this lesser chorus, who deserve so much credit and get so little, are casting directors, publicity men, newspaper men, friends and, yes, even relatives.

When Marian Nixon first got the idea that she would like to be a movie star, she was “going around” with a young fellow named Jimmy Fidler. Jimmy was an up-and-coming young press agent, who believed that stardom was one tenth a photographic face and nine tenths publicity.

It was a theory he had had for a long time, and Marian’s ambition gave him a chance to demonstrate it. Jimmy set to work—and how! It isn’t the easiest job in the world to get newspapers and magazines interested in a totally unknown screen aspirant, but Jimmy knew how.

He knew that editors always like to get pretty pictures of pretty girls, so he had Marian photographed in the cutest costumes, doing the cutest things he could think of. There were pictures of Marian as a little farmere, a Dutch girl, or a Raggedy Ann girl. Because she was so pretty and dainty, he didn’t have much trouble in placing them. His captions were equally artistic. He hinted that Marian was apt to break out in big things at any moment, and that you ought to keep your eye on her. Every time he sent out a publicity note about some star client of his, he always inclosed a little squib about Marian, hoping to catch the eye of an editor—and get space in a newspaper.

Ben Rothwell had so much faith in Olive Borden that he paid her a small salary, until he could persuade a studio to do so.
Be Discovered

overnight success, without starting a fight ing her. And there is always some one way to opportunity. This story reveals known players and their discoverers.

Sylvester

It wasn't long before Jimmy's work began to bear fruit, and the first thing you know, Fox had signed Marian on the strength of a bit she did. That really gave Jimmy something to work on, and from there on it was fairly easy sailing. The little Nixon drew better contracts and more and more money, and while she and Jimmy don't go together any more, they're still the best of friends and he's drawing a nice salary as her press agent. Give the boy a hand!
The boy who first spotted Sue Carol—even before Douglas MacLean—was Joe Egglesey, assistant casting director at the Fox studio. Joe met Sue at luncheon one day and asked her if she would like to make a movie test. At that time Sue had no idea of going in the movies. She was in Hollywood from Chicago on a visit, and when Joe proposed the test she was very nearly packed up to go home. She told Joe as much. He suggested that she take the test, whether she was interested in the movies or not. "You could take it home and show your friends," he said.
More for the fun of it than anything else, Sue took the test and the result was she stayed in the movies. We've got Joe to thank for Sue.
A couple of years before the advent of Sue, a meek little kid named Janet Gaynor was engaged to a young newspaper man named Herbert Moulton. Janet was doing extra work and Herb was a big gun on a Los Angeles paper. To be specific, he was the dramatic editor—and a good one. He believed in the movies—and he also believed in Janet Gaynor. He was about the only one who did. Most of the directors and producers considered her merely a rather colorless child, whose ambition was her only asset. But it was Herb who insisted she was an artist. He used to tell people so. He would talk about her possibilities for hours—if he got the chance.

When Janet Gaynor was an extra, Herbert Moulton, a young newspaper man, tried vainly to convince producers that she was a star in the making.

I was over at the Paramount studio one day, when Herb came over with Janet. He wanted to introduce her to the casting director as a candidate for the newly formed Paramount School. Everybody was nice to Herb and yessed him, but when the roll was made up in New York, Janet Gaynor's name was not among the students. In spite of Herb's efforts, Janet drifted in and out of considerable extra work before Fox got hold of her and realized her amazing possibilities.

About the happiest young fellow in Los Angeles was Herb Moulton. He was so proud of Janet, and so interested in her work, that he resigned his job on the newspaper and went in the movies himself. He is a good-looking boy and Clarence Brown gave him work, in "The Trail of '98." If Herb gets along the way a lot of people think he should, we may have Janet to thank for Herb, as well as Herb to thank for Janet. By the way, they aren't engaged any more—but then hardly any one stays engaged long in Hollywood.

Continued on page 100
Yes, They’re Peasants

The cycle of movie rôles has turned to another phase—that of glorifying the peasant girl.

Barbara Kent, above, in “The Lone Eagle,” is a trusting peasant maid of war-ridden France who prays for her aviator-lover’s return.

Renee Adoree, right, is a tiller of the soil, in “The Cossacks,” a story of Russia.

Estelle Taylor, above, as Olena, in “The Whip Woman,” her first picture since her return to active work, portrays a Hungarian peasant whose fiery temper is not to be trifled with.

Leatrice Joy, above, is the Austrian peasant heroine of “The Blue Danube,” in which Nils Asther and Joseph Schildkraut also appear.

Louise Brooks, above, is a decidedly sophisticated version of the French peasantry, as you would expect her to be, in “Now We’re in the Air.”
Pity the "Elusive" Face

Its owner is likely to become a great actor before the fans remember him from one picture to another, just because his face eludes them. This is the handicap that many gifted players struggle for years to overcome.

By H. A. Woodmansee

SOME faces are unforgettable. The fiery eyes of John Gilbert burn into the consciousness of many a fan; the saucer eyes of Harry Langdon stamp themselves indelibly upon the mind. One never forgets the big-boy grin of Wallace Beery, the pale face and goggles of Harold Lloyd, the toothy, cynical smile of Roy d'Arcy, the piercing glance of Henry B. Walthall, or the drooping lids of Greta Garbo. Once seen, the faces of Marc MacDermott, George Fawcett, and Ernest Torrence will always be recognized the next time.

Fortunate actors, those born with unforgettable faces! They are what are known as types, in studio parlance. Even the humblest of the legion, who are hopeless as actors, can get extra work and bits in the studios on the strength of their faces. Those who are good actors rise high in the film world, some soar to the heights with apparently little effort, and the public pays them tribute in gold and adulation.

But, unfortunately, not all actors have faces which stand out vividly in the public mind. There are hundreds of actors in the movies, whose faces are difficult to remember. Some of them are excellent actors with pleasing personalities.

Pity the actor with an elusive face! It is like a ball and chain about his leg in the race for popularity. He is forced to see other actors, no more talented than himself, quickly forge to the top, while he struggles to make headway along a stony road, almost overcome by obstacles.

As a reward, he usually has to be content with the knowledge that movie-wise Hollywood respects him as an excellent actor, and that producers depend upon him to put across difficult roles.

Some of the greatest succeed in

Raymond Hatton spent years on the screen before he attracted attention.

Richard Dix has a face that is anything but elusive.

struggling up to the eminence of featured players—some even to stardom and popular acclaim—but few fans realize the greatness of their achievement!

Jean Hersholt is the outstanding example of an actor with an elusive face, who has scaled the heights through sheer acting ability. For years, although he was known by the insiders as one of the best actors in the business, to the general public he was less of a vivid personality than dozens of colorless, collar-ad juveniles. He identified himself so completely with each role that he, himself, was forgotten—an artistic achievement—but no stimulus to fan mail. Now that he is being featured in outstanding pictures, popularity and much fan mail are his. Not so long ago, however, when the name of Jean Hersholt was mentioned in a group of fans, some one remarked, "Jean Hersholt? The name sounds familiar, but I don't recall ever having seen him on the screen."

"Why, you've seen him a dozen times!" an observing friend of the speaker protested. He ran over a list of Hersholt characterizations—important roles which covered several years—and concluded, "You've only seen him, but I've heard you say lots of times, 'Wasn't that character great?'

"You're right," the speaker admitted. "I remember all those characters distinctly, but, odd as it seems, I don't remember Hersholt very clearly. I'd recog-
They Never Grow Up

So the stars take to roller skating, to prove it.

Marian Nixon and George Lewis, above, skate from their dressing rooms to work on "The Fourflusher."

Clara Bow, above, hasn't mastered the art of skating on rollers, but it doesn't matter if kindly Chester Conklin is there to effect a timely rescue.

Marceline Day, upper right, can only manage to maintain her equilibrium on one skate, but there, there, little girl, it won't be long before you can manage both.

Marie Prevost, left, finds a spin on her rubber-tired skates almost as stimulating as ice skating in Canada in her childhood.

Doris Hill, right, skates to the studio every morning—so they say—thereby saving many minutes and avoiding traffic jams on Hollywood Boulevard.
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER brings great news to you for the coming year.

JOHN GILBERT and GRETA GARBO will appear in a great romance, "The Carnival of Life", and JOHN GILBERT will be in two other pictures and GRETA GARBO in three. "Show People" brings MARION DAVIES and happy WILLIAM HAINES together in a marvelous special production. MARION DAVIES has three additional pictures and WILLIAM HAINES has four. "The Loves of Casanova" is a surprise special from M-G-M.

LON CHANEY will be in "While the City Sleeps" and three other films; RAMON NOVARRO in "Gold Braid" and one more; NORMA SHEARER in "Ballyhoo" and three other productions, and LILLIAN GISH in "The Wind". BUSTER KEATON appears in "The Camera Man" and in another comedy. DANIE and ARTHUR'S plans include "Camping Out" and three additional fun films.

CODY and PRINGLE offer the Broadway hit, "The Baby Cyclone" and two more pictures. TIM McCoy has six adventure pictures. That amazing dog, FLASH, has two thrillers. There will also be three COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS and three ELECTRIC LIGHT HITS with big, absorbing themes. Rounding out M-G-M's new offerings are its famous HAL ROACH comedies: those rascals, OUR GANG; the laugh artists, STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY; CHARLEY CHASE and comical MAX DAVIDSON with HAL ROACH'S ALL-STARS. The M-G-M NEWS will again bring you the world's happenings and, with M-G-M's GREAT EVENTS Series in TECHNICOLOR and M-G-M's famed ODDITIES, there's the best entertainment in the world in store for you.

And now see the wonderful array of photoplays which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will bring you during 1928-29.

AT YOUR THEATER NEXT SEASON!

(Be sure to ask your Theater Manager to make arrangements now)

Winners of the Ralph Forbes Memory Contest for May: Mrs. Berniece Jackson, 214 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky., and Mr. Milburn Carl Smith, 520 South Rose Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich. Autographed photographs have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.
Vacation Days

Those long, lazy days when you sit on the beach or sail a boat around the bay, walk in the woods—or do whatever fancy dictates. But wherever you go, don't forget to take along

Love Story Magazine

There are good serials on the way by

Ruby M. Ayres
Amenia Rosehill
Mary Alden Hopkins
Evelyn Frankish Stroh
Millicent Moreland

Also short stories by all your favorites

Ask your news dealer 15c per copy
when his ship sails back to New England. But Joel and Priscilla return for him, in the course of which everything that ever happened at sea happens again, until big brother is killed, and Joel and Priscilla presumably settle down to peace and quiet.

All this—the mutinies and fights and storms—is effectively pictured, but it's rather tiresome—and Ernest Torrence, no less, overacts. Joan Crawford, as Priscilla, is lovely to the eye, but believe me, if a "nice" girl had tripped around in Miss Crawford's décolleté in 1857—and in New England, too—she would have been escorted to the pillow, or its equivalent.

**Whipped Cream and Kisses.**

Unsubstantial as a meringue, "The Play Girl" is about as important on the menu. But it is pretty to the eye, and rather sweet to the taste—familiarly so. For it is all about Madge Norton, a girl in a florist's shop, who is attracted by a wealthy young man whom she meets while delivering flowers. On losing her job, she takes the advice of Millie, a mercenary friend, and decides to start on the career of a gold-digger. She flirts with one of those fellows who answer to the call of a "wealthy clubman"—or is it a "man about town" with you know the kind. At any rate, when things have gone just so far, Madge freezes and becomes stately. Then, not to be outdone by Billie Dove, in "The American Beauty," Clara Bow, in "Red Hair," and Corinne Griffith, in "The Garden of Eden," Madge gets mad at the wealthy clubman and tears off most of her clothing. He can't talk to her like that! Think of her pride! and don't forget her figure. It is exquisitely beautiful. Everything ends beautifully, so why worry? Madge Bellamy's performance is far more expert than her rôle; Johnny Mack Brown's isn't. Walter McGrail and Anita Garvin help a great deal.

**More Sinned Against Than Sinning.**

Polá Negri just escapes an exceptional picture. Or rather "Three Sinners" misses being exceptional through no fault of the star, who has never been more alluring, nor has ever presented such a beautiful figure. The fault lies with the story, which is dull and stagy, though the production is superb. "Surely a conflict of yea's and nay's. It centers around the situation of a husband who, after a separation of a few years, meets his wife and falls in love without recognizing her. If you don't mind that you won't mind anything else. If you do mind, you may perhaps find compensation in Miss Negri's glamorous appearance in gorgeous gowns and a white wig, and her highly effective performance at all times.

She is seen as the "hostess" of a magnificent gambling establishment on the Continent, alternately rebelling against her lot and longing for a glimpse of the child she deserted for an escape—and at the same time being the life of the party. When she reencounters her husband, it is to find him in the toils of an adventurer; whereupon she resolves to win him away without, of course, betraying her identity. Olga Baclanova, as the wicked lady, is at once the most interesting and accomplished exponent of the shady sisterhood that I have seen in many a month. My prayers are wafted to Hollywood not to let her go back to her native Russia. Warner Baxter, Paul Lukas, Tullio Carminati, and Anders Randolph are other competent players in the cast.

**The Screen Premier Comedienne.**

Marion Davies shines and sparkles, dazzles, and delights. All this in "The Patsy," the best, I think, of her comedies, despite its kinship to the Cinderella yarn. But it has warmth and fun, a gay understanding of human nature, and ironic touches not usually seen in cinema versions of the browbeaten younger sister who wins beautiful, elder sister's beau. Undoubtedly this is because King Vidor directed it. In the course of the picture, for no very urgent reason, Miss Davies offers impersonations of Lillian Gish, Pola Negri, and Mae Murray. They are clever, biting, and immensely funny. Jane Winton is Grace Harrington, the selfish sister, and is beautiful enough to be forgiven anything. Marie Dressler, as Ma Harrington, who idles with Grace, plays with irresistible gusto, distracted by her usual skill, while Del Henderson is poor, sat-upon Pa Harrington, who champions Patsy. Orville Caldwell and Lawrence Gray are the young men involved, both apparently enjoying their roles to the utmost. Mustn't miss this, really.

