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What is Acting?
Window shopping through the world

Looking around, comparing, deciding on colors and flavors and textures and designs—“shopping” for many of us is half the fun of buying things and having them. . . . Other people (more scientifically minded) always know exactly what they want, and where they want to buy it.

But before anyone definitely can say “I like that—I’ll take it” in order to spend money wisely, some “looking around” must be done.

Looking around by reading the advertisements saves time and trouble and money. For advertisements are the shop windows of a world of manufacturers. You don’t need to walk up Fifth Avenue or past the corner drug store to see what So-and-So is offering in the way of silk stockings, or refrigerators, or toothpaste, or automobiles, or schools for young George, or vacations for the whole family.

The advertisements picture, describe, explain the merchandise and the new ideas that are displayed and talked about from Maine to California.

Read the advertisements because it pays you to do so
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Only $1.00 Down
Direct from Factory!

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THE INSURED WATCH

Think of it! Just $1.00 down brings you the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory. Balance in easy monthly payments. Lowest prices ever named for equal quality. By buying direct you save 30% to 50%. Your choice of 80 magnificent, new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest designs in Yellow Gold, Green Gold and White Gold effects. Exquisite thin models. 12 Size and 16 Size. Send coupon for Catalog of Advance Watch Styles and full particulars.

The Studebaker Watch Company is directed by members of the famous Studebaker family—known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of honest dealing. Studebaker Watches have 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments—Insured for your lifetime! Insurance Policy FREE!

Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry also sold at lowest prices and easy monthly payments. Send coupon for details.

MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK! Let us send you a copy of our beautiful new 6-color catalog. It contains valuable information on watch making. It tells how you can buy a 21-Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money and pay for it in easy monthly payments. Mail the coupon. Over 100,000 satisfied customers own Studebaker Watches—and saved money by buying them direct. We ship anywhere.

Special Offer! Watch Chain FREE! For a limited time we are offering a magnificent Watch Chain FREE! To all who write immediately we will include particulars of this astounding offer. Time is limited. Send coupon NOW!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Watches • Diamonds • Jewelry
Dept.W1080 • South Bend, Indiana

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Dept.W1080, South Bend, Indiana
Please send me your free catalog of diamonds. Write in the amount of your $1.00 down offer. Please send me free catalog of jewelry and diamonds.

Mail Coupon Now!

New Jewelry Catalog Is Ready For You!
Our new Jewelry Catalog is just off the press. It presents an amazing selection of Diamonds and Jewelry. The prices are very attractive and credit terms astonishingly low. Mail coupon at once for a copy of this new FREE Jewelry Catalog.
Picture Play

Volume XXIX

Contents for September, 1928

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What the Fans Think
An open forum for and by our readers.

Back Stage in Vaudeville
A glimpse of William Haines and Josephine Dunn, in "Excess Baggage."

You Can't Do That!
The vagaries of censorship are authoritatively set forth.

Oyez! Oyez!
John Barrymore smashes some conventions.

The Girl Grows Older
Mary Brian displays surprisingly sophisticated fashions.

The Stroller
Ironic observations of a Hollywood rambler.

And Now the Deluge!
The spectacular production of "Noah's Ark."

Hot-weather Cures
Pictures that show how the stars combat the torrid spell.

There's No Place Like Home
Esther Ralston's residence is minutely inspected.

Reginald's Lament
Mr. Denny proves that happiness and comedians are strangers.

Portrait of a Wow
A keen interviewer's impressions of Joan Crawford.

Favorite Picture Players
Full-page portraits of eight favorites.

The Interviewers' Waterloo
Richard Barthelmess is frankly analyzed.

Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan steadily chatters.

The World Is Upside Down to Them
Topsy-turvy pictures of some stars.

Just What Is Acting, Anyhow?
The stars express conflicting opinions.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood
The fourth installment of a fascinating serial.

Manhattan Medley
Impressions of the stars who visit New York.

Continued on the Second Page Following

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 75-95 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1928, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1928, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain; entered at Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.50. Foreign, $3.25.

Yearly Subscription, $2.50

All Manuscripts Must be Addressed to the Editors

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.
Some time soon a great motion picture is coming to your town, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"—a throbbing story of love-mad, reckless Vienna into which von Stroheim as author, director and principal player has poured all his great genius.

If your theatre is equipped for sound, Paramount is prepared to show "The Wedding March" with synchronized music score and sound effects that greatly intensify its realism. Many of the scenes are in Technicolor. By all means see "The Wedding March"—your Theatre Manager will give you the date.

THE WEDDING MARCH

with Fay Wray and all-star cast

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"
High-hatting the Fans

Who do you think is guilty?

Mother's Boy Grows Up

Barry Norton, of "What Price Glory?" is interviewed.

Hollywood High Lights

Paragraphs of Hollywood news and gossip.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Brief tips on pictures now being shown.

The Screen in Review

Critical opinions of the latest films.

We've Heard of California Sunshine

And now the stars show how they protect themselves from it.

Money, But No Airs

A description of Estelle Taylor.

"Gimme a Lift?"

An interesting phase of Hollywood life.

Far Away and Long Ago

The stars' earliest impressions are painstakingly recorded.

There Are Styles in Stars, Too

Tracing some radical changes in public taste.

"Talking" Bathing Outfits

Beach costumes are eloquent this season.

Red-headed—By Preference

Pictures of stars who have heeded the call of henna.

Information, Please

Answers to readers' questions.

The Talk of Hollywood

What is sweeping over the motion-picture colony like a storm, threatening to wreck some careers and bring added fame to others? Why, "talking" pictures, of course! There is not one player whose future is unaffected by this innovation, which is more than a passing fad and, indeed, shows every sign of completely supplanting silent pictures in the next few years. Did you know that one company has invested three million dollars in the future of talking pictures, and that within a few months, a greater improvement has been shown in the recording process than has been the case with any other development of motion pictures in the history of their existence? All this is a matter of grave import to the stars as well as the fans, because new players are due to appear, new favorites will surely develop, and an entirely new form of screen acting is expected to evolve from the combination of sight and sound.

The subject of talking pictures will be thoroughly discussed by Edwin Schallert in the October PICTURE PLAY, with some amazing side lights never before published. Don’t even think of missing it! It will give you an insight into the future of the movies.

Leslie Fenton, Ben Lyon, and Olga Baclanova

Can you think of a more varied trio? Leslie Fenton with a score of splendid characterizations to his credit, Ben Lyon with a legion of fans who apparently never swerve from utter loyalty, and Olga Baclanova, the Russian actress who, with only a few roles to her credit in this country, is already thought by many critics to be the supreme feminine artist of the screen. Mr. Fenton has been interviewed by none other than the controversial Malcolm H. Guttinger, Mr. Lyon is the subject of Margaret Reid's impersonal analysis, and Madame Baclanova is described by Madeline Glass. All three articles will be features of next month's PICTURE PLAY from which, of course, the favorite Myrtle Gebhart will not be missing.
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 pepped 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 merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you, Jim, you play," 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."

But your kites aren't 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 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 of that foot-tapping 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 couple, who but a moment before had been dancing nimbly, sat 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 us?"

"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, commonsense method that even a child could understand. And not all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy-to-learn way—right at home. The piano if desired; 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 method. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course in 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 out and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed. cash or credit.

U. S. School of Music, 337 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 337 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "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.

Name

(Please write plainly)

Address

City

State
I In a town the size of Montpelier, even a back-yard fire calls for comment. A short time ago, one of our jewelry stores suffered the loss of some five thousand dollars by theft. The offense was committed by a clerk, a comparative newcomer in the city, during the noontime absence of his employer.

Rumors and speculations were many, but one in particular certainly roused my wrath. The youth is said to have had movie aspirations; indeed, that he once started for Hollywood. Consequently, more than one person made use of this information in the wrong direction entirely. "He got his idea from the movies, of course. They are to blame. We might have known!"

This is the sort of thing that surely makes me see red. Why cannot people see that the movies do enough good —more than enough—to counteract any bad influence they may exert? One cannot possibly find any thriving industry, in which the good and bad elements are not always present. The movies are no exception. Talk them down if you will—but try to get along without them! Just what, I ask you, would the small towns and villages, far removed from the metropolitan centers, do for amusement were it not for the cinema? They are the only way out. But still a certain class of people kick. They say the movies are an undermining influence, destroying the elementary goodness of the younger generation, and introducing unwelcome examples to the old.

Some are more broad-minded, of course. But there are those, I am convinced, who actually believe that the movies are all bad, right through. This class are simply laboring in ignorance. Some of their ideas are fantastic, quite unbelievable. But I have known unprejudiced persons to be completely reversed in opinion after viewing one of the really worth-while films.

In a way they are right. The industry does need patching. But it is yet a baby movement. Judging accordingly, use discretion in picking your films. If you go every night, quite at random, regardless of the film, expect to be disappointed. Choose your pictures, and you will not be. By that I mean choose them through some worth-while source. Among the very best are the splendidly frank reviews contained in Picture Play, and other fan publications. With these as reference, one need never go blindly to the theater, whether one lives in a city or small town.


Read the splendid articles in Picture Play. They are not written as space fillers. They present to us, in the best possible manner, the things we want to know about our stars—and the right things. They are carefully filtered, and only the best remain. Picture Play deserves much credit for its frank and straight-from-the-shoulder interviews. Most sayings of the stars sound like hokum, and are. But these, especially those by our admired Mr. Oettinger, are well worth any one's time.

So, you who kick the movies: Have you read Picture Play with an open mind? Have you seen the truly fine pictures? Or are you laboring under a warped vision?

Give the movies a chance! They're doing their level best to please you, but you make it mighty hard. Don't be high-hat, but judge them honestly, and I'll wager you'll find in them just that little something you're now groping for, and gain the friendship and understanding which we who acknowledge them have gained.

43 Summer Street.
Montpelier, Vermont.

Use Common Sense!

We all look back, with relief, that the day of the old, mechanical piano is ended.

The movies have become an art, because they can put over acting without the aid of voice or any other sound. And those who cannot hear, have found in them a real solace.

Then why, in the name of common sense, are we going to be "educated" to Movietone and Vitaphone, and all the other such annoyances?

In "Tenderloin," for instance, the action was slowed up so the voices of the actors could carry the story. How do you suppose that would entertain a deaf person? Not even subtitles to help, in the slow places. Looks bad for those who are hard of hearing.

And as for those who can hear—I am sure they prefer the trained voices of stage folk, and the standard stage acting, to this maudlin mélange which gets nowhere.

The movies have plenty of room for improvement, just as they are. There's no reason why they should retrograde like this.

711 Seventeenth Street,
Denver, Colorado.
What the Fans Think

Does She Like Foreigners?

Why do all the controversies over Valen-
tino? He is very ideal, and, so far, I have
found no one to take his place, and
never shall. He had something that I
can find in no other actor. It certainly
was not his love-making, it was some-
thing deeper.

I have seen no letters in praise of
"White Gold." Why? This film is my
idea of a perfect picture. The acting is
the greatest, I ran "Seventh Heaven" with it, and "Soul Fire," in which Dick Barthesmith proved he could act. Why can't we have more pictures like these? They are the never-ending serial
that show nothing but jazzy youth, and
drunken orgies.

British films have certainly improved.
To me, American movies seem to con-
sist almost of the same type, with a
few exceptions. America is crazy over
youth and good looks. In a British pic-
ture the dramatic value is taken into
account, and the surroundings are more
natural. I do not know whether many
American fans have seen our movies, but
"White Gold" is always one of the same.

One other item. There has been a
great number of bricklets thrown at the
foreigners in Hollywood. I agree with one
actor who said that the movie indus-
tory in America would look queer, if
some of the stars took it into their heads
to go back to Europe.

And lastly, I notice that the "fallen
stars" of Hollywood are beginning to come
to England. I, for one, do not want them.
If they are not good enough for the
Stars of Hollywood, they are not good
enough for us.

J. Ernest Brown Jr.,
Cairo, Bridge Road, East Moley, Sur-
rey, England.

Harbor Impressions

I am going to tell, if I may, how some
of the moving-picture people look in real
life.

San Pedro is really Los Angeles har-
bors, and consequently this port is used
by most of the studios, when they have a
harbor scene to film. For that reason, I
must say, I was rather disappointed to see a few people among the stars "emoting" and know how they appear while doing it.

Reginald Denny is handsome, boyish, and
you would think that the same person was
to be seen on the screen as on.

He is really better looking in real life. I saw him making the
yacht scenes for "That's My Daddy," and
he was gaited personified with the little
cute actress used in that picture. He
decided the action to her, rehearsed it with
her, and gave her all the best cam-
er angles.

Robert Frazer made a picture here. He
didn't seem particularly handsome. His
main impression was that he must have the
vocabulary of a government mule driver.
But Dick was a free spirit, and the director
insisted on numerous retakes. Between shots
Robert mopped his brow, and remarked
quite audibly that the day was hot as—we'll
say. He gave his impressions of the movies in general, the retakes, par-
ticular, and the air took on a sulphuric tinge.

Allan Sills—well, I don't want to say
much about him. Mr. Sills no doubt has
many admirers, and they might not care
to know that he looks a great deal older
on the screen. And, does he like himself?
And how?

William Boyd is quite nice looking. Of
course, most of the fans know that his
hair is really gray, not blond. My im-
pression was that he is a regular fellow.

Ramon Novarro made scenes from
"Across to Singapore" in this harbor. He
is handsome beyond the dimmest hope—
not too dark—and that spiritual quality
so hard to describe. I know that phrase
is overworked by admirers of Ramon, but
it is the only word that comes to his light.
He seemed rather shy, and not at all the over-
confident type of actor so often encoun-
tered. He seemed very considerate of the
photographers, and his manner was a
sound trite, but it's true—he is every inch a
gentleman.

San Pedro, California.

A Fine Sentiment

"Lest we forget" should be gravened on
our calendars, across the months of May
and August. Each one holds a day of
memory—the birthday of Rudolph Valentino; the
second, a sad one—the date on which he
left thousands of hearts to weep his pas-
sion, that in turn, moved the world. Fans?
Will you stop every once in a while to re-
call details of an undying past—will you
not think, sometimes, of a story we know
so well—of the days when we were fans?

Once Rudy was a little, dark-eyed, im-
petuous boy, laughing with the sunshine of
his home in the heel of Italy. There
was a gentle mother who held him fascinated
with stories of his ancestors—with stories
he fought, ever, for honor and high ideals.
There was a father, stricken by death while his
sons were yet young—placing a cruci-
fic on the shoulders of "little Valentino," tell-
ing him to remember, always, "Mother
and Italy."

Then later—Rome! Rudy was a
reckless lad, putting the pleasure trail,
dancing the tango, even as did Julio! And
one cold, ice-bound night he sailed into
New York harbor, greeted the lights of a
strange, narrow little country, the circle of
liberty, and a gallant smile for Miss Liberty!
He extended his love to America, but
could he have understood, this lad of sev-
en, that in return, his fans would come
to him the deep devotion of our millions?

Struggle for years—hardship, sometimes
hunger! Then a chance in "The Four
Horsemen" and romance, and art-
istries, which every true Roman who
swung into the drab humdrum of our lives!
A sensation, a star—and, finally, a beloved
friend, whose place in our hearts will
never be surpassed by another.

There were five glorious years that fol-
lowed—years of amazing success for the
handsome, black-haired Rudy. Disagree-
ments, discouragements, harsh criticism,
but over them all he rode triumphant!
Behind the gaudy press agency, he was
simple hearted and trustful, sensitive and
adorined, and could take the hand of an admirer and say, "I thank you!"

Can we not commemorate the five years
that Rudy has been one of our most
loved stars? Some small gesture of some
way? Flowers may be sent to his resting
place. Letters can be written to friends, and
managers of the smaller, second-run
theaters are only too glad to grant the
fans permission to write letters to
Rudy. He wrote loved ones—letters, now and
then. Rudy gave to his fans—his all.
Now it is our turn for a gesture of grati-
tude. Can we not find some way to say,
"Rudy—we thank you."

TRIX MACKENZIE
Box 443, Atlanta, Georgia.

They've Been Kind to Her.

I read, with great interest, the article in a recent issue of Picture Play, "How Can the Fan Please the Star?" Writing
and receiving letters of photo, is, as old as moviedom itself. It is some-
thing that never fails to interest, and so
perhaps the fans would like to hear about
little experiences in the movie land.

I sent a water-color sketch to Norma
Talmadge, of herself, which I painted, and
in return came a beautiful photo, aut-
ographed: "To Eltern Garrison, with lov-
ing praise, Mary Pickford." The indiffer-
ent Barrymore himself, in reply to a
letter of mine, I received a lovely photo,
and his autograph for my album, "To
Miss Eltern Garrison. Sincerely, John
Gilbert." I have received autographs from
at least six large photos, all autographed
to me personally, and from Vilma Banky
came a beautiful letter of gratitude for a
photo, which read her, with the
autographed photo of Reginald Denny,
and Dick Barthelmess, in "The Pat-
ent-leather Kid," taken here in Wash-
ington, at Fort Lewis. Irene Rich, and
our own little girl, Kathleen, made
Christmas greetings, and on Miss Rich's
sheet in my album, along with her auto-
graph, is a tiny photo she pasted on the
paper. I have the autographs of at least
the most famous actors, from Betty Balfour of England, and two pho-
tos and a note from Ivor Novello; auto-
ographed photos of Pauline Frederick,
Faye's White, Talulah Bankhead—remem-
ber her years ago over here, in the mov-
ies?—and Betty Blythe, sent me from
London. These are just a few of my
beautiful photos, and, by the way, I have
tinned them all.

In my album of famous autographs I
have the following: Elton Fair's signa-
ture, on a postcard, from Barbara Stanwyck's, from Clifford Holland, Irene Rich's, John Bar-
rymore's, Richard Dix's, John Gilbert's,
Oliver Borden's, the following from Fran-
cis X. Bushman—"Thank you Miss Eltern Garrison, is an oath of eternal friendship
and gratitude. Your lovely letter was
greatly enjoyed. Sincerely, Francis X.
Bushman;" Betty Balfour's, Charlotte
Bartholomew's, who sent me, "Dear Mr.
Ruth Taylor's, Ann Christy's, Gloria
Swansons', the following from Maurice
Costello—"To Eltern Garrison—May the
trees turn green and umbrella to cover up all your troubles, is the sincere wish of Maurice Costello."—I am very proud of that!—"For Miss
Eltern Garrison, the good wishes of Alice
Joyce."

Do the stars answer their mail? They
have been wonderfully kind to me, and
I am very pleased to have the kind
letters. Their very kindliness has kept me from being
discouraged during two years illness.

ELTEN GARRISON
1105 Olympic Avenue, Olympia, Wash-
ington.

Eddie Cantor's Daughter Speaks!

Perhaps the fans may be interested in
knowing more about some favorites of
the screen, whom I have had the pleasure
to meet.

Eddie Cantor
What the Fans Think

Clara Bow—She’s everything that we might expect of her. Very vivacious and enthusiastic. She explained that she was making a study of the different makes of cars, and every automobile that passed was carefully scrutinized by Clara. London was so full of electric blue, in array of summer clothes. Full of humor. Norma Talmadge—Nice clothes. Quite regular. Much shorter than she appears on the screen. Doesn’t speak as you might want her to, after seeing her portrayals; her voice is somehow different. Norma Shearer—Just so charming. She said, "Why, you feel as if you call me Miss Cantor?" I am twelve.

Larry Gray—Beautiful teeth, nice eyes, altogether handsome. Quiet and gentleman. Jobby Ralston—Very real. Her description of her morning’s adventures in making “Special Delivery” was made vivid by her facial expressions. Adolphe Menjou—He chews gum in the most adorable manner. Speaks quietly. Billie Dove—Walks and skips, arm in arm with her charmingly smiling loving husband, Irvin Willat, the director.


MARIJANE CANTOR.

234 Lakeville Road, Great Neck, Long Island, New York.

An Interviewer Unbossom His Private Grievances.

In writing interviews with stars and players, I get little chance to express opinions of my own. Possibly my opinions are not needed. But several things, of late, having impressed me have floated away into nothingness. Therefore I shall put them to some one. And what better way could I say them except in this department?

In a recent interview in Picture Play Gloria Swanson said, "Gloria was a character girl that felt like an old shoe,” when she saw Janet Gaynor in “Seventh Heaven.” I am quite convinced that several other stars realized they were old shoes, after seeing Janet’s performance.

With “Seventh Heaven” still in mind, I am wondering why the silver cup was given to Dolores del Rio at the annual Wampus Ball in Hollywood. The cup is supposed to go to the girl who has done the best work on the screen throughout the previous year, and she was not the only one to express her admiration. Her delineation of Katisha, in “Resurrection,” was worthy of note. Good as it was, it came nowhere near Janet Gaynor’s in “Seventh Heaven,” nor her role of the young wife in “Sunrise.”

Since William Fox presented the Gaynor girl, he has presented many and broken their necks in an effort to obtain “finds.” Paramount is creating a big furore over Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. Republic’s Fay (Bodie and James Hall) are being costarred. It will be interesting to see if the Paramount children turn out as well as Mr. Fox’s protégés.

This year has also seen an amazing run on the tropics. On the stage, "Rain" gave us an unpleasant idea of what a damp climate can do to individuals penned up in a native hotel, miles from nowhere. Gloria Swanson made "Sadie Thompson" under success. Not to be outdone, Paramount made "The Showdown," starring George Bancroft. The chief idea of the picture was that all of the characters had to keep their skin. They blamed it on the tropics, too.

Greta Garbo is the next to be cast into the tropics. The picture was first called "Heat," but everyone agreed that it was better.

While still broadcasting, I might correct one or two details that appeared in this department in the June issue. One fair lady, commenting on the players’ looks, et cetera, said of Gilbert Roland that "He has black, curly hair and black eyes."

Now I can tell you every facial detail of such dazzling celebrities as Jetta Goudal, Pola Negri, and the Garbo—but the men I leave to the ladies. However, to be informative, and since I know Gilbert very well, I wish you to know that his eyes are a bright gray. They photograph black.

Madeline Glass, one of my fellow scribes, told me that she has seen "Heaven." A magnetic and disturbing, on the screen. I don’t know, as I have eyes only for Greta Garbo just at this moment.

WILLIAM H. MCKEE.

Hollywood, California.

Concerning a “Coming” Bold Spot.

There have been many poor pictures, but never one poorer than "The Phantom-leather Kid." It was lacking in any element of appeal or interest. The years have not made any change for the better in Barthelmess, and today I see him, I will soon be combing his patent-leather hair over a bald spot. What a sadly ridiculous figure he made in his fighting togs, and how impotent his puny muscles appeared. His acting was weak throughout the whole picture.

As if the poor acting and appearance of Barthelmess were not enough, who must they add them to the most incalpable of actresses, Molly O’Day?

Oh, mystery of mysteries, why is this characterless, shapeless girl allowed to that throb. The girls in America must be chosen for actresses, why can’t they choose one with a spark of ability? After seeing Molly O’Day they comment, thank the for foreign invasion. We need it badly.

BENTON, WASHINGTON.

This Fan Likes a Certain Ford.

Month after month I read about the virtues of Gilbert, Colman, and Novarro. And, I say, "Yes" to all this raving—but "what about them?" I wonder at another or, what about them?

Harrison Ford may not headline in letters several feet high, but he has been giving us sincere and varied portrayals for many years.

I wonder if there are other fans, like myself, who are fed up on these high-powered romantic stars, and prefer the sincere, real actors who are like the people we know.

LOUIS.

New York City.

The Most Divine Woman on the Screen.

It is about time some one defended the most divine woman on the screen—Mac Murray. Miss Murray certainly can act, as she proved to us in "The Merry Widow." And I think she has by far the loveliest face and figure on the screen. I know that "Valencia" was jaded, but still Miss Murray gave the better. And in "Altars of Desire" she was the most exquisite creation I ever saw, though the picture was bad.

S. E. PAXTON.

1118 West Street, Topeka, Kansas.

Even Interviewers Have Defenders.

I have been reading this department for some time, and the fair criticism of Mr. Malcolm Oettinger’s articles has made me rise in his defense. When has it become unlawful for an interviewer to express his honest opinion of a production he is interviewing? I will admit that Mr. Oettinger’s tone is rather sarcastic, but nevertheless I enjoy every word that he writes for it is a pleasure to read what appears to be the truth.

I am an ardent fan and read all the movie magazines and have become up to date in the theories that appear. Mr. Oettinger is at least original and has courage, VIRGINIA CUMINGS. Washington, D. C.

A Plea for Tolerance.

In the department “What the Fans Think”—and how!—I have found some interesting observations, but also some criticism, and some very idiotic comments. I have not, however, in one magazine found so many things that I disagree with, as with the recent issue of a certain magazine. My hobbies disagree with people, and there is nobody else around just now, I use this opportunity to air some of them.

Mr. Livingston considers the movies as entertainment. He may be right. But why not be earnest also about entertainment, why not discuss this actor or that actress, why not compare your own ideas with the ideas of the “expert critics”? Why not learn to choose your entertainment, to discriminate? If Mr. Livingston does not find that “Faust,” “The Big Parade,” and “He Who Gets Slapped,” to mention a few of the better pictures, are giving him something more than merely a couple of hours’ pastime, I recommend a barbershop with a dozen so-called wise-cracks as far better suited to him.

But Miss Perula just can’t see Mr. Novarro, and it is so sad. I am sure he would be dreadfully sorry if he knew. However, a true fan would not have to tell you. Mr. Novarro occupies to-day among so many able competitors, without the very rare acting ability he undoubtedly has. As far as personality, he can be “hysterically enthusiastic,” and then again, maybe not. Still, it seems to me that Mr. Novarro is getting far less publicity than some of the others, which may account for certain of the fine qualities in his nature, that Miss Perula refuses to believe he has, like modesty, natural aloofness, shyness, and so on.

And as for Miss Hart, it is really too bad they allow John Gilbert to live, let alone picture. In what circumstances we know nothing about because a divorce from his wife. Chaplin, of course, must also be banned. Let’s get together and do something about it. To Stroheim, Josef von Sternberg, Eleanor Boardman, and Pola Negri. And, of course, the “eye-rolling Greta”—what an ideal expression, but no. Stroheim to Sweden, even if her personality is more intensely interesting than anybody else’s playing in pictures to-day. Bring on the ammunition.”

DEE HOBIE.

Ossining, New York.

Some Roses for Buster.

It would like to offer my sincerest thanks to Miss Mildred Anderson for her letter about Buster Collier, which appeared in a recent Picture Play,
What the Fans Think

By why don't they star Buster? He has underplayed talent—and he is one of the few young actors on the screen who is possessed of real ability—he is versatile, good looking, and has a charming personality; what is more, he has the genuine article of his fine, sincere, and natural performances in "The Wanderer," and several other pictures, he is still made to play scenes, like "How Much, Mr. Twenty Cents." But whatever he does, his performance is always praised by critics, and it always deserves praise.

We are waiting for you, the greatest possible success, Buster, and may you soon be a star in your own right!—PENelope storey.

27 Silverdale Road, Eastbourne, Sussex, England.

Another Tribute to Valentino.

Because I respect so strongly what Elinor Gish says about the sincerity impressed on Ralph Valentino, I address these words to her.

I wonder, my friend, if you have ever known someone who cannot say anything good of a person, do not say anything at all.

We all make mistakes as we go through life, and we all know that. But perhaps it is mostly through our desire for happiness that we take the wrong road. It sometimes happens that we make more than one mistake. For these mistakes by the kindness we show toward others. Valentino was noted for this trait, for he was generous to a fault. Then again we should remember that it was not his honesty or his service to the public that he was off the screen for so long. He did not wish to cease appearing in poor pictures.

Perhaps there is a number of people who have given their lives in the interest of humanity, and yet are not honored by a memorial, but please remember that the influence of Mr. Valentino was felt throughout the world and he has lived to lighten the burden of life for others, has not lived in vain. And if we cannot honor his memory by writing little poems, et cetera, there is no discord to us. There are many who would like to be able to do the same, had we the ability, but we cannot. As one that I feel certain, and we treasure them accordingly.

I, for one, am deeply grateful to Rudy Fevers for the influence he had upon my life and I wish it had been my privilege to have known him in reality. I know there are many who feel just as I do and we are more to see a memorial to him that would be a fitting tribute to his memory.

Brookline, Mass.

Words of Praise.

To my mind, directors' play "What the Fans Think" is the most interesting of any department in any motion-picture magazine. As one has said, it has seemed to me that there was a profound, though not always the ability and style of an author, and in the words of the great and with the sincerest respect.

Why don't those who are sick of the Valentino poems just give them a wide birth? That's the best way to keep from being sick.

As the Novarro controversy, I'm very glad to see that so worthy an actor and splendid young man has so many loyal admirers. And each of the sights is self, and I sincerely hope that, with "The Student Prince" and "The Road to Romance," he is entering a new era of success.

But the person who terms Rene Adoree "just a plump French peasant girl" gets my ire up. Hasn't this person learned by now that the exterior is the merest detail of a human being? It's the soul that matters more. And one who has seen "The Big Parade" or "Mr. Wu" can deny that Renée has a depth of soul and feeling too many a more beautiful actress lacks. To me, Renée is beautiful because I love her.

I recently saw a delightful picture—"Seventh Heaven," and it was nothing else but that to me, compared with some of the would-be pictures I have seen lately. I think Mr. Fox deserves a vote of thanks for making possible this time with "What Price Glory?" Each was a directorial triumph, showing that the director had a free hand. Some of the other producers would do well to notice this, and think more of the ultimate result, rather than the ultimate dollar. And then, as these pictures prove, the dollars will take care of themselves.

F. W. Murnau's "Sunrise" is another example of Fox's method.

Where, I'd like to know, has Percy Marmont gone, and why? He is a real artist. And why don't we see Ricardo Cortez ottener? He is a talented player and a magnetic personality—not to mention those eyes and that smile.

1926 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Missouri.

A Fan's "Findings."

If these aren't finds, nothing was ever lost.

Gary Cooper—who discovered him ought to be called the Columbus of the movies. With a little more acting experience, he is sure to be one of the Six Best Stallars.

Rosalind Fuller—a gorgeous girl, totally wasted in "quickies," like a jewel in a tawdry setting. She is a miniature Swanson, with a personality as rare as her unusually beautiful.

Eddie Quillan—a comer as a comedian. Unusual becoming to him. Watch him.

Arlette Marchal—glorifying the French girl. Loveliest of all the importations, and worth a boatload of Polas and Jettas.

Molly O'connor—a delightful colleen who seems to be rivals to Sally O'Neill in pep and charm. They're undoubtedly the cutest pair of sisters on the screen.

Earl Williams—almost without a trace in second-rate comedies, but a Jack Mulhall in the making.

Virginia Bradford—a come girl who might be the new "Peter Pan," so much does she resemble the bewitching Betty Bronson.

Frank — another Barakhness, Sincere, and bound to make the grade.

Walter Pidgeon—he gets the breaks, for he certainly deserves them. Talented, personality, and a smile you can't forget.

Reata Hoyt—a young Lillian Gish, but with more poise and appeal.

Joyce Compton—a screen's prettiest blonde. If only she had been cast as Lorielle Lee.

Just a few others who ought to see their names in Mazdas some day—Larry Kent, Sally Blane, Martha Sleeper, Arthur Rankin, Kenneth Gibson, Moa Palm, Barbara Kent, Artie Lake, Donald Reed, Frank Borzage, Eddie Judd, and Tony O'neill. Two or three snappy collegians, John Westwood and John Stambaugh.

Good luck to them all, and to Picture Play, best of all the fan magazines!

KATHLEEN GREEN.

2660 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

He Likes the Foreigners.

Many fans assume a ridiculous attitude toward the players imported from Europe. I think most of them are excellent. Two of them stand head and shoulders above all the native players: Greta Garbo and Emil Jannings; 'they're different. Between them and other players there is no comparison.

It seems to me, too, that all of the foreign directors have proved their worth. Erich Von Stroheim is, of course, the greatest of all directors, and putting that aside, the work of Joseph von Sternberg, the director of "The Blue Angel" and "The Salvation Army," is far beyond that of any of the native directors.

Aside from Greta Garbo, Lillian Gish is my favorite female star. Annie Lee Phillips, Eugene O'Brien, and James Cagney, however, are firmly set in your fail to click, nor does Ernst Lubitsch.

Therefore Dreiser is America's greatest author, and if Paramount changes one iota of "An American Tragedy," it will take all the ridicule that is poured down upon it. They have signed a young man suited in every way to the role of Clyde Griffith. That young man is Donald Keith.

New York, N. Y.

Hurray for Mr. Oettinger!

A few words of praise for Malcolm H. Oettinger, for I doubt if there is an interviewer with Pola Negri in a recent issue. I was not only surprised, but pleased, that he dared risk her anger. So seldom does truth told in interviews—and I suppose there are usually good reasons, too! But this time I suspect we got the truth and it was a relief not to read the usual nonsense. Instead of the famous and mysterious Pola failed to rate in another victim! The result was that he was able to collect something sufficiently to write up something very clever and revealing about Pola Negri.

Since her recent marriage to a prince, Pola has lost many admirers and has not found what she was looking for. As an individual I detest Pola. As an actress I admire her. My admiration for her ability to act has somehow cooled since her public weeping over Valentino, for it was quite apparent that her sorrow was not sincere.

There is a reporter who can write like Malcolm H. Oettinger. I suppose you always throw so many bouquets to our favorite stars, why not send a few along to our favorite writers? It is sometimes I wish he would interview some time—Mary Pickford! It seems as though nothing smacking of sincerity has been written about her for so long a time. Of course, we hear of D. W.'s business ability, et cetera, but I mean what is she really like in her attitude toward people? Is she a snob, as has been suspected, or is her reserve merely a natural longing for solitude? Believe me, if Mr. Oettinger interviews her, we will get the goods straight from the horse's mouth.

FRANCES SMITH.

1853 West Forty-second Street.

Los Angeles, California.

The Stars As I Know Them.

M. G. L.'s letter has inspired me to write of the stars as I know them. I have had the good fortune to meet some of our famous stars, among them Lillian and Kenneth Castle, Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman, Florence Billings, and Tyrone Power. The Gish sisters are as dear as each other. When they appear to be when playing together on the screen, I was with them backstage when they made their public appearance. I see pictures of the Starlet and Griffith. Lillian is a wonderful conversationalist, Dorothy a little shy when speaking in public. Irene Castle is another star I had the
pleasure of knowing; at the time she was Mrs. Robert Tremaine. She has a won-
table presence, and Pauline Frederick has
ated not at all to speak of the days when she worked with Vernon Castle for twen-
ty-five dollars a week.

The other movie people I have men-
tioned I met in a business way. In our
town there was a picture called "The Young
stars came from Hollywood to take part in
the picture. A number of my friends and
myself were called upon to play de-
butantes, and in this we were not only the
stars but were able to see them act before
the camera. Now let me say for the benefit
of Edwin Nobs, whose letter was indeed inter-
esting, I don't feel I didn't fill out a part,
either; I had to make the casting
director really believe I was sincere and
could pronounced one good thing, and
was talking myself into a job. Florence Bill-
ings was wonderful to us all, so generous
with her suggestions. Kenneth Harlan had
the part of Prevoz came from Hollywood to
him, as they were very much in love at the
time. Mary Thurman also was in the pic-
ture, and she had bright-red hair—not
what my Power dyed it, it was about
as much with the rest of the cast. It seems
that the stars that have reached the high-
ness of their art never approach and
always willing to lend a helping hand.
I am so glad that some of the fans are rec-
ognizing the ability of Richard Arlen, who
is a star, and Richard Dix, who is not a
star, but is stepping up in the list.
Both Richard Arlen and Richard Dix hail
from my home town, St. Paul, Minnesota,
and are known to my friends out there as
Richard van Mann and Petie Linniger.

A STRUGGLING ARTIST.

In the Name of Peace.

May I thrust my sword between the rapiers of the would-be fighters and say a few words about the much-abused
Valentino. Valentino is unworthy of loyal and inter-
ested American fans. Valentino was a for-
gore, but he certainly was a fine one, and
any country that any count-
try could be proud of—and he could act.

Now there is nothing but a beautiful
memory of what was—and I hate to have
it all mused upon with criticisms and un-
worthy sayings. Let Rudolph lie in peace,
and you would-be disturbers, who cannot
stand for a few enraptured fans saying the
right thing, do not understand the parts
eyes and waddling in your ears and let
them have their say. Rudolph will never
be forgotten, and no matter how much ab-
use is heaped upon his worshipers, his
name will be a password to a chosen few.
Come, fans! Don't be mean and jealous! The
right thing is not to read the papers be-
cause a few wish to use it as a means of
expressing their last tribute to one gone
forever, don't take that as a signal to
him. You hate and I like having a
friend laugh and jeer at you as you ten-
derly lay flowers on your mother's grave.
Forget it, fans, and let Rudolph rest in
peace. He has done a lot for you.

If some fans aren't ugly minded I miss
my guess. I wonder if I am far wrong in
saying this of a woman who recently wrote harily of a certain star, because he was
divorced and apparently neglecting his
child. Does she search the newspaper, run-
ning her finger carefully down each line,
smiling her approval to the latest divorce
over—the latest divorce scandal in her home town? She certainly may pay a great deal of at-
tention to that. She can quote a great
quaintly what certainly must never have
appeared anywhere but in a newspaper, if
she doesn't like the actors' lives, or what
they do, they can go to Hollywood and take
up Red Cross work. John Gil-
bert is seeming to get along quite well,
and I know for certain that he is neglect-
ing his wife, and that Patrice Joy are
good friends. Why fans have to pick on
a subject like that for dispute in an open column, I cannot see. I wish one would pass a law that would compel
these persons to keep their odious months tightly shut.

I recently went with Miss Dillon that
Warner Brothers are not doing their bit right now. Even their smaller pictures are monotous and dull, and if one com-
pared them to the three all for you
bothering will we can't have
some pictures as you know them now. Please,
picture-lovers, help to save our precious
silent drama. It is not selfish to do so,
for there is always the speaking stage for
those who want talking actors.

Talking films are the enemy of both stage and screen. I am
dis-loyal and inferior to both the arts
they attempt to combine.

Picture-lovers, save our pictures—
forever.

E. W.


So the Movies Are Going to the Dogs?

Letters like the one written by Trix
MacKenzie make me boil over in exactly
the same way that I boil over when I hear
some old fogey cry for "the good old
days.

No good movies since "The Four Horse-
men"? Perhaps I should not be too hasty
in judging Miss MacKenzie. She may be
right in what she thinks, but I wish to
myself, compelled to live in a town where
movies are slashed beyond recognition, and
according to the movies of a poor one, is too
stubborn to admit that it is good.

I hope to see all three of the above-
mentioned pictures for the fourth time.
For the sheer joy of seeing something so real that it isn't acting at all; pho-
tography so beautiful that it makes one
breathless with the wonder of it; and
directing that is in the professional sense.

And four years ago I was bored to tears by
the mere mention of movies. Does that sound as though they were deteriorating? They
cannot deteriorate while we have
sterling actors like Ronald Colman, John
Gilbert, Clive Brook and those newly
dis-covered, nan-trite jewels, James
Dennett, Charles Farrell; or while we have directors like
King Vidor, Herbert Brenon and Henry
King; and producers who know how to
screen vehicles and not only wise but
well.

Wake up, Trix MacKenzie—you're back
in grandma's time!

EUGENE VAN HOUTEN.

28 McLaren Street, Red Bank, New
Jersey.

Not Alone in Her Admiration.

George K. Arthur's acting has always
afforded me a real kick. I think he is a
fine actor and recently discovered I am
not the only one who ispartial to him.
I attended performances where noted stars
were applauded at personal appearances—
and have also heard fans applaud films at ex-
citing and thrilling scenes—but I was cer-
Continued on page 115
Coming Pathe Pictures

"ANNAPOLIS"

ROD LA ROCQUE
in
"LOVE OVER NIGHT"

LEATRICE JOY
in
"MAN-MADE WOMEN"

Coming Pathe Pictures

"TENTH AVENUE"
with PHYLLIS HAVER
Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut
A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

WILLIAM BOYD
in "THE COP"
with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong
A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

James Cruze, Inc. presents
"THE RED MARK"
with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dione. Personally directed by James Cruze.

FOR the new season Pathé has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathé's stars and players are youthful-comers—typifying today.

There's Lina Basquette, Jeanette Loff, Lili Damita, Nena Quartaro, Sue Carol, Phyllis Haver, Leatrice Joy, Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan.


Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures.
PATHÉ HAS THEM.
A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Don't look for highlights in this picture... EVERY scene could be THE BIG SCENE in any ordinary production. The cast alone is worth the ticket-price: DOROTHY MACKAII, RALPH FORBES, ANNA Q. NILSSON, LOWELL SHERMAN, MARC McDERMOTT, ALBERT GRAN. And Charles J. Brabin directed the typically lavish First National production... When you see it you'll understand why the famous play it's based on ran for years in London and New York!
Great injustice has been done William Haines by those fans who have thought him only a wise-cracking comedian, and he intends to show them the error of their ways by revealing his more serious side, in "Excess Baggage." Those who have believed in him all along will be elated to know that Billy finds a splendid opportunity in the rôle of a vaudeville performer whose wife, played by Josephine Dunn, deserts his act to go in the movies, but returns at a critical moment.
The title of this article sounds like the admonition of a nurse to an unruly child. Possibly it is—I don’t know. Anyway, it has to do with the movies.

Hollywood’s famous striping industry is always getting into trouble on one score or another. But perhaps the greatest of its griefs is the “don’ts” leveled at the character of its entertainment. Broadly considered, these come under the heading of censorship.

Picture censorship to-day is a vastly different thing from what it used to be. For one thing, it is much more complicated.

Once upon a time, a producer knew that when he sent out a film it would be gently but firmly stepped on, by a few censorship officials, if it happened to contain any scenes—well, let us say, a bit extreme. But now, he simply can’t tell who’s going to get mad about a production.

Not long ago Italy was suddenly “up and at ’em,” so to speak. They put a ban on the showing of “The Temptress.” Now what on earth could Italy find wrong with “The Temptress”? This couldn’t seem to be solved, for the picture was laid partly in France, and partly in South America.

It developed that it wasn’t Italy that objected, but the Argentine Republic. The political leaders of that country did not like the way in which the lives of their people were portrayed in “The Temptress.” They considered it distasteful. So, the Argentine ambassador to Italy, with which nation the South American country enjoys a very friendly trade and diplomatic relations, went to see the Italian government about it. The film was put on the shelf, because of the sympathy of Italy for Argentina!

The motion-picture producer wanted, if possible, to please the whole world, nowadays. He cannot legitimately offend the inhabitants of any particular nation. It means a loss in dollars and cents if he does. That is the problem that he is up against, or feels he is, in any event.

A few years ago he didn’t care so much about this. But the foreign profits on pictures have grown amazingly large lately, especially in Great Britain, Germany, and France. Some pictures, in fact, derive a forty to fifty per cent income from European distribution. Notable examples are the films made by Emil Jannings and Pola Negri, though there are some American stars, like Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd and Tom Mix, who appeal to a world public. In addition to Europe, there is a very big film trade in Latin-American countries.

Maybe you saw Norma Talmadge’s “The Dove.” This film involved very peculiar complexities, particularly for those audiences who knew the stage play, from which it was adapted.

In its original version “The Dove” was laid just below the Mexican border. The characters were much the same as in the screen version. There was the American gambler, the ruthless caballero, and the heroine. Dolores, the caballero provided the menace.

However, Mexicans cannot be villains, according to the accepted tradition of our neighboring republic. If they are so depicted, it is an insult to the people, comparable to murder, arson, and like crimes in this country. Americans did show them as villains at one time, but more recently, diplomatic steps have been taken to prevent this. A Mexican must be nice at all costs. If villains are to have any part in a picture, they must be from some other country.
Can't Do That!

had only to consider the reaction of a few censorship boards numerable problems in making his film profitably acceptable.

Schallert

For that reason, the setting of "The Dove" was changed. Instead of being laid south of the border it was presented in a locale called "Costa Roja" — meaning Red Coast — vaguely situated on the Mediterranean.

For any one who had seen the stage play, the effect was ridiculous. And even those who had not viewed it must have found rather incongruous the typical Western cacti flourishing on a desert, presumably in southern Europe, not to speak of costumes, including sashes, neckerchiefs, and sombreros, generally associated with the Villalike bandit. The girl, Dolores, worked in a dance hall operated by an American, who was one of the story's villains. The American youth, who was the hero, worked in a gambling hall that looked anything but European.

It is always safe to make the villains Americans. In fact, any character the least bit shady, it would seem, has to be carefully identified as of the United States, or of some wholly indeterminate region. That is, if the film production is to be popular abroad. Americans are apparently good-natured, and don't fuss about being portrayed in an unfavorable light, in the movies. However, I have recently heard that some objections have come from American business men in foreign countries. The reason is that they are afraid these countries, in which they are stationed will soon begin to regard us as a nation of blackjacks and marauders.

There are a few instances where American villainy has even become sectional. I recall that in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it was very carefully stated that Simon Legree was a Northerner.

Obviously the intention, in this case, was to smooth the way for the film's reception in the South. It was nothing but a conventional sop, to a portion of the public.

A short time ago, pictures of the racial type came in for no small share of difficulties. The one to suffer most was, perhaps, "The Callahans and the Murphys." The drastic action was taken against it by various Irish organizations. They contended that it disclosed the American-Irish people in a most unfavorable light, because of the vulgarity of certain episodes. So, these were duly eliminated. In some places, the picture encountered so much trouble that it was withdrawn altogether.

No end of objections were, of course, raised to certain portions of "The King of Kings" by the Jewish public. Quite a few changes were made, from the original biblical version, to conform with these demands, before the picture was presented, and still more were required after it was shown.

For a time, too, it appeared as if this picture would not be exhibited in England, but for a different reason. The objection there was to using any semblance of The Christ on the screen. Indeed, England has a law against this, but the showing finally went ahead, because the law did not cover any theaters but those limited to pictures. The picture could be shown in music halls. Imagine it!

Strange is the opposition which "The Godless Girl" has evoked. This picture has been protested by the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Inc. It was contended that no film should contain propaganda to discredit atheism. However, this did not meet with very hearty encouragement from the Hays office, to whose attention most such matters are brought. DeMille finished the film as a cha-

The picture version of "Chicago" failed utterly in its attempt to make Roxie's husband a "sympathetic" character.

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Simon Legree was pointedly referred to as a "Northerner," in order to pacify the South.
leage to disbelief in a Supreme Being, depicting a change in the character of the heroine, under the influence of tragedy and adversity, brought about through her attacks on the faiths of others.

So involved have the demands of various organizations, countries and peoples become, that the producers are often at their wits' ends regarding what they can make safely. One director told me, not long ago, that very soon, every place, person, or thing in a picture would have to be "anonymous." Another mentioned facetiously that the best thing the movies could do to get around the villain complex, would be to set up and dedicate an island, out in the Pacific, to the propagation of the necessary "bad men" for the screen.

A great many pitfalls have been covered by rules laid down among the producers themselves, as to what may or may not be filmed. There are eleven rules covering "what shall not be shown on the screen." These naturally include scenes of a licentious or suggestive nature, profanity—either by title or lip—and a willful offense to any nation, race, or creed. Special care has to be used with twenty-six other subjects, including the use of the flag, various crimes like theft, arson, smuggling, brandings—whether of animals or people—though to be sure, the former is not strictly a crime. Hangings and electrocutions also have to be carefully treated, and those scenes which show law enforcement, or law enforcement officers, in action. The word "boozes" cannot be generally used in subtitles. In "The Noose" one title, "I'm off the booze trail," was reduced to "I'm off the trail." An interesting rule reads as follows: "Excessive kissing is forbidden, particularly when one character or the other is a 'heavy.'" Only heroes and heroines can therefore give an enthusiastic demonstration of their affection. Which, perhaps, is what is logically expected.

"Chicago," to my mind, was a curious instance of how a picture can go all wrong morally, seemingly through having had to obey certain censorship restrictions, or more probably through a desire to cater to what is deemed the popular fancy.

In this film, you may remember, the husband stole money to save his wife from prison. The excuse was given that it was tainted money, which he took from the attorney who was defending her, and who charged an enormous fee. I suppose many people in law suits feel, when they get the lawyer's bill, that such a proceeding was justified. Still, theft, no matter what its form, is not considered, according to strict principle, to be justified. It hardly was in "Chicago," especially when the husband, instead of returning the surplus cash, after he had paid for the trial, dumped it into the
Oyez! Oyez!

Hear ye! Hear ye! The head of the House of Barrymore passes judgment on stage and screen.

By Helen Louise Walker

JOHN BARRYMORE is a funny man, a really amusing person. This is surprising, somehow, because one does not expect a Barrymore to be funny. He does not look in the least funny. He looks, on the contrary, very tall, handsome, and romantic—just as he looks on the screen. His eyes burn and flash occasionally, just as Hamlet's eyes should do.

But he is funny, nevertheless. His outlook, his views on life, and the picture business, are amusing. He has an amusing sort of mind.

For instance, he thinks it is very impertinent of people who make motion pictures, to try to "instruct" their audiences, or to cram "art" down their throats. "Whatever on earth do they mean by 'art?'" he adds. "Personally, I haven't the least idea!"

One anticipates that a Barrymore would be on intimate terms with art! "People come to pictures to be amused," he goes on, "to be made happy. If they are courteous enough to pay fifty cents to see us act, then we should, in all decency, be courteous enough to consider their wishes in these matters!

"Those who make motion pictures—particularly the ones who profess to know what 'art' is—talk very loudly and earnestly about 'realism.' And this seems to be interpreted—rightly, perhaps—as misery and degradation.

"I feel sure that the people who go to see pictures do not want to see a lot of misery. They can see that at home. Or if, perchance, they haven't any misery in their homes at the moment, they can see it next door.

"You wouldn't, you know, pay fifty cents to the people next door, to be allowed to go in and gaze on their misery!"

Mr. Barrymore's cartoon of himself in "Tempest."

John Barrymore says he has no idea of what art on the screen means.

"I am all for the happy endings—whatever they may be! The thing which seems to be considered a happy ending on the screen, is where two people embrace at the end of a picture, with the supposition on the part of the audience that they are going to marry, and try to live together for the rest of their lives.

"This, I think, is a very optimistic and altruistic attitude on the part of audiences. I should consider it, in most cases, the beginning of a very sad story. These people may not be suited to each other. After they are married, they will have to begin dealing with grocery bills, a depressing propinquity, leaky faucets, burned beefsteaks and trumping another's aces at bridge—all the unpleasant things which go with marriage.

"The happiest ending I can remember was the one in 'Flesh and the Devil,' where the lady fell through the ice. It was the best
thing possible for both the lovers. They had had their great passion, and there would have been all kinds of explosions if two such people had tried to marry and live together.

"Of course, there was a subsequent ending—somebody knitting, I believe, and a demure flapper to solace Jack Gilbert's loneliness. But that did not count. The story was over when the lady fell through the ice, and the bubbles came up.

"Of course, if you can really wring tears from people—give them a good, thorough, old-fashioned cry, as Emil Jannings does—that is a luxury which is worth fifty cents! That is making them happy!

"'Romeo and Juliet' has a happy ending, really. Two lovers have their great moment, and then die. That is rather glorious, even though it would be considered a tragedy on the screen.

"Of course, the story of that play is an absurd one, according to present-day standards. It could not be taken seriously now. In the first place, its initial premise is one that no one in the world would believe to-day. These two young people obeyed their parents!

"That simply is not done. One's first impulse is to say, 'Why doesn't this bird, Romeo, get himself a good horse and elope with the lady?' And so he should.'

"He discussed the difference between screen and stage "technique."

"It is much more difficult to sustain an illusion upon the screen, than upon the stage," he said, "On the stage the chambermaid, or somebody, says, 'Here comes the Prince of Denmark.' You enter, looking as Swedish as you can. The audience plays the game with you. They pretend, for the time being, to believe you are the Prince. You make a few remarks in a synthetic Swedish dialect and exit.

"On the screen you are before the camera almost every minute—at least, if you are a star."

"The damn camera is like an X-ray machine. It shows everything about you—all the things inside your mind. After two hours of constant inspection of you, the audience begins to be skeptical. They begin to think, 'This guy never saw Sweden in his life!' And they cease to believe in you. It is very much harder.

"I did Peter Ibbetson on the stage. He was a dreamy sort of bird—not so difficult to characterize. But I should never try to do it on the screen. I could not make him real."

"On the stage an actor, who is an actor, can play almost anybody. You can portray Romeo when you are sixty. You can't do that in pictures! The camera gives you away. That is why we always have young girls play young girls, and old men cast for old men's roles in pictures. You cannot take liberties with appearances!

"Your stage character is before the audience such a short time, compared to the time a screen star occupies the center of attention.

"Hamlet, for instance, is on the stage more than almost any other character in Shakespeare. And yet his time before the footlights is short—compared to the time he would spend before the camera.

"I have always thought that Shakespeare liked the chap who played Hamlet, and arranged the play so he could come off stage now and then, for a chat—and maybe a drink—with the author!"

"Mr. Barrymore speaks familiarly of Shakespeare, as one would speak of an old friend, metaphorically, if not actually, calling him "Bill."

"I like pictures," he averred, earnestly, "I like them so much that I have bought a house out here, and am preparing to spend the rest of my life in Hollywood.

"I am anxious to find a 'type' to play on the screen—something which will strike public fancy, and which I can continue to do, over a long period. Chaplin, you know, and Harold Lloyd, have each created a character the public likes. And they can present this same character in various situations, enduring various vicissitudes, times without number. I should like to do that.

"Don't think for a moment that it is easy to play one character over and over, and make him interesting. Chaplin, I am sure, could play any rôle he chose to play, with equal success. He is a very fine actor.

"People said that my uncle, John Drew, played just one character all through his career. He was a capable actor, for all that!"

"I hope I can hit upon something similar—some time!"

"Mr. Barrymore has not always been an actor. He asserted, with pride, that he was once a newspaper man, and a cartoonist. To prove the latter, he drew a cartoon of himself, as he appears in "Tempest." It was not very flattering, but James Montgomery Flagg strolled into the bungalow just in time to do Mr. Barrymore real justice, with a sketch. [Continued on page 110]"
The Girl Grows Older

It's a different and more radiant Mary Brian, picture dbelow, than the Mary the screen has known in the past.

The dance frock, left, is unusual by reason of the circular handkerchiefs which cover the entire skirt and give a capelike effect.

The wrap Mary Brian wears, left, is made of pieces of gowns worn in the past by famous Paramount stars.

The evening gown, right, is of stiff, heliotrope-colored taffeta. The panier effect is distinctly novel, as are the cartridge plaits.

The evening frock, right, is of white mouseline de soie. It is worn over a silver-cloth strip.

Mary, above, wears the snappiest of sport costumes—a black foulard skirt, with polka dots of gray, and a jumper of pale-gray piqué, with a black, velveteen jacket.
SOME day there is likely to be a series of astounding murders in Hollywood, which will be reflected in screaming headlines all over the world. And they will be caused by the indiscriminate inflicting of previews on unsuspecting citizens of Los Angeles and environs.

One may still retain his sanity by attending one feature-length picture, but when stumbling onto a second one, in the same evening, one's reason is likely to totter on the brink of insanity.

Of course, you argue, you don't have to stay. But too often you do. You perhaps have taken a wife, a mother-in-law, or both—or a sweetheart to that show. I have never seen a woman who could resist getting two shows for the price of one, no matter what the quality of either might be.

The other night I dropped into a neighborhood house, at the behest of friends, to see "The Legion of the Condemned." Now "The Legion of the Condemned" is not my idea of a very good picture, but I am a person of some balance, and I had steeled myself in advance.

What did I discover but another picture, very bad to begin with, and much too long for human inspection in the state in which it was being exhibited. I had to sit through this preview to see the second picture—which I did not want to see, but was forced to—and I left the theater muttering to myself.

In my little way, I am doing what I can. I am writing indignant letters whenever a preview is foisted upon me, and signing fantastic and fictitious names to them. Knowing that politics as I do, I am almost certain they will fall into the hands of some enemy of the man who wrote or directed the picture, and thus gain considerable circulation.

Some studios, moreover, have a habit of handing out post cards to preview audiences, with a request for opinions of the new picture. I generally manage to get three or four of these at every preview, and mail derogatory observations in varied handwritings.

It is a distressing fact—distressing, I think, both from the attitude of the public and the film industry—that while "The Trail of '98," Ralph Forbes looked as out of place as a trout riding a bicycle.

In the gold-rush scenes of "The Trail of '98," Ralph Forbes looked as out of place as a trout riding a bicycle.

Some years ago, when the movies and myself were both going through our infancy, I had one particular film idol, whose name courtesy forbids my mentioning.

I followed him through any number of thrilling fifteen-episode serials, and to me he was the last word in heroes. He slew innumerable villains, saved homesteads and valuable documents, rescued and preserved chaste heroines, and, in short, acted, as I was convinced, no other person could have done.

I see him almost every day now. He does not know me, but I know him by sight. His hair is generously silvered, and his face is lined, though he is not much past middle age. He seems to be lame, for I saw him walking with a cane the other day.
Although I have no information on the subject, I suspect that he is rather broke and chronically out of a job, for I see him lurking about casting offices.

There does not seem to be much point to this item, except that I wish some director—who was probably an upstart when he was a star—would give him a job. He undoubtedly needs one, and he is probably as good an actor as many another man of his age, who is working constantly in character roles.

I suppose if I were a good Samaritan I would do something personally, for he gave me dozens of hair-raising evenings. The finest picture in the world will never entertain me as thoroughly as those cheap serials did.

Los Angeles, the capital of the movies, is taking to the legitimate stage in a manner which should be alarming to the cinema barons.

Formerly regarded as a poor town for legitimate attractions, Los Angeles is now supporting the spoken drama as it has never done before, and consequently is getting more good plays, and better productions, than ever before.

Personally, I think it is a revolt against the objectionable orchestra leaders and masters of ceremonies, whom the movie-theater managers seem to regard as indispensable.

The town seems to have gone mad over these comic orchestra kings, and no leading theater is without one. Their names are often advertised more flamboyantly than the pictures themselves, and their acts take up a great deal of time that audiences might be spending more profitably elsewhere.

I have gone to some length to interview various persons on their attitude toward this strange clan, and have yet to find a vote in their favor.

One friend of mine, indeed, declares that if he ever becomes more mentally unbalanced than he is now, he intends to oil up his Winchester and take it to one of the leading theaters with the express purpose of doing away with the performing band-leaders.

He is convinced it will start a general uprising, and the hysterical mob will save him from the police.

The “titular bishops” is Hollywood’s latest organization.

It is a group of the nine leading title-writers of the industry, banded together, supposedly, for reasons both social and professional.

The titular bishops is now a closed organization, the agreement being that nine is enough, and no others will ever be taken into the circle.

Title writing has become quite a profession in Hollywood within the last four or five years. Formerly the subtitles were written by the office boy or the producer’s cousin, which accounted for much of the eccentric spelling and stop-and-go method of punctuation.

Then producers discovered that good titles often saved a bad picture and that, conversely, bad titles often made a good one mediocre.

Ralph Spence, I believe, was the original star title-writer of the industry, and others soon began to attract attention. Now the woods are full of them, intent on making easy money at what is actually difficult and painstaking work.

The membership of the titular bishops includes Ralph Spence, Malcolm Stuart Boylan, George Marion, Jr., Julian Johnson, Herman Mankiewicz—dictated, but not read—Joseph Farnham, Garrett Graham—he’s my brother, but I really write all his good titles for him—Walter Anthony, Randolph Bartlett.

Without exception, all have been newspaper men at one time, which statement, I trust, will not prompt all the journalists of the land to come to Hollywood. Most of them have also contributed to magazines, two or three have written plays, one was a former music critic, and another a dramatic reviewer.

Farnham was once a director, I believe, but has since lived it down.

Some one suggested recently it would be something of a quip to get all nine together some time for a private screening of “The Last Laugh.”

The mania for changing the names of well-known stories, when they are made into movies, seems to continue unabated.

I observe that “The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,” which has been read by millions, as a novel, has become “Kentucky Courage” on the screen.

And while Universal has not actually changed the title of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” they have come as near to it as possible. All their advertisements bear “Southern Love” in bold, black letters, and, beneath it, words to the effect that it is to be seen in large quantities in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

The most startling change in some months, however, was “Annie Laurie.” Suddenly, one day, I was confronted with screaming billboards everywhere announcing Lillian Gish, in “Ladies From Hell,” which is about as incongruous a title as one could imagine for a Gish picture. Critics, inclined to be Pecksniffian, might also point out that “Ladies From Hell” was a slang expression growing out of the World War, many years after the period in which the film story was supposed to have occurred. However, I didn’t see it, so it’s all right with me.

Hollywood has broken out into a rash of new Fords, after months of breathless expectancy. Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, Continued on page 115.
And Now the Deluge!

In "Noah's Ark" the screen finds another biblical epic to film with all the resources of advanced technique and skill, and it also includes a modern sequence which is said to dovetail perfectly with the incidents from the Bible.

By A. L. Wooldridge

NEW YORK'S Broadway was immersed in rain. The city, from the Battery to the Bronx, was in the throes of one of those occasional downpours, which drive all pedestrians to shelter. Taxicabs sloshed and skidded, as their drivers struggled to get through the sea of water. Men, women, and children grouped in doorways, or roamed idly through stores, waiting for the deluge to cease. Although it was only mid-afternoon, electric lights were switched on in order to dispel the gloom.

In an office, high above the street, H. M. Warner, motion-picture producer, stood at his window, looking down upon the rain-drenched scene. "And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights," he mused, recalling verses from the Bible. "And every living substance was destroyed."

He stood contemplating the picture before him. "If the residents of New York run to cover, and are annoyed by a two-hour rain," he meditated, "what must have been the sensation experienced by all creatures of the world when, for forty days and forty nights, 'the windows of heaven were opened,' and water descended in torrents, in cascades and cataracts, until 'every living substance was destroyed'?

"What a picture it would make!" he pondered. He sat down at his desk and continued his musing while the rain splashed on the pavement.

"Why not?" he philosophized. "Modern skill can reproduce Noah's Ark. Modern methods can supply and control water. Modern science can rebuild pagan temples."

The more he thought about it, the more enthusiastic he became. The idea grew. It was not impossible; nothing is impossible in the movies. Thus was conceived, nearly two years ago, the idea for one of the most pretentious efforts ever attempted in motion pictures. Since then, research has been made into the histories and legends of the entire world—digging, scraping, assembling ideas which might bring the proper
authenticity to a picturization of the Great Deluge. From thirty-nine Bibles the story of the Ark was translated. From a hundred age-worn volumes references to the inundation were culled. From all of these, scientific deductions were made.

As nearly as can be estimated, the research workers found that the flood occurred approximately ten thousand years before the birth of Christ. It followed the Stone Age, and just preceded the Babylonian. Noah was pictured as a man six hundred years old, at the time he built the Ark. Most Bibles say that, in following the mandates of the Lord, he took seven specimens of each bird and beast into his sanctuary—four good, and three bad. The Ark, according to the King James version, was constructed of gopher wood, and chinked with pitch, within and without. It was three hundred cubits long—something more than four hundred and seventy-five feet—fifty cubits broad, thirty cubits high, and contained three decks. It was larger than most of the ocean liners of to-day, though only barely half as large as the Leviathan, or the Majestic. Each of these latter exceeds in length the greatest of other modern steamships.

When all available data on the Ark and the Flood had been collected, Warner Brothers delegated Darryl Zanuck to write the story. It was, in a measure, “passing him the buck,” with the declaration, “Here's the material. Make it big, but not too big to be filmed.” Michael Curtiz was advised that he would direct production.

What an assignment! “Reproduce the inundation of the world. Show the venerable Noah gathering into the Ark specimens of all the birds, beasts and reptiles that inhabited the globe. Weave into the picture a love story, which will appeal to modern minds. Let the action be fast. Avoid stately, slow-moving spectacles. Drive home the biblical lesson, which underlies the world's greatest holocaust.”

Monster sets had to be built, a veritable sea of water impounded. An ark, apparently as large as an ocean liner, had to be constructed. From animal farms, menageries, “zoos,” aviaries, public parks, and private estates, all manner of beasts, fowls, rodents, and “every living thing inhabiting the earth” had to be obtained, then photographed “on the way to the Ark,” which was to house them—as the only surviving creatures of the universe. An enormous temple had to be built, in which might be celebrated a great pagan festival, and which would
At the height, the flood takes, and humanity is destroyed. The Ten Commandments had its hosts marching into the sea. "The Big Parade" has its contending armies struggling with weapons of modern warfare. "Old Ironsides" pictured a terrible naval conflict. But, for sheer massing and handling of living bodies in one brief, awe-inspiring scene, this bit of "Noah's Ark" becomes a precedent. Later on, the terrified, hopeless souls huddled on the peaks of the highest hills, watching the steady rise of waters, and facing their doom, were photographed. This continued until "every living substance was destroyed."

In another section of the lot, the great Ark was under construction, in preparation for scenes which would be reached within a very few days. One mystery surrounds the making of the picture—one which the producers have elected to keep secret, until the picture is ready for release this fall. The story switches from the Deluge to events transpiring in the great World War. Just why, no one but the studio executives know.

"It's something we do not care to give out," said Mr. Zanuck. "I know the transition seems strange, and yet the war sequences dovetail so perfectly with the biblical episodes, that they seem to be an essential part of the production."

In the modern sequences of the picture there is a romance, with Miss Costello and George O'Brien as its principals. Noah Beery plays roles in both sequences. Action switches from the Flood to the canteens in France, where Miss Costello is seen again, as an entertainer, dancing and singing before the doughboys. Louise Fazenda, as an innkeeper's daughter, and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, as a rookie, lend comedy relief.

Continued on page 104
Hot-weather Cures

There are at least five stars who know what to do when Summer days come around.

Lentrice Joy, above, enjoys playing golf no matter how high the temperature rises, but Dorothy Dwan, below, has an electric-driven boat that serves her purpose best.

Robert Armstrong, above, finds that the old lawn hose has uses outside the realm of gardening.

Vera Reynolds, left, wears something akin to rompers when days grow warmer,

and Marie Prevost, below, is evidently looking for a ship to take her away from the dock on which she is perched.
This is about a house that blissfully disregards the conventions of period and type. A house that was planned and furnished, with details that are "a little bit of everything," This is a dangerous procedure, unless the ultimate aim is for comfort. When this is the underlying feature of every device, the result is individual and delightful.

An example is found in the home of Esther Ralston, planned throughout by herself and George Webb, her husband. Esther admittedly knows nothing of periods, and such. In doing the house, she chose anything that caught her fancy and suited her needs. The result might have been terrible, but for her instinctive understanding of color combinations, and what line looks best in what wood. Devoid of ostentation, it yet has an element of surprise, in the very unexpectedness of the carefully planned details.

One of the technical artists at the Paramount studio asked to see it.

"Come right ahead, but," Esther warned, "your esthetics will probably be terribly offended. In my living room you will find Spanish, Italian, English, and French pieces. If any type of furniture is missing there, you'll be sure to see it somewhere else in the house."

Which is literally true, but in such a manner, that the esthetic sense is far from offended.

On their decision to establish a permanent home, Esther and her husband resolved not to build. Instead, they investigated the merits of all the Hollywood architects, selected one of the best, and looked at the houses he already had under construction.

Their final choice was a spacious, twelve-room house, within a quarter of completion. All the practical construction was complete, so that they could go over it leisurely, adding incidental rooms and features to suit their taste. The result has proved most satisfactory, and Esther Ralston and George Webb have every cause to be proud of their self-planned home.

The house is of Italian architecture. In passing, mention must be made of the fact that in Italian houses there's no medley of Spanish, Italian, and French furniture in the living room, pictured above, yet the result is supremely comfortable.
Place Like Home
may be prodigally expended without sacrifice of good taste.

Garet Reid

There is allowed considerable license in furnishing. It is of smooth, gray stucco, unrelieved by any color. On a hilltop within five minutes of the boulevard, it is among hills that are, as yet, more sparsely populated than most of the picturesque sections about town. The surrounding houses—all imposing and generously landscaped—are set far apart, giving the view a restful, suburban atmosphere, a rare characteristic in Hollywood homes.

Miss Ralston's house is high above the winding road. A high, graystone wall encircles and supports the property. At the road, a massive, wrought-iron gate is the entrance to three flights of stone steps, leading to the upper level. Here is a flat sweep of lawn, from the top of the wall to the house, which is severe in aspect, except for the elaborate stone carving which frames the wide door.

Inside is a large, circular entrance hall, with a tall, stained-glass window in its outer arc. This hall is two stories high, and the staircase rises along three quarters of its circle. Hung from the ceiling is a mammoth crystal chandelier. Against the wall, near the door, is a Venetian console, and a mirror of black onyx-and-gold filigree. In a niche on the other side of the hall is a marble statue, which belonged to Mr. Webb's mother. Thrown over the iron railing, along the gallery at the top of the stairs, is a Persian prayer rug of incalculable antiquity.

Breaking one side of the hall is the broad arch, under which three low steps lead into the living room. This is long, and in its left wall a wide window, reaching from floor to ceiling, faces the front lawn. The right wall is composed of French windows, opening on the garden and swimming pool.

At the far end of the room is a stone fireplace, carved in the same manner as the entrance door. The fire screen, tongs, and wood box, all of pewter, were made by a German craftsman discovered by Esther on her shopping explorations.

Above the fireplace is a portrait in oils of Esther and her husband, painted by Mailllard-Kesslere. On the
Frequent wall brackets and lamps supply the light. One lamp, standing by the piano, has a shade made of exquisite petit-point, a piece which took the prize at an exposition.

In opposite corners of the room are two widely divergent forms for the protection of music. One, an electric panatrope victrola and radio incased in Jacobean design. The other, an old music-box, made in Switzerland as a wedding gift to Mr. Webb's grandmother, its tinkling repertoire comprising her favorite songs. It looks like a rosewood table, with inlays of delicate workmanship. Its top lifts up, disclosing its remarkable, fragile mechanism.

A high, dark Spanish desk affords space, on top, for two Italian marble vases which are lit from the inside, and below, space for an old piece of Holland pottery. An incidental table in Spanish, contrasting woods inlaid in its polished top. Over the grand piano is thrown an embroidered scarf and on one corner of it stands a charming Lalique figure. On the wall, in one corner, is a little Dutch bric-a-brac shelf, holding Dresden and Sévres figurines.

**The beautiful gate, pictured above, is one of the special prides of its owners.**

mantel, flanked by two yellow-marble vases, is a French clock of yellow marble and gold, the set a wedding present from the Neil Hamiltons.

The walls and ceiling are a neutral, fawn plaster. In the thick Turkish carpet the predominating color is a deep rose, verging on mulberry. Wisely, Esther did not attempt the precarious matching of this shade in the upholstery and draperies. The big divan, the long bench fronting the fireplace, and three of the armchairs are upholstered in deep-blue velvet. One of the room's salient features are the draperies at the windows and entrance arch. These are of generous proportions, trailing the floor gracefully, and are stiff with unusual embroidery, in which the same blue predominates.

Incidental armchairs are French in design, upholstered in brocades of mellow, indeterminate tones. All the chairs as, indeed, all the furniture in the house, are wide, deep, luxuriously comfortable.

"My principal excuse for mixing periods so," Esther explains, "is that I adore comfort, and consider it the first requisite of furniture. I love Spanish desks, so we have two; but I don't like Spanish divans and chairs, so we haven't any. That is the general theme of how the house is furnished."

In the big front window stands a tabouret on which is a small Spanish leather chest with nail heads in design. This is used as a humidor. By each chair is a wrought-iron ash tray and cigarette box. By the divan is a tiled coffee table, holding a huge brass bowl, filled with cigarettes of a dozen different brands.

**The hall in the Rolston home is two stories high, with one of the most beautiful stairways in Hollywood.**

To the right, as one enters the living room, is a glass door at the top of three steps leading into a small sun room. One side of this room describes a semicircle of French windows, opening onto the garden and swimming pool. The walls and ceiling are painted a pale gray, with festoons in wisteria, rose and green. The curtains are a light rose, the wicker furniture is gray, upholstered in cretonne, patterned in wisteria, rose and green. Low tables old books, magazines, and candy boxes, cushions...
strew the chairs and divan, the sun streams in, and its reflection in the swimming pool outside gives even the ceiling a shimmering glow in the daytime.

Outside, a strip of garden is parallel to the living room. The house is shaped like a reversed L, the living room forming the short end. Running the length of the L is the swimming pool. On a higher level, opposite the house, a rose garden forms a bank of color. At the far end of the pool, a little loggia runs the width of the garden. Opening on it are two dressing rooms. One is painted red, with black woodwork, two chairs are red trimmed in black, a dressing table with black-lacquered top and red oilcloth valance, holds a round mirror encircled with red oilcloth, and in the lower corner, black oilcloth is pasted in modernistic designs. The other room is done in precisely the same manner, except that the color scheme is orchid and green. Esther and her husband are proud of these delightful rooms, for Mr. Webb painted the furniture, and his wife devised and executed the dressing tables.

Beyond the dressing rooms, the loggia ends in steps leading up to servants’ quarters, above and beyond them.

In the house again, we come to a small hallway, back of the sun room and entrance hall. Opening off it is a main-floor bath and dressing room. Farther on, a stairway leads down. Halfway down is a landing—the continuation of the stairs barred by an iron gate leading down to the garages. Turning to the left, on the landing, we follow the direction of an electric globe, with “Bar” painted on it, and descend the stairs to a small anteroom that is a real, old-fashioned bar in every detail. The brass footrail, the high cupboards for glasses and bottles behind it; none of the familiar features are lacking.

On the left, a door opens into a long, low-ceilinged room used for dancing. Its polished floor is uncarpeted, and across the end of the room is a low platform for the orchestra. The divans, chairs, lamps, and mirrors around the walls are all in the ultramodern mode. Chairs and divans are low, broad and deep—silver-leafed wood and pale-green satin upholstery predominating. Water lamps, with plaited shades, cast varicolored light, reflected in wall mirrors. A very low coffee table has a mirror top, and on it is a water lamp, a black-and-silver cigarette chest, a Czecho-Slovakian ash tray, and a red, blown-glass dancing figure. On the platform, the piano is pale green, with silver lightning on the music rack. One of the most attracive rooms in the house, this.

On the main floor again, the entrance hall leads into a smaller, semicircular hall, where the telephone desk stands. To the right, up three steps, is a smaller anteroom, in the end of which is a stained-glass window sending a dull, yellow light over the formal tapestry divan facing the curtained arch into the dining room.

The dining room is purely Italian, in dark, carved wood, combined with dully painted leather. The furniture is massive, and the chairs are tall backed. Giving the room color, are the heavy curtains at the

Continued on page 108
Reginald's Lament

The vicissitudes of uncertain stardom are turning buoyant, nonchalant Reginald Denny into a man of cares and frowns. One wonders what he's going to do about it.

By Myrtle Gebhart

In Hollywood, when a day passes without a new squabble between Reginald Denny and Universal, we wonder what's wrong. One week he declares an open breach. There are conferences. The smoke of battle clears away with the setting sun, only to pour forth again with its rising.

In the calms between hostilities, he works, and makes films that do not fulfill the things expected of him a few years ago.

Why, I wondered, should this very nice and conservative Englishman, whom I had known as a nonchalant and good-humored chap, develop temperament? He is not the militant or excitable type, but is clean-cut, terse, and amiable.

On one of the many armistice days, I talked with him and found him considerably more serious than he was a year ago. Very likely his divorce has contributed to this. We did not mention it, however. There was in his manner a more authoritative air and, too, that look of one who carries worries.

"I want to make better pictures, that's all," he began. We were having lunch at the Athletic Club. "If I were a mechanic, I would want to do my work well. If I were an artist, I would want to paint good oils.

"Acting is our family's business. Great-grandfather, grandmother, parents, all before me have been theatrical people. I played my first role at seven. I have never worked at anything else. I have written and produced plays. I should know something about it. Universal has some confidence in me, because they practically give me my own organization. That is, I do not have too much supervision. However, they do not give me the material with which to work.

"Bad stories are my first complaint. Universal buys 'Broadway' for $225,000, and then they don't know what to do with it. They spoke of 'Ivanhoe' for me. Everything in 'Ivanhoe' has been done. Instead of stories, they give me a gag and expect me to develop it into an enjoyable film. They allow four weeks in which to go over the thing with the director, write the story, and make the picture. They allow for the whole production about $160,000. dollars, and when my salary is taken out, there isn't enough left to make a really good production.

"Occasionally I have an experienced and popular girl for my leading lady—Marian Nixon for instance—but too often they give me young newcomers, whom they wish to train and develop. Even the biggest stars now realize that they can't carry a picture alone. I'm supposed to, however, and I'm blamed if my pictures are no good."

At this writing, there is a possibility that one of the largest organizations may buy Reg's contract, and make him an independent unit on a par with the top-notchers. That would mean more money on production, better stories, and features instead of program quickies. Of course, it sounds so good he is afraid it will never materialize.

"What Happened to Jones" he selected as

He finds opportunity, occasionally, to pull in the anchor of his steam launch, and leave his worries behind.

Reginald Denny feels he has reached the crisis of his career.
his best picture, though "The Leather Pushers" and other fight yarns appealed to him.

"They had action and thrill, and a definite characteriza-
tion. I want variety, though. I don't care par-
ticularly what I play, so long as it has a story and an interesting character. But I cannot do slapstick comedy, such as I have had to do. My face isn't funny. My comedy must be of situation, and not dependent upon my face or personality."

A nerve-racking, uncertain business is this sort of stardom. It demands, leechlike, an actor's all. There is compensation for some, perhaps, in the financial reward and fame. But these cost the actor in the coin of worry.

His worries, though, do not compare to those of the star-producer, which is virtually the position allotted to Denny by Universal. He, not the company, supervisor or director, is held responsible for the caliber of his films. He has the final say-so on all matters, with the exception that he must accept the staff, the troupe, the story and the budget given to him.

An expert flyer himself, Regi-

Denny's mountain lodge is typically a man's retreat, and he spends as much time there as possible.

It is like telling a small boy, "This is Saturday, you can do just exactly as you please. You can mow the lawn, feed the chickens, or do your arithmetic. Suit yourself." An actor so placed is given the respect due to a producer, but not the latitude. He has the name, and the labor, but he lacks the wherewithal to do what is expected of him.

Is it any wonder that the vicissitudes of a career, under such peculiar conditions, have turned this buoyant, nonchalant fellow into a man of cares and frowns?

"But, Reg," I asked, when after luncheon we had driven to his house, and were looking out on the rambling gardens, "aren't all actors more or less discontented? They kick, everywhere. Why?"

"We are egoists," he admitted, "a fault which grows out of public acclaim. Few people, placed in the center of the spotlight, could remain humble and forget self. Self is our stock in trade. Any actor is prone to over-rate himself a little, and to feel, when this fame is given to him, that he deserves more respect from his employers than he gets. Still, in cases where the actor is held responsible, there are grounds for complaint." [Cont'd on page 106]
She is Broadway in Hollywood.
That plunges one into biography. For Joan Crawford was Lucille LeSueur, no less, when she kicked high, wide, and fancy at the Silver Slipper. This is no Cinderella fable; the Silver Slipper is one of Broadway's hey-hey cabaret s, where Cinderella would be out of luck, because things barely begin to look up at the witching hour of midnight. Joan was one of the ponies. She had nothing special to do, yet she attracted attention. People singled her out immediately.
It was no great surprise to the management when Lucille said she was leaving to elevate the drama at the Winter Garden. That was a step. Lucille had more than it takes to make good in a white-light, song-and-sip joint.
Then came the night when a Hollywood producer saw the show. And he, too, singled out Lucille LeSueur. There was a contract offered her—a contract that took her to Hollywood, paid her enough to live on, and gave her a chance to show her stuff.
Hollywood didn't bat an eye. When it was introduced to Joan Crawford it said, "Greetings, baby. Have a good time!" That was all. But Joan, loving a good time, took it seriously. She proceeded to dance, swim, and be merry.

Diplomacy was not the least of her talents. She was a regular fellow, without straining to please. She had the gift. The publicity department found that out quickly enough, and before you could say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she was in every picture magazine in the country, racing whippets, autos, and trains; reading papers, poetry and pamphlets; fondling dogs, dolls and diaries. She was photographed doing the waltz, the polka, the Charleston, and the Black Bottom; kissing visiting royalty, congratulating "Babe" Ruth, waving to Will Hays; christening battleships, adopting regiments, joining the marines. Joan was "sold" before she was screened at all.

This might have wrecked a less clever girl. It only served to put the Crawford soubrette on her toes. They immediately took a picture of her that way. She had the break in publicity, she figured. Good! Now she was going to show something.

"Sally, Irene, and Mary" was the first picture, after months of waiting. It was enough. "Paris," "The Understanding Heart," and "The Taxi Dancer" followed in Gatling-gun succession. In each story the Crawford part stood out with increasing vividness. Exhibitors wrote incoherent letters inquiring about her; fans rallied round the new figure.

Joan was cast opposite Lon Chaney in "The Unknown," and proved that she could act. Her work opposite Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out" served as proof positive. Then she was teamed with Bill Haines, and Metro-Goldwyn et cetera, had found the ideal combination. With Haines she made "Spring Fever" and "West Point." With Haines she is likely to play, off and on, until stardom claims her for its own. The Crawford-Haines alliance is particularly happy. They are youth personified; they are verve itself; they are snap and zip and springtime. They are what the public wants.