**Mr. Dix Steps Aside—Almost.**

It matters less what Richard Dix plays than any other star, because he can always depend on to be entertaining to the limit of the material provided. Some very good opportunities are found in "Easy Come, Easy Go," and then some aren't good at all. But the total is above the average, so the picture rates as excellent. Mr. Dix begins his troubles, as a radio announcer who is fired for profanity, then unknowingly becomes the confidante of a bank robber. The episode of their flight on a train, the sudden appearance of detectives, and Mr. Dix's success in outwitting them and restoring the money to its owner, is a genuinely delightful example of farcical acting. Charles Sellon, as the crook, a timid-looking, deprecating old gentleman, gives a rare performance. It is a tribute to Mr. Dix's generosity that he allows him a rein so free that the elderly actor comes within an ace of running away with the picture. Nancy Carroll, with, alas, too little to do, is nevertheless a piquant heroine.

**Aren't People Mean?**

An orgy of evil doings is displayed in "Honor Bound," the like of which recalls the dear, dead past of the movies. Those responsible for the picture evidently rejected all thought of being in honor bound to observe good taste or balance. Thus we have John Ogletree going to prison for a crime he did not commit, rather than speak and spoil the reputation of a lady, and the lady reappearing as the wife of the warden, or rather the owner of a coal mine, who leases the prisoners to overwork and torture them. She resumes her vampish tactics on the prisoner when she has succeeded in obtaining his services as her chauffeur, but he repulses her with the statement, "There is no love without honor," whereupon the lady replies, "You fool! I hate you!" But in spite of his virtuous resistance, John Ogletree is put to work by the vamp's husband into the lower level of the mine, and at intervals is forced to submit his torso—remember it is Mr. O'Brien's—to brutal hoggings. Finally the governor gets wind of all the injustice going on, suddenly appears with a pardon for John Ogletree, and the vamp turns the tables on her husband by giving him a terrible beating. A married nurse, whose sympathetic smiles have been the one bright spot in the picture, is paired off with John Ogletree. She is Leila Hyams, while Estelle Taylor is the wicked lady.

**All for a Barefoot Girl.**

Whatever else may be said of "Kentucky Courage"—until recently called "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—Richard Barthelmess gives a fine, though not electrifying performance, of Chad, who is supposed to be a fourteen-year-old boy. And that is quite a feat, accomplished far more convincingly than if it were only a matter of make-up.
The Young Man of the Hour

Goldwyn—a lady—who was captivated by Bill's lazy stride. He was, in the course of preliminaries, sent to California at seventy-five dollars a week.

If you think this is one of those success stories, stop me. The Haines advance was little more than a crawl. Progress was so slow that he thought that he was standing still. He happened to be given extra work now and then, and he ate regularly, so he was encouraged to stay.

Out at Culver City he made a couple of appearances in succession under Goldwyn auspices. Some one took another test of him and was mildly impressed, though at first he had been handicapped by lack of sex appeal. All this took many months to transpire. At the end of a year, Bill found himself still on the Coast, with a job that at least paid steadily, and vague prospects of advancement. That was in 1922. The chance for which he was literally holding his breath didn't materialize until 1926.

In the meantime he had to heed, hang on, and hope. He had to display patience, pluck, perseverance, and other things highly touted by Doctor Frank Crane, Gene Tunney, and President Lowell. He had to believe in himself. Personality fades with pessimism. The Haines smile had to be on exhibit at all times. Then somebody saw it one day, and suggested him for "Brown of Harvard," and the rest was comparatively easy.

"That picture was a break in a million," Bill says. "I was so happy when I heard that I was to do it, I went around for days singing 'Fair Harvard!' You know how pictures are. One break is apt to follow another. I had mine in Brown. They gave me Tell It to the Marines next. Then they copped things with 'Slide, Kelly,' a swell story with a swell guy directing. It's fun working with Eddie Sedgwick. All the laughs in the calendar. We kid and clown, then all of a sudden he'll say, 'Let's take it,' and we do. And there it is. He works fast, and he has a great bean."

Following the golf comedy called "Spring Fever," they did "West Point." Joan Crawford lent sex voltage to both pictures.

"She's a great girl," admitted Bill, "Another lucky angle for me. I'm beginning to believe in Santa Claus, Will Hays, and National Smile Week. Everything is hotsy-totsy, and, 'I'll put that in writing.'"

All that Haines needed to hit his natural stride was a chance. He got it and he hit it. To-day there is no one swinging along quite so briskly, quite so jauntily, quite so assuredly.

The Strange Case of Conway Tearle

Continued from page 45

from his own budget. Even these, though producing independently, are politically dependent on the bigger producers, and must accept the higher mandate.

These, though, were the bolder spirits. Others have taken front-office directions more meekly, and do not venture any attempt to hire the outcast, however much the script may seem to call for him.

But even despite the hydra-headed blow in the dark that knocked him off the screen, his popularity with the fans is taking an unduly long time to die. His mail at present, after two years of absence, averages a hundred letters a day. And this tabulation was made necessary by the constant demand to know why he does not appear. It would seem that his long series of smooth, intelligent performances—albeit in mediocre roles and pictures—is outliving, in popular recollection, several more sensational comets that have flashed evanescently across the film horizon.

But it is unlikely, even were the improbable to happen, and the celluloid deities to relent, that Conway Tearle would regain an interest in pictures—an interest so violently blasted.

During a recent conversation with him—an attractive gentleman, darkly tanned from his daily golf and marvelously fit from his daily boxing—he expressed himself without reserve. And, incidentally, with ingratiating humor, not to be expected under the circumstances.

It is his intention to return to the stage, since he must do something to restore the family fortunes. The cinema fiasco, he thinks, may have been a very good lesson to teach him that he had no business elsewhere. His family have been famous on the boards since 1712, and it is his rightful domain.

"Also," he says, "I used to think I was an adequate actor. Now, however, I'm far from sure, and it will take some bolstering of my courage to regain any confidence. If I can do that, it will be pleasant to be back in a medium where it is my work, and not the cut of my dinner coat, that matters.

"I have always marveled at the tolerance of the long-suffering public toward me. How they stood it, I couldn't understand; when I was always afflicted with nausea the few times I went to see this face stalking dismally about, expressing its emotions in polite raiment.

"Except for the fact that I resent, with all the fury of my chronically bad temper, what I consider this vast injustice against me and, as a business man among business men, denounce the lack of ethics displayed; except for this, there is no reason why I should especially regret that my picture career is definitely behind me.

"I've never been identified with a great picture, and not once has a passably intelligent rôle fallen to my lot. When they brought me to pictures from the stage, it was probably very innocent of me to think it was because they considered me a fairly good actor. God knows it wasn't because I was beautiful. But that conceit illusion died quickly under the unbroken procession of the only parts I was permitted—movie gentlemen with cupids warbrodes."

That he is an actor of the first order, is doubted by no one who has seen him on the stage, his Armand, in Ethel Barrymore's "Camille" of Continued on page 104
Time Out

While the stars rush to the first available resting place.

The hay made Irene Rich, left, so sleepy that she dozed right off.

James Hall and William Austin, right, lie right down on the job.

May McAvoy, below, looks as if she were daydreaming beneath a mushroom.

Raquel Torres, lower right, rests right in the middle of her scenes.
CHAPTER VI.

"OH, YOU ARE SO GOOD TO ME, MARCO!"

At Montparnasse there is an interval, on the famous dancing nights, when the orchestra fades out like a scene in a moving picture, to take a rest and sample a few bottles of near beer—as near as possible. During this interval, on the evening of Lady Gates' first appearance at the restaurant, Marco Lopez snatched a chance to go to a telephone booth.

He got the number of a Los Angeles newspaper, and inquired for a reporter named Jennings. "Tell him it's Marco Lopez," he said. A few moments later he was answered.

"Hello, Lopez; this is Tom Jennings," called a nice, Californian voice. "What's the good news?"

"Maybe it is not so important, but I promised you always to call, if any one new and interesting came in," Lopez replied in his best English.

"Even if you do not so much care about this lady I will speak of, it will be a favor to me if you can make her talk a little of herself, for your paper. I have a reason, and I have done you some favors. I speak of a Lady Gates, from England, somewhere, who has come to stay; I know not how long, at the Ambassador. She is not young nor handsome, but she is dressed from Paris, I think, and her jewels—if they are real, they are worth a fortune."

"All right," said Jennings. "I can always use a title, and maybe there'll be something snappy in her motive for coming to Hollywood. I'm running over there on another assignment, and I'll drop in at Montparnasse to give this lady the once-over!"

"Better phone to her hotel in an hour," suggested Marco, "I think she will be going now. She is with Mr. Allen, the writer, and he has the air of wishing to finish. I do not know if they are relations, or for what motive he pays court to her. Of course, do not mention my name."

"Mum's the word!" was the reporter's assurance, as he hung up.

Lopez was right in imagining that Lady Gates would soon be leaving Montparnasse. She had become thoughtful, partly because of her nephew's confessed infatuation with a mysterious cigarette seller, less likely to turn out a princess than an adventuress; but even more reflective on her own account. She hadn't dreamed that seeing the youth and beauty of Hollywood amusing itself would depress her as it had done. She felt so old, so plain to-night, so out of the picture. And Malcolm had given her no comfort at all. He'd been thinking of another person, a very undesirable person. Lady Gates wanted to be alone, and plan. Exactly what she could plan to improve her situation, she hardly knew; but there must be something to do.

Back again at the Ambassador, she didn't ask Malcolm in, and he was glad of that, for he'd been coming excuses in advance. He left her in the lobby, after arranging to fetch her with his car the next evening, for dinner at Montparnasse. Her manner had made him regret, almost fiercely, that he had mentioned Miss Smith, and begged his aunt to help the girl, but he couldn't now withdraw the invitation.

Alone in her suite, Lady Gates wasn't sure that she wouldn't indulge in a good cry, as she took off her jewels and the smart dress which hadn't made her look even one week younger. But before the first tear fell, she was called to the phone, and it was cheering to know herself of enough importance in brilliant Hollywood, to be interviewed for a big newspaper. She consented, of course, and would have appointed the next day for the talk, but the reporter—who said his name was Tom Jennings—reminded her ladyship that it was only ten o'clock. Could he buzz round in his auto, and have a few words with her to-night? Then the stuff could come out in the morning edition. Lady Gates said "Yes!" and put on her pearls again.

Next morning, in his little bungalow on what is called the "wrong side of Hollywood"—the flat side—Marco Lopez read the interview with Lady Gates of Leeds and London, England. He learned that Lady Gates was the "famous, Malcolm Allen's aunt." She admitted that her late husband had been a millionaire, and confessed that, though her jewels had cost over a hundred thousand American dollars, she had a weakness for wearing them, and not shutting them up in a safe.

"Everybody here seems to be rich, and to have wonderful jewels," Mr. Jennings made her ladyship remark. "So I expect that I and mine will seem just nothing at all. I'm of no importance in Hollywood, compared with my nephew. But I expect to enjoy myself." To Marco Lopez, Lady Gates seemed of far more importance than Malcolm Allen.

When he had finished breakfast, he went into the tiny kitchen of the bungalow which was servantless, made some fresh coffee, and arranged a small, napkin-covered tray with a glass of orange juice in ice, and a covered plate containing thin toast, to accompany a pot of steaming coffee. With this tray in his hand, and looking very handsome, despite the disorder of his usually sleek hair, he knocked at a closed door.

"Come in!" answered a soft, weary contralto voice, and Lopez, pushing the door open, felt his way through purple semidarkness to a bedside.

"Curtains of a deep rose-purple were drawn across a wide window, and the room was scented with the perfume of Jaqueminet roses. Out of the ruddy dusk a face glimmered, white as pearl. It was almost like the face of a ghost.

"Didst thou sleep, after all, a few hours, dear one?" Lopez asked in his own language. But the contralto voice replied in English.

"Yes, two or three hours perhaps. I dreamed of you! Oh, you are so good to me, Marco!"

"I adore thee! Thou knowest that," Lopez answered warmly.

"Shall I pull back the curtains now, and sit by thee to watch that thou dost eat thy breakfast?"

"Not too much light," ordered the woman resting among pillows. "I don't like you to see me looking my worst. I am bad enough these days at my best. But I shan't trouble you very much longer, I think, my Marco."

"Do not say that, for the love of God!" cried Lopez. "To me thou art the most beautiful woman who ever lived, and the dearest! 'Trouble me! What words! And I have come to thee this morning with the news that thou canst help me again. Together we will make something from this English lady I spoke about—and of her. But that last is thy part."

"She's worth while, then?"

"She is immensely rich, and her jewels are real. They are worth a hundred thousand dollars."

"She has told your reporter this?"

"Yes. And I am sure she is not one who would lie or boast. She is too simple. Already she has called me on the telephone this morning, before I began my breakfast, asking me to come and see her at the Ambassador about four in the afternoon. I will go. And we will have a talk, that lady and I, a talk about many things. But—are you strong enough for the task, my wonderful one?"

"Oh, quite!" promised the woman.

"It will amuse me. Such a long time it has been since we worked together."

"I shall try to arrange for some time to-morrow," said Lopez.

Continued on page 112
Friends, Not Rivals

There are friendships among the stars of Hollywood, even though it is primarily a city of rivalry.

Carmel Myers and Bessie Love, above, are very often seen together; and the sophistication and wit of both Dorothy Mackaill and Aileen Pringle, upper left, help to make them the best of friends.

Johnny Mack Brown and James Murray, left, were discovered and started in the studios about the same time, and have developed a very real friendship.

Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford, above, were in musical comedy in New York, until the call came from Hollywood.

Pauline Starke and Mildred Harris, left, were friends and coworkers in the old Triangle movie days, and to-day finds them still the best of pals.
Continued from page 74

sashes—shy and excited. All the family spellbound at every gesture of this Ramon of theirs upon the screen, dying to applaud, but that Ramon has sternly forbidden. During intermission are elaborate introductions: "This is my mother—my father—and this, my sister."

There have been rumors, at various times, of Ramon's contemplated retirement to a monastery. These he denies. He has no intention of becoming a priest, although he is deeply religious. He has studied every existing and extinct religion, and is familiar with their every belief and ritual. He remains a devout Catholic, believing with immutable faith. Never, however, does he make conversation about it.

Much space has also been devoted to his singing and his intentions of deserting the screen for the concert stage. He studies under Louis Graveure, one of the most famous singers and teachers in the country. Until recently Ramon sang every Sunday in the choir of the little church where the Samaniegos family worship. His voice is a tenor of extraordinary sweetness and power. It is very possible that when he wearsies of the screen, concert work will be his next field.

Music is the rhythm of the world for Ramon. He is never satisfied, attending every recital, subscribing to the operas and symphonies. He is one of the few stars owning a box at the Hollywood Bowl. Both technically and emotionally, his knowledge of music is vast.

No story—indeed, no mention—of Ramon is complete without reference to his private theater. This is called his hobby, but is really his passion. To make it possible he had an all built onto his house. It seats barely a hundred people, but the stage is proportionally large and has every facility, slightly modified, of a professional house. It is called the Théâtre Intime Novarro. His own orchestra of Mexican musicians is under contract to him. The intricate lighting arrangement was devised by an electrical engineer, and is the most elaborate of any amateur theater in America.

In his theater Ramon presents mostly old Spanish plays and sketches. Some sketches he writes himself. Many are musical. The production is always faultless in detail, beautifully costumed and skillfully presented. Often only Ramon appears. At other times some of his family or friends participated. Only close friends are invited to join the family in the audience. The theater is for their delectation and Ramon's pleasure.

A naturally conservative person, this is Ramon's one extravagance, and here he spares nothing.

He is an unexpected revelation to strangers who know nothing about him. Joan Crawford, when cast opposite him in "Across to Singapore," was frankly apprehensive. She didn't want to work with him; would, she was sure, be bored. The first day on the set taught her the new five-step.

It is an anomaly that Ramon is known among his confrères as being "good fun." His sensitive, almost aesthetic, cast of features—the aura of romance that hangs over him—believe the coltish boisterousness which indicates his high spirits. His humor is not subtle—it is the broad comedies of an ebullient child. At such times he plays hilarious jokes, and his antics are as irresistible as the pranks of a puppy.

He tells foolish, ribald stories with such keen delight that you laugh, even if you don't get the point. You laugh really at him, rather than with him. In such moods he is so naive, so unconsciously absurd and lovable, as to create dangerous stirrings in any maternal instincts that happen to be about.

He loves to teach his studio friends remarkable Mexican card-games. Games that require much shouting, and the penalties for the loser are such quaint forfeits as having his eyelashes jerked, or his nose tweaked by the winner. Just when the novice is learning how, and beginning to win, Ramon immediately remembers another game to teach him. With the naiveté of a small boy he likes to win, and his frank hilarity in doing so is delightful.

His one streak of sophisticated humor is his gift for mimicry. With a lightning metamorphosis of expression and manner he gives uncanny impressions of whatever subject is requested. It is to be hoped that this talent will some time be presented on the screen.

He would like to write the story of his life and use it as a picture. There is a possibility that this idea will materialize. He would also like to do "Jennifer Lern," by Elinor Wylie, playing therein the rôle of the exquisite young prince who was a pastry cook. In delirious visions he dreams of this production, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Lilian Gish as Jennifer.

His admiration for Lilian Gish amounts to reverence. To him she is the supreme artist. Whenever possible he slips over to his set and stands in a corner, watching her work. Should occasion arise to speak to her, he is bashful, almost gauche. This the Ramon who can be so contained and suave.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 32

"Her Cardboard Lover," starring Marion Davies. Perhaps obtaining even this supporting rôle will upset the jinx that has troubled Jetta ever since she encountered perplexities at the DeMille studio last summer. Notwithstanding all the talk about her temperament, any one as gifted as Miss Goulart certainly should prove an asset to a picture.

European Fever.

"Where will you spend your summer vacation?"

"Why in Europe, of course!"

Any one in Hollywood who can't reply to the question of the first part, with the answer of the second part, will probably be met with a ritz raising of the eyebrows. You simply aren't in the swim if you're not planning a trip abroad. It needn't go any further than the planning, but a player must think in terms of a voyage across the Atlantic to be au fait this season.

Those on the grand tour list include Greta Garbo, Errol Tilmore, Marion Davies, Clive Brook, Pola Negri, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Ramon Novarro, Lars Hansen, George K. Arthur, Marie Dressler, Lilian Gish, and of course Doug and Mary. A number of these stars have already set out, and a few are even now returning. But everybody seems to be talking Picadilly, the Champs Elysées and other points of geographic and, as regards Paris, sartorial interest.

Sympathy Due Anna Q.

If anybody is in need of consolation it is Anna Q. Nilsson. It is bad enough to break one's ankle—that's certain—but when this means losing one of the best roles of the season, it is nothing short of terrible.

Anna had a very bad accident some time ago, while horseback riding in the mountains near Yosemite Valley. She was thrown to the ground when her horse stumbled. She was on a vacation, with a party of friends, at the time. They...
We Don't Believe It—

But it looks like the real thing, doesn't it?

An egg has something to do with what Aileen Pringle, below, is making.

It's probably some delicious French recipe that Renee Adoree, above, is busy with.

Edna Marion, above, would be an ornament worthy of the finest kitchen, whether she made anything or not.

Whose reflection is that we see in the shininess of the container, Gwen Lee, right, is holding?

Martha Sleeper, above, is making some sort of salad requiring just heaps of mayonnaise most carefully measured.

Ramon Novarro, above, doesn't seem displeased with the contents of the frying pan, even though it isn't being cooked by feminine hands.
Music and the Movies

Continued from page 88

the world. Their programs are painstakingly arranged to suit the tastes of the most discriminating. Many of them add soloists and ensembles as further adventures in the artistic. All hope to present something to advance the quality of motion-picture entertainment, and all feel secretly that they are helping to educate the layman to some of the pleasures found in good music. Yes, the layman is being educated—but painlessly. He is asking for it himself.

Who started this trend? Who is responsible for the extensive use of good music in pictures? Who carries on the idea? These men have done a big service and deserve the recognition they do not always receive.

One cannot discuss motion-picture music without considering the name of Samuel L. Rothafel, the "Roxy" who began the unit program idea, and who has become nationally, even internationally, known for his radio activities. One of the newest theaters in New York City is the Roxy, this great showman's "Cathedral of the Motion Picture." It seats five thousand persons and employs five hundred to entertain them. Of this number one hundred and ten make up the orchestra.

Roxy's orchestra is his pride and joy. It is as large as any symphony organization in the world, and larger than most. It can play anything—and "anything" means a lot.

There is Nathaniel Finston, general music director of the Public Theaters Corporation, who lays a fatherly hand over all the musical activities of this great chain of theaters which includes houses in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Louisville, Omaha, and almost any large city you care to mention.

You must add Sid Grauman, whose Egyptian and Chinese theaters in Hollywood have gained fame for their daring programs and equally daring publicity. Mr. Grauman makes a specialty of prologues, and the glitter and beauty of them are reflected even on Broadway.

Doctor Hugo Riesenfeld, once a conductor for Oscar Hammerstein's grand opera company, now stands as one of the most important music-movie personalities. His efforts to bring good music to the Rialto and Rivoli Theaters in New York did much to raise the standard of film presentations, and his work in supplying scores to go with super-productions has made him invaluable to the industry. Mr. Riesenfeld has recently taken over, under his personal direction, the United Artists' Thea-

ters—in New York and all over the country.

David Mendoza, until recently at the Capitol Theater, New York, carried on where Roxy left off when the latter resigned to form plans for his new cathedral. Mendoza kept up the standard of the Capitol orchestra despite many difficulties, not the least being a strike of the musicians, when it was necessary to break in many new men.

Paul Ash, of Chicago, is one of the newer luminaries of motion-picture music. He is who has lifted jazz to a dignified position on the motion-picture program. His orchestras are versatile, so much so that they can be used as stage bands to form individual units of the entertainment. Just to show that he reverts the classics, Mr. Ash recently offered $10,000 toward paying "extra salaries" of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, thus helping to keep this old, dignified orchestra.

To Erno R ape e goes the responsibility of caring for the Roxy Orchestra. This is not so difficult for Mr. R ape e; he has been associated with motion pictures ever since Mr. Reisenfeld had charge of the orchestra in which he played, back in the old Triangle days of "two-dollar movies."

The question has been raised, among the so-called intelligentsia, whether these men have really been trying to lift the level of the music presented in motion-picture theaters, or whether they are content to let it go along at its own speed. In other words, do they dare play anything more intricate to hear than the "William Tell" overtures?

Mr. Finston, who must needs cater to a decidedly varied audience, maintains that he and his associates do attempt to better the standard of music offered to their patrons.

"We are confronted by the popular demand for light and easily understandable music, with still a certain place for the better things. Accordingly, we try to balance our programs so that both jazz and the classics are available. We find they like both," he says. "Educational? Well, here is a sample of one of our stage offerings this week. I consider it not only good entertainment, but good education."

The sample was a unit on the subject of "Faust," but not limited to one "Faust." Three composers wrote operas on this story, and excerpts from the three were presented. There was the prelude from Gounod's "Faust," the selections from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust," and Boito's "Mefistofele."

The audience ate it up, and it was instructive. If this is not education without pain, what is?

No one knows the vast strides made in the quality of music offered better than Erno R ape e.

"Ten years ago, when I joined the ranks of young musicians eager for the betterment of music in the motion-picture theater, it was practically impossible to offer the public anything better than 'Poet and Peasant' or 'William Tell,'" he says. "Today these compositions are almost oblivious—they have made room for our symphonic and operatic repertoire of to-day. Not long ago, I had the good fortune to present at the Capitol Theater such a serious composition as 'Ein Heldenleben,' by Richard Strauss, along with a short explanatory lecture on the work. The experiment was very successful, and since that day compositions of Strauss, Glazounov, Rimsky-Korsakov, and others appear frequently on the programs of the high-class motion-picture theaters of the country."

The next time you hear one of the large symphony orchestras in your favorite picture palace play a standard classic, think back to the hardworking piano and its grim operator, just to give yourself the thrill of realizing that you are in on the dawning of a better day for film music. Think of Roxy's first attempt at "presentations" in his little nickel theater, where even then he had the "gang" idea of shepherding his soloists. Here is his initial program:

EXTRA
SPECIAL FEATURE
To demonstrate the remarkable talent of my musical staff, I take pleasure in presenting them in solo work.

THURSDAY EVENING
Vocal Solo
"In the Shade of the Sheltering Palms" from "Florodora"
Mr. Tom Earl

FRIDAY EVENING
Violin Solo
Hungarian Dance
Miss Irma Walter

MONDAY EVENING
Piano Solo
Rondo Capriccioso
Mendelssohn
Miss Mabel Remick

TUESDAY EVENING
Vocal Solo
A Dream
Mr. Earl

WEDNESDAY
Violin Solo
Fantasy from "Faust"
Miss Walter

These solos will be rendered in addition to our regular performance, and I promise you a musical treat you won't forget.

S. L. ROTHAFEL
Owner and Mgr.

We have come along, haven't we?
Everything Depends on It

Make-up is all important in a star's life, for it can enhance an indifferent performance as well as mar a great one. That is why all the players take infinite pains to get it right.

So that her towel will always be handy, Sally O'Neil, below, tucks it around her neck.

Making up is a grim business in the routine of Conrad Nagel, left center.

Dorothy Sebastian, right, prefers to apply the preliminary cold cream from a tube.

Greta, the great Garbo, below, is hardly recognizable with a stripe of cold cream on her famous features.

John Gilbert, right center, uses the camera man's tripod on which to rest his make-up box.

Louise Lorraine, lower left, is pleased with the fruits of her labors.

Aileen Pringle, lower right, dabs on the finishing touch of a perfect make-up.

Joan Crawford, below, for some reason uses a wind shield to protect her make-up on location.
They Had to Be Discovered

Continued from page 87

Olive Borden was another of those girls trying to get along in the movie world—and not having much luck—when Ben Rothwell, a manager of players, became so enthusiastic about her future that he paid her a salary of fifty dollars a week until he secured a good contract for her. Olive now asks about $3,000 weekly for her services, so it wasn’t a bad hunch.

George Webb performed the same service for Esther Ralston. Esther was doing bits in Westerns for Universal when George, who later became her husband, recognized her possibilities as a star and got her to break her contract. George hustled around and obtained a better contract and followed it with an even better one, until she was eventually made a star by Paramount.

Robert McIntyre, former casting director for M.-G.-M., is responsible for the discovery of Eleanor Boardman and William Haines. Several years ago Mr. McIntyre was sent East on a “new face” hunt, and Eleanor and Bill are what he came back with. He saw something in Eleanor Boardman that no one else was able to see—at first. In spite of a test that certainly did not do her justice, he brought her out to California. Directors and supervisors viewed Eleanor’s test without enthusiasm. “You wait,” advised McIntyre, who stuck stubbornly to his story and his discovery. “This girl has something that will put her across.” Any one who has seen Eleanor in “The Crowd” can verify Mr. McIntyre’s hunch.

Herbert Howe, who won his spurs as a writer for Picture Play, may not have actually discovered Ramon Novarro, but he is directly responsible for his enormous advance in prestige. Novarro might have achieved stardom without Herh, but he would never be the outstanding personality he has become, without Herh’s help.

James Cruze is hailed as the discoverer of the little Spanish girl, Nena Quartaro, who first attracted attention, in “The Red Mark.” But without lessening any of Mr. Cruze’s glory, it was really a girl named Edith Higgins who found Nena for Cruze. Edith had just started in business as a players’ agent. She is nearly as new a manager as Nena is a star.

Nena’s Hollywood experience, until the time Edith found her, had been the same old story—making the rounds of the studios, asking for work and getting none. The casting agents couldn’t even see her for extra work. One day, blue and discouraged, she wandered into the offices of Higgins and McCullough. Not that she expected anything to happen. It never did. Managers were never interested in unknowns, she thought. They worked on a percentage basis and were only “at home” to players who command big salaries.

But there was something about Nena that attracted Miss Higgins. She had just returned to her office from talking to Jimmy Cruze, and Nena looked like what Jimmy said he wanted. She took a test of Nena, sent it out to Cruze and that is how that happened.