All this was not extraordinary, in its way. Dozens of girls have been sighted in choruses by astute pro-

Continued on page 105
NO description of mad, mercurial Joan Crawford would be adequate, Malcolm H. Oetinger surprisingly confesses on the opposite page; but he succeeds, nevertheless, in capturing for the fans much of the recklessness and allure that make her vital.
During his long illness, Hackathorne's place as undisputed leader of the younger character actors has never been usurped. And now that he is returning to the screen, to play in "The Stool Pigeon," there is cause for rejoicing.
GWEN LEE is progressing so rapidly, that the days when she played bits seem very distant indeed. And if you think she is only a comedienne, we advise you to see her as a sinuous and provocative siren, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," and it is by no means too early to whisper that she will one day be a star.
CLARA BOW forsakes her tantalizing expression that you may be devastated by her soulful one. It is all in preparation for her next picture, succinctly entitled "The Fleet's In"—and can't you guess what Clara will do to the gobs?
PITY poor Anna Q. Nilsson—and then shout for joy! Through an accident she lost a splendid rôle, but gained another by recovering, which proves that no horse can throw Anna Q. far from good luck. The rôle? In “Tropic Madness.”
As a graduate of the Paramount School, Josephine Dunn started brightly on a career which came suddenly to a standstill—no one knew why. Now friendly Kleigs are shining upon her in two pictures, "Excess Baggage" and "The Singing Fool."
DON ALVARADO always adds to his personal success, no matter in what picture he appears, this being admitted both by his fellow actors and his fans—though with dissimilar enthusiasm. His next chance? In "The Battle of the Sexes."
Richard Barthelmess is essentially the aristocrat and is proud and mildly imperious, says Madeline Glass in the story opposite, the result of three attempts to interview the star, who protests that interviewers write fiction instead of facts.
The Interviewers’ Waterloo

In spite of having had every educational and cultural advantage, and successful years in a colorful profession, Richard Barthelmess’ remarks are guarded, trivial and hyphenated by periods of profound silence.

By Madeline Glass

C

lassified according to their behavior in the presence of interviewers, there are five types of actors: natural, unnatural, exotic, pseudo-exotic, and Richard Barthelmess.

Barthelmess is the most reticent of all the stars. He is the writers’ Waterloo. Easily one of the most individual members of his profession, he stands alone in his own particular niche. In retrospect, one can follow his progress down through the years of a brilliant career, firm, aloof, determined, satus peur et sans reproche, lauded by the critics and respected by the fans.

Of the myriad stories about him, none has yet revealed the true soul and character of this unusual man. Superficial pen pictures, unimportant quotations, routine life stories, yes. But the real, comprehensive analysis is yet to be written. Perhaps it never will be. Certainly not if the writer depends on the actor to reveal it in the form of an interview. He is, I regret to say, an annoyingly poor conversationalist. Moreover, he is not particularly fond of press interrogations.

“The trouble with interviewers,” he told me, impatiently, “is that they so often write fiction, when the facts are far more interesting.”

Tut, tut, Dick. Them’s harsh words!

I have interviewed this gentleman three times, and three times the laboriously written articles have gone into the wastebasket. Not one was worth the paper it was typed on.

It is odd indeed that this brilliant actor should be so difficult to draw out, so impossible to plumb. In spite of having had every educational and cultural advantage, extensive travel, and many years of success in a fantastically colorful profession, he is distinctly dull copy. His remarks are guarded, trivial, and hyphenated by embarrassing periods of profound silence. One does not know whether to attribute his attitude to modesty, fear of misquotations, or what.

One very rainy day, many months ago, I called on Mr. Barthelmess at the First National studio. The chauffeur remarked that it was good weather for ducks; unfortunately, it was not good weather for actors. In those days I was a rabid Barthelmess fan. For years my admiration for him had steadily increased, until it had become an acute form of hero worship. I devoutly and foolishly idolized him, as many another girl has done.

The star was telephoning when I entered the office, and after finishing his conversation, he greeted me cordially enough, then entrenched himself behind a desk in an attitude at once expectant, but uncompro

mising. A bit self-conscious in the presence of my own private deity, I couldn’t think of any bright questions to ask.

The fact that the conversation—if I may call it that—was languishing, didn’t seem to bother him any. When he grew weary of toying with the desk fixtures, he unhurriedly took up the telephone and made a couple of calls. The next time I go to talk with him I shall take along a pack of cards, and indulge in a little solitaire duringulls in the interview.

It was shortly after that, that I saw, for the first and only time, the Barthelmess mask of suave repression torn aside and trampled under foot. At that time his artistic affairs were in a precarious state. Good stories seemed unobtainable, and the star was obviously uninspired. Critics, who had previously offered only praise, were changing their tune. Perfectly conscious that he was slipping behind in the procession, I wrote an article about him, chastening him and his producers gently for what seemed to be sheer carelessness. I might add that I did it “for his own good.”

Barthelmess eventually read the story, and there followed several days of ominous silence. Then his press agent called me on the phone and invited me to lunch with the star at his palatial Beverly Hills home. I went, vaguely apprehensive, but thrilled at the prospect of seeing my favorite again.

Now I can look back upon the episode with a smile—a wry smile, to be sure, but a smile nevertheless. At the time it occurred, the incident assumed the proportions of a tragedy.

Barthelmess strode into the room where I was waiting, courteous, informal, offering a friendly hand. It was like the preliminary amities of boxers before the initial bell. Then, taking up the offending article, he tapped it across his palm.

Alas for sweet, lavender-scented illusions! The attitude of my beloved idol suddenly changed, and he looked at me as if he would have enjoyed throwing me off Lick Pier. His fine, brown eyes flashed angrily. Too puzzled and astonished to think coherently, I sat silent while he lashed me under with reproaches and...

Continued on page 119
Producers insist on digging up all the forgotten relics of vaudeville to feature on their sound programs. Almost any day now, I expect to go into a motion-picture palace and hear "Uncle Josh at the Dentist."

"One lucky feature about living in Los Angeles," Fanny suggested—and the Chamber of Commerce will please note—"is that you can sometimes see previews of pictures before the noise is recorded. None of the companies, except Warner's, are committed to making dialogue pictures. The others are just picking the pictures that look like big winners and adding sound effects and music. And, if they already look like winners, I can't see the necessity."

"The obvious candidates for stardom in talking pictures are Helen Ferguson, Mae Busch, and Lois Wilson, because they have made hits on the Hollywood stage. And Shannon Day, Particularly Shannon Day, because her voice was glorious when she did 'Kongo' on the stage. Lois has already made one Vitaphone playlet, but let's not go into that any further."

"Incidentally, what do you want to bet that Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey get an offer to do a talking picture, if their stage play is a success in New York this fall?"

As though any one would be so foolish as to bet against a foregone conclusion like that!

"If any of Estelle's fears for the first night of the show come true, it would be well worth a trip across the country to see it. Estelle says that when she gets nervous, her voice, which is naturally low, gets lower. When Jack gets rattled, his voice slides up to a giddy falsetto. The only way out, that I can see, is for them to study ventriloquism and speak each other's lines!"

"Two more candidates for talking-movie honors are Winston Miller and his sister, Patsy Ruth. They have gone in violently for community spirit, and have joined the Beverly Hills Community Players. They played the leads in 'Kempy' the other night, and covered themselves with glory. I'll never be really satisfied, Jacqueline Logan's new contract with DeMille eliminates the possibility of her being lent to others."
though, until I see Winston and Pat in a show where they do their burlesque Apache dance, which is the main feature of the nightly after-dinner vaudeville at the Miller home.

“For one who refuses to take any interest in talking pictures,” I chided her mildly, “it seems to me that you are showing a lot of interest in digging up candidates for them.”

“Oh, well, who am I against the whole industry?” Fanny granted generously.

“I suppose you have heard that Alma Rubens has been signed by Universal for ‘Show Boat’? They are still looking for a juvenile team for it, but they grabbed Alma and signed her to a contract, so as to be sure of one player they wanted. While waiting for production to start, she is taking vocal lessons. So are a lot of other people. It may be hard on us, but it is a banner year for teachers of singing and elocution.

“Of course, Dolores del Rio has stolen a march on all the other stars by becoming a singer of recognized ability. Her phonograph records of ‘Ramona,’ and a little Mexican song, have had a tremendous sale. Even if the picture ‘Ramona’ hadn’t been a hit—it wasn’t with me, but I seem to be a minority of one—the royalties from the song and the record would have pulled it out of the debit ledgers.

“And while we are on the subject of singing—Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon should have been teamed in a talking picture that gave them both a chance to sing. I say ‘should have been,’ because it is a little late, now. Doris’ contract with First National has expired, and she has announced that she will not renew it. They didn’t seem to have anything for her to do out at the First National lot, except play opposite her husband, and her salary was so big that it left little for story, direction, and what not. Also, it meant little glory for Doris.”

Naturally, that brought up the question of how Doris would fare as a free lance. You never can tell, when a girl steps out of a long and lucrative contract, whether she is just around the corner from fame and glory, or oblivion. Virginia Valli holds the longest and most consistent record of good engagements for a free-lance player, and Margaret Livingston holds the nonstop record for the greatest number of films. Patsy Ruth Miller can hardly be classed as a free-lance player, because she has an agreement to be featured in a number of Tiffany-Stahl features in the next two years; and as fast as she finishes a picture there, she rushes over to Universal to make a costarring comedy with Glenn Tryon, or a Universal special. Olive Borden is the horrible example of how completely a former star can be ignored by producers.

“Olives’s working now,” Fanny announced, “so her
jinx may have been routed. She’s not up to anything grand and glorious, from all accounts. Just a picture for Columbia, but that is better than resting between film tests.

“...The very newest free-lance player is starting out auspiciously. Marian Nixon got a release from her contract with Universal, and was signed right away to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in ‘Out of the Ruins.’ She is a lovely child. Every time I see her I like her better, even if it is a shock to hear such a fragile child talk so knowingly about the stock market.

”Marian is one of those lucky individuals who doesn’t have to work any more unless she wants to. She has invested very wisely and has a good, steady income from her coupons.

“The old criticism that motion-picture players could talk about nothing but movies can now be disposed of. On sets nowadays they talk about nothing but the stock market. Tickers will have to be installed in studios soon, in order to keep players on the set. Some day, when there is a terrific drop in the market, great reputations will be made for tragic performances.

While Fanny’s mind was apparently on serious things, her eyes were not. They were roving around Montmartre, taking in the details of the costumes there. Evelyn Brent, just returned from a trip to New York, looked even smarter than usual, and Pauline Garon was a childish figure in a shell-pink sports outfit. Estelle Taylor was hostess at a large luncheon—and dominated it by virtue of a huge pansy-colored hat, bought, no doubt, to match the new Rolls-Royce touring car which was a present from her husband. Or perhaps she got the car to match the hat. Carmelita Geraghty was there in a chic sports outfit, Hedda Hopper in one of those perishable, summery dresses with a big hat, and Julanne Johnstone looking more like New York than a New Yorker.

“Julanne has a big part in Colleen Moore’s new picture, ‘Oh Kay,’” Fanny fairly burst with enthusiasm. “She is going to be utterly lovely in it. She has some charming costumes. And speaking of costumes—who do you suppose designed Colleen’s?”

Knowing Colleen’s charitable tendencies, I was prepared to suspect any one from the night watchman to some fan in Timbuktu. But this, it appears, was not one of her charitable impulses, but a lucky break for Colleen.

“Diana Kane Fitzmaurice designed them. You know, long ago, before Diana went into pictures, she used to design her own clothes. Well, since she married George Fitzmaurice, she has had nothing to do but run a big house, entertain a lot of guests, and play tennis four or five hours a day. So, when Colleen started wailing about her difficulties in getting original costumes for ‘Oh Kay,’ Diana sat down and designed some for her. Colleen spends all her spare time, if any, visiting other sets in the studio, proudly displaying Diana’s creations.

“Incidentally, Colleen appeared at the studio the other day in an authentic Russian costume that was so adorable, it will have to be written into one of her pictures. It was brought to her by Lucita Squier, who used to write some of Mickey Neilan’s scenarios, but who has been living in Russia the last few years.”

In Hollywood, any mention of Russia brings to mind a disaster that hit all our hearts, to say nothing of the less romantic portions of our anatomy. The Russian
Over the Teacups

Eagle, our new café that was the joy of the colony, was set on fire a few weeks ago. Lots of picture people were dining there that night, as usual, but several of them had gone home before the fire broke out. The heroes of the fire were Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Sutherland, and Harry Crocker, who sought to prevent a gas explosion, and who got a garden hose from near by, and fought the fire until the engines arrived.

"Chaplin threatens to start a new picture almost any day now," Fanny announced, "but that doesn't mean that we will get to see it before we are old and gray. I wish somebody could interest him in making quickies, for a while. I'm sure they would be good. In fact, I had the feeling all the while I was watching 'The Circus,' that it would have been better if he had spent less time pondering over every move in it.

"But one blessing is all you can expect in a year. And we have that one. Von Stroheim has signed a contract with Gloria Swanson, whereby he promises to direct her in a picture to be made within a few months! You couldn't possibly think of a greater combination than Von Stroheim and Gloria!"

"Not without adding John Gilbert," I offered feebly.

"Mickey Neilan is going to direct Bebe Daniels. That is worth waiting for. In fact, I think I'll begin saving my pennies for future pictures. There's nothing on the immediate horizon.

"Corinne Griffith's 'The Divine Lady' promises to be magnificent. The company is over on the Isthmus, at Catalina, filming the Battle of Trafalgar. Some extravagant sum, over the hundred-thousand mark, was spent just on building the superstructure on the boats that participate in the battle. When those gorgeous boats come streaming up toward the Isthmus, it will remind one of the prodigal days when Frank Lloyd made 'The Sea Hawk.' 'The Divine Lady' is bound to be in Hollywood, even if only the people who appear go to see it.

"I've got my mind all made up over my favorite star for next year. It is Lupe Velez. That girl fascinates me. Even if she weren't going to have Sam Taylor direct her first starring picture for United Artists, I'd expect her to be good.

"She is always interesting-looking, and I am constantly hearing nice things about her. Only the other day I ran into a girl who works for United Artists, and I found that she was hurrying home because Lupe had offered to come over and make a dress for her. It appears that Lupe is quite a dressmaker, and that she is always willing to spend a quiet evening basting and pinning her friends into clothes. I don't want to detract from her violent reputation as a siren, but that does make the girl human and ingratiating.

"Another picture I want to see"—the tide of Fanny's ramblings could never be stemmed, now, though I did want to ask her a question—"is Madge Bellamy in 'Mother Knows Best.' She has never been a favorite of mine—quite far from it, in fact—but that is a gorgeous story, and I hear the most glowing reports of the picture. Madge does a series of impersonations in it, and I hear that she is amazingly clever in them. If she can stand comparison with Marion Davies in 'The Patsy,' she will have to be good!"

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"Yes, evidently you have heard about Jetta Goudal,"
The World is Upside

But then you can't expect these stars to be

Marceline Day, left, looks as though she might be going through the paces at Atlanta or Ossining.

Nancy Carroll, below, indulges in some pretty difficult exercises in order to work off her surplus enthusiasm.

Sally Blane, above, seems entirely satisfied with her position! Watch out! Stars have been known to fall.

The secret of Esther Ralston's slimness is revealed, above, but just you try the bicycle exercise and see what happens!

Doris Hill, right, has placed herself in this position, and what we're wondering is, how she intends to get out of it?
Down to Them
serious and dignified all the time, can you?

Come, come, Janet Gaynor, left, that’s no way for Diana, or Angela, to act in public.

Frankie Darro, below, was born in a circus tent, and so being upside down means nothing in his young life.

Don’t be frightened, little girl. It won’t bite. It’s just Raymond Hatton, above, looking at the world from a new angle.

Buddy Rogers and James Hall, below, are behaving like a couple of intoxicated monkeys.

A goddess at home — Alice Adair, left, who played the rôle of Aphrodite, in “The Private Life of Helen of Troy.”
Just What is Act

Once a player becomes a favorite, the actor. Do they really mean it, or is it per article presents interesting speculations on

By Kath

It isn’t his eyes, his curly hair, or his smile they write about—it’s his *acting*. “He’s great—that boy can act,” they say. A few years ago, Buddy wouldn’t have been proclaimed an actor after so short a career. He would simply have been considered an engaging youngster with a high-powered personality, who showed promise of great things to come.

There seemed to be nothing for me to do, in order to get at the secret of acting, but to question some of those who are accused of it. So, presently, I was cross-examining Buddy himself.

He squirmed in his chair. “Gee, I don’t know! I used to think it meant something wonderful—great dramatic ability, long years of training. But now—well, you see, they say *I* can act, and that isn’t true, is it? I haven’t been on the screen long enough. Everything has been handed to me—stardom and everything. Then, too, they are always saying that girls like Clara Bow and Greta Garbo are great actresses, but I can’t see them at all. But Billie Dove—why, she’s a real actress. The whole thing confuses me.”

Not a meaty explanation! He was as uncertain as I. So was Janet Gaynor, the lovely little Janet whom the fans regard with almost reverential awe. Stopping work for a day on “The Four Devils,” she had time to say “Hello!” Frowning in deep thought she finally admitted she “didn’t know.”

“I really think acting is a fine ability which is developed by training, study and hard work, but things seem to work otherwise in pictures nowadays, don’t they?”

To Clara Bow, the question evoked an expressive shrug of the shoulders, and, “Why, I guess it’s just happenin’ that way, isn’t it? But I think it’s a funny question to ask a star.”

With the same question
ing, Anyhow?

fans take for granted that he is a great sonality that influences them most? This the subject, by people who should know.

Erine Lipke

on my lips, I made the rounds of the studios without a real answer, until I found Jack Gilbert on location in Laurel Canyon, for "The Cossacks." His furry headdress was on one side, and his face was hot and ruddy and gleamed with vitality. Jack stepped into my picture with a bang, for he was, as usual, brimming with opinions.

"Acting on the screen to-day means being vital. Success seems to rest entirely on whether you are positive or negative. The half-positive boys and girls get so far, and then stop, and the negative players are soon out—that's all.

"I've thought a lot about it. Take those who had big names a few years ago. We thought them great actors, but many of them are deadwood at the box office to-day. Something else is required now. They may be the world's handsomest men, and the sweetest, loveliest girls the camera ever turned on, but if they don't 'click' the public won't have them.

"Wallie Reid, if he were alive to-day, would be as great a success as he was years ago. He was so vivid, vital. Every boy in pictures, who is said to look like Wallie, has tried, and failed, to imitate him. But it wasn't his good looks or his pleasing smile alone—it was the whole dynamic something which made him 'click' inside you, whenever you saw him. No wonder he was popular—no wonder his memory lived. In a half-positive age in pictures, he was old man positivity himself.

"Janet Gaynor is the screen sensation of to-day. One of the finest, natural-born actresses I have ever seen. Her curls and big eyes aren't a third of it. She's vital—that's the thing.

"When she cries, you feel as if something were tearing inside you. Her appeal isn't insipid—it's strong. She does naturally, without knowing it, all the things the rest of us sweat for, and then don't get. She has just about everything any one needs for success on the screen, but the main thing which gets over with me is her vitality.

"The other day I saw

Acting depends on individual vitality, says John Gilbert.

a picture which introduced a girl very much of Miss Gaynor's type. It was a rotten picture—didn't give her a decent break—but somehow I kept thinking that if Janet had been in that picture, something, somewhere, would have 'clicked'; her appeal would have filtered through, at least for a moment, and would have been stronger than the picture. As it was, this girl went down for the third time. Only half-positive.

"Take Garbo," announced Jack, gathering momentum, "take Garbo, for instance. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether you like her on the screen or whether you don't—you know she's there. You don't forget her, and that's the main thing. She never lets you down. She is never half-vital. You can get out all your rules for an actress, and she may break them all, but what of it? You feel her, go away and re-
member her, and come back in order to feel her personality again. Do you get what I mean?"

It was easy to see what he meant, for Jack had apparently figured out the logical answer. Himself the keynote of everything that is positive on the screen and off, Gilbert was about the only person I met who could tell me much about acting—or screen personality, if you prefer.

In supplementing what he said, I remember a conversation with Clarence Brown, a director. "A positive, interesting personality is practically the whole thing in acting for the screen," said he, "for it is almost certain that the player with a definite, pleasing personality, will speedily learn to act.

"A positive personality means an alert brain, and so before the public has had time to get over its enthusiasm for a new and arresting player, and can settle down to be coldly critical, that person has had time to absorb technique, and learn how to act.

"Greta Garbo is an excellent example of this. She couldn't act at all when she first came to America. Everything she did was wrong—she was ignorant of the first rudiments of the art. But her personality hit the public between the eyes, and while they were exclaiming over her magnetic appeal, Greta learned how to act.

"That seems to me the reason why the fans talk so carelessly about the marvelous ability of this star or that player. They can't analyze the moment when a personality ceases to be just that, and becomes a real actor or actress. They get the effect—that's all—and to them personality means acting."

Given a vital, interesting personality—plus a break in pictures—and the result seems to be immediate. It is the positive personality which counts. The names which recur most often in the fan mail are a proof of this. Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Vilma Banky, Dolores del Rio, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Charles Farrell, Bill Haines, Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess—and apparently above, about, and between all the others, at this writing, Buddy Rogers!

Buddy seems now in the formative stage, between being merely an interesting personality and an interesting actor. In "Wings" he was immensely popular—partly because of the picture, but a great deal because of Buddy. After

"Wings" came "My Best Girl," with Mary Pickford, and then "Abie's Irish Rose." With three splendid breaks like these, and a personality like his, Buddy's resultant stardom was to be expected. The fans wanted it, and their shouts brought it about.

Buddy thinks it is too soon to star, but that means he is going to dig in just a little harder, so that the world won't echo with his fall—so that he won't hear, read, and feel that "Buddy Rogers was just a flash in the pan, a personality, but not an actor." The result will be worth watching, for he is vital to the ends of his devilishly tempting, curly hair.

With him, in "Wings," was Richard Arlen, an entirely different type. Dick is vital, too, but seems destined to

Continued on page 112
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The latest installment of our fascinating serial finds Malcolm Allen still unable to penetrate the mystery of "Miss Smith," and Lady Gates entangled in the plot of Marco Lopez and his confederate.

By Alice M. Williamson

CHAP TER VII.

THE VEILED PROPHETESS.

MALCOLM remembered the look in Lady Gates' eyes when she had first seen Marco Lopez. This look of Miss Smith's was different. There had been open admiration in the old woman's eyes. There was something suggestive of hate in those of the woman. Yet—was it hate? Well, anyhow, it was a strong emotion, which she wished to hide.

Suddenly Malcolm asked himself—or rather he heard the question as if spoken aloud in his brain—"Is this the reason she was so bent on working at Montparnasse? Has she come to be near Lopez?"

The thought was disquieting, even humiliating. He couldn't get it out of his mind, though Lopez apparently paid no attention at all to the presence of a new cigarette girl in the restaurant. So little interest did the professional dancer seem to feel in the new beauty that he got leave from Pierre to quit a few minutes before his usual hour.

As he started for the Ambassador, the Latin smiled to think how little Malcolm Allen guessed where he was going. Could he suspect already how deep was the old lady's interest in her Marco?

He had noticed the new girl in the green-gold embroi dered satin and spangled gauze. Her beauty and the glory of her red hair had attracted his eyes and vaguely stirred his curiosity, but not his heart. He hadn't missed seeing that the new vender of cigarettes appeared to be intrigued by him, and if she had been a client of the restaurant he would certainly have invited her to dance. That would have been business. But Miss Smith's face was not familiar to Lopez, and it did not occur to him that his might have another attraction for her than the usual one with women—his good looks.

He had not deceived himself when he pictured Lady Gates offering him tea. "Ask him to come straight up to my suite," was the message when her telephone was announced that Mr. Marco Lopez had arrived. And there sat her ladieship, rather terrible to behold, but tightly draped in orchid georgette. She reclined among rainbow cushions on a sofa faced by an elaborate tea-table, and Lopez, ushered in by a bell boy, hurried to save his large hostess from struggling up to give him welcome.

"Dear lady, do not rise for me," he said in the husky voice Katherine Gates had found so alluring. She invited him to sit beside her, and rang for tea. They chatted of Montparnasse; of Hollywood in gen-

Illustrated by modest stein

eral, and of Mr. Marco Lopez in particular, a subject always welcome to the gentleman concerned, when able to keep it free from too much questioning. Lady Gates waited until tea was over, and Lopez was smoking one of the best brands of cigarettes obtainable at the Ambassador, before she mentioned the dancing lesson.

Lady Gates did not smoke. "I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned," she said, "and that makes me a little sad. I didn't realize how sad, until I came here, though I'd begun to be a bit restless about myself in Paris and London. I'm telling you all this, because I have to explain why I feel as I do about the dancing lesson. When you came up and asked me to dance that night I wanted to do it—yes, almost more for a minute, than I can remember ever wanting anything! But the next minute I knew that I couldn't make myself a laughingstock. I had to refuse. I haven't danced for many years. But where could I ever dance nowadays, except here, in this drawing-room maybe—a woman of—my age and size? What's the good of learning an—an art that I can never have an opportunity to use?"

Some men might have been touched by so piteous a confession from an elderly lady, who had everything in the world except the three things most important to women: looks, love, and youth. But the Argentinean's emotion was not pity.

"Dear, charming lady!" he soothed her. "You judge yourself cruelly. I do understand—I sympathize. But you are wrong. You may not be a young girl, yet there are many women of your years in Hollywood who pass as beauties, and look like flappers, or not much older. Why, you can't be more than fifty, if that, and there are stars still on the screen who have reached that age, though few know it except themselves!"

Katherine Gates was vaguely comforted. "Still, I'm afraid I could never pass for a beauty!" she sighed.

"Yet that is not impossible—in Hollywood," Lopez gently ventured.

"What do you mean—in Hollywood?" she questioned, hope and curiosity rising together. "Why in Hollywood of all places, where every one is so dazzlingly young and handsome?"

"May I make a suggestion, madame?" Lopez asked. "Do, please!"

"It is this: a very wonderful lady has her studio attached to my little bungalow. She uses it on certain afternoons and evenings. To-morrow is one of her days. I should like to advise that you consult her."

*Copyright, 1928, by Alice M. Williamson.
“What about?” inquired Lady Gates, puzzled but interested.

“The lady is a very accomplished astrologer and scientific palmist. She also reads the crystal,” explained Lopez. “She is not strong in health, or she would make a fortune, for she could have all Hollywood as her clients. As it is, she refrains most people. And I must ask you to mention her to no one. But I am privileged to become her friend since she took my studio, and those I beg her as a favor to see, she sees.”

“What is her name?” Lady Gates wanted to know.

Lopez smiled and let lowered lids give him an air of secretiveness, or mystery. “If I could tell you that, you would know she is very famous,” he said. “But I am not allowed to speak out. The lady names herself here, Madame Blank. And because she always wears a veil when she receives clients, people sometimes call her the ‘Veiled Prophetess.’ You see, she truly is a prophetess! And not only does she foretell what is likely to happen, but she gives advice how to avoid the bad happenings which hover over the future like dark birds of prey; she counsels how to fight them off.”

“Nobody can change the future!” spoke the sensible side of Lady Gates from Leeds.

“All I suggest is that you let me make an appointment for you to talk with Madame Blank,” persisted Lopez. “She may be able to help you in ways of which you would not dream. As for the dancing lessons, do not even think of them again till you have been advised by this lady. It has been a pleasure for me and an honor to come here. I am a man before I am a professional! Would you like an appointment, if I can arrange it, for to-morrow afternoon—say at this hour?”

“I would,” exclaimed Lady Gates, her eyes tearful no more, but sparkling with vague, mysterious hopes and a very definite excitement. “I think you are a wonderful man!”

“You will find Madame Blank wonderful,” amended Lopez. “May I call and take you to her?”

“Oh, do!”

After Lopez had bowed himself out, the fat woman in the orchid tea-frock stood gazing pensively at the dimpled, much-ringed hand which the “wonderful man” had respectfully kissed.

She was dazed by rose-colored dreams of youth and beauty in Hollywood. Foolish dreams for her, she told herself, since they couldn’t become realities. And yet—and yet—how strangely Marco Lopez had talked—and hinted!

She could hardly tear her thoughts from to-morrow at five o’clock—and the Veiled Prophetess. But what remained of to-day had to be lived through. Luckily she would have the interest, to-night, of looking over that cigarette seller at Montparnasse. An awful creature, Lady Gates was almost sure, but she would see and talk to her—for Malcolm’s sake.

“’Oh, if it could come true!’ breathed Lady Gates, with the almost agonized earnestness of prayer, as she saw herself slim, young and in love.

CHAPTER VIII.

“THE CRYSTAL NEVER LIES.”

“My only friend in Hollywood—the only one in all the West!” the girl called “Miss Smith” spoke in her heart of Malcolm Allen, as from across the room she looked at him under her eyelashes.

She yearned toward Allen, for she was more lonely than she had expected to be in this place of light, and if it were not for the thought of his friendly protection she would have been afraid of Pierre.

Not afraid physically! The girl would not have come to Hollywood at all, and especially on the errand which
had brought her, if she'd been anything like a coward.

"What is your name besides Smith, mademoiselle?" Pierre had asked, after her arrival to take up her new duties, while the restaurant was still empty of clients.

"That is my Hollywood name—Miss Smith," the girl insisted firmly but gently. "Or Mary Smith, if you wish, Monsieur Pierre." And Pierre hadn't looked pleased.

But to-night she longed to tell Malcolm Allen all the details of her strange story, watching his face to see if he believed she spoke the truth. She wanted to say to him: "I am Madeleine Standish. Did you ever read that name in the newspapers, and do you remember in what connection?"

Malcolm Allen had been chivalrous to her, and as men are in books and plays and, she had been warned, very seldom are in real life. Yes, he was her one friend; but she must do without his advice and keep her secret for a time, at least.

Besides, she was probably doomed to lose his friendship, because here was this stout, old lady, "all dolled up," as Nora Casey put it; his aunt, it seemed. She had the air of being rich, and fond of her nephew. As she had followed him to Hollywood, she was most likely alone in the world, and intended to leave him heaps of money when she died. Madeleine Standish, alias Mary Smith, was still so young—not quite twenty-two—that if a woman were fifty, she might as well be seventy-five and have done with it. So Madeleine thought of Lady Gates as a doddering old thing, who might be of any age up to eighty, and old enough to drop dead to-morrow.

When Malcolm had seated Lady Gates facing all the "human interest" of the softly lighted, attractive room, Madeleine didn't glide in her Moorish slippers to his table, smiling her lovely, friendly smile, and proffering her tray of cigarettes. If Mr. Allen wanted her, he could beckon, or ask.

But Malcolm did beckon. He took pains to catch Miss Smith's glance when it wandered in his direction, and eye and hand both invited the girl to serve him.

"Cigarettes, Mr. Allen?" she asked.

"Yes, thanks," he replied. "Egyptians for me, and I'm going to teach my aunt to smoke something very mild. What do you recommend?"

Madeleine suggested something mentholated; and as he paid, Malcolm said:

"I've been talking to Lady Gates about you, Miss Smith. At least, I've been telling her you're a princess in disguise, and that interests her very much. Doesn't it, Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, of course," returned Lady Gates, smiling pleasantly, though she was not devoid of interior cattiness.

"I'm quite interested, and I'd like to see something of you. But I suppose we mustn't keep you talking too long here, or the proprietor will be vexed. Maybe he'd be disagreeable to you! So I've been thinking, Let's see, what times of the day or evening are you off duty?"

"I come on at half past ten in the morning." Madeleine told her. "At least, I have to be here then, to get into this dress. And every other night I'll be off at nine. To-night's one of them, because they don't have dancing. The other girl, Miss Casey, will be on to-night till twelve. To-morrow I'll be here till midnight."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Gates. "That doesn't sound like what they call union hours."

"I don't belong to any union," said Madeleine. "And I'm only too glad to work at Montparnasse, no matter how late I have to stay."

Malcolm wondered if she'd asked Pierre to let her stay on dancing nights, for the sale of Lopez, at whom he had seen her stare with—with that almost greedy look! Another stab of jealousy and dislike of the professional gave him a sharp pang.

"Well, I'm going to the opening of a picture with my nephew tonight, as soon as we finish dinner," said Lady Gates. "He has excited me, telling about the crowd that collects to see the stars get out of their grand limousines in front of the theater, and how the photographers turn on floods of calcium or something to take their pictures. Why, Malcolm is such a celebrity, I'm afraid they may snap me along with him. That's the one reason I'm scared to go!"

Madeleine imagined that "scared" ought to read "I hope." But in this she misjudged Katherine Gates. The stout, elderly woman was scared. If there were indeed a chance of reducing her size, and improving her elderly self, in any desperate way in this clever Hollywood, Continued on page 92
POLA NEGRI passed through New York, on her way to Europe, in what might be called regal splendor. In fact, I'll be big, I shall call it regal splendor! And after all, why not, Pola being a princess? She traveled with her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, and one of those royal retinues that we read about in books—a secretary, a maid, a valet for the prince, a police dog, a motor car, six trunks and ten pieces of hand luggage. How glad I am that the Ile de France, on which she sailed, is such a large boat!

Pola was just as beautiful, and as charming, as ever. She has left Paramount, of course, and from now on intends to have a great deal to say about the stories she films. She will make two pictures a year—two good ones, she emphasizes—one costume, one modern. She wants to film some of the classics which so far have been left comparatively untouched by producers.

Miss Negri did not know at the time of her sailing whether she would work in Europe or America. She had, she said, two American offers from big companies, and two European—English and French. If she worked in Europe she would bring over her own camera men and electricians from America. Her lawyer, Nathan Burkan, is to follow her to Paris shortly, with a contract, after he has investigated and determined which of her four offers she had best accept.

In the meanwhile, Pola has been having her first vacation in three years. In her spare moments she has been writing her memoirs, in French, which, she says, will tell everything! We're to know the real Pola Negri at last. It is really her second book; the first one, also written in French, was translated into half a dozen languages.

Speaking of languages, those of you with linguistic ambitions can sit back and envy Pola. She speaks six, one as fluently as another. Polish, of course, her native tongue; Russian, German, French, Italian, and English. I don't know how that impresses you, but as for me, I'm impressed something awful.

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Medley

by Alma Talley

Think, in these aviating days, what fun it would be just dropping down into any old country, knowing the language, and starting right out as one of the girls. Though of course it would be just our luck, yours or mine, if we knew so many languages, to find that our parachutes had fallen right among the Eskimos.

Does Lon Chaney Like Interviewers? No!

Lon Chaney slipped into New York with his usual air of mystery and discreet privacy. Lon is very shy of interviewers.

"Would you like to see Lon Chaney when he arrives?" the Metro-Goldwyn publicity department asked interviewers. To a man—and to a woman, too, for that matter—they answered, "Yes; but would he like to see us? No!"

They guessed right. Metro-Goldwyn's representatives, going to the train to welcome Lon in a big and noble fashion, discovered no Mr. Chaney. They could not find him at any of the hotels later, and they don't know yet how he managed to elude them in getting off the Twentieth Century. That man's so full of disguises he probably came in as his maiden aunt, or his young niece from the convent, or even wearing a set of bushy whiskers, like Trader Horn.

Despite all his efforts to keep himself a dark secret, however, Lon was recognized in New York. It happened one day while he was riding somewhere, in a taxicab. They were stopped by the traffic, when the driver of an adjacent cab leaned over and recognized the actor. "Well," he said to Lon's chauffeur, "as the traffic started again, 'better step on it. It is Lon Chaney!'"

Janet Gaynor Is Fêted.

Janet Gaynor, with a new shade of hair—she has now joined the association of cinema redheads—made her first visit to New York. It was just a vacation; she came from California by way of the Panama Canal, a seventeen-day trip.

She had a beautiful time in the big city, going to the theater, being fêted. Fox gave a large party for her at the studio of Emil Fuchs, the artist. It was a tea, buffet supper, and dance, all combined, and a good time was had by all, as they say in the social notes.

Janet attended the New York opening of Charlie Farrell's new picture, "Fazil," and what a fuss was made over her! Just before the performance began a man stopped at Janet's seat to say hello. "Ah," he said in a very loud voice, "my favorite star." All the audience looked around to see who the star was, and the rush for autographs began.

Such is the life of a film celebrity!
Manhattan Medley

Never say that Tom doesn’t know how to make a dramatic entrance. He came in wearing his usual eccentric costume—a café-au-lait-colored suit, big, white sombrero—and riding Tony right into the hotel dining room. Tony, I might add, has been in all the best hotels!

That horse is getting spoiled, too, from too much attention. Tom had quite a time with him, on this hctic vaudeville tour. Perhaps Tony doesn’t care for traveling. And I’m quite sure he cares even less for the quaint custom of the souvenir hunters who pull hairs out of his tail. After all, even the best-tempered horse might think that was carrying affection just a little too far. I’d like to know, boys and girls, just what you could do with a hair from a horse’s tail after you had it?

Tony would like to know too, probably. He was very cross about it, and cross at Tom, who really wasn’t the guilty party at all. The result was that, during their “turn” on the stage, Tony was always trying to bite his beloved master. And much of the time during the vaudeville act, Tom had to pry the horse’s jaws open with his fist. And what fun is that, doing an act on the stage, with your fist in a horse’s mouth? Tom received crowds of interviewers and others every day back-stage at the Hippodrome in his dressing room.

Greta Nissen Deserts Hollywood—Temporarily.

Perhaps you wonder where Greta Nissen has been hiding these past two years. She recently played the heroine in “Fazil,” and in “Hell’s Angels,” but even the slowest worker can’t keep very busy for two years, making only two pictures! Greta, she says, has turned down innumerable roles, because she didn’t like them. She thinks that poor roles are even worse for her, in the eyes of the public, than no roles at all.

But it turns out that she hasn’t been so idle all this time, after all. She’s been learning English, really learning it. She knew a little English before, but her accent included the Scandinavian so thoroughly, you couldn’t understand a word she said. But now! Well, she speaks our language so clearly that she has even been engaged for a role in a Broadway stage play this fall.

“Double Exposure” it is called, at this writing, but don’t you blame me if the passion for changing titles gets hold of that one. There couldn’t have been a better role for Greta, if the play had been written for her especial benefit. She plays a Norwegian girl in America, or maybe it’s in England. And there’s a Norwegian man in the play also. Every time he and Greta are alone on the stage together they burst into their native tongue, and let the audience wonder

Tom’s “Tony” Doesn’t Care for Travel.

Tom Mix, in all his glory and his diamond belt-buckle, had a triumphant flying at vaudeville before settling down to more picture making for F. B. O. Everywhere he went there was a gala reception. Isn’t it fun to be so popular!

On his arrival in New York, he was met at the train by thousands of adoring kids. F. B. O’s publicity department arranged that, and most cleverly, too, if you’re asking me—which of course you’re not. Before Tom’s arrival, thousands and thousands of buttons were passed around among the school children: “This entitles the wearer to serve on the Tom Mix welcoming committee.” Well, you can just imagine how the kids felt about that. It was just like being invited to shake the hand of President Coolidge.

So they poured into Grand Central Station, wearing their buttons, and there was an excited, squealing, tumultuous reception when the cowboy star got off the train.

A luncheon was given for him at the Hotel Astor, with newspaper writers and exhibitors much in evidence.

Raymond Hatton came East to collect antique furniture.
just what it's all about. Unless, of course, you're lucky enough to be a Norwegian. So few of us are. Anyhow, you suspect all the time that the man is her lover, but you get fooled in the end. He's really her father.

It's one of those trick ideas that may work out very cleverly, or may turn out to be just terrible, and we won't know until we see the play.

Miss Nissen herself is all enthusiasm. The one thing that worries her, though, is that she has to sign a run of the play contract. Suppose the play runs a year? Where will her movie career be then, poor thing? She's been off the screen so much lately, she's afraid that in another year the public will have forgotten her entirely.

But if you'd ever met her, with her blond beauty and charm, you can just take my word for it that you, who are, after all, her public, would never, never forget her!

Mr. Henry Ford Obliges.

Raymond Hatton and his wife were in New York only four days, seeing shows. Shows every performance. Mr. Hatton has left Paramount, and his sigh of relief at not having to play in any more team pictures quite drowned out the noise of the riveting in the big city.

He was all excited—as who in movies isn't these days—at the idea of talking pictures being taken up in a big way. Mr. Hatton is one of those who might be said to be sitting pretty. He has stage training and a stage voice. But where are the poor little beauty-contest winners going to come in, now that every word they say may be used against them?

The Hattons had just come from Boston, where they had been searching for early American antiques. They went there very quietly, just as sight-seers, and told no one they were coming. But how these things do get about! Had they got their luggage in at the Ritz when the place was filled with reporters yelling, "Surprise, surprise," or words to that effect.

The Hattons had a lovely time in Boston. At least they enjoyed it, though it's not my idea of a really eventful week. They looked at old tombstones, and historic spots marked "Here is about where the Battle of Such-and-Such was fought." Sorry, I don't remember what battle was fought where they looked.

Mr. Henry Ford gave them a big surprise. He sent a car, with a chauffeur, for their disposal, to take them around the city.

"Oh, you know Mr. Ford?"
I asked Raymond Hatton. Very foolishly, perhaps; plenty of people do know Mr. Ford.

"Well, I've met him, and I've bought several cars from him."
Now I call that discrimination. If it comes down to it, who hasn't bought cars from Mr. Ford? But does he send limousines and chauffeurs around to all the rest of us who have helped support his company? He does not!

Phoning from Hollywood to England about a "Green Hat."
Blanche Sweet was on her way back to Hollywood from England. She had been in England several months, making a film called "The Lady in White" for Herbert Wilcox, the best-known producer there. And, on her return to California, she was to start work with her husband, Marshall Neilan, on "The Green Hat." Of course that was banned once by Will Hays, along with "Raintree County" and several other stories, wherein the heroine wasn't really what is known as a "nice girl."

But the ban has evidently been managed somehow, and Marshall Neilan and Blanche are going ahead on the picture. In fact, she hurried home from England in her eagerness to do her best by Iris March. She wasn't very sure about all the plans as yet, because all the negotiations had been conducted by cable and telephone.

Yes, by telephone, you know all the trouble the poor phone company has been having to make that trans-
High-hatting the Fans

But who would object to being high-hatted by any one of the six charming ladies below?

Madge Bellamy, left, is as beautiful as ever, no matter what she wears.

Louise Brooks, right, looks ultrasophisticated in her tall, black head-piece, and certainly attractive.

Doris Hill, below, though comparatively new to the screen, already has her high hat.

Marie Prevost, below, succeeds in looking like an attractive young man, but Gwen Lee, lower right, insists on a feminine touch for her masculine headgear.

Nancy Carroll, above, is a big "ad" for her new fad of carrying a cane and sporting a high hat for dancing.
Mother's Boy Grows Up

Barry Norton, whom the fans remember for his bit in "What Price Glory?" is now being given roles in keeping with his sophistication.

By William H. McKegg

A YOUNG English aviator, with a somewhat angelic expression on his erstwhile sophisticated face, stood before a German firing squad. He gazed at a bird wheeling aloft. The command was given. He fell.

There were more sniffs during this pathetic episode in "The Legion of the Condemned," than any other part of the picture. In fact, Barry Norton’s performance was the high light of the production.

Maybe you saw, and shed a tear or two, over the death scene of Mother’s Boy, in "What Price Glory?" It will not be held against you if you did, for the scene was meant to have that effect. A smaller picture, "The Canyon of Light," presented Barry Norton once again in a sentimental rôle. And, sure enough, to stress the sentimentality, he was forced to repeat his death scene. It seems that, at this moment, no one can die on the screen like Barry.

Paramount realized this when they borrowed him from Fox for "The Legion of the Condemned."

If you have not seen this picture you should, if only to see how pathetically Barry can expire. Besides this sentimental attribute, he achieves some excellent acting, too.

"My luck has changed," he exclaimed recently, as if freed from slavery. "In nearly every picture I’ve played in, I’ve had to die. I’m killed off before I can see the girl, let alone stay alive long enough to get her. Now, in ‘The Four Devils’—"

This change of luck occurred when Barry was cast in "Fleetwing." It is about the desert, and in it Barry is a young Arabian prince, or what not.

Sentimental rôles are O. K.," Barry admitted. "I hope it means I am versatile when I put them over all right. But to-day I have a chance to branch out into other parts. Now in ‘The Four Devils’—"

Three years ago Barry came to Hollywood, after a two years’ stay in New York. He was then known as Alfredo de Biraben—the name he was given at his christening, in his native Argentina. Several months in the film Mecca finally earned him a sudden break of surprising luck. Fox gave him a contract, and he naturally, speaks English as fluently as Spanish and French. At seventeen, he sailed with some friends for New York, but failed to return when they did.

His adolescence was spent in absorbing the wisdom of the Great White Way. So it really is a remarkable
test of versatility to see Barry dying, on the screen, like a St. Sebastian.

He is now going on twenty-four, and is being groomed for romantic leads. Notice how sophisticated and romantic he really is.

It seems to me, as I look back to his advent to Hollywood, that Barry came with the fixed idea of rising to the top. His chance with Fox did not drop out of the sky, as one interview stated. It had to be worked for, and Barry was not picked out of the street. Nevertheless, it was a most propitious event.

When working in his first role, in "The Lily," Barry would drive around to our place, in make-up and tuxedo, at something like seven in the morning. While partaking of breakfast at my bedside, he would discourse on all the interesting topics of studio life. Then, still eating a last mouthful, he would dash away from the levee in a whirlwind of speed, to be on the set at eight thirty.

Acquaintances are always necessary to Barry's peace of mind; yet they all fade away, one after the other. Photographs lie in stacks on a table in his room. Scrawling signatures from such as "Annabelle," "Sybil," or "Rita," each have their turn on top of the heap. Gradually they disappear, their place taken by new ones.

Barry knows all the tricks of the trade, and how to add fuel to a girl's admiration. He never keeps appointments, never answers telephone messages left by ardent devotees and, if he does arrive at all, turns up an hour or two late.

Boys wishing to follow this course may do so at their own risk. Girls may also try it.

At times, Barry believes he should read something good. Pierre Louys does pale the senses, when overdone.

"Have you ever read this?" he once asked, handing me a French edition of "Anna Karenina."

"Just about half. You won't finish it, either. You would, though, had you lived forty years ago."

"Don't be silly. It's a wonderful book. One of the greatest." Whereupon Barry started to tell me about Tolstoy. But even poor Anna's history failed, like his many acquaintances, to hold him.

Music is one thing that does arrest Barry. He has a genuine liking for certain operatic compositions. "La Bohème" is the favorite. Puccini scores have to be locked up when Mr. Norton calls. For even kind-hearted friends tire of "Butterfly," "Tosca," and "The Girl of the Golden West" when heard too often. Though they cannot prevent records from being played.

He has achieved tremendous popularity down in his native country. He is well known up here, getting quite famous, really; but nowhere do his pictures arouse so much excitement as in the Argentine.

Barry's father and I correspond regularly. In fact, I would make a more dutiful son than Barry, when it comes to letter writing. Letters are something Barry regards as letters.

It rests with me, occasionally, to rouse him out of his Hollywood self-sufficiency, and force him to write a letter to prove that he still lives on earth. This he will do, assuring his father that he is still "su hijo que t'ana mas que aver."

In his many epistles, Mr. De Bireben has expounded upon the great notice his famous son — "who loves him more than yesterday" — attracts, whenever he appears in a film down there.

Such leading newspapers as La Nacion, La Prensa, and La Critica, all went into raptures over "The Lily," "The Heart of Salome," and "The Canyon of Light," just because a native son was in the cast.

Barry, be it understood, is the first Argentinian to attain prominence in American pictures.

"What Price Glory," rocked all Buenos Aires. What will happen when his latest films, in which he plays leads, are there?

On the strength of this present furore, enthusiastic shopkeepers have capitalized on our hero's name. One insistent merchant patriotically urges his fellow citizens to patronize his store, by displaying a sign written: "Use Canias Barry Norton" — "Wear Barry Norton Shirts."

"The Legion of the Condemned," "Fleetwing," and "The Four Devils" will probably cause cigarettes, chocolates, and drug-store articles to be named after him. On the street cars Argentinians become further acquainted with their young genius, as they gaze at "Barry Norton," looking down at them "en una de sus mas caracteristicas..."
Hollywood High Lights
Relaying the news and gossip of the studio world and its active personalities.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Michael Arlen's celebrated apothegm—if we may be permitted to use this word—to the effect that he had come to Hollywood, as the home of the silent drama, and found it a place dedicated primarily to talk, is apparently about to experience a new and different realization from that which the famous author's bon mot inferred, when originally made in that city.

We speak decidedly in the present tense. There is a terrific hullabaloo about the pictures synchronized with sound, sometimes known as "speakies." The old-time stage actors have given three rousing cheers, while the rest of the colony, with a few exceptions, has emitted one short—"Oh, heck!" The war is on, so to say.

It is asserted rather generally that the movies are on the verge of an upheaval. How great it will be, nobody seems willing to conjecture. Some people still don't believe in talking pictures. They say "talkies" are merely a passing fad and fancy, and that the silent film is too well established, as an art and entertainment, ever to be displaced by this hybrid effervescence.

Nevertheless, there is this much to be remarked—namely, that practically every large company in the business is now definitely interested in sound devices. A majority of them are already building noise-proof stages, and will have these in operation before the end of summer. Various actors and actresses have admitted their concern over the new development to such an extent that there is almost a panic in some quarters.

Speaking likenesses of everybody, who is anybody, in the films, will probably be seen all over the country within the next twelve months. Some of our favorite stars may, of course, dislike it, if they do not also sing, and there is no question that the elocutionary powers of every one will soon be called to account—whether in English, broken English, cinemese, Hollywoodese, or any of the other well-known dialects that prevail in the land of permanent wave and the home of the Kleig.

Emil Will "Speakie."

One of the first of the foreign players, whose voice will come forth from the silence, is Emil Jannings. Plans to this end have been made in conjunction with the showing of "The Patriot," which Ernst Lubitsch directed. Jannings will have only one word to say, and it is a Russian name. So, unfortunately, Emil has no chance to exercise his recently acquired English for the delectation of the fans. Emil had a hard time learning the language, but he has it now, with an occasional "nein," and "doch" for emphasis. "I make some time a comedy, with a German trying first time to sprechen Englisch," he told an interviewer recently. "It will be good," he assured.

"The Patriot" will be exhibited with numerous sound effects—galloping of horses, ringing of bells, firing of shots, and, of course, incidental musical effects. This will be one of the largest Paramount productions of the year to be shown with their new device, which in an early form was introduced in "Wings."

More Come Out of Silence.

The curiosity to hear some people's voices should be enormous—especially in the case of stars who have been on the screen for years. No definite plans have been announced by most of these, but it is presumed that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford cut short their stay in Europe, because of the unsettled condition which the new era, so-called, has brought about.

The United Artists studio, where they work, is erecting a sound stage, and the first trial, with effects and with dialogue, is to be made in Vilma Banky's "The Awakening." Vilma herself may speak in this, and Ronald Colman's voice will probably be heard in "The Rescue," in which he is starring. Colman should register exceedingly well in "the talkies." Strangely enough, he is not especially enthusiastic about them.

He told us he always felt that the charm of the screen was its silence, and always would be.

Kathleen Also Has a Voice.

Sound films are seemingly going to bring the return of many players, who have been overlooked by producers in casting their features, of late. Two who took part in a short Movietone subject recently were Raymond McKeel and Kathleen Key. They did unusually well, and scored a hit at the premiere given at the Carthay
Hollywood High Lights

Circle Theater. McKee was not in attendance, but Kathleen won a big hand when she was brought on the stage after the evening's performance, which had included the dulcet and stupid "Fazil."

We met Kathleen during the intermission, and had to profess we hardly knew her, it was so long since we had seen her in a picture. "Heavens, have a heart! I haven't grown as old as all that, have I?" Kathleen exclaimed, with her delightfully peppery accent. We noticed that she received congratulations from everybody present, indicative of her personal popularity.

War's Alarms Abate.

The unbelievable has happened. Dolores del Rio and Lupe Velez met, talked, and were photographed together—and, strangely enough, there were no casualties! These two girls look so much alike that some people have chosen to nominate them rivals, and that is far from the surest way to induce two players to become friendly. Naturally Dolores is far more famous than Lupe, and can afford to be gracious. And it is said that she extended the hand of greeting more than belligerently, when they were first introduced to each other.

The occasion of their encounter was a Spanish celebration, with which they were both identified. Lupe sang and danced, which she does exceptionally well, and Dolores gave an impromptu talk, in her native language.

Lupe, the Irresistible.

Lupe still affords no end of mirth for everybody. She is always up to some new trick that sets the studio agog. Before she learned English as well as she knows it now, she was an endless joy to prop men. They had fun teaching her slang; and incidentally, a few rather lively expressions somewhat stronger than slang.

The studio executives became rather excited about this, because Lupe, in her innocence, used the expressions at rather inauspicious times, occasionally when visitors were on the set. Finally one of the executives called her into his office to give her some kindly advice about it. Lupe listened and was duly counseled and understanding. Then she started out of the studio, and accidentally tripped over the rug. "Oh, bing-bing," she said, before she realized it. She looked up shyly at the studio executive, and a bit shamefacedly. But though he tried hard to conceal a smile, he was unable to, and Lupe exclaimed triumphantly: "You see, I had girl, but even you laugh at me! You not so good yourself!"

Lupe, by the way, has had as her escort to various functions lately none other than George Jessel, who is starring in Tiffany-Stahl pictures. We should mention, too, that she scored an enormous success not long ago, when she appeared on the stage at the United Artists Theater. Her singing and impersonations were compared with those of Raquel Meller.

Not Up on Classic Art.

Al Jolson always entertains us, and he invariably vouchsafes some clever bit of patter.

"These girls in Hollywood are smart," said Al, "they're smart as can be. Just the other day there was one of these fellows—an art director, very much on the up-and-up, very—oh, very highbrow. He was out on the set, and his eyes rested—rested, that's the word—on one of those very, very beautiful girls, and he went up to her and he said:

"'Do you know, my dear, do you know what you remind me of? Why, he said, 'you remind me of an old Rembrandt.'"

"'Well,' she answered, 'dog-gone it, you're not so young yourself!'"

All In the Family, Anyway.

Norma Shearer and Mary Astor are now related—only it's by marriage!

You see, it's this way. Some months ago, Mary espoused a scenarist and supervisor by the name of Kenneth Hawks, and just recently Norma's sister, Mrs. Athole Ward, was wed to Hawks' brother, Howard. We don't know just what relationship that creates between Norma and Mary, but there must be some sort.

Norma Shearer was matron of honor for her sister. Douglas Shearer, her brother, Howard Hawks, and another brother of the bridegroom, were best men. Norma's sister was divorced from her first husband, and has been living in Hollywood for more than a year.

Fan Mail Competition.

The fan mail score grows more and more interesting from month to month, because of the quick rise of certain newer stars. Clara Bow reputedly still leads the field, with a total of nearly thirty-four thousand letters a month.

Billie Dove is now reported to be high on the list, with approximately twenty thousand.

Buddy Rogers is one of the oncoming favorites, with a total of nearly the same number, by actual count. He is now supposed to be ahead of even Jack Gilbert.

This all reveals a remarkable change from a few years ago, when Rudolph Valentino, then the reigning favorite, was happy, with twelve thousand five hundred.

The amount of mail received by stars has increased enormously in a few years. We thought movies weren't doing so well lately, but this demonstrates the contrary.

Another Vamp Divine.

We hear the most enthusiastic comments about Mary Duncan's portrayal of a vampish role in "The Four Devils," the F. W. Murnau picture. Miss Duncan, we should say, is not one of the "devils" they all being acrobats. She acts, instead, as the seductress who casts her lure over Charles Morton, one of the members of this happy professional family, much to the discomfiture of Janet Gaynor.

The film will be both spectacular and tragic. Miss Gaynor and Morton are both killed, in a fall from a trapeze, at the finish. It occurs because Janet happens to see her rival in the circus audience.

There is something both peculiarly elusive and peculiarly ecstatic about Miss Duncan. She is a stage actress,
who played the terrific rôle of the Eurasian girl in “The Shanghai Gesture.” Fox had her under contract for nearly a year before she was given anything of consequence to do, and now they have her slated for featured rôles in a series of new pictures, the first of which will be “The River,” with Charles Farrell.

**May Be Pola’s Successor.**

These new dramatic actresses the studios are discovering prove more than interesting. For instance, the lethal and sinister Olga Baclanova. Have you seen her in “The Man Who Laughs,” “The Street of Sin,” or any of her other appearances?

Paramount has evoked decided attention by letting it be known that they expect Olga to fill the place vacated on their program by Pola. We can’t see any resemblance between their work, though they are both great actresses.

**Lois Gets the Applause.**

Lois Wilson has been working sixteen hours a day lately. She has been playing the rôle of a princess in “The Queen’s Husband” at the Vine Street Theater; and at one of the studios she has been portraying a sedate village miss, in a picture. Lois’ friends have all been congratulating her on her success as a stage actress, and Edward Everett Horton, who is starred, has this impressed on him not long ago.

He drove Lois to the theater one evening, and for fun thought he would ask the garage man, where he parked his car, what others who left their cars there thought of the performance.

“What do you hear about our show?” he asked the man.

“Oh, everybody likes it,” was the answer.

“Do they talk about it much?” queried Eddie.

“Oh yes,” was the reply, “they certainly do.”

“I don’t suppose they say very much about Miss Wilson,” ventured Eddie.

“Oh, don’t they?” sniffed the garage man.

“Hum, they talk about her more than they do about you.” Whereupon Eddie stepped right out of the picture, and Lois vowed that never would she park her car any place else, when she came to the theater, except at this particular station.

**Lina and June Chums.**

First prize for being the most devoted friends in Hollywood goes this month to Lina Basquette and June Collyer. They seem to go everywhere together.

Lina and June didn’t know each other before they became Wampas stars a few months ago, but their liking for each other developed almost immediately. They have a common interest in that they both spent much time in New York. June, of course, was born there, and Lina lived there for several years, following her marriage to the late Sam Warner.

Wherever June goes she seems to win admirers. Not long ago, she was introduced at a circus benefit, and everybody chanted her praises. She is a tall, willowy type, with just a slight resemblance to Julanne Johnston.

**Norma Disturbs Studio.**

Norma Talmadge simply can’t dress up around the studio. It is her habit, you know, to make herself com-

**A Hermitage De Luxe.**

William S. Hart may live in solitude and isolation, but it is a solitude and isolation of grandeur. We hear more about Bill’s place in the country than about any other, and we are going to visit him very soon, on his express invitation, and will tell you about it when we manage to make the hegira.

Meanwhile, we hear that Bill has a gorgeous Spanish-Aztec living room, fifty-five by thirty feet, and a swimming pool encircled by Roman columns. The house is built with wooden pegs instead of nails, in true primitive style, and is filled with huge hear-rugs, choice Navajos, and other inspiring suggestions of the old wild and woolly, rather than the new, effete West.

**A Fashionable Equipage.**

We haven’t seen it yet. But it must be a sight. Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo ensconced in the extra rear seat of a new Ford coupe, while a chauffeur drives them!

This is occasionally their means of locomotion about the Metro-Goldwyn lot, when they are in a particularly larkish mood. The Ford, by the way, belongs to Jack.

**Casting “The Bridge.”**

The literary plum of the season has been captured by Metro-Goldwyn. Naturally, it is “The Bridge of San Luis Rey,” by Thornton Wilder. Who’ll play Uncle Pio? Who’ll be the sisters? Who the two brothers? Who the old Peruvian solitary—the mother, so loved of the girl who goes to Spain to be married? Who the actress?

It may be strange, but we can hardly visualize anybody now on the screen, in these various rôles. Dolores del Rio or Lupe Velez—perhaps the latter—might be able to impersonate the actress. Possibly Alice Joyce could be the Abbess. The two brothers are less easy to visualize, although there are a number of actors who might qualify, by virtue of their Latin-American antecedents. It will take a skillful actor to portray Uncle Pio.

The book contains one item of striking pictorial interest—the falling of the bridge. It would seem to be a film for a Victor Seastrom to direct—although again, Fred Niblo might do it with just the right touch.

**Joan Herself Again.**

After experimenting with various extravagances in the matter of coiffure, Joan Crawford finally decided to go back to her own hair. She seized the occasion of an illness to allow it to grow out naturally. Most of her friends expressed satisfaction over the fact that she finally eliminated the rather feverish blond-red that she
Hollywood

High Lights

affected for a while. Lest it might be forgotten, the
color is inclined to brown, and all in all we feel
that it suits her best.

Joan seems to have no end of trouble lately over being
named, by wives, in divorce complaints. "If I have just
the merest speaking acquaintance with a man, it appears
to be justifiable cause, in the minds of their spouses, for
accusing me of disturbing their marital happiness," she
said warmly. "I am tired of being made a target for
discontented ladies, who are at odds with their husbands.
It's getting to be a regular habit."

Amazing Professional Union.

Eric Von Stroheim and Gloria Swanson! A strange
companionship assuredly! "Von," you know, will direct
Miss Swanson in "The Swamp." He is also writing
the story for the screen.

Von expects to make this film in ten weeks. What
if he should surprise everybody and do it? "The Wed-
ding March" is now two years old, and not released
yet. It's been in the cutting room for months. It was
still there when we last asked about it, and before he
started work on Gloria's picture, Von had to do a few
more scenes in the hope of bringing it to completion.

A Crime Rewarded.

She stole too many scenes when she played with stars
on the Fox lot. That's why the name of Marjorie Beebe
will go up in the bright lights when "A Farmer's
Daughter" is shown. Marjorie is a somewhat roly-poly
comedianne, with hair of flaming, bricklike hue. Not
her own natural shade, of course, but becoming enough.
She has a snappy personality to accompany the acquired
ehue. She's a little like Mabel Normand, though not so
attractive.

If you want a glimpse of her, she's in "Love Hun-
ny," featuring Lois Moran and Lawrence Gray.

A Fortunate Investor.

A picture costing more than a million dollars is a
supreme rarity this season. There is only one that we
know of, which exceeds that sum, and it is
"Hell's Angels." The "angels" are—
guess who? Well, to be
sure, war avi-
ators. Ben
Lyons is the
hero, and Greta
Nissen the
 heroine.

There is an interesting story behind this picture, for
the chap who is making it is reputedly very wealthy. He
only ventured into the films about a year or so ago, and the first produc-
tion with which he was concerned was "Two Arabian
Knights"—one of the best money-makers of the year.
The chap's name is Howard Hughes, and he is appar-
etly due to become very active in the picture game.
He has produced one Thomas Meighan starring feature,
called "The Racket," and is to make another, "The Mating Call," from the Rex Beach novel. "Hell's
Angels" discloses his biggest investment, for it is said
to run close to $2,000,000 in cost.

If he is as lucky with these as with his first, he'll only
augment, rather than reduce, his personal fortune, by
his venture into Hollywood. And that doesn't happen
every day, in the case of an independent producer!

Censorship Less Awesome.

We listened, to the story of "A Woman of Affairs"
not long ago, in which Greta Garbo may be starred, and
from all we could gather, it sounded very much like
"The Green Hat." This is further borne out by the
rumor that Michael Arlen is the author.

"The Green Hat" was at one time banned by Will
H. Hays, but since Gloria Swanson discovered a loophole
for the filming of "Sadie Thompson," producers are
possibly growing less fearsome about bans on books
and plays.

Skill in treatment of stories has evaded censorship in
several instances lately, and besides some censorship re-
strictions do not seem to be as severe as formerly.
Either good or ill is another question.

Chaplin Plays Fireman.

A vision of Charlie Chaplin fighting a café fire with
a garden hose must have been a rare treat, and we are
sorry not to have been on hand to see it.

It happened when the Russian Eagle, a favorite resort,
was destroyed by flames of reputed incendiary origin.
The establishment was subsequently completely destroyed
by an explosion, caused by an accumulation of illuminat-
ing gas, which had leaked between the walls and about
the foundation.

Chaplin, the Marquis de la Falaise, Lili Damita,
Estelle Taylor, Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Renee
Adoree, and Marceline Day were among those in the
café when the blaze started, but they all escaped before
the explosion occurred. Chaplin and his companions
attempted to conquer the flames, until the arrival of the
fire department.

The only person seriously injured was a former Rus-


Tut, tut! this is no way for an under- world queen like Evelyn Brent to spend her time, but it does show you a brilliant actress au naturel.


sian general, proprietor of the café, who has occasionally
appeared in pictures.

Prognosticator Required.

Wanted—an astrologer! Somebody to foretell the
future brightness of newer stars for the benefit of the
picture-maker!

Producers seem frequently to lack this
prophetic faculty, and occasionally let a
player, just on the verge of a hit, slip
away from their studios.

There is Paramount, for instance, in
the case of Josephine Dunn. Her con-
tact was allowed to lapse a few months
ago, which indicated that the com-
pany did not look sanguinely upon
her talents. [Continued on page 100]
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Circus, The"—United Artists. Charles Chaplin reverts to slapstick. While inspiration of his last film is lacking, this should be seen. Because his latest role is a tight-rope walker, Charlie decides to learn. The humor and pathos of this episode are inimitable. Merna Kennedy.

"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, parentage, failure, and success. Eleanor Boardman and James Mason.

"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 Mann, James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and June Collyer.

"Last Command, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings does some magnificent work, but the Russian grand duke is stripped of his power and ends his life as an extra in Hollywood. William Powell and Evelyn Brent.

"Sadic 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.

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

"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.


"Blue Danube, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Leatrice Joy splendid and Nils Asther does fine real work. Settings are beautiful and true. Joseph Schildkraut will amaze those who have never seen him in a character role.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ, with B. W. Waterbury dignified and restrained in central role. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Ralph Schildkraut.

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

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"We Americans"—Universal. A Ghetto heroine, in love with a blue-blooded hero, scorns the family heath for a studio. But the old people go to night school and blossom forth as true Americans, with nothing for the heroine to be ashamed of. Patsy Ruth Miller, George Sidney, and John Boles.

"Skyscraper"—Pathé-DeMille. Gusty, humorous chronicle of two steel riveters, a chorus girl and a visit to Coney Island. William Boyd, Alan Hale, and Sue Carol are all good.

"Red Hair"—Paramount. Pleasing film of Chicago social security, who wins the heart of a millionnaire, only to find that her three "papas" are her fiancé's guardians. Climax comes when they object to her marriage, whereupon she strips herself of the "borrowed clothes."

"Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath"—First National. Humorous and wise-cracking film, with the Turkish bath as a 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 absence, is treated as prospective roomer by a boader. Lois Moran, Lawrence Gray, and Marjorie Beebe.

"Cheating Heaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbors—who turn out to be the very nature to Compton at her best; others are Kenneth Harlan, Lucien Littlefield, and Sylvia Ashton.

"Chicago"—Pathé-DeMille. The play, which was a clever satire on a murderer's trial, 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.


"Dove, The"—United Artists. A tame version of the play. Norma Talmadge makes an elegant prima donna out of what should have been a cheap cabaret singer. Noah Beery's best role since "Jean 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.

"Drums of Love"—United Artists. Not up to the usual D. W. Griffith standard. Tale of Bloomers and the tragic love of one for the other's wife. Mary Philbin, Lionel Barrymore, and Don Alvarado.


"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.

"Girl in Every Port, A"—Fox. Lively tale of a sailor who sets out to "get his girl," but has to discover the unworthiness of the girl and end by swearing eternal friendship. Victor McLaglen excellent in his first starring film—Robert Armstrong and Louise Mclees.

"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 Phipps.

"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.

"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 plausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town and wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a burning dam.

(Continued on page 129)
Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen are the principals in "Fazil," the tragic story of an Arab's love for a European.

If you are so constituted that whatever you see on the screen is real and true because it is there, then "Fazil" will please you mightily. If, alas, your mind functions as well as your eye, there will be an aching void in your intelligence as you view this highly pictorial but hollow attempt to revive interest in the love life of a sheik. The sands of the desert have long been cold, I fear, and there is not enough hot air even in Hollywood to warm them back to life, now that sheiks have become comic, instead of romantic figures by reason of too much kidding. And though Charles Farrell is earnest and sincere in any rôle, and convincing enough as a Frenchman or an Italian, his Prince Fazil is hardly more than what you would expect a new Englander to be, when he dons dark make-up and submits his locks to the curling iron. It is, therefore, too much to expect him to be mysterious, inscrutable, and terrifying. And he isn't, though his eyes are supposed to frighten the heroine by their intensity.

Prince Fazil is a Europeanized sheik, who is able to wear tweeds and turbans with equal style. In Venice he meets Fabienne, who is described by a subtitle as "a child of caprice." To the knowing this paves the way for her romance with the Arab. And because the locale is Venice, gondola scenes must of necessity be a hectic detail in the courtship that follows their meeting at a Hollywood — no, Venetian — ball. And because the picture is a confection and not a drama, there must be scenes in Paris, where they spend their honeymoon — and where both the sheik and the society girl spend far more time in changing their clothes than in learning to know each other. That is, except by straining embraces, and what are vulgarly described as "tensile kisses." No one so describes them on the screen. Far from it. The kisses, embraces, and carnal manifestations are committed in the name of love. A great, great love. Have you ever noticed how rarely real love finds its way to the screen, and how often liaisons are offered in place of tenderness, sympathy, sacrifice? Because, you may, Fazil and Fabienne quarrel. It is inevitable. A surfeit of kisses always brings about mental illness, just as too much candy sickens a Pomeranian. Fazil returns to his native sands and — oh, horrors! — his harem, from which he remains coldly aloof, because he is the hero of the picture and must not be sullied, and thus lose that distorted thing known in Hollywood as "sympathy." These harem scenes warrant another chapter, but as they are, the old, familiar version of what a director thinks goes on in a seraglio — or perhaps only what he thinks the public thinks goes on in such places — it is as well to forgive them — and him. But some day, somewhere, somehow a director will have the conventions by forgetting this, and actually employ some one who has been inside a harem, to show picturegoers that the Mohammedan religion does not tolerate the looseness of burlesque shows. Fabienne comes in upon all this, and ensuing events end in an attempted Romeo and Juliet tragedy when both die, thanks — I said thanks — to a poison ring.

Mr. Farrell is a thoroughly nice young man, no matter what rôle he essays, and Greta Nissen is capricious enough to warrant the subtitle. Being capricious — prettily — is no small art. John Boles and Mae Busch play minor characters, and there is Fazil, though distressing, comedy from Tyler Brooke. All this being the inspiration for an expensive and beautiful production.

The Tragedy of a Clown.

There is nobility, and beauty of thought and feeling, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," even though the spectacle of a punchinello who must caper while his heart breaks, is not among the season's novelties. But vividly sincere acting is a novelty in any season, and here we see a great deal of it, combined with exquisite photography, vigorous yet sympathetic direction, and a fascinating study of character. The result is a notable picture, and one of Lon Chaney's finest portrayals. It is dependent on no disguise, save that of the traditional white-faced clown, and many of the most effective moments come when Tito, away from the circus, is without any make-up at all.

The story begins with Tito's adoption of a foundling while he and his partner, Simon, are strolling players. As the little girl, Simonetta, grows up, success comes to the two, and presently she attracts the attention of Luigi, a profligate young nobleman, almost at the moment Tito discovers that he loves her. The two men meet in the reception room of a nerve specialist, from whom each seeks a cure for his malady. Tito's manifests itself in uncontrollable tears when he is under any emotional strain, while Luigi, with a penchant for wild laughter under similar conditions. The doctor shrewdly surmises that each suffers from suppressed love. Without knowing they are in love with the same girl, count...
and clown become friends, united in the desire to be of help to each other. In the end Tito, aware that he is standing in the way of Simonetta's happiness, performs for the last time the stunt that has brought him fame, with intentionally fatal results, as a group of children look on, laughing gleefully at what they think is their idol's comic simulation of death.

The above is scarcely more than an inking of the story, but it is enough for the imaginative reader to realize that Mr. Chaney and Herbert Brenon, the director, find in it material to inspire them to do their best—which past performances testify is superlative. Mr. Chaney's performance is tender, true, and appealing. His Tito is a real Italian, which means that he does not resort to gestural excesses or grimaces to make him so, and the inherent simplicity of the character is never lost sight of. Loretta Young, who I am told is but fifteen years old, plays Simonetta with a heart-breaking quality which could only come from an actress unconscious of her youth, and never from one who tried to achieve adolescence by any expedient of the actor's craft. Perhaps even more surprising is Nils Asther, as Luigi, especially to those who have not seen him in "The Blue Danube." Here is a young man who is quite alone in playing young aristocrats with sinister or cynical overtones, but who contrives to awaken and hold one's sympathy nevertheless. To me his Luigi is arresting in effect. Nor must Bernard Siegel, as old Simon, be dismissed with slight praise. He, too, is a perfect gem in a perfect cast.

The Vitaphone Improves.

The future of the sound or talking picture is so great, that the latest example must be considered more seriously than if it were but a stray experiment. "The Lion and the Mouse," then, though far from an artistic milestone, or satisfying entertainment, is the best picture with dialogue yet screened. Yet it is neither a good picture, nor anything but an inking of the part sound will eventually play in the production of films. But it is important, in view of improvements yet to come. For one thing, there is more dialogue than in any previous attempt, and the material is in better taste and is more credible. So far as I am concerned, dramatic interest slumps when in long sequences the characters stand still and talk; whereas it is my contention that the drama of Shirley Rossmore's conflict with John Ryder, and their counteraccusations, would have been far more dynamic had they acted only to the accompaniment of the usual subtitles. But the elements of curiosity and novelty hold the spectator in spite of this, even though the reappearance of the old-time soliloquy causes one to fear if this long-outmoded means of setting forth the plot is to become a permanent feature of the "talkies."

Let us pray not.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is a rather old-fashioned story of a great, grasping capitalist, who brings financial ruin to others for the sheer joy of it. One of his victims is Judge Rossmore, whose daughter, Shirley, falls in love with the capitalist's son without being aware of his identity, and who becomes a member of Ryder's household—she is, conveniently enough, a sculptress for the purpose of possessing the inevitable papers which shall prove Judge Rossmore guiltless of unlawful stock manipulations. Out of this come Ryder's discovery not only of her identity, but of what he calls her thievery, his pact with her to give up his son if he will withdraw his charges against her father, and so on until the collapse of all in the face of the happy ending.

Lionel Barrymore, as Ryder, gives the outstanding performance, and his is the voice most interesting to listen to. Though not always distinct, it has "color," range, and eloquence, which is more than can be said of May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr. The latter's voice as recorded does not coincide with his sensitive "fine" personality, and Miss McAvoy's tones are flat, commonplace, and uncultivated—a complete disillusionment. Alec B. Francis, as the Judge, is as effective in speech as in silence. There's no denying it, a revolution impends in Hollywood, and players must somehow acquire a voice that harmonizes with their visual presentation, in order to keep their places—or any place at all—in the new technique of acting, and the new screen personality, which is about to supplant the old.

Better Than "Underworld."

For a rattling, galloping melodrama of the underworld, "The Drag net" is recommended with enthusiasm. It moves swiftly, its characters are interesting, and it holds the spectator tense. Perhaps it is not so unusual as its predecessor, "Underworld," but by any count it is far from ordinary and should be seen, if you have a flair for the gang pictures which are now popular. This time George Bancroft stands for the law instead of
against it. He is Two-gun Nolan, chief of detectives, and his consuming purpose is to bring to justice the malefactor's headed by William Powell, as Dapper Frank Trent. He is spurred to renewed action when Trent is on trial for murder, and a stool pigeon who is testifying against him is killed on the witness stand. The shot is fired by a gunman stationed in a hotel window opposite. This man, however, known as "The Sniper," is admirably played by Francis McDonald, who is quite as effective in his way as any member of the cast. He is a laughing gunman to whom everything is a joke, even his own eventual murder by Trent for talking too much. Evelyn Brent, without whom no picture of underworld life would be complete, is present as The Magpie, Trent's girl. She and Nolan are attracted to each other in spite of mutual defiance, but not until Nolan is "framed" by the gunman for the murder of a young detective is a crisis reached. Nolan re-signs from the force and, tortured by conscience, goes from bad to worse until he is reduced to the gutter. To humiliate Nolan and flaunt his own victory, Trent exhibits the former detective at a celebration attended by the underworld, and from The Sniper The Magpie learns that Nolan is innocent. She brings about his regeneration, and it is needless to say what Nolan himself brings about.

Conspicuous among the excellent actors is Leslie Fenton, as the young detective, and with the addition of Fred Kohler, the cast leaves nothing to be desired.

The Dregs of Humanity.

After "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command," Emil Jannings disappoints in "The Street of Sin." Good though his performance of "Blacher" Bill is, it is without the brilliant high lights found in his previous roles, and the picture itself is uncompro-misingly sordid and sentimental. Bill is a Limehouse bully, a crook, and—er—worse. Part of his livelihood comes from Annie, who spends most of her time on the streets. Their domestic scenes are startlingly frank, but one recognizes the honesty of them at least. As much cannot be said of Bill's infatuation for Sister Elizabeth, a spirituelle Salvation Army lassie. With no good intentions he breaks into her room, but Elizabeth is evasive. She prays him out of his evil mood, whereupon Bill "gets religion" and one is treated to the doubtful spectacle of the burly tough bathing the slim babies left in Elizabeth's care. But this cannot go on. With her discovery of Bill's reformation, Annie betrays him to the police, and in the ensuing gunplay Bill is mortally wounded. Dying, he consigns Annie to Elizabeth's care and guidance and mournfully admonishes her to go straight.

All this is, of course, splendidly acted, and the direction yields the maximum of suspense, particularly in Annie's treachery and Bill's efforts to warn his pals of the onrushing police; but the role is not worthy of the great Jannings, nor, for that matter, is the story, with its unrelieved squalor, depravity, and ugliness. However, there is Olga Baclanova.

In this simple statement is a torrent of admiration. Behind that name is a torrid personality and a gift for acting so great that I fear it must be called art, if not genius. Annie, in her hands, becomes a marvelous creation, with more shifting moods, piercing thoughts and electrifying action than most players manage to convey in a laborious lifetime of acting under frantic direction. And this, mind you, is only her third role in Hollywood. If you withhold your verdict of Baclanova until the last scene, it is sure to agree with mine. You will see Annie repellant, as Bill counsels her to mend her ways. But though you see her chastened and sorrowful, willing enough to let Elizabeth, her rival, stand ready to reform her, the glorious Baclanova tells the knowing spectator that she has no lasting thought of reform. As well expect a tigress to be domesticated by a mouse. Annie will be herself always!

Starring the Younger Generation.

Almost the best picture of the month is "Walking Back." As often happens, it is one of the most unpretentious. Another arraignment of the younger generation, with a title that means neither that nor anything else; but if the younger genera-
tion will please stand by and let more good pictures like this be made at the expense of its failings, for I am in favor of the jazz age and its iniquities—the more deep-dyed the better. But think of some of the awful pictures of youthful pecadilloes we've had to look at before. "Walking Back" came along! So it's better, I suppose, for the flappers to reform and become uninteresting, so there will be no chance of lessening our pleasant memories of this film.

The story, though simple, conveys considerable suspense, and the admirable acting of Richard Walling supplies pronounced human interest which might otherwise be missing. "Smoke" Thatcher, still at school, is infatuated with Patsy Schuyler—an entirely believable circumstance, because she is Sue Carol. Against his father's orders, he takes out the family car, and at a party quarrels with "Pet" Masters over Patsy. The boys fight it out in a surprising manner, by chasing and bumping into each other in their cars. This is exciting and novel. Smoke drives away with Patsy, his father's car virtually demolished. Eager to get money for repairs, he consents to drive a party of crooks without asking questions. In the bank robbery which ensues, Smoke's father is shot and—but that's enough. The end will surprise you.

All this is set forth most interestingly to the accompaniment of excellent direction and first-rate acting. In fact, young Mr. Walling does more than that, as Smoke. He is boyish, spontaneous, but restrained, and is a composite of a hundred thousand youths of to-day. In fact, his is the best performance by a juvenile that I have ever seen in months. Arthur Rankin, as Pet, is likewise conspicuously good, and so are Robert Edeson and Ivan Lebedeff, while Sue Carol stifies all attempt at criticism by her magnetic and piquant beauty.

Pep, Personality and Push. "The News Parade" is the first of what promises to be a minor epidemic of films glorifying the exploits of news-reel camera men. It is an agreeable comedy, made more so by Nick Stuart, as Nick Naylor, and ornamented by Sally Phipps, who has far too little to do to suit most of us. A prettier and less obvious ingénue would be hard to find, therefore her meager rôle approaches a calamity. No such fault can be found with the opportunities given Mr. Stuart, who, you may remember, fared not too well in "Why Sailors Go Wrong." So there is some justice in the world of the cinema after all. He gives thoroughly ingratiating and naïve performance of a youth who forces himself into a job, and is assigned to photograph a millionaire whose violent antipathy for cameras is a tradition in the "profession." Nick's pursuit takes him to Lake Placid, Palm Beach, and Havana before he gets the photograph—and the millionaire's daughter, to the accompaniment of much liveliness, some laughs, and at least one thrill, when Nick perches high above New York's traffic and proceeds to be informal about it. Brandon Hurst, as the millionaire, is especially amusing as a skater at Lake Placid, and Earle Foxe is a subordinate villain. But it is really Nick Stuart's picture.

Blinthe and Gay. Inconsequential and obviously designed as pastiche, "Don't Marry" nevertheless has moments of charm and fun, as well as deft performances by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. This I think is enough to recommend it to those with a carefree hour at their disposal, or those in quest of one. For charm and fun and deftness are all too rare on the screen. The picture gives Lois Moran what might be called a twofold opportunity, for it enables her to be an old-fashioned girl as well as a modern flapper. Now, there is no one more exquisite than Miss Moran when she dons trailing skirts and assumes a shocked expression. And when she seats herself at a harp and twangs silent strings, the imaginary music is more grateful to the ear than a symphonic outburst from Movietaone and Vitaphone combined. Her rôle is that of Louise Bowen, a modern girl who masquerades as her sedate cousin in order to win Henry Willoughby, who has been repelled by flapper tactics. The plot is simplicity itself, and some of the complications are hardly more, but the

Continued on page 94
We’ve Heard of
And these stars demonstrate the vogue in parasols

Norma Shearer, left, uses her parasol to artistic advantage in “The Actress.”

Sally O’Neil, above, goes down to the sea to swim, taking her parasol with her.

Loretta Young, upper right, succeeds in looking very decorative,

and Karl Dane, right, is about to protect his fatal beauty from the sun’s rays.

Gwen Lee, left, has forty ribs in her parasol—count ’em.
California Sunshine
which keep the sun's heat from being too unbearable.

Fay Webb, left, gives the sun a scornful look before retreating beneath her sunshade.

Beatrice Stephens, above, Hal Roach bathing beauty, is evidently being pursued by the censors.

Dorothy Sebastian, upper right, believes in doing things right, and so has a design inside as well as out.

Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro, left, use their small parasol in "Across to Singapore" for—well, two guesses.

Louise Lorraine, right, seems to possess only a parasol and a smile.
Money, But No Airs

Estelle Taylor has plenty of the former and none of the latter, as you will agree when you read this somewhat rambling, but intimately pleasant impression of her.

By Myrtle Gebhart

F

days' vacation! I'm getting worried."

Thus spoke last year's lady of leisure, and this year's maid-of-all-work, Estelle Taylor. No sooner had the New Year's bells chimed her release from the United Artists' contract—which held her to a salaried, but worthless engagement for a futile year—than she plunged into a round of labors.

"The roles I am ambitious to play?" A sharp glance out of the corners of brown eyes—eyes that can be so shrewd, fiery, humorous, or disgusted—rebuked me. "Have a heart. You know I never get 'em. Didn't I long to play the rôle in 'The Barker' that Betty Compson got? Am I not wild to portray Iris March, in 'The Green Hat'? 'The Mud Turtle' is a cherished dream—

to-day. But it is likely that another actress will get it. It's a tempestuous rôle. She starts a family revolution, and sees it through, winning out determinedly in the end.

Estelle would do just that. Fight to the last scratch, get the last word—and then turn suddenly tender and tearful. To know her is to know her, with no half measures, and either to like her superlatively, or to dislike her strongly. Most of the ones who don't like her are the flatterers, the very artificial actresses, or the gossips whom her sarcasm has flayed. I would prefer to face a whole regiment of soldiers, bent on execution, than face Estelle in an angry mood.

A few days after our luncheon together, Estelle went to New York; that she might be with Jack, and have a long-delayed honeymoon at Niagara—just because her mother and grandmother had had their honeymoons there. While in the East, David Belasco offered her costardom with Jack in a stage play to be produced this fall, "The Big Fight." Though they have accepted, Estelle will have a summer of picture work.

No one, with any sense, attempts to "interview" her. It can't be done. You lunch with her at Montmartre. She wears a soft, black frock, a purple hat, and a huge shoulder-corsage of wax flowers. She is the essential feminine, in rouged lips and lambent eyes, and trailing, mysterious scent. A luxurious, almost sensuous, atmosphere surrounds her. In ceremonious manner you are seated. Thereafter she holds court, having such a good time herself, that she scarcely realizes she is the center of attention.

You talk in snatches. "Like these gloves? Dirt cheap. Isn't Billie Dove the most beautiful creature? If I had a face like that, I'd stand and look at myself in the mirror all day."

Carla Van Vechten talked with her for a few moments, mere chitchat, and called her the most clever and interesting woman in Hollywood. It isn't brilliance so much as quickness of repartee.

Estelle is one of our fashion plates. I wondered, audibly, where she had acquired the nicety of distinction which characterizes the clothes she wears.

"By window shopping," she flashed. "Even as a child I window shopped for candy. The kind I liked cost thirty cents; I couldn't have it then, because. I didn't have the thirty cents; I can't have it now because I'm always reducing."

"I spent hours, week after week, with my nose stuck against the shop windows of New York, wondering why the things at the more expensive places were simpler. I began to study them—line, cut, everything. At first, my idea of an elegant lady was that of one dressed in silk flounces, plumed headgear, and strung with many necklaces. The instinct for correctness was developed by window shopping, until finally—even before I could afford the paste pearls—I knew why I wanted the tailored frock, or the tiny bit of jade."

New York, to Estelle, means rhythm. "I went there from Wilmington, Delaware, to study at the Sargent dramatic school," she said, as we drove, after luncheon, to a shop where she was to have fittings. The four idle days had been spent sleeping, shopping, and entertaining. That is, the afternoons and evenings. When she isn't working, getting Estelle up before noon is almost impossible.

Perhaps you can picture the home of a prize fighter, and a high-spirited vamp actress, who delights in hard-boiled rôles? Lurid, red posters; maybe a yellow davenport, or a gold decora-
ted and hand-painted piano, such as another Hollywood star is proud of?

The red-brick house, set back amid sunken gardens, might be the country home of an English gentleman. You may search it from basement to attic, and find not one thing to indicate that professionals live there. You see no pictures of movie stars, nor of pugilists. Their business affairs are con-
ducted at the hotel which Jack owns.

Most of the furniture is English Chippendale, or a gold decora-
ted of the rarest pieces of orna-
mentation is a sixteenth-century cope. The draperies are all hand-blocked linens of quiet, English patterns. On one side of the grounds is an ostentatious "lodge," for entertainments. Roses spill their fragrance everywhere. Estelle takes pride in her garden, and particularly in her roses. No, she doesn't spade it herself, but she bosses every bit of it.

Her bedroom is Venetian, of blue, ivory, and rose, with a touch of gold leaf on the furniture. The mirrors and the candlesticks were imported, of delicate design. This room seems, at first glance, a trifle florid, but it is beautiful, and it bears the imprint of a contradictory

Continued on page 110
“Gimme a Lift?”

This is the cry that assails the Hollywood motorist, whose experiences in giving rides to strangers are many and varied.

By
H.A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo

DECENTRALIZED Hollywood, with its studios sprawling out all over the map, is a town of magnificent distances—magnificent to those who have automobiles to get them around. To the pedestrian dependent on trolleys, buses, and his own feet, the distances from studio to studio and from the Boulevard to many a lodging, are appalling.

Consequently the countrywide pastime of begging lifts from motorists, flourishes in Hollywood as it does nowhere else. The huge number of automobiles and the genial, free-and-easy attitude of most of their drivers, makes it a simple matter for the carless one to get a free ride. Pedestrians wait at the intersections of many an important Hollywood thoroughfare, waiting for a “catch” as patiently as fishermen on the edge of a stream.

A favorite fishing ground is Cahuenga Avenue, the highroad to the studios of the San Fernando Valley, and the thoroughfares leading to the production centers of Culver City. Early every morning scores of studio workmen and extras line these roads, waiting for a free ride to work. Young and old, dressed in working clothes and in immaculate attire, wait under the overhanging pepper trees.

“Going over the pass? Gimme a lift?” they say in pantomime, for this is the town of pantomime. Sooner or later they get their rides.

Every free ride means a bus fare saved, and bus fare is high in Hollywood. Many studio workers who ride around a good deal on other people’s gasoline save enough to pay for their tobacco, their laundry, and a substantial part of their rent. Others do not consider the money, and ask free rides because they find the bus schedules inconvenient, or merely for the sake of sociability.

Often the driver as well as the volunteer passenger benefits, for the latter is usually a valuable source of information and will sometimes reveal interesting facts and rumors that are flying about the studios.

Usually those asking for rides use judgment in the selection of their cars. They get more rides in Fords than in Rolls-Royces, and with lone drivers—than with drivers who have their girl friends to keep them company. Workmen frequently get rides from other workmen who have cars, and extras, likewise, often get rides from other extras.

Occasionally a pedestrian gets a ride from a well-known player, without realizing the identity of his benefactor. A theater usher was picked up by a certain rather conceited actor, and soon got to talking about actors. He fell to criticizing his actor-host.

“That fellow can’t act—he gives me a pain—they ought to keep him off the screen!” he declared, while the player got red in the face but didn’t reveal his identity. When the car arrived at the studio the usher suddenly realized his blunder. Imagine his confusion!

Usually, however, the big actor or director is recognized at once. A certain easy-going director, in a misguided moment, picked up a bright-looking young man on his way to the studio. The young man promptly informed him that he was an extra working in the very picture that the director was then making. He wanted a big part! Yes, he deserved it, and nothing else would do! The poor director couldn’t break loose without throwing his passenger out in the road, and so the ambitious extra talked his ear off all the way to the studio, begging—demanding—a big rôle in the next picture.

It was the only time the young player had succeeded in getting a director where he couldn’t ignore him, and he made the most of it! It was a proud moment when he drove into the studio yard before the other extras, and a prouder one when he assured them, one by one, that now he was riding around with the director, big things were in store for him. To the director, however, it meant just another pest to bother him.

Occasionally salesmen, promoters, and others whom players and directors are trying to dodge, will “accidentally” happen to be at the corner where their cars pass. They know it is hard for a prospect to get away from them under such circumstances. That is one of the reasons why producers, stars, and directors are very skeptical about giving lifts to strangers—and seldom do.

Often it is the driver, and not the pedestrian, who broaches the subject of a lift. Hollywood has more than its quota of flivver sheiks, who urge the girls to save their French heels and take a little ride. Many an extra who has a car but no job whiles away his idle hours in this fashion. Usually he draws upon his imagination and assures his fair passenger that he is a big, important figure in some studio. Sometimes the sheik, who is fond of telling how he put across “The Big Parade” or “Wings,” has never been inside a studio.

One girl, who sells box lunches to passing motorists, was repeatedly accosted by one of these sheiks. He told her that he was a camera man at one of the big

Continued from page 109
Far Away

The stars look back upon their some of them poignant, some of

By Myrtle

went crying downstairs I thought of the iodine. I got a chair and clambered up to the shelf to get the bottle. Climbing down, I spilled it all on the floor. Just then mother came downstairs. I held up the empty bottle and said, "Now you'll be sorry. I've killed myself!"

Louise Fazenda's earliest memory is of adventure. It was an experiment in rapid locomotion. She lived on a steep hill, now in the center of the Los Angeles business district. She made a conveyance out of a soap box and, with a neighbor boy as passenger and herself as pilot, started down to see the world. The nails holding the improvised brake pulled out, the rear wheels came off, the boy bounced out, but Louise was too busy steering to notice. Miraculously missing passing vehicles, she slid across the street at the bottom of the hill and hit a wagon. She was thrown under the horse's hoofs, but he was too busy sleeping to notice. So her only marks were skinned knees and a few bruises—until she got home.

The setting was one of the Vatican chapels where the laity is admitted for the Easter services. The altars were beautiful with lilies—white flowers everywhere—and from some hidden place music swelled into a pean of song. Kneeling, a tiny, dark-haired three-year-old, her reason developed by home training to the point of understanding, bowed her head in reverential awe. And when the Pope appeared in his beautiful white robe, her heart filled with an ecstasy of happiness. The little child was Dolores Asunsolo, now Dolores del Rio.

Douglas Fairbanks' earliest memory would be of a stunt, his first. And a failure, too. He was about four.
and Long Ago

childhood and recall their first memories, them gay, and all of them intensely real.

Gebhart

when he conceived the idea of climbing onto the roof of a shed. The feat was achieved. After satisfying his curiosity, he decided to jump down. This also was accomplished—but his expectations of landing on his feet were not. He lit on his head, which bears the scar of his first stunt to this day.

Norma Shearer's first definite memory is of a performance of "Lohengrin." That afternoon her mother had no one with whom to leave her and, though she was only four, took her along, thinking she might go to sleep. But she was completely enthralled, not by the music but by the beauty of it all.

"I remember almost every detail of the swan's entrance," Norma said. "For days afterward it seemed that the world was all wrong. I wanted my mother and her friends to wear clothes like Elsa had worn. I wanted swans to float down rivers, drawing boats with princes in them."

No wonder Pola Negri is such a tragic lady. Her first meeting with life was one to disturb any child's equilib- rium. It was a wild ride on a pony. As she was being led around a farm in Poland, the pony jerked the reins from the attendant's hand and deposited the future dramatic queen on a wheat stack, with a long gash over her right eye. Pola still carries the scar of that joy ride.

Curled hair! A starched dress! Best little black slippers! Of course, that means only one thing—having one's picture taken. Joan Crawford was a very small person then, but quite an actress.

"The light fascinated me. When I saw how purple my mother's lips looked, I began to cry, because I thought she had changed permanently. Then I became engrossed in posing. It was all very wonderful, and I talked and thought about it for weeks."

Little Eva flying to heaven, is Colleen Moore's earliest memory. The illusion of the scene made so deep an impression on the four-year-old that she was led shrieking from the theater. The manager and her mother led her back-stage to meet the actress, to prove to her that Eva was only playing, but still she was neither convinced nor consoled.

Every Saturday an Italian organ-grinder used to come to the neighborhood in which Lina Basquete resided. The monkey would perch on her shoulder to chatter and collect coins. One day a passing automobile back-fired. The monkey scurried up a tall scaffolding. Lina, being a tomboy, volunteered to capture him, and shimmied up to where he clung. Suddenly glancing down, she saw the ground far
Far Away and Long Ago

carried her at least ten feet in the air—so her elders said—and landed her gently on the ground.

When he was about six, Reginald Denny, then living in a suburb of London, decided to disobey his parents and go swimming in a small tributary of the River Thames. As he stood in shallow water, one of the boys gave him a shove into water fifteen feet deep. Another lad hauled him back to safety.

Constance Talmadge's curiosity! A saga could be written around that theme. One Christmas a beautiful, blond doll with eyes that opened and shut, and a red tongue protruding from its little mouth, fascinated her. She was filled with the enthusiasm of the investigator. So she pulled off the wig, poked in the eyes and succeeded in yanking the tongue out. Frightened then, she began to yell. Her mother put the doll where she would see it constantly, so that she was less destructive with the next one.

Virginia Valli was the proud owner of a two-room playhouse, the envy of her companions. It pleased her particularly that a little boy "crush" should find it so attractive. But one day Edward looked to the future and decided to burn some papers in the playhouse, in order to start his training as a fireman. He would arrive with his wagon and the garden hose and prove the gallant hero, rescuing the dolls and putting out the blaze. But before the junior fire department appeared, the house was in flames. And Edward proved a disappointment as a fireman—he was afraid to go in after the dolls. Virginia lost her playhouse, her dolls and her faith in gentlemen.

A man figures in Lilyan Tashman's earliest memory. And clothes. And bills. And excitement. Lilyan had seen an itinerant photographer taking pictures of people in the neighborhood, and longed to pose. She took the matter up with him. "Sure," he said, "I'll take your picture for nothing. Dress up

Estelle Taylor pretended to commit suicide for the sake of dramatic effect.

below and was rather fearful of starting down. They sent for a ladder. It proved too short, and it wasn't until the fire company reached the scene that she was rescued.

Two girls remember when they were great actresses—Janet Gaynor and Sue Carol, who played together in Chicago ten years ago. The basement of Sue's home was their theater. Aided by her mother's chauffeur, they lined up two dozen chairs. "Supported" by a couple of boys and by the chauffeur, who played a harmonica, they staged their gala performance, Sue and Janet doing a black-face act. Afterward they couldn't get the charcoal off their faces in time for dinner. You can imagine the sequel.

Thanksgiving Day always brings back to Norma Talmadge a memory of her grandfather's farm in Connecticut, and of a small girl proud of her bright-red stockings. Going out to feed the chickens, ducks and turkeys one memorable day, a gobbler sighted the red-clad legs and headed for them, followed by an exciting race when Norma barely got through the kitchen door in time to avoid a peck.

May McAvoy flew high in the first event to limn itself on her mind. When playing "jacks" with other children, a terrific wind suddenly blew up, lifted her from the ground and

Arthur Stone, at four, discovered an unusual way to ruin his new drum.

Billie Dove was fascinated by the mystery of a music box.
while I get ready," Lilyan donned her big sister's best dress and slippers, and posed. She kept the matter secret, intending to surprise the family. The surprise came from another quarter. With the pictures, the photographer also brought a bill, and dad had to pay it. And the experience that followed—with dad—was heart-rending.

Clara Bow's tresses caused not the slightest ruffle in her harum-scarum childhood until the advent of a doll with bright-red hair. She hadn't had a doll before, and wasn't keen about it anyhow, much preferring to play baseball with the boys, but dutifully took it out for its airing. The boys' jeers, and the smiles of passers-by, ruined her day and turned her into more of a doll-hater than ever.

Evelyn Brent—like Estelle Taylor—had malicious intentions in the first event to impress her child mind. Having been reprimanded, she decided to run away—her parents would miss her and be sorry. Surprisingly, her mother agreed to the plan and even helped her pack the little suit case, put her coat and hat on her and bade her good-by. Evelyn got as far as the corner, and then reconsidered.

John Barrymore's childhood was spent in dark and mysterious caverns, peopled with grotesque figures that emerged and disappeared as if by magic. Everything was very exciting, and he never knew just what to expect. Gradually it all became familiar and resolved into backstage life in the theater.

Esther Ralston, too, was almost born in the wings of a theater. The first object that impressed her was a glittering costume that her mother wore. It fascinated the three-year-old and she would play with it and fondle it and pick sequins off.

George Bancroft's mother told him so often, "Don't play near the lake," that his interest in the lagoon was aroused. So many were the threats, that he ventured forth to find out about this forbidden territory. He found the mud banks delightful to dig in, and stole closer. The water didn't reach out to hurt him. Some child.

Vera Reynolds remembers nothing more distinctly than constantly being told to "pick things up."

Far Away and Long Ago

Louis Fazenda has good cause to remember the exciting end of a soap-box ride.

dren were wading in the shallow, water. He waded. He became braver and went in to his waist, then to his neck. A shriek from shore—his mother there, frightened—caused him to step backward into water over his head. When he awoke he was in his mother's arms. But instead of punishment, he got only kisses. It was all very bewildering.

A doting aunt brought Charles Rogers a huge egg one Easter morning. White, with flowers and writing in candy on it, and at one end a tiny glass through which one eye could see a Biblical scene in colors. For hours the boy thought them real people. He even got to telling the people in the egg his worries and joys, until they became closer than his own family, so vivid was the child's imagination. One day a playmate grabbed it—and the fascinating egg became glittering debris on the floor. He was horror-stricken. His "fairy people" would be hurt. Scrambling among the pieces, he found a penny picture with his "people" just painted on. Disillusioned, he wept bitterly.

In his fourth year, Emil Jannings was given a glass of Pilsener beer by his good-humored father, as a joke. Little Emil sputtered and cried, and thought it was medicine. However, he assures us that his dislike for beer was overcome in later years.

Jobyna Ralston had never seen a goose, though she was well acquainted with chickens. On a visit to her uncle, she obtained permission to go out to the barnyard to see a new

Contdued on page 104
Reverting to Type

The dauntless Christie girls show why it is much more fun to dig gold from Mother Earth than from gentlemen's pockets, and apparently there is far less suspense.

Helen Fairweather, at top of page, chooses her own way to make Marie Francis, Betty Whitmore, and Anne Cornwall work.

So Anne Cornwall, left, center, sharpens her pick, the better to dig, while Marie Francis and Betty Whitmore, above, break the rules by resting some more.

Marie Francis, Betty Whitmore, and Helen Fairweather, left, begin the long struggle in earnest.
There Are Styles in Stars, Too

You have only to read this interesting article to recall the enormous influence exerted by popular types of the past, and to wonder what the next will be.

By Ann Sylvester

FASHIONS in stars change as often and almost as seasonally as styles in gowns, skirt lengths, and bobs. First it is one thing and then another. Or perhaps it would be more to the point to say, first one type and then another.

Those boys and girls who have followed the screen for years will have little difficulty in remembering the curly-headed ingenues, who reigned supreme in the infancy of the silent drama. And they will have even less difficulty in remembering how quickly they were succeeded by the Theda Bara vamps, who in turn were replaced by the Norma Talmadge-Blanche Sweet dramatic waves. So on down through movie history it has been. Each queen of the screen, during her brief reign, has not only swayed the destiny of the industry, but has also set the personality style for flappers of every country. They led—and the rest copied as best they could, until another charmer came along.

Just for the fun of it, we might start at the beginning and review a few of the ladies of the screen who have been most outstanding in determining a popular type.

Mary Pickford—she was the first. The first lady of the screen, and the first idol to be imitated in its sincerest form of flattery. When Mary was actively queen of the screen, schoolrooms throughout the country were dotted with Pickford curls. Ladies everywhere made a point of looking as sweet and wistful as possible, and rather like little girls all alone in the world. In keeping with this type, gowns were simple—and organzine and ruffles were in their heyday. The girl who sold you perfume did so with a Pickford pout. The sweet girl graduate who won the elocution medal, spoke in a husky, childish tone, because she had heard that Mary's voice was like that. Hair was long and curly and blond—if possible—and often where it wasn't. Speaking as a popular type, everything was as sweet and romantic as a lace valentine when Mary set the style. No one had ever heard of companionate marriage.

Next in importance to Mary on the screen was Norma Talmadge, but Norma was never a particularly outstanding personality-setter, for the chief reason that her greatest appeal lay in her humanness, and she was not sufficiently typed to start an individual vogue. Norma was loved, but not imitated nearly to the extent of Mary Pickford. Theda Bara, another outstanding figure of that day, had a few spit-curl, beaded-eyed followers, but her type was too exotic and her reign too brief, to set her down as an influence.
Mary Pickford's curls and organdies were not only copied by girls everywhere, but she set the style for screen heroines.

Irene Castle was something else again! Irene was the style-setter de luxe, whose vogue had not been equaled before or since. Consider what Irene started—bobbed hair, sway backs, Pekingese dogs, Dutch caps, and dancing contests! She was the last word—and the first. Her slightest preferences were fashion mandates. Quick to follow her lead in everything, the ladies cashed in sweetness for chic as a popular motif. The village queen of every town was the girl who dressed as Irene dressed, walked as Irene walked, danced as Irene danced. In place of the cute-little-girl type, the tall, slender brunette mounted the pedestal as queen of the hour. It was a Castle year. In fact, several Castle years. Following Irene's long and brilliant reign, there was more or less of a hull in screen style-setting. True, popular ladies came and went, but few of them were responsible for a vogue until along came Gloria Swanson.

As a feminine idol Gloria became the rage. Even more so than Pickford, and almost equal to Irene. If nine tenths of the women had had any choice in the matter, they would have had themselves done over in exact duplication of the Swanson mold. Tilted noses, previously despised, became the profile outline supreme. Bizarre coiffures were the mode. If Gloria wore her hair frizzy and curled, so did every shopgirl in the country. If she slicked it down in a nice, smooth bob, so did the rest of femininity. Pink-and-white skin went out of style and sun-burned brown replaced it with a vengeance. Girls who weren't naturally dusky went in for deep-ocher powder, and some even took dye baths to tint themselves the popular shade. Where Irene had introduced chic, Gloria sponsored sophistication. Little girls around sixteen spoke in blase drawls, and looked on the world with unsurprised eyes. Ladies with "pasts" became interesting and popular. Ladies who had no "pasts" invented one or two. Some one once asked Mack Sennett when bobbed hair would go out of style. "When Gloria Swanson decides to let hers grow," he replied. And Mack was right. When Gloria decided to let hers nestle in a low knot on the back of her neck, so did a lot of other women in Hollywood and points north, south, east, and west.

Gloria's chief rival in her heyday was Pola Negri, and while Pola never equaled Gloria's vogue as a personality, she was responsible for the dead-white make-up that swept the country for a few months. The smart color scheme of the moment was to drain one's face of all natural color, blanket it with dead-white lotions and powders, and Carmine the lips. The whole effect was of a slash in a white mask—but it got over, thanks to Pola. She wore her face that way.

The style set by Gloria and Pola was so extreme that a lot of girls could not follow it, so F. Scott Fitzgerald and Colleen Moore got together and introduced the raging type of a few years ago—the flapper. She was cute, was the flapper. That was all that was necessary. She did not have to be pretty, or exotic, or extreme. All she needed to do was to show her knees, tip her hat back on her head, smoke a cigarette, cart a flask, and talk back to her parents. All the kids tried to look like Colleen and talk like a Fitzgerald heroine. Necking became the popular pastime, supplanting any form of romance. Clara Bow was a runner-up on Colleen as queen of the flappers, and between the two of them they kept the style in fashion for a much longer time than it deserved. But everybody got a lot of fun out of

Continued on page 107.
"We can get seats for that picture across the street."
"I'D RATHER STAND ON LINE AND SEE THIS METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE—THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD."

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH!

YOU'RE always sure OF seeing THE biggest stars THE finest stories WHEN your theatre SHOWS you M-G-M pictures

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two $50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.

LEO'S QUESTION CONTEST

1. Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.
2. What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?
3. Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.
4. Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.
5. What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes?

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 September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Winners of Contest of June, 1928
Mrs. Jones D. Jess, 214 E. 51st Street, New York City
Charles Church, 1 F. O. Box 316 Carson City, Nevada

Note: If you do not attend the 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.
When George lost all his money, the frivolous "debs" who had vied for his favor did not desert him. He became a guide on a sight-seeing bus and all the girls fought for the seat beside him.

This fascinating serial

"George, Who Believed in Allah"

By RUBY M. AYRES

will begin soon in

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE

Ask your news dealer 15c per copy
Second Fiddle

Though relatives of certain screen celebrities have decided abilities the fans seldom, if ever, hear of them. Introducing—

Jack Stone, left, is a good-looking fellow, as well as cousin to Colleen Moore.

Beth Laemmle, right, is a popular dancer, and Uncle Carl Laemmle is proud of her.

Nancy Kenyon, above, in “The Butter and Egg Man,” won nice comment, though few know she is Doris Kenyon’s niece.

Eleanor Ames, below, who appears in “The Battle of the Sexes,” is really the sister of Betty Bronson.

You’d probably not guess that David Tearle, below, in “Celebrity,” is cousin to Conway Tearle, but he is.
continued from page 55

where all women not beauties stayed out of sight, she would have liked to lie low till after the metamorphosis. Still, she couldn’t resist accepting Malcolm’s invitation to the preview, one of the season’s best, with a long-run film at a gorgeous new theater.

"In a day or two," she went on, "I’ll ask you to come on one of your early nights and have supper in my drawing-room at the Ambassador, with Malcolm and me. Then you can tell me about yourself!"

Malcolm frowned at this, but didn’t speak; and the girl, thanking Lady Gates politely, inwardly resolved to reveal less than nothing of her own affairs.

"I wonder what he has said to her about me?" the girl asked herself. She knew in her heart that Malcolm admired her, but she hadn’t gone quite so far as to dwell on the thought of love. She was hardly aware that some such emotion for him was growing, like a butterfly over a flower in a strange garden, in the region of her heart.

If she had known, she would have scolded herself for a fool, because her errand in Hollywood was the one important thing in her life, and it would perhaps prevent her from dreaming of happy love—ever.

The next afternoon was that of Lady Gates’ appointment with the Prophetess.

Lopez was prompt in arriving at the Ambassador, and Lady Gates, who had hardly slept for thinking of what she might be told, was ready and waiting. Her car carried the two smoothly to that “wrong side” of Hollywood, where the professional dancer lived. But even the wrong side of Hollywood has charm. The bungalow which Lopez had rented, as the best he could afford, was in a gay little street of many other bungalows, each utterly different from its neighbor, all shaded by palms or pepper trees and possessing unfenced lawns. Lopez’s dwelling—not so much his as to his neighbor’s as to having them brushing their teeth, or taking a bath—was the best in the street. It was larger than the rest; that is, it must have contained at least five fair-sized rooms; and it had the semidetached studio which he had described to Lady Gates. The architecture was Spanish Mexican, as he explained now.

"We are expected," Lopez said, "so I can take you straight in to Madame Blank. She will receive no one this afternoon. Your car will have to wait for you perhaps an hour."

He opened the door with a key, and they entered a vestibule hung with brocades, and a mirror with a carved frame.

A knock at an inner door brought the answer, "Come in!" spoken in a low and somehow impressive voice.

Katherine Gates’ heart began to thump, she hardly knew why. Even in the vestibule there was a faint fragrance of incense. As Lopez gently opened the door, a wave of amber-scented smoke poured out from a mysterious region of blue dusk.

For a moment the lady from Leeds felt that she was half blind and completely dazed in this perfumed twilight; but presently a few pieces of furniture took shape, and she saw a reclining form swathed, rather than draped, in white; a long, lazy, graceful shape on a divan of deep purple or black velvet. As Lopez softly closed the door, the woman turned, and her face was revealed.

Over the face of the woman in white was fastened a white veil which left her eyes uncovered, and was draped over the head, completely covering the hair.

The eyes that looked up to hers, thought Lady Gates, were wells of ink; and the hand, half revealed under a flowing sleeve, as it reached for her own plump, gloved fingers, was white as the sleeve itself; long, thin, rather than slender, and with polished nails that were like pale coral on ivory.

Lopez invited the guest to be seated in a chair already placed in front of the divan.

"This is Lady Gates, of whom you have told me, Marco," announced the lord, contralto voice. "I do not ask you the question, for I know from the touch of her hand it is so. Now, Lady Gates, take off your gloves—both gloves. I wish to read not one, but the two hands. Each tells something different."

"Don’t,—won’t—you need more light?" stammered her ladyship.

"No," answered the voice; "this place is light for me."

The figure on the divan sat up, bent over the extended hands—first one, then the other, and studied them.

Lady Gates was informed that she had "never known love; never known real happiness," and that a message to her soul from beyond had brought her here to the sunshine to find both.

"It’s too late for me to have love, or the kind of happiness that goes with it," Madame Blank," she sighed, more freely than she might have spoken had not Lopez slipped discreetly out of the room.

"No," replied the Veiled Prophetess. "What you have come to find, you can find, if you know how."

But I don’t know how!" expostulated Lady Gates. "Can you tell me how to perform miracles?"

"Let us see," said Madame Blank. "The time has come to consult my crystal. You will give me, before you leave, the date of your birth and other details, so that I can consult the stars for you. But to-day it shall be the crystal."

She did not rise from the divan, but pressing a buttonlike ornament on the wall, a small door opened, and she drew out a shining staff. This was covered with black, and throwing aside a piece of black-velvet drapery, a crystal ball on a black stand was revealed. Into the gleaming globe she gazed, her eyes above the veil more like wells of ink than ever, in their concentration.

"I see you," she almost whispered. "Yes, it is you! But the image is different from you as you are now. I see a figure, not slight as a girl’s, no, yet shapely and slender enough to be attractive. You are dressed for a dance. It must be a dance, for you tap your foot as if keeping time to music! You have on a peach-colored gown patterned with brilliants. A princess might wear it! You have on beautiful jewels. Your hair is cut short and waved——"

"Gray hair like mine—short?" groaned Lady Gates.

"Hush! Do not speak. It breaks the continuity. Your hair, in the crystal, is not gray. It is the color of copper—beautiful. Your eyebrows and lashes are black, your eyes large and bright. You have not a line on your face. You have a full chin, but it is young. You seem not more than thirty, or thirty-five at most. Men ask you for dances. You are very happy. One man awakes—dark, handsome, like Marco Lopez. You trust him, as well you may, for I feel that he is fine and noble, though not understood or appreciated by many men, because of his profession. You go with him. You dance lightly and beautifully. He is much interested in you. His eyes show it. He speaks. You listen. You are so gay! Ah, now the crystal is clouded. That means nothing of unhappiness. But the picture is complete."

"Oh! If it could be a true one!" breathed Lady Gates, with the almost absurd emotion of prayer.

"Of course it can be a true picture. The crystal never lies," said Madame Blank. "I can tell you precisely what to do, so that what seems like magic illusion may become real."

To be continued.
“Talking” Bathing Outfits

Everything is “talkies” in moviedom these days and don’t these beach costumes speak right out loud?

Dorothy Sebastian, left, wears a blue-and-white-striped suit, with a white Kasha coat, edged with blue.

Marceline Day, above, achieves an odd effect with a striped-flannel bathing-suit ensemble, with plain jersey jumper.

Mary Brian, right, goes in for the latest in modernistic design, done in brilliant colors.

Agnes Franey, top, has an attractive wrap of Terry cloth, distinctively colored with orange and blue.

Polly Ann Young, center above, glories in wearing a red-and-white-striped suit, with a red plaid cape and head scarf.
The Screen in Review

Hollywood, or quite, quite mad in more sedate communities. Which is to say it is a concoction of absurdity, implausibility, and harmless lunacy, with the willing sacrifice of everything for a laugh. But the sacrifice does not bring the laugh as often as it is made, and in spite of a robust attempt to be funny, the picture is too often dull. Then again it is not, especially when Bull Montana gives Glenn Tryon a "royal" message. Mr. Tryon, in his usual rôle of irresistibly bumptious youth, impersonates a visiting prince and restores prosperity to the royal domain by exploiting its only resource, the peanut. This he does by means of a publicity campaign which takes many forms, all of them unconventional and some of them amusing. Mr. Tryon's popularity involves "A King" on the other side of my horizon, will insure his success in this rôle, and there are also Marian Nixon, Raymond Keane, and others to be reckoned with.

Soup Meat.

If you concentrate and invoke the gods of the cinema, you may discover what "Chicken à la King" is about. It isn't a lesson in cooking, that's certain, and as there are two chorus girls in it, you will infer that the humor is not Barriessque, but Sennettian. After some research, I learn that it involves a comedian named Horace Trumble, who discovers that his brother-in-law is about to marry a gold-digger. So Horace goes to warn the girl of her mistake, and is classified as a sap by the girl and her side kick—they always operate in pairs, you know—with the result that they decide to trim him. His wife, who has been unsuccessful in extracting money from her husband, is delighted by the fleecing, and even joins in the conspiracy and shares the profits. Arthur Stone, an excellent comedian, is the brother-in-law. His rôle is given some claim to novelty by his habit of having dizzy spells, in which he speaks what is on his mind. Ford Sterling, as Horace, is Mr. Eisman of "Gentlemens Prefer Blondes," with a different name. Nancy Carroll and Frances Lee are the girls. The most generous estimate is that the picture is passably amusing, the most critical is that it is cold storage.

Mr. Fields and Mr. Conklin.

"Fools for Luck" is another "team" picture, the comedians being W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. I found it quite amusing, without being of the button-busting variety. But who wants noisy mirth in this hot weather, anyway? Highly skillful performances are given by the co-stars, as usual. Mr. Fields as a comically unscrupulous oil promoter and Mr. Conklin as his small-town victim. The promoter first beats his victim, the local champion at that, at pool. Then, on being invited to his home by the irate victim's family, the crook is assigned to the parlor. This paves the way for a merry scene, when Mr. Conklin discovers Mr. Fields in his bed. The slight love story is carried by Jack Lutten and Sally Blane, and the distinguished Mary Alden is the wife. The whole is made amusing by the cleverness of individual performances, rather than by the picture itself.

A Vestal's Sacrifice.

Hark ye, Ramon Novarro fans! Your idol appears in a sentimental farce called "The Vestal," of which the more knowing in the legion have already heard. For it is the picture filmed some time ago under the title of "Belamy the Magnificent," and as editor of Picture Play, many is the letter that has come to me protesting against the injustice done Ramon in so long delaying its release. But now I wonder. Truly I wonder. But ever eager to discern a silver lining in the darkest cloud, I am quick to grant that the more reverential followers of Mr. Novarro will find added proof of his versatility in the rôle of Lord Gerald Brinley—and not hold the picture against him. Lord Gerald, you see, is a gay philanderer. Henrietta, the wife of his valet, and Mrs. Crutchley, of Mayfair, are his, with all femininity between the two extremes apparently eager to be loved and then cast aside. All but Phyllis, as ingénue. And one is not so sure that Phyllis would have waited for a wedding ring, if Lord Gerald had not been made politician by his great love. The pursuit of Lord Gerald by Mrs. Crutchley brings about a climax that would have been perfectly shocking in 1883. Mr. Crutchley finds Mrs. Crutchley's beaded bag in Lord Gerald's rooms, and is about to search the innermost chamber, when dear little Phyllis unexpectedly appears and claims it, to save Lord Gerald—from what I do not know. Certainly not scandal, for he lived for liaisons. Anyhow, everything's lovely after that. Marceline Day, Carmel Myers, and Renee Adoree are the ladies.

Strange, But Not True.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is a German film, uneven, indifferently directed, and only passably acted, but with the merit of an unusual story. The whole thing

Continued from page 71

general effect is pictant. Neil Hamilton, as Henry Willoughby, is quietly droll, and again proves himself an engaging light comedian whose humor has the saving grace of reticence.

A Bilious Blossom.

"The Yellow Lily" is the name of a Hungarian waltz, to the strains of which Billie Dove and Clive Brook dance in the picture of that name. He is a naughty archduke and she is a girl of the people who, first repulsing his crude advances, later learns to love him. He pursues her with such pettiness that her brother shoots him, for which he goes with his sister to prison. Whereupon the archduke, suddenly become ennobled, defines parental authority and marries the girl he insulted. Most of this is played at a lethargic tempo, with a superfluity of lingering looks in order, I suppose, to show the development of hate into love. Neither extreme is, however, convincing, and the proceedings are vaguely unpleasant through the studied efforts of every one to be passionate, yet remain within the law.

A Date with a Duchess.

"His Tiger Lady" is more amusing in theory than in fact. That is, the possibilities of the picture are more interesting than the performance, though Adolphe Menjou has set such a high standard in recent films, it would be next to impossible to maintain it without an occasional lapse. Certainly he is as excellent in this as in any picture, and Evelyn Brent is glamorous and magnetic, but the story wanders a bit after the first part. Mr. Menjou is Henri, a super at the Folies Bergeires in Paris, whose sole duty is to ride in on an elephant. Night after night he gazes from his perch at The Duchess in a box, until he falls in love. Finally, in his resplendent costume of a maharajah, he stalks The Duchess to a restaurant where she is dining with wealthy admirers, and his magnificent deportment leaves no doubt in the minds of the quartet that he is a real potentate. Furthermore, he captivates The Duchess to such an extent that she takes him home with her. And so it goes until his deception is exposed, but The Duchess has lost her heart in the meanwhile. Backstage life is amusingly pictured, and Mr. Menjou's bluff is acted with his usual finesse.

An Epic of the Peanut.

The silly season opens appropriately with "How to Handle Women," a farce of the kind called gooey in

Continued on page 96
Painless Scars

The studio make-up man is a thorough artist, and can mold the characters of men in an incredibly short time.

Richard Barthelmess, above, utilizes an ugly scar to heighten the contrast in the dual rôle he plays in "Wheel of Chance."

Milton Sills, above, achieves that Lon Chaney look via scar, nose, jaw, and Oriental background.

All good gang leaders should have scars, so Robert Armstrong, left, provides himself with one in "The Cop."

We suspect that the scar on Lane Chandler's forehead, lower left, isn't detracting from his happiness in "The Legion of the Condemned."

Monte Montague, below, displays a barroom scar in a picture entitled "Silks and Saddles."
might have been sensationallly good, but it is only mediocre. Captain Ramper, a middle-aged explorer, is marooned in the Arctic seas when his airplane crashes. There he remains ten years, time and the elements turning him into a monster, half man and half animal, his mind only dimly functioning, his memory of civilization gone. Eventually he is captured and brought back to Germany, where he becomes a freak in a side show, loved, if you will believe it, by Tony, the sister of his owner, who seems to be a girl of sixteen or less. This rôle is rather charmingly played by Mary Johnson, the Swedish actress. A great physician becomes interested in the case, and restores the monster's mind. With it returns his normal appearance and his disgust for the baseness of human nature. A sub-title tells us he longs to return to the "nobility and purity of the animals." Tony is willing enough to forsake her sweetheart and go with him to permanent exile in the North, but Captain Ramper will not permit her to sacrifice herself, so he turns over to her sweetheart, as a wedding present, the fund that had been subscribed for himself, and Tony presumably finds compensation in cash. Now I ask you.

Eve Southern Reappears.

Eve Southern is too strange and illusive a personality to be found in a picture reminiscent of another's success, but that, unfortunately is what happens in "Clothes Make the Woman,' plainly inspired by Emil Jannings' "The Last Command." Instead of a Russian general discovered in Hollywood as an extra, we have none other than Princess Anastasia, daughter of the czar. It seems that a peasant saved her when the imperial family was murdered, and migrating to Hollywood and success as a star in the movies, he is casting about for a suitable leading woman for his next picture, a story of his experience in Russia. What more natural, then, that he should find among the group of eager extras, the very type he desires? And think what his surprise is when he finds the type to be Anastasia herself! They repeat for the camera much of what they went through before, until Anastasia is accidentally shot in the execution scenes. This serves the purpose of making them sure they love each other, and so endeth the picture. It is slow and dull in spots and fairly interesting in others, but the standard of mediocrity is valiantly maintained. Eve Southern is very interesting in a rôle unworthy of her, and Walter Fidgeon, though given to histrionics, is, as always, pleasing.

Pity the Rononoffs.

"The End of St. Petersburg" was made by the Russian Soviet government, therefore it is scarcely surprising to find it is propaganda. It is, however, startling to find its message so frankly and boldly set forth, in spite of all the hullabaloo of protest preceding its opening. From many of the New York critics it has elicited almost hysterical praise, but I do not think this enthusiasm will be shared by those who may conceivably have harkened to Picture Play's reviewer in the past. The Russian picture does not concern itself with individual characters so much as with mass effects and symbols, hence the spectator is asked to follow the beginning of the revolution by means of revolving wheels in a munitions factory, smokestacks, whistle, half-plowed fields, distorted views of statury, et cetera, rather than by human interest as a common denominator. The overthrow of the czar is not shown, but the success of the revolution is nevertheless made perfectly clear, by the symbolic figure of a peasant woman ascending the steps of the former imperial palace, hence, "The End of St. Petersburg" is for those who prefer pictures made as far away from Hollywood as possible, and who think the camera is a better actor than the stars.

Interesting, But Not Inflammatory.

Bitter controversy preceded the opening of "Dawn," the film record of the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse, during the war. Those opposed to the showing of the film contended that it would rekindle old hatreds and bare wounds now happily healed. But if the opening in New York is any criterion of what will occur when the picture is shown elsewhere, there is no cause for alarm. Outwardly all was harmony among the spectators who followed a careful, impartial, and reverent attempt to depict the events which culminated in the death of Miss Cavell. The picture has a documentary quality which precludes its acceptance from any other standpoint. So the question of story need not be considered. Enough to say that Nurse Cavell is seen in charge of her hospital in Brussels, with the Germans in possession of the city. Touched by the plight of an escaped Belgian prisoner, she aids him to return to his lines and, as further demands are made upon her, she enables other unhappy soldiers to do likewise, until she has restored two hundred and ten men to the Allied armies. She is arrested, tried for treason, according to military rules, and is sentenced to death. Sybil Thorndike, the eminent British actress, plays Nurse Cavell with what one feels is reverent exactitude. It is scarcely acting, but consecration to a cause. Marie Ault, Micky Brantford, and Maurice Bradwell give fine performances.

Confectionery.

Picture based on musical comedies are apt to be unsubstantial at best, but skillful treatment can sometimes make them agreeably entertaining. "Lady, Be Good" is a case in point. Of gossamer lightness, it nevertheless moves along brightly enough to make one forget its cream-puff consistency, so why worry? Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are excellent as the vaudeville magician and his partner, who separate to go their respective ways professionally, only to unite again when their high hopes have collapsed. Surely not much on which to build a picture, but the building—the characterization, direction, and subtitles—is far more important than the foundation. Such incidents as occur when Dorothy Mackaill dines with a man she doesn't like, and conceals in the folds of her cloak a full-course dinner for the hungry Mr. Mulhall, are replete with comic values, and Miss Mackaill, by the way, has never looked lovelier.

No One Like Our Clara.

It's a serious Clara Bow you will see in "Ladies of the Mob," a crook story which enables our Clara to give her finest performance since "Mantrap," and incidentally gives Richard Arlen the best rôle he has ever had. Detailing the plot is not necessary, for the story is hardly an involved one; it is the suspense that counts, and the clever direction. Clara is Yvonne, who knows her underworld as well as George Bancroft, and Mr. Arlen is "Red," her sweetheart. They are partners in crime, and glad of it, until Yvonne is convinced of the error of their ways and resolves to convince Red, too. In the end they are caught and sentenced to prison, but Yvonne is far from downcast, because she looks to the future when they shall be free. Sounds Pollyannaish, and actually is, but Clara and Mr. Arlen make it real. Quite worth your while, I assure you, and if there is any doubt in your mind of Clara's depth of feeling, it will vanish.
They’re Molls

If you don’t know what a moll is, your underworld dictionary will tell you it means the sweetheart of a crook.

Myrna Loy, above, in “State Street Sadie,” wears policeman’s badges for shoe buckles, just to show her defiance of the law.

Jola Mendez, below, the sister of Luella Mendez in real life, is caught in the vortex of crime, in “Chicago After Midnight.”

Olga Baclanova, the great Russian actress, is Annie, Emil Jannings’ paramour, in “The Street of Sin.”

Jacqueline Logan, center, is a girl of the underworld in love with a policeman in “The Cop.”

Evelyn Brent, below, has played in so many underworld films, that it is no wonder she is superbly natural as The Magnic, in “The Dragnet.”

Clara Bow, above, is Richard Arlen’s moll in “Ladies of the Mob,” and, incidentally, gives a striking performance of a serious rôle.
Atlantic service pay? It's so expensive that no one, apparently, no matter how he likes to talk, feels that anything he has to say is important!

But this "Green Hat" thing came up, so Marshall Neilan phoned Blanche all the way from California to England. It was probably the most expensive phone call ever known in all these years since we've been talking for a nickel. He phoned her several times, in fact, and that gives me a great idea for the telephone company.

Why not just pay Blanche's expenses to England, on condition her husband stays at home, and then just drop in on him now and then, with suggestions for stories that she could play in?

Temperament Again.

Jean Hersholt and his wife, and their thirteen-year-old son, made their very first visit to New York. Their very first, despite the fact that Jean came over here from Denmark. But it seems that he came originally by way of Canada, where his wife had relatives. So it was the first time he had ever been in our metropolis.

What a thrill they were having. Theaters, and skyscrapers—oh, you know how people are when they first get to New York. They go to see the Woolworth Building, the Aquarium and the Statue of Liberty, which most residents just take for granted.

Mary Philbin was originally scheduled for the title role in "The Girl on the Barge," but she and Jean Hersholt both got temperamental. They're both stars, but the question was, who was the bigger star? Each of them wanted first mention in the billing. The way these actors do carry on!

"Not that I really care very much," explained Jean Hersholt, in his slightly accented English. "No matter what we decided, exhibitors would go ahead and feature whomever they felt like. But you know how it is with producers. If you don't hold out for your rights, they think you're not important. When they think that, it all comes out in the pay check."

What a business! Anyhow, it was finally decided that Jean Hersholt should play in "The Girl on the Barge," and Mary Philbin should be put to work on something else.

The girl-who is playing her erstwhile rôle, by the way, is a little newcomer to the screen, Beatrice Blinn. She is said to be Holbrook Blinn's cousin, and has played on the stage in New York for several seasons. A petite brunette, not more than five feet tall, her movie possibilities seem very good. But she won't interfere with Jean Hersholt in this very serious business of being a star.

The Gypsy Trail for Marie Dressler.

Marie Dressler stopped in New York on her way to Europe. And talk about your lucky ladies! Marie has friends in New York, friends in Europe, friends in California, and all points between. For all I know, she has a couple of friends among the Eskimos. Anywhere she goes, there is some one she can visit.

That's why she doesn't sign a movie contract. She is always having dotted lines thrust upon her, and is pleased with to sign, but Marie says no, not with her roving disposition. When she wakes up in the morning, wishing she were in Paris, she runs right out and leaps on the next boat. Or, if she feels like lunching at the Ritz in New York, when she's in California, she says: "All right, I'll have lunch there a week from Tuesday."

Marie is a very friendly person, and very proud of her large acquaintance. It seems that, years ago, when she was on the stage, she was taken up generally by New York's "Four Hundred." You didn't know, did you, in watching Miss Dressler's antics on the screen, that before your very eyes is a leaping-about lady of society?

Adolphe's Big Moment.

Adolphe Menjou and his bride, Kathryn Carver, returned from their European honeymoon. And, outside of his marriage, the greatest thing that ever happened to Menjou was the big moment when Bernard Shaw came to call on him in London.

Shaw, who has been against selling the screen rights to any of his plays, even suggested that he would like to see Menjou make his "Arms and the Man." Those of you who don't know your Shaw might know this story as "The Chocolate Soldier."

Shaw and Menjou talked of movies and of Charlie Chaplin, whom both consider the greatest genius on the screen—I think they said, the only genius. And all the time, Menjou pinched himself to see if he was awake, and Shaw had really called upon him. And, of course, he feels that at last he has achieved fame.

How I Spent My First Pay Check

Pauline Garon.

A squirrel coat!

They had always looked so gorgeous on the screen. So when I landed in New York, fresh—and cold—from Canada, it was with the dream of making good so that I might buy a squirrel coat. It was some time before the dream came true, but I can tell you, nothing else has even given me the same thrill that wrapping myself snugly in that soft fur did.

Eugenia Gilbert.

Always I have been fond of statuary, and I used to haunt a certain corner of an art shop in New York, where there was an adorable bisque Pandora. I thought that if I owned that treasure, my happiness would be complete.

Yes, I have the bisque. No, my happiness isn't complete. Is it ever? Aren't there always things we want? But, just as time and hard work brought me my Pandora, so will they bring me these other things, I hope.

Louis Natheaux.

I had made a promise to myself that, when I "landed," I would grip my first big check in both fists and invade a clothing store for a purchasing spree.

I did. And in my enthusiasm, I let a slick salesman unload a lot of truck on me that I've never had an opportunity to wear in pictures and that I now wouldn't wear on the street to pay an election bet.

Jobyna Ralston.

I was reared in a real home down in Tennessee, and never could get used to being cramped in an apartment. I like big rooms and lots of closets to put things in, and a yard. Cubby-holes and I quarrel all the time. So my first big check made a Hollywood home possible. It didn't buy the house, but it made a start, and we moved right in and enjoyed it while still paying for it.
Red-headed—By Preference

Because of its photographic qualities, auburn hair is rapidly displacing the God-given hues of many heads in Hollywood.

Ethlyne Clair, left, once had dark-brown hair, but it's now unmistakably red.

Joan Crawford, right, has undergone many changes, but none is more startling than her dazzling red locks for "Our Dancing Daughters."

Clara Bow, right, tried every shade before adopting the color of pink lemonade, and has gained in beauty by it.

Andrey Ferris, below, thinks a bit sadly of the days when her hair was a dark, dark brown instead of her present red tresses.

Janet Gaynor, left, decided she needed light-red hair in preference to her own chestnut-brown.
Now Miss Dunn is rated a great success in "Excess Baggage," and has been signed on a five-year contract by Metro-Goldwyn.

The same thing has happened to various others within the past year or two. Warner Brothers once controlled the destiny of Charlie Farrell, but allowed him to get away. Now Fox has him, and wouldn't allow him to escape for anything.

Alice White almost was lost to First National on one occasion—just when she was beginning to click—but they succumbed in recasting her. This sort of ping-pong game with new talent, seems to go on all the time, and shows, indirectly perhaps, the old adage is still true that the public choses the favorites.

Jolson Cheers Josephine.

Miss Dunn is one of the slenderest girls in pictures. She seems the tallest, too, on this account, though her height is perhaps not much greater than the average.

We saw her on Al Jolson's set. She plays the lead in "The Singing Fool"—a vampish lead, Betty Bronson impersonates the sympathetic character.

The peculiar tilt to her eyes is one of Miss Dunn's most striking features. There are times when they resemble those of Ethel Barrymore. Jolson extolled her talents with spirited superlatives. Al is a wonderful enthusiast, and he makes you believe his enthusiasm. Wherein he sometimes seems a rather rare individual.

May Continue Her Studies.

Lili Damita provided one bit of repartee that was received with interest upon her arrival in Hollywood, whether she came to play opposite Ronald Colman.

Lili is a linguist. She can talk both gayly and gibbly in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and she speaks English also.

Somebody asked her whether she also spoke Yiddish.

"No, not yet, but I therein maybe I have come to good place to learn—not so?"

Sartorial Jottings.

Billie Dove now goes stockless. It's getting to be the fashion at evening parties. Billie has never been a follower of the fad, but she did attend a soirée not long ago at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fox, sans hosiery. The innovation blended in pleasantly, though not unnoticeably, with the black gown she wore, ornamented with a gorgeous, crystal peacock.

Hollywood High Lights

At the same affair Dolores del Rio was remarked for her wavy hairdress. She has departed from tradition in this, for she nearly always affects a severe arrangement of her dark tresses, drawing them tightly over the top of her head, and winding them in braided knots about her ears. The new hairdress gives much softer lines to her countenance.

Leatrice Joy, who was there, still remains true to period gowns. It is a style that she has identified with her personality on the screen.

Many girls have been wearing tennis socks, lopping over their shoe tops. But then these are a universal fashion, and the film colony naturally won't rest long until it finds something more outré.

Rin-Tin-Tin Will Speak.

John Miljan recently burst into the Warner Brothers' scenario office in great haste, and with a worried look on his face, cried:

"Can you give me the script of 'The Land of the Silver Fox,' Vitaphone version, so I can find out when Rin-Tin-Tin is supposed to bark, what it's supposed to mean, and how I'm to answer him?"

Whereat the scenario writer fell unconscious into the wastebasket, and John went forth on the lot, with a smile of satisfaction over the upheaval he had produced.

Nevertheless, Rin-Tin-Tin will "speak" for the Vitaphone.

"Hamlet" Then and Now.

John Barrymore will play Hamlet. This is interesting news, to say the least.

The Hollywood cynic, of course, asks: "Will they do it with a happy ending?"

Who knows, but it might be quite exciting to behold the melancholy Prince of Denmark riding out into the dawn upon his gallant charger, while the fair Ophelia clings ecstatically to the pommel of the saddle?

A few years ago you would have seen such a finish. To-day, however, producers are willing to take a chance on tragedy.

"Hamlet," with Barrymore, should be a sensation. It was his most thrilling stage rôle.

Promising for the Talkies.

Belle Bennett's voice is one of the loveliest in Hollywood. We enjoyed its velvety cadences not long ago at a première. Belle made a personal appearance, recited some inspirational verses, and then gave an intimate little talk to her audience. We didn't realize how great a favorite she was with the public. The applause for her was rapturous. She had to bow twice from her place amid the audience, while the spotlight was flashed on her, and then finally went on the stage to address the people.

The show she attended was a combination of motion picture and stage play—both on the same program. Los Angeles seems never satisfied with anything short of a marathon of entertainment. It was amazing how rich and musical Miss Bennett's voice sounded in contrast to the voices of the players in the stage piece, which followed immediately after her speech.

A Nipponese Excursion.

"The Darling of the Gods" will be made in Japan during the cherry-blossom season. And it will be filmed with a Japanese star. She will probably be engaged from the Imperial Theater at Tokyo.

David Belasco produced "The Darling of the Gods" years ago on the stage, with Blanche Bates as the star, and George Arliss in the rôle of the villain. It was a poetic and spectacular affair—one of the sensations of the period.

It is very much of a question how many people will remember the stage version, but there is no doubt that it should make a film literally abounding in photographic beauty.

Norma Talmadge was desired for the stellar rôle, but declined to accept it, since she felt it demanded a genuine Nipponese, and not a make-believe type.

Colleen Avers Silence is Golden.

Colleen Moore has spoken decisively against talking pictures. She has asserted that, as far as she herself is concerned, she will remain loyal to silence. "If I can't achieve success in that form, I will leave the screen," she averred recently.

We suspect a much divided movie camp a little later on, when stars are face to face with the problem of voice recordings. There will undoubtedly be a number who will line up with Colleen in her attitude.

Secretly, we do believe that the silent motion picture won't expire completely for many years, despite the fact that many authorities predict otherwise. We imagine that many films will be made in which music—and especially song—will have an important place. This means, naturally, musical comedies, light operas, and maybe a few grand. Then will come the real perplexities over pronouncing the names of the stars correctly.
Crazy Over Horses!

President Coolidge didn’t know what he was starting when he ordered a mechanical riding-horse!

Doris Hill’s horse, left, looks like a wet rooster, doesn’t it?

We’re willing to bet that May McAvoy, right, is the most attractive jockey you’ve ever seen.

Marie Prevost, below, believes in strict economy, and is delighted to find that one lump of sugar will last her horse for a long while.

Lew Cody, left, is certainly no advertisement for the success of the Eighteenth Amendment!

Agnes Franey, right, was formerly in “Rio Rita,” but she didn’t learn horseback riding there!
DIZZY.—And just because you’re dizzy, you want to make me dizzy, too, with all that chatter. Yes, you’re right and probably will look tired when I finish; but I did before I started. These late parties! Edmund Goulding directed “Love.” I imagine Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow get more fan mail than any of the other stars. Yes, Buddy played in “So’s Your Old Man.” The young girl in that was Kittens Reichert. Katherine MacDonald is the tallest actress I can think of—five feet eight. Of course she no longer plays. Alma Rubens, Bethy Blythe, and Jane North are all five feet seven. No, I don’t know of any stars with birthdays December 6th. Virginia Lee Corbin is the fifth. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio; Warner Baxter in Columbus; Dorothy and Lilian Gish in Dayton and Springfield; Gertrude Astor in Lima; Ralph Graves and Alice Calhoun in Cleveland; Earle Foxe in Oxford.

Rex Lease Admirer.—It took me quite a while to obtain the information from Rex Lease. He fee laundering, and therefore, no company keeps a record of his biography. Hence the delay with your answer. However, I found out this: He was born in Central City, Virginia, February 11, 1903. He was on the stage since he was six years old, except for an interlude at Ohio Wesleyan College. In movies since 1924. Married to Charlotte Merriam, but a divorce is pending.

HAY.—My life is blighted with disappointment, because I cannot add to your knowledge of Voyn George. All I know about him are the facts given in June Picture Play in the item to which you referred. He is a minor player and I have no way of looking up his next picture. Ann Little retired from the screen years ago and, I assume, is leading a quiet life, as no one hears of her any more.

Dorothy Helgren.—One more letter added to my collection is like throwing a bucket of water into the ocean. So now that we’re acquainted—James Hall is still married, I think, to Renee Hamilton, though they have been separated for several years. I believe she still lives in New York. And, since his marriage is all spoiled anyway, you surely couldn’t expect Jimmie to go out at night, could you? It takes about four months to see your answer in print in this department. Picture Play had to stop announcing new openings because so many fans organized them on an impulse, and asked to be announced, that they began to fill up the entire answer department. However, I’ll keep a record of your name, and when some one asks about a Bebe Daniels club, I’ll refer them to you.

Ivan Granville.—You put me in quite a quandary; all the players, whose addresses you ask for, play first at one studio and then another, so that it’s impossible to keep track of them. Percy Marmont has been making pictures for Gotham at Universal City, California. He is in his late thirties or early forties—he doesn’t give his age. He is married and has two little daughters, Patricia and Patricia. Susan Fleming left the screen after only one picture, "The Ace of Cads,” and has dropped out of sight. Viola Dana and Lilian Rich can both be addressed just "Hollywood, California.” In fact, I have been assured by stars themselves that that address always reached them.

FRANK.—Martha Sleeper is easy to reach. Her address is 65 E. 52nd Street, New York. She’s one of the favorites in the list at end of this department, Caryl Lincoln works at the Fox studio; her next picture is "Hello, Cheyenne.”

Maiden Elizabeth of Washington, D.C.—By all means, write again, though the only way you have any questions left to ask, after this present carload? James Hall’s new picture is "Hell’s Angels." See Dorothy Helgren. William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, July 29, 1892. Emil Jannings in New York City, in 1886. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, about twenty years ago. She is five feet two, and weighs 120. I think that is her real name. Florence Vidor is five feet four and weighs 120. Carmelita Geraghty was born in Rushville, Indiana. Lina Basquette was born in San Mateo, California, and is twenty years old. Ruth Taylor is twenty and was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mullan, Bombay.—You certainly do keep up with all the stars, way out there in Bombay! Laurette Taylor is married to J. Hartley Manners, playwright. I haven’t her personal description, as she is really an actress of the stage, rather than the screen. Lilian Tashman was born in New York—she doesn’t say when—and is a blue-eyed blonde. Height, five feet five and a half, weight 116. She is Mrs. Edmund Lowe. Louise Lovel is born in Sydney, Australia, in 1896. She is a blonde, five feet two. Divorced from William Welch. Louise Lorraine was born in San Francisco, October 1, 1901. Brunette, five feet one. A divorce from Art Accord is now pending. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico City, July 18, 1908. She is a brunette and unmarried. Larry Semon was born in Mississippi, in 1880; he is married to Dorothy Dream. Lee Moran is married to Bernice Sibley. He was born in Chicago, is five feet ten and blond. Lowell Sherman is in his forties, is being divorced from Pauline Garon, and was once married to Evelyn Booth, Leon Bary was born in Paris, and is divorced from Marie Francoise. Leah Baird—not Mrs. Leah Baird—but Mrs. Arthur Beck. She’s a brunette, born in Chicago. Is this a gag, or do you really only have favorites whose first names begin with the letter L? DOROTHY.—Probably you feel a little better, after getting all those questions off your mind! Olive Borden was born in Norfolk, Virginia. No, I don’t think Norbert Lusk is prejudiced against her in his reviews. Olive has many admirers, because of her looks, but few of them think she can act. Sorry, I don’t know whether Harrison Ford is a good dancer. I do know that he’s very shy with women; his conversations with them are usually limited to “Yes, ma’am,” and “No, ma’am.” Reginald Denny and his wife procured an interlocutory decree of divorce, which becomes final a few months from now. Charlie Farrell is very much alive, and Leatrice Joy recently finished in "The Bellamy Trial.” I hadn’t heard she was ill, but obviously it couldn’t have been serious. I don’t know Billie Dove’s salary. Stars’ salaries, when made public, are so exaggerated, that I don’t attempt to keep a record of them. The record would be too inaccurate. I think Gloria Swanson’s father is dead; it’s my impression that he was a major in the army. Conrad Nagel is American, born in Iowa. H. B. Warner is English and played on the stage, in New York, and on tour, before going into mov—Continued on page 111.
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Far Away and Long Ago

Dorothy Dwan reminisced. "On my third birthday, grandfather set me on the horse's back to watch it eat out of the square feed-box."

The absences of Blanche Meaffey's graceful, lovely mother on concert engagements were dull times. But there was the fun of her returns, and the gift of a pet if Blanche had been a good girl. It was a source of wonder to her how her mother knew so much about her behavior. Once, when she had been exceptionally proper, the reward was a long, slim box, out of which wriggled a mysterious thing—a baby alligator. It frightened her, but they soon became friends.

Dorothy Mackail's first impression was the spectacle and glamour of a circus—followed by three days' illness from too much pink lemonade.

Running a nail in his foot while at play is Jack Mulhall's first, and most poignant, recollection. The three-year-old set up quite a clamar and it required many solicitous relatives to soothe him.

At four, Arthur Stone was occupied with pounding on a new drum, when he discovered that a red-hot poker from the fireplace would burn large holes in the calfskin head of the drum.

On summer evenings during her childhood Florence Vidor was taken for a walk on the main road of the small Texas town, and always passed a negro church whence emanated weird chants and yells. She believed that dragons must inhabit the building.

I have often noticed the preference of Bess Meredith, the scenarist, for blue. Perhaps this explains it: When she was three, having learned to recognize blue by a flock she particularly liked, she suddenly discovered that away up overhead was something all blue. Her mother explained that it was the sky, and that the sky had different dresses to wear, just as she had, but that blue was its favorite, too.

Thus the stars reminisce.

And Now the Deluge!

"Noah's Ark" will be distinctive, by reason of the fact that the "animal" players will be drawn from every corner of the globe. These will be the birds, beasts, and reptiles. While it would be impossible, of course, to obtain and photograph every creature which existed, arrangements were made to picture more than five hundred pairs—a male and female of each species, as described in the modern Bible. These will include specimens of nearly every species now in captivity, and all domestic animals, together with birds, some of which seldom have been seen.

This was the picture conceived in a room, high above Broadway, in New York, on a rainy afternoon two years ago. It will carry its biblical lesson, and, while not entirely religious in vein, will likely assume a niche by the side of "The Ten Commandments," and "The King of Kings," as a biblical production. Its cost will run well over a million dollars and, in its production, every camera trick and improvement will be employed.

"Noah's Ark" is expected by its producers to be a sensation.
Reginald's Lament

Continued from page 38

I asked how long he had been with Universal.
"Too long," he replied. "Five years. No actor should remain with one company more than two or three years. He becomes a fixture. They regard him too much as 'home folks,' and give him the hash to eat. And, if an actor doesn't watch his work closely, he will fall into a rut. Circulation keeps up vitality.

"The actor's motive in quarreling is good. He demands this aid so much to promote himself and augment his own fame, as to give his best, and can only accomplish that under good working circumstances."

I have known Reg for four years. I know his aptitude for sports, particularly prize fighting. I knew him to be well read, and an interesting conversationalist, in a bright and breezy way.

But I hadn't seen his den. The den taught me a lot of things about Reg that somehow you do not connect with him in professional or social meetings. It's an 'Englishly' den. This nook has a very masculine air. On the walls are pictures of English hunting scenes. Three walls are covered with book shelves, well stocked.

Was I interested in wood blocks?

He had some ships for Hobart Bosworth—no? Engravings? In three very old books, which he had been running down for ages, we found the most exquisite and quaint old things, of perfect workmanship. For the next half hour the conversation went something like this: "Look at that detail—Rouen Cathedral—all by the eye, mind you—crazy about his bridges—this group of peasants, through the microscope you can see that each is doing something, working, talking."

A cultured Reg—and Reg the sportsman. Besides flying, until he has the insurance companies in a panic, he has a flock of planes which he rents to the studios for air epics. He has his eye on young pugilists, whom he might some day back. The ring is his favorite sport, I believe, though he is an enthusiastic yachtsman. No, he isn't racing horses, though he might be, by to-morrow. He's building onto his mountain cabin, and designing another lodge farther up, and more inaccessible.

To all of these activities he gives an objective energy. They are hobbies, but he tackles each in a constructive way. A healthy, husky fellow, idleness does not appeal to him. Every hour is filled.

Portrait of a Wow

Continued from page 34

producers, who happen into New York for a little clean fun. Dozens have been signed on what Hollywood naively calls long-term contracts. Dozens have tobogganed.

The reasons have been many. Some girls have photographed disappointingly. Some did not have the patience to wait for the long-delayed break that might never have come anyway. Some attempted to drown their sorrows, and lost their figures instead.

The Crawford girl was different. She didn't pity herself when her career seemed eternally gripped by inertia. She failed to cave in, sag despondently, or despair.

Regardless of the outlook, Joan kept up her confidence, insisted on putting her best foot forward, maintained appearances at any cost. When there was a dance, Joan was there in a new, dazzling creation, with an escort who would look well on the floor. When there was a first night Joan was present, not inconspicuously. At parties she was in demand—a demand she always supplied. She sold herself to the public crowd before she was even seriously considered for the screen.

This is not a simple system, nor is it to be recommended to the rank and file. For the average girl, it would prove an avenue lined with manifold difficulties. Instead of a short cut, it would be a detour. But Joan got away with it. She is not backward.

Quotation marks have been noticeable, perhaps, by their absence. The answer is that Joan said nothing that was particularly memorable. She was feeling high. She was reasonably certain that she could make the grade, if given the chance.

"I can do some real acting, if they'll let me," she said. "They've been dishing out some grand and glorious opportunities. Here's hoping the good work goes on!" Joan hasn't what the technical boys term beauty, perhaps, but she has almost everything else in their encyclopedia. Then, too, there is her car, her house in Beverly, her collection of dolls, and a waiting list of admirers, swains, and boy friends.

Remove cold cream the right way

with these delightful cleansing tissues...so dainty, so economical

Do you realize it's extravagant to use towels for removing cold cream? Do you know old cloths are dangerous, because they rub dirt and germs back into the skin? As a matter of fact, towels—too—usually rub the cream in, instead of off. They aren't absorbent enough.

Try Kleenex! It's the new way, the approved way to absorb cream, make-up, dirt from the surface of the skin. It comes in soft, snowy-white, tissue-thin sheets. You use it once, then discard it, with all the impurities that might mar the loveliness of your complexion.

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If you really wish to make your hair be-witchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo anywhere like it. By continuously merely cleanse the hair. There’s a youth-impacting touch—a beauty specialist’s secret in its formula. Millions use regularly.

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You Can’t Do That!

Continued from page 18

fire. Pretty wasteful, to say the least.

The reason for having the hus- band exhibit such “willful” ten- dencies in “Chicago,” was merely to really to show that he was held by his wife in the crisis, and thus arouse sympathy for him. It was a rather illogical expedient, and very differ- ent from the stage play. In that, the husband was just a simp, and Roxie Hart was perfectly capable of looking after herself, without any assistance from anybody. At least, in the stage play, both were con- sistent, and not given to any imita- tion virtue and false sentiment. The husband did not steal, and if he had, there was no attempt engaged in to make him sympathetic. The play was an out-and-out satire against the cheap notoriety often given criminals through the politics of office seekers, and the columns of the yellow journ- als. Much of this flavor was lost in a screen version that was obviously and mechanically motivated.

A year or two ago Clara Bow ap- peared in a picture called “Mantrap.” She was separately made love to by Ernest Torrence and Percy Mar- mont, both of whom are sufficiently mature to be classed with character actors. The rides that they played were hardly youngster. Yet at the finish of this picture, to be sure that no offense would be suffered by any puritans, and perhaps also to pro- vide a happy ending, Clara returned to Torrence, with the evident inten- tion of being “his darling” for life. She was married to him, but it was a preposterous union. I can remem- ber the final scene, of Clara running up to him and kissing him, as one that aroused a pretty feebie response. The screen version, I might men- tion, was in this respect a complete departure from the original story, for in that it was shown that the girl was simply selfish and self-seeking in her purported affection for a man much older than herself. That is more intelligent and more logical.

Regulations regarding marriage are sometimes peculiarly complicated in different countries. Foreign na- tions do not understand our domes- tic problems at all, and what we con- sider very obvious often pass them by as meaningless.

At the same time, some foreign rules are very restrictive, say particu- larly in a country like Canada. Here, marriage for instance is hardly “companionate.” In fact, it is, as it should unquestionably be, a very sacred institution. The showing of a divorce on the screen is forbidden.

A few years ago “The Snob” was shown there. Jack Gilbert and Nor- ma Shearer were in it, cast as man and wife. Miss Shearer, as the wife, a long siege of vicissitudes, found living with her husband intolerable. The inference, from the close of the picture, was that they separated. When the picture was screened in Canada—though they had a child—they were portrayed as not married.

In another film, spoken titles had to be changed as follows:

American version: “I congratulate you on your very successful mar- riage.”

Canadian version: “I congratulate you on your very successful affair.”

American version: “I am her husband of yesterday.”

Canadian version: “You are her sweetheart of yesterday.”

Occasionally marriage, or the suggestion of marital happiness, is used to patch up the finish of a picture, when it has no place in it. Most of the time this is just catering to what the producer believes the public wants—a felicitous fade-out. The ending of “Lovers,” a ludicrous adaptation of “The Great Galeoto,” was a case in point, and more recently “Sadie Thompson.” In both, the way in which the closing scene was enacted amounted to “dancing on a dead man’s grave.”

The peculiarities of censorship laws, internationally, and their effect on production, are perhaps the most interesting phase of restrictions placed on pictures. However, it might be rather dreary to go into these extensively. One might note, in passing, that in Turkey all films are banned that show men wearing the fez. Heaven help our news reels of a Shrine convention! In Great Britain, no picture can have a scene laid in a “lunatic asylum.” But after all, is that really necessary in Chile. All films are divided into three classes: (1) Those for “adults over fifteen years of age”; (2) pictures for those under and over fifteen; (3) pictures for those over fifteen, but—quote directly—“not advisable for young ladies.”

This great variety of restrictions, in a world market, have at times undoubtly exerted a deterring influence on pictures, but simultaneously they demand an increased ingenuity in discovering ways and meanings of avoiding conflict with them. It is becoming more and more difficult, naturally, to make pictures that will please everywhere.
There Are Styles in Stars, Too
Continued from page 90
the flapper day at that. The reformers spouted off, and preachers made her the subject of Sunday sermons. She flourished as long as she held the spotlight, and when popular interest in her activities ceased to shock, she called it a day and settled back, to be replaced by the "refined" type.

Florence Vidor and Corinne Griffith were the greatest exponents of this particular personality on the screen. After a couple of years of sophistication and flapperdom, "ladies" became the mode. It is true that the reign of the ladies has not been so conspicuous or sensational as the previously mentioned styles, but nevertheless conservatism was not without its day. It was smart to talk in soft, gentle voices and to restrain one's humor. Black and dark blues were the popular shades, and the up-to-date girl tried to copy Florence and Corinne as closely as possible.

That gets us down to the present time—and whom do we find holding down the pedestal of the hour?
Not the ingénue. Not the vamp. Not the sophisticate. Not the flapper. And while "ladies" are always good, I think it would be safe to say that they have been overtaken by a type known as "the bachelor girl." Evelyn Brent, Greta Nissen, and Louise Brooks portray her in personality, though they are widely divergent individually. However, they have a mutual breeziness, same independence, that is the popular motif of the hour. Just at present it is smart to look on matrimony as no longer the aim of every woman's life, and careers are becoming more and more important. The woman who hasn't an interest outside her home is decidedly quaint and old-fashioned. To be in the current style one must have a mission as well as a marcel, and a couple of intelligent opinions along with two brilliant orbs.

Next season it may be different. Perhaps little Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, and Virginia Bradford, who are beginning to make their influence felt on the screen, will have reinstalled the ruffles of the old-fashioned girl. Or perhaps Greta Garbo will have led us into a seductive, passionate hour. Or maybe Marion Davies will start us on a wave of good humor, laughter, and wise cracks.

You never can tell. Fashions in movie stars change as often as styles in dress.

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Science, some years ago, found a cause of excess fat which is easy to correct. Scientists proved it on thousands of test animals, then on human beings. The results were reported in medical journals, and the use of this method has spread the world over.

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COMING SOON!

The Altar of Innocence

By

Evelyn Frankish Stroh

in

Love Story Magazine

Ask your news dealer 15¢ per copy
Mother's Boy Grows Up

Continued from page 62

velous child,” was one of his confidences. The news that Barry will be at least near La Gaynor in “The Four Devils” has caused a wave of enthusiasm to spread over the Argentine beforehand. Probably the Colon Opera House will have to be hired, in order to accommodate those who will wish to see the film.

The De Biraben household in Belgrano is constantly a shrine for all the Argentine movie reporters who wish to learn past and present details of Barry Norton’s career.

Ortiz Nestor, a young reporter and answer man for the Mundo Argentino, has become a friend of the family. He declares that he gets more questions, and gives out more information about Barry than any other player.

When not working, Barry gets up about lunch time—one or two o’clock—and goes to bed the next morning around breakfast. But this is only occasionally, for he is mostly always in the midst of a picture. And, remember, he is a sophisticate of the first water, “a man of the world.”

Withfield Sherman, general manager of Fox, told me that Barry was one of their best bets.

“Why, the Argentine knew that from the beginning,” was all I said.

There’s No Place Like Home

Continued from page 31

windows and arch, of cherry-red velvet. Back of the dining room is a bright, cheery breakfast room in pale yellow and green. The furniture and walls are gaily painted, the little French chandelier is an intricate mass of gold vines and porcelain birds; even the china in the green chest is in the same frivolous manner.

Beyond are the pantries and kitchen, painted yellow and yellow tiled, leading, in turn, to additional servants’ rooms. Returning to the entrance hall, we ascend the carpeted staircase that encircles the hall. At intervals along its ascent, stained-glass windows break the round hall. At the top is a short gallery, on the floor of which are several small prayer rugs, which were Mr. Webb’s mother’s.

“I have been marvelous luck for me,” Esther says, “that I could have so many of her things. She had a beautiful home, filled with charming treasures, and a great many of them are now here. I like it for Mr. Webb, too. It is nice for him to have the things about that were familiar to his boyhood.”

To the left, at the end of the gallery, and above the living room, is Esther’s bedroom. This long room is French, and distractingly feminine. The color scheme is Esther’s favorite, orchid and pale green. At the French windows are voluminous taffeta curtains of orchid and green. The bed covering is green quilted taffeta. Under this, the comforter is a heavenly, solid mass of alternating orchid-and-green-satin roses. The satin-wool blankets are pale green, and the sheets are orchid. Slipper chairs, cushions, chaise longues, carpet, and walls are in the same colors. The furniture proper is in satinwood and rosewood, combined in inlays. The set was copied for Esther from a famous French original. On the dressers are fascinating arrays of perfume lamps, and perfume bottles of blown glass, in the form of flowers.

In the wall, to the right of the entrance, a door opens into a green-and-orchid dressing room, which
gives onto a green-and-orchid bathroom.

At the far end of the bedroom, a curtained door leads to Mr. Webb's study.

The gallery at the head of the stairs, leads, on the right, along a hallway. Off this, a door opens onto a semicircular veranda above the sun room. This overlooks the garden and swimming pool, is covered by an awning, and furnished in upholstered wicker, with a bright, straw rug on the floor.

Opening off the hall, on the right, is the room which affords Esther and her husband keen, childish pleasure in displaying to guests. It is Chinese, from the lacquered twin beds and dressers, to the last tiny perfume bottle. The carpet is black, the walls and papered in gilt buckram, the woodwork is black. The lamp, hung from the ceiling, is pagoda shaped, of glazed Chinese prints. The window curtains are tomato-red on the outside, and inside are black moiré. The covers on the beds are tomato-red moiré. The black-and-red dressing room is just as complete in Chinese detail, the walls and carpet being the same as in the bedroom. The bathroom, however, is American, and modern in its smart tiling.

To the left, at the end of the hall, is the bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom of Mr. Webb's two little girls. Here, Esther chose simple, English furniture. The twin beds, the low dressers and chairs, the table and bookcases are plain in line. There are roomy closets for dolls and toys. At the windows, chintz curtains color the sunlight.

It all goes to show you, that, with a degree of skill in the planning of it, a home may be heterogeneous and charming at the same time. But it requires an instinctive taste, like that apparent in the Webb home, to insure a successful result.

“Gimme a Lift?”
Continued from page 83

... and that she was just the type they needed in the next picture. Would she let him drive her over to the studio, and introduce her to the casting director? Would she! But the black woman drove nowhere near any studio, and finally the indignant girl was forced to get out and walk home.

An amusing story is told of an actor who picked up a girl in his car. A traffic officer stopped him for speeding. "But I was hurrying to get the girl to the hospital," the driver blandly explained. The policeman took a searching look at the girl—who was trying to hide her face—and explained, "My wife!"

Ever after, it is said, this particular sheik examined every girl's hand for a wedding or engagement ring before giving her a lift.

The police are always issuing warnings about the danger of giving lifts to strangers, but it is only after dark, or on lonely roads, that the average motorist fears to pick up a pedestrian. The free riders, being aware of this apprehension, seldom ask for a lift after dark. Reports of strangers who have blackjacketed and robbed motorists are often heard. Recently an escaping murderer robbed a motorist and stole his car in the heart of Hollywood.

Some motorists never stop for pedestrians asking a lift, and wish that the whole tribe of "ride bunnies" would quit pestering them. But there are some people whom no driver can turn down. As the writer was driving studioward one day, an old lady, dressed in the quaint fashion of years ago, hobbled out into the street, frantically signaling for a ride. She climbed in, relief and satisfaction expressed in her beamy smile. She immediately began to talk in the unbroken stream of the old person who is starved for companionship. She was on her way to the studio, she said. They were making a sequence in an old country town, and she was going to be in the scenes. An assistant director, a friend, had summoned her for a day's work as an extra. She was to get five dollars for it. Wasn't that wonderful? It was so much better than sitting around her daughter's house with nothing to do. Every once in a while she would get similar jobs in the studios, and she always got five dollars. That was a lot of money, she avowed. It made her feel as if she were still of some use in the world. Yes, she liked riding in a private car. It seemed a shame to spend some of that five dollars for bus fare, and so she had decided to follow the example of the young folks she had seen asking for free rides. It was more than that, though. She preferred riding in a private car, because the people in the bus didn't seem to want to talk.

Only the traffic officer's signal gets more attention than hers. And so, of all the fishermen who angle for rides along Hollywood's boulevards, only she and her kind never miss a bite!
personality, who is two, or five, or a
dozen things at once.

What divers types of people you
meet there? I recall one candlelit
evening, Norma Talmadge, sheathed
in golden clotli, on a low bench, looked
with enrap attention at some one
who interested her—bevises of lovely
girls—a cauliflower -carved "come",,
shifting nervously on a high-backing
Chippendale armchair, sensing him-
self in a strange and "elegant" en-
vironment, and not knowing just ex-
actly what to do about it. His
frightened eyes seeking Jack, Estelle
slips into a seat beside the boy, and in
a twinkling puts him at ease, grinning
happily. Perhaps she talked his lingo.
Goodness knows what she said!
Thin-nosed Pasadena ladies, with
lorgettes, their smiling eyes follow-
ing Estelle—executives relaxed over
the card tables.

Their art of hospitality is quite simple:	hey enjoy themselves. That's
c contrary to etiquette, but it assures
the guests a good time. Jack, the
fighter, at home becomes a big, hum-
ble boy, who follows her around with
kneads and bows of broth.

"I so want to make good as Estelle
Taylor, but sometimes I wonder if
I did wrong in objecting when they
tried to bill me as 'Mrs. Jack Demp-
sy.'" she mused one day. "I'd
throw the whole thing, rather than
hurt Jack. And, though he never
says anything, he beams over the no-
tices that call me 'Mrs. Dempsey.'"  
Estelle has gone through her fan
mail to cull out any uncomplimentary
references to Jack, and she has found
in wastebaskets, comments from his
mail, which he had meant to destroy
lest they hurt her. As long as they
continue thus each to shield the other,
their marriage is safe.

"Jack is boss. It's pretty good to
sit back, and let somebody big and
protecting, like my boy, decide things.
But the times that have meant most
to me have been those when his big
strength gave way, and he needed me.
As when he said, 'Honey, I forgot to
duck!' I feel so old, then, and so
strong. Precious few though they've
been, they are my hours."

She "takes herself off" with glo-
rious minciry. Jack, with his custom-
ary prodigality, having told an in-
terior decorator to get Mrs. Dempsey
whatever she wanted, many days were
spent in making selections. Estelle
is exacting, though pleasant.

Asides her couple, and the luxuri-
ous town car, there's Jack's roadster
in which they whiz to Tiajuana,
with a grinning motor cap to clear the
way.

Once, as they walked down the lane
of light at a glamorous premiere, with
another actress, a newboy presented
a handful of wilted violets, asking
which was Mrs. Dempsey. "She is," Estelle pointed to the other, "I'm
Pola Negri." The boy gave her a
look of disgust, and got all red in the
face as he gave the violets to the oth-
er woman.

Crowds of kids materialize, appar-
ently from nowhere, the minute Jack
appears, surrounding him, climbing
all over him, grinning at Estelle, and
including her in their adulation, be-
cause they've learned she hasn't any
airs.

At times, she flaunts a surprising
inferiority complex. A particular
friend is the wife of a famous di-
rector. Estelle's name had been men-
tioned for his new picture. She hesi-
tated to ask his wife to luncheon.
"She might think I was trying to play
politics," was her quandary. "I
wouldn't care what others think—let
them yap—but I wouldn't want her
to get notions." As a result, she hurt
her friend's feelings by ignoring her,
and was in a worse panic than ever
airs.