In looking back over the whole thing, it stands to reason that if Marian, Janet, Esther, Olive, and Nena hadn’t had a lot of talent the efforts of these agents and friends would have amounted to little, but on the other hand, remember that “Many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air”—unless some one calls your attention to it.

Let’s give a big hand to the fellows who really found them!

Pity the “Elusive” Face

Continued from page 89

Here is an actor whose deserved popularity and prominence was withheld for years, although he scored with audiences in picture after picture.

Lucien Littlefield is another fine actor, who has been severely handicapped in the race for fame and fortune by an elusive face. Littlefield has contributed characterizations that are gems to scores of pictures. But the general public, although appreciating them, seldom recognizes, in each new rôle, the face of the actor who has pleased them so many times before. Littlefield recently posed for a likeness of President Coolidge, which was so remarkable that it created wide interest. But how many fans will recognize this actor as Locomotion, in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”?

How many of Douglas MacLean’s fans would instantly recognize Wade Boteler? Yet Boteler has played important roles in MacLean productions for years, usually without a beard or any tricks of make-up, and has pleased audiences with his characterizations. Moreover, he has played many roles for other companies, and his work is in demand. But here, too, an elusive face has kept a deserving actor from the place he should have in fan popularity.

Raymond Hatton is another actor with an elusive face. At present Hatton is getting a taste of the esteem and popularity he has long deserved, through his costarring with Wallace Beery in comedies. But for many years Hatton, though known as a good actor, who could always be depended upon to put across big roles, didn’t get more than a small portion of the popular acclaim he merited.

Like other players with elusive faces, he scored in part after part, but it was the faces of Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence that the fans remembered. Now that he is more or less fixed in one character in his comedy series, he is making a big impression on the public. At first everybody thought that Wallace Beery was the better half of the Beery-Hatton team, but when Paramount tried to star Beery alone, everybody realized that, although the popular Beery was the head of the team, Hatton was the neck that moved the head—and turned little laughs into big ones.

An actor playing character roles, which require the wearing of beards and the altering of features by make-up, often finds that the fans have a difficult time in forming a clear picture of him in their minds. Players with such striking faces as Lon Chaney and Bull Montana have no worries on that score, disguise themselves as they may; but others are not so lucky. Some fans find the faces of such distinguished characters as Warner Oland, William Powell, and Mathew Betz somewhat elusive, and fail to recognize them immediately in new pictures.

But even an actor who plays straight parts finds an elusive face a handicap. Many a leading man, who is merely good looking, might get farther if he had the unforgettable face of Richard Dix.

Some may infer that because some actors are remembered as themselves, rather than as the characters they play, that they are therefore inferior, as actors, to those who are identified with the roles they enact. But although this is sometimes the case, it frequently is not. There is the case of Emil Jannings. Jan-

ings is unquestionably one of the very greatest of actors, yet, disguise his face as he may, it is remembered distinctly, once it is seen.

Alas for the actor whose face is devoid of unforgettable characteristics! All credit to the actor with the elusive face, who succeeds in fighting his way to the top! That is the acid test of great acting.
An Eye Opener

What a difference glasses make in the appearance of these well-known faces.

Betty Compson, above, looks sweet and matronly in "The Big City."

Clara Bow, above, puts "It" in front of her eye, and laughs, just to show you she doesn't intend to keep "It" there. Only a part in "Get Your Man."

Doris Hill, above, right, is really pretty, but the glasses and head-dress don't make her live up to our idea of the face behind "the voice with the smile."

Irene Rich, left, in "Beware of Married Men," adheres to the warning even when talking to them on the telephone, holding the phone at "proper" distance.

Louise Fazenda, right, in "Five-and-Ten-cent Annie," has a bargain to offer you in noiseless teeth. "Buy a set and entertain your family," she invites.
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

A MISS.—What’s amiss about you? Thanks for sending me four choices; that does make my choices come out even, and pretty soon I can be a cheeref leader. Wampas baby stars for 1924 were listed in last month’s Oracle. Those for 1925 wereatsu to Olivia Dix, Dorothy Revier, June Marlowe, Madeline Hurlock, Ena Gregory—now Marian Douglas—Anne Cornwall, Duane Thompson, Lola Todd, Natalie Joyce, Joan Loria, Dolores del Rio, Marcoline Day, Pat Reynolds, Fay Way, Sally O’Neil, Joan Crawford, Joyce Compton, Edna Marion, and Sally Loog. In 1927 the Wampas group didn’t guess so well: Helene Costello, Patricia Avery, Rita Carewe, Barbara Kent, Frances Lee, Mary McAllister, Natalie Kingston, Sally Phipps, Gladys McConnell, Iris Adrian, Elinor Fair, Sally Roone, and Jean Navelle. The 1928 baby stars are: Lina Basquette, Flora Bremen, Sue Carol, Anne Christy, June Collyer, Sally Eilers, Audrey Ferris, Dorothy Guiller, Alice Day, Gwen Lee, Molly O’Day, Ruth Taylor, and Lape Velez. Louise Brooks is already too well established to be a baby star. As I understand it, the baby stars are selected from promising newcomers who, the Wampas thinks, will make good in the future.

PAT.—Ah, more cheers for me! After a while, I’ll have to get Picture Play to build an annex for me to keep my cheers in. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul in 1894; Laura La Plante, in St. Louis in 1904; Larry Kent was born at sea, of American parents—he doesn’t say when; Nick Stuart, in Romania about 1906. They are all unmarried but Laura.

MARLynn ROGERS.—Sorry it takes so long to answer your questions, but I couldn’t get the reply in any sooner. The blond peasant girl in “Wings,” whom you asked about, was just an extra who isn’t mentioned in the cast. Nils Asther was born in Sweden in 1900. No, I can’t say that I disapprove of women smoking; they’ve a perfect right to, if they like. However, you’ll be pleased to know that your favorite, Vilma Banky, does not smoke. I’ve never met Doris Kenyon, so I don’t know whether she does or not. Phyllis Haver has blue eyes. Esther Ralston’s hair is naturally blond; I don’t know whether she touches it up. You see, blond hair, unless it is very pale, often photographs dark, and many stars have wished to try to look dark or not, in order to put over their blond personality on the screen. One sees stars on the streets in Hollywood, of course, but it’s impossible for an outsider to get into their homes.

TEDDY BEAR.—Mine till Picture Play isn’t printed, you say! I do hope that’s not a wish! With all this unemployment and everything! Patsy Ruth Miller uses her real name, I think. Sorry, I don’t know what street in Bay Ridge Clara Bow used to live on—she’s not in New York, or I’d ask her. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman appeared together in “His Supreme Moment.” In “The Last Waltz” Willy Fritsch was the hero; Liane Haid was the Princess, Suzy Vernon, the Countess. The picture was made by Ufa with a European cast. Willy Fritsch was born in Berlin, January 27, 1900. He has brown hair and blue eyes. He lives at Kaiserstrasse 98, Berlin. It was announced that the Garbo-Gilbert team would be reunited in “War in the Dark.” Undoubtedly that title will be changed.

BENJAMIN TAUB.—There was no such thing as “seeing that the answers appear in the June issue.” The June issue was already in print and starting on its travels to news stands all over the country. Richard Arlen is about thirty; I don’t know his weight. He and Jocena Ralston were married in June. Charles Rogers has very dark-brown and black hair; he is about twenty-three years old.

NORTON B. DOUGIE.—Renée Adorée is French, born in Lille, France. Her real name is Renée de la Fente. Her eyes are grayish blue. Her current pictures are forbidden hours, with Novarro, which should be released by the time this gets into print—I hope they don’t change the title again! I have blue eyes, too!

MERTZ ASTHER.—No, I can’t say that I disapprove of women smoking; they’ve a perfect right to, if they like. However, you’ll be pleased to know that your favorite, Vilma Banky, does not smoke. I’ve never met Doris Kenyon, so I mean, how you would know whether the star or his secretary had written the name.

A READER OF PICTURE PLAY.—Thank you for taking the trouble to write and tell me of stars born under the sign Aquarius. Ben Lyon was also born in February—this sixth, the same day as Novarro.

CYNTHIA VAN AUSTIN.— Aren’t you lucky to be such a traveler, coming from England to visit New York! Nils Asther was born in 1900 in Sweden. United Artists and Metro-Goldwyn, for whom he has been working, were unable to tell me what part of Sweden, or any more about him, except that he worked in European films and came to the United States in February, 1927. See Marilyn Rogers, Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, November 17, 1906. I don’t know anything about Ralph Forbes’ family in England, nor of a director named McKay. Leila Hyams’ parents, John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, are well-known Irish-Jewish vaudevillian team.

CLAIRA BOW FAN.—Give your life to Clara Bow! Surely, you wouldn’t take her life, would you? Claire Bow was born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1905. Her film career began about five years ago when she won a beauty contest. Clara is five feet three and one half inches tall. Her next picture is “The Fleet’s In.” Clara uses her real name; so do lots of film players, if they have names that are easy to remember and pleasant in sound. Richard Arlen, for example, is much easier for the fans to remember than that young man’s real name, Richard van Mattimore. Richard is about thirty; Rod La Rocque, twenty-nine; Rod is American, of French. Esther Ralston is twenty-six; Gary Cooper, a year older. They are both American. Dorothy Mackail’s new picture is “The Whip”; Lew Cody’s is “Beau Broadway”; Jean Crawford, in “Dancing Daughters”; Renee Adorée, in “The Cossacks”;

Geoge O’Brien, in “Honor Bound.”

ADRIENNE A.—Yes, indeed, you may write again, though this department was forced to discontinue the announcements of new fan clubs. So many were asking to be announced that we had scarcely room enough left to answer questions. I know of no Nancy Carroll club. Yes, Continued on page 121
"It has women's enthusiastic approval"

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Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store. 45c for a box of twelve.
Pull Hasn’t Helped Them At All

Continued from page 28

work his own way up,” father sternly said, and meant it.

To-day, Ian is very literary. He desires to become a writer, and is now preparing a story for posterity—at least he hopes so. If he is successful, Ian may become known as a scenario writer.

Other boys with famous fathers have done fairly well. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is one. It was a well-known fact that Paramount, some years ago, signed him, because of his father’s famous name. The publicity connected with the event would, it was thought, “sell” him to exhibitors. Fairbanks, Jr., did exceptionally well. He has not yet become famous, but he has every chance to work up to that eminence. Recently he has been playing with considerable éclat on the Los Angeles stage.

Flobelle Fairbanks has not been so fortunate as her cousin, Douglas Jr. Flobelle played on the stage in New York. She got her first chance in pictures with Gloria Swanson, in “The Love of Sunya.” She was splendid, too. Yet Flobelle has done little or nothing in pictures since.

As niece of the famous Doug, one would expect strong influence in the studios in her behalf. But one is mistaken.

Richard Walling is another chap with a well-established father. Will Walling is a well-known character actor. He got Richard a job as assistant camera boy at the Fox studio. Richard carried on the job for some time, never thinking of acting. However, when Irving Cummings, the director, was looking for a juvenile for “The Midnight Kiss,” he picked out Richard, had a test taken, and gave him the role. Thus the camera boy came to play opposite Janet Gaynor. Now he is well on the road to fame. But is his father responsible? No.

When Myrtle Stedman was working in “The Famous Mrs. Fair,” her son, Lincoln, like a dutiful son, used to meet her with the car after work. Fred Niblo, the director, saw him. What was he doing? What was he going to do when he left school? He offered Lincoln a bit in a picture. A stout comedian is always good for a laugh. Thus Lincoln prospered, but through no help from his mother.

There is also Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd’s wife. Mildred played opposite her husband in his earlier comedies, before she married him. Mildred is evidently still ambitious, or was until a short time ago. Being Harold’s wife possibly did help her to get the lead in “Too Many Crooks” for Paramount. Mildred has plenty of money, a home like a feudal castle, a daughter to look after—so why should she bother about pictures? She is best as Mrs. Harold Lloyd, having the publicity pictures taken with him and Daughter Gloria, which we see so often in the magazines.

As I have said, Mildred should worry about pictures. Though wife of one of the three most famous comedians of the screen, Mildred Davis remains in private life, and not in the glare of the Kleigs.

Dolores Costello became famous suddenly, but Sister Helene remained at the bottom. When both were under contract to Warner Brothers, in spite of Sister Dolores’ influence, Helene was kept merely as a player of small parts, with an occasional lead at other studios. Recently she married. Now, almost as recently, she is separated from her husband, and is back in pictures. Helene works along on her own. Sister Dolores’ influence fails to push her ahead.

At the independent studios you will often see a bright, pleasant girl by the name of Violet La Plante. She plays leads, but gets little notice, as the quickies have a way of submerging all but outstanding players in the quickness of their schedule.

Her sister, Laura La Plante, being a star at Universal and being married to William Seiter, the director, ought to be able to see that Sister Violet gets a good break once in a while. But influence does little for Violet, so she continues to bloom modestly among the independents, waiting for luck to signal her.

Johyna Ralston’s brother played extra in one or two of Harold Lloyd’s pictures, when “Joby” was Harold’s leading lady. “Buddy” Ralston is still unknown in pictures, in spite of sister’s influence and Brother-in-law Richard Arlen’s fame.

That’s all there is to it, as hard-hearted as Buddy’s family connections seem.

Sally O’Day, being married to a producer did little for Lina Basquette. The late Sam Warner might have made her a star, but he didn’t. Lina, for the last two years, has been trying to break into pictures. Her work in “The Godless Girl” will prove whether she is welcome. Of course, her husband’s friends were easy to see, yet that means nothing in Hollywood. It gets you no work.

Almost every member of the O’Neil family—I should say the Noonan family, for that is their right name—are in the movies. Sally O’Neil started the plunge. Next came Molly O’Day. There are now two or three other members of the family as extras. Molly O’Day got on without Sister Sally’s aid. She is probably going to be famous as a dramatic actress. Her work, in “The Patent Leather Kid” and “The Shepherd of the Hills,” proves that.

The Strange Case of Conway Tearle

Continued from page 92

a few years ago, being still fresh in the memories of theatergoers. He hopes, this time, to center his activities in London, even though it involves a reluctant abandonment of his quiet life and charming home in Hollywood.