To some who don't know them,
Jack may be merely a dethroned
champ, and Estelle "one of those
movie queens." To Hollywood they
are Estelle and Jack, one of the col-
y of's most popular couples, loved for
their geniality, their humor, and their
sincerity. And if you think the home
town isn't rooting for Estelle, and
expecting big achievements, drop in
some day.
ies. But he is, in “The Garden of Allah,” a character who has made an appearance! He is English, born in Darjeeling, British India, July 6, 1906. He is not quite six feet and is a slender man. He was educated at St. John’s College, and at Cambridge, and his family lives at Grosvenor Square, London, and at home in Florence, Italy. By the way, Modeste Stein, our cover artist, is a man. Pronounced Mode—with long o—est.

E. M. . . . Despite your admiration for Joseph Schildkraut, I am afraid he would feel slightly insulted at your prediction that some day he will be famous. He and his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, were prominent actors on the stage, before they played in movies at all. They are both Hungarians. Rudolph was a star in the first Yiddish Theater in New York, before playing in English. Joseph, who is about thirty, and is married to Elise Bartlett. He has very dark hair and eyes. His first role was in D. W. Griffith’s “Orphans of the Storm,” which is now under contract to DeMille. Between pictures he produces play at the Hollywood Playhouse; either address would reach him. Bert Lytell and Anita Stewart were the principal stars in “The Twilight of the Gods.” ‘’Edmund Burns was not in that picture.

Jimmy and Jake—So you think Fanny the Pan is an old cat, for not liking Mickey Roberts’ no-accounting for tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1906, and last was seen by Mary Louise Buelz. Her more important films include: “Peter Pan,” “The Little French Girl,” “The Street of Forgotten Men,” “Brown of Harvard,” “Beau Geste,” “The Prince of Temps,” “Paris at Midnight,” “Knock-out Riley,” “Man Power,” “Shanghai Bound. I am afraid Mary could never mistake a Janet Gaynor. She’s prettier than Janet, but her face is less expressive and she hasn’t that tear-wringing quality which Janet has.

W. P. A.—I should be just as sorry as you, to see Leatrice Joy leave the screen, but I am not sure if there is any interest in doing so. Her new film is “The Bellamy Trial.” She was in pictures about eight years. Her photograph was on the cover of Picture Play for June, 1927.

Fritz the Fox—So you think that’s an easy one—asking me the age of Belle Bennett? Not that she’s old, but whenever an actress gets out of her twenties, she usually stops giving her age. Sometimes she stops even before then. Beatrice Lloyd is still in her twenties, but I don’t know her exact age. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri; Olive Borden, North Dakota; Virginia Fauntleroy, Las Vegas, Nevada; Lee Boulger, Philadelphia; James Murray, New York City; Aileen Pringle, San Francisco; Louise Brooks, Wichita, Kansas; Evelyn Brent, New York; Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, and Fay Wray comes from Los Angeles.

Redhead—you have lots of imitators! Many girls on the screen would so like to have red hair; they go out and acquire it. John Bowers played opposite Madge Bellamy in “Lorna Doone.” J. Warren Kerigan has completely retired from movies, but “Hollywood, California,” will reach him. Yes, Richard Barethless married Jessica Sargeant last April 21st. No, I really don’t know of any stars born on that day. Gertie Roland is too young! Johnnie Walker, Norma Taftague, Alice Joyce, Eve Southern do not give their ages. Charlie Farrell was born in Onset, Mass., Massachusetts. He is five feet ten. Johnnie Walker has been missing most of the time since “Old Ironside,” but usually in quickies, which are not shown at the bigger theaters. Ida Matineé Idol’s is in Columbia, has latest release, at this writing. Ricardo Cortez goes to Europe, and while there made “The Orchid Dancer.” He returned recently.

Estelle—Paul Ellis seems to fit in and out of pictures. He is free-lit clean, and of course very dark in complexion. He was born in Buenos Aires, November 6, 1896, and first appeared on the screen in 1918, when he played the lead in a Metro film, “The Banditess.” He had his name, Manuel Granada. He also played in “The Dancer of Paris,” “Pretty Ladies,” and “Bitter Apples.”

Mike—I’m always so troubled when fans ask me how the hell can break into the movies! It can’t be done! The Central Casting Agency on Hollywood Boulevard supplies all the extras to the studios, but they no longer register newcomers. Florence Vidor is the divorced wife of King Vidor. Reginald Denny was formerly married to Irene Haisman, Roy d’Arcy to Laura Rhinock Duffy. Roy was born February 10, 1894, and doesn’t give his age. He was married years ago, and has a daughter, but I don’t know what his wife’s name was.

Don Catarino—I see the kind of young man you mean very much like a guy you keep on liking him. Elmo Lincoln and William Duncan retired from the screen years ago, and if I were to be hung for giving away the secret I would say where they are now. Eddie Polo, at last accounts was taking a trip around the world and had no intention of returning to the screen. Perhaps Universal would send you a picture, George Lewis was born in Mexico City twenty-odd years ago; he doesn’t give his exact age.

Maria of Medford—Is that a good Boy Scout deed, to take a lot off your mind, and put it on mine? Such hot weather, too! Thanks for the cheers. I do love cheers, especially on a rainy day. Ramon Novarro’s family is Spanish, on his father’s side—and, I think, French on his mother’s. No Italian blood, as far as I know. Yes, Ted MacNamara was killed in an accident last February. I’ve a vague idea I believe that Dolores del Rio and Ramon Novarro were distantly related, but I’m not sure. Most modern picture theaters have at least two projection machines, in case one should go out of order. I’ll add your Unique Fan Club to my list, but you don’t tell me what stars your club honors. Yes, I was quite interested in the information that James Hall’s Paramount contract has been renewed for four years. He was the first to return. I wonder why?

Jot—Enjoyed your interesting letter. It must have been great fun for you to watch the shooting of ‘The Volga Boatmen.” As to why some male “know” actresses and actors, I suppose that’s a hangover of the Victorian spirit, and also of the days when the stage was looked down upon, as being very wicked.
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Just What Is Acting, Anyhow?
Continued from page 52
step ahead a little slower. He lacks something of the hero’s air, which Buddy has to an exceptional degree. He is a two-fisted type, with no nonsense in his ideas and his personality.
Nancy Carroll, who came into popularity with “Abie’s Irish Rose,” is a girl who has an unusual personality, which pleases fans and critics alike. Nancy looks like all the wide-eyed baby-dolls in the world, but, unlike most of them, she is a vital person, and Paramount is planning far ahead for her.
There then is Sue Carol, who has swept like a fire through Hollywood and beyond. Much has been said about Sue’s wealth, her social position and her education, but she has something else that is twice as important. I saw her during the filming of ‘The Miracle Woman’ the following day, the most vital girl I had ever seen. With hair which had been cut wind-blown, but was blown by the wind into a standing-on-edge mass, with eyes that were alive with enthusiasm, feet which were always doing something, and a smile which broke out in all sorts of unexpected places, Sue radiated everything which was vital, interesting and charming in youth. She generates energy like a dynamo.
There is one personality on the screen, who is to me the most fascinating, but who repeatedly has had bad breaks. Leatrice Joy has gone through various stages of vitality and negativity, and from it all she has emerged as vivid as a violet ray. She has been able to project her charm and personality in a series of undistinguished pictures. Her fans have remained amazingly loyal to her, and have shouted for better pictures for Leatrice. If she is the success in “The Bellamy Trial” we expect, she will step into popularity which has been waiting for her fans for a long time. A magnetic, vital personality, Leatrice!
It is a fast age we’re moving in. The tempo of living is so rapid that by the time night comes our own dynamos have run down. The vaudeville houses used to be crowded with tired business men, and their feminine counterparts. Now they go to the movies to see girls like Clara Bow, to feel the thrill of their personalities—to get a sort of mental pick-me-up.
Lillian Gish, splendid actress though she is acknowledged to be, does not prove the drawing card that Clara and Greta and others do. For Lillian is fragile, tired and exhausted; she lets you down mentally. A quivering smile, a flutter of hands, a tremble of lips, may be art to the critics, but a stab between the eyes and a throb to the pulse are more in demand by the public.
Mary Philbin is undeniably a good actress, and yet Mary hasn’t the widespread popularity of others, because her energy never seems to be centralized. Now and then a director has seemed to magnetize her, and the result has been notable. Fay Wray still seems to be half-positive.
There are many players who are positive, dynamic personalities when they are playing in that type of picture, but who drop down otherwise. Joan Crawford, given an interesting rôle, can sweep you like flame, but she is seldom able to rise above an ordinary type.
Ruth Taylor came from Sennett’s, the most favored Sennett training, to play Loralie in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” On the strength of her performance, she was given a contract. Yet, although Ruth was attractive in the rôle, little Alice White, as Dorothy, walked away with what honors the picture afforded. Ruth had had twice the training, but Alice clicked like castanets.
Strangely, in spite of ability, an interesting personality and splendid pictures, Dolores del Rio has never swept the fans off their feet. They give her admiration, and she is popular, but warm, personal, glowing interest in her seems to be lacking.
Madge Bellamy, after years of half-positive performances, has become amazingly popular, since she set about to change her personality and become vital.
Charles Farrell is dynamically popular with the fans, because of his eager, boyish personality, and now Barry Norton, also with Fox, has seemed to catch hold also. He plays with Janet Gaynor in “The Four Devils.” Nick Stuart is another comparative newcomer who “arrived” quickly by means of an irresistible personality.
It all seems to be a matter of chemistry. The positive currents magnetize everything about them and generate power; the negative currents sink into nothingness. Given a positive personality, plus an opportunity to reveal it, and stardom seems to result. Stardom and bulky fan mail! Jack Gilbert’s idea does work out. Just go through the card index of your favorite players, and do a little figuring.
Two plus two equals four, even though everything else in this world may be subject to change.
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Over the Teacups
Continued from page 47

Fanny cut in. "She is playing in Marion's support, in 'Her Cardboard Lover.' I am glad she is going to work in pictures again, and I am sure that she will get along beautifully in Marion's company. Nobody could possibly avoid developing camaraderie, and a sense of humor, when working around Marion. If Jetta is a good girl, and doesn't talk back to the director, she will probably get lots of breaks from Metro-Goldwyn. And, however difficult she may be for directors, you'll have to admit she is a welcome sight to audiences.

"Jetta Goudal is really very young but, of the many roles she played, she always seems like one of the old guard. And nowadays any girl over seventeen has to grab what roles she can, because of the mere children who are leaping on toward stardom. Even Lois Moran is likely to be relegated to the older set, now that infants like Loretta Young—she'll be sixteen next January—are developing into trouper.

"Lois is going to costar with Edmund Lowe, in 'Making the Grade.' I think Eddie's sudden rush of success is one of the most gratifying in pictures. For years, producers relegated him to handsome heroes—which he filled nicely, goodness knows—but he never made a really great success until he won his argument and started playing roughnecks. Fox realizes how popular he has become; they took up the option on his services for the coming year, seven weeks before it was due. As that's enough glory for one family, but the wife is not exactly idle, neither. Lilyan is playing in 'Craig's Wife' for DeMille. "You know, I really feel disloyal. I saw Bessie Love only twice when she was appearing on the stage here. And she is cunning as can be in her song and dance. What do you say we get an airplane and fly to San Diego, or wherever she is playing this week?"

As I seemed to hesitate, she offered an added inducement with an air of "now-you-can't-refuse."

"And on the way, we may see them taking some scenes for 'Hell's Angels.' That company is still up in the air."

But I decided that I could wait for both Bessie and "Hell's Angels" to come nearer home.

The Stroller
Continued from page 23

Frank Lloyd, William A. Eeter, John McCormick, Al Rockett, the studio manager of First National, and George Fitzmaurice, are just a few of the leading lights of Hollywood I have seen driving them.

Colleen Moore, after finishing her latest picture, decided to make a flying trip to Honolulu, all by herself, her husband, in the press of business matters, being unable to go.

She went to San Francisco to board the ship, only to discover, to her dismay, that Richard Barthelmess had also booked passage on that boat.

Fearing that public gossip might seize the coincidence as a brewing romance, inasmuch as they were from the same studio, she veiled herself heavily, crotchet abound as unostentatiously as possible.

She heard a great deal of noise and confusion outside, but had no idea what was going on. What the noise was all about was the fact that Mr. Barthelmess had just been married, and a crowd of ten thousand were coming down to see the star and his bride depart.

Hollywood has finally grown up to the extent of acquiring a Little Theater, for the showing of artistic, and consequently unsalable, motion pictures to interested and exclusive audiences.

The first picture was a Swedish production called "The Golden Clown," which, I understand, was quite bad. The next was "Surrender," a Universal picture with Mary Philipbin and Ivan Mosjoukine, the Russian actor.

In fact, Hollywood has gone "arty" in quite a few ways. I got a letter the other day—believe it or not—from Charlie Chaplin, Joseph M. Selznick, Sid Grauman, and Cecil DeMille, bearing an invitation to attend a presentation of "Ken-Geki," a Japanese "sword play," with Mutsuri Toyama and Madame Koharu Ohara—can that be an Irish name?—in the starring rôles.

I didn't go, principally because the tickets were five dollars a throw, but I wanted to, particularly because the invitation said that Mr. Charles Chaplin would act as "interpretive entrepreneur." I have no idea of the duties of an interpretive entrepreneur. I'll bet Sam Goldwyn didn't either, until he saw the play.
tainsly surprised while viewing "Tillie the Toiler," that upon the introductory flash of George in this picture, the theater was swarmed by a horde of young lads clamoring for seats. I am really glad to see how much other people liked George and, believe me, I helped applaud.

Was delighted to note Faye Bush's admiration for Leatrice Joy. I am completely captivated by that famous dainty of hers and think she is just perfect with the Britishish coiffure. I make it my business to see every one of her pictures. However, due to a cinder in my eye, I had to miss one of her pictures. I am not certain when I ever missed anything so much.

ROSE BORIS.

104 Waldorf Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Who Is the Greatest Actress?

After seven years' experience as a fan, I have come to a conclusion that Adela Rogers St. Johns is right in her opinion that Norma Talmadge is the greatest actress on the screen. Pauline Frederick might once have held that title, but she has been so long snowed under in obscure pictures that, notwithstanding the general excellence of her latest release, "The New York Story," she still claims her title to the one and only Norma.

Lillian Gish is regarded by popular acclaim as a great actress, but "The Wind" and "The Road" are the only ones worth mentioning of recent efforts. Vilma Banky and Gloria Swanson are extremely talented, but neither is versatile, though Gloria grows more worthy of fame in every picture, and is a distinct personality.

There is a difference of opinion concerning Greta Garbo. Some, mainly of the masculine gender, fall for her charms and fascinating beauty, but there are many others who do not agree. Personally, I believe that her great popularity is due to her magnetism—sharp, dynamic—mysterious beauty. I would not compare her with Norma in acting ability.

Now that I have disposed of all possible intruders, I direct my attention to the object of my admiration. Think back over all the Norma films and try to discover a single disappointing performance by her. Since the days of the old Vitagraph, she has been delighting audiences. Even in "Graustark," the least commendable of her pictures, she endowed the Princess with a charm all her own and imparted a glamour to the whole film. "Camille" had rather an old-fashioned story, but that was no handicap to our Norma. She put her entire self into her acting and, with the aid of Gilbert Roland, the film is extremely popular. Besides, Norma is not only our greatest dramatic actress, but a very clever comedienne as well. Recall "Kiki," the fascinating story of a Parisian waif of the streets.

All others who have prospective candidatures, please bring them on, and let the fans be the judge of the question.

HELEN BEAL.

The Battle Goes On.

Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview on Greta Garbo was all that I knew it would be. Why should Malcolm pan Greta after John Gilbert had lauded her to the skies? Surely, if a sophisticated matinee idol took the trouble to praise her, and even fall in love with her, there must be something to her. Malcolm, therefore, applied

An Intelligent Analysis of Valentino.

Not even death annuls the power of that composite of diverse and contradictory characteristics—Rudolph Valentino. In life, indifference was seldom his portion—people either liked or disliked him.

We know he was a delight to watch on the screen, even in a poor picture. We took an entirely different interest in pictures from the day we first saw them; we saw each Valentino film not once, but several times; and those shown since his death take precedence with us over any other. The picture itself grows worse, certainly, but he never does. Sentimentalists? Not at all. Valentino had a unique power to attract and hold the interest of people of quiet tastes and few enthusiasms.

Naturally, since his death, it is impossible, somehow, not to feel a vague sadness towards the naive and lovable little boy who often looked out of Valentino's eyes. It was part of his strangely complex charm that, while he personified romance,romance, and the utmost in feminine beauty, he could give lessons in wistfulness to those to whom wistfulness is their only stock in trade.

His acting was characterized by quietness and restraint, mingled with a powerful suggestion of fire and dynamic force underlying his calm. It is this, and the fact that he was never hurried or abrupt, which gave his love-making such perfection.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Greta Put on a Better Act.

In the April issue of Picture Play, Malcolm H. Oettinger goes into raptures over the great Garbo, which many will consider an injustice to Pola Negri. If Greta can put herself over better than Pola, why should not the fellow be candid and say so?

Norbert Linsk reviewed "The Patent Leather Kid," rating it a good picture, and I agree with him; but he ridiculed the ending. The film was shown at one of the leading theaters in my city, the audience consisting of young adults, not youngsters; and at the close of the picture when Mr. Bartholomew, as the wounded soldier, struggles to his feet Old Glory the audience applaud and cheered as I have never known them to do before in this city.

HELEN NOEL.

3534 North Capitol Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Miss Vidor Vindicated.

I have kept quiet when they argued over Gilbert and Novarro, panned the glo-

Advertsing Section

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

preached her with a rose eye shade clapped to his bow. He couldn't have criticized her if his life had depended on it. And anyone can see that Greta was no different from Pola. Both posed and melted from one gesture into another.

If Pola's "The Queen Receives" attitude was insincere and failed to impress the interviewer, why did Greta's drowsy eyes and cigarette-between-fingers gesture impress him? Prejudice.

He romance one can enjoy Pola prepared to dislike her. He went to Greta with Gilbert's praises ringing in his ears, expecting to like her. All unfair prejudice. No matter how I try, I cannot respect Mr. Oettinger's opinion; he has shown himself up so many times.

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Technique or Youth?

I wish to register a protest against "Gloria Swanson's Disillusionment." This was a very excellent article, and lives up to Gloria's reputation for always being frank and interesting. There is nothing stereotyped in Miss Swanson's life, and you can always depend on her for a thrill, or a joke, to get you out of the old rut, whether on the screen or in print.

But, as I said at the start, I have a complaint. It is at Miss Swanson's statement that she felt like "an old shoe" when she saw Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." This is a serious point. There are very few actors and actresses who have been so difficult to like very much, and especially enjoyed the beautiful acting of Janet and Charles Farrell. But little Miss Gaynor, talanted as she is, has far to go before she can attain the prestige of a Gloria Swanson. It was very generous and sporting of Miss Swanson to say such a thing, and it serves as an even more proof of her intriguing and startling personality.

As for her not having furnished anything of lasting worth to the screen, I can only say movies would have been very dull to me many times without Gloria. I agree with the fan whose letter appeared in your columns not long ago—that Gloria Swanson has been the greatest feminine influence for the real and true-to-life characterization in motion pictures.

A few words about Jutta Goulad. Her real name is Henrietta Goudeket and she was born in Amsterdam. Most people insist that all Hollanders wear wooden shoes, white trousers, and have blond hair and blue eyes. This is probably the reason why she keeps her nationality a secret.

M. A. SELLE, New York.

Wake Up, Lion!

What has Ramon Novarro done for the screen since "Ivanhoe"? Only the "Student Prince" has been noteworthy. For two years he has been submerged in ordinary films. Who is to blame? Certainly not Ramon.

He has been treated most unjustly—has been given poor films while other stars in the Metro fold received the gems. If they have not used suitable material for Novarro, why not give him Sir Walter Scott's historical romance "Ivanhoe!"

If a quick resuscitating measure isn't taken, he will soon slide down to eternal oblivion.

G. S. VADOL, Colombo, Ceylon.

Again Novarro is Defended.

So the fan who wrote a letter in the April issue of Picture Play thinks Ramon Novarro is a "sugar-coated pill," and is glad that our particular idol, John Gilbert, is a "real" person, not merely a publicized personality. Well, so am I. I have always admired Mr. Gilbert. His pictures never fail to give me the very beauty and character of Gilbert himself.

But if she will consider a moment, I think she will realize that our Ramon also is one of the very few of our modern stage stars who are not a bit stereotyped. There are many types in this old world of ours. Gilbert is, and always has been, swaggering, hot-blooded, impetuous, brooding—seeming to hold his restive spirit in reserve.

On the other hand, Ramon is a spiritual type. He not only claims to be, but is deeply religious. He does not create a personality for his reviewers. He is always himself—a tall, dark, and handsome youth, with the joy and freedom of right living shining from his black eyes.

Ramon has steadfastly—but with no show—lived up to the ideals which he has taken for his own. In all his career not one flaw can be found in his moraile. Of what other star can this be said?

THOMAS G. STOCKWELL.

43 Summer Street,
Montpelier, Vermont.

Garbo Versus Negri.

Congratulations to Melville Albert and J. K. Hopkins for their letters. They were homespun and to the point. Also some lovely remarks addressed to Malcolm H. Oettinger to be swallowed like medicine. It will certainly do him good, and might keep him from attempting to interview another star like Pola, who is so far above him in every respect.

Pola Negri is beyond criticism, and her private life is nobody's business. How is it that she has survived all her poor pictures? Any one who has read "Anna Karenina" knows how ridiculous it was to put the blood Garbo in the role, in "Love." Pola Negri was the only logical one to play it.

A few words about Jutta Goulad. Her real name is Henrietta Goudeket and she was born in Amsterdam. Most people insist that all Hollanders wear wooden shoes, white trousers, and have blond hair and blue eyes. This is probably the reason why she keeps her nationality a secret.

M. J. EVERREAU VAN DEVENTER.

New York.

Lest Old Acquaintance Be Forgotten.

Now that all of Europe seems to be flocking to Hollywood by boatloads, and most of young American by trainloads, I think it is time for the fans to rise in defense of those who have brought the screen from nothing up to the finest and most popular entertainment.

Will the fans allow our many old favorites, who have devoted their lives to the screen, to be put on the shelf, while they madly rush for the theaters showing stars from across the sea?

Only a few of the older stars have been able to reach the heights where they belong. Mary Pickford has forgotten more about screen acting than some of them will ever know.

To show my appreciation of the many hours of enjoyment she has given me, I wouldn't think of missing one of her pictures. That is the only way I have of repaying her for the great influence for good, wholesome entertainment she has sponsored.

Remember, I love the screen and those who strive to improve it. Mary has done this by her very presence. Could the same fate befall Greta Garbo or Clara Bow? I think not.

Comparing pictures from the standpoint of entertainment, wasn't Mary Pickford's "My Best Girl" superior to Clara Bow's "It?" Did you like Greta Garbo's "Flesh and the Devil" as well as Norma Talmadge's "Camille?"

Let us not pass by the old-timers, the very backbone of the movie industry. Let us give the following a place on the screen: Conway Tearle, Priscilla Dean, Bryant Washburn, Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, Charles Coleman, Ray, William Russell, Ethel Clayton, Gladys Hulette, and many others, and let us not desert the old-timers who are still playing.

G. E. BAILEY.

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Advertising Section

Information, Please

Continued from page 111

Miss Maryl Bacot—Is very grateful for your information—so specific, too—about Gerald Fielding. Many fans would envy you for having been script girl with "The Garden of Allah" picture.

HeLEN A.—I’m a friend of Yolanda Lanslowska, who used to dance in pictures, has just passed out of sight, so far as the public is concerned. You say the last time you saw her was with Harold Lockwood and May Allison in “Mr. 44.” Of course Lockwood has been dead for ten years—and you see, I should have to be a mental giant to keep track of all the star part players of as long ago as ten years.

M. E. S.—I agree with you that James Murray is one of the pleasantest of our new film juveniles. He was born in New York, February 9, 1901, and is, I think, unmarried. He was formerly a doorman at the Capitol Theatre, and yesterday, and then he took a chance and went to Hollywood. He was having quite a struggle there, as an extra, when King Vidor saw him outside the Metro-Goldwyn studio, and said, “Ah, there’s my leading man for The Crowd.” A screen test clinched it. Besides that film and “The Big City,” he has played in “The Magic Lantern,” “Rose-Marie,” and his new one, “Tide of Empire.” He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.

Joan Morgan—Is answering your letter at the soonest possible moment, but I have a waiting list and have to take each letter in its turn. You ask about John de Roche, so I am not sure whether you mean Charles de Roche or John Roche. Charles’ film career is brief; he may have returned to his native France. John Roche is still active on the screen. His latest picture was “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Just “Hollywood, California,” will reach him. Yes, two endings were made for “Love”: the original, unhappy ending is used in the big cities, as a rule, and the box-office ending in smaller theaters, where audiences seem to demand happy endings. I believe each theater owner is given his choice of the two versions.

Clarence Lonto—Can see that you like Western pictures. No, Richard Talmadge is not related to Norma and constanee; he just took their name when he dropped his own—Metzetti. No, he is not on the screen any more. He had some sort of legal dispute with his producer, and I suppose it has never been settled. The leads in “The Scarlet West” were played by Clara Bow and Jeanne Walker. In “Sundown” by Bessie Love and Roy Stewart. In “Speeding Through” by Judy King and Creighton Hale. Mildred Harris played opposite Rod La Roque, in “The Cruise of the Jasper B,” and Joan Meredith opposite Bob Custer, in “The Fighting Book.”

May McAvoY AdmiER—So far as I know, May McAvoY really did the dancing she was supposed to be doing in “The Jazz Singer.” Philippe de Lacey is eleven years old. Dolores Costello about twelve and three. Blanche Sweet doesn’t give her age.

Lucille CarLson—No, indeed. I’m not sure about Joan Crawford’s having brown hair. From day to day, one can’t be sure of any star’s hair coloring. Joan’s used to be brown, so my answer to that question some months ago was in all good faith. But you should see her hair now. Red is a mild description. I am told, however, that she dyed it for “Rose-Marie”—since red hair photographs much blacker and glossier than black itself—and that she is letting it go back to natural, now. At the time of her marriage, Pola Negri gave her a note from Rudolph Valentino, according to the newspapers, as December 7, 1906. Her story may be quite true, that Valentino’s double said Rudy was ill because his wife had given him a note. I’ve seen it. It’s the first I’d heard of it, and I had several conversations with Rudy, and his eyes looked quite normal. Sue Carol was born about 1908—I don’t know that anything is about five feet two, and brunette. Greta Garbo: Born, Stockholm, in 1906. Blue-eyed blonde, five feet six. Greta Nissen: Born about 1905; blue-eyed blonde. See RAINIER EL.is. Yes, Buddy Rogers is an only child.

THALLA—Now that’s what I call quick devotion. You’re devoted to Ivan Petrovitch, whose American screen career has been limited. I believe, to Alice Terry. pictures made in Europe—”The Magician” and “The Garden of Allah.” I doubt if he has ever been in America. He was born in Novi Sad, Serbia. You can suggest for him Rex Ingram Productions, Franco Film Studio, St. Augustin du Var, Nice, France. I’m afraid there is not enough demand for a story about William Farnum.

George Hackathorne AdmiER—You’ll be happy to know that George is returning to the screen in Universal’s series of underworld pictures. George was seriously ill for several years, but has recovered.

M. B.—If all handwriting were as easy to read as yours is, it would certainly make my life’s work easier! There is only one Dorothy Gulliver. As to her hair looking brunter in one “Collegians” film, and blonder in another, that doesn’t necessarily mean that she changed the color. It’s quite likely to be due to a difference in lighting. Blond hair frequently photographs darker certain lights, Greta Garbo was born in 1906; Alice Joyce, about 1890. No, Ruth and Estelle Taylor are not related, Harry Myers appeared in “The Dove.” I believe last December: I believe he is now comedy supervisor for Tiffany-Stahl.

Frankie—No, Frankie, I don’t mind if fans take up my time with other things besides questions. You see, all questions and no wise cracks would make this a very dull department. Norma Talmadge says she was born in 1897. She is five feet two and weighs one hundred and ten. Her new picture is “The Woman Disputed.” GlORIA Swanson was born March 27, 1899. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and twelve. Her next picture is announced, at this writing, as “La Piava.” Evelyn Brent is twenty-nine, five feet four, weight one hundred and twelve. She will see next spring in the broadcast in “Swag.” Of course, these titles are always being changed before the films are released.

Carol Van—Now, why should I not be good natured about answering questions? I just suppose I was minding coal for a living, instead. How would I like that? How would you like that? Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires—real name Alfredo de Bairin, Jr. With eleven other members of an exclusive international club, he came to America to see the
The Interviewers’ Waterloo

Continued from page 43

denials. When the storm had subsided, he delivered a short lecture on the beauty of following the Golden Rule, which, unfortunately, he had not been doing; then offered me a drink of something. I must say I needed it! Later he showed me about his boat, introduced me to his lovely little daughter, and acted as if nothing unusual had happened. Perhaps nothing unusual had.

It goes—without saying that I was thoroughly cured of idolatry. For a long time afterward, I could not bear to attend one of his pictures. Still I can, in a measure, understand his point of view, and excuse his rudeness. My article came at a time when he was in the throes of domestic and professional difficulties. Excessively sensitive, he doubtless was stung to the quick by what he considered unjust censure.

Home-loving, exclusive, and devotedly paternal, Barthelmess resents published comment on his personal affairs. In this respect he has been far more fortunate than many of the stars. It was reported that his fiancée doubled in volume when his divorce was granted, but this he emphatically denied.

“I wouldn’t do anything that would reflect on her,” said he, nodding toward his exquisite offspring, who was chinning herself on the table beside him, “but I want to live my own life, and die in my own bed.”

The past year has been a fortunate one for him, and the future looks bright and fair. There is a rumor that Paramount wants him for the role of Clyde Griffiths, in “An American Tragedy.” What a marvelous opportunity that would be! And how splendidly Barthelmess would portray that ill-fated hero! With the exception of Leslie Fenton, who was born to play the rôle, no one could do it as well as Dick. Still, let us not be too optimistic. If Dreiser’s literary thunderbolt is screened, it doubtless will be much tempered in the process. Probably the whole thing will turn out to be somebody’s dream.

Richard Barthelmess is at an interesting period of his life, the dawn of middle age. Although mellowed in his art, he is agreeably youthful in appearance. If given suitable stories, and intelligent direction, he should continue in public favor for years to come. Perhaps, before his career is finished, circumstances will permit me to obtain a satisfactory interview with him—one that reveals the heart of the man.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 67

"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.

"Mother Machree"—Fox. Mandell film of a sacrificial Irish mother who does all for her son, Belle Bennett, Neil Hamilton, and Constance Howard.

On Your Toes"—Universal. Sparkling. Regina Denny plays a prizefighter, whose grandmother thinks he is an aesthetic dancing teacher. High spot in film when grandma pays him an unexpected visit. Barbara Worth and Mary Carr.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize fighter who evades the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.

"Serenade"—Paramount. Delightful light comedy with Adolphe Menjou at his best. A son, who, on becoming famous as a composer, deserts his home only to be deftly brought back by his clever wife. Kathryn S imgUrl1n, Lina Basquette, and Lawrence Grant.


"Soft Living"—Fox. Madge Bellamy skillfully portrays a girl who declines to go in for the heavy alimony racket, and what 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 Aleck polo player is barred from final game, only to rush in at crucial moment and thus save the day, incidentally saving the girl, Alice Day and Jack Holt.


"Spring Fever"—Metro-Goldwyn. Very amusing golf-fancier farce. William Haines delightful as young office clerk who suddenly finds himself hobnobbing with a wealthy country-club set, including a rich heiress—Joan Crawford.

"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.

"Rose-Marie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy, though beautifully produced, yarn of an Indian maiden who loves a man suspected of murder, marrying someone else to save him from capture. Joan Crawford, James Murray, and House Peters.

"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 Rock.

"Thirteenth Juror, The"—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unscrupulous criminal lawyer accused of murder, who can save himself only by contaminating 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 sensation from Europe. Esther RALSTON, Neil Hamilton, and Nicholas Soussanin are excellent.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is a usual pliniean 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.

"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 same son.

"Night Flyer, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Simple, human railroad story of 1934, having to do with struggles of the president of a Western road to save his wife and daughter from going to jail. William Boyd and Jodyna Raiston.

"Nose, The"—First National. Thrilling story of Richard Barthelmess as a bootlegger who commits murder to save his wife's name, though she doesn't know her. He is acquitted with the aid of his mother—without either of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.

"Wally"—Producers-Distributing. Lew Leslie in amusing 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.

"Wizard, The"—Fox. Unskilful mystery film. A "professor" crafts a man's head on body of 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.

"Wings"—Paramount. Spectacular picture of the heroism of the aviators.
in the World War. Marred only by a weak story. "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston.

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. He escapes only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

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.


"Hangman's House"—Fox. Commonplace story, with exceptionally beautiful atmosphere, a tribute to the skill and imagination of the director. June Collyer is an aristocratic beauty, but not an emotional one. Larry Kent, Victor McLaglen, and Earle Foxe.


"Big Noise, The"—First National. A thoroughbred picture, with satiric, fine performances. Chester Conklin, Bodil Rose, Alice White, Sam Hardy, Ned Sparks, and Jack Egan.

"Circus Rookies"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lively and spirited, an excellent vehicle for the popular and charming comedians, Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. Louise Lorraine is good, and how Munes is appropriately terrifying.

Recommended—With Reservations.

"Bringing Up Father"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rowdy but human slapstick comedy, based on the comic strip of that name. Polly Moran, Farrell MacDonald, and Marie Dressler.


"Divine Woman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not so divine. Greta Garbo miscast as an actress who will not acknowledge her own success; after she becomes a star, attempts suicide skillfully manipulates the tissues and sets up a vigorous circulation of the blood that quickly melts away the fat. The effect is as a dozen expert masseuses working in relay—but the skin is left flabby and weak. Makes you look and feel like a new person. Stomach disorders, backache, stiffness of limbs generally disappear. The supporting cast provides comic relief. Physicians endorse its healing properties. Over 250,000 men and women already wearing Well Belts.

Without the slightest effort on your part—without exercise, diet, or drugs or any of the old-fashioned reducing methods, you can now get rid of that bulging waistline and protruding abdomen. Just by wearing a wonderful new kind of belt, made of the kind of soft, supple rubber that football players and jockeys have long used for safety, every breath you take, the live rubber skillfully manipulates the tissues and sets up a vigorous circulation of the blood that quickly melts away the fat. The effect is as a dozen expert masseuses working in relay—but the skin is left flabby and weak. Makes you look and feel like a new person. Stomach disorders, backache, stiffness of limbs generally disappear. The supporting cast provides comic relief. Physicians endorse its healing properties. Over 250,000 men and women already wearing Well Belts.

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The Well Reducing Belt, as it is called, is so constructed that with every breath you take, the live rubber every breath you take, the live rubber

and is saved, of course, by the hero. They live happily ever after. Lars Hanson is the boy friend.

"Dress Parade"—Pathé-DeMille. William Boyd miscast as smart-aleck valet at West Point, which is taken down a peg or two. Bessie Love is the commanding daughter.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual magnetism. A young man is 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 stenographer, a go-getting salesman who is jealous of her employer, and the employer's wife, who is jealous of the stenog. Esther Ralston and Richard Arlen.

Addresses of Players.


Vilma Bong, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, and John Barymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7000 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.


John Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Marion Nixon, Art Acord, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Ethel Merriam, William Demond, Edmund Gwenn, Jack Daugherty, George Lewis, Raymond Hatton, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Beryl, Rod, La Roque, Leatrice Joy, Edmund Burns, Vera Reynolds, H. R. Warner, Victor Varconi, Elliot Pate, Jacqueline Logan, Kenneth Thomson, Joseph Striker, Joseph Scholkraft, Virginia Brumfield, and Lisa Bassett, Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, at the Cecil DeMille Studio, Culver City, California. Also Julia Faye.


André Perras, Dolores Costello, Louise Arner, Monte Blue, May McAvoy, Lella Harn, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Tom Tyler, Rio, Spencer Darro, Buzz Barlow, Tom Mix, Martha Sleeper, at the F. J. O. Studio, 700 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Cody, Buck Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.

George Raft, Raymond Hatton, 605 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
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Think of it! Without drugs, without starvation diets, without dangerous exercises, but with a new method, safe, harmless, endorsed by physicians and scientists, enthusiastic users have reduced 29 pounds in six weeks. You, too, can get amazing results—or no cost to you.

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“I want you to know how much benefit Viaderma has been to me. I gave it to my legs and the reduction has been remarkable—though it was only of an inch in six weeks’ time. I shall certainly continue to use it and expect further results. Yours very truly,”

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“Viaderma is safe and absolutely harmless, Its principal ingredients have a slight tonic effect and cannot possibly produce any harmful results.

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“"You can see that I have not reduced. Here are my measurements before and after using Viaderma,"

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Waist 43 1/2

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Abdomen 42 1/2

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“"I am glad indeed that I took the Viaderma treatment for reduction. To be fat is both distressful and unattractive, and I most certainly was overweight. As the treatment was so easy I did not expect three inches want measurement and more than four inches around hips. I notice that after using Viaderma that the flesh becomes firmer and of better texture. I am going to recommend Viaderma whenever I get a chance. It’s wonderful. Yours very truly.”

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Electronic clinical tests were then made to reduce excess fat on every part of the body. Results were obtained in a remarkable time. Reductions were produced that were larger than expected and there is no question about the power of Viaderma to remove fat. It is safe and harmless and less is that it has restored the endowment and harmony of chemicals and physicians of high standing.

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This is your golden opportunity to have your own beauty box of Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty requisites. Not just a collection of stingy samples of commercial cosmetics, but liberal quantities of seven scientific aids to beauty culture; the self-same things this famous beauty spent years in searching out; the secrets once known only in France.

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You can always find people to tell you that the country is going to the dogs because we’re doing so much playing.

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. . . and we’re just using them as grandmother would have if she’d had the chance.

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Read the advertising. It will bring you more time to play
HERE! HEAR!  
the Modern Movie Miracle!

WILLIAM FOX presents —

FOX MOVIE TONE

IT'S coming your way! Another Fox Masterpiece—FAZIL! A picture with an enthralling story dramatically narrated by Howard Hawks.

East loves West and West loves East. Greta Nissen and Charles Farrell. See these two daring lovers, who first find themselves through the song of a Venetian gondolier and then lose themselves in the maze of reckless romance. Follow them through the gay Western World—the mysterious East. See Her conquer over His harem. See Him undecided between breaking Her heart and breaking His laws! Then one of the greatest climaxes in moving picture history—the final scene beside a desert oasis—where Greta Nissen will make you forget Cleopatra!

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FOX MOVIE TONE — The Sound and Sight Sensation
Picture Play

Volume XXIX

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1928

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What the Fans Think .................................................. 8
An open forum conducted for and by our readers.

Standing Room Only .................................................... 15
That's what is predicted for Ronald Colman and Lily Damita, in their first picture together.

All That Is Mortal of Valentino Lies in a Borrowed Tomb ......................................................... 16
A startling revelation that should be a reproach to all Valentino fans.

Mammy's Boy Makes Whoopee in Hollywood Margaret Reid ..................................................... 18
Al Jolson has at last found a haven for his ever-changing interests.

Gaspng, Breathless ..................................................... 20
In which some movie folk seem very much upset.

Three Young Gals ..................................................... 21
An interesting story about one of the luckiest families in the country.

What's a Chap to Do? .................................................. 23
James Hall has experienced both loneliness and too much popularity, and isn't sure which evil he prefers.

The Stroller ............................................................ 24
Hollywood is an open book to our perennial news-finder, who lets you in on a bit of the latest gossip.

"Good Shepherd, What Fair Swain Is This Who Dances With Your Daughter?" .................................. 26
Joan Crawford and Edward Nugent give an exhibition of the very latest thing in dance steps.

Do Fan Dreams Come True? ........................................... 28
The story of a fan who felt that her disillusionment opened the door to a finer happiness.

Over the Teacups ..................................................... 30
Fanny the Fan gives voice to her ever-constant observations.

Little Sister of Lucrezia Borgia ......................................... 34
The author is at his best in this interview with Kathleen Key.

Favorites of the Fans .................................................. 35
Full-page portraits in rotogravure of eight popular players.

Too Good to Be Romantic .............................................. 43
That's what many think, but Conrad Nagel has something to say on the subject.

Manhattan Medley ..................................................... 44
Entertaining chat of movie doings in the metropolis.

The Saga of the Hobo ................................................ 49
There's an interesting story behind the filming of "Beggars of Life."

Her Strange Interlude .................................................. 51
The producers are censured for failing to appreciate Greta Nissen.

Continued on the Second Page Following

MONTHLY

MVS

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ALL MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS
We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.
SEE a Paramount Picture tonight! See the most popular stars of the day! See them in these new pictures attuned to these changing times, these fast-paced days! Ask your Theatre Manager for the dates!

"THE WEDDING MARCH" Directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim, with Fay Wray and ZaSu Pitts. Many of the scenes are in Technicolor.


"DOCKS OF NEW YORK" Starring the popular favorite George Bancroft, with Betty Compson and Baclanova. Josef von Sternberg Production.

"THE WATER HOLE" From a story by Zane Grey. With Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll. F. Richard Jones Production.

"SAWDUST PARADISE" Starring Esther Ralphston, the Blonde Goddess of the screen. With Hobart Bosworth and Reed Howes. Luther Reed Production.

"THE FLEET'S IN" Starring Clara Bow, the most popular girl on the screen, with James Hall. Malcolm St. Clair Production.


"THE FIRST KISS" Starring Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. With Lane Chandler. Rowland V. Lee Production.

"JUST MARRIED" From a story by Anne Nichols, author of "Abie's Irish Rose." Co-starring Ruth Taylor and James Hall. Frank Strayer Production.

See and hear a Paramount Picture tonight! In theatres equipped to show "sound" pictures Paramount now presents the first quality "sound" program. Paramount Features, Paramount News, Paramount-Christie Comedies. Stage Shows on the Screen—all in sound, all Paramount! Watch the newspapers for theatre announcements of Paramount Pictures in sound. Silent or with sound—"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
IS LOVE DYING ON THE SCREEN?

IT seems to be. Just hark back to “Beau Geste,” “The Way of All Flesh,” and “Sorrell and Son,” and then consider “The Racket,” “A Girl in Every Port,” and “The Barker.” In all love, as we have come to know it on the screen, was subordinated to paternal, filial or fraternal devotion. In some instances the love of man and maid was entirely missing. Why? Does modern life smile at the “mushy” love-making which is still seen on the screen, because it is so far removed from reality that it is ridiculous? Did the absence of this sort of amorousness from the above-mentioned pictures increase their appeal, or was it just novelty that made them successful?

This interesting, unusual topic will be discussed by Edwin Schallert in December PICTURE PLAY, with its customary authority and thoroughness. Unless we are mistaken, the fans will take pen in hand and contribute some vehement letters in answer to it.

NILS ASTHER, FAY WRAY, GRETA GARBO, RICHARD ARLEN, AND MADGE BELLAMY

Star interviews will abound in next month’s PICTURE PLAY, even more so than usual, and it is an exacting fan indeed who will miss at least one of his favorites represented. Nils Asther, whose fans have besought and besieged us for news of him, will be the star chosen by Myrtle Gebhart for one of her most heart-searching interviews. If you don’t vote Margaret Reid’s pen portrait of Greta Garbo the best you have ever read, then PICTURE PLAY will admit that Mary Ann Jackson will be the siren of to-morrow. Next month’s letters in “What the Fans Think” will also be unusually entertaining and diversified, and we shall make every effort to publish more than the usual number to satisfy the demand. With the beginning of winter, PICTURE PLAY offers itself as the ideal guide, philosopher and friend to those who enjoy their movies intelligently, and who regard the stars with affection and gratitude.
Marvelous New Marcel Molds
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I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl’s hair would hardly before I had done it; but yet it is true that I got a delightful soft waved wave in so short a time it surprised not only myself but also the boy who had the chain.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous

One of America’s finest Beauty Specialists brought this wave to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities.

But beauty is a quality, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with the personal element of personal specialty, learned all the longing that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trial, the disappointments—the dangers, ever—the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its rush, its hot irons.

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And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply. It took months of the costly time of precious experts to fashion into these few strands of metal that priceless ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molds in your hand, you, seeing nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make. But when you remove them from your hair and see the glorious results so readily achieved for you, you will know and say, with us, they are worth a hundred times the money!

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P. P. 43

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1917
What the Fans Think

Is Talent Ignored for Youth?

THE Strange Case of Conway Tearle' moves me to take my typewriter in hand and give expression to a conviction that has been growing in my mind for some time—that genuine acting ability in moving pictures is being consistently sacrificed to youth, beauty, and publicity. So many of the real actors and actresses of yesterday are missing from present casts, that our pictures are taking on the air of amateur performances. Lately I have seen at least three pictures reduced to mediocrity by the acting of "baby stars" who should still be doing bits. In each case the real star—an actor of well-established prominence—suffered by being cast with a beginner, whose only claim to attention was the ability to pose in studied fashion, indulge in self-conscious mannerisms and express emotion by a series of grimaces. In many instances, capable actors and actresses are being used simply as props to maintain youth in the spotlight. This gives an unbalanced picture that is anything but pleasing. The audience, not knowing just why the story is not more appealing, goes away with a feeling of dissatisfaction.

We have a few—a very few—really clever and capable young actors and actresses, who seem to possess the natural aptitude, understanding and poise that contributes to a smooth performance. There is Janet Gaynor, for instance, whose delineation of character is equal to that of an experienced trouper. With the added charm of youth and beauty, she is irresistible. Witness the success of her pictures! Esther Ralston, a comedienne of unsurpassed charm, is a popular favorite. Mary Brian and Betty Bronson are dependably good actresses, and of course Greta Garbo draws an audience like a pop-corn stand at a Sunday-school picnic. The rest of the Mollys, Sallys, and Nancys—in my opinion—are washouts.

Among the newer male stars are several whose rise to stardom seems based upon merit. Others are apparently shoved into the spotlight to fill places left vacant by such actors as Conway Tearle, Jack Holt, Eugene O'Brien, and others. They are pretty good collars, but it requires the assistance of actors and actresses of long experience and considerable popularity to put them across.

Poor stories are undoubtedly a detriment to moving pictures, but crude acting—which is increasingly prevalent—is even more certain to cool the enthusiasm of audiences. Youth and beauty have a potent appeal, but why not let these youngsters grow into stardom as the result of actual experience, rather than to shove them forward, bolstered up with a publicity campaign—only to fail in the actual test of ability?

Mary Randall.

3029 Humboldt Ave. S.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Talking Down the Talkies.

I am not a fan, if raving over screen personalities comprises the term, but I am deeply interested in all which pertains to the cinema, and now have a keen curiosity concerning the verdict of the fan public with reference to the Vitaphone.

Some years ago I was connected with a scenario department, and later was a writer under one of the most prominent directors. The new, illusive, and so richly promising technique of the cinema was drilled into every fiber of my being; and it has been with great satisfaction that I have noted the increased high quality in production, action, etcetera. Finally, it seemed to me, the cinema was coming into its own, was developing a distinctive rhythm and a technical and dramatic standard very nearly on a par with the best of the stage, its rival, and yet not paralleling that form of entertainment.

After three years in Italy, I looked forward to a real motion-picture fest on my return to New York. But what did I find? The Movietone—the Vitaphone, with the production companies and the actors in a state of feverish excitement and fear, and with a complete change contemplated concerning all which we have associated with motion pictures and grown to love. It would appear that the producers, recognizing the rivalry of the theater, think to conquer by imitating the stage. The weakness of the cinema has always been centered in this absolute lack of creative initiative, and its greatest weakness has been that it has failed to develop creative writers on a par with the creative actors who have learned all they know of acting through the technique of the cinema. For example, Charlie Chaplin, Jack Gilbert, Janet Gaynor, to select different types. Now their imitative act is so gross as to be comic, if the final accounting did not promise to be so devastating. These stupid, fearful producers do not seem to realize how far they have progressed nor the why's and wherefores of their achieve-

Continued on page 12
Now the livest news becomes *living* news! Now you not only see it happen—you hear it! Now Fox Movietone captures the voice of the world as well as its image—its sounds as well as its sights—its words as well as its actions. A miracle has happened!

...The roar of the crowd which is half of football's thrill—the blare of martial music as the troops wheel past—the thunder of unleashed horsepower as the plane speeds through the air—lances—all these come to you in Movietone! They make you an ear-witness as well as an eye-witness! *They really take you there!*

...Have you heard the news?
...If not, go today to the theatre showing Fox Movietone News, and prepare for the thrill of a lifetime!
CECIL B. De MILLE’S masterpiece, “The King of Kings,” will be exhibited simultaneously, beginning the week of October 1st, in an extensive list of popular motion picture theatres.

Sixteen stars of first brilliance in the cast, five thousand characters, backgrounds of majestic beauty and pageantry and the most soul-stirring story of all time. In sheer drama and pictorial magnificence, it will hold you spellbound.

As an attraction playing in theatres usually devoted to the legitimate drama, “The King of Kings,” showing at advanced prices during the past year, established box-office records and was called back two and even three times for repeat engagements.

Now Pathé releases it to all picture theatres. The entire family should see it. It provides gripping entertainment for all ages, all creeds, all classes. The experience of seeing this immortal, emotional drama will leave a cherished memory.

Among the thousands of theatres which will season, these beautiful houses will show it
The Last Supper

Prices

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by Jeanie Macpherson

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New Brunswick: Newton
NEW MEXICO
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NEW YORK
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Winston-Salem: Colonial
New Bern: Show Shop, Statesville: Playhouse, Wilson: Lyric, Concord: Concord, Elizabeth City: Carolina
NORTH DAKOTA
Grand Forks: Grand Forks
Bismarck: Capitol
Minot: Strand
OHIO
Cincinnati: Lyric
OKLAHOMA
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SOUTH DAKOTA
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Salt Lake City: Gem, Provo: Strand
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WYOMING
Casper: America, Laramie: Crown, Torrington: Wyoming, Rawlins: Strand

Manager when he is going to show "The King of Kings."
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

ment. By continuing with creative directors, developing creative writers for the screen, and having on a pair which creative writers of fiction and the stage, thus giving their fine, creative artists still greater opportunity, the cinema would, in a relatively short time, not be ashamed to any other art or form of entertainment.

The Vitaphone, if universally adopted, and produced, must and can develop a technique, a form of entertainment as alien and distinct from that now associated with the cinema, as in the past the cinema itself has distinguished itself from the stage. By means of great directors and great actors, the cinema has at times reached the best and finest in dramatic art, has had the heart of life bare, and its beauty by silent drama.

With the coming of the accursed Vita-
phone, all the art and achievement of the past is seriously jeopardized. With the Vitaphone the smooth effect of varied action must be cut and always subordinate to the voice, to words, thus striking at the very heart of all that motion pictures represent.

With the Vitaphone, one has a feeling of discord within, or a sensation like a tug-of-war. That part of one's receiving screen which has developed to the extent that one hopes to see one thing, and before this is completed, the mind must be focused on the voice. It is a case of oil and water mixing, in an unesthetic combination. Now the producers, under the spell of the Vitaphone, demand that the great cinema public shall unlearn all that has been learned, and which has been developed by such producers. They make indirect apology for past performances, and affirm that what the cinema has lacked was the human voice; now they are favoring the human voice.

Do not think I am indifferent to the unlimited possibilities of the Movietone and Vitaphone. It will prove beneficial to isolated districts. The news reels, the actual recording of the voices of eminent people, the possibilities for comedy of the Sennett and Christie types, and most of all the original effect in combining the vision of the moving pictures with the voice, the sound, and the action of the human voice, demand an immediate public presentation, which was the idea of the Vitaphone, that it never was to be. Drama—never!

Incidentally, I am curious to know how this Vitaphone innovation is going to affect the news from England, France, Germany, and Italy must be startling. In Italy I became so accus-
tomed to the language and the foreign titles that it seemed Leatrice Joy, Mary Pick-
ford, Gloria Swanson and all the rest, were speaking Italian. With the Vita-
phone, how will this be managed?

Greta Garbo, peculiarly known as silent drama as long as it exists, and shall probably be drawn more and more to my first love, the stage. From indications throughout the country, it seems to be already taking on new life.

Patricia Leigh

Hotel Pasadena, New York City.

Young Men for Old!

Of the fans who write to this depart-
ment, the letter by E. V. W. in the July issue impressed me as the most outspoken I have had from a young man. He says the reason why many producers and stars should bear in mind, especially the older stars.

Considering, however, why so many of the older stars prefer male leads who are much younger than themselves, is a matter of interest. I believe in keeping many of these older stars from vanishing entirely. Miss Talmadge's pictures have proved the possibilities. If Miss Swanson means caught napping. In fact, Miss Swanson's pictures are perfection. So much for that.

Now for Myrtle Gehart's article, "Voices Are Tested for the Movies," I am happy to declare that I am one who prefers movies silent. Sitting through a film with numerous players trying to do a lot of pretty talk, or else screeching at the top of their voices, is apt to be monotonous. I know this to be true, for I have seen quite a few talking pictures. The first of these, "The Jazz Singer," was a point of course, but the dialogue was bad. Irene Rich, in a playlet, caused giggles because she tried to do too much with her limited voice.

I have noticed that the Vitaphone never conveys the sound of the actual voice. The sound is always artificial, affected, or choose to be exactly what is not of the type of the talkies. I don't mean that I am not interested in talking pictures, I can't imagine any one wanting to listen to Lilian Tashman's coarse, husky tones, or to Ronald Colman an American hero with a perfect English accent. Mr. for the silent mov-
ies, comfort and ease always. I agree with Norbert Lusk that "there is too much emphasis on the human voice; it is not a little of it coming from human throats." How true, Mr. Lusk.

N. G. S.

Welcome, Carmencita and Lolita.

Our fingers itched so much to scribble our opinions concerning the stars that finally we took pen and paper. We hope our words will not wear thin in重复ing the explosive loyalty of other fans. Greta Garbo has won the admiration of Manila moviegoers as has no other ac-
tress. There are really something about her that fascinates and delights the eyes of the audience.

Constance Talmadge and Murray every one, but the crowd of fans who shout, "Stop posing. Do some real acting."

As to Julianne Johnston and Carmelita Geraghty, we are tired of reading about them in the columns of the silly fan magazines, the silly fan magazines, and the Trail of 98." Dramatic critics have written about her the silver trophy of the Wampus ball, and thousands of fans acclaim her, and yet Fanny the Fan has seen nothing but something mean to say about her.

We congratulate H. B. Warner for his portrayal of Christ. We felt we came nearer to Him. We also thank Cecil De Mille for his direction of The King of Kings." He made us realize the beauty of Christ's life, far more than all the Bible verses we ever memorized.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Only the Second Greatest Actress

There is a beautiful lady, a recent arrival in the world of films, who I have only seen once, but who, in that single performance, has established herself, in my estimation, as the second greatest ac-
tress of the screen. The first is, of course, the incomparable Garbo.

This lady of whom I am speaking, in her portrayal of a wicked and worldly girl, was sensational. Although she was supposed to inspire my wrath, she intrigued me instead. Her name is Olga Bachanova, and to me she is the second greatest of all the screen's five-year contract. They intend to make her a second Pola Negri.

Anne

Woodstock, New York.

Love Me, Love My Dog!

A fan writing in the June issue re-
marked that her favorite players reminded her of various composers and their melo-
dramas. Here is one player for every fan to compare them with dogs. I don't intend the similes to be offensive, and hope they will not be considered so. I have never been able to understand why in the world dog fans should to be considered so. I have never been able to understand why in the world dog fans should choose their dogs, but because Maria Corda was supposed to have named one of her collies "Miss Banky," said fan seemed to think it was an in-
stantly love for her. Now, with the collie from Vilna. I know nothing of the truth of the incident in question, but I really cannot see why being compared to a collie is not a tremendous compliment. I would consider it so—unless, of course, the dog was cross-eyed! Here are the different dogs which my favorites make me think of:

Phyllis Haver cannot be compared to one, unless it be a white poodle, and there is so much more depth to Phyllis than there is to a poodle. Begging per-
mission to mention the animal mentioned above, Phyllis makes me think of an animated white kitten with a huge, pink bow—and claws under fur which covers seemingly innocent paws.

Patricia Leigh—A sleek Doberman Pin-
secher on promenade.

Billie Dove—A frivolous-looking chow!
Conrad Nagel—A serious, gentlemanly, well-groomed, thoroughbred Airedale.

Clara Bow—An impudent Boston terrier puppy.

A Newfoundland pup is Wallace Beery, rather clumsy and unintentionally rough, but good-natured and likable.

Eddie Lowe—A Skye terrier.

George Fawcett—An old English mastiff, a champion of the ring.

Jetta Goudal—The dog which is so graceful in its movements and so aristocratic in its appearance that no words can fittingly describe it—the Russian wolfhound!

George K. Arthur—A Dalmatian.

Sue Carol—A Pekingese puppy.

Audrey Ferris—A toy black-and-tan terrier.

Having finally, as a fitting conclusion to all, Bill Haines—Hot Dog! This isn't a comparison, but merely an involuntary exclamation that escaped my typewriter. And I'll tell the world I mean it!

HELEN BLAISELL.

Columbus, Ohio.

Aren't You Ashamed of Yourself?

Listen, you anti-Novarro fans, aren't you ashamed to admit that you cannot see the beauty of Ramon's personality? Aren't you ashamed to own that you cannot recognize some fine thing in life, some ideal to line up with? Ramon is not merely a splendid actor and a true artist—he is more, far more than the average stars or persons in private life. He is an inspiration!

The wonderful letters your criticism has evoked prove that. Coming away from his films, I always have a wistful longing to do something worth while with my life. I think a great number of Ramon's friends feel the same. They are trying to find an ideal—one of Keats' "things of beauty."

Now, I ask you again, aren't you ashamed of writing such things about Ramon? Or are you so narrow that you cannot see what you are missing? At one period of my love for, and loyalty to, Ramon, I used to be furious if any one said or wrote the slightest thing against him; but now I think of them as poor, benighted souls, and what they write as so much sickly piffle.

They can't hurt Ramon, or any one else, except themselves. You, anti-Novarro fans, why write unkind things about him or any other star? You are not here to criticize. Can't you find the goodness and beauty in life instead of harping on disagreeable things?

MYRNA DICKIE.

Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Why Should She Struggle Along?

Can you tell me why Renee Adorée has never been elevated to stardom after the marvelous performances she gave in "The Big Parade," "Mr. Wu," and "The Cossacks"? Many of us think that she is by far the greatest actress on the screen, and we went to see "The Cossacks" because she was in it, and not because of Gilbert, of whom we are heartily sick. Some blah-blah girl, just out of high school, comes along, trips over her own feet in a couple of scenes, is made the subject of a great bpyhoo, and, lo! the next day she is a star. Yet a finished artist like Miss Adorée struggles along month after month, continues to acquit herself gloriously in every rôle handed her, but still is classed as a featured player. I can't understand their reasoning in Hollywood.

GERALD CLAXTON.

Charlotte, North Carolina.

---

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and WIN A PRIZE

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Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

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1. Make your drawing of a girl and shadow exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.
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 Nov. 1st, 1926. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.
You'll gasp when you see—

Famous sailing vessels reconstructed into real fighting frigates at a cost of $250,000.

A cast so huge it consumed 5290 pounds of rations daily.

Sea battle scenes so realistic that the players received 360 minor wounds.

Corinne Griffith in 48 different sumptuous costumes.

Thrilling scenes with synchronized sound accompaniment.

THE MOST GIGANTIC SEA SPECTACLE THE SCREEN HAS EVER KNOWN

FLAMING FRIGATES FREIGHTED WITH CARGOES OF DEATH

A CAST OF THOUSANDS IN BREATHTLESS BATTLE ACTION

A LOVE SO MIGHTY IT SWAYED THE FATE OF NATIONS

A FAMOUS BEST SELLER NOW LIVED UPON THE SCREEN

A FORTUNE SPENT TO MAKE FILM HISTORY WITH

CORINNE GRIFFITH in

"THE DIVINE LADY"

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Lily Damita and Ronald Colman pause between scenes of "The Rescue," to show the fans what manner of loving will be revealed in the picture, which will provide Mr. Colman with an unusual rôle, and a vibrant, appealing heroine for Miss Damita. He will be the English master of a vessel in the waters of Java, and she the wife of the British owner of a yacht. The resentment of the natives precipitates the complications which make difficult and dramatic the love of Tom Lingard and Mrs. Travers.
All That is Mortal Lies in a Borrowed

Despite the adoration and admiration of Rudy lies in a crypt reserved

By A. L.

Thousands of letters and poems have been written deploring the death of Valentino, but little else has been contributed to his memory.

AYS from the California sun, filtering through a stained-glass window, fall in checkered design upon the crypt which holds the body of Rudolph Valentino, in the mausoleum of a Hollywood cemetery. Throughout the day and night fresh flowers exude their fragrance before his bier. Through the marble corridors little groups of visitors occasionally tread, to pause before the plaque which reads: "Rudolfo Guglielmi Valentino, 1895-1926."

Wayfarers and tourists peep in to see where lie the remains of one of the greatest celebrities of our time. A few, faithful friends still come, bringing blossoms. But the numbers rapidly are diminishing, and the fact remains that all that is mortal of Valentino lies in a borrowed tomb. Once, already, his casket has been moved. Again, some time, it must be taken from its present sepulcher, in order to make way for the one to whom it rightfully belongs. Where it will go no one knows. Its final resting place has not been determined.

Has the beloved Rudy been forgotten by the world in the span of two short years?

When news was flashed from New York in mid-August, 1926, that Valentino was dead, all the world stood aghast. It seemed unbelievable. Strong, clear-eyed, athletic, imbued with the fire of youth, he was the idol of millions. Thronges gathered outside the hospital in New York where his body lay. Newspapers issued extra editions. Telegrams arrived in sheaves. When the casket was transported to the funeral train, more than a thousand policemen acted as escort to keep back the multitudes. All the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, in cities, villages and hamlets crowds gathered to watch the black-draped cars pass on their way to the West. Flowers were massed in the Pullmans in every conceivable place. The spectacle seldom, if ever, has been equaled or surpassed.

Following the funeral service, the casket was placed temporarily in the crypt reserved for June Mathis, famous scenarist, in the mausoleum of the Hollywood Cemetery, and a movement was started for the erection of a worthy memorial. Five hundred thousand dollars was set as the goal.

"Make the memorial something that will be everlasting!" women admirers, in particular, urged. "Let's build a beautiful mausoleum of marble, set in a garden of flowers, and establish a fund which will care for it perpetually."

"Let us establish hospital beds, nurseries and erect art galleries in his memory," said others.

"Dedicate a granite monument which will last throughout the ages," suggested a third.

What a glorious tribute!

S. George Ullman, executor of the Valentino estate, acting in conjunction with friends, named Joseph M. Schenck chairman of a committee to handle the proposed Valentino Memorial Fund, as it was to be called. With him were such other producers as Carl Laemmle, M. C. Levee, and John W. Considine, Jr. A magazine made an appeal to its readers for one dollar each to help swell the fund. Memorial societies were organized in New York and Chicago, whose ramifications were to extend to other cities throughout the land. Admirers in England, Germany, Italy, France, and India joined in the movement to raise a huge sum. Mr. Ullman sent out a thousand letters to members of the motion-picture industry, in which he said:

My personal feeling is that the success of the memorial will be a tribute not only to Rudolph Valentino, but to the motion-picture industry as a whole. Monuments have been erected to leaders in almost every field except ours, and I believe that this is an opportunity to show the world that the motion-picture industry has a heart as well as a purse. It is not necessary to contribute more than you wish. Only, please send in some subscription, so that your name may be added to those who wish to show their respect for the things that Rudolph Valentino accomplished.

The outlook appeared to be splendid. Letters deploring the death of the actor poured in by the thousands. Assured that sufficient contributions would be forthcoming, the committee authorized publication of
of Valentino Tomb!

of millions the body for some one else.

Wooldridge

the following in a Los Angeles newspaper:

Architects, designers and all others engaged in similar work, are requested to send in their plans or ideas for a mausoleum for Rudolph Valentino.

Members of the family will make a selection, the best of which will be adopted and used. According to S. George Ullman, executor of the estate, a simple, unostentatious style is preferred. It is to be of ordinary dimensions with scant ornamentation.

That is the notice which went out. What happened?

A check for $500 came from a woman member of the English nobility. Another for $100 came from Ernest Torrence, and a second, for a similar amount, from William S. Hart. From the one thousand letters sent to members of the motion-picture industry, fewer than a half dozen replies were received.

The magazine which asked for contributions to the fund collected a bare $200, and the editor, in disgust, eventually returned the money to the donors.

The committee delegated to handle the fund got a few contributions, none of which would nick a healthy bank account perceptibly. The committee sat with waiting hands. It still is waiting.

As a result of all the appeals made, in virtually every civilized country, a total of approximately $2,500 was contributed, half of which came from America. The major part of the balance was from England, Germany, Italy, India, and South America.

In the meantime, June Mathis, one of Valentino's closest friends, died July 26, 1927, while visiting in New York. She had said, when the actor's body was placed in her mausoleum crypt, "You may sleep here, Rudy, until I die." That time had come. The body of Rudy must be removed. It was placed in the adjoining crypt, which had been reserved for Miss Mathis' husband, Sylvano Balboni. There it rests today, and there it will stay until its owner has need for the tomb, or until some provision is made for the burial of Valentino in a crypt or a grave of his own.

Where are all the women with aching hearts, who professed devotion to the screen's great lover? From many countries letters have come, principally from individuals able to contribute little more than a widow's mite. Sums from persons of wealth were strangely missing. The wonderful Valentino, whose "fan" mail ran as high as five thousand letters a week scarcely more than twenty-four months ago, appears to be almost forgotten! Sometimes a slip of a girl creeps into the mausoleum and lays a blossom before his sepulcher. No one knows who she is. Three each week a lone Italian woman supplies fresh flowers. Occasionally Rudy's brother comes and lingers in meditation. Sometimes strangers appear to bow their heads in prayer.

A few weeks ago a sculptor filed a suit against the estate, to recover $950 which he asserted he expended in preparing sketches for a memorial, and in traveling to Barcelona and to Italy in search of marbles suitable for a Valentino tomb. His claim is to be contested, on the ground that his activities were not authorized. Not long ago a marble pedestal before the crypt was overturned and broken to bits. Some of the pieces were carried away by souvenir hunters. Tourists come, gaze at the sarcophagus, then break flowers from the baskets and hide them in their clothing, as keepsakes. In London, last May, a roof garden at the Italian Hospital was opened and
Though not particularly handsome, Al Jolson possesses marked physical magnetism.

A L JOLSON has happened to Hollywood in a large way. He is in it and already of it. He is part of the business. At Warner Brothers he is practically one of the brothers. Nor do I mean a stepbrother. His first picture, "The Jazz Singer," cleaned up. He is making a second. But there is more than just that to his adoption of the movies. It is not the usual case of a stage luminary lending his face to the camera, and then collecting his pay check. There is nothing of gracious condescension in Al Jolson's visit to Hollywood.

His first film, a coup for the Warners, was, for him, an experiment, interesting mainly for its novelty. His second, and the four which will follow, are in dead earnest. Finding the business a profitable venture, he has concentrated on it with the vigor typical of him, until in a year's study he knows more of its intricacies than many veterans.

Hollywood, itself a trifle lackadaisical under the California sun, has found him stimulating. His famous wit, his sophistication that is essentially of Broadway, and his driving energy, are refreshing. Inevitably, he has become the lion of the moment, the pet raconteur, the ace master of ceremonies. Natives steeped in political caution shiver delightedly when Jolson, presiding at an opening, kids his employers and aims pointed barbs at the industry in general, and individuals in particular. He is always so funny that he gets away with it. Even the victims rock with helpless laughter.

There is a glamour about Jolson that is indefinable. It has something, of course, to do with his spectacular success in the past, with his never-failing skill, even in the recounting of a joke. A further explanation of it would, I think, reveal a quality not to be expected of a blackface artist. For this not especially handsome young man possesses, to a marked degree, great physical magnetism. It is this, underlying his talent, that makes his personality behind the footlights such an electric one. It is this, back of his "blue" songs, that sets rapt audiences swaying with him—and stamping and yelling for encore. Whether or not this quality can be transferred to the screen is still open to question, "The Jazz Singer" being more or less experimental, and an inadequate criterion.

A raconteur and wit nonpareil, it would be expected that he provide generous, fast-moving copy for an interviewer. Yeh, that's what I thought. But a girl could make a mistake, couldn't she? Not only could, but did. For Mister Jolson can go down on the list of players known among reporters as "tough reporters," a term indicating the hopelessness of wrestling a story from them.

I have always been a particularly rabid devotee of the art of Al Jolson. On more than one occasion I have embarrassed escorts by my noisy enthusiasm for the Jolson capers, the faintly ribald stories, the broad comedy, the lachrymose ballads. "Mammy," moaned and shouted by Al, kneeling and swaying and tearing his collar off in the glare of the spotlight, still leaves me on the verge of collapse. I admire him—you get it?

Several years of interviewing and reinterviewing cinema celebs have worn my interest to what I like to call ennui. But it must be admitted that the prospect of interviewing Al Jolson was fraught with unaccustomed palpitation.

I found him on the set, the second day of production on "The Singing Fool." A dapper figure, slightly below average height. Black hair and black eyes—eyes famous for that knowing roll which punctuates his jokes. His smile is wide and infectious, his manner brusque but amiable. Chairs were brought and, back of the confusion and noise of the cabaret where the "Singing Fool" was a waiter, begins his career, we tried to talk. I mean I did. Al didn't bother.

Josephine Dunn, as she appears in Jolson's latest picture, "The Singing Fool."
Makes Whoopee

When not working in his new picture "The Singing Fool", Al Jolson devotes his Broadway sophistication, ready wit and dynamic energy to satisfy Hollywood's demand for his presence at all functions.

Reid

Don't get the impression that he is blasé, or dif-fident, or at a loss for words. He is none of these, and he is pleasantly affable. Not cagy, not bored, not high-hat—just uninterested.

In a brief burst of garrulity he described the story of "The Singing Fool." It is a melodramatic story, strongly spiced with the sentiment which Jolson frankly enjoys. Supplying much of the pathos in the picture, is the love of the singing waiter for his baby son. Jolson himself discovered the child who plays this rôle, and displays marked affection for his small choice. With no children of his own, it is obvious that he adores this one.

Side by side with his kidding and sophistication, gentleness tempers these qualities and makes him a good trouper. For it was apparent, even under the inevitable moments of awkwardness in his first picture, that he is that. He has an instinctive "feel" for the elements that reach beyond the eye, past the mind, down into the emotions. The accurate perspective he keeps on this ability, is what saves his ballads from being lugubrious, and the pathos in his pictures from becoming bathos.

I spoke of the appeal to the heart of "The Jazz Singer," and he admitted that that is the sort of thing he prefers. He is a propagandist for the emotions, the human touch.

"I don't know if 'Jazz Singer' was a good picture," he remarked. "In fact, I have serious doubts. But I do know that its idea got under the skin of the audience. It even got me, when I saw the opening in New York. My wife was with me—that is, my ex-wife. We've been divorced several years, but we're very dear friends. When it came to the climax—you remember where I come back home to sing 'Kol Nidre' for my father?—she cried and cried. It's so beautiful. You couldn't be bad, and act like that. You just couldn't. Why, I'll marry you again to-morrow! But I was too excited to answer."

The anecdote finished with the knowing, sidelong glance and wicked grin.

And that was all of the interview for then. Irving Berlin dropped in to say, "Hello," and to see how Al was getting on. When he had left, what few threads of conversation had been woven were out of band again. In desperation, I resorted to bromides, hoping that he would follow.

Agnes Franey, recruited from "Rio Rita" for "The Singing Fool."

Josephine Dunn, Jolson, and Betty Bronson take instructions from director Lloyd Bacon during the filming of the picture.

"How, Mr. Jolson, do you like Hollywood?"

"Great. I live in Beverly Hills." Silence, broken by polite, but quite irrelevant, remarks from Al.

"What decided you to continue in pictures?"

"Money—lots of it," he grinned.

After another silence I hauled out the old reliable, the starter guaranteed to make any one talk—any one but Al Jolson. In a nice way, I asked for the "story of his life." And what did I get? Not even a synopsis. It had been printed so often, he objected too often. Everybody had read it. I explained that the motion-picture public is a mass quite apart from that of the theater, that to them he is an entirely new face, but to no avail.

"Your people—" I insisted.

"Well, my mother came from St. Petersburg—and I don't mean in Florida."

"You were born in—"

"I was born—"

He jumped up to greet George Jessel, the original Jazz Singer of the stage, and now doing a picture or two. George had stopped by from his studio to make a dinner date with Al for that night.

"How's the picture going, Al?"

"Who can tell? How's your own?"

"Finished already. Started shooting Monday—finished Tuesday—titled and shipped this afternoon—in New York to-morrow."

[Continued on page 119]
Gasping, Breathless

Fright and terror are everyday emotions in the life of the actor.

The terror of Anita Page, above, is so intense that Wheeler Oakman, as the villain in "The Big City," claps his dirty hand on her mouth.

Dolores del Rio, right, looks as if her conscience were terrorizing her, in "Revenge."

Polly Moran and Sylvia Beecher, below, would a lot rather scream than rush to the aid of their fighting boy friends, in "West of the Sierras."

Ramon Novarro and Carmel Myers, above, experience a breathless fright on being discovered together, in "A Certain Young Man."

George K. Arthur and Marceline Day, below, are evidently being pursued by a pair of wild tonsils in this hospital scene from "Detectives."
Three Young Gals

Loretta, Polly Ann Young, and Sally Blane are the most unlike sisters you could expect to find, yet all three are becoming well known to the fans.

By Alma Talley

With an ambitious movie aspirant in at least every second household in the country, the Young family, of Los Angeles, is really to be envied. How very proud they must be, with three beautiful daughters in the movies! All are under contract to different film companies, with promising careers ahead of them.

Each of the sisters is considered a beauty, with great screen possibilities, yet each is quite unlike the other two.

There’s Polly Ann, the eldest, under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. Polly Ann is nineteen, very slim, with dark hair and eyes, and a slight resemblance to Norma Talmadge. She is the shyest and quietest of the three sisters.

Sally Blane, who was christened Betty Jane Young, is seventeen. She is less of a beauty than her sisters — inclined, perhaps, to be almost too plump. But, if she is the least beautiful, she makes up for it by having the most personality. She is roly-poly, jolly, full of fun and pep; the friendliest of the three, the easiest to know. Sally is under contract to Paramount, and her career, so far, has been more extensive than that of her sisters.

Then there’s Loretta, nicknamed “Gretchen” by her family. Loretta is only fifteen, the youngest full-fledged ingénue on the screen, who still must apply herself to her schoolbooks, between scenes of a picture. Loretta is the coming pride of First National. There’s none of the giggly schoolgirl about her, despite her youth. Reserved, soft spoken, she has all the poise and dignity of a woman twice her age. Blonde, with gray eyes, and a mouth like Dolores Costello’s, Loretta and Sally are frequently mistaken for one another, though, seeing them together, you can’t imagine how they could be. Loretta is slim, almost to the point of thinness, weighing only ninety-eight pounds. She says scarcely a word, just smiles quietly, while Sally talks all the time.

Loretta shows the most promise of a really spectacular success in the future.

All the girls were practically catapulted into the movies. Their first bit of luck—besides the fact that they were born beautiful—came when their mother and stepfather moved the family to Los Angeles. Apparently they were a migratory household, for each of the girls was born in a different place: Polly Ann, in Denver; Sally, in Salida, Colorado; Loretta, in Salt Lake City.

Sally was the first to take up a film career and her start constituted one of those lucky accidents which would never happen to any of us—you or me, dear reader. She met Wesley Ruggles, the director. Wesley said, “You’ve very good screen features. Why not come over to Universal and let me have screen tests taken of you?”

Why not, indeed?

What girl would turn down a chance like that?

Not Sally, at any rate. So she was given her first film work in one of “The Collegians” series. Scarcely had she finished her engagement with Universal when, at a party, she met an executive of Paramount. He said, “You’ve got good screen features. Why don’t you come to the studio and let me have tests taken?”

It might seem more logical, to you or to me, for the studio authorities to have seen what she looked like in “The Collegians.” But studios don’t work that way. Taking screen tests is the way they have their fun. Actors with years of experience are constantly dashing about having screen tests, just as if no one had any idea how they looked before a camera.

So Sally—at that time still Betty Jane—had her tests. She was given not only a contract, but a new name as well. “From now on,” they told her, “you’re Sally Blane.”
Three Young Gals

Sally Blane, christened Betty Jane Young, is not the most beautiful, but she has more personality than her two sisters.

She doesn’t yet know why she became Sally Blane, when Betty Jane Young seemed, to her, a much better name. But one doesn’t quibble over a little thing like that, with a contract sitting around waiting to be signed.

She was given plenty to do—a rôle in “Casey at the Bat,” and another in “Shooting Irons.” In “Wife Savers,” “Fools for Luck,” and in “The Vanishing Pioneer,” Jack Holt’s new picture. Between times she was lent to F. B. O., and to Fox.

Sally obtained a good start for Polly Ann, her older sister, as well. Having made the Young family what an ad writer would call “movie minded,” Sally persuaded Polly Ann to try for extra work. She persuaded her to the extent of almost dragging her into casting offices. As I said, Polly Ann is shy; left to herself, she would never have had the aggressiveness to go about asking for jobs. But Sally would say, “Now come along,” and shove her before the casting director’s window. Polly Ann would stand there tongue-tied. “Well?” the casting man would ask impatiently, and Polly Ann would be forced to speak up.

It was good training, and Polly Ann had the looks, so she managed to get extra rôles quite often. She was called upon frequently to double for stars, in long shots—Joan Crawford, the two Dolores: Costello and Del Rio.

“But how,” I demanded, “could she possibly look like both Del Rio and Costello?”

It does seem amazing, Polly Ann being a brunette, but they say that with a blond wig one could scarcely tell her from Dolores Costello. She and Loretta have the Costello mouth.

Gradually Polly Ann got bigger and better bits, until she was given a good part in “The Bellamy Trial,” and a contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

Loretta, really just a child, had a movie career thrust upon her. A call came for Polly Ann for extra work, but she was away on location. I can almost hear Sally, the aggressive member of the family, urging Loretta, “Why don’t you take it instead?” So Loretta did. The picture was “Naughty But Nice,” and Colleen Moore noticed Loretta among the extras.

“That’s a cute girl,” Colleen told John McCormick, her husband and supervisor. Mr. McCormick arranged for a screen test, which came out beautifully. There was quite a little argument. After all, Loretta was only thirteen at the time, and that seemed really a bit too young for an ingénue, and

too old for a child actress. But her screen tests were really lovely. “If we don’t sign her,” said John McCormick, “someone else will.” So Loretta was proffered a contract. Even though it was necessary for First National to wait several years before she grew up enough to be useful, the company decided she was worth it. Really, could a girl ask for better luck than that?

Apparently the Moore-McCormick judgment proved sound. Loretta played tiny parts from time to time, then a small rôle in “The Whip Woman,” and then she was borrowed by Metro-Goldwyn for “Laugh, Clown, Laugh!” in which she created quite an impression. Now she is back on her home lot, and recently finished an ingénue lead in Charlie Murray’s new film, “The Head

Continued on page 108
What's a Chap to Do?

James Hall's career is the least of his worries. It is the social problems caused by his success which bother him—and do you wonder?

By William H. McKegg

What would you do, if you came to Hollywood from comparative obscurity and attracted national notice? What would you do if, to your surprise, your least important actions were blazoned far and wide, with fancy trimmings and exaggerations? What would you do if you found yourself being imposed upon by sycophants? What would you do if circumstances were holding you back, when you were eager to spring ahead? What would—

Well, in any case, having to face these few questions is enough to drive any one back to obscurity. Being famous, and drawing increasing fame to yourself, is all right so far as it takes you, but with all these irritating facts at hand, what's a chap to do?

For the past year, James Hall has been racking his mind for a solution. He believes he has found one, now—in fact, he is following it—but he is not quite sure. One never can be sure, in pictures.

When I first made Jimmie's acquaintance, he was quite new to the colony. All he could do was to be thankful for his good break in pictures, and praise Bebe Daniels for being the brick she is.

To-day, since his advent in Hollywood, Jimmie still stresses these two facts, but he has also several other topics to discuss, which prompts the question at the top of the page.

"When I first came to work out here, from New York," Mr. Hall stated, "I thought the entire colony would take me up. I got my first disillusion on finding that the picture people are very hard to know. Of course, I knew one or two. But the colony, as a whole, seemed closed against me. It appeared as if they all said: 'Well, let us see what you really can do. Prove that you are one of us. We'll find out if you are worthy of our notice.'

"I might have been wrong to think that, but that's how it struck me at the time.

"The next thing that confused me was the great importance they placed on the slightest move I made. Now, taking a young lady to the theater, or to a café, is not a very uncommon thing to do. I knew Joan Crawford, and took her to several places. You see, I had very few friends out here, then.

Jimmie Hall is only too willing to get the moon for you—but you'd have to shoot him up to it with a cannon.

"The next thing I heard was that we were engaged. No denials on either side did any good. The fact that we had dined in each other's company sealed our betrothal. To-day, Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan, just because they go about together, are reported engaged."

I was one of the many who believed Joan and Jimmie to be in love with each other. Jimmie certainly let me believe it, and they did go about a lot together. Since then, knowing Joan's taking ways, and Jimmie's early quest for companionship, I realize how the mistake was made. Yet, what's an observing interviewer to do?

But, hang it all!—to a dashing go-getter these false reports must be annoying, and no nonsense. A personable young man, with pleasing ways, can hardly be expected to conduct himself like a censtein. He must go out occasionally with some one and at least speak to others. Yet, if these diversions are misconstrued, what's a chap to do?

Recently Jimmie has been reported engaged to Merna Kennedy, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. Yet you can bet your sweet life that a lot of old meanies are going to disturb another good friendship, if they can, so keep in mind what Jimmie has explained, in the summer of 1928.