Serving the double purpose of acquiring some badly needed money and accustomed him once again to the footlights, a personal-appearance tour of a chain of movie theaters is in the offing. Much as he dislikes the idea of being a sort of picture prologue, he feels its necessity on both the above-mentioned counts, and will embark on it with a certain amount of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm to be at work again, and the inbred eagerness of the actor for the “feel” of the audience out front.

Because I have such a good heart, I am moved to add a footnote to this not very merry tale. It is in the way of a caution to all screen-struck young ladies and gentlemen.

You may be Thespian geniuses, you may be as the gods for looks, you may know how to be polite to the right people, you may radiate “It,” you may be intellectual giants.

You become stars—and perhaps, as here, you quite unwittingly try to buck the cinema Titans on some mysterious issue, not wholly known to yourself. And then what? Why, then, as here, you take the count and like it—though you really wouldn’t.

It adds a comforting luster to the security of stenography and clerking, doesn’t it?

[Editor’s note—Since this was written, Mr. Tearle has been engaged by an independent producer for two pictures.]
brought her back by automobile to Los Angeles, where she was confined to a hospital for several weeks.

It had been decided, prior to the accident, that she was to play in "Craig's Wife," from the successful stage play. The role was one of the most promising that had ever been offered her.

Unfortunately the company could not hold production pending Anna's recovery, and so Irene Rich was chosen. Her performance is said to be excellent, which we can well believe, considering Irene's capabilities. However, one cannot help feeling regret that Anna lost this excellent opportunity.

Must Be Pig Russian!

Retakes for "The Cossacks" were on, with Clarence Brown directing, and Jack Gilbert and Renee Adoree acting. As you know, this is a Russian picture.

"Reshekhina husshmuftza kach- nuftschna," exclaimed Gilbert, while the camera ground on, photographing a make-believe conversation.

"Uhniecevena gujuzwshna," eloquently answered Renee.

"Cut," broke in Director Brown.

"My Lord," Gilbert cried, pretending to sink weakly into a chair, "we've spoken the wrong title."

Another Relative Succeeding

If you should happen to want to know how to win a chance in motion pictures, here's the answer: Just manage somehow to be closely related to another star. Then everybody will give you encouragement.

We've seen this work in many cases, and the latest is that of Betty Bronson's sister. She started as an extra a few months ago, and recently she has been offered parts in several good independent films.

Betty's sister looks very much like her. You could hardly mistake the relationship.

She is determined to achieve her career on her own initiative, and is calling herself Eleanor Ames. She is about two years younger than Betty.

Lip Pantomime Latest

Practically every company in the movies will be producing talking pictures before the end of this year. Does this impress you? We know it is impressing the players, because a lot of them are debating just how soon to take up voice culture. It doesn't look as if anybody would have a chance to be popular, unless he or she can speak some sort of piece while in front of the camera. Some of the stars are even considering vocal instruction.

There's another angle too. Certain concerns, who are planning to use sound devices, think they may be able to double the voices. That's to say, somebody will say the lines or sing the song, while the star who appears on the screen will only pretend that he is doing it. This means the study of a new art, and it is called lip pantomime. So talking pictures, after all, are going to mean no end of worry.

Greta, Greta, Greta!

Three Greta—and they're all from Scandinavia: Greta Garbo and Greta Nissen you already know, and now Greta Grandstedt is an entrant in the movies. Her first appearance will be in "Excess Baggage."

Miss Grandstedt drew the attention of Metro-Goldwyn while playing in a stage piece, produced by Joseph Schildkraut, the actor. She did just a small role, but performed it so well that the officials believed they saw possibilities in her talents, and signed her for the picture.

Like her Swedish predecessors in the studios, she is a blonde. She is more petite than Miss Garbo, and very pretty.

Mae Busch played the leading role in the same stage production in which Miss Grandsetd was cast, and seemingly it brought her good luck, too. After nearly a year's absence from the screen, she was signed for "While the City Sleeps."

If you are curious about the stage play, it gloried in the name of "From Hell Came a Lady," and was nothing short of awful.

Mae Murray Very Courly

Life for Mae Murray these days is just one trip to court after another. No sooner had she finished fighting the suit over the house she bought from Jack Donovan—often called "the house that Jack built"—than she had to face another legal tangle over a picture that she planned, "Hungarian Rhapody." She was sued by Arthur Gregor, a director, who asserted that she had engaged him, and then changed her mind about making the production. He averred that his standing as a director, and his personal feelings had been hurt to the extent of more than $100,000! Imagine it!

Miss Murray may soon appear in another story. That's pleasant news, for she is popular.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 96
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Don't stand aside all your life while others know the joy of true love and marriage. You, too, can weave a spell of enchantment that leads to marriage, if you know how! "Fascinating Womanhood" is an amazing book that reveals in plain language the "Don'ts" to observe and unfolds the secrets of fascination. If you want to know these secrets, write your name and address on margin and mail to us with ten cents for a booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book. This booklet, itself, contains amazing beautiful information which you have always craved.

Address:
The Psychology Press
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Just a Hard-working Girl!
Continued from page 53

ress. All the costumes were perfect, even the extras', except hers. Only the star had a misfit. She had made a few remarks, I was told.

Then there was the practice to manage the overhead throw. I had been kept waiting a long time, and unjustly blamed her. My mad was going good, when some one told her I was there, and the slim figure in a jersey shirt sped across the gym.

A thousand apologies tumbled out, all at once, and got twisted. When Marion stutters, you capitulate. She only does so when nervous. Her face gets red and her eyes swim. Her stammering seems friendly.

She was tired that day, and grew introspective. Marion is one of the few publicity-made stars who have buckled down to earnest work once they realized their insecure footing.

"I shouldn't have been stared at first. The glamour of it appealed. From a simple home I went into the Folies Bergere. With movie stardom, my every whim was satisfied. I believed, actually, that all I had to do was to walk across the screen in lovely settings, and the public get an eyeful. They got it, stopped looking, and started criticizing.

"Hurt? I'm human. At first I was angry, and thought the critics were fools. When it became widespread, I had the unpleasant truth impressed upon me.

"Then I got mad—not at them, but at myself—and determined to show them I could act, and that I was not merely a prop. I passed all those critics in a book. Norma Talmadge keeps a 'friendly book,' many players keep favorable notices, but I'll bet I'm the only one who keeps an 'unfriendly book.' When I saw I was going to have one, I began to look at it differently. Now I seldom keep anything nice about myself, because it may be publicity sent out by the studio; but I always keep the unpleasant criticisms, because I know the ones who wrote them weren't on the pay roll.

"People aren't malicious. They really see faults which we, immersed in our smugness, cannot see, and want to help us to improve. There is interest, sometimes love, back of all criticism.

With comedy she found herself, and prefers to make four light pictures a year, instead of one or two mammoth productions, though she loved the gorgeous settings of the spectacles she used to do.

"But it was they were doing me. Now I have to keep on my tip toes all the time."

While her position as star is not minimized during production, she takes herself far less seriously then do many players. She loves luxury, yet in some ways is very practical. Her beach home is a sprawling, white palace with ells and wings. Report credits it with having twenty-five bedrooms.

"Surely, just a little shack." She grinned when I mentioned that I admired her pathfinding skill in making her way around the "cottage." "But have a heart. It only has eight bedrooms."

Her parties are magnificent mobs. When one orchestra tires, there are two others for relays. Golden wealth is spilled with largesse. Her diamonds glitter, her pearls are perfectly matched. Contrarily, she makes many of her own clothes. "Don't be a fool; salt your money away," is her unfulfiling advice. Her clothes are never ostentatious. Naturalness and sincerity are her main traits. It devolves not finding her whom or what you are, if she finds you interesting. At her home you meet stars and executives, business men, and nobodies. No one of standing in Hollywood has ever made less caste distinction. Her chums are Jane Winton, Dorothy Mackaill, Ruth Roland, and Norma Talmadge.

Though I know I have opponents, I don't think she is beautiful. But I do like her wide, contagious smile, and the sprinkling of freckles that bridge her nose.

Sports do not particularly interest her, and only when she must play at one or another in a picture does she practice.

Her special idols are air heroes. She is proud of Lindbergh's autobiography. As proof of her awe of him, she has never been seen mimicking him, nor has she made him the object of her sometimes sharp humor.

Though she is everywhere at parties, theaters, and cafes, though known and liked locally, curiously, she is seldom interviewed, in comparison with the articles written about other stars for the magazines. She is neither haughty nor humble to the interviewer. She is not particularly reserved, nor does she rush in revelation of secrets. She seems willing to talk about any subject you wish, and is earnest and sincere about her work, without making a "career" out of it. In short, she is just as she defines herself, but with this change: she is not trying to get along in the movies but, believe me, getting along just the same.
Over the Teacups

Continued from page 51

val of Life," some time during the year, and First National plans to make a film version of 'The Jest' abroad. Can you imagine anybody but Barrymore making it?"

Obviously, no one could. But curiosity will take a lot of us to see the picture, regardless of who plays it. After all, in spite of the number of real fans in the world, I think it is mainly curiosity, and not real admiration, that fills the theaters. As for me, it is practically always curiosity, and not real interest, that makes me stay after the first reel of a film. But I wouldn't mention that to Fanny.

"By the way, have you heard of any one selecting the most beautiful women on the screen lately? It must be all of a week since somebody or other was elected to that hall of fame. Well, before my voice is drowned out, I'd like to go on record as saying that Joan Crawford is a strong contender for all beauty honors. And if you don't believe me, come along to see 'Across to Singapore.'"

And that time it wasn't curiosity that took me to the theater. I had already seen the picture. But Joan is worth a second look.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 63

Also by Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the former Frances Howard, who upon her return to this country, in advance of the "find," enthusiastically endorsed the beauty and talents of Mademoiselle Damita. "Like—let's get intimate—is very blond, rather petite, and is announced as Ronald Colman's new leading woman, to succeed the lately starred Miss Vilma Banky. Mademoiselle Damita was accompanied to America by her mother, ten trunks, and a radiant smile for the ship-news reporters and photographers. She let it be gently, but firmly known, that she does not drink or smoke, and that she is interested only in her work. What are actresses coming to?

Vaudeville's Gal Goes to Vitaphone.

The latest stage star to go Vitaphone is Fannie Brice, who has left Broadway for Hollywood, to act and sing before the Warner Brothers' cameras. No vehicle has yet been decided upon for her début, but the chances are it will be a comedy-drama. Audiences demand riotous comedy from Fannie, while she is said to prefer drama.

Continued on page 118

Feminine Hygiene is Now Convenient Anywhere

The modern American woman is envied by the women of all other countries in the world today because of her independence. She knows how to take care of herself. And she has learned that the secret of a woman's charm depends upon personal hygiene.

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Heretofore feminine hygiene has been maintained at great discomfort. Seldom convenient, under some conditions it was impossible.

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Stars that Rose in the East

Continued from page 58

of New York City. Her screen career began by accident when she went with a friend to a motion-picture studio. Her friend didn't get a job, but the casting-director looked at May, and she did!

And now we cross Brooklyn Bridge, into the City of Churches and of movie stars. Clara Bow, who won a beauty contest; Marion Davies, once of the "Follies," and the Tal-madges. Norma was born in Niagara Falls, but Brooklyn was her home. And when she was fourteen she used to haunt the old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, until one day they gave her a job. Constance, being younger, followed a few years later. Anita Stewart's screen start was much the same. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason were child actresses on the stage, as were Gladys Brockwell and Clara Horton. Alice Lake was a dancer before the movies hired her. Allan Forrest, of Brooklyn, attended the University School of Cleveland, and then went on the stage. Robert Ellis' history is much the same; stage experience, after attending St. Francis Xavier College in New York. Anne Cornwall was once in musical comedy. Virginia Brown Faire began her film career with Universal, with no previous stage experience.

And then there's Irene Rich, of Buffalo, whose movie career was undertaken in order to support her two daughters, Jane and Frances; Bill Hart, of Newburgh, New York, who was a leading man on the stage before he ever thought of movies; John Roche, of Penn Yan—yes, that's a place!—once in stock and musical comedy; Doris Kenyon, of Syracuse, who attended Packer College Institute and Columbia University, and then went into musical comedy; Ward Crane, of Albany; Helene Chadwick, of Chadwick, New York. Tom Tyler was born in Port Henry, Edith Johnson and Raymond Bloomer in Rochester. Edith is an alumna of Vassar, who became a serial queen. Ray played in stock and in Belasco's company for some ten years before turning to the screen.

It just seems that almost every one who grew up in New York or Pennsylvania suddenly gave up whatever other profession he had in mind, and went out for a job on the stage. Perhaps that's the answer to that favorite old question, "How does one get in the movies?" Well, it seems that first you go on the stage and become famous, or at least get "discovered," and there you are!

The Stroller

Continued from page 67

For Brighter Times

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MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Tarzan, fiery mount on whose broad back Ken Maynard performs heroic feats for the amazement of his audiences, rides to and from work in an $8,000 cabriolet, so I am informed.

Inside, the truck is arranged like George Fitzmaurice's idea of a society matron's boudoir. Padded with cotton, and lined with silk, the hoofs which carry the Western star over rocky mountain and burning sand, are carefully guarded from each tiny bump and jar.

As a naive and artless contributor to Picture Play two years ago, I found opportunity to wax facetious with the several brothers Warner, because they had advertised the fact that they were to build a theater at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Wilcox Avenue, and had never done it.

In all fairness, I must announce that the theater is completed and has had its gala opening, with Al Jolson as master of ceremonies, arc lights in front, radio announcers, and all the Graumanesque features.
The Little Girl Who Never Grew Up
Continued from page 47

made him, one of the best loved of Hollywood's sons.

When he kissed her, a shower of apple blossoms drifted down on their hair and upturned faces, and a wild medley of song fell as softly on their ears as a benediction.

And, behold, she stood once more in her forgotten garden, and the flowers called her name in ecstasy. Hand in hand with the man she loved, she entered the garden of lost happiness, and miraculously it became the garden of love.

"Welcome home, little playmate," cried the flowers and birds together.