"Miss Kennedy is a charming girl," the harassed young man confessed, "and is a dear friend of mine. She was sympathetic and encouraging, when I first came to Hollywood. I shall never forget that."

Gratitude. That's what Jimmie believes in handing out.

Now imagine, if you can, how Hollywood misinterprets gratitude. Just plain, simple friendship is looked at through Calypso's magic mirror. A jolly cup of tea

Continued on page 111
The Stroller

By Carroll Graham

Confidential morsels of Hollywood gossip of interest to the fans.

IT is an office—one of a thousand offices—in a motion-picture studio. Moreover, it is early morn, and the day's work is about to start.

That strangest of all natural phenomena—a conference of the gag men is about to occur in our office.

The workers file in slowly, as the hand of the clock nears nine. Gag men are funny by the hour—from nine until twelve, from one until five. Sometimes they stay funny until five thirty, or, on rare occasions, even until six.

All six gag men having arrived, they drape themselves in various positions about the office, originally designed for a maximum of four persons. Behind the desk sits the head gag man. He bears various titles. Sometimes he is the director, sometimes the supervisor, and sometimes the producer himself.

"Well," says the straw boss of the gag men, "we gotta get a story by Friday. Al wants we should start shooting by Monday morning. Let's see what we can dope out." There is a silence of several moments.

"Anybody go to the fights last night?" asks gag man No. 1.

"Yeh," says the man on his immediate right, "a lousy program. I coulda licked the guy myself."

This subject provides entertainment for ten minutes. The local boxing situation, its national aspects, the prospect of Dempsey returning to the ring, are argued out completely.

"Well," says the straw boss, "how about this comedy? We gotta get a story by Friday."

"I seen a funny picture the other night," pipes the gag man who has been sitting on the back of his neck, in complete silence, watching the cars go down Sunset Boulevard. "It was about a guy that ran a bakery shop, and got some concrete mixed up in the dough."

There is a chorus of protest.

"I did that six years ago at Sennett's," cried one outraged humorist. "What bum stole my stuff? There is a general label.

"Let's make a picture about a bakery. How about a sequence in a girls' boarding school? Harold Lloyd had a funny idea, in his last picture, about a guy driving a taxi. Why not do something like that? I caught Buster Keaton's last picture the other night, and I thought of a swell sequence we could lift from it—"

At this point a gag man, who until now had been comparatively silent, leaps to his feet in a spasm of enthusiasm somewhat akin to an apoplectic stroke.

"I got it! I got it! An absolute wow!" he cries, beating his breast with both his clenched fists. "Let's make our comic a guy who is afraid of dogs, and he's out of a job—so, to eat, he has to take work as a dog catcher."

There is a silence. The entire circle is struck dumb by the man's genius. Then the straw boss of the gag men speaks oracularly.

"Nope," he solemnly passes judgment. "Costs too much to fool with all them trained dogs. Dogs is too much grief."

The gag man who submitted the idea sinks into his chair, gasping for breath. Another silence follows.

All the sad young gag men fall into extremely heavy thought. They denote heavy thought by various mannerisms, so that there is no doubt of what they are doing.

One sits with elbows on his knees, face buried in his hands, rocking back and forth, and moaning softly to himself. Another curls up in his chair and gnaws at the upholstery. A third rests his forehead on the edge of the desk; his arms curled about his head, like a sobbing bride.

These poses are held for some time. The straw boss watches them happily. He knows they are thinking now. He glances at his wrist watch. It is ten minutes to twelve.

He rises, and addresses the gathering.

"Well, boys, we've done a lot of good work this morning. I'm playing golf with the general manager this afternoon. There is a new comedy playing down at the Capitol this week. Suppose you all go down and take a look at it to-day, and see if there is anything in it we can use. See you to-morrow morning."

Eddie Cline, the director, who has been making a picture at the First National cannery in Burbank, had never met the new head of the organization who, at that time, was due to arrive at the studio and assume complete control.

"When this guy comes on my set for his tour of
inspection,” he told his company. “I’m going to yell and tear my hair, and bawl out everybody in the troupe, just to impress him.”

Shortly thereafter one of the members of the company saw a party of visitors approaching the set, and ran to tell the director. The party happened to be a group of distinguished rabbis, who were visiting Hollywood. When they came on the set, Eddie decided one of them must be an official of the company, and so he put on his act accordingly.

Over at the William Fox studio they have an athletic instructor—a former professional boxer—whose duty it is to keep all the masculine stars in physical trim. Every star on the lot is required to report to him daily, and the instructor fills out a statement on the condition of each one.

My spy at that studio informs me that the following report was filed regarding the condition of Barry Norton, the liveliest lad who was introduced to the screen as the aesthetic young Mother’s Boy, in “What Price Glory.”

“Mr. Norton,” so ran the report, “showed up for inspection this morning, with a set of badly bruised knuckles. He said he got them from hitting one in the mouth—but I doubt it.”

Aviation, which has always been of more or less interest to the movie colony, is becoming increasingly popular, particularly since—according to newspaper reports—the producers have decided to strike out the clause in stars’ contracts forbidding them to fly.

Dozens of persons who can afford it—and quite a few, no doubt, who cannot—own their own planes, and many others are learning to fly, in the hope that Lady Luck will some time make them rich.

The possibilities in having one’s private airplane were never clearly pointed out to me until the other day. A friend of mine is taking instruction at one of the airports near Hollywood, and he told me that Wallace Beery arrived at the field one morning, in his private ship, and proudly exhibited a string of trout he had just caught.

“Caught ‘em in Silver Lake this morning,” he said.

Silver Lake is a remote mountain stream, near the Utah-California border, some hundreds of miles from the studio, yet Beery could fish for an hour in the morning, and be back in time for work at noon.

I wonder if the editor of Picture Play would head a subscription to help buy me an airplane.

With all the profoundities that have been and are being uttered about the rapid growth of talking pictures, I don’t believe any one has stated in print what I regard as the real reason for Hollywood’s sudden enthusiasm for the talkies.

Los Angeles is in the midst of a theater depression. All the downtown show houses are losing money, Grauman’s Chinese Theater is closed, and managers are in a mighty despair.

Yet the new Warner Brothers Theater in Hollywood is playing to a capacity house at every performance, with long lines of customers patiently waiting for the next show to start.

Producers who own theaters that are losing money, and who ride down Hollywood Boulevard in their palatial limousines, cannot fail to be impressed by the crowds in front of the new theater.

Incidentally, the new show house is becoming a terrific annoyance to those Hollywoodians who reside in the neighborhood, the theater being situated in an apartment-house district. Starting at noon, or shortly thereafter, the inhabitants of the district cannot park their cars within blocks of their own fireside. All of which, doubtless, does not concern the Brothers Warner in the slightest.

Roland Asher, a scenarist and comedy director, has conceived a plot for a Hollywood tragedy all his own. I am stealing it from him for these pages.

A director—so his sad story goes—was out of work for months. Finally he was given a chance. Jubilant, he worked night and day preparing his picture, convinced that his great chance had come.

The story he was to film concerned a dog—a large and vicious dog. The morning that the picture started, the beast was led to the set. Immediately he broke his leash and took after the director, snarling and snapping. The dog’s trainer finally subdued the animal, and the director crawled down out of the rafters.

“Does he act that way toward everybody?” the director asked.

“Nope,” said the trainer, “it’s a funny thing. This dog instantly takes strong likes and dislikes. If he dislikes a man, there is no being around him after that.”

The producer at that moment came upon the set, and the director explained the situation.

“The dog doesn’t like me,” said the director. “I’ll have to get another dog.”

Continued on page 114
“Good Shepherd, What Fair Your Daughter?”

The first step, left, consists in starting back with a reverse collegiate stomp.

Below is the second step, in which you break apart, turn face to face, and go into a varsity drag routine.

Right, the third movement. Swinging around, you glide backward with the inside foot, and allow yourself to slip to the floor with your outstretched hand as a guide.

Then, right, you jump up, inject a little Stockholm stomp into the routine, and add some side steps for good measure.

Joan, above, demonstrates the sixth movement. After bumping, you spring apart and continue the stomp routine with the outside feet only, the inside feet remaining toe-to-toe.

The Historical Dance of the Month

The Good Shepherd, What Fair Your Daughter? is a famous dance from the late 19th century. It is a courtship dance that involves several steps and movements.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Said William Shakespeare, with Joan Crawford, and
Swain is This Who Dances With

years ago. Well, it's Edward Nugent that's dancing they're showing the world how to do "The Romp."

The fifth movement, right, includes, after executing the side steps, suddenly switching to the same line of motion and bumping the hips.

Edward Nugent, above, doing his share of the sixth part of "The Romp."

After the sixth movement, you swing around together, hand on hand, and spiral in a complete circle, as shown at the left.

After executing the seventh movement, and making the circular balance, you stop short, break apart, and whirl sharply, as Joan and Eddie are doing, left.

In the concluding step, above, you hold each other's shoulders for support, and then execute a stomp kick, alternating the position of the hands and feet.
Do Fan Dreams

Constance Riquer went to Hollywood madge, and found it very easy to be bitter. But read this story and find out

By Laura Ells

“But you’ve changed,” I exclaimed, after Norma had motored off to an appointment, and Miss Riquer and I were ensconced in an office. “You were so thrilled, so dreaming and gushing, and now that you are here you seem very calm about it all. Have you been disillusioned in your ideal and in the profession?”

“Disillusioned? Not at all. None of my frantic dreams came true, of course. But it is not necessary for dreams and ambitions to be realized. Instead of that, very frequently they change. Just at first, there was the thrill of stepping from the train in Hollywood—Hollywood!—the dazzling novelty of it all, the thrill of seeing studio walls and catching glimpses of stars Rolls-Roycing around corners! But now I realize how ridiculous my fan attitude was, how petty were my small ambitions. For years I had adored Norma Talmadge madly. She will never know what her influence meant in those years of—dare I say ‘adolescence,’ without your thinking I am trying to pose as being very grown up now? But a year in Hollywood does change one’s perspective a great deal! Just think, after a lifetime of nearly worshipping Norma Talmadge, after longing and praying all those years to meet her—even just to see her!—I reached Hollywood one day after she had left for a trip abroad.
Come True?

in order to meet Norma Talmadge dramatically disillusioned and how her dreams did come true.

worth Fitch

"It was a tragedy—then. Now I realize what a blessing the situation was, for a trusting fan's first month in Hollywood, in an active studio, is not conducive to rationality of conduct or tranquility of outlook. To some, the experience must be dreadfully disillusioning, but I was too interested in basic facts—too intrigued by the colorful, truthful parade.

"You see, my ambition is to be a press agent, so perhaps at heart I really loved the lessons I learned. It isn't the fans do not know in advance that movie castles are backed by wooden props, that there is a publicity department in every studio, and that the stars receive such quantities of fan mail that if they read it all, they would have no time left in which to face a camera. I knew these things, but you'd be surprised how jarring it can be to encounter the genuine thing, to learn in reality what you have steeled yourself against in theory!

It was different to see the bags full of mail delivered to the studio, and watch it being sorted by disinterested workers, often running across trusting letters from familiar fans in the daily collection of Norma's mail. But to me, at first, the awakening was only fascinating. The pain was far surpassed by the thrill of contact with things pertaining to Miss Talmadge.

"That first day at the studio, gazing emotionally at the spot which my guide pointed out as the scene of her latest dramatic episode—the thrill of going through her bungalow, sitting in her chair, peeking into her clothes closet—you can't imagine how wonderful it all seemed! That is why I say it is best not to have met her during those first months of excitement and adjustment. There would have been a scene. Emotion and embarrassment on my part, with impatient tolerance, no doubt, on hers. But at the time I could not realize this. The dreadful shock of disappointment was followed by weeks of longing, during which my name was placed on the studio pay roll and the return half of my round-trip ticket stored away in a trunk with various other souvenirs. Then—her return from abroad, and those days of nervous tension passed in the fear that she might walk into the office any minute. I need not have worried so

Continued on page 110
THERE really ought to be a closed season on newcomers in films," Fanny the Fan announced, with that air of importance that always characterizes her most idiotic suggestions. "They're coming so fast that if you try to keep up with all of them you quite ignore the old favorites. And you just have a chance to make a one-picture acquaintance with some personality that looks interesting enough to make you a regular attendant at her films, when along come a lot of tales about some newcomer who wouldn't be missed.

"Here we are just getting used to the idea that Lupe Velez is the great discovery of the age, when along comes Raquel Torres. And coming soon are Mary Duncan, Lily Damita, Ruth Chatterton, and Eva von Berne."

Oh, well, luckily for us, and unluckily for the theater owners, we aren't all endowed with the avid curiosity that makes Fanny feel that she must see everything in pictures. We can just stand by and take her word for it when something really good hits the screen. Though I wouldn't wait for any one to recommend "White Shadows" and Raquel Torres.

"Isn't it amazing to find out how great an influence a girl can become, just by a one-picture success?"

If Raquel Torres and her unassuming, sensitive charm had a sweeping effect on all the pert young things in America, as well as those on the screen, it would be all right with me, but Fanny probably wasn't thinking of anything so drastic. She wasn't.

"Sid Grauman ought to thank her. She's ennobled the job of usherette, and sent a lot of film-struck girls over to his theater with the idea that ushering there is getting one step across the threshold to fame. Just a year ago she was saying 'This way, please,' to the customers at his Chinese Theater here in Hollywood, and now her name is across the theater in lights, and audiences are raving about her."

"Furthermore she is responsible for a new fashion in beach clothes. There was a crying need for something new to put on after shedding a wet bathing suit. Deauville pajamas may be all right in Deauville, but not out here where every one is trying to get tanned a deep mahogany shade."

"Do you suppose you'll ever get around to tell us what the new fashion is?"

"Seems as though any one could guess. It's tupa cloths. You just take one of those wide scarfs and start winding it around your chest, wind it down around your hips and when you come to the end, tuck it under the last fold and you have a perfectly good South Sea Island dress. Of course, it requires a skilled acrobat to sit down and get up in one of those things, without shedding it. Patsy Ruth Miller wears one with great success. She looks stunning in it."

"Maybe she got the idea from the picture she is making, and not from Raquel Torres at all. It's a South Sea Island story, with pearl divers, beach combers, and all the rest of the expected props. Elmer Clifton made some of the scenes for it a couple of years ago, on his trip around the world."

"I suppose we're in for a lot of South Sea Island pictures, now that 'White Shadows' is such a success," I suggested.

"Haven't heard of many," Fanny admitted, "but that may mean just a slight delay. Most of the companies are busy catching up with the parade of pictures laid in Singapore. Since 'Across to Singapore,' 'Singapore Sal' and 'Singapore Mutiny' have been started. However, there is one big South Sea Island picture promised. George Fitzmaurice is going to Honolulu to film 'The Changelings,' with Dorothy Mackaill in the leading role."

"And what do you suppose the story of 'The Changelings' is? None other than an old friend of the Triangle days, the title of which I don't recall, but I do remember Seena Owen's wonderful acting as the star. And that reminds me, we're in for a big season of revivals. I'd rather see an old story that I love than a new one that is not so good."

"Vilma Banky is going to star in a revival of 'Romance.' Doris Keane made it years ago, but she wasn't as good on the screen as she was on the stage. Vilma ought to be exquisite—and she has the great advantage of having Al Santell direct her. Another revival that is coming is 'The Admirable Crichton.' DeMille made it with Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson and called..."
Fanny the Fan tells of the influx of new favorites and film revivals, of Hollywood's biggest party, and a blow to studio visitors.

it 'Male and Female.' Now it is to be called 'Conquest,' and Richard Dix and Florence Vidor are going to play the leading roles.

"But going back to Dorothy Mackaill, there's an old-school touch about this production that shouldn't be overlooked. Rod La Rocque is her leading man, and while that may mean nothing to you, it brings back a lot of memories to them. Dorothy and Rod knew each other years ago. She was a chorus girl—in 'Good Morning, Judge,' I think it was—and she had been forbidden to work in pictures, because the company manager didn't like his chorines showing up at the theater all tired out from a day's work. Nevertheless, Dorothy went right on working in pictures. Just try to keep her from doing anything she wants to. One day they worked way down on Long Island, and didn't get through until late, and Dorothy was panicky for fear she couldn't get to the theater on time. Rod noticed how worried she was and grandly summoned a taxi. Taxi fare in those days was more of an extravagance for him than the upkeep of a fleet of Rolls-Royces is now, but Rod was never one for penny pinching when a friend was in need. He rushed her over to the theater—even stopped to blow her to a hot dog on the way—and got her there in plenty of time. Dorothy will always be grateful to him.

"Of course, it may not have been worth the sacrifice of all his spare cash to save Dorothy's job for her, because she left the show a few days later, anyway. She was making good in pictures, and wanted to devote all her time to them. Incidentally, when she left the show, her place was taken by Josephine Dunn, who is also in pictures now and doing very well. She has just finished 'The Singing Fool,' with Al Jolson, and 'Excess Baggage,' with William Haines. She is to play opposite Tim McCoy next."

It seemed to me something of a record that Fanny could talk that long without once mentioning sound pictures. I was just wondering how to keep her off the subject—it is such a relief to hear some one talk about something else—when she launched forth excitedly.

"Have you heard that Harold Lloyd is having the theater in his house wired for sound pictures? He's the very first to do it. It must have taken a lot of influence, because the electric companies that are wiring theaters have orders so far ahead that they can't promise installations in less than two years."

One feature of sound pictures that hasn't apparently occurred to any one, including Fanny, is that they have brought about a millennium in their own little way. At last directors are making pictures for the few, instead of for the many. But don't be too encouraged, it doesn't mean that they have gone artistic. It merely means that they are concentrating on making pictures for the thousand theaters that will be wired by next January, instead of the sixteen thousand that will still be silent-screened. Of course, there will be silent versions of the same pictures for the old-fashioned houses, but calling these pictures hybrids is flattery of the highest order. All the enthusiasm and experimenting goes into developing the new medium.

"What I mind most about the sound pictures," Fanny rambled on, "is the epidemic of feeble jokes that they have inspired. Of course, it was inevitable that the talkies would be called the 'squawky,' particularly if the Vitaphone process is the only one you have heard. Then there is the one about the supervisor..."
Over the Teacups

Dorothy Revier has been borrowed from Columbia for Douglas Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask."

Who ordered a retake of a scene because he couldn't hear the 'k' in 'swimming.' And naturally, when it was announced that Rin-Tin-Tin was to star in a sound picture, everybody said it was a pity Warner's hadn't bought the screen rights to 'The Barker.'

"There are bound to be a lot of surprises and reversals of public opinion, when players are judged by their voices as well as their appearance. So far, the big sensation of the talking films is Gladys Brockwell. She is regaining some of the glory she knew as a Fox star years ago. And, of all the tests made at Paramount the best one so far is Chester Conklin's. His voice is said to record marvelously. They are also tremendously enthusiastic about Nancy Carroll. She was very good on the stage, you know, before she went into pictures. Speaking of Nancy Carroll, I'll never be quite satisfied until she puts her little daughter in pictures. She is a miniature edition of Nancy—and one of those youngsters who is awfully fresh and smart without being offensive.

"I expect Evelyn Brent to be marvelous in talking films. The volume of the voice doesn't matter, you know; just the quality. And Evelyn's voice has a lovely, soft, musical tone.

"Evelyn is working so hard that she hardly ever has a chance to go down to her beach house, but she can't complain, because she is getting awfully good stories. She has just finished 'Interference,' and now she is going to do Somerset Maugham's 'The Letter.' If Evelyn were a newcomer in films, we would probably be throwing superlatives in the air, but just because she has always been good and keeps right on getting better, she doesn't get half the attention she deserves. With the right vehicles, I think Evelyn would be one of the four or five dominant personalities on the screen, and even if she gets only second-rate stories she is bound to be a great favorite."

Surely no one could put up an argument about any prophecy as obvious as that.

"Have you seen Leatrice?" Of course, I supposed she had, because even with half of the girls in Hollywood going on the stage, Fanny wouldn't miss the first night of an old favorite like Leatrice Joy, in a favorite old play like "Clarence."

"Yes," she said hesitantly, "and I am going to see her again. She was charming, but she was so nervous her voice wasn't at its best the first night. I suffered agonies for her, she seemed to be so panic-stricken when she came out on the stage. She should have felt perfectly at home. The theater was packed with friends for whom she has often recited, without a trace of nervousness.

"Pauline Frederick is going to do a talking picture for Warner's, and if that doesn't give you a tremendous thrill, you must have amnesia, or a heart of stone. Fond as I am of some of the newcomers, I'd trade them all in and throw in a few established stars for good measure just to have Polly back on the screen. If the companies keep on signing experienced stage stars for talkies, this won't be such a golden year for vocal teachers in California after all. A few girls are contributing generously to their support, though.

"What few shekels Jane Winton had left after her trip to Europe are rapidly going to elocution experts. Jane had an idea that when she came home she would have to spend a few weeks job hunting and showing off her Paris clothes, but instead of that she got rushed right into a talking picture. And was she nervous? She longed to have a crying scene in her first day's work.

"Edna Murphy is now a veteran of the sound films. She's been put under contract by Warner's. But her most startling scene in 'My Man' will never be seen on the screen. Fanny Brice was supposed to slap her, and it was one of those jinx scenes in which something always went wrong. They made it over and over and finally Miss Brice hit her so hard she was knocked out. Edna staggered to the floor quite unconscious,
and work had to be called off for the rest of the day.

"Ruth Taylor will burst into speech for the first time in 'The Canary Murder Case,' and she is more terrified than she was when she was chosen for _Lorelei_, and emerged from obscurity overnight. Laura La Plante is so busy getting ready for 'Show Boat' that she has simply dropped out of sight. But Laura shouldn't worry. She had an offer to go on the stage two years ago, so her voice must be all right.

"Practically the only stars who haven't announced talking pictures are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and probably they will catch the fever before they get well under way with their new productions. And that reminds me, I suppose you have heard that Fairbanks has borrowed Dorothy Revier from Columbia for the wicked-siren role of his new picture. Dorothy has been working night and day to finish a picture at Columbia in time to start with him.

"Working nights is only to be expected of girls who are working in sound pictures. Atmospheric conditions are supposed to be better then for recording."

Fanny had been talking so intently that she hadn't even noticed the mob of tourists who were crowding in at the door of Montmartre, demanding to know if there were any stars there, before they committed themselves to being paying guests.

"Poor darlings," Fanny remarked patronizingly, when at length she noticed them, "their chances of seeing film stars in person are getting more remote every day. It used to be hard enough to get in a studio to visit, but now it is practically impossible. The sound-recording apparatus is so sensitive that simply no one who isn't actually engaged in making the picture is allowed around nowadays.

"But at least the tourists who were here last week saw one mammoth party that they will never forget. The Wasps—otherwise the Women's Association of Screen Publicists—gave a tremendous party at the United Artists studio, and over a thousand people came. It was a bridge party, fashion show, and reception, to raise funds for the Crippled Children's Fund, and practically every young girl in pictures acted as hostess at one of the bridge tables. Such an outburst of organie-lace creations you never have seen. Sally Blane succeeded in looking distinctive, by coming right from the studio in riding habit and make-up. The affair was so huge, that it was something of a blow to the visitors who had expected to spend a quiet afternoon confiding to Mary Pickford that she was their favorite star, but, after all, it did give them a chance to get at least a fleeting glimpse of dozens of players.

"One woman there—who, alas, is unknown to me—will always be my ideal. One of the press agents had been piloting Esther Ralston and Eva von Berne around all afternoon, introducing them at the various tables.

Edna Murphy's most dramatic scene in "My Man" will not appear on the screen.

The second time she paused by my heroine's table and started introducing them, the lady remarked wearily, "Yes, we're all thoroughly impressed now by who they are; possibly they would like to know who we are." And thereupon she introduced Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Doakes, or whoever they were.

"I'll probably never find out who she was, but there will be moments at every Hollywood party when I am going to wish that she was with me."

With a sudden and characteristic change of subject Fanny said, "It's months since I've seen or heard of Anna Q. Nilsson—not since she met with an accident while horseback riding, though I've been told she is almost completely recovered. But I don't imagine her convalescence has been helped by having two splendid roles given to another star after she had expected to play them." Fanny looked mysterious.

"No. I won't tell you what parts they were, because one just couldn't help making comparisons, and that wouldn't be quite fair."

Fanny steadfastly refused to divulge any of this secret information, and thereby broke a record.
Little Sister to Lucrezia Borgia

Kathleen Key, the first Movietone player to visit New York, shares a new addition to her public, and tells about talking pictures.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

As the First Lady of the Movietone, Kathleen Key was bound to be interesting. Even if Movietone had never been invented, Kathleen would still be interesting. But that point will be reached with proper regard for coherent climax.

In Hollywood she was a hit in "The Family Picnic" on the same program with her fellow countryman, Mr. Bernard Shaw—such a hit, indeed, that the astute Mr. Fox shipped her East to make a personal appearance with the picture when it opened on Broadway.

Thus she was in New York, and not unhappy at the thought. There were the lions at the Public Library to be fed, trolling at the Aquarium, and seeing Grant's Tomb again. Good old Grant! It had been years, it seems, since Manhattan had swum into her ken, and her ken enjoyed nothing better.

Miss Key, who is one of the six most pictorial brunettes in Hollywood—or out, for that matter—received me calmly, but cordially, in her suite at one of the ostentatiously elegant apartment hotels abutting Central Park.

"The last time I was in this great metropolis," she said, "I was on my way home from a two-year party with 'Ben-Hur.' Surely you, as an expert, will remember that. 'Ben-Hur' was a picture with a chariot race, a galley scene, and a few thousand actors who were eventually discovered on the cutting-room floor. But it was a swell trip. You see, I went for the ride."

She paused to light a cigarette. "Artistically speaking, I had to walk back. My part was a shadow in the final filming."

The Key beauty is of high sex-voltage, reminding one of a youthful fusion of Alma Rubens and Evelyn Brent. As a result, producers have seen fit consistently to deploy her for ingénues. If these forward-looking gentlemen will pardon my pointing it will be noted that the Key talents would gleam most successfully in a torrid, sultry role. This, at least, is the wide-eyed suspicion of one who has enjoyed looking at her for an hour, without let or hindrance.

The Key eyes are large and melting, the Key nose pointed and sensitive, the Key lips artfully curved and prettily tinted. Here is a subject for the spectacular Mr. Zulaga, in one of his most riotously colorful moods. Here is a black-haired, brown-eyed beauty, lush, dominant, intriguing. A Ziegfeld graduate at Sforza Castella. Circe's daughter at the age of twenty. A little sister to Lucrezia Borgia.

Whether she admits it or not, Kate Key must spring from the bold, bad Borgias. Her extravagant, renaissance beauty is decidedly suggestive of the wicked Lucrezia, although her sparkling wit is of the variety most often associated with the Irish. Kate is Irish, she will tell you. But she is not for Smith. As a native daughter of California, she is all Hoover, and militant about it.

Speaking, as we just were, of native daughters, Mrs. Key's daughter is one of the few luminaries in Hollywood who boasts a California birth. Before she was out of high school she was in films, making an auspicious début in "The Three Musketeers," in which she played A Frightened Peasant, and had a delightful time in the company of the Messrs. Fairbanks, Niblo, and Menjou, then just climbing the ladder.

Following extra bits in a few other productions, Kate did a very artistic and equally unsuccessful picture for Ferdinand Pinney Earle. The best part of that venture, according to the enthusiastic Miss Key, was the leading man, one Ramon Novarro. The name is familiar to most readers of the magazines of the celluloid spaces. In addition to acting, it seems Mr. Novarro played the guitar, told funny stories, and sang sad songs.

"If I'd love to be original," said Kate, "knowing how you admire originality, but New York is so warm. It melts one's best intentions."

Continued on page 118
KATHLEEN KEY has a vivid, extravagant, renaissance beauty that is suggestive of the bold, bad Borgias; but her wit is of the sparkling, audacious variety distinctly associated with the Irish," says Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview opposite throws new light on the timely subject of a player's experiences with talking pictures.
SCARCELY two years have passed since Gary Cooper first strode upon the scene, and now he is as deeply rooted in the regard of the fans as the trees of his native Montana, nor will the strongest blast of popularity sway his balance.

Continued on
AFTER her magnificent success as Sadie Thompson, every follower of the movies joins in hoping Gloria Swanson will surpass herself under Von Stroheim's direction in "The Swamp," which, whatever its final title, will reveal Gloria surprisingly.
If you are looking for Lloyd Hughes as a great lover, or the sheik of sheiks, you may as well give up. But if you admire him because of his wholesomeness, you can prepare to do so until the sands of the desert grow cold.
ONE of the first ladies of the screen, and still little more than a child! Janet Gaynor has won this unique distinction without a single dissenting voice, for her exquisite, natural artistry is equally evident in every rôle she plays.
ALICE JOYCE, in the serenity of her harmonious home, is seemingly oblivious to the call of the fans to return to the screen. This, after all the pleasure she has given them, is incredible. Picture Play herewith adds its voice and begs her not to be domestic, but altruistic.
BEING pretty and pertly provocative is far from Nancy Carroll's only stock in trade, for she is a skillful and piquant comedienne as well, and has never given an indifferent performance. Her Irish eyes will next twinkle as the vis-à-vis of Richard Arlen, in "The Upstart Gentleman."
Too long Conrad Nagel has been misjudged by those who insist that he play roles in keeping with his exemplary character off the screen. This is the gist of Alma Talley's story opposite, in which the popular leading man explains himself.
Too Good to Be Romantic

That's what producers and the fans have been thinking about Conrad Nagel, but Conrad has some ideas on the subject

By Alma Talley

It can't be true that there's such a thing as having too spotless a reputation! That, despite what all the copy-book maxims tell us, there might be times when it doesn't pay to be too good—when goodness is a handicap.

Look at Conrad Nagel. Indeed, he's very nice to look at—Conrad, of the irreproachable reputation. In fact, that's the trouble, that irreproachable reputation. Not, of course, that he regrets his quiet, domestic life, and the absence of any scandal in his career. Conrad is not a young man to go around with regrets. A high sense of honor is inherent in him. He wouldn't know how to go wrong, even if, by a sudden miracle, he wanted to. It just isn't in him.

But virtue, along with—no doubt—its own reward, has brought him one distinct annoyance. That is, the fact that his private life has been so mixed up with his career.

Some one once said about Conrad that he went to Christian Endeavor meeting every Sunday night. Perhaps he does, perhaps not. But the fact that such a story was published about him made it as good as true, so far as the public was concerned. It expressed the popular conception of Mr. Nagel.

Well, that's all right with Conrad. That's okay with him, as they say on Broadway. But it isn't all right that the public should label him as that type for screen purposes, that they should consider his screen personality "too good to be romantic."

"What is an actor anyway?" he demanded. "Isn't an actor a man who can adjust his stage or screen personality to the demands of a role? Who, in other words, can bury himself entirely and become, temporarily, an altogether different kind of person?"

"Well, all these years I've tried to be an actor. I've played every type of role in the whole category. Yet the public persists in cataloguing me as a definite type, as the kind of man they imagine I am in real life. What have I got to do—go out and stir up some sort of scandal?"

This outburst was occasioned by my comment that suddenly, after some years, Metro-Goldwyn thought Conrad romantic enough to play opposite Greta Garbo in "The Mysterious Lady."

Conrad has been under contract to the Goldwyn half of Metro-Goldwyn since the days before all the big companies ran around asking other big companies to merge with them. He has played all kinds of roles, but the illusion has persisted that he was the type for the noble hero—such a noble hero.

After Conrad's famous and heroic defense of the actors, last year, in the general Hollywood mêlée over cutting salaries, Metro-Goldwyn became annoyed with him. They had him under contract, but they lent him to Warner Brothers most of the time.

He played in one Warner picture after another and then, perhaps because he had a good Vitaphone voice, trained for the stage, he was cast opposite Dolores Costello, in "Tenderloin," and then in "Glorious Betsy."

Then it was that the Metro-Goldwyn executives woke up to Conrad's possibilities. They saw him in "Glorious Betsy," in which he achieved a personal success.

"Why," they marveled, "what a romantic screen-lover he is!" It was like the sudden discovery that a piece of furniture that has been in the family for years, and relegated to the barn, is really very valuable.

Metro-Goldwyn suddenly realized that this young man, whom they had been lending so willingly to other companies, was really quite an asset to their roster of romantic heroes.

So, promptly after the release of "Glorious Betsy," Conrad was recalled to the home lot, and was given the prize romantic rôle, opposite Greta Garbo.

In his European military costume, with the high collar so frequently inflicted on John Gilbert, and with lots of gold braid, I must say that Conrad looked very handsome indeed. There seemed to be no reason at all why Greta, on the screen, shouldn't fall heavily in love with him.

I congratulated Conrad on the fact that at last he had been found out. Here, all this time, this romantic lover had been, so far as films were concerned, smothered under that spotless reputation of his, and now it had come to light. He could sigh and look as sultry as any Romeo.

"But I've always played romantic rôles, off and on, all during my career," he insisted.

"And I don't see why this to-do: why this sudden discovery that I can make love on the screen."

I distinctly got the impression that, under his quiet exterior, his always courteous manner, Mr. Nagel was a little annoyed. He very much disliked his belated acceptance as a romantic type. Well, what young man wouldn't?

"The trouble is," he complained, "the public persists in fitting you into a type, in identifying you with the kind of person they imagine you are in real life. Now, take my case.

Continued on page 116
Manhattan

Latest gossip of the comings and glimpsed in Manhattan, and at the

her mind on her work. We learn that she is deep in the throes of working on a scenario, written for her by Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Max Reinhardt. Upon Joseph Schenck’s recent arrival in Europe, Professor Reinhardt, who will direct Miss Gish’s next production, gave a dinner party for his future star, at Schloss Leopoldskron, whereafter the wizard of Leopoldskron took occasion to settle much of the speculation as to the future plans of himself and Miss Gish.

“I hope to be able to start on the screening of Miss Gish’s picture in Hollywood, in the early part of

New York is agog once more. The moving-picture studios, which for months past have been deader than the proverbial doornail, are quietly and speedily showing signs of life, and one by one, like the Armbys, are silently stealing into activity. Monta Bell has taken charge of the Paramount studio on Long Island. A new sound-stage has been erected, and an equipment of booths, cameras, and microphones expertly installed, and daily tests of stage stars are being made. Plans are being made for short talkies, with no less personages than Florence Reed, Jeanne Eagles, Fay Bainter, and Helen Mencken. Eddie Cantor, spurred on by the popularity of the talkies, appeared at the studio for one of the daily try-outs. In fact, Astoria has been converted into Broadway for the nonce, judging by the long stream of stars who motor weekly, in their high-powered automobiles, to the Long Island mecca of the talking films.

Metro-Goldwyn has taken possession of the old Cosmopolitan studio in Harlem, and hereafter will record the musical excursions of the Capitol Theater Orchestra, and the intonations of Mary Eaton, Louise Groody, and Oscar Shaw.

Universal has gone across the river for the scene of its operations. The dust and cobwebs have been removed from the old Fort Lee studio, which is being equipped with every electrical device necessary for the making of “the squawkies.”

Lillian Gish Marks Time.

Lillian Gish continues to keep her diminutive person in the playgrounds of Europe, but she has her eye and
Medley

Aileen St. John-Brenon

goings of screen personalities
rejuvenated Eastern studios.

appeal. Both of us want to place the whole on
an artistic basis.

"In my opinion, some system of permitting
players to talk on the screen, in a manner that
will prove satisfactory throughout the world,
will be perfected before long. What it will be,
and how similar to existing devices, I cannot say
at present, but vocal pictures are here to stay.

"I want to emphasize that my present, and
possibly my future, film plans do not in any
sense mean I shall neglect European theaters in
general, and the Salzburg festival in particular."

Lya Becomes An Air Bird.

Lya de Putti of the raven tresses is no more!
An auburn-haired, slender being has taken the
place of the black locks and plump figure of the
little vagabond who, a few seasons ago, appeared
so seductively to tempt the sturdy trapeze-artist
to his downfall.

"For," explains the voluble De Putti, ever out-
spoken, "I find that red hair photographs better
than black"—only she calls it "bleck"—"and that

Miss de Putti is frank to admit that up to
the present her particular brand of European
allure has failed to make its mark. "Half my
fault," she says, "and half the producers'.
They always wanted me to roll my eyes and
wear sequins, and I did it. It is very difficult
to adjust oneself to the different technique de-
manded by American audiences. And while
I was learning to adjust myself, producers
began to think I mightn't be what they call
'good bet.' But I've learned, while I am
here, to better understand American audi-
cences, and I know that in my new picture,
'The Scarlet Lady,' I shall win back much
of the ground lost during these few seasons."

Equally cheerfully the De Putti admits that
she may not live to see "The Scarlet Lady"
enjoy Broadway sojourn. Lya has become an
air bird, and during her holiday in New York
she arose each day at seven o'clock to take her
morning spin in an airplane at Curtis Field.
She took lessons, determined to become an
expert.

"I love it better than almost anything—next
to my work. My work comes first, because
you may have a place to sleep, and plenty to
eat, and lots of nice clothes, but what do they
mean if you are not happy in your work? I know
that I, for one, am perfectly miserable without work.
I find a joy and a thrill in flying equal to nothing. It
is dangerous, I know. Foolish, too, perhaps, but I love

George K. Arthur would still be in Paris if Metro-Goldwyn hadn't
packed him back to Hollywood.

America doesn't like fat girls'—only she calls them
"jet." "So I not only change my hair, but I change
my figure, hoping the American people will like me
better so."
because of all the offers she received after her return from a year's tour throughout the country with her picture, "The Devil Dancer," the English producer alone offered her an opportunity to heave and stamp and register emotion—not merely shake a wicked shoulder. A unique figure in American entertainment, naughty Marianna—or, if you insist, Gilda—would pack her straw petticoats and her string of beads in a matchbox and embark upon a histrionic career, merely because—"I don't want to do the same thing all the rest of my life. I have made a reputation for myself as a dancer, and now people think I can do nothing but dance. As a matter of fact, I began by singing."

She used to sing lugubrious ballads in a cabaret, but it was her ceaseless struggle against poverty and hardship which prompted her, untaught and unskilled, to shake and shiver her way from "the sticks" to Broadway, where her natural gifts, though self-developed, placed her at the top of her profession.

"In this British picture, which is to have the directorial genius of E. A. Dupont, I feel I shall progress rather than just cash in on my past experience. Under his guidance I can foster my desire to become a real actress. I feel I can learn."

However, Miss Gray's dancing, like Topsy's growth, "just come natural." She developed a line to the accompaniment of ukuleles, and so perfected her famous wriggle that, as an exponent of Hawaiian terpsichore, she has been in demand both on the stage and screen.

it, and what I love I do. To say I am not frightened would be untrue. I am scared to death every time I read of an accident. Fred Stone's fall was particularly frightening to me, but I refused to let my mind dwell on the subject of accidents. I won't even read about them. My friends, however, probably as a caution, insist upon making me listen to all their gloomy recitals. All my friends think I am a little bit crazy on the subject, but since I am determined to enjoy my seven-o'clock spin, I do not heed their words. And once I am in the air, I forget every foreboding, and give myself up to the intense delight of its freedom and joy."

_Gilda Wriggles Away._

Gilda Gray shook—as only Gilda can shake—the dust of America from her feet and sailed away, aboard the _Aquitania_, for London town. There she will fulfill fifteen weeks' engagement with British National Pictures. The first picture will be "Piccadilly," adapted from a story by Arnold Bennett.

Mariana Michaeska, born on a little farm in Krakow, Poland, schoolmate of that little girl across the street in Wisconsin, Lenore Ulric, having wriggled her way to success, no longer wishes to be known merely as a dancer. Ambition is stirring in that little Polish heart. She has gone to England,

John Loder now possesses a five-year contract with Paramount, after the briefest interview on record with Jesse L. Lasky.

Camilla Horn is back again, and with a long-term contract, which Joseph M. Schenck brought all the way to Europe for her.
Manhattan Medley

Since she is eager to prove that it is the coconut, not the little Polish maiden, which is indigenous to Hawaii, the ukuleles are silent while she ventures into fresh fields and pastures new.

Meighan Wins Out.

When Thomas Meighan donned a uniform and a policeman’s badge, he laid down the law: “‘The Racket’ must prove successful, or I shall abandon the screen henceforth and forevermore, amen!”

Much to the consternation of his many admirers, he had already announced his intention of making only two productions yearly, and his ultimatum well-nigh made them tremble with apprehension and regret. Meighan, emerging from a slough of fifth-rate program pictures, was adamant. He was suffering from one of those doldrums common to all Irishmen, no matter how jaunty or combative their exterior. He had a sneaking suspicion that maybe, as the saying goes, “he was through.” What matter if his weekly stipend did equal an ordinary man’s yearly income? What matter if his fan mail did continue to be delivered by the trunkload at his Great Neck doorstep? If his pictures showed a tendency to call for red ink, he was not going to foist his manly countenance on an indifferent world until, in 1975, they presented him with a wheelchair, a pair of crutches and a certificate for valiant conduct in the service of the screen.

But “The Racket” rescued Meighan from the celluloid oblivion to which he might have consigned himself. It vindicated his two-a-year policy by proving to be his most successful picture since “The Miracle Man.” Business was so strong at the Paramount Theater in New York, where it opened for a week, that it was removed to the Rialto Theater for an extended run. Meighan’s face beamed with pleasure as he viewed the long lines of standees awaiting their turn to enter the crowded portals, and, all doubts cast to the winds, he repaired to his home in Great Neck to spend many months preparing another photodrama—with spoken words and music, they do say.

It was foresight and careful planning which aided and abetted “The Racket” in its march to success. Here is no slapdash, hurried handling of a movie plot. Step by step “The Racket” shows the result of intelligent and thoughtful development. Each scene is clean-cut, def-

finite, well balanced, and splendidly acted from first to last by a band of carefully selected players, and an amusing and unhackneyed story is dominated by the winning and wholesome personality of the repressed hero, Mr. Thomas Meighan.

Dolores del Rio Reminiscences.

Bag and baggage, with her mother and her director, Edwin Carewe, Dolores del Rio, she of the Spanish eyes and dusky complexion, parked her jewels and her trousseau at the Ritz for a few days, en route for Paris, Constantinople, Athens, and the Balkans.

Miss del Rio is frankly delighted with life. “I am success-

ful and happy and loved,” she exclaimed ecstatically. “Could any one ask for more?” [Continued on page 96]
“Oh, Daddy, Buy Me One?”

Don’t be a gold-digger—let Dorothy Sebastian show you how to make a turban for yourself.

Dorothy Sebastian, right, ready to begin working with one and a half yards of bias satin-backed crpe.

Above, the first stage is that of drooping the material, dull side out, over the head.

In the third step, left, the material is drawn tightly across the head and crossed at the back.

Right, the material is then brought forward, crossed over in front, shiny side out, and laid in folds.

Left, the ends are tucked in at the back, and the folds neatly arranged. The longer you fuss with the folds, the better the effect. A pin is stuck in the side.
The Saga of the Hobo

Wallace Beery will relive many of his own experiences in "Beggars of Life," a story of "the road."

By Myrtle Gebhart

In the Texas twilight, which isn't twilight at all, but a misty, slate-gray envelope of gloom, two kids sat by a water tank, just outside the town of Gainsborough, and jawed. It was odd, the uncommon lot of things they found to talk about, when there was no life stirring in all that stretch—either way. In the fraternizing of the road, community of interest usually ends with such matters as food and cops.

But "Red" had found the arrow on the tank—the direction of a pal who had preceded him West. "The Fox" had made a pretense of combing the shock of matted hair above his rough-hewn, big-boned face. Weary by such effort, they had appraised each other and decided upon confidence—guardedly.

"They're gettin' horstle down here," Red observed. "Never seen them Dallas dicks stir their dogs so much before." His chuckle carried a note of appreciative memory. "I'm headed for the Coast. Some day I'm goin' to write books." His eyes indicated that sarcasm would be resented.

"Yeah?" The Fox shifted a leg, stretched, and said: "You and I got ambition, 'bo. I'm goin' to be an actor, wear swell, silk tights, and play Rom-co. No more moochin' for me."

Just two bums, about twenty-two years ago, dreaming dreams. Their keen ears picked up a distant rumble, and, as it sang down to them along the shining rails, they ambled into a thicket. When the train had picked up its speed again, Jim Tully and Edwin Carewe slept contentedly on the rods, despite the sand and stone that was blown, like hail, against their faces.

About the same time, a roughneck, overgrown boy, with a widespread grin over his spatulate features, swung with the lurch of the speeding express. He was riding, as an experienced bum should, the blind baggage. His bulk did not fit well in the lower berths used by the more slim and wiry 'bos. Soon, when his vehicle slowed into the yards, he would make his way to an outgoing freight and into a cattle car, unmindful of the stench that was blown in his face.

"They called him 'Jumbo,' because of his elephantine hugeness, and those big hands—like hams—that slapped the pachyderms such resonating smacks.

At present, he was making the best of an experience common to all nomads of the little, gyp circuses. He had been "red-lighted" (thrown off the pay roll for a minor offense), and forbidden to come on the grounds. In that way they wouldn't have to pay him his dollar fifty a week "hold-back" at the end of the season. Three and a half a week, and a dollar fifty hold-back, if you got it, had looked grand to him a few months before. So had the scuffed brogans that had hardly any soles left now. All his life he'd never had new clothes of his own, nothing but hand-me-downs, until the brogans.

But he was progressin'. Having, as bull man, broken the toughest elephants under the painted top, he was growing ambitious. Barnum didn't know what he was missing. Why, hadn't he disciplined the stubbornest elephants? The world held possibilities, all of which he was capable of realizing.

If anybody had told Jumbo Beery, nineteen and carefree, that he would some day be an actor, that he would
The Saga of the Hobo

Three years he was with the circus, and for two years—just bummimg. He wore the black satin "thousand-mile" shirt, the bothersome washing of which could be postponed indefinitely. He sat down to "mulligan" with many a likewise begrimed, but happy, confere of the rails in many a moonlit "jungle" in the woods—the rendezvous of the leisurely gents. Many a back door was slammed in his face, but not every housewife could resist his bland humor.

"Couldn't get away with the pathetic stuff. So I always asked, just to be polite, if there was any wood they wanted cut, but I explained I'd cut my thumb at the last place, or strained my wrist, and if they didn't insist on my taking off the dirty handage so they could see, I'd get my 'lump.' " "Lump" being, in the elegant parlance of the 'bo, a handout. "Or else I'd have some jokes on tap, and get 'em laughing.

"Sure," he replied to my observation, "you work harder as a hobo than you do earning an honest living. You've got to use your brains." Curious how interesting it is to find out how the other half lives. A hobo, to me, has always been a very soiled individual to whom you gingerly held out sandwiches. That there could be castes—a social and ethical system—among them, and dreams, talents and ambitions, was one of the surprises Beery and Tully handed me, along with memories of their bummimg days, and words which my typewriter has not been trained to record. A lady of delicate sensibilities is instantly shocked at their language. I was shocked. But it had this to its credit: it was different.

"There are classes of hobos," they explained. "The road kids, in search of adventure, is usually out only a few months. He gets his fill and goes home. Fellows get tired of sedentary life, and want a thrill. Another gets strapped, and has to ride the rods home to the wife and kids. Those are the transients. The seasoned 'bo just has the wanderlust. He can't stand the monotony of steady work. He is visionary, and a dreamer. The yegg is the aristocrat. He robs country banks and always has money; he rides at the company's expense, because it's against his principles to pay railroad fare. He swaggering around the 'jungle' and often brings the makin's for a 'set-down' (a regular meal) and the treats.

"Hobos are mostly Irish. There are no Jews. Few who have been on the mooch for a couple of years ever settle down to commonplace life. Jack London was on the road. Jack Dempsey, 'Kid' McCoy, and Stanley Ketchell were road kids. Many of them become pugilists. William Wellman, who is directing 'Beggars of Life,' was a road kid, beating his way to the lumber camps. For five years, intermittently, James Cruze was on the bum. He would connect with a theater

Continued on page 109
Her Strange Interlude

Though popular in the movies, Greta Nissen has been forced to make a detour in her march toward stardom.

By William H. McKegg

In Hollywood you may rise to the top and flourish, or sink to the bottom and disappear. The most delusive trail in film-land is where you start out with wonderful prospects, only to find yourself between both places, and with no apparent means of getting to either.

Stars, happily, get their opportunities. The bit players feel elated when they are offered small rôles, but a featured player, who happens to get caught in a rut on her way forward, is the one to feel the incongruity of her position. Producers know she is good, but don't know just what to do with her. Consequently she remains in the rut.

That's where Greta Nissen is right now.

On February 12th, 1924, as Greta Ruzt-Nissen, she flashed into notice for her exquisite dancing in a pantomime called "A Kiss in Xanadu"—an episode in the play "Beggar On Horseback." She was eagerly snatched up by Paramount, and renamed Greta Nissen.

For more than a year the blond Nissen went from film to film. Her name was always before the public, and she was always to be seen. She reaped enthusiastic approval from the fans at large—especially the male contingent. Then, a couple of years ago, as suddenly as she had appeared, so did she seem to disappear.

Rumors, via the underground telephone of Hollywood, stated that Paramount let the Nissen go, rather than put up with her temperament. Also that Madame Nissen meddled too much with daughter Greta's career.

That such a glittering personality should no longer be flashing before their gaze gave many youths much troubled wonderment. When the news spread about that Greta was to play with Charlie Farrell in "Fazil" every one took heart again.

So strong an effect had these expectations, they caused me to find myself sitting in the vast, luxurious lobby of one of Hollywood's most fashionable apartment houses. An expensive radio was transmitting music to charm my ears, so I did not at all mind the absence of her who was to be, by previous appointment, my companion for the next thirty or forty minutes.

I had come determined to fulfill my grim duty, and to find out from this fair charmer what truth there was in the rumors about temperamental breaks with her employers. Also to discover, if possible, what was keeping her in the rut she is now in.

To the harmonies of Verdi's "Aida" Greta appeared. She walked toward me, holding out her hand.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting," was her first phrase. This is the opening speech of most players. It rather bores one to hear it, but from Greta it sounded beautiful.

Her fair hair showed, beneath a soft red-velvet hat, like sunlight. Her eyes, a cerulean blue, seemed excessively large and disturbing. Her very red lips were parted, as she smiled her welcome, revealing strong, white, Scandinavian teeth.

I have no idea what the expensive radio played from then on.

"Never have I known a person so rushed as I have been to-day," Greta remarked, still smiling, but with a sigh to arouse compassion. "I leave for New York tomorrow. I should get some one to do everything for me. Will you?"

I was on the point of offering my humble services, but realized her two last words only invited me to take a cigarette.

"I like New York," she went on. "When I first landed there, four years ago, I was the most foreign of foreigners. I knew not a word of the language. I can tell now that I was terribly homesick. Never did I believe I could stay in America. Though my mother was with me, I wanted my brother, too. He is now at Columbia University. I shall see him when I get to New York. I have missed him much. We are great pals."

Greta's accent is impossible to reproduce. As she talks, she has a way of tilting her head slightly on one side, and smiling. She suggests, rather than states, her comments. The picture business, viewing it from her present vacillating position, is strange.

"When Paramount signed me I made nine pictures in one year. Then we disagreed. I did not like the rôles"
Hardly a player gains a foothold in the movies without the aid of that lucky chance, which is called in Hollywood "a break." Some of the more extraordinary examples of luck are entertainingly recounted in this article.

**By Houston Branch**

The break of the year was that of Ruth Taylor.

June Marlowe owes her break to the fact that she lived next door to a director.

In the dictionary the word "break" has a rather woe-ful definition, which places it in the class of things most persons wish to avoid. Webster's estimation of the word is not shared by Hollywood. In the chimerical land of the cinema, nine persons out of ten are looking, hoping, and praying for what they call—a break.

In fact, the greater part of the population of Hollywood subsists on the vague notion that a break will come, and in one stroke set them well on the road to fame, with a secretary to answer fumail, and a home in Beverly Hills. For a break, in the vernacular of the studios, is a strange quirk of circumstance which suddenly lifts the struggling unknown from the depths of obscurity to a precarious perch on the portals of success, and sometimes catapults the lucky one, in a meteoric blast, into the brilliant glare of public adulation, where they either wither under the intense rays, or blossom into the luxuriant flowerings of the celluloid bouquet.

The odd thing about the worship of this elusive word is that it can offer a hundred tangible miracles a year, and as a result attract disciples by the thousands. It keeps the apartment houses and hotels of Hollywood filled faster than the real-estate operators can build them. Scoff if you will, but a fortnight's sojourn in Hollywood will quickly convince you that the whole structure of filmdom is founded on breaks.

The Klondike had its sour doughs who were just about to turn their backs on fortune, when they tripped and uncovered the hidden pocket of the yellow mineral. Hollywood has its George Bancroft.

Bancroft prospected in Hollywood for two years, and didn't strike pay dirt. He had packed up and had bought reservations on a train to New York, when James Cruze sent for him to play Jack Slade, in "The Pony Express."

Gwen Lee, the seductive blonde of Metro-Goldwyn pictures, owes her present contract to a fly. Just an ordinary house fly of the too-common variety. Gwen was just a bit of atmosphere in "Pretty Ladies," one of several girls supporting a human chandelier in a studio reproduction of a Ziegfeld revue, when a fly took upon itself to light on her bare and shapely limbs. Now Gwen was not in a position where she could use her hands to brush the fly off her—ahem—knee. She wriggled. The fly didn't notice her wriggling, but Monta Bell, the director, did. It struck him as a very funny bit of business, and Gwen struck him as a very pretty girl. The result was that a fly was painted on her limb for, the rest of the picture, and a contract was the ultimate reward.

James Murray and Ray-

Johnny Mack Brown's spectacular work in a football game won him a contract.
mon Keane to-day are two very promising juvenile actors, possibly on their way to stardom. Yesterday they were struggling extras in Hollywood's long line. Their breaks were almost identical, and are of the kind that ever-hopeful Hollywood loves to nourish. Raymond Keane was one of three hundred extras summoned by Dimitri Buchowetzki to play members of the Queen's guard in "Graustark." Buchowetzki, ever dramatic, was passing down the extra line, selecting prospective guardsmen, when his eyes lighted on young Keane.

"There's a thousand-dollar-a-week juvenile!" the excited Russian exclaimed.

Then it was up to Buchowetzki to prove that he was correct in his assumption, and this he did by selling Keane to Uncle Carl Laemmle as the leading man in Buchowetzki's only Universal production, "The Midnight Sun." Buchowetzki has passed on to less lucrative fields, but Keane still remains at Universal.

James Murray had a less ostentatious but more satisfactory début under the guidance of King Vidor. Vidor saw him in the extra ranks, and immediately cast him for the lead in "The Crowd." He has been favored with other good roles by Metro-Goldwyn.

The Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel may well be called the happy hunting ground of the break, as it is practiced in Hollywood. For though break or cut-in dances are banned at the Grove, it is on its glassy floor that many of screendom's brightest stars have been discovered. Sally O'Neil first caught Marshall Neilan's eye during a crowded Friday night at the Cocoanut Grove, and stepped into the leading rôle in "Mickey."

The Young sisters, the beautiful trio that has conquered Hollywood's citadels in the past six months, probably owe the Cocoanut Grove the largest debt of gratitude. Each of the girls owes her contract to having been seen at the Grove. Sally Blane, née Betty Jane Young, was doing a mean Black Bottom when Wesley Ruggles was casting the "Collegians" series at Universal. From Universal it was but a step to featured rôles, and a contract with Paramount. She is now playing opposite Jack Holt.

Polly Ann Young had a double break on the Cocoanut Grove floor. One evening she was dancing with Robert Agnew, when the casting director of Metro-Goldwyn was looking for a double for Dolores del Río, and the next day she was summoned to the studio to understudy Miss Del Río in "The Trail of '98." Metro-Goldwyn planned to do big things for her, but something went

Continued on page 114.
Mary Pickford, left, is known the world over as "America's Sweetheart."

Lillian Gish, right, has often been referred to as "The Duse of the screen."

Christened by the Fans

Parentage and lineage are not consulted when the fans choose to give names to their favorites.

Corinne Griffith, above, manages to carry on under the uncertain compliment of being called "The Orchid."

Clara Bow, left, has never told any one whether she enjoys being known as "The 'It' Girl."

Florence Vidor, right, is known to the fans as "The Aristocrat," but some facetious wits have been heard to call her, in a whisper, "The Frozen Dainty of the Movies."
He Doesn't Look Like An Actor

And he doesn't talk like one, but Robert Armstrong, of "Is Zat So?" fame, is making his way in Hollywood.

By Myrtle Gebhart

ROBERT ARMSTRONG, who scored on the stage as the prize fighter in "Is Zat So?" and for whom screen success is predicted, doubtlessly had been interviewed many times. But probably never before had a lady interviewer looked him over squinting the instant he stepped out of the car which brought him from the back lot, and remarked, "You don't look like an actor." And, a bit later, "You don't talk like an actor."

The young lady had as her excuse—not apology—the fact that she had just been engaged in spirited conversation with Bill Boyd, had been called "peanut" for the millionth time, resented it exceedingly, and was now hungry and ready to bite nails.

A tough prize fighter was just her meat, right then. But he happened to be a gentleman, which was disconcerting. He looked, not surprised, but blankly stupefied. Then, he smiled and murmured, "Thank you!"

Later, after the lady had been fed, and had thought of a suitable revenge upon one William Boyd, and therefore was mollified and willing to be pleasant, he amplified the above response.

"What you said, acknowledging our introduction in such explosive fashion, is a compliment. I look like an ordinary human being. Every actor is, but few like to seem so."

I knew right away—as soon as the other two matters were settled—that I would like this Robert Armstrong. Though I knew he had achieved a reputation for fine work on the stage, I had never seen him. Only three of the six films in which he has appeared have been released, and I had missed them. So I met him with only the idea that, being of the stage, he would be a stage actor. He would let it be understood that, through some mysterious demand, he was fulfilling his duty by living in the West, but that the movie engagement would be temporary, his heart being in the Broadway theater. He would swagger and swank a bit, or a lot, but some, anyhow. He would talk of the ideals of the theater, and use very big words.

Instead, he said point-blank that he thought he was in Hollywood for good, if he got over with the public. He didn't seem to think the theater so superior to the little orphan movies. With a little encouragement, which he didn't get, he would have been cross, because his golf was being interfered with. He had worked only two out of five days that week, but stayed around the set, waiting, while a truck wrecked an armored car properly.

"Pretty good, at that," I remarked. "You're doing better than most extras. May get ahead yet."

If you know your Hollywood, you know there are some people you can talk to that way, and some you can't. He grinned. A regular guy, I decided.

Instead of the actor's accent, he has a slow drawl. It sort of drags along a chuckle, with a quizzyual undertone, as though he was just getting ready to talk, and meantime was enjoying you and everything hugely. Dressed for his rôle in "The Cop," he looked like the sort of a bird a respectable girl wouldn't want to be seen with. I might have known the scar over one eye was the movies' label of a gangster, but it looked so real that I didn't mention it until he did. I can be polite and tactful.

He ate bacon and eggs, a man's dish. I'm not so keen about the salad men. He didn't start complaining about anything, except missing golf, which is one of the things you have to endure patiently from Hollywood men.

Very browned, with strong features and piercing eyes, and a face the lines of which indicate experience,
He might be anywhere between the ages twenty-five and forty, and your guess would probably be as wrong as mine.

"No place like California," he settled comfortably. "Guess I ought to stick up for the home town. Seattle, and it is beautiful up there, sometimes." He told about the hills and the lakes. "But it's as they say, 'Two seasons: rainy and August.'

And New York's a great town, and I wouldn't mind seeing some shows, and dropping in to jaw with the boys at the club. And I thought, when I left there, I never would get transplanted out here. But, say, I'm a native son, now. A trip would interfere like the dickens with my golf.

The difference in the public's attitude toward stage and movie actors interests him immensely. During his years on the stage, he said, he got hardly any publicity. But the minute he went into pictures, papers and magazines began to print such nice things about him that even his family sat up and took notice.

"Listen, this is good. As a stage actor, I received a few good notices from the critics, which meant a great deal in New York, but nothing to which my relatives attached any significance. I had to go into the movies to win their esteem. The theatrical journals are read only by the profession; the movie magazines are for the people. When my relatives began to read articles about me, they suddenly took an interest in me. Since my name has been in electric lights," he smiled, "I've been getting fan mail from my second cousins.

"Stage doesn't mean a thing out here. Right in Los Angeles, mind you, I played the prize fighter in 'Is Zat So?' Yet, when friends introduced me, the new acquaintance looked at me disgustedly and said behind his hand, 'Stop your kidding, George O'Brien played the prize fighter.' Never thinking of the play."

He confessed to a deep admiration for Jannings. "He's the only movie actor that I can say this of: that I have seen three of his performances in three consecutive pictures, and consider them masterpieces. Others give flawless portrayals in instances, but not consistently. Jannings has genius—drama, power, clean-cut gesture, gradations of expression. I'd like to watch him work. Does he speak his subtitles aloud? Rudolph Schildkrout doesn't, and he is marvelous. On the stage, it's the voice. For a picture scene, it's the thought, and that is better expressed by whispering the words."

We talked of the speaking movies, of technique, and of art, a subject familiar and dear to him, as during his childhood he spent much time with his uncle, Rolf Armstrong, the artist.

The progress of the play, "Is Zat So?" from a poor country pumpkin to a metropolitan success, I found absorbing, though perhaps half the interest lay in the manner in which Armstrong told its history. When he settles back to relate an anecdote, scarcely a flicker passes across his rough, brown face. But his eyes, peculiarly set, hold you; they are direct, piercing, you can't read them. His graphic illustrations are a slight twist of the mouth, a still further narrowing of his eyes.

"When I was in stock, Jimmy Gleason, being manager, wrote the play. I was a hero—slick hair, mash notes, some swell. I'd never done any dialect or real characterizations, but they interested me. Jimmy claimed he had a wide acquaintance with prize fighters and knew their stuff, so he coached me and it went over.

Mrs. Armstrong, shown with him here, was known on the London stage as Ethel Kent.

Continued on page 106
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Excitement grows apace in this installment of our mystery serial, for Lady Gates, rejuvenated by science and artifice, starts on a career of pleasure, and "Miss Smith" makes a disturbing confession to Malcolm Allen.

By Alice M. Williamson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Malcolm Allen, a young English novelist in Hollywood, is attracted to a beautiful girl, who attempts to leave the popular Restaurant Montparnasse without paying for an expensive dinner she has eaten. Malcolm goes to her rescue. Dazzled by her beauty, he later offers her a chance in pictures, and is dunned when she tells him she prefers to be a cigarette girl at Montparnasse. Malcolm gets her the job. Lady Gates, Malcolm's wealthy aunt from Leeds, England, arrives unexpectedly. Possessing a fortune, Lady Gates is anxious to participate in the gay life of Hollywood. Her attention is attracted to Marco Lopez, a professional dancer at Montparnasse. Lopez is attracted to Lady Gates' diamonds and evident wealth. Under the pretext of arranging dancing lessons, he later suggests that Lady Gates visit a certain Veiled Prophetess. Lady Gates, willing to do anything to become part of the eternally youthful Hollywood crowd, consents. The Prophetess is actually a confidante of Marco Lopez. She tells Lady Gates she can regain her youthful appearance, and once more become susceptible to love, if she will but follow her advice.

Meanwhile, at the insistence of Malcolm, Lady Gates makes stilted overtures to "Miss Smith," as the cigarette girl calls herself. Malcolm hopes to learn more about her through his aunt, and penetrate the secret of "Miss Smith's" mysterious guarded, though intense, interest in Marco Lopez. At this time Oscar Sonnenberg, a producer, tries to persuade Miss Smith to attempt motion pictures, and the girl maneuvers the proposal so skillfully that she gains his promise to produce Malcolm's scenario.

Lady Gates employs Miss Smith as her companion during the weeks she is in retirement undergoing the elaborate and costly beauty treatment, from which she emerges successfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE QUARREL

Malcolm stood staring, bewildered. It was the voice of his aunt that greeted him, but the words came from the mouth of a different person. This woman, in a knee-length, décolleté and sleeveless slip composed of pale-pink sequins, surely wasn't Lady Gates. She couldn't be!

"Well!" the vision exclaimed, joyously. "What do you think of me?"

"Why—why, it isn't you, Aunt Kate!" stammered Malcolm, "What has happened to you?"

"Happened?" repeated Lady Gates, with the pertness of a girl who knows she is pretty. "I've had the clock of time turned back for me, that's all! If you'd never seen me before, and didn't know anything about me, how old would you take me for?"

Malcolm was still confused in the presence of this new and flapperish relative. She did look younger, of course—much younger. She seemed to have lost many pounds in weight. Her double chin was gone, and her face was smooth as a billiard ball—not a wrinkle to be seen, even under her eyes. Her snub nose had been changed to a Grecian effect. Her once-gray hair was a bright auburn, bobbed, and marcelled in glittering waves. The thickly defined eyebrows, which had given a certain individuality to the face, were gone. They had been plucked, and in their place faint, arched lines had been drawn according to taste. The eyes themselves seemed to have been lengthened, and the lashes were heavily blacked.

The strange vision was of a pink and pearly radiance, as if it had been carefully rooted from the roots of its brilliant hair to the low neck-line of its still-more-brilliant dress.

"Why don't you speak?" Lady Gates urged, her new brows drawing together. "Don't you think I look nice?"

"You look—extraordinary," Malcolm managed to ejaculate.

"Was it that a compliment, or the reverse?" she snapped.

"To tell the truth, if I must," he said, "you do look younger, of course, in a strange sort of way, but I can't help preferring you as you were."

If Lady Gates flushed, the color was invisible under her lily balm and smooth coat of pink rouge; but her eyes flashed, and she stiffened all over.

"You do!" she flung at him furiously. "I might have known! I did hope you had a little unselfishness in your make-up. But you haven't. You're your aunt, and you thought of me as old. You wanted me to live and die quietly and leave you my money and jewels, instead of having a little life and fun of my own! Lots of widows older than I am marry and are happy. That's what you're afraid of—my marrying! You needn't think I don't understand!"

Malcolm was startled, for, in truth, such a fear had jumped into his mind. It was not for himself that he feared. He really did exonerate himself there; but a fat, elderly woman who would go through weeks of martyrdom to make herself over into a cheap, wax figure was in peril from the first adventurer. If he said anything of that sort she wouldn't believe a word, and would be angrier than before.

"You do me an injustice, Aunt Kate, I assure you," he tried to defend himself without floundering into a morass of intricate explanations. "Injustice!" she sneered.

"That's nonsense. There's only one thing to think, and I think it! You're selfish. Here I am, back here at my comfortable hotel after putting in the most awful three weeks of my life. The surgical part came first. That wasn't so bad, for I was under ether during the operations. But I've had a rolling treatment to take off flesh in a hurry, and, oh, my goodness! Heaven alone knows what I've gone through besides. I told Miss Smith not to say a word to you, Malcolm, for I was so happy, looking forward to—to giving you a grand surprise. And this—is what I get?"

"If you are pleased, I'm pleased, Aunt Kate," said Malcolm. "Anyhow, it isn't my affair. You've no one but yourself to consult. Only, you took this long journey half across the world because I was here, so I feel responsible for you in a way. I'd have to have any trouble come to you."

"Don't worry!" she snapped. "I don't expect any trouble. My troubles are all over now, and my fun begins. I have made one or two good friends here, and I don't have to depend on you, young man!"

"Don't let's quarrel, Aunt Kate," Malcolm said, stifling his own quick temper which bristled at Lady Gates' harsh words. "I'm fond of you for the sake of the past, and I'm afraid you may be sorry if you throw me
off. At least I'm sincere. I've told you the truth as I saw it."

"The truth!" she threw back. "The truth, in my experience, is mostly something disagreeable about somebody else. You're a gloom, Malcolm Allen, that's what you are! I expected to enjoy such a gay evening with you! Well, I'll enjoy it without you, that's all. Since you don't like to have an aunt young enough to make a new life of her own, you can run away and forget her, my boy. Good-by!"

Malcolm stood still for a moment. He hated to take the angry woman at her word, for if he did, most likely it would mean a definite break between them. Just because he had had an ax to grind, pride would forbid his trying to come back and grind it! He was sharply

"Miss Smith, I can't help thinking that you've fallen in love with Mr. Lopez yourself, and are afraid I may take him away. Go!" cried Lady Gates angrily.

"I'm going," said Malcolm. "But, dear Aunt Kate, before I go, do let me beg you for your own best good to be careful about this Lopez. He may be all right, but he's only a gigolo at Montparnasse, hired to dance, and ready to accept tips. He's a foreigner. No one knows anything about him. You have your dignity to think of. People will say the usual thing——"

"Oh, do hold your tongue!" Lady Gates shrilled. "Prig! You're terribly proper for me, but what about yourself? What about the pretty cigarette girl you've almost stuffed down my throat? Maybe she's a perfect lady! I've accepted her for your sake, and I've been nice to her. But you don't give her fellow professional at Montparnasse even the benefit of the doubt. Down with him! Heavens, you're not young, Malcolm. You're older than I am. You bore me. We'll speak to each other after this, not to make gossip, and that'll be all. You understand? Good night again."

There was nothing for Malcolm to say but to echo her "Good night."
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

But as he shot down in the elevator, a voice seemed to chuckle in his ear: "You've cooked your goose, young man!" Well, he had!

There was no chance, now, that Lady Gates would interest herself financially in getting "Red Velvet" produced. And not only that, it was probable that she was angry enough, spiteful enough, to change her will and cut him completely out of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I CAME TO HOLLYWOOD BECAUSE OF HIM!"

Malcolm's first thought, after parting from Lady Gates, was: What about the twenty-five thousand dollars Sonnenberg had demanded? Would the fellow go on with the production, adding twenty-five thousand of his own to the suggested fifty thousand, provided that the author agreed to accept smaller profits?

A short time ago he had been reluctant to sell his scenario to a man like Sonnenberg. He had thought, vaguely, that his aunt might possibly be interested enough in his success to put down the whole sum needed, in which case he could have become his own producer, and would only have needed to find a good release. To do that hadn't seemed impossible, for he still had important friends in the picture game, who might have been willing to use their influence as well as to give advice. But he had been dreaming—counting his chickens before they hatched.

His dinner engagement with his aunt was off, but he was anxious for a few words with Mary Smith. He wondered if her disappointment at losing the chance of a good rôle would be very severe. He hardly thought so, for Mary Smith was one of the few girls on earth whom you might perhaps believe when she said she didn't really care about getting into pictures.

In any case, no matter how Miss Smith might regard the news, the sooner she had it, the better.

Malcolm went to Montparnasse, and had not been seated long at his own table when an imploring look brought the sparkling green figure to him.

"Cigarettes?" asked Madeleine, with a less "carved in marble" smile than she gave to other admiring men.

"Thanks, yes," said Malcolm. "Miss Smith, you've been seeing my aunt, so you must know what a fool the poor dear has made of herself."

"I know what you mean," Madeleine admitted.

"But I don't know that I quite agree with you about her being a fool. I think she's pathetic."

"Pathetic, but ludicrous, too," said Malcolm.

"Well, if she can do it, she may have a much better time," Madeleine argued.

"But she can't do it.

"Perhaps we're not fair judges," suggested the girl.

"You've always thought of her as your nice, stodgy, old aunt from Leeds. As for me, I've seen her in the sanitarium while she was under treatment, and I can't get the picture out of my mind. But to people who have not known her before, the poor lady may look a perfect thirty-six!"

"You're charitable!" Malcolm exclaimed. "She made me tell her what I thought of the change, and—well, I was like George Washington. With my little hatchet of truth I felt forced to strike. I hit where the lady lived, and now she's made up her mind to shed her one and only nephew."

"She has!" echoed Madeleine. "She won't help you with 'Red Velvet'?"

"I didn't even ask," said Malcolm. "I knew, when she flung out hints about her will, that she wasn't likely to help finance me."

"Did she say she'd cut you out of her will?" asked the girl, distressed.

"She accused me of counting on her money and jewels when she died, and wanting her to stay old, and grudging her any fun."

"I see," said Madeleine. "But surely she'll be sorry, and change her mind. She came all this distance just to visit you."

"And to revel in the joys of Hollywood. She seems to have made at least one friend here, whom she can depend upon. Heaven knows how he may exploit her. Mr. Marco Lopez, our handsome, patent-leather-haired gigolo at Montparnasse, for instance."

"Marco Lopez!" repeated the girl, a sharp note of surprise, and something more, in her voice.

Malcolm was startled by her tone. A question came to the tip of his tongue, but before he could speak, she had gone. She had either been called to a table at some distance, or else she had invented an excuse to escape in a hurry. He could not see the expression of her
face, for she stood with her back turned to him; and he wondered if even that had a motive in it. Marco Lopez! This was not the first time she had shown—no, betrayed was the word—a peculiar interest in the professional dancer. The way in which she looked at the man had disturbed Malcolm once. Now it was the stifled emotion in her voice, as she repeated the name, which worried him.

What had he said to upset the girl? He tried to recall his own words, and couldn't exactly. But he had hinted that Lopez might make an unscrupulous use of the rejuvenated lady's favor. Had Miss Smith's evident anxiety sprung from friendship for Aunt Kate, or—from something other than friendship for the Argentinean?

Luckily, Malcolm had come to the restaurant late, after his scene with Lady Gates at the Ambassador, so that it wasn't difficult to pass the time there until the hour when Mary was free. He had had no further chance to speak to her, and of late she no longer allowed him to take her home. But she couldn't send him away without a word if he "happened" to run across her at a discreet distance from Montparnasse.

He contrived to do this, by lying in wait in the shadow of the huge pepper trees in the street through which she must pass. But he didn't make the mistake of pretending he was there by accident.

"I know you won't be pleased to see me," he said, "and that you must have some more or less good reason for wanting to go home alone these days, but—"

"I have a very good reason," Madeleine broke in.

"Haven't you guessed what it is—you, a writer, supposed to read people's inner workings, like those of a watch?"

"No, I haven't guessed," said Malcolm. "I hope it isn't because you—"

"I'll save you the trouble of guessing," the girl cut him short again, not crossly, but gravely. "That is, I will if you'll promise not to misunderstand."

"I do promise," he answered. They were standing still under drooping branches jeweled with coral berries, for Miss Smith had stopped short at his greeting, and had not taken another step since.

"Well, frankly then, it's on account of Mr. Sonnenberg," she said. "I'd be an idiot if I didn't know that he—what he would probably call 'groom' on me. That's why he wants to put me into a picture, of course, I suggested your picture, and instantly the man—imagined things. I told him you had a wonderful part in 'Red Velvet' that I'd love to play, and so on and so on. But I'm sure he still has ideas in his head about us, and I don't want him to have you.

"He will turn down the scenario, anyhow, now that I can't put in the money he wanted," Malcolm reminded her.

"No, he won't. if I play my cards well," said Madeleine. "I'm almost sure that stuff about the twenty-five thousand was bluff. He has loads of money. He won't want to give up producing 'Red Velvet,' now he's gone as far as he has."

"Because you'll play your cards in such a way as to make him think he will lose you if he throws me over!" Malcolm exclaimed.

"Yes. That's what I mean," coolly agreed the girl. "But remember your promise to me just now! I'm not afraid of him. I can manage the man. Only, if he is having me watched, as he very likely is, it will be best if you and I are not seen going about together as if we had some secret understanding behind his back. That would defeat our object."

"You don't realize the position you place me in!" broke out Malcolm. "You are doing this for me—putting yourself in this fellow's power—"

"Pooh!" laughed Mary. "Don't be Victorian. I thought you were one of the most up-to-date authors!"

"I'm a man!" Malcolm defended himself.

"And I'm a woman, old enough to vote, so I ought to be old enough to take care of myself. It's perfectly true I'm working for your interests, but it may have occurred to you that I shan't be ignoring my own if I make a success in a picture—you or anybody else's!"

"It has occurred to me," said Malcolm. "Otherwise I couldn't have let you go on."

"You'd have had harder work to stop me there than you've had to stop me here in the street," the girl laughed. "Now there's one thing you must 'let' me do: go my way home alone."

"If you insist," Malcolm had to agree. "But let me ask you a question first. I can't sleep unless I do. Why did you seem upset about Marco Lopez and my aunt? I know I haven't any right to catarhize you. But do tell me. Once or twice I've thought you seemed interested in that 'sap' as they call him at Montparnasse. I—"I've tortured myself, Mary, wondering if you wanted to work there because of him. You see, I love you, dear, and—"

"Don't!" Madeleine stopped him. "I haven't any right to love and be loved. You've been a wonderful friend to me. Oh, please, go on being a friend. I needed one the night we met first, and I need one almost as much now. Believe me, you are the friend I want and wish to keep, even if—I tell you that if I did come to Montparnasse because of Marco Lopez. I came to California—I came to Hollywood—because of him!"

She spoke in a low tense voice, with a bare hand on Malcolm's arm. But as she uttered the last words breathlessly, the girl withdrew her hand and ran away from him.

He knew that he must not follow. She had told him why, and it had not made him too unhappy. He had been very far from losing hope, and even though there might be troubles ahead, their futures had seemed to lie together. She was acting for him. She cared for him. But now, in a second, everything was changed. The mystery of her, which had seemed the mystery of a modern princess, was beautiful and romantic no longer. It had become sordid, because it was connected with this swarthy, smooth-headed dancer, Marco Lopez.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY GATES SPURNS A FRIENDLY WARNING.

Madeleine Standish almost ran home to her rooming house on Hawthorne Avenue. It was not the same place in which she had lived before taking up work at Montparnasse. The first money she earned from Lady Gates paid her debt there, and thankfully she had moved out of sordid disorder to comfort and cleanliness.

It was necessary to her plans that she should save money, for any day she might need a considerable sum. But her room and bath cost her only twelve dollars a week, and she had all her meals, save an early cup of coffee which she made herself, at Montparnasse. Soon, too, she would be receiving a good salary for her work in "Red Velvet." Oscar Sonnenberg didn't pay his stars four and five thousand dollars a week, as the big companies did; but, amateur that she was, Madeleine counted on five or six hundred dollars a week to begin with. He wouldn't dare offer less, for fear of losing her. He knew very well that she wasn't screen mad and

Continued on page 92
A Stepson of the Movies

The unprecedented activity of the fans in behalf of a newcomer explains the appearance of this story of the path that has brought Paddy O'Flynn to the beginning of the starlit road.

His father's name was Patrick David, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Gordoon, Irish! On both sides! That same Elizabeth, grown older and gray, but with none of the twinkle gone from her eyes and her smile, wished her son to be an electrical engineer. But things just didn't turn out that way. Her son took the name of Paddy O'Flynn, and came to Hollywood instead.

When his parents first left Dublin they settled in Canada, but it was not until after they had moved to Pittsburgh that Paddy was born.

When he was seven the family sent him back to Toronto to attend school there. He was never a distinguished scholar, but he excelled in athletics throughout his school years. Hockey holds the sport limelight in Canada, and Paddy was slim and wiry—built for speed on skates. He was also a piano student at St. Joseph's, and displayed considerable promise as a musician. But, as with many other things, Paddy's interest waned.

That interest was an elusive thing in those days, and it continued to be fickle until he came to Hollywood. Good music, as taught at St. Joseph's School, was not for Paddy.

A battered banjo came into his possession, and the half-mad, half-dreamy jazz he learned to play on it amused and entertained him far more than his lessons at the piano. Paddy's buddy, Mose Yokum, was also a piano student, and loved music, but he, like Paddy, preferred jazz tunes to the melodies of the masters.

While the family was in consultation as to the most suitable school to which Paddy might be sent for his training as an engineer, word came that Mose and Paddy had already returned to the States.

They managed, by some hook or crook, to secure a brief vaudeville engagement, and considered themselves on their way to prominence as actors. Both boys were awkward and green, with no theatrical training whatever. But they played "hot" music, and the audience responded to their youthful enthusiasm.

Vaudeville knew Mose and Paddy for a number of years. Mose managed to organize his own orchestra, but Paddy didn't relish being just one of the band. The banjo was discarded in favor of a ukelele, and he continued his act alone. He was billed in vaudeville, and frequently over the radio, as "Paddy O'Flynn and His Galloping Ukelele." During a vacation he visited Hollywood, and incidently played there at KFQZ. Hollywood was friendly, and liked Paddy's Irish smile.

A producer gave him a lead in a serial. From the first moment he experienced before the camera, Paddy knew that his wandering fancy had found its true love. At first, of course, he was camera shy and ignorant of screen values. He soon overcame this difficulty, and all through the filming of the picture he was constantly being told that he was a real "find."

If he thought his career in films would be easy sailing, after his work in that first lead, he was doomed to bitter disillusionment. In the two years which followed, he worked almost constantly, and was still called "a find," but the parts he appeared in never seemed to get past the cutting room. His bits were always eliminated as either not important to the story, or because of some change in continuity. But, during all this time, Paddy studied as he had never studied before, despite the disappointments he was continually suffering.

Finally his reward came, and it was well worth working and waiting for. Henry Irving Dodge, author of "Skinner's Dress Suit," and "Skinner Puts It Over," came to Hollywood in connection with the production of one of his stories. He met Paddy, and announced that he "could write a story every hour for that boy." He paid Paddy many other compliments, which Paddy didn't take seriously. He was used to praise by this time, and it never seemed to get him anywhere, so he was a bit cynical. Mr. Dodge, however, was actually in earnest. He created the role of Skinner's son, and called him Bill Skinner, Jr., and explained in no uncertain terms that Paddy was the one he wanted for the part.

Thus Paddy's jinx has taken flight. With his temperament, his famed Irish grin, his ability, and backed by a loyal following of fans, Paddy is destined to write some romantic chapters into the story of his career. The fan following which he has gathered will be back of him every inch of the way.
Pauline Frederick, we predict, will be the next sensation of talking pictures. It is in the cards that she should be. She is playing in the emotional, courtroom drama, “On Trial,” which will probably have some “Madame X” trimmings. Pauline has a lovely voice, and she is a wonderful actress.

The speakie medium is very choosy about its personalities, and seems to favor the maturer players. It is consequently going to mean a number of come-backs for the older favorites—those who know their screen technique, and whose voices qualify, because at some time or other they have had stage experience.

Some of the most attractive of the younger stars are having a frightful time trying to match their voices with their screen presences.

Talkies or Squawkies?