"Welcome home," she whispered shyly to the dark prince at her side, "welcome home, my dear."

And they are still living happily in the fairy kingdom of Hollywood, where dreams come true when you work hard enough and do not lose faith.

Will She Make the Grade?
Continued from page 65

They had their make-up boxes under their arms, and carried their best bibs and tuckers in their suit cases. Some were accompanied by anxious mammas eager to know what it was all about. Others, used to battling their own way about New York, appeared alone. They all eyed each other suspiciously, appraisingly.

Here a wizard in the art of screen make-up, prepared their respective countenances for the camera, and one by one each girl filed out onto the set where Mr. Rapf and a camera man waited.

Here were girls from all walks of life. There was a dentist's assistant from Brooklyn; Tillie the toiler who had received a few hours leave from the hoselry counter in a Harlem department store; a stenographer from Wall Street; the daughter of a coal heaver; a high-school student playing hooky for the day, each arrayed in her best evening dress for the occasion, which might be either the most momentous or disillusioning of her life!

There were party frocks, stage frocks, and borrowed frocks, all gracing trim, youthful figures and eager, determined young hearts.

Each girl was given her chance to do her stuff. One broke into the Charleston, another sukked and scolded, another laughed and taunted, another flaunted and flirted, while another gave her interpretation of love. But for each Mr. Rapf rehearsed a carefully laid-out scene before he called: "Music! Lights! Camera! Go!" and the die was cast.

The girls hailed from all parts of the country. There was Mary Price, a sixteen-year-old hoyden in red velvet, who six months before had been living with her mother in Tulsa, Oklahoma. When Gus Edwards came to town, she responded to his invitation to the youth of the community to come on the stage and do a turn. She was given a job and left home. There was Beatrice Blinn, who one and one half years ago came from Seattle, Washington, to go on the stage. The Frivolt Club sent its representative in the person of Jean Murray, and Sally Nye brought her stock experience to her screen test. Virginia Tyson was the Wall Street stenographer who divided her time between the keyboard and the movies. Jane Brewer, from the play "Burlesque," and Miriam Stuart, who has been playing with Bert Lytell in vaudevilles, were among those present who did their bit before the camera. It was long after the dinner hour before "finis" was written on the cans of films, and Rapf called it a day.

This preceded hours in the projection room, where each test was carefully run, scrutinized, and tabulated. The choice narrowed down to two—Dorothy Weber, the dentist's assistant from Brooklyn, and Dorée Leslie, from "Manhattan Mary."

For some unexplained reason Miss Weber's test joined the faces on the cutting-room floor, while seventeen-year-old Dorée Leslie was given a ticket to California and told to present herself at the Metro-Goldwyn studio and become, perhaps, a star.

In the words of Mr. Rapf, "Dorée Leslie has everything. That is to say, she has youth, she scenes well, possesses intelligence, adaptability, and purpose. She is the sort of girl who is frankly interesting, yet is not what you might call obvious. She has grace and the subtle charm of a winsome personality, and has already mastered the important lessons of poise and self-expression. Will she measure up to the great demands her new career will make of her?"

Continued from page 19

Gary Cooper is good looking, with the kind of clearly defined features that bespeak frank, open trustworthiness. His eyes are dark blue—the sort of eyes one sees in a man who faces problems squarely and calmly.

He looks directly at one with a gaze which, in others, might be found disconcerting. But in Gary Cooper this leveling of the eyes is sincere and pleasing.

His voice is deep, and he speaks beautiful English, with a surprisingly varied vocabulary at his command. If you had occasion to talk to other stars—as a class—you would understand why Gary Cooper's almost perfect speech surprised me.

His personality is preeminently friendly. I had not expected it to be. In truth, when we had been introduced to one another and he asked, "Are you hungry yet?" I was surprised into the untruthful statement that I was not. I had expected him to talk conventionally of, say, the weather. Instead, he told me that he'd like to walk around the lot for a moment—that he was nearly freezing, due to having been partially submerged in a tank of ice-cold water during the scenes he had just finished. His hands were blue.

So we walked around the lot and talked. Then back to the tank, where I was asked to touch the water and give my verdict of its temperature. I did, and it was frigid.

During luncheon I learned some surprising things about the subject of this interview.

One is, trivial things do not concern Gary Cooper. His childhood days with the simple-minded Indians taught him a sort of beatific indifference to praise and censure alike.

"If I let little things bother me," he said, "I'd be in a bad way. If I attend a preview of one of my pictures, and some one sits next to me and pans the devil out of my work and my appearance, I'd feel like going back to Helena and chasing coyotes—if I were to let his opinion bother me. And, on the other hand, if I hear some one raving about my work, I'd get mightily swell-headed if I didn't realize that, after all, his opinion is probably worth nothing. I would be glad the person liked me. But that is all."

I had heard that Gary Cooper was hard to talk to; that he answered questions in the usual monosyllables of the Westerner. I was surprised to find him so interestingly voluble, and I told him so.

"It's true," he admitted. "Sometimes I am hard to talk to. Some people ask silly questions, and when I do not answer they form their own ideas of what I should have said. That's why several trivial, untrue things have been printed about me. One is that I graduated from college with a law degree; another is that I never faced a camera before 'Barbara Worth.' Neither of them makes any difference. I'm glad to have mistaken impressions about me corrected. But people will believe as they wish, one way or another."

I like Gary's way of thinking. It isn't all like turbulent Hollywood.

And I like Gary's plans for his future. He doesn't strike a theatrical pose and spout about bigger and better roles—he merely looks at one with a happy glint in his eyes, and talks about Sunnyside Ranch in Montana.

He is planning to make a dude ranch of it. Fix it up as a vacation paradise for tenderfoot thrill-seekers, you know. His dream, however, is to make it a spot of real Western beauty. He wants to have really good horses for his guests to ride. Horses like Buster, his own fleet, gray gelding that has been waiting for him to come home these four years.

He wants to buy an airplane and "run up" to the ranch whenever he gets a day or two between pictures. "It only takes twelve hours to get there," he told me.

During the summer he plans to pass a month or so at Sunnyside. His mother, with whom he lives in Hollywood, has not been back to the Montana country for some time. Gary knows that she will enjoy a vacation there.

Don't let me give you the idea that Gary Cooper doesn't like motion-picture work. He most emphatically does. But this taste of fame has not made him forget that back near Helena there is a ranch where he was born, and where he passed his boyhood, that his father is joyously impatient for his return, and on that ranch there is a horse named Buster, who will be awfully glad to see him. That Fred is there, and all the rest of the old crowd, having the good times that he can enjoy with them when he goes back this summer.

Gary Cooper is that rare entity—a real person. Higher tribute than that I could not pay.
When Beauty is a Burden

Continued from page 43

Having found that she photographed as well, if not better, than she had hoped, Billie came to Holly-
wood to try her luck in the movies, in earnest.

Here she had the misfortune to get into Westerns. It was beauty again. Billie was inexperi-
cenced as an actress, but in appearance she was the “nice, wholesome American girl” required for the outdoor epics.

“I thought I should never get out of Westerns!” she moans, remember-
ning that depressing period. “No-
body would believe I could act. I
never had a chance to try.”

But the break for which she was waiting came finally when her hus-
bend, Irving Willat, made “A Wan-
derer of the Wasteland,” a Techni-
color picture for Paramount, and
used his wife in the leading femme-
rôle.

Douglas Fairbanks was looking for a leading woman for “The Black Pirate” and when he saw Billie on
the screen in color, he knew he had
found her. Soon afterward, she signed a starring contract with First National.

“But they won’t let me act, even
yet!” wails Billie, sadly. “I just
wear beautiful clothes and fix my
hair in coy little ringlets on my fore-
head, and walk around, showing my-
self off! I get so tired of it! And
I’m afraid the public will get tired
of seeing me at it.”

“Did you see ‘The Marriage
Clause?’” she inquired, anxiously.
“Oh, dear!” as I shook my head.
“I hoped you had! There was a
scene in that, where I had to die.
And Lois Weber, the darlin’, let me
have my hair straggling around, and
let me take off all my make-up, and
pencil deep circles under my eyes.
I didn’t look at all nice, but I did
look ill and I did arouse sympathy.
People in the audience actually
wept!

“Now one is going to weep over
you if you are all fixed up and look-
ing like a million dollars. They just
won’t!”

“Had to play a scene not long
ago where I was supposed to be in
jail. I wanted so much to wear reg-
ular prison garb and look discour-
gaged and bedraggled.

“But,” with a sigh, “they wouldn’t
let me. They explained that I had
not been sentenced yet, and therefore
would be wearing one of my own
dresses. They said a girl like the
one in the story would take care of
herself and keep herself well-
groomed, even if she was in jail.
They said the cell was clean, even
comfortable, and that there was no
reason at all for my looking bedrag-
gled.”

“So, of course, I had a pretty little
dress and a marvel and a manicure.
For all my appearance, I might have
been serving tea at home, in my
drawing-room! It’s very discour-
aging!”

“I do so want to be some-
thing besides a clothes-horse! I do so want to be something more than a char-
ming, bisque figure having its picture
taken!

“I want to play passionate ganins
—messy ones, who don’t care how
they look. I want to wear rags and
a shawl over my head!

“I’ll tell you! I want to play a
part like Dolores del Rio had in
‘Lovers of Carmen.’ That kind of a
girl—only more—more moral, you
know. A rough, untutored sort of
girl who doesn’t care how she looks.
Only clean and decent, underneath,
in her heart.

“I feel just as I used to feel when
I was playing in Westerns. I used
to think I should never get out of
those things, and get a chance to
show what I could do. I did get
out of them. Maybe I shall get out
of this!

“I don’t blame the people at the
studio. They have to think about
box-office returns, and things like
that. And they probably think I
make more money for them this
way. But if they would only try me
in a different sort of story—just
once.

“However,” with a shrug, “I’m
not going to take it all too seriously.
Life is so short!

“Maybe, if I try hard and hope
and wish for it, some day, just by
accident, I’ll get a chance at a dif-
ferent sort of role—and they will
see.

“Look!” her hands were busy at
the back of her head. “I’ve let my
hair grow!” She let it down and it
tell to her shoulders.

“I’d give anything in the world
if they would let me look positively
ugly! Then the audiences would not
be too concerned with the way I
looked, to be interested in what I
was doing. I could make them cry!”

So there it is. It is not enough
for Billie to bedeck her lovely self
to delight the eyes of the whole
world. She will never be happy
until she can destroy her beauty
through the illusion of make-up, and
wring tears from those eyes.

Ah, me! It is a sad life for a
beautiful girl with ambition!
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 94

"Why not this evening?"

"Evening is not a good time for thee, till thou art stronger. Thou wouldst cough, and not sleep at night. Besides, this Lady Gates might have to put off an evening engagement with her nephew to come here, and I am sure it is better for him not to know what is on, while there is time for him to advise his aunt against us."

"To-morrow, then," said the woman. "Ah, but this good coffee you make for me is reviving, Marco! It gives me life—for the minute. How I thank you for everything!"

Malcolm came early to Montparnasse, and claimed his table for luncheon. He was in a terrible mood, for he had been at the studio, and had had the expected row with Kerlin. He had asked to be released from his contract, and something to his surprise the request was granted, without a word of objection. So secretly, that the emotion had hardly been recognized by himself, Malcolm had hoped that Kerlin was merely bluffing. He had held visions that, if he held out against altering his scenario according to suggestion, the president of Peerless would yield or compromise. But evidently Malcolm Allen, author of a great best-seller, wasn't of the importance to these people that he himself had imagined. They had enthusiastically invited him to come from England to California; they'd provided him with a beautiful bungalow to write in, and had poured forth cataracts of expensive publicity concerning him, and his work. Yet now it seemed a matter of indifference to them that the whole campaign, and thousands of dollars, should be wasted. Malcolm was furious, and had rushed to consult an attorney, only to be told that he ought to have had a different contract. He had been too trusting. He had been so dazzled by the offer, and so innocent, that he'd simply signed the attractive document he was asked to sign, without showing it to a lawyer, before signing. Now he was punished for his recklessness. But nothing could be done.

Malcolm walked into the restaurant at noon, in a mood to throw dishes, but at sight of a figure in sequined, emerald-green gauze and satin, rage died.

The girl came to his table offering her tray of cigars and cigarettes. "Here I am," she said, with a friendly smile that warmed Malcolm's heart. "How do you like me?"

"More than I can say!" he eagerly caught her up.

"Thank you," said the girl, as he looked over package after package of cigarettes, purposely slow, to choose from the contents of her tray. "I hope I shall be a success, and that Monsieur Pierre—I must tack on the 'Monsieur,' now he's my employer!—will want me to stay."

"You'll be a success all right, no fear!" said Malcolm.

What he feared was, that she would be too conspicuous a success. Every one who came in stared at the slim figure in green, with its glorious crown of red hair. Then heads drew together, and eyes continued to stare, as lips whispered.

"I may have to thank you, Mr. Allen!" Pierre volunteered, hovering beside the table when the girl had moved away to sell her stock elsewhere. "I shall not be surprised if your Miss Smith turns out a good investment, in which case you will not have to open your pocketbook. She looks as if she is going to be worth her salt—and sugar, too. Oh, yes, there will be sugar for her—as much as she wants. Do you not think so?"

As he spoke he threw a suggestive glance from under raised brows to a table where a fat, dark man was being slower than Malcolm had been in choosing his smokes. He was gazing up at the figure in green with a look which Malcolm burned to strike off with his fist. There would be many more men like that—many more men every day and every night, till closing time.

"Gad! I'm afraid I'm going to love this girl—really love her!" The thought branded itself across his brain. "And I'm less than nobody at Hollywood now. Every one will know, soon, how I've failed. I can do nothing for her at all."

Perhaps Malcolm Allen's ardent thought touched her on the shoulder; for she turned, glanced at him, and had begun faintly to smile when her look passed his face and was riveted upon something or some one behind him.

The girl's expression was so strange that almost mechanically Malcolm twisted round to see what had stiffened her smile and frozen its sweetness.

Marco Lopez had come in, for today there was dancing at Montparnasse in the luncheon hours.

[to be continued]
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The Foreign Invaders Repulsed!

Continued from page 17

Nati was left practically penniless. Her husbands, as well as her father's fortune had been wiped out.

Forced to earn her own living, Miss Barr turned to the stage, first as a dancer, later as an actress and, finally, as a screen star. She went to Paris where Richard A. Rowland, of First National, in search of screen material, found her and started her toward the California studio.

Dainty, refined-looking more like a Dresden doll than an oil painting than a Russian actress—her beauty made even Hollywood gasp, Nati played in just two pictures, went on to other employment—somewhere.

Then there was Lady Peel, who, as Beatrice Lillie, celebrated English musical-comedy actress, was brought to Hollywood amid a blaze of trumpets. Here was to be a new screen sensation, a personality which would interest the entire world. Lady Peel made one picture which, paradoxically, was entitled "Exit Smiling." Which is exactly what she did.

But even at that, she did better than Lil Dagover, the German star brought to play opposite Emil Jan-nings. She never got to make a picture in Hollywood, although in Germany she was acclaimed as one of its greatest actresses, right on the stage and the screen. She could play the feminine lead in "The Captive," "The Festival," and "The World's Theatres," for Max Reinhardt on the stage, and make such pictures as "Destiny" and "Tartuffe" on the screen, but she could not "make the grade" in American films.

Miss Dagover is a striking beauty, too, born at Pari, Java, in the Dutch East Indies. She has eyes of a deep emerald hue which, under some lights, appear to be brown. While on the way to America to begin picture work, she was married to George Witt, assistant to Erich Pommer, the director, who, by the way, did not last long in the Hollywood studios, either. He, too, returned to the Continent.

The list of departed or departing European stars is long. There is Arlette Marchal, "discovered" in France by Gloria Swanson while making "Madame Sans-Gène." Arlette played a role in that picture so well that Paramount brought her here and gave her roles in numerous other productions. She became very highly regarded by the fans, but for some reason she was allowed to return to France. And Ginette Mad-
Hollywood High Lights
Continued from page 105

Colleen Must Prove It.

Colleen Moore has been to Mecca. That seems a good name for Hawaii, since every star at some time or other feels impelled to go there—just as does the faithful Mohammedan deem it necessary to go to the sacred city. There is nothing particularly sacred about Honolulu, but it is one of the greatest places in the world to have a good time.

Colleen was filled with pride. She thrilled over the fact that she had learned to ride a surfboard—standing up. It's a feat, you know, when there are only the breakers to carry one along, though it may be comparatively simple when the surfboard is being towed by a motor boat.

Cleve Moore listened to his sister's ecstatic descriptions of the experience, and then he set about to find a place near Los Angeles where the breakers were just like those in Hawaii, and surfboard rides could be engaged in with equal facility.

The last time we saw Colleen she was living in fear and trembling, in anticipation of the day when she would have to give a demonstration of her skill and prowess as a surfboard rider, for the benefit of her skeptical brother. "I know I'll be so nervous that I'll lose my balance and fall off," she said, "and I can hear Cleve laughing at me now."

More Romantic Rumors

Will Janet Gaynor marry an actor, or an attorney?

Honestly we don't believe that Janet has any plans regarding marriage, but at various times her name has been linked with that of Charles Farrell, and more recently, we hear that a San Francisco lawyer is very attentive. His name is Lydell Peck.

What is most interesting about this romance, if it be a romance, is that Peck first became interested in Janet on the screen. He talked enthusiastically to her about some mutual friends, and they volunteered to introduce them. This is the way the story goes, at any rate. Janet recently paid a visit to New York. While in the East she was the sensation of a convention held by the Fox corporation. Needless to say, this is attributed to the success of "Seventh Heaven," and in a measure, perhaps, to "Street Angel," in which Janet gave a very nice performance.

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The Pleasant Way to Reduce
The star is Chad all the way through. It is rather a pity, though, that the way is not more interesting, for the picture is languid and the story old-fashioned—but pleasing, I grant.

Chad forsakes his mountains to go out into the world and improve himself, whereupon he attracts the attention of proud, old Major Buford, who discovers, by means of a handy marriage certificate, that Chad is his grandson. The outbreak of the Civil War finds Chad marching away from his Southern kin to join the Union Army, and the end of his romance with a Kentucky belle, the daughter of a friend of Major Buford. Eventually he returns to the mountains, where Melissa Turner, barefoot and beautiful, awaits him.

All this is presented with care, which means appropriate settings and good direction, but it is curiously without pulsing vitality. An impressive cast, both numerically and historically, lends valiant aid, with Molly O’Day, as Melissa, Claude Gillingwater, as Major Buford, and Doris Dawson, as Margaret, the belle, taking first honors.

More Underworld Stuff.

The title of “The Escape” might well be changed to “The Rehash” in the interest of strict accuracy, but whoever heard of such conscientiousness among those who tack titles onto pictures? It is all about a villainous night-club owner, an ingénue hostess, a flip-talking inspector, and a tenement-life—all of which at various times has been seen times without number on the screen. Virginia Valli is May Joyce, a beauty of the slums who has intrigued Dr. Don Eliott on one of his professional visits, during which Dr. Don partakes frequently from his pocket flask. Aversity overtake May and her sister, so that May, just to make ends meet, accepts the offer of Jerry Magee to act as hostess in his underworld cabaret. She does so with the abandon of a librarian, until she discovers Dr. Don, down and out, working in the cellar of the night club at the dubious task of manufacturing liquor. Then she becomes imbued with the spirit of Joan of Arc in her endeavors to save him from himself. And she does. With the villain killed in a gang war, and little sister saved from a fate worse than death, there is nothing left for May but a close-up in the country with Dr. Don. George Meeker plays this rôle, while William Russell and Nancy Drexel have the others.

If You Like Satire.

“The Big Noise” is a political satire, at times amusing and at other times a bit lethargic, but always shrewd and unusual. It tells the story of John Sloevel, a subway employee, who meets with an accident and is pounced upon by fate and made its butt. A mayoral campaign is on at the time, the big issue of which is an attack on those controlling the subway. Henchmen of the candidate responsible for this, seize upon John Sloevel and, with the help of the tabloid newspapers, make a hero of him and an example of the mercilessness of the subway barons. John is exploited as a hero, photographed until he is dazed, and is even shown a speech to read at a campaign meeting. When the reform ticket wins, John goes to claim the political job promised him, but is ignored and thrust back into obscurity.

Chester Conklin gives a fine performance as John, never once stepping out of his bewildered, credulous character. Bodil Rosing is likewise perfect as his wife, and Alice White is his unsympathetic flapper-daughter. Sam Hardy, Ned Sparks, and Jack Egan are also in the cast—with credit.

Country Cut-ups.

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur continue their clowning in “Circus Rookies,” and very good it is of its kind. You know exactly what that means, therefore it is only necessary to tell you a little of what the story’s all about. Oscar Thrush, apparently a half-wit, wanders into a circus in quest of a job. He is refused one. But by sheer, dumb luck he is enabled to transform Bimbo, a savage chimpanzee, into a docile pet, so he is gladly employed. Meanwhile Francis Byrd, a reporter on a country newspaper, lies to the editor in order to spend a day at the circus and “interview” Belle, the fair equestrienne. With this start, Oscar and Francis launch forth on a more or less wild career of adventure, in which the lumbering Dane is frequently taken advantage of by the nimble Arthur. Much of the picture is hilarious, and some of it is not. But it is lively and rather clever, and will please admirers of the two comedians. Louise Lorraine is pertly pleasing as Belle, and Fred Humes is a terrifying Bimbo with a sense of humor.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

Irish, and How I!

This is just to bring to your attention one of the finest of our young players, namely, Paddy O’Flynn. Paddy isn’t very well known just now, but those who do know him realize that he is going to be star material for the future.

Paddy used to play in Lloyd Hamilton comedies, had the lead in the serial “Scotty of the Scouts,” “Face Value,” and had a small part in “Swinging Rosie O’Grady.” He also had a part in “The Chinese Parrot,” but it was cut out, unfortunately. His newest production is “Swimming Windy,” and the next will be “Bluff.” I’m quite sure that all his fans are going to be pleased with him in these productions.

For those who do not know this attractive young man, it can do no harm to introduce him through the medium of this column. Paddy is undoubtedly Irish, with a wonderful personality, a million-dollar smile, and, all in all, he is just about the most attractive young man you could wish to meet. He has had experience in vaudeville, is a great favorite with radio audiences, and has played the leading male in a number of other plays, else in addition. He is nearly six feet tall, has curly brown hair, blue eyes, and, for the benefit of those who haven’t experienced the thrill yet, Paddy writes charming and interesting letters.

Unlike most young players, he takes a personal interest in his club, writes to all its members, and supervises the work of the fans. Paddy knows how to help but appreciate the talent and attractiveness of this young “comer,” and I can only hope that some time in the near future Paddy will become one of our leading stars.

I feel so much credit is given to already firmly established players that a few words for this newcomer can’t do any harm but, Pauline H. McLaughlin,

137 Wilson Street
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Wants to Be Certain Who’s Entertaining Her.

This is an inquiry and a complaint. I would like to know why some film companies have apparently adopted the practice of showing their pictures without giving the cast of players. Now, I’m a pretty ardent fan and I see lots of pictures, but I don’t always know all the players by just looking at them. I did not realize that it was Theodore Von Eltz who was playing opposite Florence Vidor in “One Woman to Another,” and I don’t know yet who played the vamp role. This same thing happened in two other pictures I saw recently. I am about one time that the producers were tipped off that the fans don’t like it. I don’t, anyway.

I read somewhere recently that one company was planning to give the cast at both the beginning and the end of the picture. This is a very good plan, and it is certainly better to give the cast once than to omit it entirely. One company gives the names of all actors as each one appears in the picture. This is a good idea. Other companies might do well to adopt it.

Marius L. Hesse.
54 Wall Street, New York City.

Meeting “America’s Sweetheart.”

There is one actress in particular whom I shall always hold as my favorite—Mary Pickford. I think it is her delightfully human mannerisms and gestures which appeal to me. She is always so sweet and fresh, and her smile is so gloriously good. There is no one else in the films like her, and there never could be. I have had the good fortune to meet her twice during her visits to England, and to shake hands with her. I can honestly say that her personality is every bit as lovely as it is on the screen. The first time I met her, I was struck with her charm and grace of manner. I was only an awkward, lanky girl with a pigtail then, and terribly shy; but she showed me courtesy, as if I had been a member of the family.

I am sure all you other Mary Pickford admirers will join me in wishing the sweetest woman in pictures the best of good fortune in her work on the screen and in her private life.

JANET ESMY VERNON.
High Wycombe, Bucks, England.

From Another Admirer of Aristocracy.

In answer to V. Keith Sutton’s query, I certainly believe “Miss Vidor could win a man from Greta Nissen, et cetera.” Maybe, to Miss Vidor, it seems very improbable, but opinions are varied, and not everyone thinks alike.

Does he realize that the “lady villain” in real life might not be “charming and beautiful”? It is just that type which attracts and fascinates, but of which man often tires very soon. Not that I am prejudiced against Miss Nissen—far from it. I think Miss Vidor is one of the most beautiful stars on the screen, but we really could not do without the Florence Vidoros. Perpetual beauties would become very tiresome, and perhaps not seem so pleasing to the eye if we had to see nothing else. Whereas the less beautiful, but no less charming, are always at least restful!

There has to be variety in everything—even the movies—else the world would be a very uninteresting place. I think Miss Vidor an indispensable feature in films, a type of which there are only too few. I am sure I am not alone in my opinion.

Here’s good luck to Miss Vidor, and may she continue to grace the screen for many years to come. Before I cease, wish Miss Nissen the best of luck!

CONSTANCE C. SUBBARD.
51 Blackpool Road, Lytham, St. Anne’s, Lancashire, England.

They Ain’t Done Right by Dot.

Just what has happened to Dorothy Gish? That excellent little actress deserves much better treatment from the fans than she has been getting in the past. She has a place among the foremost actresses of the screen.

Dorothy has all the qualities a good actress needs. She is beautiful, though not sweetly so. Comedy and drama she can play to perfection. She is one of the most varied stars on the screen, and in "Pride and Prejudice." Consider her performance as the blind Louisa in "Orphans of the Storm" and her performance as Nell Gwyn.

Dorothy Gish’s acting is never forced or strained. She is always fitted to fit whatever role she is playing.

Come on, fans, show some interest in a first-class actress and let these extras learn a little more about the art of screen acting. Dorothy deserves lots and lots of praise and good luck. She never fails her fans with a bright and peppy performance.

S. A. Black.
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Continued from page 107

Nancy Carroll Comes Home.
She used to be little, red-headed Nancy La Hiiff, of the Winter Garden. She lived with her folks way uptown, and rode to work in the subway. Now she is Nancy Carroll, a full-fledged star, with a lucrative five-year contract with Paramount. But she is still red-headed, and she hasn’t forgotten her chorus days. Nancy Carroll is one of Broadway’s favorite children, especially since she has come back a star, and unspoiled. Her uncle is Billy La Hiiff, a well-known Broadwayite and proprietor of a restaurant—a rendezvous for stage folk—just off the Main Stem. Her mother and sisters still live uptown.

“I feel like Cinderella!” cried Nancy. “I can’t believe it’s true. Any minute the clock may strike twelve, and I’ll be back in musical comedy. Ever since I saw the Hudson River out of the train window, I’ve been pinching myself to make sure I’m not asleep.”

Nancy and her costar, Buddy Rogers, were greeted at Grand Central by a barrage of cameras and questions. Then Anne Nichols spirited Nancy away to a shop on Fifth Avenue, where even successful stars try to tread softly, and ordered her completely and elegantly outfitted, from head to toe, for the luncheon at which she was to meet the press. The luncheon was a triumph for Nancy, not altogether because of the clothes. It was also a triumph for Miss Nichols, a stunning and clever woman whose “Abie” has earned her over a million dollars.