The recent outstanding hit in talkies—sometimes called the squawkies—has been scored by Gladys Brockwell. Everybody seemed to like her work in an emotional scene in “Lights of New York,” and she was engaged immediately afterward for “The Home-towners,” based on a George M. Cohan play.

The cast includes Richard Bennett, the stage actor, Doris Kenyon, Robert McWade, Robert Edeson, Stanley Taylor, and Vera Lewis. The picture is all talkie. The line-up of players doesn't look a bit like the ordinary cast of a silent feature.

Some Strange Newcomers.

The Fox company has launched on their sound-film era, with a million-dollar plant and a whole host of talent recruited from the spoken drama and the musical shows.

Such names as the following will certainly sound strange to the movie fans: Gilbert Emery, Clifford Dempsey, Lumsden Hare, Robert Clark, Paul McCullough, Sylvia Field, Paul Fung, Ben Holmes, Chick Sale, Arnold Lucy, and Helen Twelvetrees. That's the new Fox list of speakie stars. Miss Twelvetrees is an ingenue “find,” and Paul Fung, despite any illusions you may have to the contrary, is not a Chinese actor.

New Lure of Gold.

The stock of Warner Brothers, who sponsor Vitaphone, recently took a flight skyward on the market, and various stars and directors were among the profit-takers. We hear that Al Jolson and Monte Blue were among those to strike it lucky.* And there were a score of others.

A year ago Warner Brothers earned a meek little $30,000 as the annual recompense for their picture-making. This year they showed net returns of nearly $2,000,000. This munificent increase was attributed to the success of “The Jazz Singer,” “The Lion and the Mouse,” “Tenderloin” and two or three other pictures. At every theater where Vitaphone or Movietone is installed, the audiences seem immediately to increase.

Even pictures that have only sound effects, such as Paramount's “Warming Up,” with Richard Dix, are great drawing cards. But those that have dialogue, and the most dialogue, are the biggest hits of all.

Filmland in the Dumps.

Aside from sound films, the studios are inclined to be terribly quiet, and players are not overly cheerful. It will be two or three months before most of the sound stages are completed, and even then things may move very slowly. This is the most severe period in all film history, and prophecies of a long, cold winter are heard everywhere.

More and more, the smarter players are turning to the stage as an outlet for suppressed ambitions. Among the most recent is Leatrice Joy, who played in a revival of “Clarence” at the Vine Street Theater in Hollywood. Lois Wilson was there previously, but is now quite busy with sound pictures. On her debut, Leatrice was literally overwhelmed with floral tokens, indicative of the audience’s friendly admiration for her. She garnered the praise of everybody, for the pleasing quality of her voice and her stage presence. Leatrice is certain to speak a piece on the screen ere long.

Accordion Infliction Taboo.

Helen Ferguson is playing almost continuously before the footlights, in the Henry Duffy Coast Theaters. Her progress has been remarkable.

Helen gave a huge party to signalize her home-coming from the Northwest, where she played a stage rôle or two, and told us, during the evening, that she had been in communication with the talkie producers.

“A man from one of the studios called me up, and asked me all sort of questions over the phone, about my voice and my experience,” she related, “and when he got through with that, he inquired what instrument I played.

“Jokingly, I told him the accordion. Whereupon he hung up, and I haven't heard from him since. At least, I thought it bespoke a higher accomplishment to be able to play an accordion than a violin, but seemingly it didn't.” Just the same, it would surprise no one if Helen made a talkie début before long.
High Lights
by Edwin and Elza Schallert

Ruth's Ruddy Hosiery.
At Helen's party, Ruth Roland dazzled the guests by wearing a pair of short, red stockings, and was accused by her henchman, Ben Bard, of attempting to register "sex appeal."

Problem in Emotion.
Charles Delaney is one of the newest good-cheer ambassadors. He has a blustering sort of naturalness that wins you immediately. Delaney usually plays leads, and will be seen in Alice White's starring picture, "Show Girl." Before working in that, he had a season in dog films, often the stepping-stone to higher prominence.

"I quit the dog pictures," Delaney said, "because in the last one I made, the canine star was required, by the script, to 'look deliciously' at the hero and heroine, while they were enacting a love scene. I haven't seen the actor yet who can 'look deliciously' at anything, so I thought if a dog could do it, that was the time for me to give up the job, because it would mean too much competition."

Murray Answers Back.
Charley Murray had his troubles with a dog, during a recent picture. The animal was particularly obstinate about performing certain stunts. Finally, Charley broke out in expletions about it, and after he had finished, one of the visitors on the set, impressed by the fact that the dog did not seem very prepossessing in appearance, asked, "What's the matter, is he a pick-up?"

"Pick-up," exclaimed Charlie. "Pick-up! Why he's not even a reach-to."

Pacific Tendency.
Here's a problem for psychologists, sociologists, or somebody—the number of girl babies that are born in the colony. Three within the space of a few weeks was the recent record. And meanwhile, not a single boy.

The new arrivals are Judith Niblo, the third child of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett; Margaret Marsh, the third also for Mae Marsh, wife of Louis Lee Arms; and Pamela Novak, the second daughter of Eva Novak and William Reed, a director. The Niblos and Miss Marsh each have two girls and a boy.

Out of forty-odd film players who have children, we checked up to find more than thirty of the offspring were girls, and only about twenty were boys. The average probably runs about three to two, girls first.

Bull Montana, our philosophical friend, muses that this high percentage means that the world will not engage in another war for fifty years! We certainly hope he's correct.

Film players, who are parents of girls, include Har- old Lloyd, Monte Blue, Jack Gilbert and Lea- trice Joy, Lina Bas- quette, Pat O'Malley, Eleanor Boardman, Irene Rich, Conrad Nagel, Agnes Ayres, Conrad Veidt, Gloria Swanson, John Barrymore, Tom Mix, George K. Arthur and others. Boys seem preferred by Ernest Tor- rence, Buster Keaton, Jean Her- sholt, Eileen Percy, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Charles Chaplin, Looi Chaney, Lupino Lane, and Erich von Stro- heim.

From Mike to Antonia.
A name has been de- cided on for the King Vidor-Eleanor Board- man baby. She is now called Antonia. It was under the spell of classic traditions abroad, so we hear, that this euphonious and rather Shakespearean selection was made. At one time, you may remember, the baby was temporarily called "Mike." The Vidor believe in contrasts, but, even at that, from Mike to Antonia is a large jump.

Hayakawa's Return Proposed.
Among actors whose return to the screen is prognosti- cated shortly is Sessue Hayakawa. It is probable that his first picture will be "The Bandit Prince," of which he himself is the author. Sound and color will be combined in the making of this picture.

There have been rumors, which we are inclined to discount, that Fannie Ward might be brought back to do an entirely new, speaking version of "The Cheat" with him. Dear old Fannie! She'll be with us again some time. Make no mistake about it!

Josephine a Punster.
The worst pun of the season is attributed to Josephine Dunn. She was guilty of it while she and Marceline Day were posting for publicity stills, in costumes that were exact duplicates. While the photographer was getting ready to take the pictures, Josephine surveyed Marceline with a critical eye,
and then slyly said, "Do you know what the title of this photo ought to be?"

"What?" queried Marceline.

"Why, we look so much alike that they should call it 'When Day is Dunn!'"

Whereupon the press agent let out a loud guffaw, and immediately grabbed his notebook. But Josephine's friends are off her for life, and she is barred from the Metro-Goldwyn commissary as punishment.

The Cowboy's Version.

The effect of working in Westerns was recently noted at one of the studios, in the conversation of a cowboy star, who had been asked to judge a beauty contest. His description of the event was as follows:

"There were about fifty head of women there, and we finally picked out one of them, about five hands high, and weighing about 110 pounds on the hoof. We cut her and a couple of others out of the herd, and finally gave her the blue ribbon."

Tim McCoy sponsors this story, and even if we don't believe it ever happened, it is probably worth repeating.

Carolining Lights of the Cinema.

Paramount has discovered two singing stars. One is Wallace Beery, and the other is Nancy Carroll. The voice of Wallie will be heard in a tramp song in "Beggars of Life," and Nancy will warble a little ballad in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Wallie was on the musical-comedy stage many years ago, but the fact that he was once a singer had almost been forgotten. Miss Carroll's vocal experience is comparatively recent. Buddy Rogers is doing some musical stunts in "Varsity," for the "soundies."

Thou Shalt Not Pass.

The rules regarding visitors at the studios are becoming stricter again. A written and stamped pass is necessary even for those whom business calls to the picture workshops, but who do not actually labor there. When sound stages are in operation, practically nobody will be admitted to see a film in the making. Every one who is engaged on these stages lives in dread of somebody sneezing, and spoiling several hundred feet of film, not to speak of a nice wax-recording of the players' vocalizations. Hence the visitor restrictions.

The sound stages are tomblike in their quiet, and anybody who causes even the slightest commotion during a scene immediately finds himself the target for angry and fiery glances from the director and all his various assistants.

Incidentally, in hot weather, a Turkish bath is cool, by comparison with these air-tight structures. Movie life is anything but what it used to be.

Fannie's Slang Confuses.

Al Jolson and Fannie Brice have both set a new style for studio hours. They make many of their scenes at night. They prefer this way of working, because it conforms with the theatrical routine to which they are accustomed.

Fannie told us that she was "all excited" about her first screen experience. "It is terribly hard on the dogs, though," she said.

Following which comment, a tourist who happened to be with us, looked curiously around to see where the Pomeranians, collies or chows were, that he thought Fannie was talking about.

"Here are the dogs—right on the floor in front of me," volunteered the zestful comedienne, pointing to her feet. "A pair of them, and they sure are yelping!"

Connie's Baffling Fortunes.

When will Constance Talmadge work again? Originally just a plaintive little inquiry, this has become a crying question. Nobody seems to know the answer—least of all Connie herself.

It has been said that she would soon make a picture for United Artists, but then absolutely nothing has been done about this. "East of the Setting Sun" was mentioned for her once, as a possibility, and then "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." But both have been dropped, as far as she is concerned, and still nothing is in sight for her.

When we saw her last, Connie looked unusually well and attractive—and gay, as is her wont.

Buster Collier is, these days, generally her escort. But then, there's nothing startlingly new in that. She and Buster have been going about together intermittently from, it would almost seem, time immemorial.

A Colorful Excursion.

Pauline Starke has had a sudden burst of good luck. She is the heroine, and in fact practically the only important feminine player in "The Thrill of Life the Lucky," the new colorsound feature. It is a story of the vikings.

Many girls wanted the rôle, because the film is bound to attract attention. Pauline won it, and then had to dye her hair a radiant blond, so that she could play it.

Mary Becoming a Gadabout.

Mary Pickford has done the unprecedented thing of going to several movie parties lately, and lunching at the Montmartre. She attended a farewell function given for Dolores del Rio, and brought Dolores a handsome leather diary, in which to keep a record of her trip to Europe. At the Montmartre she was the guest of Marion Davies.

Social activities with Doug and Mary have, in the past, mainly been confined to Pickfair, and to their semiprofessional association with affairs given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and a few very large and formal banquets.

Mary also entertained the "Our Girls" Club not long
ago, at her home. She is honorary president of this organization, which numbers among its members Laura La Plante, Julianne Johnston, Virginia Valli, Virginia Fox, Ruth Roland, Gertrude Olmstead, Claire Windsor, Anita Stewart, Billie Dove, Gloria Hope, Carmelita Geraghty, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Mildred Lloyd, Carmel Myers, Edna Murphy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Helen Ferguson, Leatrice Joy, Pauline Garon, Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, and Clara Horton.

“Our Girls” Club is one of the oldest organizations in social film life, having been formed fully five years ago.

A Duel Averted.

And now all Hollywood can draw an easy breath again. For Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez have played their first scene together, in “The Song of Love,” and neither asked for pistols and seconds.

Carmine Her Coiffure.

Lya de Putti has turned red-headed. We didn’t see her before she left for New York, but we hear that the shade she has adopted is very giddy. Lya’s doll-like, raven bob has always been distinguishing, and it is a pity that she has been caught by the Hollywood epidemic of “auburnitis.”

Echoes “The Three Musketeers.”

Doug Fairbanks’ decision to engage Marguerite de la Motte as leading lady of “The Iron Mask” is an echo of past history. You may remember that Marguerite played the heroine in “The Three Musketeers.” And, of course, “The Iron Mask” is the sequel.

Several other players from the earlier D’Artagnan tale are cast in the new one, among them the French actor, Leon Bary, and Nigel de Brulièr. The latter will be Cardinal Richelieu again.

We wonder if anybody remembers now that Adolphe Menjou played the comparatively small part of the King of France in “The Three Musketeers,” when it was made six or seven years ago?

Buster Has a Good One.

Buster Keaton has made his funniest comedy in ages. We saw it at a preview, and it should be sure-fire with audiences. The story is about a news-reel photographer, who gets mixed up in a Chinese tong war. Buster not only wins many laughs, but also achieves a note of pathos in his latest picture.

Mary Charms Collegiates.

Mary Brian may be in love, but she won’t admit it. Anyway, she probably believes there is safety in numbers. “Peter Pan’s” pretty Wendy, whose career is one of the bright records of youth in the movies, is constantly being reported engaged to some one or other. First it was the son of a millionaire from San Francisco—then Buddy Rogers, and still more recently, “Biff” Hoffman, football player on the Stanford team.

The facts are that Mary isn’t really affianced to any of the gentlemen mentioned. She told us herself, so earnestly and sincerely that we waived further third-degree questioning, and are now prepared to admit that we really believe her. But it isn’t in the game, apparently, for a sweet and appealing girl like her—self, with gentle, old-fashioned ways, not to be admired by the opposite sex.

It probably denotes some sort of renaissance, that the collegiates are in her first line of attendants. Who knows, maybe our rah-rah boys are growing weary of the flapper type, who has rendered such valiant service, and whose first direct claim to masculine attention has been a right arm, grown hefty through ukulele strumming and saluting the cocktail brigade?

Their Ultimate Gifts.

Sad echoes come out of the past occasionally, and memories of stars whose names are half forgotten in the maestrom of Hollywood life are revived by some chance word or news item.

Not long ago we read that Lucille Rickson, the little girl who died a few years ago, just as she was growing into a delicate-featured ingénue, left an estate valued at $35,000, which is aiding her young brother to go through college.

The instance of Charlie Mack, too. At one time it was thought he had left nothing. But we note that the final accounting showed $15,000, left to his widow and their young son. Not much, but it will help, because Mrs. Mack was having a very difficult time of it about a year or so ago.

Mack’s death occurred just when he was getting on his feet, you may remember, after a long, bitter struggle to procure a foothold in the Western studios. That was the reason his estate was comparatively small.

“Whither Thou Goest——”

Wherever Cecil DeMille goes, his museum follows after. Doubtless you have heard more than once about his famed curio collection. It consists of everything in the world, from mammoths’ tusks down to a Phcenician thimble. We don’t know whether the Phenicians used thimbles, but if they did, DeMille must possess one, since his assemblage of trophies and relics is so comprehensive.

The honorable Cecil has always derived great inspiration from this celebrated accumulation of menemtoes, for it has added to the atmosphere of every office which has been the setting for his labors. He has moved the collection from the Pathé-DeMille studio, where he was formerly located, to the Metro-Goldwyn lot, where he is at present working on a new production.

DeMille was variously reported as joining United Artists and going back to Paramount, but he finally settled on M-G-M. This brings him to the same lot where James Cruze recently filmed “Excess Baggage.”

It is rather curious how the affairs of these two men progress along channels somewhat similar. Both were formerly with Paramount, then both were connected with Pathé, and now they touch hands in passing, so to speak, at Metro. At the time Cruze made “The Covered Wagon,” and DeMille “The Ten Commandments,” at Paramount, they were considered rivals.

Mary Brien and Dussie McAvoy. Now, we honestly believe that this is no way for a real, he-man to act, even if it does happen to be Karl Dane.

Now, we honestly believe that this is no way for a real, he-man to act, even if it does happen to be Karl Dane.

Reunited—Sue and Nick!

The old wheeze about Mahomet and the mountain may, with modifications, be resurrected to fit the case of Sue Carol, who set off a month or so ago on a jaunt to Europe. Sue, while on tour

Continued on page 90
James Hall, left, does some lively stepping in Paramount's new picture, "The Fleet's In."

Nobody loves a fat man—not even when he's a sailor—so Oliver Hardy, below, right, has a monkey for a companion in "Two Tars."

Jack Mulhall, right, sees the girl of his dreams, and forgets all about his work in "Waterfront."

Gary Cooper, above, in "Half a Bride," might be known as "a white-collar sailor," one of the kind that owns a yacht.

Olive Borden, right, boarded "The Albany Night Boat" about noon—to the evident satisfaction of Ralph Emerson.
Must Be In!

children of Hollywood mas-
and daughters of Neptune.

Jack Oakie, right, is James Hall's rival for the love of Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In."

Dorothy Mackaill, below, makes the best-looking sailor that we've seen in a long while, in "Waterfront."

Stan Laurel, above, just a capable, efficient sailor, minding his own business, in "Two Tars."

Nick Stuart, left, gets the dope from Victor McLaglen in a scene from "The River Pirate."

Billy Dooley and Marguerite Hoffman give their "It" to the camera in a Christie comedy.
A STUDY of madness that ends in tragedy is the portrait Emil Jannings gives us in “The Patriot,” a story of Russia in 1801, when the destiny of the empire was tossed about like a toy by the insane Czar Paul. It is a magnificent portrait, as inspired as any the great Jannings has undertaken. If his preeminence were ever in doubt it is undisputed now, not only because of the sweeping emphasis Jannings gives the darker aspects of the Czar’s mind, but because in spite of his cruelty on one hand and his pettiness on the other, the actor makes the madman pitiable and sympathetic. And so sure is the hand of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, that these extremes of character remain in perfect balance. The Czar is a fiend and a spoiled child at one and the same, time—a menace and a buffoon. All this dovetails with the motivation of the story, which is the assassination of the emperor that Russia may be freed from the yoke of the mad despot. The murder is instigated by Count Pahlen, the one human being the Czar trusts and loves, to save his country from ruin. He is The Patriot. His crime is made to seem the sublimation of patriotism, for he forces the very man whom he incited to kill the Czar to be his own executioner.

But, stark tragedy though the picture is, it is lightened by many human, amusing touches, some of them being the childish, sly antics of the tragic figure of the Czar himself. There is little or no love story, if the mild liaison of Count Pahlen and the Countess Ostermann be excepted. Even this is discounted by the fact that Pahlen uses the Countess as a pawn in his destruction of the Czar. Because of this very lack, it is therefore deeper and more specialized—truly a study of disintegration.

Whether the appeal of “The Patriot” will be lessened because of this, remains to be seen. But whatever the final verdict, there can be but one opinion of the acting of Jannings and the direction of Lubitsch. Likewise there will be little diversity of thought regarding the efforts of the entire cast—Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tulio Carminati, Harry Cording, and Vera Voronina. Rarely has a more perfect ensemble been seen. Mr. Stone, according to prevailing standards, appears new. But many will consider brilliance. It is he who plays the final scene as well as the title role, surely a state of affairs unusual enough to justify further praise of Jannings, this time on the score of a star’s generosity to a supporting player. I dispute the degree of brilliance which will probably be accorded Mr. Stone, because to me his performance is only that of a consummate technician, an actor whose command of the resources, the tricks, of acting is so complete and facile that he employs them with a fluency that robs his acting of inner warmth, and reduces it to the functioning of a fine mechanism. Florence Vidor, as the Countess, on the other hand, has never seemed less mechanical. Not only is she delicately beautiful, but her politely glacial quality has melted into almost saucy provocativeness! This is attributable to the directorial mesmerism of Lubitsch, as any one who saw “The Marriage Circle” will realize. As the Crown Prince, Neil Hamilton has several eloquent moments, notably that in which he pleads for his father’s love and is repulsed, and at all times he is sensitive, and conveys his awareness of the responsibilities of an emperor’s son. The picture has been given a superb production, but as much cannot be said of the sound effects, which lend no aid to realism at all—unless you demand that the sound of expectoration accompany the action, as it does in one instance.

Life’s Hardships at Lilac Farm.

The subject of airplane warfare has been pretty thoroughly covered in “Wings,” “The Legion of the Condemned,” and a score of lesser photoplays. The war itself has been given memorable representation in “The Big Parade” and “What Price Glory?” It would seem that nothing new could be said, and that any attempt to do so might be reminiscent of what had gone before. Exactly this happens in “Lilac Time.”

And as almost every star has made at least one contribution to the staggering total of war pictures, it should occasion no surprise to find Colleen Moore doing her bit somewhat belatedly. It is a pretentious bit, with all the signs of having been considered an epic by those responsible for it.

Which means that the first part is a long-drawn-out prelude to the expensive airplane sequences in the second half, and that the production boasts, besides the usual aids, a technical flight commander, a technical expert, a French military expert, an ordnance expert, and a research expert. Perhaps the superabundance of expertness necessary to achieve realistic airplane manu-
The new season opens auspiciously with some superb performances in memorable pictures, but the dregs of the old season are still with us.

vers, is why the supposed heart throbs of the human beings are distinctly faint. But the endeavors of Miss Moore, as Jeannine, to brighten the lives of the seven English aviators billeted at Lilac Farm, are far from faint-hearted. They seem imbued with the energy of a star comedienne with unlimited footage at her disposal, and the entire cast of the butt of her practical jokes.

Much as I admire Miss Moore's pantomime and her spontaneity, and her simplicity and sincerity at times, her pranks in "Lilac Time" came perilously near causing me to forget that I had ever admired her. I wondered why the aviators did not do her violence. Then I remembered they were actors on hire, and perforce gallant knights of Hollywood, to whom a star is a pay check.

Comedy is all very well, and Miss Moore's can be deft and amusing at times, but the high jinks at Lilac Farm are of a sort to make one ask if Jeannine is only tactless, or just brainless. Comes Captain Philip Blythe, in the person of Gary Cooper, to be another victim of Jeannine's girlish high spirits. She gives him a mustard sandwich, and that the spectator may be sure of what she is up to, a big close-up shows a tin of English mustard such as no French farm would have in the larder, especially during the war. But Jeannine must have her way, and no little joke must be overlooked. Presently Jeannine and Philip are calling each other "dearest" and "beloved" with the suddenness of another joke, and soon his father appears with Lady Iris in the offing, and Jeannine undergoes heartbreak on the side lines, because of Philip's aristocratic fiancée. The aviators fly away to do battle in the clouds, and Jeannine is left to ponder on Philip's farewell: "I shall never smell lilac blossoms without thinking of you. Love never dies." Philip is shot down, and Philip's father tells Jeannine that his son is dead. She sends lilacs to be placed close to him, whereupon Philip is brought to his senses. Thus parental objections and every other obstacle to a happy ending dissolve in a whiff of lilac.

Miss Moore does not succeed in giving Jeannine that wistful pathos required by the rôle to realize its fullest value, though when she ceases her hoydenish capers the relief is so great that her subsequent efforts are comparatively soothing. Gary Cooper will not, I am sure, in years to come gather his grandchildren around his knee and say; "That was a part!" Because, for him, it isn't a rôle at all. He is agreeable, for he could not be otherwise, but the fine tenseness of which he is capable, and the deep feeling which underlies his casual self-containment, I find not there. The mustard sandwich is held responsible. He was sacrificed to it by direction which failed to touch the vital spark in him.

The Terror of Too Much Talk.

The grip of the talkies further tightens with the production of the first feature-length picture of that sort, "The Terror." Its forerunner was "Lights of New York," the story of which was told entirely in dialogue. It was only a program offering, but the new picture is nearly twice as long. The elimination of the printed word is carried further by having a masked speaker announce from the screen the names of the players, as well as all the other credits that heretofore have been lettered on the film. Ah, oui, it is talkie with a vengeance.

But this orgy of speech is enjoyed, if enjoyed it is, at a sacrifice of movement, of action. For a real mystery melodrama, "The Terror" is much too slow to realize its ultimate chills and thrills. This is because the exigencies of the recording process demand that dialogue be carried on while the players remain stationary. Consequently there are long sequences that resemble a stage play more than a movie. Thus the story, which is really one of action, is slow moving and—to me at least—boring. Yet it is plainly seen that without dialogue and sound effects, it would have been a corking thriller on the order of "The Cat and the Canary," which remained at the high-water mark among eerie, spooky yarns. Opportunity is given the spectator to share this opinion in the latter part of the picture, when the dialogue subsides and clear action comes into its own. There is the old, reliable thrill of physical violence actuated by primitive emotions.

The story concerns a number of characters more or less expected in a murder mystery. They are Doctor Redmayne, who conducts what the English call a "rest home"; his daughter Olga, various guests, including a toad, and some unexpected visitors, among them a whimsical fellow, the eventual unmasker of The Terror, whose accomplishments, besides murder and embezzlement, include ghostly organ-music which rumbles at midnight from nowhere. Louise Fazenda plays a comedy rôle, of course, but it is a much more restrained than her usual eccentricities. She is Mrs. Elvery, a spir-
inhabited by a virgin tribe. When he is about to wed the chief’s daughter, Sebastian reappears, bent on exploiting these natives as he has the others. Against the entreaties of Doctor Lloyd, Sebastian and his crew are allowed to land, and in the ensuing mêlée Lloyd is killed. But Sebastian gains his ends, for the conclusion of the picture shows the innocent natives in the throes of civilization as practiced by the whites.

Monte Blue is capable as Lloyd, Robert Anderson is Sebastian, and a newcomer named Raquel Torres makes Payaway, the chief’s daughter, vital, naive, and charming.

At Last a Story for Grown-ups!

“The Perfect Crime” suffers from no such complaint as is found in most pictures—a feeble, tenuous story. In this case the plot is marvelous, full-bodied, adult. It is somewhat weakened, however, by obvious, moviesque treatment. But even this does not dim the brilliant acting of Clive Brook, as Doctor Benson, the detective who, in despair of there ever being a perfect, unsolvable crime, commits one. The result is only one of the most interesting pictures of the month, when a bit of polish would have made it the outstanding gem. But don’t let this deter you from seeing it, especially if Clive Brook is a favorite.

There’s an unwritten law against tipping off mystery stories in detail, so I shall not break it, except in general outline. Doctor Benson has become estranged from his fiancée, because he will not give up his detective work. He resigns from the police force when it is too late to restore Stella to him. Subsequent events are caused by the madness that overcomes him at the loss of Stella, and the great detective becomes a criminal. The arrest and trial of an innocent man are responsible for a courtroom scene more exciting than any recent one. This is because it is played with spoken dialogue, which is employed intermittently throughout the film. It is so patient an improvement upon all similar scenes that we have seen before, that it is hoped silent proceedings will hereafter be a thing of the past.

The South Seas As They Really Are.

At least “White Shadows in the South Seas” is authentic for the picture was photographed on the natural locations, with the ancient, native tribes of the Marquesas Island, save for the three principal players from Culver City—Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, and Robert Anderson. The sound effects that have been added in a frantic effort to give the picture additional drawing power are not of the South Seas, but of the studio with, it is suspected, the aid of the ukulele players always on tap.

It goes without saying the picture is beautiful—riotously so. The lush vegetation, the tall, feathery palms, the vistas of sea and sky are all pictorial poems. What there is of story constitutes a rather poignant tract, rather than a narrative steadily mounting to a climax. In fact, to many the most interesting part of the picture is its introduction before any story is discernible. This includes episodes of pearl diving, its perils and the toll of human life exacted in return for little or nothing, for the natives are ignorant of the value of the pearls they retrieve from the deep.

Slight though the story is, its motive is strong. Purporting to show the corrupting influence of the white man, it begins when Sebastian, a villainous storekeeper, trades a dollar watch for a magnificent pearl, and urges the diver to get more of them. Doctor Lloyd, a drink-sodden derelict, upbraids Sebastian and eventually is lashed to the steering wheel of a vessel by the storekeeper, who expects never again to see the disturber. A typhoon wrecks the ship, and Doctor Lloyd is cast upon the shore of a distant island.
The Screen in Review

Carroll Nye and Ethel Wales show themselves to possess clear, modulated voices, but Mr. Brook, who is similarly endowed in real life, is not permitted to make himself heard in any part of the film. Irene Rich is rather unfortunately cast as Stella, because the role is a Pollyanna, but the cast as a whole is A-1.

The Grandeur That Is Baclanova.

Baclanova’s is a face you won’t forget in “Forgotten Faces.” The strangely fascinating Russian, and her catlike eyes, conspire to hold the spectator in a hypnotic spell throughout her inquisitive doings. This is one spectacle under her spell, who thinks she could have played every role in the picture, with Pollyanna, Peter Pan, and Beau-Har — thrown in for good measure to test her skill in idle moments. But this happy state of affairs is the pure fantasy of a susceptible critic who, too often cast into lethargy by players who cannot act at all, goes haywire when confronted by acting so spacious and grand that there seems enough of it to vivify the Hollywood wallflowers, and make them all tiger lilies. Long may Baclanova reign, says he, with gratitude too full for further words.

“Forgotten Faces” is an underworld melodrama shrewdly directed, interestingly photographed and well acted by Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Fred Kohler, and Jack Luden. It is a story of mother hatred, not love, and because of this you won’t find Baclanova, as Lily Harlow, the parent of Mary Brian, wasting any time in maternal sentimentalities. Her husband, “Heliotrope Harry” Harlow, a crook, takes their child from her when he discovers Lily’s unworthiness, and serves a life term in the penitentiary for murder. Lily discovers the whereabouts of the child, now grown up as the foster-daughter of wealthy people, and is bent on wrecking her life. Heliotrope Harry, released on parole with the promise not to lay hands on his wife, formulates a plan to save his daughter by terrorizing Lily. He does this largely through the scent of heliotrope, until she meets her death. These sinister proceedings are not as closely knit as they should have been, but the picture as a whole is an enormously effective movie.

The Troubles of a Tragedienne.

Pola Negri’s next to the last picture for Paramount, “Loves of An Actress,” cannot fail to please those who have remained loyal to her. It is a handsome and meticulous reproduction of life in Paris when Rachel was the tragedy queen of the day. The story which has been created to exploit this personality is pure fiction — and it has the ring of nothing else — but it enables Miss Negri to dominate situations congenial to her, and to wear a succession of crinolines and chignons such as a belle of the mid-nineteenth century would have envied. An attempt has been made to trace the life of the actress from birth, when as the daughter of strolling players, she is taken by her parents on their humble peregrinations from one village to the next. The girl’s career as a street singer leads to her meteoric rise to the pinnacle of theatrical fame. With its attainment she achieves all the pomp and glamour of a daughter of the gods, but with wealthy admirers galore, she is not happy until she meets young Raoul Duval, who promptly becomes the love of her life. When Rachel decides to marry him, the villain threatens to publish her letters in his newspaper, and convinces Rachel that she may pass through the scandal unscathed, but Raoul’s diplomatic career will be ruined. So the actress pretends to the young man that she has only been playing with his love, and as the game is about up for her, she dies operatically. Sarcely a distinguished story, or even a mildly original one, but the most has been wrung from it by director, star, and cast. Nils Asther heads the support, which includes excellent work by Philip Strange, Paul Lukas, Richard Tucker, and Helen Gierke, as Rachel’s tireless maid.

A Sphinx Without a Secret.

At least Greta Garbo has a fitting title in “The Mysterious Lady,” even though the picture falls short of living up to it. But the Swedish actress contrives to invest the movements of Tania, Continued on page 98
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Trail of '98, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Magnificent glorification of the historic gold rush. The story is superbly directed and handled with care and skill. Effective performances given by Dolores del Rio, Ralph Forbes, and Harry Carey.


"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the batch. Competently directed, it centers around a farmer, his wife and a city vampt, 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 Bunly and Ronald Colman.


"Blue Danube, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Leatrice Joy splendid and Nils Asther does really fine work. Settings are beautiful and true. Joseph Schildkraut will amaze those who have never seen him in a character rôle.

"Four Sons"—Fox. A simple and superb tale of the effect of the war on a German mother and her four sons—three of whom are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mann, Charles Winninger, X. Bushman, Jr., and June Collyer.

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should fail to be engrossed by its strange story, or fascinated by its wonderful characterizations. Conrad Veidt's characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, and Olga Baclanova gives distinctive performance. Brandon Hurst, Joseph Smith, Joan De Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


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

"Ladies of the Mob"—Paramount. A crook story. Clara Bow gives finest performance since "Mantrap." Richard Arlen also has best rôle he has ever had.


"Happiness Ahead"—First National. Tense, dramatic and human. Colleen has exceptional opportunity and avails herself fully of its possibilities. Story of a girl's love for a man who, unknown to her, is crook. The incident of the girl's discovery is played with fine skill by Colleen Moore and Edmund Lowe. Lilian Tashman, Edythe Chapman, Charles Sellon, and Diane Ellis are all good.

"The Racket"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan gives a fine performance in a fine picture. Best of recent under-dog thrillers. World is superb in the rôle of "Scarsi." Marie Prevost, now a blonde, is wholly convincing.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"We Americans"—Universal. A Ghetto heroine, in love with a blue-blooded hero, scorces the family hearth for a studio. But the old people go to night school and blossom forth as true Americans, with nothing for the heroine to lose. Plays by Ruth Miller, George Sidney, and John Boles.

"Red Hair"—Paramount. Pleasing film of Clara Bow as a manicurist, who wins the heart of a millionaire, only to find that her husband has abandoned her and has married a friend of his fiancée's guardians. Climaxes when they object to her marriage, whereupon she strips herself of the "horrorded clothes."

"Cheating Cheaters"—Universal. Excellent and amusing tale of crooks masquerading as idle rich to loot their supposedly rich neighbours—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 sentimental melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting by Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi, the film fails to click.


"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 color of his hair. H. B. Warner.

"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 eternal friendship. Victor Moore and Louise Fazenda.

"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who reign over the high school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sallyhipps.

"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.

"Love and Learn"—Paramount. Esther Ralston clever in the rôle of a girl who gets into amusing situations to distract her parents sufficiently to avoid a divorce. Lane Chandler is the hero.

"Mackery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a countless leads to his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.


"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, proves a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.


"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. Frances X. Bushman is unique as the lawyer and Anna Q. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon capably aid him.

"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plaintive 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.

"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 the manager, Bert Rogers—without knowing he's the owner's son.

"Night Flyer, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Superbly handled railroad story of 1884, having to do with struggles of the president of a Western road to save his company from bankruptcy. Willard Boyd and John Ralston.

(Continued on page 120)
An Interview Enters His Life

You will like William Bakewell all the more for being bowled over by the visit of his first reportorial caller.

By William H. McKegg

Getting wise to film fame takes time, at the beginning. If an interview enters an actor's life, he knows he is getting to be rather important. When he has had two or three visits from the press, he becomes partially wise to the game. He learns that an interview has to be shaped out; that it has to have a distinctive angle on him, if possible. To talk good copy and, by such talk, suggest good angles, are the bane of the actors' hectic existence.

Many of the players to-day are so wise to this interviewing game, and are so very anxious to be good copy—they even know the argot of the press—that they concoct angles for themselves.

One young player was so desirous that I should get good copy on him, that he frankly asked, in an imperious tone, "What is the angle you are using? Have you any in mind?" When told the angle would be either acute or obtuse, he gave a weak laugh, not knowing whether he was being made fun of, or whether I was trying to be funny. All the same, he suggested what he thought was a good angle. Sad to relate, it was not used, as the story in which he was being mentioned did not need any distinctive angle. So the helpful young player went to press angleless.

Coming face to face with these very knowing players is rather a bore. Therefore, it is refreshing to meet one who lets the interviewer work out his problems in his own way.

The refreshing newcomer, in this case, is William Bakewell. You very likely saw him in "West Point," as Bill Haines' hero-worshipping roommate. You will also see him in "Harold Teen." He is now playing in D. W. Griffith's new picture, "The Battle of the Sexes."

Phoning the Bakewell abode, I fully expected the young gentleman would readily accept my suggestion of an interview, as something *comme il faut.* Something he had expected would some time happen to him. So new is Bill to this interviewing game that, in spite of his budding fame, he first of all firmly refused to believe he was to be interviewed at all.

"Cut out your kidding, Arth," came back over the phone. "I know it's you. It's Arthur Lake, isn't it?"

Arthur may possess a cultivated voice, but I tried to persuade Mr. Bakewell that Arthur wasn't the only one. Once more I tried to get over my reality. Where should we meet? ("Come, come, sir! This is quite genuine! No kidding!")

"Oh, what about New York, Arthur? Let's stop off halfway and have the interview at Chicago."

This went on and on. Finally, by suggesting that he call up some one like Jule Lang of Paramount, or Howard Strickling of M.-G.-M.—promising to produce my passport, and other signs of identification—Bill commenced to think there might be some truth in my assertions.

He dubiously set it for ten o'clock the next morning.

With many laughs and guffaws, the skeptical Mr. Bakewell said, as a parting phrase over the telephone, "I don't believe it yet, really—say, for the last time, Arthur—come across, now—he honest—no kidding—who is it? I know it's you, Arth."

"At ten to-morrow morning. Good-by." I hung up.

Possibly Mr. Bakewell had found out that I was not Arthur Lake after all, even if I had spoken as Mr. Lake would speak if disguising himself as an interviewer to deceive a pal, for he phoned me later during that same evening.

Gosh! He never thought any one wanted to interview him. Listen. Would I have lunch at the Montmartre? Say, wouldn't I rather do that than meet him at ten? No, I wouldn't. At ten the next morning. Good-by!

The appointment was kept, as arranged, in the Bake-
Eleanor—As She Is

An intelligent and comprehensive portrait of one of filmdom's most vibrant but least-known personalities.

By Margaret Reid

Of any one in pictures, Eleanor Boardman is at the same time the hardest to interview and the most entertaining. She is the despair of reporters who are after a story, and their delight when all hope of getting one has been abandoned. Not only her well-known frankness, but her disinterest in herself, make her a difficult subject. It is impossible to write about her as an actress. She is so much more a person than a personage. If, some day, there is an influx of fan-magazine reporters into the novelists' field, it will be because that is the only medium of getting Eleanor Boardman onto paper.

She is not glamorous, she is not sensational, she is not quotable. She is wretched magazine copy.

In a few cases, reporters have dared to quote her frankness. Each time, she has been put on the official carpet and reprimanded severely. Two or three times it has precipitated her into really unpleasant jams, and still she refuses to be polite. She speaks her mind without reserve, and if any one objects—it's too bad, of course, but not important. Compromise is impossible to her. Black and white and just that—as are right and wrong—with no midway shades.

She has a rigid moral code, and could never do anything, no matter how trivial, which she felt to be other than right. This strict rule of conduct is not the result of the fear of ultimate punishment, upon which most exemplary conduct is based. It is, instead, a fervent belief in the intrinsic beauty of living—intrinsic preference.

She is intolerant of meanness, of dishonesty, of vulgarity, and does not hesitate to denounce manifestations of them, no matter in what quarter. This she does so openly that it is very disquieting to the persons concerned. She has been accused of tactlessness and rudeness—and calmly admits both. She is, as a matter of fact, guilty of the former but never of the latter. Rudeness constitutes an unwarranted attack, and Eleanor has never been guilty of that. Her sense of fair play extends to those whom she dislikes, and her private prejudices never color her spoken opinions.

Her opinions are all very definite, logically arrived at, and not lightly changed. She can seldom be prevailed upon to voice them for publication. "Who cares," she argues, "what I think about a thing? Mine is no expert judgment. Eleanor Boardman considers Willa Cather the greatest American novelist," she suggested, and, replying for the public, "Does she, indeed! Well, that's just dandy—and what of it?"

If you try to interview her, you will come away with a fine story on Greta Garbo. Greta is one of her closest friends—and Eleanor would like to look, act and be just like her. She admires Greta with all the fervor of a schoolgirl, and never tires of quoting her.

Eleanor is impulsive in the forming of friendships, but her first impressions are usually accurate, and she is seldom mistaken in people. She is equally impulsive in her dislikes, and will not go out of her way to change her first impressions, whether good or bad.

Impatient of bigotry and stupidity, she is quick to anger at them. Her cheeks grow very pink and her eyes very wide and blue. She becomes voluble in her indignation, and can argue any one off the mat. Afterward, she is always depressed, and wonders if she will never be able to improve her bad disposition.

She is intensely proud, but neither cold nor aloof. Although she shrinks from contact with people in the bulk, her understanding of human nature is deep, tempered with tenderness and sympathy for its struggles. More than ordinarily courageous herself, she is indulgent of timidity in others. It is her compassionate insight into the prisoners of the prosaic that made possible her magnificent, heart-breaking, real performance in "The Crowd."

She is keenly interested in her career only when there is the possibility of a picture like "The Crowd." She hates doing mediocre pictures, no matter how favorable her close-ups might be. When a picture does turn out well, her gratification is not for her own work, but for the production as a complete work of skill. She is probably one of the greatest artists on the screen, but the first glimpse of her real potentialities did not come until "The Crowd."

Although she has had a generous share of trouble, sorrow and distress, she is still avid of life. She

Continued on page 105
Alice White, as Dixie Dugan, left and right, depicts the modern idea of a girl who is bound to succeed.

Dixie is seen, below, with Donald Reed, as her dancing partner.

Miss White, lower left and right, further illustrates the evolution of Dixie.

A Girl Show

Who is better able to be the whole show than Alice White, in “Show Girl?”
Money, Religion, Love

Around these dominant impulses Rex Ingram has built his new picture, "The Three Passions"

Ivan Petrovich, whose reappearance will delight his fans, is seen, upper left and, above, with Alice Terry, who is, of course, the heroine.

She is seen again, left, with Shayle Gardner, as the shipbuilder who believes he has lost his son.
"Katsudoshashin"

What is it? Well, read this article and find out for yourselves. Here’s a hint—it has to do with Japan, and American movies.

By Kimpei Sheba

A MERICAN motion pictures have, in recent years, been an influence greater than any other in altering the daily mode of living of the people of Japan. The writer recently traveled three quarters of the way around the world, and believes he can safely say that no other people are being more immensely impressed and rapidly transformed by the movies than the Japanese.

In Shanghai and Singapore; in India, Egypt, and Italy; in France, Germany, and the British Isles, American photoplays are tremendously popular; but in these cities and nations it cannot be said that they serve any purpose other than that for which they are intended. The exception is in Japan.

In Nippon the customs of the people have been, in many respects, considerably altered since American films were introduced. Even the national psychology has been, to some extent, affected. The attitude of the people toward, and their knowledge of, the American and European races have improved to a startling degree.

Japan’s motion-picture companies have grown in the last four years from next to nothing, to one of the important industries of the land of cherry blossoms, and are producing to-day more feature-length photoplays than any country in the world, not excepting America.

Startling, this seems, but true nevertheless. In 1927 Japan produced more than one thousand feature-length pictures, the United States less than six hundred, and Germany but two hundred.

And this despite the fact that but ten per cent of the films produced in the far-eastern island empire end with a happy fade-out. Japanese pictures almost never end with the hero and the heroine in each other’s arms. The public wouldn’t stand for such a thing in a native picture.

They demand unhappy endings—fade-outs in which lovers are portrayed leaping into the bottomless pit of a waterfall, or the crater of a volcano, "to live happily ever afterward, in the next world."

This, because the people of the Land of the Rising Sun find eternal happiness only in death. "Until death do us part," to them becomes, "until death do us unite." As love marriages still continue to be frowned upon, though this condition is changing rapidly as a result of the introduction of American movies, death is seen as the only happy ending of love.

Consequently, the majority of Japanese "love" pictures end unhappily. For this reason, perhaps, there is almost always crying in the movie houses—more crying, in fact, than is to be found anywhere outside of a funeral.

There are to-day thirty-six Japanese motion-picture studios. These companies produce a picture on an average of once a fortnight. Some pictures, however, have been completed in forty-eight hours. The record was thirty-six hours. Seventy-two hours later the picture had been cut, titled and censored and was being shown in one of the theaters in Tokyo.

American pictures naturally form the bulk of imported productions. Ardent love scenes are clipped, pictures of uprisings—especially those in which a crowned ruler is overthrown—are barred altogether, and blood in no form whatever is permissible. Censors have recently prohibited the showing of "The Volga Boatman." They have scissored a considerable amount of footage from such pictures as "Love" and "Flesh and the Devil."

This, however, is merely the preliminary censorship. After the films pass the central censorship board
established their own schools of subtitle translating, just as jujutsu experts in olden Japan founded schools in which their method was taught, experimented with, and improved.

It may surprise movie fans of the United States to learn that while most of the subtitle reading in Japan is done in theaters, numerous phonograph records have been produced, on which the verbal descriptions of subtitle readers have been recorded. Another source of entertainment is listening to subtitle readers over the radio.

So vivid are the descriptions provided by some readers, over the radio and phonograph, that persons who have sat through a performance of a good picture can almost imagine seeing it over again, merely by listening to the subtitle reader.

Thus, instead of going to a theater twice, or even thrice, to view the same picture, a Japanese fan needs merely to purchase a record and run it in his home and be, figuratively, transported into a playhouse. The phonograph recording of an old picture, "The Sea Beast," starring John Barrymore, was so vivid that tens of thousands of records have been sold.

Turning now to the influence which American pictures have had on Japan.

Most people acquainted with the Far East know that osculation was quite unknown to the Japanese before the introduction of American motion-pictures, and that kissing scenes in films were, until recently, clipped by the censors. It probably will be surprising, therefore, to most readers, to be told that kissing is today widely practiced in Japan, and while not yet indulged in publicly, is done with considerable fervor and frequency in private.

Let us now turn to the matter of costumes. The kimono, the lovely national attire of the land of cherry blossoms, is fast disappearing, and in its place one finds to-day an array of American apparel. If one were to visit Japan to-day, he would no doubt be astonished, during even so brief a stay as a month, to perceive the constantly increasing number of girls who are donning their native dress to appear in foreign cost-

Continued on page 107
Minus Nicotine

Though none of the pipes pictured below is in action, we are assured that they are the favorites of their respective owners.

Richard Barthelmess, left, is decidedly prejudiced in favor of his short, English pipe.

Robert Armstrong, right, wants you to know that the lady pictured on his pipe is his wife.

Richard Arlen, below, doesn't smoke this pipe in public, but he likes his German pipe in private.

Lane Chandler, above, seems contented—nay, very happy—with his long-stemmed, corn-cob-bowl pipe of German make.

A French brier pipe, with a hand-carved bowl, is the reputed favorite of Clive Brook, above.

A German pipe, of antique design, with an orange-wood bowl and cherry-wood stem, is most often used by Gary Cooper, left.
The High Cost

Do you know many demands are made upon orange shows and grape harvests, to say this and that? Well, Richard Dix has his

By Caro

of the peculiar things he has been asked to do as publicity stunts, usually benefiting some one else more than himself, a highly intellectual game was indulged in. One brilliant director, one eight-cylinder author, one third-gear star, and one interviewer took part. You give the first two letters of a word, each adding a letter—you know it. Soon the brilliant director was out—'framed,' he insisted, simply because he couldn't spell "pneumatic"—the author was sunk, and Richard and yours truly fought it out to a bitter finish. No, I will not tell.

There's always an atmosphere of kidding, like that, around Richard Dix.

Then Richard launched, with many a chuckle, into his tale of tribulations. He wasn't cranky about it, though these unceasing demands for a star's appearance at this or that show, or to support some "cause," might irritate a more volatile person. He spoke of these stunts merely because he had found some of them interesting, many of them amusing, and most of them ridiculous.

In spite of the frequency of their appearance, and the roughening of glamour's sheen, the stars, "in person," continue to be good drawing cards. Richard's situation is duplicated and tripled on every lot. At each studio there are two or three stars who, because of their amiability in responding, are much in demand to plant trees in parks, open really subdivisions, and—but let Richard tell it.

"The actor is often both exhibitor and exhibitor. I've been asked to preside at cat shows, the opening of beauty parlors, ball games, commencement exercises, revival meetings, and what not. I thought the limit had arrived when they sent me out to be exhibited with the horses. Sure, had to take charge of a horse show not long ago.

"These fruit shows, however, are getting too frequent around California. The people who put them on, apparently think that an actor can stop work whenever they S O S for a king or queen.

"How many kinds of oranges grow in California? B e b e Daniels, a native daughter, asked me. Seems she and I are on schedule to pick the next crop—at least, long enough to take publicity pictures and autograph a few. There are

Richard Dix strode across the Paramount lot with a determination that indicated he had something on his mind. His face was another cue that all was not well. His first remark, consisting of one word and censored by this recorder, proved it.

"King of the Raisin Festival!" he sang, in as high a pitch as he could achieve. "King of the Festival, tra-la-la! They want me to be King of the Raisin Show, ma, call me early—blah!"

It developed that he had received a request to perform just that very duty. I recall Lew Cody riding royally in the float marked "Rex" and throwing out raisins to the crowds; but that was in the days when the public gaped admiringly at anything a movie star condescended to let them watch him do. Somehow Lew ruled the event with dignity. It's different now. It's as Dix said:

"Anybody who has a name is not allowed time to work. A boat can't be launched anymore, an air flight start, a banker arrive from New York, a new car come out, a raisin show be put on—unless an actor or actress is there to 'grace' the event."

Before he related some

Clara Bow is only one of many stars to have roses named for them, which means that she must pose with them.

Do Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, and Micky McBan appear enthusiastic about their part in the opening of a new street-car line?
of Popularity

the stars to officiate at raisin festivals, nothing of being photographed to advertise say on the subject—and he says plenty.

line Bell

navel oranges and Valencia oranges, and enough brands to put on an orange show every week. The movie star presides, usually pressing a button for some reason or other, and feeling awkward, and shaking hands until his mitt is numb.

"No California product can be put on the market until somebody from Hollywood has given the official O.K. There's the grape harvest, the walnut show, and the almond show, but they'll never take a picture of Dix wearing a raisin crown, or heading the prune show, if I have anything to say about it. I will not pose as a prune, intentionally!"

His declamatory tone continued: "When the avocados are ripe, they send for an actress. When the tomatoes are ripe, they send for an actor. Somebody from a studio has to pick the first dates—and even the dates have seasons.

"New flowers are always being named after people in pictures. That signal honor pleases the girls, but when a florist asked permission to name a new rose 'The Dix,' I said 'No!' vehemently.

"Somebody wanted me to pose with yeast. Was I supposed to illustrate how to look like a banker in twenty-four hours? How do I know whether you swell up and burst, or not?" He could not answer my question. "I didn't eat it, nor did I pose for the picture.

"When I was driving a flivver, I got a great kick out of posing with a Rolls-Royce. And now the publicity stunt everywhere is to pose with the new Ford.

"Just informally, I can talk all day or night without hurting my vocal chords at all. But professionally—I'm as nervous as other victims"—he grinned—"who get up and stutter and twiddle their coat cuffs. But I've been asked to talk on all sorts of subjects by charity organizations and women's clubs. I was asked why I know spring had come to Hollywood—"

"If you were married, you'd know by the bills for new finery—"

"Ah, but a single man might know, too!"

But the object of his devoted attentions right now has no place in this article.

"I like to talk to the Boy Scouts, and to the orphaned kids. You see those youngsters looking up at you; bright little faces—gee, makes you feel they're a kind of responsibility of yours. Paternal, you know. You want so much to tell them something helpful.

"The only place I haven't been asked to talk, is at an insane asylum. And that"—he leaned back, thumbs in his vest—"is the only place where my speechmaking would be appreciated.

"Toothpaste ads, collar ads, cigarette ads, saxophone ads—"

"Think of all the free samples of shaving creams and dental pastes you'd collect."

Richard Dix is called upon to autograph everything from Easter eggs to shirts.

The idea didn't seem to appeal to him.

"Judging contests," he resumed. "'A contest a day will keep the newcomers away,' must be the slogan here. Beauty contests, dance contests, personality contests, even 'idea' contests. Some of these are worth doing. Now, when a young man is sent out on really important business, like judging a beauty contest, and all the girls are fair and sweet, if he is in earnest about his work, he will give his full attention to it and not be at all bored.

"But when he has to have his picture taken with every personage who visits the city—or with a prize cow that won a blue ribbon in an exhibit—the young man may lose interest in his art. Last week I posed with a laundry-tub king—no, not showing the housewife how to make the soap lather, but I was once asked to pose with a vacuum cleaner. I guess"—he sighed—"I was to represent the modern husband.

"Location always means a flood of invitations, and the actor usually accepts, because sometimes he enjoys himself, and sometimes just because he's good-natured. He's got to be. I remember one country dance, in a little town miles from a railroad. We had to ride horseback to get there, yet crowds had come all the way from Canada and Mexico, it seemed. A jolly, embarrassed, red-faced bunch of farm hands and their sisters and wives. Babies were parked in the hall. Sure, had to kiss all the babies, and have my picture

Continued on page 116
The Birds Give Their All

And the stars deck themselves in gay plumage, that they may follow the fashion in helmetlike hats.

Lilyan Tashman, above, always a leader in matters sartorial, combines white coq feathers with black felt, in "Happiness Ahead."

Evelyn Brent, below, in "The Dragnet," wears a succession of birdlike hats, of which this is the most striking.

Nancy Carroll, above, is all a-twitter, because of her mauve-colored felt hat with feathers to frame her merry, little face.

Myrna Loy, below, with a swirl of gray feathers on one side of her face, might lure any hunter.

Ethlyne Clair, top, what with feathers and fur, is prepared for the forest as well as the Boulevard.

Olga Baclanova, above, not only dons a hat that resembles the head of a bird, but also assumes the expression of a bird of prey.
Stars at Auction

Believe it or not, actors in Hollywood are "sold" in a way to recall the old-time slave trade—but they don't mind being bartered at all.

By Ann Sylvester

HOLLYWOOD has its auction block, its trading post, and its star market! Lovely ladies are "sold" over mahogany desks, and handsome gentlemen are "mortgaged" for a consideration. You must read about it—it's terrible.

There is this difference from the old-fashioned slave market—the slaves were quite menial people, and stars aren't. In place of Old Black Joe the Hollywood marts deal with beautiful Claire Windsor, peppy Patsy Ruth Miller, and others equally in ermine. However, the distinction ends there. Believe it or not, the practice of selling actors "up and down the river," is as flourishing in Hollywood to-day as it ever was below the Mason-Dixon line.

"What am I bid?" is the daily cry of the auctioneers throughout the studios. "What am I bid?" Only they are not called auctioneers; they call themselves agents. If they are good enough, they are called managers.

It is a great and lucrative business, this star trading, and is probably the most prosperous subgrowth of the movie industry. "Actors as actors are interesting, Watson, but actors as merchandise are probably the second largest industry in Hollywood."

Ask the agents—they know.

Before we go on, I hope I'm not giving the impression that agents are glorified Simon Legrees, because that wouldn't be right, as most of them are amiable, popular people who deal in celebrity, in preference to the cloak and suit business. It is true that actors are their livelihood, but it is also true that they are the livelihood of actors.

The slogan of every agent might well be: "You furnish the talent—we get the job."

Agents came into being for the good and simple reason that actors, as a class, are notoriously poor business men. I don't mean Harold Lloyd, or Douglas Fairbanks. These two are exceptions. But for the most part you will find the average actor an easy-going individual, with little thought of to-mor-

row, or even of to-day. They have been known to manage their contracts so badly as to accept two engagements at the same time, to take salary cuts when they did not need to, or foolishly raise their salary demands to such a figure that weeks of idleness followed.

That's why such business firms as Rebecca & Silton, Edward Small, Lamson & Collier, Ben Rothwell, Harry Lichten, Guy Caburn, John Lancaster, Bill Dunn, Jack Gardner, and others came into being. Needless to say, it is the job of these manager-agents to attend to all those little things like salary, engagements, renewals of contracts, canceling of contracts, and other details so irksome to the artist. For this little attention they work on a commission basis and, considering the salaries of most of the actors, it isn't a bad job.

Most people are under the impression that only free-lance players are under contract to agents. But that is not always the case.

Take Phyllis Haver, pièce de résistance of Jack Gardner's office. Phyllis is under contract to DeMille, but it was Jack who negotiated the deal—for a percentage of the salary involved.

All the time Olive Borden was a Fox star, a tidy sum for commission was going to Ben Rothwell, who originally discovered Olive and sold her to Fox.
a star, she draws more money than many ladies who enjoy that distinction. Also, she is easy to manage, because she trusts our judgment. Many people have advised Claire that she should not accept some of the quickie contracts we have procured for her. But she wisely realizes that not all movie glory is confined to a picture in a million-dollar temple. Her salary, now, is nearly three times what it was when she was under contract, and she works constantly. Claire’s engagements overlap. While she is working on one picture, we will have several bids for her to consider before she finishes.

“Patsy Ruth Miller is another girl who is easier to sell than lemonade in July. Everything I said about Claire goes for Pat, too. Neither of these girls has an exaggerated sense of her own importance. They look on the movies as a business and a profession, rather than as a means of fostering their vanity with cheap, starring contracts which offer nothing but the name.”

Conway Tearle was formerly under contract to Rebecca & Silton, but he boosted his salary to such an exorbitant figure that it detracted from his value, and he has not worked much in consequence.

Although Eugene O’Brien is not the big drawing card he was several years ago, Rebecca pauses to speak of him as one of the most agreeable actors she has ever managed.

“Gene never complained because he was not working all the time,” she says of him. “He used to say: ‘Well, Rebecca, I guess this is the day of the younger fellow. They don’t seem to want me.’ In spite of this, Gene worked a great deal. It was a pleasure to get him a contract. We have sold Gene many times, and never have we had any complaints about his temperament, or his refusal to work overtime, or any of the other eccentricities of artists.”

She went on to say that one of their most popular bets, now, is John Boles, and they are the discoverers of Jeanette Loff. Eddie Silton signed her under personal contract, and later sold her to DeMille, where she is being featured.

Jack Gardner does not allow his managerial work to end with studio business. He attends to all Phyllis Haver’s outside interests as well. This leaves Phyllis free from all worry while she is busy becoming a star. Another important client of Gardner is Jobyna Ralston, and still another is Priscilla Bonner. It is Jack’s belief that the “big names” are not the only lucrative merchandise among actors. He can prove to you that heavies and character people are just as profitable to an agent as a “big name.”

Matthew Betz is under contract to Gardner, and while he is not a star, he works with fewer vacations than Jack Gilbert.

It is a great little business—this auctioneering. The career of no star is complete without it.
LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!
Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be “luck”.

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that's something else again!

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like “The Big Parade”, “Ben Hur”, “Tell it to the Marines”, “The Merry Widow” and “White Shadows in the South Seas”.

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean

More Great Movies

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HERE ARE THE FIRST OF THE NEW M-G-M PICTURES—SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT

Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at $2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.

White Shadows

laughs—tears—thrills—you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, “Excess Baggage.” Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!

William Haines

Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer “Our Dancing Daughters”—Sound or Silent.

Our Dancing Daughters

Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in “While the City Sleeps.” Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

LON CHANEY

$50 for the keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive $50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in “Our Dancing Daughters,” and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give $50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

Sincerely,

Joan Crawford

1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime diry?
3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captured the public’s heart and fancy?
4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's “frozen face” is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 25 words.)

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 November 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”
The Make-believe Wife
A new serial by
RUBY M. AYRES
begins in the September 29th issue of
LOVE STORY MAGAZINE

NANCY was starved for love and a man's attentions—so dear to a woman's heart. So she resolved that she would pretend to be married and thereby secure happiness. Don't miss the first installment of this wonderful love story.

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE
Published Every Week. 15c per copy
How Good is Your Memory?

These players are representing the names of popular song hits of a few years ago.

Lew Cody, left, makes it only too clear that his song is "Me and My Shadow."

And it shouldn't take you more than one guess to know that Polly Ann Young, right, is posing for "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

Edward Nugent, right, certainly looks the part in his representation of "I'm Broken-hearted."

"Let Me Call You Sweetheart," croons Edward Nugent, left, to Polly Moran.

Don't ask us to go into details, but George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, right, are "Me and My Boy Friend."
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 60

ready to snap at anything. As for his turning down Malcolm Allen's story for lack of twenty-five thousand dollars, Madeleine was not worrying. He wanted her too much! But what Malcolm had said about Lopez and Lady Gates troubled the girl.

She sat down in the one comfortable seat the little room provided, a rocking chair, and thought over the whole conversation.

Had she said too much about Lopez to Malcolm? she asked herself.

"She knew that Malcolm had fallen in love with her, and she was deeply in love with him. She thought he was handsome and charming and altogether perfect. She sympathized with him in his Hollywood disappointments so warmly that her heart ached. She felt like his sweetheart and his mother. In other words, she adored him. But she had spoken the truth in saying that she felt love was not for her. Before long she might be involved in a scandal. She might be driven to a deed that would be called a crime, if discovered, and she mustn't let Malcolm be involved with her, as he would be if she admitted her love for him. Even if they were not actually engaged, once he knew that she cared for him he would proclaim himself her lover and fiancé before the world, in order to protect her from the wolves.

The girl looked round the room. The blue-and-white hangings and chair covers, and the bright nasturtiums presented by an admiring landlady, gave a look of pleasantness and peace; but Madeleine Standish knew that there was to be little peace for her. She had not come to Hollywood for peace, but for a battle, and every day was bringing her nearer to it. She had done the only decent thing in putting Malcolm off, by telling him the truth about Lopez—the truth, so far as it could be told now. But, in hurting him, she had hurt herself, and she felt very sad tonight.

Besides, there was poor Lady Gates to be considered.

Madeleine had grown fond of the foolish old woman, who was kind at heart and stanch in her way under all the silliness. Knowing more or less what Marco Lopez was, the girl's fear was ahead of Malcolm's. She thought him capable of attempting to marry Lady Gates, and it was on the cards that he would succeed. Better for Katherine Gates to die than become Lopez's wife! Better for herself, and better for Malcolm! Married to Lopez, he would inherit everything she had, and her nephew would be left out in the cold.

Madeleine wondered if Malcolm's thoughts had run ahead as far as that when he spoke of his aunt and the dancer. She hardly imagined that he had pictured Lady Gates actually married to Lopez; but the more she dwelt on the idea, the more probable it seemed that marriage with the rich, elderly woman had been the Argentinean's aim from the start.

"It mustn't happen!" the girl said to herself, half aloud. "I—I won't allow it! I'll do something to save poor Malcolm's inheritance from going to that wretch."

There were several things she could do, none of them certain of success and none of them wise; but the easiest and best, Madeleine thought, would be to speak with Lady Gates.

She was no longer in her ladyship's employ. The odd engagement had ended with the patient's release from the hospital, but the two were on friendly terms, so there was no reason why Miss Smith shouldn't call at the Hotel Ambassador before going to work next morning.

It was nine o'clock when the girl telephoned from one of the hotel booths downstairs, and Lady Gates answered having just ordered breakfast in bed.

"My dear, I'm so happy," she said.

"This is the first time in about fifteen years I haven't hated to see my own face in the mirror. I used to think that every year I was growing to look more and more like a withered, baked apple, or a puffy muffin. But now—well, by the time I've learned to make myself up according to expert instructions, I won't be such a blot on Hollywood. Yes, do come up. It's nice of you to call. I shall be delighted to see you—and to have you see me!"

Madeleine was touched. "Poor old dear!" she thought. "If only she can be saved from Lopez."

Lady Gates had already tried an experiment in make-up for the benefit of the waiter who had brought in her breakfast. She had blackened her plucked eyebrows and short lashes, rouged her cheeks, painted her lips to represent a crimson Cupid's bow, and pulled a gold-net boudoir cap over her auburn crop.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of me?" she gayly inquired. "Am I a success?"

"You're quite wonderful," was Madeleine's answer, and it was indeed true. She hesitated, not knowing how to work up most tactfully to what she had come to say. But Lady Gates unconsciously gave the opening she sought.

"I'm so glad you think so, because I believe you are sincere," she said.

"Didn't my nephew mention me to you last night at Montparnasse?"

"Yes," said Madeleine. "He knows we're very friendly, you see; so he told me, just in a few words, how sorry he was to have offended you. It was only through his fondness for you, and respect."

"Please don't try to defend my nephew to me, Miss Smith," said Lady Gates, her tone stiffening a little, "though no doubt you mean well. Did he ask you to call on me this morning?"

"Certainly not!" the girl protested, "He has no idea I've come. I made up my mind in the night that I'd try to see you, because of something Mr. Allen said—but not about himself."

"Not about himself?" Katherine Gates repeated. "What then?"

"He mentioned that you had thrown over your dinner engagement with him to dine with Marco Lopez at Montparnasse."

"Well, what if I did?" demanded her ladyship. "I suppose I'm free to dine with any one I like? And, anyhow, why should you be interested, my dear Miss Smith? Are you a friend of Mr. Lopez?"

"No," said Madeleine. "I never even spoke to him until a short time ago. But, dear Lady Gates, please don't be angry! You've been nice to me, and I like you so much and want you to be happy. A man like Mr. Lopez isn't—an old friend for you to have."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed her ladyship. "Why this sudden anxiety for me, my dear? You knew that I'd made Mr. Lopez's acquaintance and that he'd been of use, advising me about this and that. I told you how kind he'd been, before I asked you to go and see the surgeon with me. Don't you remember?"

"I do," said Madeleine. "And I was a little worried for you even then. But I didn't know you very well. And, besides, it's rather different now. You're launching out on a sort of new career, as a younger woman. You'll probably be dancing a good deal with Mr. Lopez at Montparnasse, unless he—"

"Unless he what?" Lady Gates echoed sharply.

"I was going to say, unless he should decide to accept a part in a picture. I've heard that he's likely to receive an offer. One hears everything at Montparnasse. But even if Continued on page 94
To Be in Style

You should have a *nom du cinéma* for the work you do in behalf of art, but usually there's another reason why players change their names.

Sally Blane, left, changed her name from Betty Jane Young, because she had two sisters in pictures—Loretta, and Polly Ann Young.

Dorothy Kitchen, right, changed her name to Nancy Drexel, because she didn't like Kitchen for picture work.

Molly O'Day, above, comes from the Clan Noonan. Her sister changed her name to Sally O'Neil, so Molly, to avoid confusion, became Molly O'Day.

Kathryn McGuire, left, took the name of her husband, and was known as Kathryn Landy. The exhibitors, however, protested, and so she changed back to McGuire again.

Carol Mason, below, who used to be Lola Todd, found she was being mistaken for Thelma Todd, so she changed her name.

Kathryn McGuire, left, took the name of her husband, and was known as Kathryn Landy. The exhibitors, however, protested, and so she changed back to McGuire again.
Continued from page 92

Mr. Lopez gets this offer, and does accept, he'll have enough time at his own disposal to be dangerous and if you're not careful, Lady Gates. Oh, do believe I'm speaking for your good! Though I hardly know Mr. Lopez personally, I do know his reputation.

Lady Gates' natural color now more than raveled her rouge, and flushed her whole face darkly red.

"Anybody would think I was your age, and you mine!" she said. "I'm trying my best to be young, as you very well know, but I'm not so young as all that! At least, I'm old enough to judge for myself what men friends to make! I really do wonder at your—your cheek, Miss Smith. I can't help thinking that my nephew did send you, or else—or else that you've fallen in love with Mr. Lopez yourself, and are afraid I may take him away! Yes, that's what you make me think—that you're jealous!"

"Oh, Lady Gates!" the girl exclaimed, springing to her feet. "You can't believe that of me."

"Why not?" the other snapped.

"I'm not so old and hideous now, that nobody can be jealous of me. You must have had some strong motive for daring to lecture me like this. If you come from Malcolm, tell him from me that I'm going to live my own life. I don't need him in it, and after last night I don't want him. If you came on your own account, my answer to you is the same. I intend to enjoy myself here, and in my own way, with my own friends. I'm afraid you've traveled quite a long distance this morning for nothing. And I suppose by this time you must be hurrying off to your work at Montparnasse."

Madeleine resigned herself to the inevitable. She could do no more.

CHAPTER XVI.
ALL SET TO BEGIN WORK.

Madeleine had been right in her estimate of Ossie Sonnenberg. She had only to hold him up, to make him see the twenty-five thousand dollars that hadn't materialized, as she saw twenty-five cents.

If she wanted to play Serena Robbins, in "Red Velvet," she was going to play it, Sonnenberg said. If she wished the part to be turned into a star part, why Allen must turn it into one. What? Didn't want to be a star yet? Well, then, Serena Robbins could stay as she was, the ingénue. She'd be sitting pretty, at that, for all she had to do was to be nice to poor old Ossie, and he'd buy the next story after "Red Velvet," with a wow of a part in it—a regular Char Bow part—for little Mary Smith.

Madeleine had no mid-Victorian quavels about what "being nice" to Ossie might entail. She knew what he meant, and she knew even better what she meant. The two meanings were at opposite poles. But hers would prevail, and there would be no hitch in the progress of the film, or of the maiden.

Malcolm was surprised when Mr. Sonnenberg informed him that his failure to raise the sum suggested was going to make no difference at all. Sonnenberg explained that, having read the scenario, he liked it better than he had expected, and thought it worth risking a bit of money on. But the surprise was less agreeable to the authoress, alias "Red Velvet," than it would have been if Marco Lopez had not been included in the cast engaged.

No mention was made of a suggestion from Miss Smith, but after her admission concerning Lopez, Malcolm had no doubts as to why Marco Lopez had been selected by Sonnenberg to play the dancer in the ballroom scene.

Once more Malcolm was in funds. Once more he was a figure of some importance, if not of his old importance, in Hollywood. He had been redeemed from the humiliation of failure.

He had tried to convince himself after that strange admission of hers, that though the dancer was important in the girl's life, she hated rather than loved him. But this couldn't be true, after all, for a woman couldn't wish to act in a picture with a man, if she disliked him. Malcolm knew that Mary had read his book, for he had given it to her, and told her in detail exactly how he had changed the story for the film. She was aware that Serena Robbins would have to dance with Marco Lopez and try to save his life when attacked by the indignant hero in the middle of a raging Italian lake. No, Malcolm assured himself again and again if hope arose in his heart, there couldn't be any real doubt of what the mysterious Mary Smith's feelings were for the equally mysterious Marco Lopez.

As for Miss Smith, so highly were her services valued by Pierre, that she was invited to come back to Montparnasse when her picture work should be finished, at a salary of fifty dollars a week instead of thirty. But, Pierre and his patrons asked each other, when would the girl's picture work be finished?

Every one who came to Montparnasse was so interested in the future career of the green-spangled harem girl that the reappearance of Lady Gates, dazzlingly changed, took place comparatively unnoticed.

"Well, she couldn't have been worse than she must be better," remarked a woman who knew by experience just what Lady Gates had gone through, but had not made the mistake of arriving beforehand in Hollywood. "And even if she is a nightmare, her new clothes are dreams!"

His aunt would have been pleased could she have known that her too-frank nephew actually admired her pluck, when he had had time to think things over. But she gave him no opportunity of expressing contrition, if he had been ready to do so. Though she came on every dancing evening to Montparnasse, and sometimes to Luncheon, the cool nod and "Keep your distance" look she bestowed on Malcolm was from the first encounter a warning not to approach. She sat at her table, and Malcolm sat at his. The polite bows they vouchsafed each other modified gossip, but of course those interested saw that Malcolm Allen and his rich aunt must have had some sort of quarrel.

"Perhaps he's peevish about the lounge lizard," suggested a man to Pierre, who merely shrugged his shoulders and knew nothing.

But Pierre thought that the suggestion was probably correct. Lady Gates was evidently very rich. Her jewels had always been remarkable, and now the dresses she wore were as beautiful, as well chosen, as those of the most famous star. Even her shoes were perfect, with real diamond buckles and heels. Her lace-clocked stockings cost a hundred dollars a pair.

Pierre chuckled to himself when Lopez announced that he had been asked to play the role of a dancer in Sonnenberg's picture, but that he had arranged not to do any night work. He could, he said, continue to dance at Montparnasse, then, if Monsieur Pierre would find some one to fill his place in the afternoons.

"When he has landed his goldfish and married her, the two will continue to come here and spend my lady's money," Pierre told himself, well content. It was not surprising to him that Mr. Allen was annoyed with his rich aunt.

So time passed; and then one day, when production of "Red Velvet" was about to begin, Marco Lopez broke the news to the lady in the darkened room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
Bicycular Stars

Is there anything these favorites won't do? Congress ought to pass a law!

Josephine Dunn, left, carries this little bicycle with her wherever she goes, so she has yet to "walk home."

Gertrude Olmsted, below, has a two-wheeler 'n' everything in the gym in her home. But that's a funny gym outfit she's wearing, isn't it?

Can you imagine any one getting pleasure from riding the antiquated "bone shaker," below? However, Tim McCoy and Dale Austin don't seem to mind.

Do you wonder why people refer to the "wild life" of Hollywood, after looking at Joan Crawford, above, "carrying on" all over the Metro-Goldwyn lot?

And Conrad Nagel, below, deserves severe ridicule for his conduct in the same studio. There should be an investigation!
Manhattan Medley

“A few years ago,” she continued reminiscently, “I was leading a purposeless, futile existence as a young married woman in Mexico City. And now every day I am doing something worth while. I lead a rich, full life in Hollywood, where for several years I have worked and worked and worked to perfect myself in this gorgeous art of acting. I look back upon the shallow pursuits I indulged in in Mexico City, the ceaseless round of parties, the long, empty days spent in merely presiding over a household and enjoying myself, and realize how far I have come from that lazy, useless existence. It took courage, great courage to break away, but once I took the step I have never faltered.”

“Just what do you mean by doing something worth while?” we queried when we got a chance.

“Why, I am bringing pleasure, recreation, and joy into the lives of thousands of people throughout the world. Isn’t that worth while? I realize that my life is not being spent in vain. I used to get up each morning, faced only with the prospect of giving pleasure to myself. Now each day brings the responsibility of giving my best to the world!”

“And I am not blasé about it. I love it. It thrills me. I love to hear from my fans, to know I am giving them happiness, to hear their comments, to answer their questions. I am looking forward to meeting them in all parts of the world. And as I get to know them better, I shall, through my pictures, introduce them to my beloved country. I shall make a picture embodying the struggles, ideals, and characteristics of the Mexican people. I shall open up for them not only the cultured world of ladies and gentlemen, but the simple life of the peon. That is my ambition, that is my dream.”

Upon her return from Europe Miss del Rio will portray Evangeline.

Another Britisher for Hollywood.

A tall young Englishman, late of his majesty’s service, has been added to the Paramount fold. In all likelihood he will play what are technically known as semi-Westerns. Bringing with him the traditional modesty of British heroes, John Loder confesses himself somewhat appalled at the step he has taken, and fears the rigors of Hollywood and a few harsh words. But assured by Jesse L. Lasky that the forces of the powerful organization will be bent toward his success, he awaits farewell to bally London, don’t cher know.

Mr. Lasky signed the young Britisher to a five-year contract, after the briefest of meetings. Loder was working in “The First Born,” at a studio just outside of London, when he received word that the American impresario would parley with the young actor.

“I was told to be at Mr. Lasky’s hotel at eleven o’clock that evening,” said Mr. Loder. “I returned home, put on my swallowtails and dashed to the hotel, arriving at eleven o’clock on the dot. I had a long wait, and began to feel that I was just one of those of whom Mr. Lasky had said, ‘Oh, well, send him along,’ and then had forgotten all about it. Just as I was about to give up, Mr. Lasky came along, and asked me to come upstairs. After we had chatted a bit, he asked me if I would like to go to Hollywood. Of course I said I would, so he told me to bring two hundred feet of film to the Paramount office at ten o’clock the next morning, but to be prompt, as he was taking the eleven-o’clock train for Paris. The agreement was that if he liked my test he would send me to Hollywood.

“It was up at the crack of dawn the next morning, and off to the studio to get the test. But the man who had the keys and was in charge of the film had not arrived. Time was precious, and I was on edge. At nine o’clock no one was there. At nine-thirty the place was still deserted. At ten minutes to ten the guardian of the film put in an appearance, but the dickens of it was we couldn’t find the particular bit I wanted. I was quite frantic, but it finally showed up, and somehow or other I got it back to the Paramount office by twenty minutes past ten. Mr. Lasky was waiting on the pavement, with his watch in his hand. He waited long enough to run the film through twice, and then offered me a contract. I asked for time to pay my taxi, but he said ‘No, we have to sign this now.’ I signed, and he was off.”

Mr. Loder, late of Eton, Sandhurst, and the World War, came to the films via a financial failure. He tried his luck first in the German studios, where bits were his lot. His career nearly terminated when he stepped on Marin Corda’s foot in a scene, but she failed to register the anger he anticipated, and he left Berlin with no further misfortune. His first big English role was in “The First Born,” which was being made when Mr. Lasky captured our hero and brought him to America.

Right Back Where He Started From.

George K. Arthur, the little Scotsman, who costars with Karl Dane, went to Europe to visit his native land—only he went to Paris and got stuck. The allurements of Paris proved so enticing that he was unable to tear himself away, so he contented himself with a visit to the scenes of his early youth, as it were, improving the shining hour by making a pilgrimage to the battlefields of Flanders, revisiting the spots where he had served with the 41st British Division in France. Believing that his holiday abroad had been sufficient, upon his New York arrival on the Mauretania Metro-Goldwyn-whisked him right back to the Coast that he might proceed upon his comedy way with his team-mate.

Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey Rehearse.

Estelle Taylor and Dorothy Gish have taken to the stage, in company with their illustrious husbands—the one, Jack Dempsey; the other, James Rennie. Dorothy Gish’s abandonment is a case, of course, of discretion being the better part of valor, since her recent screen work has been poor and her lack of interest only too apparent. But Miss Taylor’s desertion of her first love is the result of a determination to do or die, in an effort to cast overboard the conventional vamp—her allotted rôle on the screen.

“Give me liberty, or give me straight rôles,” she cried to the producers, at the height of her film career, and she has her liberty for the nonce. Her theatrical venture is still on the lap of the gods, but time and the box-office will tell. David Belasco took the twain in charge, and when “The Big Fight” opens on Broadway, the Manassa mauler and his bride will have had every histrionic advantage.

Oh, Joy—Camilla’s Back!

Camilla Horn, young, blond, and beautiful, hobbled down the gangplank of the Ile de France with a sprained ankle, the souvenir of a game of deck tennis the day before. With the aid of a cane, and the thought of the new long-term contract which Joseph M. Schenck brought all the way to Europe, she managed to be pretty cheerful. Her trip abroad took her to Hamburg, where she visited her mother. Upon her return to Hollywood, she will start a new picture with John Barrymore.
You'd Better Watch Out!

Some of the stars show the timepieces by which they miss their appointments

Dorothy Sebastian, right, wears a watch made of jade, on a chain of gold and jade. The watch is a pear-shaped affair, with the face on one side.

Gwen Lee, outside, right, has her watch, with an extra-large face, right on her make-up box.

Josephine Dunn, above, wears one of the old-fashioned watches, made of gold, pinned on the left shoulder.

Aileen Pringle, right, has the time on her finger! The tiny watch face is set in a carved-jade ring.

Joan Crawford, left, chooses a wrist watch of platinum, with a black ribbon.

Renee Adoree, right, wore a small gold watch, on a ribbon around her neck, when she was playing in "The Cossacks."
The Screen in Review

The heroine, who is a Russian spy, with interest. This is largely because Miss Garbo is herself mysterious, heavy-lidded, inscrutable. Once again it is the triumph of personality, and the glumour cast by the camera. In the coldest analysis, Miss Garbo, as an actress, is not mysterious at all, and has never shown either the interest or the ability to characterize her roles. At the risk of making an unintentionally comic comparison, I consider Jackie Coogan an infinitely superior actor. Do you care?

At any rate, Tania is assigned to get those papers from Karl, an Austrian officer, but falls in love with him instead, and he with her. Such a business for a woman to be in! Furthermore, Karl's love turns to hate—movie hate—when he discovers Tania's identity and is court-martialed for his manly weakness in succumbing to her wiles. However, he is released and, disguised as a musician, sets forth to recover the papers. When there seems no way out, Tania solves the difficulty by the simple expedient of shooting the villain. A canyon across the frontier assures the reunited hero and heroine of that nebulous state of happiness expected where the frontier is just around the corner from the scene of anguish.

A factory-made story, but rich in polish and uniforms, and with much Garbo, Conrad Nagel, with a romantic marcel, is quietly heroic and convincing.

A Charming Frolic.

For an engaging, amusing, and original comedy, consider "Hot News," Bebe Daniels' latest contribution to the current cinema. I warrant you will find nothing better on your shopping tour. Promise to see it before we go any further? Atta boy! It deals with the rivalry of two news-reel camera men—only one of them is a girl, Pat Clancy, played by Miss Daniels. Her competitor is Neil Hamilton, as "Scoop" Morgan, and their opposition leads them into all manner of exciting, comic and daring stunts. All are good, but the most important sequence is a melodramatic one in which Pat and Scoop separately attend a garden party, with the avowed intention of procuring a news reel of the guest of honor, a maharajah, whose antipathy to the camera is history. Pat is disguised as an enter- tainer, and Scoop, in order to gain admittance, dons the costume of Pat's dancing partner, giving no thought to the fateful moment when he must perform with her for the guests. The two do a burlesque apache dance which is quite the funniest imaginable. A jewel is stolen from the maharajah, Pat and Scoop are spirited aboard the yacht of the villain, and are eventually rescued by governing cutters and airplanes, with Pat's photographic record of the crime intact. It is all very lively and is interspersed with gags galore. A wholly refreshing performance is contributed by Mr. Hamilton, whose sense of humor has found outlet in no other role so fully as in this, and Paul Lukas is an admirable villain. All in all, "Hot News'" crackles with spontaneous combustion.

Extra! Bolshevik Soubrette Marries Prince!

As some one has said, there was no reason to continue the Russian upheaval beyond 1917, because another year would have seen all the princes married to beautiful peasants, and nothing more to worry about. That is, if we may rely upon our movies for the truth. It happens again in "The Scarlet Lady," Lya de Putti, as a roguish little Bolshevik, described as a subtile as a "weed, but unsouiled," marries aristocratic Prince Karloff, and the events that bring about this now familiar climax are far from uninterest- ing. The vigor of the direction, plotting and acting disarms the spectator who expects subtlety, or fineness. The picture is effective instead. I, for one, found it vastly more entertaining than many similar stories on which months had been spent in jockeying for camera angles, symbols, and refinements. Suspense is not lacking from "The Scarlet Lady," and you can help wondering what the will do next. Something happens all the time, from the moment Lya is discovered under Prince Karloff's bed, until she shoots Zereniff, the "Red" leader with the bullet intended for the Prince, and they flee across not one frontier but lots of them.