Nancy Carroll might never have gone into pictures at all, if she had listened to the wiseacres of Hollywood. They told her that her piquant little face was too round to screen well. Miss Carroll, fortunately, is the kind of girl who likes to find things out for herself. So she submitted to screen tests when asked, and as a result, Fox gave her a part in “Ladies Must Dress.” She proved a small sensation, Paramount signed her, and you knew the rest. Except, perhaps, you have not heard that she is to be given the prize plum, coveted by so many picture girls, the lead in “Burlesque.” It’s a dancing part, right up Nancy’s street—and her street is Broadway.

Bobby Vernon “Takes” New York.
You’ve heard of the sailors who spend their shore leaves rowing boats around Central Park lake? Well, here is the movie version. A dapper young man might have been seen, and probably was, on the streets of Manhattan not so long ago, with a small motion-picture camera, industriously recording the tall buildings, the crowds and other phenomena of the great city. A tourist from the sticks, on his first metropolitan visit? Not at all. None other than Bobby Vernon, the agile and amiable comedian, star of Christie comedies. Those two-reelers that Bobby makes are most profitable. He has a yacht, and other appurtenances of stardom. But his great, his real and absorbing passion is movie photography.

Camilla’s Coming Back.
Camilla Horn seems destined to create as much furor in film circles as Greta Garbo did. Fräulein Horn is considerably younger than Trader, being barely nineteen. But she has the self-possession of a character woman, and the manners of a débutante. Not the shy, shrinking Marguerite of “Faust,” but a chic, modern young woman. Other importations have been quoted copiously in their quaint mutilations of the American language, but not Camilla. She makes no mistakes. Her English is already very good. She has gone. Right now she is sailing for her homeland for a glimpse of the folks, and then she will sail right back again, to make other pictures for United Artists. The company is enthusiastic about the young German “find,” after her work opposite John Barrymore, in “Tempest.” When some one asked her if she was interested in our American men, she smilingly replied: “They are very nice, but I prefer my work.” Hoch, hoch, Camilla!

Florence Vidor Gets What She Wants.
Florence and Suzanne Vidor sailed away for a whole summer’s vacation in Europe. It’s hard to tell which of the two girls will have more fun. In spite of her dignified demeanor and aristocratic bearing in the films, I always have the feeling that Florence Vidor is really just a little girl, trying awfully hard to be grown-up. For instance: you remember she said some time ago that she would probably retire from pictures? Well, just before she sailed I asked her about that.

“I said that when I was dissatisfied with the stories they had been giving me,” she said, more or less naïvely. “But I’ve changed my mind since making ‘The Patriot,’ with Emil Jannings. And I’m getting better roles now.” Little girls usually get what they want.
The Foreign Invaders Repulsed!

Continued from page 114

the fact that Universal could not use her.

Miss Lido's experience was not vastly dissimilar to that of the beautiful Phyllis Gibbs, who came to Celci DeMille from Australia, under a long-term contract. Miss Gibbs had won a beauty contest in competition with one thousand two hundred girls. Had she chosen to become a model, her likeness might have adorned the covers of many magazines, and her striking figure been an inspiration for countless posters. But two months passed without any breaks coming her way. Then, one day, she appeared at the studio trying to stifle her sobs, and hold back the tears.

"I'm lonely!" she cried. "I—I want—to go—home! I—I want my—Australia!"

Into bits went her contract, and in a few days she walked up the gangplank to a liner bound for the antipodes. She wouldn't have traded places that day, with Pickford, Swanson, or Talmadge. She was going home!

There likewise departed from the DeMille studio soon thereafter Gloria de Cota, of Mexico City, who six months previously had won the title "Miss Mexico" in a contest among the dark-eyed beauties of that southern republic. Her contract ended, she was leaving, not in tears, but satisfied.

The success of Greta Garbo is envied by the girls of Sweden. The career of Pola Negri fires ambition in the hearts of maidens who live in Russia, and the outstanding accomplishments of Vilma Banky have made an impression on the young women of Hungary, just as the renown of Dolores del Rio and Lupe Velez have affected young hearts in Mexico. Young men of Italy envision themselves in the place of Valentino, just as lads in Spain dream of becoming like Ricardo Cortez or Antonio Moreno. But when they get away from home into a foreign environment, among people who see life from different viewpoints, they seldom achieve distinction.

So the foreign legion is leaving. Virtually all the new stars are American-born and American reared. Instead of Nath. H., Lil Dagover, Arlette Marchal, and Vincenzo Covanko, we have Phyllis Haver, Janet Gaynor, Esther Ralston, and Bille Dvo drawing the spotlight. And instead of Mosjoukine and Mattoni, we have Charles Farrell, "Buddy" Rogers and Richard Arlen. It just seems that very few of the foreign stars can "click."

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

who attempts to disguise herself as a soldier to be near her sweetheart, and her discovery by her father, who is the colonel. John Harron.

"Garden of Eden, The"—United Artists. Fairly entertaining film dealing with difficulties of girl who comes to the city to be a star and falls in love with moneyed man, climax coming when his family objects. However, the finale is not a sad one. Corinne Griffith, Charles Ray, Louise Dresser, and Lowell Sherman.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Paramount. Fairly amusing version of the famous book. Ruth Taylor's Lorelei excellent, but Alice White, in the role of the unrefined Dorothy, injects snap into what otherwise might have been a rather dull film.

"Girl in Every Port, A"—Fox. Lively tale of a sailor who sets out to "get" his rival, but both men discover the unworthiness of the girl and end by swearing friendship. Viola McCallen excellent in her first starring film—Robert Armstrong and Louise Brooks.

"Her Wild Oat"—First National. Enjoyable, though absurd, story of a girl who runs a lunch wagon, falls in love with the son of a duke posing as a mechanic, and what happens when she, masquerading as a duchess, meets the

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**Love**—Metro-Goldwyn. Superficial and unsatisfying. However, the beautiful sets and romantic situations will make it a box-office attraction. The principals are Renée Ad记者了解, Greta Garbo, George Fawcett, and Brandon Hurst.

**Love and Learn**—Paramount. Esther Ralston clever in the role of a girl who gets into amusing situations to distract her parents sufficiently to avoid a divorce. Lane Chandler is the hero.

**Love Me and the World Is Mine**—Universal. Moderately interesting picture of Vienna before the war. Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Betty Compson.

**Man Power**—Paramount. Richard Dix in an effective old-timer's part as a tramp whose determination to a countess leads to his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.

**Mother Machree**—Fox. Maudlin film of a sacrificing Irish mother who does all for her son. Belle Bennett, Neil Hamilton, and Constance Harald.

**My Best Girl**—United Artists. Mary Pickford's latest, and one of her best. Tale of small girl in the 5-and-10 who falls in love with a man and)-Buddy Rogers-without knowing he's the owner's son.

**Night Flyer, The**—Pathe-Dec. Simple, human railroad story of 1891, having to do with the president of a Western road to save his company from bankruptcy. William Boyd and Jodyna Ralston.

**Noose, The**—First National. Thrilling story of a bootlegger who commits murder to save his mother's name, though he doesn't know her. He is acquitted with the aid of his mother, with neither of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.

**Old San Francisco**—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of a girl who is kidnapped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Constance Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

**On Your Toes**—Universal. Sparkling. Reginald Denny as a prize fighter, whose grandmother thinks he is an extremely shifty fellow. High spot in film when grandma pays him an unexpected call. Barbara Worth and Mary Carr.

**Patent Leather Kid, The**—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceived little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.

**Private Life of Helen of Troy, The**—First National. While the picture has no connection with the book, it is funny enough to stand on its own merits. Lewis Stone and Maria Corda have the important roles, others being Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, and Alice White.

**Road to Romance, The**—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century who, to save the fair image, Marceline Day, disguises himself as a pirate.

**Rose Marie**—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy, though beautifully produced, yarn of an Indian maiden who loves a man and succeeds by marrying some one else to save him from capture. Joan Crawford, James Murray, and Huns Peters.

**Secret Hour, The**—Paramount. Adaptation of stage play They Knew What They Wanted, with punch taken out. Waitress arrives to marry rancher, who offered her marriage by mail, but she falls in love with his foreman. Rancher nobly permits the two to live with him. Pola Negri, Jean Hersholt, and Kenneth Thomson.

**Serenade**—Paramount. Delightful light comedy with Adolphe Menjou at his best. Story of a musician who, becomes a famous composer, deposits his home only to be deftly brought back by his clever wife. Kathryn Carver, Lina Basquette, and Lawrence Grant.

**She's a Doll, The**—Paramount. Convincing and well-acted film of two oil prospectors in the tropics, both loving the same girl. All ends happily. George Bancroft, Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Brent, Leslie Fenton, and Fred Kohler.

**Silver Slave, The**—Warner. Irene Rich gives sincere performance of mother who sacrifices the man she loves to give her daughter the chance. When daughter encourages an adventurer, mother pretends to be interested in him. Everything ends happily. Audrey Ferris, Holmes Herbert, and John Miljan.

**Soft Living**—Fox. Madge Bellamy skillfully portrays a girl who declines to go in for the heavy alimony racket, and what happens when her husband sees through her scheme. She comes to her senses in time for a happy ending. John Mack Brown.

**Smart Set, The**—Metro-Goldwyn. Not up to the usual William Haines standard. Smart Alec polo player is barred from final game, only to rush in at crucial moment and thus save the day, incidentally winning the girl. Alice Day and Jack Holt.

**Sorrell and Son**—United Artists. Adapted from the novel. Story of the dual lives between a wealthy and a reaching climax when son gives father death-dealing drug to end his suffering. H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Artie Auler.


**Spring Fever**—Metro-Goldwyn. Very amusing golf-fancie fare. William Haines delightful as young office clerk who suddenly finds himself hob- nobbing with a wealthy country-club set, including rich heiress—Joan Crawford.

**Tenderloin**—Warner. Full of suspense spoiled only by the noisy Vita-phone. The love of a girl for a crook and his reform—but not until he goes
to jail for five years. All ends happily. Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel.

"Texas Steer, A"—First National. Will Rogers a cow-puncher elected to Congress as a result of his wife's social ambitions. His wife and daughter attempt to crash society with disastrous results. Louise Fazenda and Ann Rork.

"Thirteenth Juror, The"—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unscrupulous criminal lawyer accused of murder, who can save himself only by compromising the woman he loves. Francis X. Bushman is unique as the lawyer and Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon capably assist him.


"Spotlight, The"—Paramount. Unconvincing, slow picture. Producer trains an unknown girl, giving her a Russian name and announcing her as a rival to Garbo. Esther Ralston, Neil Hamilton, and Nicholas Soussanin are excellent.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plodding self in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story ruined by too much slapstick. Janet Gaynor in role of girl who takes a job as maid in the home of her beau's business competitor and aids him in putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of a high-society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"Wizard, The"—Fox. Unskillful mystery film. A "professor" grafts a man's head on by a chimpanzee, training him to kill. Edmund Lowe, a reporter, solves the mystery, with the help of beast.

"13 Washington Square"—Universal. A story with an original twist. The outcome of the efforts of an aristocratic mother to save her son from marrying the girl of his choice. Jean Hersholt, Alice Joyce, and ZaSu Pitts.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Exciting screen version of this old-time favorite. Full of thrills, horrors, laughter and tears. Arthur Edmund Carewe, Margarita Fischer and George Siegmann.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another, George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

"We're Europeans"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.

"West Point"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining and lively. William Haines at his best as the smart youngster who pooh-poohs military authority, but is finally subdued. Joan Crawford and William Haines.

"Wild Geese"—Tiffany-Stahl. Poignant drama of a miserly Minnesota farmer, who keeps his wife in fear of exposing an indiscretion in her youth. The death of the farmer brings freedom to all. Eve Southern remarkable as the rebellious daughter. Others are Belle Bennett, Russell Simpson, Donald Keith, Anita Stewart, and Wesley Barry.


Information, Please

Continued from page 102

it would be quite all right to organize a Rogers-Carroll Fan Club. First write the stars in question, asking their cooperation, then organize a group in your home town and ask others to join you. I have no doubt that you can interest those girls in your club, but I have no list of fan clubs. I am sure that you will find that the girls are not only interested, but eager to work for them.

See ADRIENNE A. However, I will keep a record of your fan club in my list, and refer to you any one you inquire about. The old version of "Shepherd of the Hills" and "Eyes of the World" are both such old films I don't know who were in the cast. Perhaps some fan remembers who the principals were—only the hero in "Eyes of the World" is needed. Thanks for the information that Harrison Hunter played opposite Renee adoree years ago in "The Strongest."

E. C.—See ADRIENNE A. Thanks for the information that Gary Cooper was the first star of "Wings." I think that Bette Davis did the part in "Cavalcade," but "Wings" was a weak story. "Babe" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston in "Wings."
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Nancy Carroll, at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Lillian Gish, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Tim McCoy, George K. Arthur, Joan Crawford, Ralph Forbes, Earle Keaton, Johnny Mack Brown, Paul Rafl, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vivian Banky, Rosani Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Coonsta Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 1700 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.


Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marjorie Nixon, Art

Acord, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethel Claire, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Bebe Daniels, Willard Warde, Victor Varconi, Elinor Fair, Jacqueline Logan, Kenneth Thompson, Joseph Schildkraut, Virginia Braden, and Lisa Basquette, Mary Prevost, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at the J. P. O. Studio, Culver City, California, also Julia Faye.


Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Furniss, Mary Blue, Marie Broderick, Jean Harlow, at the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Lyon, Bob Steele, Franklin Darve, Ruzz Barton, Tom Mix, Martha Sleeper, at the P. O. Studio, 7500 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

Alva My, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Davy Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Bevier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Francisco, 117½ Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Juliana Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Emeline Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Thelby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jane Cogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Helen Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Ann May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Buddy Messinger, 1151 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Frederick Stanger, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen’s Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Brown, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Vivian Dines, Twentieth Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.


Henry Walthall, 618 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.


Vivien Rich, Laurel Cañon, Box 799, B. P. O. D, 10, Hollywood, California.

William C. Carver, caretaker of The Lamb's Club, West Fortieth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbra Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O’Malley, 1852 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Gordon Grinns, 1523 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.


Marcelline Day, 1237 North Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Glenda Gail, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 233, Hollywood, California.

Alice Calhoun, 626 South Lorraine Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Kenneth Harlan, P. O. Box 225, Hollywood, California.

Ben Lyon, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.
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