Miss De Putti has a magnetic personality, but is hardly sympathetic or sincere, nor is she exactly convincing as an innocent. Still, she arrests the eye and holds it, Don Alvarado is agreeable, only because of his conventional role rather than any lack within himself, and Warner Oland is ferociously villainous.

A Polar Adventure.

"Lost in the Arctic" is a photographic record of the recent expedition to Herald Island, which resulted in the revelation of the fate which befell the eight members of Vilijahnur Steffansson's party, who were separated from their companions and lost during the explorer's 1913 expedi-

tion.

Far from being "just another travel picture," "Lost in the Arctic" is a continuously interesting story of a magnificent adventure. The scenes taken on board the ship during a storm are as thrilling a sight as you would wish to see. Unusual pictures of a herd of reindeer, views of Seal Island, where vast families of seal are intimately glimpsed, the dangers of ice floes, the harpooning of a giant whale, the chase over snowy wastes to capture a polar bear alive, and other unusual experiences form a constantly changing panorama of interesting action, from the start of the voyage until the American flag is raised over the spot which bore tragic, mute evidence of the fate of the eight men. The actual manner in which they met their death is still uncertain, since their bones were found under rotted canoes, and near by was enough food supply to have lasted them for months.

Credit for the unusual photographic effects goes to H. A. and Sidney Snow. The picture has sound effects, and a Movietone musical score arranged and conducted by Roxy.

Mr. Gilbert as a Tough Guy.

Underworld gangsters and their rivalry form the backbone of "Four Walls." John Gilbert's new picture. Toward the end quite a bit of suspense comes from the uncertainty of Benny's fate; that is, will he be arrested for the death of his enemy, Monk, and serve another sentence? The picture may be called an intimate glimpse of gang affairs, for it is broad in neither its physical nor emotional scope and, all told, is only fair. It hardly deserves a place with the more exciting films dealing with criminals that we have lately seen. But it has the added attraction of the popular Mr. Gilbert in what is, for him, an unusual role. Simple though it is, he fails utterly to characterize the young Jewish fellow, and plays instead just himself. Dapper, well dressed, poised, he is the well-mannered star. Even after four years in prison, during which he is supposed to have undergone spiritual awakening, Ben- ny's face is without a new line, shadow, or expression. This is strange after Mr. Gilbert's graphic and moving characterization in "Man, Woman, and Sin." Joan Crawford is likewise indifferent to the possibilities of Frieda, the bone of contention between Benny and Monk. She is an emotional débuteante given to expensive gowns. Perhaps my acquaintance with gangsters and their girls is too limited for me to recog-
nize the verity of these portraits, but I always bow to familiar screen types, no matter what names the rôles may be called. Carmel Myers, shielding her satins and sequins, is Bertha, a homely girl and, with Vera Gordon, gives the most authentic performance in the picture.

Collegiate, But Funny—Really.

Unless you have discerned the buoyant humor underlying many of Rod La Rocque’s serious rôles, you will be vastly surprised when you see him in “At Yale.” Come to think of it, you will be surprised anyhow. First, that a college comedy could be so lively and funny at this late day, and, secondly, that Mr. La Rocque could play slapstick and yet retain his inherent elegance. He does both suitably well. The story is barely more than a kernel—maybe but a husk—but it is forgivable. Mr. La Rocque is Jaime Alvarado Monte, of the Argentine’s flaming youth, who comes to New Haven to enroll as a freshman. Under amusing circumstances he has already met one of the professors and his daughter, Helen, and on second sight he impudently announces that he means to marry her. There are all sorts of complications, such as the bearded pursuit of Jaime by a goofy detective, the South American’s exploits as a boxer and a football player, and his participation in a road-house brawl on the eve of the big game. Above all this, however, it is the acting and the direction that make “At Yale” pleasant entertainment. Jeannette Loff is a “new face” and a pretty one, with a nice sense of comedy to enhance her value; and Hugh Allan has an agreeably normal quality, as her mildly wayward brother. Tom Kennedy is the hard-working detective, whose mishaps are responsible for numerous chuckles.

The Never-never Land.

Ramon Novarro invades the imaginary kingdom of Balhaca, in “Forbidden Hours,” and while he is every inch a king, the result of his presence is not particularly gratifying. This is because the narrative is thin in all the elements that comprise a story. In fact, there is hardly a story at all. Too bad, for Mr. Novarro makes a handsome young monarch with a mischievous sense of humor, the settings are richly ornate and the cast is impressive. But when a king falls in love with the “wrong” maiden, renounces his throne that he may marry her, and when his people tell him to marry her and keep the crown, you will admit there is little worth bothering about, and nothing at all of suspense. Yet so ardent are Mr. Novarro’s adoring legions, that they cannot but find in him compensation for a tepid picture, and will probably rejoice that they have seen him as Michael IV. Renee Adoree’s performance as Marie is beautifully executed, in spite of the funny dresses she wears, and Dorothy Cumming, Edward Connelly, Roy D’Arcy, and Alberta Vaughn are also to be found laboriously.

Pleasant Enough as Pastime.

It’s a frail fare they call “Powder My Back”—the name, by the way, of a musical comedy—but it is diverting and Irene Rich gives a pleasing, and at times amusing, performance. She is Fritzzi Foy, star of the show, who is denounced during a performance by John Hale, a mayoralty candidate. Though she does nothing more than prance about in a gaudy costume, she is a menace to the community, he thunders. But he succeeds in closing the show. Why it means that the company cannot proceed to another city, I do not know, unless it is that Fritzzi Foy must stay in this particular place for the purpose of continuing the story. Continue it she does, by vowing to get even with John Hale. A faked accident causes her to be taken into his home, where she succeeds in gaining his interest and his son’s love. She cures the boy of his infatuation for the sake of his fiancée, and by that time his father has become the suitor. The story, you see, is riddled with improbabilities, but in spite of them the picture holds one’s attention because of its worth-while moments. Many of them are supplied by André Beranger, who gives another of his precisely comic performances as a pseudo-romantic orchestra leader given to harp solos and other characteristic frailties. Anders Randolph, Carroll Nye, and Audrey Ferris are others in the cast.

Prepare to Make Allowances.

Two rather musty—no, very musty—situations inspire the picture known as “Beau Broadway.” If you can condone them, you will find the remainder of the entertainment fair. As for myself, I cannot condone. When a worldly bachelor is asked to look after the granddaughter of a dying friend, promptly assumes that she is a child and discovers her to be an ingénue with lots of sex appeal. I recall two hundred and forty-six versions of this in novels, plays, and movies. And when the route marries the ingénue in the end, I find the conjunction repellent. When, in addition, the route, who is a prizeIGHT promoter, elaborately keeps secret his occupation from the girl, I know the circumstances has been fabricated by a tired mind just to make a movie. Apart from this, however, the picture has bright moments and is not as dull as it is absurd. Lew Cody, as the fight promoter, gives a clever and believable performance, and Sue Carol lifts her rôle of the ingénue far above what it would have been in less pretty and appealing hands. But as for pairing them off as man and wife—well, when it happens in real life there is a cry of protest. Aileen Pringle, though costarred, has little to do except espouse the juvenile when the other romance is assured.

The Screen in Review

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 65

of the Continent, will have a chance to see Nick Stuart, the young Fox leading man, who is reported very much devoted to her, and who is at present somewhere abroad, with a director and camera man, making scenes for his latest picture, “Chasing Through Europe,” a news-camera story.

Other young girls are being lured by the fascination of foreign travel—among them Sally O’Neil and Betty Bronson. When Betty goes it will be for work, in all probability, since she is to play in “Peer Gynt” for Ufa in Berlin. Betty, by the way, was given numerous lines to speak in “The Singing Fool,” starring Al Jolson. Since her natural voice has a pleasing, ringing quality, it may register well for Vitaphone. Let’s hope so, because the voices of most of the younger girls, as we have noted before, are consistently disappointing.

Crashing the Portals.

A joke, or something resembling one, was recently perpetrated on a party of visiting attorneys. They had come to Los Angeles for a convention, and naturally, having the same disposition as every one else who visits that fair city, the very first thing they expressed was to see the studios.

In some way they were lured into a sight-seeing bus, the driver of which boldly proclaimed that he could show them all the sights of movieland, and that he would get them right through the studio gates, without any obstacles.

How he expected to accomplish
Hollywood High Lights

This, only he himself knew; or maybe he didn't really know, but was simply taking a chance, like thousands of other optimists who learn better after their first encounter with the wrath and indignation of a studio gateman.

Whatever his scheme, his effort to effect an entrance at the first studio the party reached was duly repulsed by the ogre who extends similar welcome to all strangers knocking at the gates. The rubber-neck impresario decided to carry the bluff through, and raged and stormed and proclaimed that he had permission to enter. The attorneys, feeling that they had received unjustifiable treatment, also joined in the fray. Or maybe it was just instinct for them to enlist in the verbal battle.

At any rate, the gateman eventually was impressed by all the hubbub and eloquent phraseology, so he decided to phone the publicity office, which took the matter under immediate advisement. and after heated parley concluded it would be the better part of diplomacy to show the attorneys around.

It should be noted that the bus driver was allowed to languish outside the gates, and that the moral of this anecdote is that if you can't crash into Hollywood one way, there is always the bus-ballyhooer to remember. His racket worked once—maybe it will again.

On to Leningrad.

A mild rage for Russian pictures is on. "The Patriot," "The Woman from Moscow," "Wheel of Chance," "The Mysterious Lady," and "The Cossacks" are among the releases disclosing this tendency. Billie Dove's new picture will have a Slav setting. Billie's latest film, "The Night Watch," has been rated very highly by those who have seen it. She is said to do more acting in it than in any picture she has made. Her beauty is always abounding—but good stories haven't come her way any too often.

Destinies Rejoined.

Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin are teamed again in "Erik the Great." Veidt plays the rôle of a magician, and Miss Philbin plays his assistant. The story is a murder thriller.

Veidt and Mary were teamed in "The Man Who Laughs," but there seem to be definite obstacles to the acceptance of this film as a romance. which it inherently is. Nobody can view, with any enthusiasm, the spectacle of a mature man making love to a pretty, young girl, and at the same time displaying, on all occasions, a wide expanse of teeth.

"Erik the Great," while it may have its gruesome moments, is not handicapped by any such drawback.

_Tut, Tut, Adolphe._

_How much can an actor's career be hurt by the sale of ties, of alleged inferior quality, bearing his name?_ This is the very interesting question which will have to be settled by the courts. Adolphe Menjou is the one responsible for bringing it before the legal tribunal.

In a suit demanding $25,000 damages, he recently charged that a certain company had manufactured neckerchiefs of a negligible grade, and called them the "Menjou." He asserted this had lowered his standing in the public eye, because he was recognized as a fastidious and very correct dresser.

Isn't that too bad?

_Tom Speaks His Mind._

In the past year or more, numerous rumors have been circulated that Tom Mix and his wife, who is very popular in the social life of the colony, would separate. When Mrs. Mix went to Paris last year, the supposition was that she would quietly seek a French divorce, but her return home to Tom, with their charming little daughter, Thomasina, promptly dispelled the idea.

Again, the past summer Mrs. Mix and Thomasina journeyed to Europe for a six-month stay, with Italy and France their main itinerary, and rumors of a divorce once more took wing, but they were vigorously denied by both Tom and Victoria.

However, Tom subsequently made a statement to the press, in which he avowed that he would never seek separation from his wife, because his devotion to her and his daughter was great, and would always be constant.

But he did add that if ever his wife sought a separation he would blame her action unequivocally upon Hollywood and its "parasites."

"My home is Victoria's and my baby's as long as they live," said Tom. "I don't want them ever to leave it. They can have everything I've got. Victoria's happiness is my happiness, and if a divorce will add to her peace of mind, why I'll even consent to that. But I pray she never will ask it, so for both our sakes, we were both happy when we lived in a two-room shack, and Victoria did her own housework. I'd love to go back to it again. Mansions and $15,000 automobiles don't make me happy. As soon as we bought the big house in Beverly, things weren't the same. Too many servants—too many frills—too many people I wouldn't ever accept as friends—a lot of Hollywood parasites and hangers-on, who used my swimming pool as though it were a public tank, played on my tennis court all hours of the day, ate and drank everything in the house, and still weren't satisfied."

"I'm a simple man of simple tastes, and I like real people, real men and women. Most of that crowd who filled my house, making me feel like a stranger under my own roof, hadn't the brains or the backbone even to make a respectable living."

"I never would blame Victoria for breaking up our home, if such a sad thing occurred. But I would fix the blame on Hollywood's parasites!"

After Hollywood came up for air, following Tom's frank expressions, there were many people who asked the question, "Have you ever been in the Mix swimming pool?"

_"Old Man River" Absent._

From the present outlook, nobody will sing "Old Man River" when "Show Boat" is presented on the screen. If anybody does, it will have to be some caroling basso behind the scenes in the picture theater. Universal, which is producing the Edna Ferber story, had at one time hoped to make it with the music of the stage version that has been running in New York, but the plan suffered shipwreck when they were unable to obtain the rights. In any event, the film will be synchronized, probably with dialogue, when shown, and there will be musical numbers specially written.

Laura La Plante, of course, won the plum rôle of Magnolia, after various other players had been mentioned for it, including Mary Philbin and Alice Day.

_The Cohens and Kellys Are Returning._

Good news for those who like that sort of entertainment is the fact that another "Cohens and Kellys" comedy is maturing at Universal. This time the ultra-distinguished quartet, if one may call them that, frolic in Atlantic City. George Sidney and Vera Gordon are Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, while the Kellys are played by Mack Swain and Kate Price. Cornelius Keefe and Nora Lane are responsible for the love interest, while Tom Kennedy, the prize fighter, is listed in the cast as the "murderer." We covet his rôle, particularly if he is out to get the Cohens and Kellys themselves, or any comedies that they may appear in from this day forth.
Youthful Futurists

Members of "Our Gang" illustrate what they hope to be when they grow up.

Farina, below, is going to preach the Gospel when he gets too old to enjoy himself in the movies.

Mary Ann Jackson, above, has a career as a dressmaker all planned out for herself.

Little Wheezer, right, is starting in right now to be another Lindbergh.

Jean Darling, outer right, is getting an early start toward a career as a movie vamp.

Joe Cobb, below, intends to apply his fat self to being the engineer of a railroad express.

Harry Spear, right, is going to be a policeman and fight bandits and bootleggers 'n' everything.
WHAT is this old-home week for Gary Cooper? I don't like to keep repeating myself, so let's get this over with right now. Gary was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Height, six feet two; weight, 180. Black hair, blue-grey eyes. Real name is Frank Cooper. And he's not married!

Nils Asther is causing a stir this month, too. He was born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902. Six feet one; brown hair and hazel eyes. Unmarried. And Lupe Velez—what a hit she's making! Born in Mexico City, July 18, 1909. Five feet two; weight, about 110. Black hair, dark-brown eyes.

CURIOUS.—There you go, wanting to know what I look like. It's the truth that hurts. Colleen Moore is five feet three. Weight, 110. Brown hair. One brown eye, one blue eye—though they look alike to me.

Betsy B.—If only all questions were as easy as yours, I wouldn't get this pain in the neck from overwork! Conrad Nancarrow was born in Fordham, Iowa, March 16, 1897. That's his real name. Married to Ruth Helms, and there's a Ruth, Jr., about six. He's been in pictures nine years. "Tenor" was his first talkie. He separated from Dolores Costello. May McAvoy plays opposite him in "Caught in the Fog."

DOROTHY MOLL.—See above. Conrad lived for years in Des Moines, so it wouldn't surprise me a bit if he once took dancing lessons there.

JASTA.—"Some" questions is right! The postman drove up with them in a truck. Picture Play has tried to get an interview with Nils Asther, but it takes a better man than we are to make him talk! However, an interview will appear shortly. Bill Haines' next film is "Excess Baggage." Mary Philipin: Born, Chicago, July 16, 1904; five feet two; weight, 96. Blond hair, hazel eyes. Flora Brakley is a nineteen-year-old English girl who came to America, was "discovered" in a New York musical show, and engaged for Butler Keaton's "College." Since then she has played in "Son of the Sun" and "We Americans." James Hall is separated from his wife. Alice White was born in Paterson, New Jersey, about twenty years ago. Red hair. Sue Carol was born in 1908; brunette, about five feet two. Rod La Rocque is nearly thirty; six feet three; weight, 181. Loretta Young was born in 1912; blue eyes; blonde; height, five feet three; weight, 100. Ruth Taylor's new picture is "Casa Marro." Their Librado is twenty-four; five feet eleven. I don't know whether First National will still send out photographs of Barbara La Marr.

SQUEEZE.—Well, I'm no surer of your name than you are of mine. I'll bet you weren't christened that, either! The girl in "Freckles" was Gene Stratton, grand-daughter of the author, Gene Stratton-Porter. She's not a regular screen actress but perhaps F. B. Q. studio would forward letters to her. Neil Hamilton's new film is "Take Me Home." Janet Gaynor is twenty-one; Larry Kent doesn't give his age.

E. THOMAS.—Janet Gaynor is a Philadelphia girl, so I shouldn't be at all surprised if your friend knew her. But Janet has lots of friends she never told me anything about.

ROSA莉E GORDON.—This "how to get into the movies" is life's greatest problem! Extras all register at the Central Casting Bureau, but they won't register newcomers, so there you are—stymied, as they say on the golf links. Extras are supposed to have a complete wardrobe, though sometimes studios furnish costumes. Good photographic features are necessary—large eyes, set well apart, are considered desirable. Girls should not, as a rule, be taller than five feet four. Lila Lee was formerly in Gus Edwards' revue. Dozens of girls were dancers before their film careers began: Joan Crawford, Mae Murray, Josephine Dunn, Lupe Velez, Myrna Loy, the Costello girls. Janet Gaynor now has red hair and brown eyes. The only actresses I know of from Kentucky are Jocyna Ralston and Alberta Vaughn.

ANN L.—See ROSALIE GORDON, above. Betty Francisco is from Arkansas.

DORINE J. DAVIDSON.—If questions caused my hair to turn gray, I'd long since been the white-haired boy. Those incon siderate stars—none of them has a birthday on May 16th. Bille Dove's comes nearest, on the 14th. Arthur Lake is twenty-three, born in Corbin, Kentucky. Six feet tall; blue-eyed blond.

GLADYS RENICKER.—You write a charming letter, and then I have to go and spoil it. The rules force me to speak up rudely, and make my customary speech that we have to omit fan-club announcements. There were so many we had no room left for questions.

MISS JULIA HOUGHT.—The picture you describe, in which the bride leaves her wedding and escapes with a strange aviator, later getting lost with him in the African jungle, was, I feel sure, "White Man," with Alice Joyce—not Corinne Griffith.

FUNNY.—Well, I don't think that's so funny, your asking me about colleges in California, exposing my ignorance like this! Shucks, I'm no college expert! Yes, you can get back numbers of Picture Play—twenty-five cents for each copy requested. Full-page picture of Greta Garbo accompanies both interviews in the issues of Picture Play for which you mean to send. Adolph Menjou is thirty-seven; Gloria, twenty-nine; Pola, thirty; Pola is five feet four; weight, 120. Her new film is "Loves of an Actress." Esther Ralston is five feet five; weight, 125. Alice White is a blonde, but she dyed her hair red, so now she looks dark on the screen. Oliver Borden's new film is "Teddy Roosevelt." Greta's is "War in the Dark." Norma's, "The Woman Disputed." Ivan Petrovitch is a European actor; I believe he is to play in Rex Ingram's new picture made at Nice. Three Passions." The girl in "Dress Parade" was Bessie Love. Ronald Colman's new leading lady is Lilli Damita.

Q. C. B.—Answer in the next issue! Ha-ha! I'm no miracle worker. That's already in print, and the one after is being printed. Besides, I've a long waiting list; I'm way behind in my work. The top in "The Fifty-fifty Girl" was Johnny Morris. Paddy O'Flynn was born in Pittsburgh, but he keeps the date in the family Bible. He grew up in Toronto. Blue eyes; five feet eleven; weight, 140. His fan club has headquarters with Miss Mary Phelan, Route 270, Elkins, West Virginia. I don't know why girl magazine covers sell better than men's—but circulation departments have found that out! Both sexes like to look at pretty girls, u'eat-eat?
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Information, Please

大陆——一封来自德国！这张火红的寄信封，位于北纬35度，东经165。玛丽三十五，安娜·曼·冯·多特没有给她任何回复。她的前夫是：“The Devil Dancer”，“The Chinese Police Story”等片中的男主角，名叫查理·李。但现在你不会有任何机会得到一张她的照片，来自她的如此一个麻雀窝，也许是我猜的，也许有照片，也许她住在一个大箱子里。莉莲在欧洲，但作为梅兰·晴天仍然有另一张她的照片。我不禁想要告诉所有的人，她就是那个梅兰·晴天的替身。她是梅兰·晴天，没有照片，我还没看过的。你认识她吗？她有你感到惊奇的名字。看一位英文读者。

凯思——我希望我已得到那么姓名。约翰·吉尔伯特被认证的对决是三十到四年。他与离了婚的莱特森·布雷特，多波拉·雷伊，萨利·温特，莎拉·兰和她的妹妹，两个最著名的，不是让·贝贝的电影了。梅兰·晴天在一位作家的故事，梅兰·晴天是个美国，她有她自己的人名。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，但1925年梅兰·晴天被电影公司，梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，和未结婚。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，没有照片，我还没看过的。你认识她吗？她有你感到惊奇的名字。看一位英文读者。

梅吉·贝尔米，是吗！梅吉，你在电影工业的信使者，你可能会找到她的地址，如果你来到这部电影的开头。巴斯·华莱士住在1400哈文湖路，好莱坞。罗兰·邓恩，爱德华·卡韦，好莱坞。还有阿姆·鲁本斯在城市大学——她在“Show Boat”里表演。米尔德·盖德龙只是和他从纽约回到纽约，他们叫他坐在俱乐部，130西四十五街，纽约市。你和她的妹妹都是错误的：拉达·温特，莉莉·温特。她和她的妹妹都是错误的：拉达·温特，莉莉·温特。她是梅兰·晴天的替身，梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，没有照片，我还没看过的。你认识她吗？她有你感到惊奇的名字。看一位英文读者。

亚历山大·佩里——你是个狂热的女演员，你的信封上是1901。拉尔斯·汉森是从捍卫者，他因他的工作而被称赞。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，但1925年梅兰·晴天被电影公司，梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，和未结婚。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，没有照片，我还没看过的。你认识她吗？她有你感到惊奇的名字。看一位英文读者。

杨恩·戴维斯——我是不表示疑问关于星星的宗教信仰。但我认识梅兰·晴天，和的小镇名叫。但布奇·鲁迪是北西是真正的，他已有的是没有犹太民族的居民。布奇是二十世纪著名的，也是梅兰·晴天的替身。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，但1925年梅兰·晴天被电影公司，梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，和未结婚。梅兰·晴天是梅兰·晴天，没有照片，我还没看过的。你认识她吗？她有你感到惊奇的名字。看一位英文读者。

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Eleanor—As She Is

Continued from page 74

loves it, and is absorbed by it. She is a sensitive, aware person, and vibrant in her eagerness. Emotionally pliant, she has a balance of common sense, and her final decisions are always sound.

She loathes night clubs, premières and too-gala parties. But occasionally she has a sudden yen to go dancing. At such times it doesn't matter to her where she goes, just so it isn't too crowded. When she is bored, she makes no effort to conceal it. When she is enjoying herself, she is scintillating and irresistible.

She has a rich sense of humor. Her impromptu imitations—particularly of Garbo—are deliciously accurate, and she tells a story excellently. She finds humor in nearly everything and laughs a great deal, but never lightly.

There is no possible doubt about the authenticity of her beauty. On the screen she wears scarcely any make-up, and none at all off it, not even powder. Her appearance is something which does not interest her. On rare occasions she has an impulse to dress up, when she is to attend some large gathering. She feels a certain responsibility about preserving the illusion of movie glamour, when she is seen in public. She has a lot of fun assembling exquisite wardrobes against such occasions, but her enthusiasm generally stops short of actually using them. She adores severely plain sweatersuits and, if she is going nowhere in particular, wears no stockings on her slim, brown legs. She never glances in mirrors, or parts her hair. When there is an impression to be made on some one of importance, her hair can be unwaved and she in ten times shoes, and Eleanor will be sublimely unconscious and at ease.

She learned to play the piano so she could accompany her husband, King Vidor, who sings melting negro spirituals. She would like to be an expert pianist, and wistfully struggles through certain favorite Debussys and Ravels.

She likes verse, being particularly keen on the poems of Johnny Weaver, and every so often she puts aside whatever current book she happens to be reading, and returns to Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh."

She plays a swift game of tennis and swims like a boy, but can seldom be prevailed upon for bridge. She likes to ride horseback, but was once thrown and has never been able to conquer a subsequent nervousness. She goes for long walks among the hills surrounding her home, and gathers wild flowers and bright leaves. On one occasion she ventured innocently among poison oak, and was away from the studio for a week.

She dislikes cheap publicity, especially if based on her private affairs. Her marriage, her recent motherhood, she does not deem contingent on her career; which, she thinks, is all that should be public interest.

Married to the brilliant young Vidor, and herself of pictures for several years, neither is completely immersed in their profession. Their friends, except for John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, are mostly of the literary world—Lawrence Stalling and his wife, Johnny Weaver and Peggy Wood, Donald Ogden Stewart, his wife, and his mother, of whom Eleanor is extremely fond.

Eleanor is a delightful conversationalist, and swears casually. Her voice is mellow, deep and inclined to a drawl. Her wit is pungent, often barbed and always very funny. If she finds she has inadvertently shocked some snob with her candor, it is her delight to continue and increase the shock. She esteems both conservatism and bonhomie, but their extremes—prudery and coarseness—offend her innate delicacy, and are her pet abominations.

She is disturbed by the fact that she shows little inclination toward the detail of housewifery. She thinks it would be more fitting were she able authoritatively to discuss menus and floor polishes with her servants, but quails at the prospect of learning how. She is, however, meticulous about her home and insists that it always be in perfect order.

She and her husband are building a house on a hilltop near their old home. Since Vidor is at work on a picture, the supervision of the new home falls to Eleanor. She is in her glory and refuses to be baffled by conduits, underground cables and multiple switches. She directs every detail of the construction—and intelligently, too. She loves to work with taths and nails, and when she couldn't explain a certain niche which she wanted under an arch, she set to work and built it herself.

Aside from all this, may one say—and who is there to say one mayn't—that she is this reporter's favorite actress.
He Doesn’t Look Like an Actor

Continued from page 56

New York. He sent for me. We rehearsed for thirteen weeks. No, not for our opening, but for possible backers. We would rehearse for anybody we could round up who had seven dollars and fifty cents in his pockets. Every one who had seven fifty hung onto it, after seeing us.

“One afternoon an appointment had been made with Shubert. We waited for three hours. Bare stage, cold theater, everybody in the dumps. Finally a fellow came down, asked what company we were and said, ‘I doubt that Mr. Shubert even knows you are here. There’s not a chance he will come down to see your play—he’s busy in his offices upstairs—but I am associated with him, and if you care to put it on for me, I’ll see it.’

“By that time we would have put it on for a horse. Afterward, he asked for the author and said, ‘Mr. Gleason, you have a mine.’ We had only two nights ‘on the dog,’ and came into New York practically cold. Shubert put us in a small theater seating seven hundred, and we drew all the second-rate critics, all the swell guys having gone to a more important opening. But the word got around that the show was a knock-out, and Shubert moved us into a theater seating fourteen hundred.”

The play ran for two and a half years in New York, and then started, under chills of fear, for what turned out to be a nine-month run in London.

“We had taken along an American manager. The dialect’s East Side, you know. In the prologue, Jimmy and I sit on a dark street, under an arc light, talking. Boy, we were homesick and blue. We waited for the laughs we were accustomed to get in New York. They didn’t come. The silence out there began to get us. We expected eggs and onions any minute. All of a sudden, a chuckle. Not a laugh. But nobody ever welcomed that sound more than we did. We almost ran right out and hugged that person.

“By the end of the prologue, they’d caught on that it was a comedy in a linear new to them, and we were roaring. We’d clicked—but we didn’t know it then. There’s what they call a First Night Club in London, that sits in the gallery. It seems that if they O, K, you’re all set. If they razz you—or however they show disapproval—it’s just too bad for you. After the first act, we were standing in the wings, shivering at their call of ‘Core! ’Core!’ and asked a British lad to translate. That meant ‘encore,’ he told us, or ‘curtain.’ So, smiling blissfully, we took a dozen curtain calls.

“While we were still at it—willing to continue indefinitely—the orchestra leader thought we were through and signaled for ‘God Save the King.’ All the people stood up, but our American manager, pressing the button that raised the curtain, probably had no ear for music. Anyhow,” Armstrong let that slow grin break over his tanned face, “the boys were piping it up, ‘God Save the King,’ and there was I, taking the bow.”

It was during the run of the play in London that he met and married Ethel Kent, an American girl appearing on the London stage. “It was there also that he purchased the fox terrier, Huckleberry, a plain mutt that he says has more personality than any police dog or Russian wolfhound.

“Knows more than I do,” he insisted after a long eulogy on the talents of Huckleberry. A year and a half ago Armstrong came to Hollywood to appear in the play. Is it necessary to mention the title again? He has played about everything during his twelve years on the stage—and the real role of soldier for two years in the war—and on the screen a prize fighter, crook, comedy tough, gangster, and one slick hero. That suits him fine for a while, but later he wants to stick to light comedy, if it gets over well with his new audience.

During his term of servitude in college, he did the usual amateur theatricals, and wrote plays. That is expected of any normal college lad. Only, he got one of his sketches and himself booked in vaudeville. For a while he appeared in small roles in plays written and produced by another uncle, Paul Armstrong.

He was never, particularly crazy about the stage in the sense of its glamour, as it has for many youths. But he liked acting, found himself moderately successful and stuck to it. His story, at least as he tells it, halfway answering questions, when an instant young lady refuses to give him any peace, isn’t exciting. Though were he less reticent about himself, and as eloquent as he can be on other subjects, there might be chapters in it. Even the lean seasons that patch an actor’s career, he speaks of with a light humor, his dominant note.
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Advertising Section

"Katsudoshashin"

Parents

Continued from page 84

tumes. The increase in the numbers
of such girls is so noticeable, just at
present, that

few

visitors

107

Keep Slender
now

Youthful figures at all ages

have failed

observe this phase of changing
Japan.
What has been the main factor in
bringing about this situation ? American movies, or, as the people of
Japan put it, "katsudoshashin."
to

While such a thing may sound
credible,

is,

it

in-

nevertheless, true that

girls cannot, on discarding
kimonos and slipping into foreign attire, walk at all becomingly.
Generations of squatting on floors,
and the wearing of wooden clogs,
have so disfigured their feet and legs

Japanese

their

as to

make

them

to

it

almost impossible for

walk

faultlessly in foreign
apparel, although of course they carry
themselves gracefully, and with distinction, in their

kimonos which hide

unshapely legs.
A Japanese
maid out of her kimono, in fact, may
be likened to a duck out of the water,
so awkward is her gait.
So, whenever opportunity presents
itself, Miss Cho-Cho-San goes to the
theater, there to closely observe the
every movement of Greta Garbo or
Norma Shearer, and painstakingly
rehearse the "steps"
not dancing,
but walking that she has studied, on
returning home, in an effort to affect
a comely gait.
It may not be out of place here to
their

—

state that there are

—

numerous

"special-

—

people who go to the theaters not to see movies, but, like the
girls described in the foregoing paragraph, who go for some other specific
reason. Many go to the theaters simply for the privilege of listening to,
and memorizing, the musical scores
others study architecture and inter or
decoration
and still others are inist" fans

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terested merely in pictures in
dancing scenes are included.

which

To what

extent American pictures
are indirectly influencing the Japanese people can, to some degree, be
shown by stating that ninety per cent
of the tunes one hears whistled, or
played on instruments in the principal cities, were learned in motionpicture theaters, and that the majority of foreign residences that are being constructed were designed by arafter
chitects,
partly
or
wholly,
houses that they saw pictured.

As

far as reading matter

cerned, almost a fifth of

all

is

con-

American
Japan are

magazines imported into
motion-picture periodicals. This may
not seem astonishing, until it is stated
that ninety per cent of those who
purchase these magazines are unable
Their only source of
to read them.
interest are the photographs.

Science Fights Fat
Through an important gland
mous way

—

People used to think that excess fat all
came from overrating or under'exer'
cise. Some people &tarved,but with slight
effect. Some became very active, still
the fat remained.
Then medical research began the
study of obesity. It was found that the
thyroid gland largely controlled nutri'
tion. One of its purposes is to turn
food into fuel and energy.
Fat people, it was found, generally
suffered from an under' active thyroid.
Then experiments were made on ani'
mals on thousands of them. OverTat
animals were fed thyroid in small
amounts. Countless reports showed that
excess fat quite promptly disappeared.
Then thyroid, taken from cattle and

millions of boxes of it.
Users told others about it. They told
how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.
That is one great reason perhaps
a major reason
why excess fat is nc
where near as common as it was.

fed to human beings, with
like results. Science then realised that a
way had been found to combat a great
cause of obesity. Since then, this method
has been employed by doctors, the
world over, in a very extensive way.

new

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sheep,

was

?s[ext

came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory per'
fected a tablet based on this principle.
It

was called the Marmola prescription.
Marmola was perfected 21 years ago.

Since then

it

has been used in an enor-

Marmola
per box.

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TSlp

Secrecy

Marmola is not a secret prescription.
The complete formula appears in every
box. Also an explanation of results
which so delight its users.

No

abnormal exercise or diet is re*
quired, but moderation helps. One sim'
ply takes four tablets daily until weight

comes

down
With

to normal. Correct the
lessened weight comes
vitality and many other benefits.

cause.

Do
This

to

is

Thing
people whose excess fat robs
the Right

them of beauty, youth, health and vi'
tality. Reduce that fat
combat the
cause
in this scientific way. Do what

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so many people, for 21 years, have
found amazingly effective.
Try a couple of boxes and be con'
vinced. Watch the results. Then, if you
like the results, complete them. Get a
box of Marmola today.

prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00
is out will get them from his jobber.

Any druggist who

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The

^Pleasant

Way

to

%educe


Man." Loretta’s career seems most promising. Great things are expected of this little leading lady who is still a child in years, and who keeps her hair uncombed so that she will seem older.

Her very first screen experience, however, dates back some years, when Loretta was only four or five years old. Her uncle was assistant director on a Mac Murray picture; he needed a child player, and Loretta was very cunning, so he used her in several sequences. Mac Murray took a fancy to the child.

"You see," explained Sally, who does most of the talking for the family, and who is very proud of her younger sister, "Gretchen’s baby teeth protruded a little then, and she couldn’t close her mouth. It looked very cute—and it made her purse up her lips as if in imitation of Mac Murray. I really think that may be one reason why Mae was so taken with her."

Loretta visited Mac for a year and a half, and was given dancing lessons and all the advantages wealth can bring, during that period. Mac wanted to adopt her until she was sixteen, but naturally enough, Mrs. Young did not wish to part with her child in such a permanent fashion. That year and a half of training with Mac Murray, and those expensive dancing lessons, obviously did a great deal for Loretta. It gave her grace, poise, a good carriage and distinction. She wears her clothes with all the smartness of a woman of the world, whereas her roly-poly sister, Sally, for example, looks a wee bit as if she stood off and threw clothes at herself.

As I said, all three sisters are different. Polly Ann is brunette. Sally and Loretta are both medium blonde, with the same coloring, and with features somewhat alike. But since one is plump, the other thin, one talkative, the other shy, they have personalities that are quite, quite different.

Each of the three seems to have found a definite place on the screen. Really a remarkably family, those Youngs. Beauties by wholesale. At home, besides mother and stepfather, there is a thirteen-year-old brother named Jack, and a baby sister, Georgiana, aged three. Perhaps Georgiana, too, will grow up to be a movie star.

If Sally is still around to get her started, I’m willing to bet she will!!

I was getting. They gave me no good pictures. I thought free dancing would bring me a little rest. It did. As a free-lance player I have made only five pictures in two years.”

Greta laughed at this turn of affairs. Not because it was to her liking, but because of the deep ruts one falls into in Hollywood. She really was amused.

This Norwegian charmer—she is Norwegian and not Swedish, as has been commonly supposed—was certainly meant for the screen. Her blond beauty is not of the Banky type. It is sirenic. Unlike other foreign importations, Greta Nissen has remained rather secluded. Of course she has frequently been reported engaged. Not long ago her name was linked with that of Charlie Farrell, to the surprise of both. Raoul Walsh, who directed "Fazil," and several other pictures that Greta played in, was also a rumored fiancé. Up to the present Greta remains fancy free.

So dazzling were Greta’s blue eyes and golden hair that I put off asking her about her temperament. Yet, even at the risk of appearing cruel, I had to do so.

Such a radiant, but pained smile lit up her face, that I knew instantly all those rumors had been false.

"I did not like what they were giving me, so I got my release," was Greta’s explanation.

It was nearly nine o’clock, and she still had some packing to do. Greta expressed her regret at having to break up the tête-à-tête.

With the graceful step of a prima ballerina assoluta, the ballet-trained Nissen glided, like a golden ray, into one of the elevators and was lifted to her apartment.

That producers could pass up any one like her, was the distracting thought in my mind as I stepped out onto Wilshire Boulevard. I spent my way home reviling hard-hearted film executives, and scorning Hollywood’s vindictive scandalmongers.

Right now, Greta is between two places, in a rut. But it is not hard to guess that she will soon be riding to the front where she belongs.
job—grip, usher, super—and, when he got fired, move on to some other small town with a stock company, via the beans. A lot of great men probably were hobos, if they would admit it.

Self-pity is the first thing the road takes away from you. If you aren't a weakling, and crushed, you learn to fight.

"Fearlessness, the primitive fundamentals, human nature, and wit— these the road teaches you," Beery said. "You have nerve—but no nerves."

"The intelligence of many of the several hundred thousand hobos of America would surprise the citified 'reformer,'" Tully broke in. "Oddly the 'bo is at once a cynic—stripped of illusion, he has no chance to develop ideals—and a blind dreamer. Many of them make for the libraries the minute they hit a town. After seven years in an orphanage in Ohio, I hit the road, an untrained, scared, and miserable kid. Soon I was as hard as nails. But another kid, somewhere, took me to a library with him, and I began to read. I'd write doggerel on scraps of brown paper, and when I was still in my teens I had read Balzac, Dumas, and classics that the cute college lads never learn.

"Of course, the life wasn't perfect. You were hungry sometimes. And there were the dicks. They'd round you up, along with the other vags, and try to pin on you everything that had happened in the State of Kansas—or Illinois or Ohio—in the last five years. What chance had a 'bo of proving an alibi, when he had no last name, and only a 'nick' for a front name?"

In his customary way, Wally does things with gusto. First, his heavy, steady train, that threatens to shake the building. His thunderous laugh. He is louder, broader, merrier, than the equally huge, but more gentle, Noah.

The story of "Beggars of Life," as it has been changed to meet movie requirements, concerns the adventures of a swashbuckling yegg, the high-class gent of the beans. Oklahoma Red is his moniker, and he is modeled after a pal of the author's.

Only—there's a love story here, and love is something that the cynical soul of the 'bo does not know. Loyalty, generosity, and other fine qualities he comes in contact with, but the right kind of a girl he never meets, except in those books in the libraries.

The movies, however, are elastic. There is a girl in this hobo's life. Just out of an orphanage, the heavy hand of the law grasps her for a crime she believes she has committed. She is aided to escape by a road kid. Dressed in boy's clothes, she accompanies him. Louise Brooks plays the girl trap, Richard Arlen the kid. They are found and taken into the jungle before the "kangaroo court," where the lawless gent, who have their own code, are given mock trials.

"The swagging, big brute of a yegg, Oklahoma Red, sits as judge. The kid's fright provides great amusement, as he is tried for being a sissy. Oklahoma Red awards himself the custody of the girl—of course, the blustering Red does the noble self-sacrificing act. A woe of a role, it would seem, for Wally, and those who complain of the unruly nature of most movies won't be annoyed by gorgeous settings in this one.

While we talked, Wally outlined another role he would like.

"'The Bull Man!' Get that title. He breaks elephants. Cruel. Strong. Girl—snappy little Clara Bow tempest—falls for him. Wants to be an elephant trainer. He teaches her. He thinks he can crush her spirit. She breaks him—he turns yellow—she's in danger, the bull turns on her—he pulls himself together, rescues her—egoism."

The case of effete civilization has not made Beery soft. He is still, in many ways, Jumbo. His humor is broad slapstick at times. Yet it is not without subtlety. Recently he married a new mutt around the studio, to acquaint it with picture making, in order that it might hold its conversational own in bow-wows with Hollywood canines. Poking into an office, where a conference between executives was in progress, he surveyed the scene solemnly, said to the dog: "Now, you know what a conference is," and slammed the door.

Style is a word not in his vocabulary, though the lovely chatelaine of his home speaks it beautifully. During the filming of "Old Ironsides," when a fleet of sleek yachts skinned over the Catalina waters, outside camera range, he rigged up a boat with a pop-gun motor, apparently made of tin cans held together by strings, and sailed proudly among them. When he can take off the grandeur that is Hollywood, he is in his element.

Yet his heart is big, beneath his gruffness. Many a hungry kid has been helped by his bounty. His parents, seventy-odd years old, now enjoy, in California, a comfort they never dreamed of realizing.

The Saga of the Hobo

Continued from page 59
much over that, as her studio bungalow includes a secretarial office as well as dressing room. She seldom, if ever, has occasion to enter the administration building. If you could only see that darling bungalow, with decorations entirely in soft, restful shades of green, filled with pillows and daintiness and quiet beauty, you would not wonder why she spends so many happy hours there. It is probably more home to her than the spacious mansion in Hollywood, or her beach residence.

The occasion of my first sight of her is a sweet memory. For years I had dreamed of seeing her in person, my imagination accomplishing our meeting in a thousand different ways, each a masterpiece of exquisite conception—a dramatic culmination! Common sense told me that I would no doubt see her for the first time in a most ordinary way—crossing the set, or passing in her auto. Yet my dreams continued in their wildness, as dreams will. In a way I am thankful, now, that I did not permit my dreams of that moment to descend to the commonplace, because not one of my imaginings excelled in beauty the actual moment when I first saw Norma Talmadge—walking down the aisle at the Criterion Theater in all the glory and happiness of her triumph in the rôle that for decades has provided a criterion for the greatness of actresses—Camille.

"Up to that point it had been difficult to realize that she was a living, breathing woman. After that night, I wanted to meet her. But somehow the days passed without an introduction. Every week I was obliged to arrange her interviews with writers, yet I could not meet her myself. There were always delays, postponements. Gradually, quite gradually, my attitude changed during those puzzling days, and because I could not understand, I did grow disillusioned. Once, a meeting was arranged for the following day. Norma apparently had forgotten the appointment. Other memories include that one dreadful day when Mrs. Talmadge was in an adjoining office, and she was approached by a writer somewhat in this manner: "There is a kid outside, who worships Norma Talmadge. She spent years running a fan club for her, and is utterly insane over your daughter—came across the continent to see her. She'd be thrilled to meet you—may I bring her in?"

"Mrs. Talmadge replied that she would be glad to make it another day. Natalie and Constance were waiting in the car downstairs and they were already late for an engagement. This, to my sensitive mind, seemed to be just an excuse. After that I became bitter toward life in general, and the Talmadge clan in particular. A lifetime of devotion, my very youth sacrificed on the altar of my enthusiasm, a college career set aside, hundreds of dollars spent on the club that was my only medium of expression—for this! It is very easy to become dramatically bitter and disillusioned at twenty-one!

"There came an afternoon when, for the first time except at the theater, I saw Miss Norma. It was at the studio. A parcel had been left in my care for Constance Talmadge, and intently, feeling quite hard and cynical, I approached the car, smiled and spoke to Constance, and handed her the package across Norma's lap without even glancing in the latter's direction! The afternoon was spent in feeling very righteous, resentful, much avenged, and altogether miserable. How I hated Norma Talmadge! How I hated her, with her ingratitude, with her—oh, dear God!—why did you let so beautiful a love be born for death like this? About this time some one asked me whether I'd like to meet her, and I was vehement in declaring I'd rather die! There was true agony in those days.

"I love to remember the foolishness of it all. Miss Talmadge and I have laughed over it frequently since then! After that period of bitterness and stress I became totally indifferent—lost all desire to meet her, but also all urge to avoid her. That is, I thought I did. She was not working on a film, but every once in a while she would come to the studio on business, and I watched her pose for publicity stills, without the slightest change in the beating of my heart. I would remain in the office and watch from the window, in elaborate self-assurance that I wasn't interested enough to go downstairs. Of course it was merely a matter of perverted sensitivity.

"Somewhere there is a quotation to the effect that hatred is the reverse form of love itself. Years ago I read that, and thought it ridiculous; I have recently recalled it with perfect understanding. But that phase passed, and the aversion passed, and the unnatural indifference passed. One day, when she was at the studio, I said with a clear
What's a Chap to Do?

Continued from page 23

at the Montmartre is regarded, by Hollywood's film crowd, as hectically as the wine goblet of Cleopatra—but what's a chap to do about it?

In any case, Jimmie couldn't marry any one yet, as, according to law, he is already married. It was one of those "war weddings."

"I don't try to deny it, or excuse myself at all," Jimmie honestly asserts to-day, though no one heard him speak about it before. "I was like hundreds of other chaps, during the war. After a few months, it was obvious we had both made a mistake."

Though whether you are married or single makes little difference in Hollywood—or so it seems. If you have a good position—important enough so that your name is mentioned here and there—and an equally good salary, you will gain many friends.

A year ago Jimmie purchased an attractive home on the hillside. I make a note of this, as I had repeated invitations to visit him there. But, with one thing and another, the visit was never made. To-day Jimmie does not inhabit his former palatial abode.

"I let it, because it was no longer homelike," he explained. "Never could I get any peace. Night and day, people—sometimes several at once—were always dropping in. My friends I always like to see. But in Hollywood, even those you know only slightly, will take it upon themselves to visit you."

"I like hospitality, but I object to being spoused upon. At the beginning, it seemed all a part of my first step to success. It made me feel popular and famous, but I soon realized that it meant nothing of the kind."

As I agree, and I'm sure you do, hospitality is a gracious gesture. But when it turns into imposition, what's a chap to do?

To-day finds Jimmie living near the sea. He has a comfortable beach-home at Venice—the one on the Pacific. The completion of each picture sees Jimmie at his oceanic chalet, free from care—or most of it—living a happy existence, or as near as one can expect.

He has, so he says, only a few intimates besides Bebe Daniels. Merna Kennedy and her mother, Ben Lyon, and Charles Rogers being among the few elect.

Speaking of Ben, brought forth reminiscences from Jimmie.

"Ben and I took our first screen tests together, in New York, about five years ago. I was then playing in a revue on Broadway. Ben was acting on the stage."

It took Jimmie some time to get a break in pictures. When he did get in, he rose with a flash. Since his debut with Bebe Daniels, in "The Campus Flirt," he has caused many a maiden heart to palpitate a few pips faster.

Paramount, to whom he is under contract, realizes Mr. Hall's popularity. On the strength of his box-office value, he has been lent for several pictures made by other companies. Some have been mere program pictures, but at least two are worthy of attention—namely, "Four Sons" and "Hell's Angels."

At the Hollywood premiere I saw Jimmie arrive with two or three friends—Merna Kennedy being one of them. The people lined up outside the Carthay Circle Theater gave a burst of applause. Jimmie had his picture taken, and bowed and smiled his thanks. What else could a chap do?

After the showing of the film, the principals were called on the stage. Next to Margaret Mann, Jimmie got the longest and loudest ovation. He was recalled twice.

Being next lent to play in "Hell's Angels," Jimmie appears opposite his friend, Ben Lyon. Greta Nissen is the allure in this film. It is a picture expected to give all three players splendid opportunities.

In case you might think so, James Hall is not a bored man of the world. He takes things as they come, with pleasant simplicity. He is overflowing with ideas and suggestions which rarely ever materialize. He makes promises galore, which are never kept. He's only too willing to get the moon for you—but you'd have to shoot him up to it with a cannon. He is more interesting than individual, and still possesses the instinctive urge to sway with the crowd.

In a year he has altered to a great extent. When I first met him, he led me to believe "this and that" about him. Then he wanted to impress me for repeating "this and that."

Why all the secrecy? Well, you see, the general public is apt to twist the slightest thing into something else. So what's a chap to do?

However, to-day Jimmie is all frankness about "this and that." Yet he traps me with saying, "This is in confidence, just at present—" or "Don't repeat that yet—"

So, I whine, what's a poor interviewer to do?

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Advertising

An Interview Enters His Life

Continued from page 78

litling ha-ha. From him, to show what a jolly, fine old joke the whole mix-up had been. From me, to prove that the interviewer's feelings were as good-natured as ever.

"Say, I've got to apologize for acting the goat," Bill said. "But I was expecting Arthur Lake to call just when you did. We're always kidding each other over the phone. Arthur will change his voice and say, 'I represent United Artists. Will you call at the studio to-morrow morning to consider a contract?' Or I'll call him, and say something equally crazy. And being interviewed was the last thing I thought would ever happen to me."

The shock he received had evidently bereft Bill of all his alertness, for he had not thought up anything striking to say about himself, as many a more seasoned player would. Bill was himself, and much more pleasant. He admitted that there was little to write about—yet.

He was born in Los Angeles, and went to a military academy there. Three years ago he started in pictures as an extra.

"I always had been crazy about pictures," Bill remarked, as the only excuse for his present position. "That's not original with me; I know, but it's true."

Unlike his friend, Arthur Lake—that rare humorist—he has no theatrical connections, so he cannot say acting was in his blood. But it obviously is there, nevertheless. His work shows he is an actor, and that he will improve with time.

Bill's first bits came at the Fox studio, in a series of O. Henry stories. That was over two years ago. Then, with plenty of presumption, according to him, he went to Universal to see Emory Johnson, to try for a juvenile rôle in "The Last Edition." A test came into his life, also a fairly conspicuous part.

Later, and more recently, "Mother," and "The Devil's Trade-mark" were made with Belle Bennett. These two pictures followed "The Heart Thief," in which Bill played the juvenile opposite Lya de Putti. Lya, who knew hardly any English then, insisted on speaking her titles in her funny accent, nearly causing poor Bill to burst out laughing in the most serious scenes with her.

Of course, an occasional disappointment has come out young hero's way. He and Constance Howard had important rôles in "The Waning Sex." Both were completely cut out of the finished picture. Again, in "The Magic Flame," Bill and Constance played juveniles. Again they graced the cutting-room shelves.

However, it was his very good work in "West Point" that attracted the notice of reviewers and fans. He is now getting an increasing fan mail and, to date, an interview.

To-day, Bill is twenty, and has grown several inches since his O. Henry days. Naturally, he looks older, too, though you'd take him for seventeen or eighteen. He is a bright chap, not a bore, not self-conscious, nor overconscious—not yet. He is vitally alive and—praise Buddha—not sophisticated. That is, he doesn't pose. He lives with his mother, and has a good time with his friends. He is not overeager to tell you what he can do—not yet. He did admit that, next to acting, he likes swimming and tennis best, and I have heard he is most proficient in both.

While Bill was answering a phone call, I was able to glance about the room. A photo of William Haines stood in a conspicuous place. "Dear Bill," ran the autograph of the inimitable Haines, "you may not believe me, but I enjoyed working with you." A picture of Belle Bennett, with a beautiful autograph, was also obvious. I regarded a silver cup of modest size, with "Presented to William Bakewell, for possessing the best school spirit," inscribed on it.

A scrap book, the size and thickness of a small trunk, with "William Bakewell" stamped on the cover in letters of gold, is being used for present, and subsequent, press clippings. Only several pages are used—yet. Inside the cover is written, in a boyish hand:

"I am going to be the greatest actor on the screen. This is a promise I make to myself. Signed, William Bakewell."

He never mentioned anything like that in the interview; he may in the next. Anyway, the chief distinctions in his life at this moment are: That he is the youngest member of the Maskers' Club; that he is working under D. W. Griffith; that he has already done something sufficiently worthy to make him the subject of an interview. He was, he confessed, completely bowled over.

Let us hope he doesn't become Hollywoodized; that he keeps on getting bowled over; that he does not, like many of the more seasoned players, come to expect interviews and prepare angles, wise saws, and modern sayings.
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amiss, and the petite Polly Ann was free to dance again. David Selznick, a rising young producer, was her squire on this occasion. Anita Loos saw her and at once wanted her for the rôle of Dorothy, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and Polly had the heartbreak of losing one of the most coveted rôles of the year. One of her front teeth reeled a mere fraction of an inch from its fellows, but just enough to show up dark in the close-ups. Metro-Goldwyn took heart and signed her to a long-term contract, and disciplined the wayward tooth.

Loretta Young, the youngest of Hollywood's now famous Youngs, was having the time of her life one night, winning a dancing cup, and not thinking of the movies at all—though she had had experience—when Herbert Brenon saw her and insisted the next day to studio heads that she play the leading rôle opposite Lon Chaney, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!"

Reginald Denny, who draws the largest salary of any Universal star, owes his break to the fact that he was a "cheap" actor. Denny had made his mark on the speaking stage, when the actor's strike interrupted his career. He sought employment at the New York studios, and was advised by no less an authority than Joseph M. Schenck that his features made him impossible as a screen player.

Tim McCoy thought he was a business man, and not an actor, when he called on studio officials and tried to interest them in his Wyoming ranch as a location for Western pictures. The studio officials thought it was an excellent idea—but they wanted Tim to star in the pictures.

June Marlowe won her screen break because she played the piano. A director lived next door to the apartment house her family occupied, and June practiced three hours daily. The director couldn't very well ignore the noise, and he dropped in one day.

Johnny Mack Brown won his screen chance when he planted the pigskin behind the goal posts in a football game at the Pasadena Rose Bowl.

Of course the break of the year was that of the blond Ruth Taylor, who won the coveted rôle of Lorelei, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," after the director, Malcolm St. Clair, had told her she would never do.

But there must be a time limit to everything on the screen, even embraces, and the signal, which the audience never hears, for the end of the clinch, is generally the hoarse utterance of the tired director: "Break."

The producer pondered over the situation at some length.

"That's the only dog in Hollywood that can play this part," was his final verdict. "We can't stop the picture now. I'll get another director instead."

The way of high art in Hollywood seems to be a somewhat rocky one.

I observe that the Filmarte Theater, a show house designed solely for the exhibition of artistic motion pictures, has been closed for an indefinite period.

Whether it is closed for lack of people who want to see artistic pictures, or simply a lack of the artistic pictures themselves, is a matter about which I have no definite information, although my personal opinion leans toward the latter.

There is a strange and somewhat wistful little character in Hollywood, whose life history I should like to write.

I do not know his name, or anything about his past life, ambitions, aspirations, or hopes for the future.

All that I do know is that apparently he makes his living off his trained goose, christened "Bozo." I have never seen him except in the presence of the goose, and to my knowledge no one else ever has, either. It is a good trained goose—as trained geese go—and its owner rents it to pictures.

The animal, or fowl, is evidently his pride and passion. He will put it through its paces for any chance spectator who happens to be interested.

So far as I know, the goose is his only means of livelihood, although I will admit the possibility of his also owning other performing beasts.

From what I have observed, he finds the life of a trained-goose keeper an eminently pleasant one.
Do Fan Dreams Come True? Continued from page 110

heart that I'd be very glad indeed to meet her.

"How sweet it was to meet her casually, equally, naturally, after all these years of turbulent emotional storms! Of course, I loved her. That would go without saying in Hollywood, where every one loves her as a matter of course. We had a charming talk in her dressing room, and I carried away a perfectly sincere admiration for her as a personality. My work brings me into occasional contact with her, now, and out of the ashes of my past worship, as it were, has sprung a new love—less hectic than the old, perhaps, but none the less sincere and beautiful for all its difference, because it is based on association and imagination, on admiration rather than adulation.

"It was very lovely of her to have been so patient with me all those months. She dislikes effusion, because she receives so much of it sincerely, and is bored and disgusted by emotional demonstration. She believed in my love for her enough to bother waiting until an opportune time arrived for our introduction, which is characteristic of her tact and consideration in all things. I am most grateful to her for not making any of my wild dreams come true, and for allowing me what Hollywood calls 'an even break.'"

Certainly Constance didn't look like a disillusioned fan as she concluded her explanation. I think there is a moral in her experience somewhere, if any one cares to look for it. This is not an interview. I pass it on to you, because yesterday I heard an editor say, "Yes, I'd like to run a story on Norma Talmadge, but there is nothing that hasn't already been written about her several times. She's had so much publicity that there is no new angle any more."

And I wanted you to know that even an editor may, at times, be wrong.
Somehow the notion has got about that I'm a sort of goody-goody, so that apparently I'm only looked at as an actor in that light. No one ever stops to think of the varied roles I've played. Yet, on the screen, and on the stage as well, I've been all kinds of bums.

"One of the first things I ever did, on the stage, was 'The Man Who Came Back.' In that, I was probably the worst bum that ever lived. Drink, dope, seduction—I went in for every vice there is.

"In my earliest pictures, it was the same. In 'The Fighting Chance' I was a drunkard. The whole film was a story of my regeneration.

"In 'What Every Woman Knows,' I, as a married man, fell in love with another woman, which isn't considered a very moral thing to do." He went on, considering the various and varied roles he had played in the past. In "Sacred and Profane Love" he was an absinthe addict, who seduced the heroine. In "Saturday Night" he and his wife were divorced so that each could marry some one else. He played Paul, in "Three Weeks," one of the most luridly romantic characters in what might be called literature.

Again he played an El Nior Glyn hero in "The Only Thing"; Madame Glyn, an authority, must have thought that he had it. Yet, despite his hectic screen past, Metro-Goldwyn was inclined to cast him in rather sugary roles. A district attorney in "The Waning Sex," a nice young business man in "Heaven on Earth," and a young gentleman in "London After Midnight." Then along came the vogue for underworld pictures, and Warner Brothers, who took over part of Mr. Nagel's contract, began casting him as a gangster in, for example, "The Girl From Chicago," and "Tenderloin." The cycle of types was completed again for Conrad in "Glorious Betsy," with the rediscov-ery that Conrad can be as heavily romantic as any one on the screen.

Well, as the Pollyannas are constantly telling us, there's always a good break around the corner. Conrad's good break has arrived. Just at the time when he is coming into his own again as a romantic lover, the talking movie has come along and given him another boost.

Conrad is in luck. Lionel Barry- more, who has also been buried more than his talents warranted, is also in luck. All the players who have had stage training are in luck.

One of Mr. Nagel's greatest charms lies in his voice. Full, resonant, trained to carry on the stage, it is ideal for a talking picture. In a Vitaphone film his voice puts to shame the feeble sounds brought forth by mere movie players.

As a result, he is much in demand for talking pictures. Warner Broth- ers have arranged a split contract with Metro-Goldwyn, whereby Con- rad Nagel is to work half the time for each of them. Yes, now that talking movies have arrived, Conrad is sitting pretty.

That is no mean feat, when one considers the consternation thrown into the motion-picture ranks with the advent of speaking pictures. The braves of beauty-contest winners are furrowed with worry. There is a sudden rush, in California, to elocu- tion and voice placement teachers. Distinguished services are offered for vaudeville, usually the last resort after a player is a "through," even on Poverty Row. For now the briefest vaudeville engagement enables a film player to lay claim to stage experience.

"So far," said Mr. Nagel, "talking pictures have gone over because of their novelty, but they won't be a novelty much longer. Producers will have to realize that, and arrange for more skillful dialogue."

The occasion for this was my comment on the Broadway fate of "Ten- derloin," in which the spoken pas-sages seemed like excerpts from a ten-twenty melo-drama of twenty years ago. It was, indeed, so crude that it was laughed off the Broadway stage, and much of it was deleted.

"Up to now," continued Mr. Na- gel, "the dialogue was written—thrown in, you might say—by sub-title writers. In the future, talking pictures will have to follow the stage technique for spoken lines. They will require the services of skilled playwrights to put them over, with lines that are amusing and carry along the story."

For when stage presence, poise, experience and trained speaking voices are part of the requisites for a screen career, then untrained youth had better watch out, or where will our new faces be then, poor things?

Yes, Conrad Nagel is coming back into his own!
All That is Mortal of Valentino Lies in a Borrowed Tomb!

Continued from page 17

dedicated to Valentino. Paid for by British money, it was the first real action to perpetuate the memory of the Rudy the world had loved. Under date of May 6th, the London Weekly Dispatch said:

A garden has sprung into life and fragrance, in the last few days, on the roof of the Italian Hospital, Queen's Square, London, and its existence is a result of a touching tribute to the memory of Rudolph Valentino.

From whence will come the funds to pay for a final resting place for Rudolph Valentino? When all his debts are paid, there probably will remain approximately $300,000. Of this amount the court, legally, may allow only a nominal sum for a tomb in which to place the actor's remains. The early estimates, first of a million, then of a half million, supposed to have been left by the star, proved exaggerated. Rudy, it was learned, had borrowed, and he owed money in many places. One claim for $160,000 was filed by a real-estate firm, on a contract for the purchase of 111 acres of land. Another for $48,515 was filed by Executor Ullman for money advanced to help finance production of the film "What Price Beauty," made by Natacha Rambova, Valentino's second wife, who divorced him shortly before his death. Debts for landscaping the lawns about the Valentino home, for wearing apparel contracted for in 1925, bobbed up.

A few weeks ago, 7,000 cigarettes, which had been ordered by Valentino from Cairo, Egypt, were sold at public auction in Los Angeles, by the customhouse, for $88. Young women and girls started the bidding, but after it reached the $20 mark, professional buyers took the "play" away from them, and obtained the imported "fags" at approximately market prices. Yet it is probable that had the cigarettes been auctioned immediately after the death of Rudy, they would have netted the estate hundreds of dollars.

What shall be done with the body of Valentino? Will it eventually be buried in a simple, unadorned grave somewhere beneath the cedars and palms and pepper trees of the beautiful cemetery, or will it be given a niche in the marble mausoleum? Will it be taken back to the star's boyhood home in Italy, to be placed in a shrine where all may come and see the casket? Mr. Ullman insists that it shall remain in America, and declares it eventually shall rest in a mausoleum—if he has to build it himself. He was Rudy's former manager, and his closest friend.

"I am hoping that the City of Los Angeles will provide the ground for a memorial," he says, "and that the $2,500 in hand may be expended for a bronze bust that can be on a granite stand. In addition, I'm hoping that funds will become available, somehow, for erection of the cherished mausoleum. I cannot believe that the world so soon has forgotten the dark-eyed, gentle boy whom so recently it worshiped."

A few feet from the borrowed crypt which Valentino rests is the niche which holds the body of Barbara La Marr. On the bronze plaque beneath her name are the words: "With God in the Joy and Beauty of Youth." Vases with red gladiolus stand near, replenished each day. Many visitors stand with bared heads as they recall the beautiful, exotic Barbara, whose death occurred the same year as Valentino's. In another crypt near by rest the remains of William H. Crone, grand old actor of the stage.

In a third, the father of Norma and Constance Talmadge is laid away. Marion Davies is building a beautiful mausoleum, near the edge of the cemetery lake, in which the body of her mother, who recently died, will be placed.

Yet the body of the great Valentino has been accorded no permanent resting place! Crowds still flock to see his pictures as they are shown in many hands.

Letters to Mr. Ullman tell how some keep flowers before his idol's photograph. Others tell how they burn candles in home shrines. Many declare that no one ever can supplant Valentino in their affections, and some write verses avowing perpetual devotion.

But writing letters and sending money appear to be two entirely different gestures. The distance between wealth of sentiment and wealth in the bank seems non-negotiable. So the beloved Rudy receives bequests drawn merely from the reservoir of memory. Bank checks are conspicuously absent.

Doesn't this seem sometimes to be a hypocritical world? I can readily fancy Rudy looking back and saying in his gentle, tender way: "Never mind, my boy, they don't mean to forget. It's just the—well, it's the way of the world, you know."
Little Sister to Lucrezia Borgia

Continued from page 34

I agreed, and ordered a slab of ice flanked with limes, grenadine, and seltzer. It was high time we went to work. Duty was duty, even on a muggy afternoon. What of Movietone, I demanded, and how does it differ from movies without tone?

“Well,” said Kate judicially, “there is much to be said on both sides. But all I can tell you is the actor’s viewpoint.

“Movietone is worrying the stars. The rest of the actors in Hollywood couldn’t be any more worried than they usually are. But stars realize that they will not be able to get by on a swell profile and a shapely pair of stems. They’ll have to talk, and talk well.

“It will be great for stage-wise people whose voices register, and not so hot for others. It may not last, but if it does I think you’ll see a new set of favorites, who will have to sound as good as they look. Actors like Lionel Barrymore, and Conrad Nagel will be sitting pretty. Others will be sitting—

“Since you ask me, my voice registers pretty well, too. At least, the critics say so. And God bless the critics when they’re for you! I mean, I suppose I should send them loving cups.”

Reproducing the Key conversation is at once an arduous and baffling task. She has the same iridescent, elusive wit that characterizes Nita Naldi, Will Rogers, and other quick thinkers of history. She is a satirical child with a same outlook on pictures and a canny sense of humor. She is one of the popular people on the Coast, admired most by people with sufficient intelligence to appreciate her. In this respect she is not unlike Aileen Pringle, pet of the literate minority.

“Making Movietone was totally unlike making a regular movie,” said Kate. “And paradoxically enough, talksies must be made more quietly than noiseless movies, if you follow me. If you don’t, take a running jump. Listen closely, and I will explain how the leopard got his spots.”

She sketched rapidly on a piece of paper, talking very rapidly at the same time.

“You work in a boxed-in set like this, lined with deadening felt. The set is lined, not you. Microphones are hung directly over or near the camera, which shoots through a hole, so that the clicking is not registered on the film. You see, Vitaphone records on a synchronized record, while Movietone records the sound right on the film simultaneously with the picture.

“The director must do all his talking before he shoots, because every sound is recorded. Arm waving and sign language are permissible, but hardly helpful. If a scene is interrupted, it must be repeated from the start, because the dialogue is continuous, as on the stage. Parts must be memorized and cues must be picked up.

“Klieg lights aren’t used, because the sputter would be caught on the film. Outdoors it is even more difficult to work with Movietone. Shouts of children playing may break into your filming. Or the clatter of horses’ hoofs. Or a mailman’s whistle.

“When we were doing ‘The Family Picnic,’ which was the first Movietone comedy, we had all sorts of odd experiences with the sound end of it. Once we had to stop because an airplane buzzed by overhead. Again, the detector caught the hum of a high-tension wire near by. We couldn’t hear it, but on the truck carrying the equipment sits a man at a receiving board, with earphones that pick up the slightest interruption.”

From Movietone our talk meandered to other fields, and the key tastes proved to be widely varied. Kathleen enjoys Italian sunsets, Hearst newspapers, chicken Chow mein, acting opposite Ramon Novarro, and watching Ann Pennington dance the Black Bottom. She likes fishnet stockings, week-ends in the country, the Biltmore orchestra, Movietone, iced coffee, hot tamales, and Irishmen. She dislikes warm cantaloupe, affection, horse cars, off-key singing and cassowaries. She has never seen a cassowary, but she is very sure she wouldn’t care for one.

She is brutal in her frankness, honest as a Fairbanks scale, and open-faced as an Ingersoll. She is one of California’s gifts to the tinned-drama industry, otherwise known as motion pictures.

Some day Mr. Vidor, or Mr. von Sternberg, or Mr. Curtiz will get hold of Kathleen Key and transfer her rich, dramatic beauty to the silver screen. Then you will see as sparkling a star as ever shone from Hollywood.
"Gala premiere to-morrow night, I suppose, and European showing the next day?"

"Yeh. Quite a racket."

George left, and Al sat down again.

"You were born——" I continued pathetically.

"And you might say I was. And at an early age, too."

Another awkward pause.

What can you do at a time like that? Nothing at all, is what you can do. So as nonchalantly as possible, without a cigarette, I put the interview away in lavender and moth balls and proceeded to have a nice time. Listening to Jolson stories, and watching Jolson antics, and intermittently watching him work,

"To look at me," he observed, in front of the camera, "wouldn’t you think I knew what it all was about?"

When I left, Mr. Jolson bade me farewell with as bland an innocence as if he himself had laboriously supplied the outline of his life and career which follow. He shook my hand and grinned as blithely as if he did not know that I would have to go sneaking among his confidants, if I wanted any further facts. And me that was always the last ap - plauder for the last encore of "Man - my!"

Nevertheless, Jolson’s modesty is genuine. His reluctance to talk about himself is a real distaste, and he cannot be persuaded that a panting public is eager to read about him. The items below, garnered at random from people who know him, and are familiar with his career, are for the illumination of picture fans, to whom Al Jolson is a legend or, at most, the new and unknown star of "The Jazz Singer."

He was born Asa Yoleson, in Washington, D. C. His father was a rabbi, and also cantor, the community being small. Painstakingly, Cantor Yoleson taught his son the chants and rituals, planning for the day when Asa should be cantor of the little temple. Asa was an apt pupil and the quality of his clear, young voice was gratifying to the cantor. The first misgivings came when that good gentleman became aware that Asa was intoning the chants with a curious tempo. Almost imperceptibly, there was an uneven, droning rhythm in the boy’s singing. The cantor knew nothing of syncopation, or he would have recognized its presence. But, on general principle, he scolded Asa for taking liberties with the sacred music.

About this time, Asa was one of the juvenile performers in the stage production of Israel Zangwill’s "Children of the Ghetto." Shortly after, drawn by the glamour of the theatricals, he got a job as Barker for a traveling circus, and ran away from home.

Despite parental remonstrances, he continued on his downward path. With his brother and a friend, he formed a vaudeville team—Jolson, Palmer, and Jolson. While playing the small-time circuits, a negro porter in one of the theaters gave Al the idea of changing from whiteface to burnt cork. This brought him instant attention, and in 1919 he started playing with Dockstader’s Minstrels.

In 1911, J. J. Shubert, scouting for new talent, saw him in this minstrel show and engaged him as a comedian for the Winter Garden, then just opened. Here Jolson’s popularity was instant and climactic. In 1914 he was featured alone in "Dancin’ Around." In 1916 he became a star in ‘Robinson Crusoe, Jr.” "Bombo” and "Big Boy” were more recent Winter Garden hits.

He is a Broadway institution. There are hundreds of imitators, but only one Jolson. His manner of putting a song across is hopelessly inimitable.

It is very fitting that Jolson should have been the pioneer of talking, or rather singing, pictures, and that his first picture should have been "The Jazz Singer," material for the story of which was drawn from his own life.

His appetite for knowledge of production is insatiable. From the first, he has wanted to know the how, why, and wherefore of every slightest detail. With the result that he is to-day an expert technician in the making of movies. He selects his cast, assists in improving the story, and has considerable rein on supervision.

Hollywood, as I mentioned, approves riotously of Jolson. Few who knew him well expected him to remain in the colony, for he is restless and a nomad. But now it would seem that we have him cinched for five years at least—having bribed him with a new interest, "Fijuana”—since he must play the ponies, and make money—lots of it.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

"Noose, 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 her. He is acquitted with the help of his mother, with her declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Revising screen version of this old-time favorite. Full of thrills, horrors, laughter and tears. Arthur Edmund Carewe, Margaretta Fischer and George Siegel.

"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 Irish Rose"—Paramount. Good actimg and sincere action. No emotional thrills. Charles Rogers is good, as Abie. Nancy Carroll perfect, as Rosemary, Jean Hersholt, Bernard Gorcey, and Ida Kramer.


"Hangman's House"—Fox. Commonplace story, with exceptionally beautiful atmosphere, a tribute to the skill and imagination of the director. June Collyer is an aristocratic beauty, but not an emotional one. Larry Kent, Victor Mclaglen, and Earle Foxe.


"Big Noise, The"—First National. A shrewd and unusual political satire. Fine performances. Chester Conklin, Bodil Rosin, Alice White, Sam Hardy, Ned Sparks, and Jack Egan.


"How to Handle Women"—Universal. Sacrifices everything for a laugh, and gets too many laughs. Often dull. Glenn Tryon's popularity will insure his success, however, and Marian Nixon, Raymond Keane, Bull Montana and others are to be reckoned with.


"Foils for Luck"—Paramount. Another "team" picture. The right degree of amusement for hot weather. Highly skillful performance by Chester Conklin, W. C. Fields, and love story carried by Jack Luden and Sally BLane. Distinguished Mary Alden is wife.

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"End of St. Petersburg, The"—No continuity of action or characterization. Excellent photography. Story is told in symbols. If you like this sort of thing this Russian picture is as good as any.

"Dawn." Careful, impartial and reverent attempt to present events culminating in the death of Edith Cavel. Sybil Thorndike is restrainedly effective. Marie Ault, Micky Brantford, and Maurice Braddell give fine performances.


"Lion and the Mouse, The"—Warner. Old-fashioned story of a great, grasping capitalist. Vitaphone not very satisfactory in instances of May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr. Alec B. Francis is effective. Also Lionel Barrymore.


"Dragnet, The"—Paramount. Should be seen if you like these "gang" pictures. George Bancroft stands for the law instead of against it. Admirable work by Francis MacDonald. William Powell good. Greet and Fred Kohler complete excellent cast.

Addresses of Players.


Delray Deeny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Phil- bide, Louella Parsons, Marion Nixon, Art Acord, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Eth-
You see what I did for the man pictured at the right! Changed him almost overnight from a puny weakling into a physical GIANT! Study those pictures—they'll make you rub your eyes. Looks like magic, doesn't it? But there are no tricks about it. That's just an example of what Titus Training has done for thousands upon thousands of men. Let me do it for YOU. I don't care what your present condition may be—or whether you're 20 or 50.

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Chic Sale
(Lower Center)
His Majesty Alfonso XIII
King of Spain

Charles A. Lindbergh
Joe Cook
Bobby Clark and
Paul McCullough
(Top Center)
George Bernard Shaw

MODERN theatres everywhere are responding to the public's demand for Fox Movietone Entertainments. For your enjoyment, William Fox, with characteristic foresight has assembled throughout the world these talking pictures.
Picture Play

Volume XXIX

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1928

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What the Fans Think .................................................. 8
An open forum for and by our readers.

In the Balkans .......................................................... 15
A photographic study of Joan Crawford in her greatest rôle.

Are the Movies Scorning Love? ................................. Edwin Schallert 16
A thoughtful analysis of a new trend in pictures.

Beauty Takes the Bumps! .......................................... Margaret Reid 20
A story of three young ladies you see and laugh at, but do not remember.

In which the pets of the stars are put on display.

Who Will Be Stars in 1938? ....................................... Virginia Morris 24
Looking into the past to see what can be culled for a prophesy of the future.

The Best Foot Forward ................................................ 27
Some extraordinary camera angles on people you know.

Over the Teacups ...................................................... 28
Fanny the Fan discourses in her usual fashion.

The Stroller ............................................................. 32
Carroll Graham

He'll Fool You If He Can ........................................... Myrtle Gebhart 34
In which Nils Asther only partially succeeds in fooling PICTURE PLAY'S popular interviewer.

Favorites of the Fans ................................................. 35
Full-page portraits of film celebrities.

Beautiful, But—Herself ............................................. William H. McKeeg 43
Madge Bellamy's little-known personality off the screen is sympathetically described.

He Knew What He Wanted .......................................... Helen Louise Walker 45
The story of Richard Arlen's rise to fame.

If You Were to Visit Aileen Pringle ............................. Margaret Reid 46
A clever and complete description of the home of one of Hollywood's most individual players.

Aloof and Friendly .................................................. 49
Patsy DuBuis
Fay Wray's unchanging temperament is mirrored for the benefit of her admirers.

Hollywood High Lights ............................................. 50
Edwin and Elza Schallert
Flashes of Hollywood news and gossip.

His Nickname is "Connie" ............................................ Myrtle Gebhart 55
The record of a visit with one of the screen's most vivid players.

Funny? Well, It'd Drive You Crazy, Too ...................... 56
The stars are cultivating their voices for the speakies—with a vengeance.

Continued on the Second Page Following

MONTHLY

OCT 26 1928

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ALL MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITORS

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NOW in motion picture theatres at popular prices, after thrilling New York and the entire Nation for over a year at $2 admissions, Paramount—and the "best show in town!"

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First of all motion pictures to introduce sensational sound effects, "Wings" is still unsurpassed. Never has such an amazing photoplay of aviation and romance been produced! You soar in the clouds with the flying fighters, you hear the shriek of planes falling in battle, the thrill of a lifetime! Watch the newspapers for announcements of "Wings" showing in your city. Lucien Hubbard Production, Directed by William Wellman. Story by John Monk Saunders. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, and Gary Cooper. Silent or with sound "best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

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Manhattan Medley .......................... Aileen St. John-Brenon 58
New York’s movie happenings are entertainingly recorded.

Love—And How! .............................. William Haines and Polly Moran give a demonstration.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood .................. Alice M. Williamson 63
The seventh installment of our mystery serial.

Master of Moods ............................. William H. McKegg 67
Victor Varconi’s talent knows no bounds.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases ................................. 69
Brief comments on current pictures.

The Screen in Review .......................... Norbert Lusk 70
Pictures of the month are impartially discussed by our critic.

Greta—As She Is .............................. Margaret Reid 74
The truth about the much-discussed, seldom-understood lady from Sweden.

Give This Fellow a Hand ...................... A. L. Wooldridge 83
You’ll be surprised to hear of the romantic background of John George.

The Nineteenth-Century Girl .................. 84
A picturesque display of stars in old-fashioned costumes.

Stardom Can’t Last—What’s to Follow? ........ Helen Louise Walker 86
Another interesting look into the future.

“On the Dotted Line, Please” ................. 88
Stars signing their much-talked-of contracts.

Objects of Wrath ............................. William H. McKegg 89
The ire of the stars has stopped several careers.

Information, Please .......................... The Picture Oracle 102
Questions of readers are answered.

TExXS GUINAN PANs HOLLYWOOD

EVery one knows who Texas Guinan is, and some even remem-
ber when she was in the movies ten years ago in a series of
Westerns. On her return recently to appear—and be heard—in a
Vitaphone picture called “Queen of the Night Clubs,” she was not
received by the elite of Hollywood with that heart-warming cor-
diality for which the colony is noted when it approves of a new-
comer. To put it bluntly, Texas Guinan was snubbed. Social lines
were drawn, engagements made prior to her arrival were canceled,
and the night-club hostess was given the cold shoulder. But was
she downcast? Not Texas! Instead, she talked—freely, frankly
and forcefully to A. L. Wooldridge, to whom she voiced her opinion
of those who had withdrawn from the welcome planned for her, and
expressed her opinion of Hollywood as it unfolded itself to her after
a long absence. Always noted for her outspokenness, she does not
speak words or personalities, now, in letting Hollywood have it
“below the belt.” Whether you agree with her or not, Texas
Guinan’s story in the January PICTURE PLAY will grip and amaze
you. It is one of the strongest features we have ever published.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

This is the wish of PICTURE PLAY to all its readers, with a
pledge to do the utmost possible to make the wish a reality.
The pledge is made by each contributor individually, and you will
realize the sincerity of it when you read, next month, Myrtle Geb-
hart’s splendid interview with William Boyd, Madeline Glass’ inti-
mate impressions of Olive Borden, William H. McKegg’s frank
report of Jetta Goudal, and Elza Schallert’s sympathetic life story
of Louise Fazenda. Carroll Graham is responsible for The Stroller’s
most ironic and amusing contribution to date, and Margaret Reid
holds up Norma Shearer for a searching analysis, in addition to
which Helen Louise Walker lets it be known the high price paid by
the stars for being good-natured at all times. Get next month’s
PICTURE PLAY and start the New Year right!
APULITZER prize winner as a stage play and the talk of New York for a year, “Craig’s Wife” is the different type of picture you’ve been waiting for! It is the most poignant study of a domestic tragedy ever written—this tale of an adoring husband and his luxury-loving wife whose heart was so full of the love of material things that it had no room for him! If you’re married or ever expect to be, go see “Craig’s Wife”! It’s coming soon to your favorite theater—watch for the announcement!

Pathé presents
Craig’s Wife
with
Irene Rich
Warner Baxter
A William C.deMille Production
Adapted by Clara Beranger
from the great stage success by George Kelly
Pathé Picture
What the Fans Think

Rambling Observations of a Fan.

THE young lady who signed herself "Evelyn Bowen, of 2101 Canyon Drive, Hollywood," in a recent issue, evidently stays up in the canyon and doesn't know what is going on around the studios. When she says that the foreign players do not work more cheaply than the Americans, she knows that she does not know what she is talking about. Not only do the extras work more cheaply, but the featured players as well. Of course, I am not speaking of stars who were famous before they were brought over here. I know of more than one case where a well-known American player has lost a rôle, because he asked a salary larger than a foreigner was willing to accept. Do you suppose the producers would go to the expense of importing untrained and unknown foreigners from Europe unless they could get them cheaply? They have to spend a little money on them for publicity, but if they get them cheaply enough, it pays. Foreigners have invaded the extra ranks to the extent that Russians are tricked out in cowboy costumes, and ride in the place of American cow-punchers. The Russians ride for three dollars a day, while the Americans ask from seven fifty to ten dollars a day for the risks they must take.

This cheapness also applies to the young players now taking the place of older favorites. Some younger from the extra ranks, or fresh from high school, is placed under a long-term contract for fifty or seventy-five dollars a week. The publicity department is started writing propaganda to the effect that the fans demand new faces on the screen. Bunk! Just bunk! The fans are satisfied with the favorites they have known for years. If you want to know where your favorites are, take a walk around the Masquers Club, or any club where the members are actors, and you will see the casts of the finest American players parked there day after day. The players are at liberty. If they work at all, they must work for the independent producer, who, not owning a big string of theaters to show his pictures, must have the names of actors with a fan following in order to sell his productions. Take a walk around any of the big studios, and go into the near-by restaurants at lunch time, and you will hear a babble of foreign tongues. Most of these people do not know enough English to order a meal.

If these youngsters and foreigners could act, it would not be so bad, but none of them know what it is all about. If one of them gives a good performance, it is because he has been associated with a director who is willing to work with him, and squeeze out of him what little he has to give. One writer in Picture Play said that aside from Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell none of the youngsters was worth spending a quarter on. Both these players can do a beautiful "flop" when they do not have Frank Borzage to direct them.

There is a girl here in Hollywood whom I saw working as a model in a fashion parade. She has, naturally, the beauty that Greta Garbo achieves through make-up and photography. She looks so much like Greta Garbo that she has posed as her double in pictures. But where Greta has an awkward figure and a certain lifelessness of manner, this girl has a beautiful, graceful figure, and animation. If some producer would give her the opportunity that has been given to Miss Garbo, she would put it all over the Garbo, like a tidal wave. But I understand that she is an American, so she probably won't get the chance. Give Miss Garbo an indifferent cast, and ask her to carry the picture alone, and she will be shown for the mediocre actress that she really is.

SEEN WHILE AMBLIN' AROUND.

Mary Carr and one of her pretty, blond daughters, buying strawberries for shortcake. Carmel Meyers, in a green sport dress and a tight white-felt hat, at the cosmetic counter of a department store. Billie Dove, all in yellow, going into the Montmartre. Ben Lyon on the Boulevard, with a pretty girl, dressed in red. George Bancroft going into the Masquers Club. Roy d'Arcy and Lita Gray Chaplin in a department store. Marc McDermott giving a coin and a friendly smile to a pan-handler on the Boulevard. Evelyn Brent waiting for her car. She is the most unprepossessing of all the players. Sullen and unpleasant looking. Owen Moore going into a bank. Noah Beery coming out of the Guaranty Building. Matt Moore going to lunch at the Montmartre. Maurice Costello breakfasting in a dairy lunch. James Murray ditto. Mary Astor, in a brown sport-coat and an ugly hat, coming out of the Montmartre. She is not beautiful. Francis X. Bushman, wearing Hollywood rompers (plus-fours) and a bright-

Continued on page 10
VITAPHONE

Through VITAPHONE you see and hear the Greatest Entertainers in the World To-Day!

Swiftly—surely—dramatically—Warner Bros. VITAPHONE has revolutionized the whole world of entertainment.

It has transformed the screen from a silent shadow to a LIVING thing—vivid and vibrant with the voices and emotions of living people.

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DOLORES COSTELLO

in "NOAH'S ARK"

with GEORGE O'BRIEN

Most tremendous dramatic spectacle since the birth of motion pictures. Vast pageantry of moving masses of human beings. Epic love depicted against the shifting backgrounds of two worlds. The climax—the Deluge—ringing down the curtain on earth's most dissolute age.

"NOAH'S ARK"—see it—HEAR it—through VITAPHONE.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

blue shirt, in the Public Library. He still wears his famous amethyst ring. Victor Varconi, all in gray, going into the Roosevelt Hotel. Blancie Sweet, lately returned from Europe, going into the Montmartre, Tom Mix, in a bright-blue coat and yellow hat, driving his yellow Rolls-Royce over Beverly Boulevard.

I hope the editor will allow me to thank the fans for the many letters I could not receive. I received more than two hundred letters, and I am only a poor working girl, who has no secretary. I live very simply, among the stars. 1732 North Whitley Avenue, Hollywood, California.

She Likes the Talkies.

Every one is interested right now in the new talking pictures. Very few fans seem to like the prospect. As I live in Los Angeles, I have seen the very first talking pictures and believe me, though at first I was doubtful as to their success, since seeing what improvements are being made on each new talkie, I am for them, just as every other seems to be.

I recall reading a letter signed by E. W. V., a very true letter, which stated that the fans do not want mere youth without talent making some of the many splendid things about talking, and that the one-hundred-per-cent idea to my mind, the cast seems perfect and I have never my tastes so directed. From now on, I will take more than just empty-headed cuties—it will take talented actors, with those acting ability, to win me over. I need a proper picture, one that will stay the same as stage actor and actresses.

They say there is a mad rush on in Hollywood among the picture people—everyone trying to get into pictures. A lot of them have voices that are so affected and give such unnecessary insights into their own characters, that it will take a lot of practice before they can assume a voice that will prove an asset! I have heard a number of them talk in pictures so far, and to date Dolores Costello has had the greatest success, in my opinion. She has made the biggest impression on her, before she overcomes the affectation, artificial way she has of talking.

"Lights of New York" Warner Bros. is the first one-handed, talking picture in which you can see Helen Costello, Cullen Landis, and Gladys Brockwell. This picture is so much better than their former talking-pictures, that the whole audience seemed astonished and pleased.

Another thing, talking pictures will do, is to bring back many of our favorite old-time actresses and actors who have a wealth of experience and ability, but have been pushed out of pictures by the "cute" kids who have nothing to offer but looks and Cullen Landis, I shall not talk about him, but he has a wonderful voice. He and Gladys Brockwell, both with years of experience—they easily steal honors from Helen Costello, when it came to talking about the story, and with their ease and certainty that made you think it was a stage play before you. I hope they both get the breaks they deserve. Helen's beautiful face fades away when you recognize the other two "spoke" their parts. Acting ability far outshines beauty from now on.

And I must thank William H. McKee for what was a fine performance. He wondered why the silver cup was given to Dolores del Rio at the annual Wampas Ball in Hollywood. Well, a lot of other people don't know why—so I'll tell you. It is a general impression, however, that the giving of a silver cup each year, to the girl whose work has stood out as the year's best, has deteriorated into something unworthy, and nobody should regard holding the aforementioned silver cup as being so very wonderful. I mean, in short, that a bunch of men who are really no judges of acting, being egotistic, get together each year and decide to exploit a certain girl. If they like her—not her work—well and good. The vast number of people who vote for her have no other than Janet Gaynor, after seeing that superb picture, "Seventh Heaven."

I wish William Fox would stop breaking up the talking pictures. First I teamed him with Greta Nissen, in "Faulk", and then with Dolores del Rio in "The Red Dance." He is absolutely out of place and wasted. He should have taken a real ideal with Janet Gaynor, and there should be no trouble in finding plenty of tender love stories suitable for these two. He is the boy-lover—the first sweetheart we all have had, and we cherish every role of that kind. How can they cast him other than with sweet Janet Gaynor?—

HOLLY FROM HOLLYWOOD.

Los Angeles, California.

Give Them Proper Roles.

I am writing in behalf of three of our most promising girls, who are being forced into obscurity, because of poor casting. The three I speak of are Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, and Richard Dix. Both of the last two have had small, smart acting roles, but have had small chance to show their talents, because of the recent trivial, inconsequential roles allotted to them.

Consider Ronald Colman. Here is a star capable of making any character, of great strength and depth—a Sydney Carton, perhaps. And yet, none of his recent pictures, with the possible exception of "The Sign of the Cross," have shown even his slightest chance to show the real scope of his ability. In "Barbara Worth" he was a mere piece of scenery, and in "The Magic Lantern" and "The Gay Lady," he was forced to portray trite emotions and actions. Why must he always be the romantic lover? Leave the loving to be done by those whose talent lies only on this line. Won't some producer please wake up to the potent dramatic possibilities of Ronald Colman? Sydney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities" would be ideal for him, and certainly he is capable of doing it.

And Clive Brook. Another unusual person widely wasted through too often being forced to play stereotypes. Indeed it is almost ludicrous to see him play such roles, for his own character makes the hero seem ridiculous by contrast. There is such a thing as wasted ability, and Clive's is worthy of the producers' while to him suitable roles. And he can act when given half a chance. Witness his success in "Underworld" and "The Vanishing American," such as in "Hula" and "The Devil Dancer," and more such character parts as in "Underworld," and he will show himself to be one of our most interesting players.

And last, turn a sympathetic eye toward Richard Dix—a fine dramatic actor relegated to the role of a normally entertaining comedian. Until I saw him recently at a special showing of "The Vanishing American," I had thought of him as a commonplace of average ability. Since then, when I have been convinced that his greatest talent lies in the dramatic field. His finely restrained, sympathetic work in the aforementioned film, truly ranks him high among a number of uncommon ability. Really excellent dramatic actors are few and far between, and to let one be obscured in comedy—dreadful! Not that I wish to con him to stop playing the fun-making to those whose sparking talent is suited to it. And so, let's see Dix in drama again, even if he will be a loss to comedies, because then we know he'll be a worthy addition to the dramatic ranks.

ALICE L. KING.

536 Lowell Avenue, Palo Alto, California.

Too Much Is Too Much.

It was not until one of my pen pals wrote me in 1919 that I realized what truly marvelous improvements this industry has made during the last ten years. The magazine contained photos of an artificial prominent actors, who look younger to-day.

There is only one thing that attention now—that is the "funnies," the major of which are positively ridiculous. Those silly films always run and otherwise enjoyable evening for me. If I were president I'd have every comedy thrown out—especially Chaplin's. How he is allowed to remain on the screen is a mystery to me.

But now comes the announcement that we are to have talkies. Seeing that it is the same income as now, I don't see the stars, don't you think the producers would think of us before attempting such a thing? Just recently I heard Dolores Costello. She spoke to me in words, and then the screen, but when it comes to talking, she'll have to take a back seat. There are very, very few whose voices have been properly trained. It will serve them right if they make a miserable failure out of the whole thing.

I am certain of one thing—they will rob the screen of that fascinating mystique that always seems to take, with the able assistance of the magazines and the newspapers, we shall know more about the stars than they will themselves. I like respectful music when I go to a movie, not the artificial kind that comes out of a box. If I want talking, there is always the stage.

The only hope is that the equipment will be so expensive the fifteen-cent movie house can't have it. There I shall spend my evenings seeing beautiful women and boys, and then on the screen, the sere, hard-boiled voices to wreck the harmony.

Let the producers take warning that one photo to be an artificial is not a thing. If they claim that there are people who can act and talk properly, with little or no training, then I shall begin to believe there is a God.

God grant that the talking pictures will be heard no more.

Helen C. Brasunyer.

210 French Street, Buffalo, New York.

Norman Speaks His Mind.

I certainly wish to join in the howl against talking pictures. I have nothing against the new talkies. I don't see where it is a lack of voice. I heard the September Picture Play, except that many people seem to be in favor of talkies, simply because they have the idea that anything that is scientific is progress. But I see there is not much to say in favor of talkies, seeing that they are not able to say what they wish to say, whether it is a character or a thing. If you will be so kind as to permit me space, I should like briefly to state the things I disagree with, both in fan letters and in the contents of the magazine. I wish the editors did not see where it is a lack of voice. I got his idea about Barthelmess' puny muscles, as shown in "The Patent Leather Kid." I saw nothing puny about him, in the least, and G. C. should consider that prize fighters' muscles, while solid and

Continued on page 12
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LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to read and play music within just a few months. And the cost is only a fraction of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

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What the Fans Think

hard, are seldom impressive. A tumbler usually looks much more muscular than a plump, round fellow. I agree that "Sadie Thompson" and "Speedy" are good pictures, but why they should be placed above "Wings," in your Confidential Guide, is more than I can understand. I am becoming weary of the public's taste, but rather the idea that any one should place faith in another's judgment.

In regard to the article, "What Is Acting?" it is very proper to ask if all great acting is not the result of personality, but perhaps a more versatile, understanding, and imaginative personality than that of Bernhardt or Chaplin. A remarkable actor, or simply a personality who, under different circumstances, would have been one of the types he plays? Is John Barrymore a remarkably versatile technician, or has he a secret desire to create a remarkably varied group of characters?

By the hubbub "It" has stirred up, one would think Ettore Gign has had at least something different to the world, instead of something everyone knows all about, but few know what it is. Are there still ac-
garumers who think that this is, just as there were when it was called something else. To my mind, the one who deserves a good grade in algebra is not the one who says the theorem "barberman," but the one who finds out what the theorem is.

NORMAN HENDRICKSEN.
1021 Fortieth Street, Sacramento, California.

Dick's a Good Prize Fighter.

I beg to differ with Gene Charteris' let-
ter in September Picture Play, panning "The Kid." While I agree that there were reac-
tently, and it seemed to me one of the finest and most gripping films in months. To me, the prize-fight scenes and atmos-
phere of the ring, as directed by Novotny and Barthelson was certainly a convincing
fighter. Besides, the part called for a sleek, handsome fighter. The war scenes were especially impressive. I agree with Norbert Lusk's review of the picture. When the Kid stood up and saluted the flag, it was hokum, pure and simple. Such a thing is impossible after skilled surgery had failed.

However, as to Molly O'Day, I agree with Charteris. She seems to me, it put
imply, the most able and least interesting
name I have ever seen, even contem-
cring Lois Moran and Josephine Dunn.

V. KEITH SUTTON.
Bethany, Pennsylvania.

Corresponding With the Stars.

Perhaps the fans would like to hear about my experience in writing to the stars. I have been writing to my first idol, Myrtle Stedman, and very recently she sent me a large picture, personally auto-
graphed, To Juliette Brown, With Sin-
cerest Regards, Myrtle Stedman." Then I wrote to Ruth Clifford, and likewise, autographed a lovely photo to me. Then, at more or less regular intervals, I receive signed photographs, most of them autographed to me, or signed by the stars: Daniels, Louise Brooks, Lois Moran, Aileen Pringle, Marion Davies, an exquisite one from Jack Shearer, To Juliette Brown, With Appreciation and Best Wishes; Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, with a dashing letter to Marion Nixon; a lovely photo of Rudolph Valentino; V. I. personally auto-
graphed, which I value very much; George O'Brien, autographed in a sprawling, boy-
ish hand; Dolores Costello, exquisitely as only Dolores can be, and dozens of smaller pictures with mimeographed signatures.

Then, too, I wrote Joan Crawford when I saw "Sally, Irene, and Mary," and imme-
diately she sent me a beau-
tiful personally autographed photo. For about six months she wrote me once every month, sometimes oftener, and when I wrote her I was to be married she sent me the most beautiful picture in my collection—a tremendously beautiful pic-
ture—and autographed it "To Juliette,
May Your Marriage Be As Beauti-
ful As Your Character To Be, Devotedly, Joan Crawford." That, and her letters, are my most valued possessions.

Corinne Griffith, too, sent me a very large photo and a sweet letter requesting, in a picture of the writer, Dorothy Schastan, a Birmingham girl, also sent me a large photo autographed "To Juliette Brown, From Sincerely Your Friend, Dorothy Schastan." People here who know her say she is very beautiful.

Lola Wilde, I heard, was not so generous and sent only the regulation small, stamped picture.

Gloria Swanson has been most kind and sent me, too, a photo autographed by a beautiful large, one personally auto-
graphed, Janet Gaynor recently sent me an exquisite photo, autographed "With glue
Dance's Best Wishes, Janet Gaynor." My friends told me she was offered for sheer loveliness, probably the finest in my col-
lection, is a really large soft-focus repro-
duction of Doris Kenyon, autographed: To Juliette Brown, From Sincerely Doris Kenyon." In the same mail came a lovely note, written on monogrammed paper, to me—hoping I'd like the picture. As the writer said, "You're a wonderful girl." And maybe I didn't 
Pauline Garon autographed an attractive picture "To Miss Brown," and sent with it a lovely letter. In reply to my request for a photograph, she sent the cleverest and most amusing letter in my collection.

But no photograph! He didn't have any, he claimed; but the disappointment was partly compensated for by the clever, extremely friv-
olutely foolish letter! I'm sure he must be a very delightful person, as well as a handsome man and a fine actor.

I am a devoted fan and number my best friends among the stars. The photos and letters that the stars have been kind enough to send me have given me as much genuine pleasure as anything I've ever ex-
perienced. To think there are people, and, along with millions of other fans, I wish them all happiness.

JULIETTE BROWN.
1008 South Tenth Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama.

Isn't Mr. Dix Treated Fairly?

Why, oh why, must they take Richard Dix's beloved name, slap the left-overs around it, and sell it to a public that will be fooled just so often, and then it will be up to that person to find out what has been passed from their pedestals in the same manner?

It is the same old story. Mr. Dix has reached a height of popularity where his name alone is saleable, and the public are passing through the box office. But even the most loyal fans are not going to suffer through poor pictures.

I understand the producers' belief that the biggest of the stars can only last for a comparatively short time, and, therefore, it is their desire to make as much money as possible while they are fighting the said stars' brief reigns of popularity. Maybe this is the logical thing to do, but did it ever occur to these producers to experiment a little with the so-called fickle-
ness of the public, by helping it to keep

its faith with its idols instead of discour-
ing it?

Harlan建设 Richard Dix the subject of such an experiment? Give him first-
class stories, which will enable him to play different roles each time, and leading
ladies and casts which are capable of uphold their roles with splendid action. Then just see if Richard does not bring home the bacon, not only by increasing his fan fol-
lowing, but by establishing a real and end-
during popularity, such as is possible.

UXA B. COWAN.
1158 Burnaby Street, Vancouver, Brit-
ish Columbia.

Watch Out, Producers!

I agree with the views expressed by E. V. W. I am fed up with seeing so many juve
niles on the screen who have very little personality or acting ability.

If the producers think they can dispense with the older actors, for economical rea-
sons, they are making a mistake. The public take the the best of the new ones, they will find they are mis-
taken.

Milton Sills looked ridiculous playing opposite Molly O'Day in "Hard-boiled Nora," and Bil Minter playing opposite that little minx, Betty Bronson, in "Paradise for Two." I have seen Norma Talmadge in only one pic-
ture, not in "Song of India," where my name is mentioned. I have no wish to see her opposite Gilbert Ronald. The younger set are all right in their place, but we do not want them all the time. Let the habit of going to the pictures four times a week. Now I go but twice, and some-
times not at all.

G. M. Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

It's Just Too Bad.

I am right with you, E. W., though you are in far-away London! I am answering your of "Children, picture lovers, join in howling off the screen those hide-
ous talking pictures!"

Hideous is right. It is the only word you could have used. In the Richard Dix picture, "Warming Up," the din was past words—a howling, growling, nerve-racking performance. Gone was the peaceful atmosphere of the silent days, and nearly all the talking pictures, including "Lights of New York," and it's just too bad.

If they finally get so that all pictures talk, of course, the orchestras and organs will go. But every one knows that music creates the real atmosphere of the theater. Music is the life and soul of the movie! What fan has not been en-thrilled by the tones of the violin in the orchestra, though almost unheard, as the eyes are bent intent upon some scene of unusual beauty.

Even over the best of radios and talking machines, the music has that can-
effect! Canned music may be fine for the
thers where music is not good, or in out-
reach, but it is in the lobbies of the theaters that music creates the real atmosphere of the theater. Music is the life and soul of the movie! What fan has not been en-thrilled by the tones of the violin in the orchestra, though almost unheard, as the eyes are bent intent upon some scene of unusual beauty.

HELEN CARLSON.
3340 Colfax Avenue, South, Minneapo-
lis, Minnesota.

Sentiment, Sorrow, and Tears.

Every month or so, somebody comes<br>Continued from page 10
along and throws a lot of sentiment and sorrow and tears all over the page. Last month’s PICTURE PLAY had five letters, all written about Rudolph Valentino. Trix McKenzie says, “Can we not find some way to use, ‘Rudy,’ with no emphasis? Why should we thank him? All of his work on the screen was for his financial benefit, and not for the public’s. She also reviews his life, as it everybody living on this earth that can read hasn’t read it, day in and day out, all over the papers and magazines. Who was Rudy? An actor that could act, that’s all. There are a lot of people on the screen today who can act, and they will never be missed or mourned. Everybody is wasting money sending flowers to his grave every month. Why didn’t somebody give Rudy those flowers before his death? What good do they do him now?

Somebody will say I don’t appreciate anything great, or that I didn’t like Rudy. I did like Rudy, and I enjoyed every one of his pictures. I think he was a keen actor, but why continue this “blah” every month?

Let’s have more pictures of youth and their high-school days and their romps and their sports, but none of this “last minute to play” and “twenty yards to go stuff.”

Pictures like “The Patsy” are also enjoyable. Most of the people who attend movies are people of moderate means, and “The Patsy” was about a family of moderate means. In pictures of society life, we see the hero attending parties, playing tennis, and in general having a good time. Where does he get the money to live like that? Does he never work?

More and more, let us have pictures with Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, James Hall, Richard Arlen, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Charles Rogers, Barry Norton, Ramon Novarro, Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, and the rest of those that interpret the best of to-day. Away with Faword, for he was quite a character. “It wasn’t like that in my day. When I was young—

and the rest. I ought to know them. This town is full of them. Well, I have “brick-thick” I can’t and so I give out one big bouquet to Charles Rogers, my ideal. ‘Lucille J. Schuch, 182 North York Street, Elmhurst, Illinois."

For Shame, Emil!

Such rot as the Vitaphone pictures, and persons who insist on producing them should be abolished—like the fellow who once said, “There’s enough outside voice in this world as it is”—without going to one of those hear-and-see pictures—especially if the pictures happen to be the kind in which an army of actors are supposed to be engaged in a family way. Heaven forbid! We get enough of that at home. In fact, more truth, without vulgarizing to a lot of somebody else’s. Who cares to hear—as though we never heard—the galloping of horses, the ringing of bells, the firing of shots, such as are exhibited in “The Patriot.” Emil Jannings’ picture. Our great Emil Jannings in a talking picture, with a lot of galloping horses, ringing of bells, firing of shots, such as are exhibited in “The Patriot.” Emil Jannings’ picture. Our great Emil Jannings in a talking picture, with a lot of galloping horses, ringing of bells, firing of shots! Can any one imagine anything so ridiculous? It will be the first of Mr. Jannings’ pictures I shall probably not want to see. I shall always cherish the silent pictures. They are like going into an empty church, a place to relieve our crowded minds.

Ella Nyske
1225 Lancaster Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Are you prepared for the BEST?

NOW YOU must key your standard of screen enjoyment to a higher level. Get ready to revel in such scenes as you never dreamed films could accomplish. Expect great things of "The Divine Lady"—then prepare to have this masterpiece exceed your expectations.

A romance so glorious it made an unknown author—E. Barrington—famous overnight—her book a sensational best-seller. . . . A love-affair that scandalized the courts of Europe and changed the destiny of nations, now lived again for you. . . . And massive spectacle when scores of flaming frigates come to death-grips in the famous battle of Trafalgar. When you see "The Divine Lady" you will see a step forward in picture art. . . . And you'll see it soon.

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Because of her beauty, magnetism, and dramatic instinct, Joan Crawford is coming more and more to the front with each new picture. It won't be long, now, before she will be a full-fledged star, as PICTURE PLAY has predicted more than once. She is seen above in what promises to be her most important role, that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, a girl who begins as a strolling player in the Balkans and becomes the reigning actress of Europe, with Nils Asther as her hero.
The tenderness and sanctity of family relations was the inspiration that made "The Way of All Flesh" a great picture.

Is love, as a passion, ebbing on the screen? Has romance, sweet scented, begun to fade in its fascination and charm? To quote the poet, "The nightingale that in the garden sung—ah, whence and whither wandered now? Who knows?"

These inquiries are prompted by the changing qualities of pictures. They are inspired by the fact that the palpitant embrace and kiss apparently are less ardent in the filmy, flickering fantasy than of yore. The fervid scene, presided over by Amor and Venus, by Eros and Aphrodite, languishes and wanes in its esprit, and no pensive tears, it would seem, are shed.

All the world loves a lover. But does it? And in the movies?

Even the stars and directors feel the spell of change. They confess that a love scene, if and when it is played, must be more delicately interpreted than ever before. Hearings and maudlings, such as went on in the good old days, and until perhaps as late as a year ago, are out. By some it is even conceded amicably that the movies may be going in for semicelibate life, and that while romance, when it is true romance, may still mean much, there is abundant opportunity today for themes of greatly varying type. In these the

Prolonged and artificial love-making reached its apex in "Flesh and the Devil."

Most decidedly there is a trend in that direction. Pictures that emphasize parental or brotherly romantic passion altogether. Was "Flesh and the love-making, and is

By Edwin

reign of enamorment may often assume only a very insignificant part.

Lon Chaney, for example, told me not long ago that the day might not be far off when a cast composed of men could enact a story that would appeal. Greta Garbo, high priestess in the temple of Astarte, admitted quite frankly that she does not care for love roles. Clara Bow informed me that among the pictures she has made, she especially favors "Ladies of the Mob." In this picture all the romance was taken for granted, and Clara was allowed to display her dramatic talent in the portrayal of sorrow, fear, repentance, courage and other emotions only incidentally connected with anatory impulses, if at all. Too, Evelyn Brent avows that she has looked askance at so many men in recent films, that she is doubtful if she could vouchsafe a coy glance at any comedy hero. Her popularity proves
Scorning Love?

To prove it, the fan has only to consider outstanding devotion, glorify masculine comradeship, or exclude Devil" responsible for the decline of languishing sex appeal passé?

Schallert

that her disdainful attitude toward the opposite sex exerts a very definite lure.

Further evidence of changing times is seen in the record of recent successful pictures. A number, which have cleaned up money at the box office, haven't relied on any ecstatic cuddling and petting for their drawing power. Indeed, very much to the contrary. They have presented diversified motifs of brotherly devotion, father love, sacrifice remote from an affection between man and woman, revenge, thrills of the stern, melodramatic sort, and comedy based on ideas only occasionally connected with hymenial influences, and certainly giving very scant attention to Ishtar, Freya, Lilith, or any of the other deities more or less associated with bliss.


Here are some of the more outstanding successes of recent date, revealing the new trend—"Beau Geste," still very popular; "The Way of All Flesh," "The Last Command," "Two Arabian Knights," "Submarine," "The Jazz Singer," "Sorrell and Son," and sundry crook melodramas almost too numerous to mention. In various of these there has been only a suggestion of love interest.

Mention might also be made of "A Girl in Every Port," which is garnering favor. In this picture Victor McLaglen and Robert Armstrong, after numerous affaires de cœur, generally amusing, decide to throw all women over. At the very end they go blustering down the street, with the evident intention of having a wildly hilarious time—sans feminine companionship. In one version of the finish it was inferred that they would share equally the affection of a damsels who happened opportunely along in the final fade-out, for all three disappeared into its shadowy obscurity, arm in arm.

The personality of the character actor has been a dominant cause for these various departures from the old scheme of film making. Men like Emil Jannings, Jean Hersholt, Wal-
lace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Milton Sills, and now, Lionel Barrymore, are prominent upon the screen, Sills especially, since he is making a big comeback in "The Barker." This, by the way, is the story of a sideshow shouter's life, and of father love.

Tom Meighan has also scored in "The Racket," which has nothing of romance to offer, as far as he is concerned. There is a minor love, just barely indicated, between a young reporter and a cabaret girl, but even this is disposed of when the lady decides to go her own way. No ultimate clinch in this!

Considerable of this change may be attributed to the attitude of the movie public. They have become apparently satiated with sweet romance. Only about a year ago, in fact, a very violent revolt among the fans against so-called "lovesick dramas" was indicated. This was brought on by too much fervent sugariness in "Flesh and the Devil," in which John Gilbert and Greta Garbo took part. While this picture may have been popular, it certainly produced a reaction of discontent among many picturegoers, as their letters disclosed. Doubtless this was a natural rebellion, since the love scenes in the film were so mushy, and temperamental, at the same time, that they caused several critics to refer to them as bunt, and kiddingly to call the romans. A love scene that is susceptible of laughter is scarcely an asset to a film, and if "Flesh and the Devil" did triumph, it was rather because of a strong friendship theme than its hush blandishments.

At that, its love story had a tragic culmination.

Producers have evidently taken note of this, because the amorous episodes in "The Mysterious Lady," which stars Greta Garbo, were visibly shortened following the initial preview. The audience was inclined to titter at certain languorous poses that Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel assumed. Romantic love inter-

A father's love for his son is the strongest element in "Sins of the Fathers," in which Emil Jannings and Jack Luden are seen.

Jean Hersholt and Belle Bennett portray the love of a middle-aged couple in "The Battle of the Sexes."

est consequently is subdued in this spy melodrama. More so, at least, than in some of Greta's earlier luxuriances.

Certain stars are bound to be identified with romance. It is their natural milieu. John Barrymore is one of them, but he exercises marked restraint in "The Tempest," his film of Slavic setting. Perhaps the scene that really made this picture was the one in which, as a peasant officer, he is shunned by aristocrats at the state ball. This was replete with humanness.

D. W. Griffith, whose love idyls have long been famous, has, so he told me, eschewed this type of story in "The Battle of the Sexes."

"The picture centers, instead, about problems of family life, and two leading figures in the drama are middle-aged," he said. "I found it, in many ways, an interesting experience to direct a picture of this kind." Much, too, may perhaps be expected from the film when it includes two such competent enactors of father and mother roles as Jean Hersholt and Belle Bennett.

"What can take the place of sentiment?" I asked a producer recently, who admits there is a considerable change in the public attitude.

"Well, nothing—practically speaking," he replied. "Because the love element is essential to certain films. But we are treating it far more deftly than we have in the past. Merely a close-up of two lovers in each other's arms is, to-day, not sufficient proof of their devotion—or let us even say the fascination they exert for each other. Devotion, real devotion, must be suggested in countless other ways—perhaps even by the repression of their feelings for each other."

"We could go
through a story to-day, without one actual suggestion of a kiss, and still definitely prove that two characters were deeply fond of each other. This can be wholly accomplished by what one might call indirect action, suggesting their response to each other's demands for affection—more properly their mutual understanding. What is really in the discard to-day is sex love—the more obvious sort of sex appeal. It was a natural reaction from too much of it.

"I might say, additionally, that I feel the talkies will result in even more restraint in love-making. They must, or else the love scenes will have to be very skillfully written not to sound foolish. Your stage plays demonstrate that most love scenes, unless they take place at the final fall of the curtain, run a chance of proving embarrassing. The most delicate form of suggestion will have to be used in talking films to prevent their appearing ridiculous."

This talkie phase should be very interesting to those of you who already are familiar with this new manifestation. Consider the predilection of the fair ingenue who, due to the idiosyncrasies of the devices, is forced to lisp, "I worship you." The letter "s" when recorded, or any sound closely related thereto, always has a funny effect. This might also result in a "My s-s-s-sweetheart," said with a very sibilant "s." Even more grotesque might be some of the foreign pronunciations, as "I loof you," ravishingly uttered by some central European star.

There are natural exceptions to the tendency toward a diminishing love interest. They are such pictures as "Seventh Heaven," "Drums of Love"—from the past—"Merry-Go-Round," and others based on romance of the more ideal kind. Also "The Sea Beast," though in this the motif of conquering the legendary ocean mammal, and the intrigue against the hero by his half-brother, were prominent in working out the plot.

All pictures that tell a great and popular love story are bound to have many blendings of thought. And in many instances the love story itself is literally snowed under by some huge avalanche of drama, or carried on in a tide by the sweep of an idea.

I don't believe that any picture without some attraction, like spectacular photographic effects, or the humanness of sacrifice, or achievement, or a cross-section of life, apart from its love interest, has ever succeeded brilliantly. Consider "The Big Parade," with its unexampled picture of the war front; "The Birth of a Nation," with its sweeping panorama of the conflict between the North and South, and postwar reconstruction difficulties; "Wings," with its airplane spectacle; "Ben-Hur," with its chariot race, and a religious and spiritual undercurrent; "The Ten Commandments," with biblical pageantry, the sensational opening and closing of the Red Sea, and the tragedy of the boy who didn't believe. Above all, "The Covered Wagon"—famous for its epic swing of pioneering Westward.

The comradeship of Ralph Graves and Jack Holt endures, while their love for the same woman comes to grief in "Submarine."

Hardly more than a scant suggestion of love in some of these! Compare with them "Old Ironsides," and its overdone sentimentality. The picture was weak, because of hampering and ridiculous scenes between Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston, at the steering wheel of the old merchantman. "Stella Dallas" and "What Price Glory?" may be nominated as other films that have succeeded in, spite of a very slight love plot.

Of really romantic films, "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad" were best. Strangely enough, Douglas Fairbanks is not an especially good screen love maker, and therefore affectional episodes in his picture are nearly always tempered. Primarily "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad" triumphed because they were pictorial masterpieces.

Stars venture some interesting opinions regarding the scope of love in pictures. Chaney's I have alluded to.

"Pictures are gradually coming to a point where it is recognized that there is drama in many elements other

Continued on page 114.
Beauty Takes

The players you laugh at on the screen than those who are famous for “emoting,”

By Mar

Born in Minneapolis twenty years ago, Frances was intended, by parental decision, to be a schoolteacher. Only Frances’ initiative saved that face and figure, and those dancing feet, from burial under a schoolmarm’s desk. At thirteen she began to study dancing in a neighborhood class. But in a few months she had left the other pupils to their Highland flings and sailors’ horns, and gone far ahead. It became evident that her aptitude was more than a flair.

Within three years she was dancing professionally. Gus Edwards played in Minneapolis and wanted to sign her for his revue. But with precocious astuteness, Frances refused and remained at home instead, earning enough from local engagements to give herself a year at college.

Later, Edwards sent for her to come to Chicago and substitute for a member of his troupe who had fallen ill. After this engagement Frances turned down his offer of a contract. Staying in Chicago, she did sou-brette work at the Rainbow Gardens café, where she was nicknamed “The Baby of the Rainbow.”

Billy Dooley, of vaudeville celebrity, visited the café in search of talent, spotted Frances and signed her as his partner. Their tour finally reached Los Angeles, where they were seen by Al Christie, who signed them both.

Considerable recognition has already been shown Frances. During a vacation from Christie’s she was lent to Fox for “Chicken à la King.” Her work in this so

Lovely, laugh-getting ladies, Salomes of slapstick, unsung heroines of the custard pie and the “108,” beautiful damsels bereft of dignity, goddesses of the gag—the comedy girls. Give them a hand.

The brief flash given the cast on a two-reeler leaves their names in obscurity to all but the quickest eye. They laugh they get are their sole glory, the one reward for bruises, sprains, and scratches. That is, of course, if one excepts the little—figurative—matter of salary. But the plaudits of the throng pass them by, these gams, hard-working kids whose pulchritude would dazzle a Kleig.

Some of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood are in comedies. They have to be. In the fast shooting of a two-reel comic, there is no time for individual lighting, no thought for registering the best angle of profile, no fuzzy close-ups. Action is too quick to allow for charming poses, alluring expressions. A few hard lights to make the scene sharp and clear, the swift, direct movement of the gag, and that’s all. They need beauty to look entrancing under such conditions, and in such unflattering situations as the grotesque absurdity of a “108”—a complete flop which ends violently in a sitting posture on the floor, legs and arms flying.

Many a serial queen would blush if required to perform the feats a comedy girl tosses off in a morning’s work. With either conscious or unconscious stoicism, they run the risk of breaking bones a dozen times during the two weeks’ course of a picture. On the screen their daring is not particularly obvious, because it culminates in a laugh. And the psychology of a laugh admits of nothing but just that—an explosive expression of amusement, with no undercurrents of alarm, or sympathy for the feminine vanity of the girl when the custard pie is thrown at her pretty face. Which is all as it should be. The girls themselves would be the last to deplore it. Laughs are the tickers by which they check the merit of their work. Pure, unadulterated guffaws are what they labor for. And these gorgeous-looking young things, whose perpetual aim and hope is to be laughed at, have an awful lot of fun on their own side.

Introducing three of the better known, and most beautiful—Miss Frances Lee, Miss Estelle Bradley, and Miss Anita Garvin.

Frances Lee is the Christie pièce de résistance. The sweetly decorative ornament of innumerable Bobby Vernon comedies, she is now in a series of two-reelers called “Confessions of a Chorus Girl.” These are more or less polite comedy, but on the first day of work Frances wore roller skates, and had to take a sit-down bump that left her with a painful distaste for chairs for a week.

Frances is diminutive, cute, appealing. Neat little figures without a flaw, wide, gray eyes, an inviting mouth and silky, light-brown hair. To say nothing of a figure that is a miniature Venus, modeled on 1928 lines.

Anita Garvin is statuesque, and her beauty is vital and commanding.

Photo by Phil Ragon

Anita Garvin is statuesque, and her beauty is vital and commanding.
probably work harder to cause that laugh, This is an entertaining story of three of former.

garet Reid

pleased executives that she was offered a five-year contract. Christie, however, retained her for the chorus-girl series, and she was philosophically content.

More than ordinarily sage for her years, Frances is ambitious in a sensible way. "In this series," she says, "I'll have a chance to test whatever ability I have. I want to find out for myself just what my métier is. I never thought of myself as a comedienne, but they seem to think I have talent for it. My secret desire is for the sort of thing Janet Gaynor does. But I might not be able to do it at all. It is open for experiment. Whatever I do, I'd like it to be definite—either to make them laugh, or make them cry."

After this series, in which she will have tried the former, she wants to have a fling at the latter. Being a sensible child, she will be satisfied if the experiment proves that her talent lies in the direction of comics and bumps. But being human and feminine, she would a little rather it fell in the more romantic area of the business.

Estelle Bradley flits decoratively through Educational comedies. She is a genuine blonde, pale-yellow hair framing a baby-face. A round face, incredibly pink and white, decorated with very blue eyes, a delicately chiseled nose, and a mouth that can only, I am afraid, be described as rosebud. Though she uses very little makeup, even for the ruthless comedy camera, not a flaw can be noted. Technicolor was thought up for such as Estelle.

This angel was born in Atlanta, Georgia, twenty years ago. Of an untheatrical family, and with no particular yearnings for fame herself, the road to it was laid out before her—and carpeted into the bargain. To-day, grateful as she is for the ease with which everything has come to her, she feels vaguely guilty about it; that she has had all the breaks, where so many get only broken and battered.

At sixteen, she was elected "Miss Atlanta" for 1924. And, for once, a beauty-contest winner did crash through. I mean into pic-

Frances Lee is giving her comedy talents a try-out, but she secretly hopes to do work similar to Janet Gaynor's.

Estelle Bradley is one of the few to have crashed the gates of moviedom through having been a beauty-contest winner.

tures, not into waiting on tables in some boulevard restaurant.

The late Sam Warner, on a tour of investigation into the Warner Brothers' business circuit, visited Atlanta. A dinner was given in his honor, at which Miss Atlanta, being the local headliner of the moment, was present. Warner observed the camera proofiness of the Bradley ensemble and, before the assembled company, made her an offer. If Miss Bradley would care to give pictures a trial, he would pay the expenses of her and her mother to Hollywood and, on her arrival, would guarantee her a stock engagement with Warner Brothers.

In Hollywood, Estelle found that Mr. Warner had arranged everything from New York, where he had gone. Immediately she went on salary. It was, however, the slack season at the studios, that annual lull following completion of the year's schedule. Unwilling to put her in extra work, studio executives wanted to reserve her for the time when production should be in full swing. But Estelle was eager for actual exploration into this new-found interest. She wanted to work. Warner Brothers amiably agreed to let her search elsewhere. Hearing of the need for a leading lady at the Educational studio, she went after the job and—things happening that way to Estelle—got it.

Continued on page 96
Pet, Pet, Who's

Loves may come and loves may go, but these pets they haven't the intelligence to

Laura La Plante, left, with her South American cockatoo, Señor.

Barbara Kent, right, enjoys the company of her pretty white rabbit.

Louise Brooks, below, basks in the distinction of owning one of the four Australian koalas that are in America.

Raquel Torres, left, makes friends with her small bear, which is subsisting on a diet of sugar cubes.

Natalie Kingston, below, has her wild tiger trained so well it's almost bashful.
Got a Pet?

stay on with their masters forever, because perhaps think about being unfaithful.

Clara Bow, left, was separated from her pet leopard by Paramount, who didn’t like Sandino’s claws and snarl.

Mary Philbin, right, has just the sort of a pet you’d think she’d have—a canary.

Doris Hill, below, bestows her affection on Frankie and Johnny, two tame rats!

Renee Adoree, below, has a nine-week-old California bear, Bum, with a disposition that makes him very popular on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

George Lewis, left, has a typical man’s pet, a thoroughbred Aberdeen terrier.
Who Will Be

Knowledge of the future may be culled from knowledge of the past, which is the purpose of this story about present-day stars when they were comparatively unknown in 1918.

Left to right: Mary Philbin, Conrad Veidt, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Monte Blue, and John Gilbert.

The stars of to-day were unheard of then. They were living in forty-eight States instead of one, and their address was Main Street instead of Beverly Hills. And so today, if you want to know about the stars of 1938, don't look in the Hollywood telephone book. Keep your eye on the boy and girl next door. They may be celluloid celebrities before they're ten years older.

Now, for instance, in 1918 when Nancy La HiIff used to prop up her geography book, as protection from the teacher's penetrating eye, and write fan letters to Carlyle Blackwell, the other kids little imagined that some day she'd be a star herself. Often her new name, Nancy Carroll, is displayed in electric lights at the theater just around the corner from the New York public school she attended a few years ago.

Another metropolitan institution of learning had registered on its books at that time the name of May McAvoy. May wasn't trying to put anything over on her instructors, however. No, sir, she was conscientiously striving to become a teacher herself. Can you imagine the tiny May with a stern, disciplinary frown on her face, trying to make a classroom of dirty little boys behave?

Ten years ago Clara Bow was a Brooklyn schoolgirl. You'll quite agree, I think, that things are better the way they are.

T HIS is a scientific treatise on the stars of 1938. It has nothing whatever to do with clairvoyance, numerology, soothsaying, astrology, or fortune-telling.

Don't laugh, this is serious. If you want to know something about screen favorites of a decade hence, keep on reading. The author claims no direct communication with the spirit world, or other supernatural aids, in getting together this information. It's all based on hard, concrete logic. Now, to go on with the story.

Here's how it is: Knowledge of the future comes from knowledge of the past. So, if you want to know where the stars of 1938 are, find out where the stars of 1928 were ten years ago. It's likely that those of the future will be gathered from the same scattered sources and diverse occupations that furnished the screen with its present favorites.

Let's take the year 1918—famous in history for a war, an armistice, and the screen supremacy of Theda Bara, George M. Cohan, Gaby Deslys, Wallace Reid, Geraldine Farrar, William S. Hart, Nazimova, and Clara Kimball Young. To get the era clear in your mind, that was before the first cloudburst of Hollywood scandal and the guardianship of Will Hays. Fatty Arbuckle was on location at Gabriel Canyon, California, and Mary Miles Minter was an ingénue. Kitty Gordon's back was getting as much newspaper space as you see these days for Clara Bow's red hair.
Stars in 1938?

By Virginia Morris

Left to right: Mary Pickford, George Bancroft, Ronald Colman, Adolphe Menjou, Wallace Beery, and May McAvoy.

It was by one of those far-fetched coincident that May got into the movies at all. In 1919 she left school early one evening, and stopped at an uptown studio to pick up a girl friend who had been working there all day. Clarence Badger, the director, caught sight of her in the anteroom and offered her—just like that—a rather important bit in Madge Kennedy's "A Perfect Lady." So that's how it happened that May sold her books and ruler, and bought a make-up box. And now there's one less pretty school-teacher in New York than there might otherwise have been.

Yes, quite a sizable percentage of Hollywood's illustrious beauties were getting wrinkles in their foreheads from figuring out quadratic equations. Alice White was acquiring experience for her role in "Show Girl," by running around bare-legged. It wasn't in a theater, however, but in a little red schoolhouse, somewhere in the rural districts of Virginia.

Clara Bow, too, was showing her knees at that time. Not in a chorus, or anything like that. Clara was the A-1 sprinter on a Brooklyn high-school team, putting it over on her rival runners by taking lessons from her cousin, Homer Baker, one of America's best-known cinder-track stars. Another pig-tailed youngster of the epoch was Ruth Taylor, attending Rose City Park Grammar School, away out in Oregon. And down in St. Louis, at the Mary Institute for girls, Patsy Ruth Miller's swift fingers were knitting dozens of olive-colored socks for the soldiers overseas. Laura La Plante was a candidate for scholastic honors at the San Diego High School, to say nothing of Mary Astor, who was one of the brightest students in the State of Illinois.

To see the stars of the present in their schoolgirl days, one would have had to take a world cruise in 1918. Fay Wray was storing up learning in Alberta, Canada, where the moose run wild and fan magazines are hard to buy. Across the big pond, Dorothy Mackaill was a student in London. Proceeding by way of the English Channel, Lois Moran could have been discovered in Paris, studying with a tutor; and in far-off Budapest Vilma Banky was pouring over the next day's lessons. In Mexico City Lupe Velez and Dolores del Rio were striving hard to get a good report card.

If studies were the consuming interest of the time for the girls, it can safely be said that most of the boys whose names we associate to-day with Hollywood were helping in one way or another to win the war. Ronald Colman had been in-
Who Will Be Stars in 1938?

recting for Fox at a very small salary. He shared a hall bedroom in New York with Rowland V. Lee, and was trying his darnedest to edge his pal into a job, any kind, on the Fox lot in New Jersey. Little did they dream that heroing would be the eventual vocation of the handsome John, and that Rowland V. Lee would direct some of Pola Negri's best pictures. Jean Hersholt was another actor who was then manipulating a megaphone. American Lifeograph Company of Portland, Oregon, had his name on their payroll before they passed out of the film picture.

Things were indeed different in 1918. Charlie Chaplin's art was only partially discovered. His line was still two-reel comedies, his best-known release of that year being "A Dog's Life." Syd Chaplin, incidentally, unaware of his own comic abilities, was his brother's manager and attended to all business details. Lou Chaney was another unappreciated artist. He only had one face and was hoping against hope that it would win him the rôle he coveted in "The Miracle Man." We know that it did, and that it led to a fortune and 999 disguises.

The outlook wasn't what it is to-day by any means. Think of Monte Blue playing a bit in "Tarzan of the Apes," when he was capable of a performance like his in "White Shadows in the South Seas!" Think of Raymond Hatton doing heavy dramatics in pictures like "The Whispering Chorus," when he could just as well make us laugh as cry!

Of course Doug and Mary were in the lime-light then, to a certain extent, but not as Hollywood's most distinguished couple. Their romance was just budding when Mary was making "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," and Doug was about to begin work on "He Comes Up Smiling," his last picture for Famous Players. An interesting side light on that was the fact that the whole world stood aghast when Famous paid the unheard-of sum of ten thousand dollars for the screen rights to the stage play. Many of Doug's pictures up to that time had been the work of an almost unknown writer named Anita Loos, who received all her early training as a scenario writer. But that was long years before the lucrative hunch that inspired "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Speaking of big stars, take a look back at Harold Lloyd working in one-reel comedies for Hal Roach. Imagine it, if you can. And he was just as funny then as he is to-day.

And take that comedy queen, Louise Fazenda, who is way up in the big-money class to-day, and only appears in features of the outstanding variety. At that time she was only doing tumbles for Mack Sennett, and the whole audience was noticing her, for the pigtails and the ungainly dress she wore made them laugh the minute she appeared.

The stage was clamoring several well knowns then, who since have given the footlights a stand-up in favor of the Kleigs. Conrad Nagel was among them. He was making stage love to Alice Brady in "Forever After." George Bancroft was on Broadway the same season in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and the hit of the year on New York's main stem was the lavish stage production of "Peter Ibbetson," in which John Barrymore appeared.

Hollywood must have been a drab place indeed. Even Elinor Glyn hadn't arrived with her "It." That season she supervised the making of the first picture

Continued on page 116
The Best Foot Forward

May be good policy in business, but the camera will have none of it.

If we were not so polite, we might have some cryptic things to say about "the Great Dane's dogs," featured above.

Eddie Nugent, below, had better stick to a bicycle. A foot like his, once on an auto's accelerator, would land him in eternity.

Surely the little face can't belong to those things hanging over the mud guard. Yet it's all Raquel Torres, below.

Lane Chandler, above, appears to be in an awful shape, but it's not permanent, so he can afford to smile.

If Flash, left, were Greta Garbo—there would be a big noise around the Metro-Goldwyn lot when this picture appeared.

A modernistic angle on Johnny Mack Brown, below, formerly a varsity football man.
evening's entertainment I've had in a long time. The author
doesn't try to muckrake, or preach, or get unduly critical; he
just shows you film people in all their lovable foolishness.
One of the dealers out here told me he had sold more copies
of 'Spider Boy' than of any other book."

I knew that sound pictures sooner or later would drive
even Fanny to staying home and reading.

"So many things have happened lately," Fanny rattled on,
I've hardly had time to think. Do you realize that at last we
have the real film aristocracy all mapped out? Not the aris-
tocracy of talent—"

As she paused for breath, I reminded her that that, after
all, should be the only one that matters. But she went right
on, nevertheless.

"—But the social aristocracy. Prince George of England
was here for two days, you know, and from now on the people
who weren't invited to meet him will have to be given second
place on the social map, if not pushed off altogether."

"Who were they?" I asked, just as though social distinc-
tions meant something in my life.

"Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, of course," Fanny
told me. "They were his hosts at dinner. And Charlie Chap-
lin. The others invited to dine with him were Greta Garbo and
Gloria Swanson—and what prince wouldn't take them as his
first choice?—Claire Windsor, Jack Gilbert, Jetta Goudal, and
Lily Damita. The ones invited to drop in after dinner were
Billie Dove and her husband, Irvin Wil-
lott, Lupe Velez, Bes-
sie Love, Mary Ast-
tor and Ken neth
Hawks, Dorothy
Gulliver, Tom Mix,
Norma Shearer and
Irving Thalberg,
June Collyer, Ralph
Forbes, Ronald Col-
man, and Walter
Byron.

"Of course, Mar-
ion Davies would
have been invited if
she had been in
town, but she was
busy over in Europe
traiising around and
being decorated by
one government and
another.

"Late in the eve-
ing the prince gath-
ered a favored few
around him—it
didn't take him long, did it, to learn Hollywood customs?
—and went out to the Plantation Café, where Roscoe
Arbuckle is master of ceremonies. June Collyer and
Gloria Swanson were in the party. They also joined the
prince next day when he went to visit the Fox studio.

"Of course, the whole visit was shrouded in the strict-
Fanny the Fan recounts how the usual turmoil of Hollywood was augmented by air meets and the visit of a prince.

Est secrecy. Not more than half the population of southern California was hanging around the Ambassador Hotel, when he drove out of there in a roadster with June Collyer. Newspaper reporters and photographers were discouraged, but they wouldn’t be downed. And one young ruffian did succeed in getting a picture of the prince and June as they came out of the hotel. Unpleasant as it may have been for the prince to be followed around, June just isn’t human if she isn’t glad that American photographers are rude fellows.

“Lindbergh had invited the prince to fly with him, but no one will ever know whether he really did or not, because he had promised papa and mamma over in England that he wouldn’t.”

Fanny hardly stopped to catch her breath before she launched forth again.

“Imagine there being any one here who overshadowed Lindbergh for a day or two! The studios must have been practically deserted for days, because every one you have ever seen in pictures was down at the flying meet when Lindbergh flew.

“A lot of the stunt men from pictures gave exhibitions. Al Wilson was the star, of course, as he always is. Now people can’t say that it is all trick photography, and that they don’t really do those things in pictures, because Al Wilson showed them how he does a lot of hair-raising stunts.

“Poor Ben Lyon couldn’t be there to prove to the public that he really does pilot a plane. He was off in Salt Lake City making a picture.

“Every once in a while somebody in a town remote from Hollywood gets the urge to sink a fortune in building a studio and making pictures. This Salt Lake City crowd is doing it on a really grand scale. They not only bid high for Ben’s services; they drafted Marie Prevost and Anders Randolph, too. They are making a historical Mormon picture called ‘The Exodus to the New World.’ I can’t figure out how it can be concerned with polygamy, when Marie is playing the lead. It wouldn’t be reasonable, even in a picture, to suppose that a man would have another wife if he had Marie.

Fanny is certainly an incurable optimist when she expects pictures to be reasonable.

“Even in Salt Lake City they have the Hollywood idea of making pictures. Practically every one concerned in the film is related to the man who is producing the picture. His son-in-law is the director, the director’s wife is the ingenue, and there is an assorted lot of cousins and nephews acting as property men, assistants, and general helpers.”

I could hardly believe that any one would take precedence in Fanny’s mind over Texas Guinan. Well, it only goes to show what one glimpse of royalty will do to a person’s composure. I reminded her of Texas.

“I feel pretty bad about the way California has treated Texas. The film colony has given her rather a cold shoulder. When they go East, stars go to her night club and are delighted to be given a noisy welcome, but they haven’t even painted ‘Welcome’ on their door mats for her out here. There was a luncheon at Montmartre for her, she acted as hostess out at the Cotton Club, and James Hall and
good that you feel like choking Phyllis Haver for having her lips made up in a rigid, dark line, when she is supposed to have been sitting for hours agonizing over a sick baby.

Phyllis may go with Metro-Goldwyn, now that Cecil DeMille is making pictures there. He holds her under a personal contract, and certainly he'll have a hard time finding any one else as beautiful or as clever.

"Now that talking pictures are the sensation of the studios, there are apt to be a lot of changes. Bessie Love, groomed for them by all her weeks in Panchon and Marco prologues, has signed with M.-G.-M. to play in 'The Broken Melody.' Louise Dresser has a marvelous new contract with Fox. Pauline Frederick is going to do talkies for Warner's, and Jeanne Eagels for Paramount. Lila Lee is just making her first talking picture for Warner's, and she is so thrilled she looks like a joyous kid of sixteen. Madeline Hurlock was pretty bored with pictures for a while, but she has made a sound film for Fox and now she is as excited as a débutante.

"As usual, a lot of girls are rushing to make stage appearances. That's one of the most conspicuous and successful ways of calling their talent to the attention of picture producers. Virginia Valli, Pauline Garon, and Duane Thompson are all to be in a production of 'Tarnish' at the Hollywood Music Box. Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy both made such an impression on the stage, that they received offers to go to New York. But that wasn't what they really wanted!

"Gloria Swanson hazarded a long time, and made exhaustive voice tests, before she decided to do part of her new picture in dialogue. When 'Queen Kelly' comes out, it will be the very first time the public will have heard her voice. She has never been on the stage and she has never made personal appearances, or been the guest of honor at night clubs.

"Zasu Pitts is thrilled to death, because she is to be in Gloria's picture. Partly because she will have a chance to play a wicked woman, instead of an amiable stinker. And partly because it gives her an opportunity to work with Von Stroheim again."

The restaurant was jammed with people now, and still there were a few celebrities in sight. I ventured that they must be working—horrible thought.

"Oh, there's a lot of activity in the studios now." Fanny reported. "Practically everybody has gone
back to work. With many regrets, Janet Gaynor has torn herself away from the beach and reported to the Fox studio. Her lucky star is still hanging over her; for William K. Howard is to direct her next picture. Janet’s voice gets all whispery with awe when she speaks of it. She can’t help making a good picture, when she has such sublime confidence in a director.

“Colleen Moore has come back at last from a yachting trip that took her way down the coast of Mexico. She starts work in a few days on ‘Synthetic Sin.’ I feel for that poor girl, when I think of how many people are apt to say, ‘What? Are you making synthetic gin? But what are you doing in pictures?’ But Colleen will laugh each time as though she had never heard it before. Some one ought to decorate her for having an angelic disposition.”

“Eleanor Boardman isn’t under contract to MGM any more, and her very first free-lance job is the lead in ‘She Goes to War,’ a big special that Henry King is making for United Artists. She has had such a marvelous vacation, that it is going to be hard for her to tear herself away from the baby and go to work. But vacations end, even for stars.

“Marian Nixon is to play the title rôle in ‘Geraldine’ for Pathé, and even Raoul Walsh is donning make-up, to play in ‘Flower of Lies,’ and he will direct it, too. He’s taking to acting again, by public demand. I hate to boast about my influence on the industry, but if you only knew how many fan letters I wrote to Fox about him, you would give me all the credit. I wrote so many letters that I had practically exhausted the names in the telephone book, and was about to start copying names from monuments. Think how impressive it would be for a picture company to get a letter signed ‘Benjamin Franklin,’ or ‘Kosciusko’!

“I don’t know what Fay Wray plans to do with her spare time. She is assigned by Paramount to three pictures at the moment—‘Four Feathers,’ ‘The Wolf of Wall Street,’ and ‘The Haunting Melody.’ Some one at that studio must enjoy seeing her more than I do.

“For weeks Sally O’Neil has been trying to get away for a vacation in Europe. She had promised herself a trip as soon as she finished ‘Applause’ for Tiffany-Stahl, but F. B. O. came along with an attractive offer, and Sally just couldn’t resist making one more before leaving. After all, it would mean quite a few additional Paris frocks. Do you suppose Sally will ever go back to those high-belted Hollywood styles, after she has seen herself in a real Paris frock?”

“I really couldn’t tell where Sally’s sartorial taste would lead her. But no matter. Fanny’s attention had leaped to something else.

“‘Over at the Paramount studio they have a new explanatory title for ‘Interference.’ They call it ‘Interference, or the Life of a Supervisor.’ And they have nicknamed their sound stage ‘The Speakeasy.’ There is a lot of good humor in that studio which doesn’t get into its pictures.

“Incidentally, Paramount is trying to get Aimee McPherson to make a sound picture for them. I don’t care for preaching in pictures, but I would go to see her. She has a tremendously magnetic personality.

“They are trying all sorts of experiments at Paramount. They are making Richard Dix’s ‘Redskin’ in natural colors, and are having a terrible time finding a leading woman who looks like an Indian, without make-up. They have made tests of nearly two hundred girls, and the tragic part of that is that film costs thirty-six cents a foot. And a test of less than a hundred feet doesn’t do any one justice.”

“If you’re beginning to worry about the expenses of a company that has millions, I’m leaving,” I threatened.

All that Fanny had to do to hold me was to mention Anna Q. Nilsson, and she knew it. Anna has been confined to her home ever since her accident three months ago, when she was thrown from a horse, and all her friends have been terribly anxious about her.

“Don’t lose any sleep over Anna Q.,” Fanny counseled. “She is the sort of invalid who dashes off to

Continued on page 116
FOR some months I have been doggedly, but not altogether successfully, avoiding any reference to the talking-picture scourge as subject matter for this monthly voice from the wilderness.

But something must be done about it now, and if you think the talkies are not a scourge you should come to Hollywood and find out for yourself.

Out here they talk about it, dream about it, and worry about it. Some of the folks are actually thinking about it, which goes to show just how excited Hollywood really can become.

Actors possessed of bare lips, nondescript voices, or a tendency toward stuttering have assumed a furtive air. They wake with a start in the dead of night and place a fresh altar candle before Will Hays' picture. Their brother actors, who pride themselves on their booming voices, are wearing the familiar expression of a cat that has just emerged from the canary's cage, and are making it a point to drop into the Rolls-Royce agency every few days to see if any new models have come in.

Scenario writers, who have already done some work on the talking pictures, are careful to reveal this fact to all listeners, and those who haven't are equally as careful to remark that they are 'considering offers' to do so.

Those scenarists—and don't think there are not such—who somehow neglected ever to ascertain the essential difference between an adverb and a semicolon are loudly scoffing at the idea that pictures will ever take generally to spoken dialogue. Meanwhile they are wondering if there really is any money in selling Los Angeles real estate.

Instructors of elocution, voice culture, and public speaking are leaping off every inbound train, until the place looks like Dawson during the famous gold rush. There are now more schools to train the voice for talking pictures than there are people who have voices.

And already the sound devices have provided directors and supervisors with a brand new alibi, the use of which has almost attained epic proportions. Whenever any new production bears the unmistakable brand of Armour & Company, the alibi springs to the lip of every one connected with it.

"Yes, I know—but wait until you see it with sound!"

You can't answer that—at least not until you do see it with sound. And even then you can't answer it, apparently, however bad the sound effects may be, for the public flocks to see the pictures talk, as it once did to see them move.

Sid Grauman seems to be one of the main sufferers from the sound mania. He had hardly finished his beautiful and expensive Chinese Theater, when the talking menace burst upon Hollywood. As a consequence, studios are not making the sort of big productions that have made Grauman's theaters famous. He has been forced in self-defense to install sound machinery in the theater, and is now showing "White Shadows in the South Seas," although it hardly ranks with his presentations of the past.

I confess that I don't like talking pictures, and I wish the man who started all this, by inventing the synchronization processes, had thrown his discoveries into the bay. To date, however, the producers have not considered my wishes in the slightest, which I feel is hardly cricket, as we say at Universal City.

"The Racket" is a swell picture, and I recommend it highly, if that recommendation means anything. It isn't a sound picture, either, which also helps.

It has policemen who look like policemen, reporters who look like reporters, and crooks who look like crooks. Moreover, the policemen act like coppers, and not like Knights of the Round Table; the reporters are not handsome young men who solve the mystery that is baffling Scotland Yard, and the crooks perform as Chicago dispatches indicate they do. All of which is an excellent demonstration of what a good director can do when he is not harassed by a supervisor.

Lewis Milestone directed it, and, I am told, was given highly valuable assistance by the producer, Howard Hughes, in that he let him alone. The tale goes in Hollywood that the only supervision Hughes offered was when Milestone was filming almost the final scene in the picture, wherein the cabaret girl and the young reporter part—they do not clinch, by the way. Hughes, seeing the scene made, was appalled at the idea that they should part without coming to grips.

"They meet again outside for the clinch," Milestone explained, soothingly. "We shot that yesterday."
Hughes, mollified, departed and Milestone finished his picture the way it should have been finished.

Whether this tale is accurate I know not. Anyway, it proves what I have always contended about supervisors.

Whatever the motives of Leatrice Joy may have been for appearing on the stage opposite Edward Everett Horton in "Clarence"—I understand it is her first time on the stage—she proved herself a very able performer.

Perhaps she may have taken this effective means of proving to producers that she has a splendid voice, with an eye on our old friend, the talking pictures, or she may have done it just for fun.

In any event it seems quite the style now for successful screen players to give the stage a whirl in Hollywood. Lois Wilson was Horton's leading woman in several plays; Mac Busch starred in a play bearing the flamboyant title of "From Hell Came a Lady"; Helen Ferguson has been in several stage productions; Dorothy Dwan is in "Lombardi, Ltd.," with Leo Carillo; Harrison Ford is leading man in "The Baby Cyclone," at a downtown theater; Henry W. Walthall recently starred in a production of "Speak-Easy."

All of which is probably a bit distressing to legitimate stage performers, who are trying to make a living in Los Angeles.

The second annual "Rumpus Frolic"—that couldn't possibly have been suggested by the Wampas Frolic, could it?—is about to take place, so the morning paper informs me.

The Rumpus Frolic is staged by the Strugglers' Club, an organization of extras, bit players, and other obscure and ambitious folk in the picture business.

Last year the first one was held on a stage in one of the studios in Poverty Row and took place, I believe, on the same night that the Wampas affair was holding forth in the Ambassador auditorium.

This year it has moved up both as to date and location, being held in one of Hollywood's largest ballrooms. The Rumpus is given to assist in raising funds for a $100,000 club house in the movie center.

This same morning paper, incidentally, shows a surprising lack of originality on the part of the men who design the advertisements for the motion-picture theaters.

On one page I find drawings illustrating current pictures in which Gary Cooper is embracing Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin is clutching Conrad Veidt, Clive Brook is hugging Olga Baclanova with one hand and firing a revolver at some unseen enemy with the other; Janet Gaynor tenderly entwining her old running mate, Charles Farrell.

Next thing you know, some inspired young man will think of putting a girl's head on a magazine cover.

"Greater Movie Season" is upon us again, or it was when I wrote this. Dear, dear, how time does fly. It seems only yesterday that all the world was happy, because it was Greater Movie Season in 1927, and here it is back again.

Whatever happens in Greater Movie Season, except for a few flags strung across downtown streets and signs in theater lobbies, I have never been able to discover, despite a fairly intimate association with the film industry over a period of years.

The only noticeable effect in the theaters is more lavish stage and musical presentations, to bolster up the pictures during this period dedicated to the triumph of the silent art.

There used to be a parade, too, but this seems to have been abandoned, as far as Los Angeles is concerned. There has been an astounding lack of disorder because of this oversight.

James Gruen, scenario writer, cynic and wit, possesses a word in his vocabulary, the uses of which are multitudinous. He modestly avers that he did not invent it, giving due credit to an unnamed friend.

The word is "futhum," and its wide variety of uses lies in the fact that it doesn't mean anything. Consequently, James uses it to fill a certain definite spot.

It was first developed, so he says, by his friend who, an artist by trade, was attending an exhibition of modernistic paintings, which somewhat annoyed him.

He was approached by a giddy woman, an avid follower of such junk, who pointed to a particularly meaningless painting, and wanted to know if the painter didn't think it was "gorgeous."

"Yes," said the painter, eyeing it morosely, "but I don't think it has quite enough futhum."

"Futhum" was coined on inspiration of the moment.

The woman didn't ask what it meant. Instead, she looked nonplused for a moment and said meekly, "Oh.

Flushed with success, the artist pointed to another one.

"Now that," he declaimed oracularly, "is practically all futhum. And that one over there seems to have no futhum whatsoever."

The lady agreed, and departed in some confusion to try the word on some friends.

This has nothing in particular to do with the flickering films, except that James finds frequent use for the word when discoursing with those given to speaking of the movies in high-flown language. [Cont'd on page 110]
He'll Fool You If He Can

The interviewer, familiar with the legendary portrait, suspects that Nils Asther deliberately attempted to baffle her. An amusing and subtle story of an interesting, new personality.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HAVE you ever tried interviewing twins? Or a dual personality?

For mental exercise, I strongly recommend interviewing Nils Asther. He gives you a feeling of bewilderment. There are two of him: the Nils whom you interview, and the Nils whom you know all about—just as you know all about everybody in Hollywood, once you are a part of the colony.

Perhaps Nils is not conscious of this dual impression. I rather think, though, that he delights in baffling you.

Thank goodness, however, chameleon be his manner, his looks can't change. There's something concrete and dependable. Tall and lithe, yet sturdy, a solitary figure strides beside the sea, two Alredales scampering beside him, barking joyously. That same figure may be seen bowing over the hand of a lovely girl, paying her pretty compliments, with teasing eyes—driving his roadster like a streak of light through the night, his face wrapped in scowls—sitting opposite you on the porch of the M.-G.-M. commissary.

Is he handsome? And how! His hair is dark and wavy, and his eyes reflect his thoughts far better than his stumbling English. Indeed, were it not for the hints of those eyes, I might actually have believed all that the Nils you interview would have had me credit.

He is twenty-seven—a baffling age. Old enough to be as serious as he pretends to be; young enough to be enjoying hugely his success in kidding you.

His foreign fascination is captivating, as is that perfection of attentiveness, the accent, the sense of humor which displays itself despite the gravity of the interview Nils. The feminine population of Hollywood is crazy about him. One sedate and ordinarily sane young lady went absolutely haywire when she pounced upon photographs of Nils on my desk.

The Nils you interview is calm and thoughtful, a gloomy figure, untouched by the gayety of Hollywood. There are things to do, he says, that give him time to think—horseback riding, swimming, tennis, climbing mountains, exploring trails, sailing a little sloop, reading, or musing idly over the piano.

When you seek to get at his thoughts of himself he folds back into his hem, and you pull and pull to get him out of it. That taciturnity covers him, and tucks him in so you have to take out, laboriously, layer after layer in order to get at his experiences, his life, and his thoughts.

And then you remember how, among a few congenial friends, Nils had proved so entertaining. You wonder if he is chuckling behind the shutter of his gravity.

Your own eyes become linguistic. Furrowed brow gives indication of his effort to understand your remark. You put what you want to convey into a glance. Instantly his lips break. Ah, he has got the thought. The twinkle that has been creeping into his eyes jumps out at you.

It is true that he often likes to be alone. For weeks at a time he does not care to see anybody. He will drive alone all night, in restless gloom. This withdrawal, at times, is that moody need of seclusion which is bred in the Scandinavian.

I asked who were his best friends.

"My dogs," he smiled, and stuck to the statement, despite my ha-ha. "I have many acquaintances." His faint smile that looked as if it might be cynical, grew broader. "I say 'Hal-lo,' they slap me on the back. Everywhere I know many peoples. I do not go to parties, though—what you call 'life' in Hollywood. They are silly. I do not like them. Peoples talk and do not say something. They talk so much that they have no time to think."

The smile, which I hadn't quite catalogued, vanished. He gazed wistfully over my head, through the lot, on and on, seeking, perhaps, the sea that he loves and that matches, in its own nature, his varying moods.

But no friends? He looked so solemn and forsaken that I wanted to believe him, against the evidence that rushed to mind. When he turns his European charm upon you, with its combination of worldly subtility and its little-boy pleading, you, being feminine, almost agree with him.

How could I commiserate him, though, when they trooped back, their laughing faces as reminders of the bubbling gayety of Vivian Duncan—that was quite serious for a while—the world-famous flapper who was quite mad about him. The lovely lady star who was not blind to his attractions.

He is constantly in love, and irresistible. His courtships have finesse. Even their repetition cannot dull their ardor, and there is always a delicacy, a humble adoration, in his affection. To Nils, while it lasts, it is all devastatingly genuine. If it only endured! But there are sharp words, and it's all over.

Continued on page 119
NILS ASTHER is difficult to fathom in an interview, for he is alternately gay and reticent, professes to have no friends, though his manner is friendliness itself. From these conflicting impressions Myrtle Gebhart has written an entertaining story opposite.
MARY BRIAN is never Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, for she always lives up to the expectations of her admirers by being the delightfully wholesome and unassuming girl they have watched grow up in the years that have followed her Wendy.
There's allure in those deep eyes of Margaret Livingston, as any number of her victims on the screen will tell you, but really she's as harmless as a kitten, a very lively and sleek one. Thus endeth our little journey to the soul of a star.
IT must be a case of arrested development with Betty Bronson, for she can't grow up into an orthodox movie actress, praise be! She still retains her shimmering, elusive charm. Now it has taken her to Europe, to play in "Peer Gynt" for Ufa.
ONCE and forever—one love in a lifetime. Either sentiment is appropriate for Mary Philbin. Her life in Hollywood had been devoid of excitement until she announced her engagement to Paul Kohner. Then she faced a storm of good wishes.
WHEN the fans complain that Lane Chandler isn't seen often and largely enough in Picture Play, it is time that the aching void were filled. Here, then, on a metaphorical silver salver, is the largest picture procurable. Are we forgiven?
EVIDENTLY the vogue for the toothpick silhouette is causing Molly O'Day much unhappiness, and is a stumbling block to the continuation of her career as well; for, alas, like Little But-tercup, in "Pinafore," she is "a plump and pleasing person." But rumor says she will soon emerge from her retirement, magically transformed into a lovely wraith.
AMONG the many facts about Madge Bellamy which William H. McKeeg brings out opposite, is that she is never conscious of her beauty and success, but makes the interviewer aware of her versatile and brilliant mind, and her courageous frankness.
Beautiful, But—Herself

And being herself is only one of Madge Bellamy’s claims to keen individuality.

By William H. McKegg

CAN a star ever be herself in Hollywood? I know at least one who can—and is.

The majority mold themselves to all the stupid inanities of the film Mecca. Many, who are thought to be clever, are merely superficial. They possess no individuality.

The majority think they must be seen at premières. They attend parties and gatherings—usually instigated by zealous press agents—not because they always wish to, but because they are drawn, magnetized by the fact that kind-hearted scribes will mention them.

The many ridiculous things stars do, because they believe it is for their progress, could fill a magazine—have, indeed, come near to doing that before now. Seldom does one come across stars sufficiently individual in their remarks to merit recording in print.

All this is a rather roundabout way of getting to the statement, that one of the few stars who is herself is Madge Bellamy. She is the most captivating individual in filmland’s heterogeneous fusion of all the world’s children. She is a surprise to those fortunate enough to know her. I mean fortunate, because she does not extend to every person the benefit of her conversation and her elusive personality.

Many stars are blandly polite when wishing you elsewhere. Madge, even at the risk of being reported “catty,” is never a hypocrite. If she does not like you, she stands by her opinion. She seldom goes to premières. The cafés hardly ever see her, either.

I have an idea that she likes to do two things at once. The strange thing is that she is able, in most cases, to do so. She can carry on a brilliant conversation, and improve her make-up at the same time. She can give out lucid comments, which you enjoy hearing, and play with her terrier pup Wormy—so named because of his agility in constantly wriggling. Madge wants you to observe one thing, and before you have had an opportunity, she calls your attention to another.

She has a sense of humor that is difficult to describe. It is not rough and sprinkled with wisecracks, but it has a delicate quality, as exquisitely elusive as herself.

She seems to make her movements glitter—if you know what I mean. Every gesture sparkles. She gets up from a chair with a swift spring, as if she were suddenly confronted by a thousand menacing enemies. Her head is always up—regal. She is alert in her movements, but never like those frightful, kittenish things.

The average girl star, like jazz, rasps my nerves. In comparison Madge is like Puccini melodies—brisk and surprising, possessed of subtle, unexpected changes. Where the average player’s talk is stupid, stereotyped, or boring, the Bellamy loquacity yields never a senseless phrase. Everything she utters means something.

From the moment you meet her, you realize that she is never conscious of herself—that is, of her youth, her beauty, and her depth of mind. She does not try to impress you, as do those who memorize their press agent’s remarks, or maxims from books. Intelligent comment flows from her lips as easily as water from a mountain spring.
Beautiful, But—Herself

Madge Bellamy is a dozen times more brilliant and versatile than any of the "living-the-part" players. She does not play on her emotions; she uses her mind. In fact, she lives in her mind a great deal, I think. This makes her appear abstracted. A stranger might thus be forgiven for thinking her indifferent; but she is not. An ungenial stranger could never understand her. But if one is simpatie, though a stranger, something of her unusualness makes itself apparent. Even so, there is ever an enigmatic quality in her, which gives one constant surprises.

I alluded to the light comedies she had recently made. Pictures which are not "big" are usually scoffed at by the star, so that you won't blame her for them, but blame the producers instead.

"Those comedies pleased me," Madge declared. "The stories were rather inconsequential, I admit—we made them up as we went along. But in that way I was able to get nearer the production end of the work. It is nice to have some one say, 'Here is an idea. See what you can make of it.'"

"Usually directors dislike a suggestion from a player. They feel insulted when one is offered. In making those comedies I could, and did, help in many ways. I had the satisfaction of seeing the result of my ideas—good or bad."

Yes, good or bad, those flimsy comedies, such as "Soft Living," "Silk Legs," and "Very Confidential," increased attendance at the box office and popularity for their star.

All the same, Madge Bellamy is worthy of greater things. She can easily do them, for she has the ability; and also the background. At eight she made her first appearance before the public. She was studying dancing at the time an opera company visited her home-town in Texas. She and another child were converted into little negro slaves, and had to dance with cymbals in the second act of "Aida."

Her childhood was spent on the stage. Her father was a professor of English. His library was for her use. Shakespeare became an open world to Madge. At twelve she was delving into literature that most people only glance at in their twenties.

Absorbing Balzac was one of her pastimes. "Les Illusions Perdues," and "La Recherche de l'Absolu," began to echo through the halls of her memory, when other girls were sighing over "Elsie Dinsmore" and "Little Women."

Her first appearance on Broadway was at fifteen, in a musical comedy, "The Love Mill." Her rôle was not big and, in spite of the cause of the mill's working, the show was a failure. However, Madge did gain a couple of lines in Heywood Broun's review. She was then known by her real name—Margaret Philpott.

When, a year later, William Gillette appeared in "Dear Brutus," a young girl called Madge Bellamy achieved no little attention for her work in the play. It was Daniel Frohman who had given her her new name.

In 1920 Geraldine Farrar, after leaving the old Goldwyn company, made a picture in New York. Madge played in it and, for the first time, saw herself on the screen. So did many others. It led to her being brought out to California by the late Thomas Ince. After three years she became a Fox player.

Madge was, at first, given anything by this company. They knew she could make any rôle into something. Mostly her rôles made her a gentle, unsophisticated child. Usually she had to wear her curls down her back and look sweet and guileless.

Continued on page 105
He Knew What He Wanted

Like a proverbial Alger hero, Richard Arlen has survived hardships and setbacks to enjoy fame, a beautiful home and—Jobyna Ralston.

By Helen Louise Walker

RICHARD ARLEN knew what he wanted.

Not in the vague way youth ordinarily dreams of glamorous splendors, but definitely and concretely. Defining your desires and going after specific things, he thinks, is the first important step toward realization.

He wanted to go into pictures, so he left his home in St. Paul, Minnesota, a boy still in his teens, and arrived in Hollywood with fifteen dollars in his pocket.

A few months of extra work brought him into contact with pictures and picture people, and further defined his aim. He wanted a definite place on the screen. Not a precarious starring position, he decided, watching the stars come and go, but a firmly established place of un-spectacular prominence. He would be a leading man.

"I used to think and talk a lot about my 'art,'" he says, "I found out after a while that art did not matter much if you couldn't get breakfast! Extra work would not support me, so I found some lawns to mow.

"There were some pretty lean times in those days. I lived on cigarettes and crackers, for days at a time. I found out what alleys were for. They were for a boy to duck into, after he had gone into a restaurant and eaten a meal for which he had no money to pay!

"Sometimes they would let me wash dishes for a meal. Other times they wouldn't.

"I stole a bottle of milk off a back porch once—to go with the crackers. Things were pretty bad."

It was about this time that he found something else that he wanted. He was wandering about, looking for lawns to mow. He saw a low, white, Spanish house with a red-tile roof—one of the rambling, picturesque homes which nestle among the trees in the suburban districts of Los Angeles.

"One day I shall have a house like that!" he told himself.

We were sitting in the living room of that particular dream come true, as he talked.

"I found out some things then," he was saying. "One was that your personal appearance counted a great deal—more to yourself than to other people. It keeps up your morale—does something for your self-assurance and your mental attitude—if you do not allow yourself to become seedy.

"When I was down to one suit and three shirts, that suit was pressed every day—and I never missed shaving.

"Another thing was, that if a man has a dollar—he isn't licked yet. I never spent my last dollar, I hung onto it somehow. And I have never got over the habit. There is a dollar in the watch pocket of every suit I own, this minute!"

"Dear—don't tell all those unhappy things!" urged his tiny, Dresden-china wife who was Jobyna Ralston, and who is also a dream come true for Dick.

"Why not? They happened," said Dick. "I like to talk about it. Why, do you know, my sister's iceman pointed out my picture in the paper to her the other day? That guy was down and out. He was poor," he said. 'And he came through and got what he wanted. The rest of us can do it, too!' These things need to be told.

"Things went on like that for two or three years," he continued. "I played extras, and learned. I watched people rise in pictures. Some of them stayed, and some of them disappeared.

"I saw Eileen Percy come—and go. Buck Jones rose to a high position—and sank again. Katherine Mac-

Continued on page 109.
HOUSES flower prodigally in the rich soil of Hollywood and environs. Overnight new stucco piles attest the ascension of some new star. Contractors drive Rolls-Royces, and interior decorators spend their summers in Europe. Land is a fortune per inch, and sells as rapidly as hot cakes.

"I think I'll have a house," murmurs a star and, presto, has one—landscaped and furnished, complete to the last cooky jar in the pantry.

This speed and quantity of production have had a bad effect on individuality. The major number of film domiciles suffer from standardization, particularly on the inside, where decorators hold to the theory that "what was good enough for So-and-so is good enough for everybody else." This sameness in interiors is also traceable to the fact that many stars can't take time off from the studio to inject some of their own personality into the work.

The result is highly conventional rooms, starkly innocent of any distinguishing charm, and with a cheerless air of never having been lived in—brashly new and "Open for Inspection," even in such instances where a cigarette butt, or a magazine, attempts to give evidence of mythical warmth. Warmth and personality are sacrificed to the rigid impeccability of a motion-picture set. Not that I contend that a profusion of cigarette butts makes a home. But I do hold out for at least a few touches expressing the identity of the owner, rather than of the decorator.

After all this, I suppose you expect that it is this sort of house we have under discussion today. Well, that's where you get fooled. My discourse was all a fake, just to make a paradox of introducing, for your attention, the home—and I don't mean house—of Aileen Pringle.

This is a home rich in informal charm, comfortable in the unstudied manner of its effects, restful in its aura of having been lived in. The furniture is not all new, and imparts a mellowness that is rare in Hollywood domiciles.

The house is of modified Spanish architecture, set in deep lawns on the palisades at Santa Monica. The view from this hilltop embraces a wooded valley, the hills...
Aileen Pringle

rator's personality, but a real home—as distinctive owner.

garet Reid

beyond and, to the westward, the ocean. In the center of the exterior, a round tower rises two stories high. Set in this is a massive entrance door. Palms stand on either side of it, and across the whole front of the house is a wide border of brilliant flowers. The structure is of almost oyster-white plaster, with dark oak casements.

The door leads into a small, circular entrance, with floor in dull-red tile, with dim, stained-glass windows on either side of the door.

From here a step up reaches the living room, its length running to the right.

When Miss Pringle acquired the house, about two years ago, she moved in with exactly four pieces of furniture—two living-room chairs, a dining-room table, and a bed.

"With an admirable 'rush to the head' of honor, I decided to pay off the mortgage before I went in for

furniture. Through the first barren months, benevolent friends railed their attics for me. If my guests found no chairs available, they sat on the floor—and thanked God there was a rug on it.

"Then when my conscience was cleared of debts, I prowled about bargain basements and haggled with secondhand dealers."

But no such cursory statement can cover the taste and charm of the Pringle home. It combines originality with distinction, informality with elegance.

When Aileen began to furnish, Barker Brothers, Los Angeles' leading furniture dealers, called her up and said they would send out an interior decorator to see what should be done.

"Fine," answered Aileen. "Send her out, and I'll make pie of her for dinner."

There is no vestige of any personality in the house but Pringle's. Every piece and every arrangement is expressive, like the feller says, of her individual taste—except for a couple of incidentals chairs which express Matt Moore, coming as they did from his servants' quarters and being too useful to discard as yet.

The living room is quite long, with French windows extending its left length, giving onto the patio garden. In the right wall is the fireplace, large and plain, a heavy,

A greenish-blue motif is used for the upholstery in the living room.

Aileen's dressing table is large and roomy, with wide, spacious drawers.

Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull
If You Were to Visit Aileen Pringle

Pleasantly subdued modernistic furniture is everywhere evident, giving the rooms a distinctive, as well as comfortable, appearance.

wrought-iron fire screen in front of it, and on the mantel a Spanish tile. The walls throughout the house are of yellowed ivory plaster, and the ceilings are beamed in dark, unpolished wood. In the living room, an unobtrusive, greenish-blue motif on the beams is repeated skillfully in the upholstery of the divan and armchairs. These are simple in line, exemplifying the more conservative of the modern mode. The rug is dull blue. The small, outer rugs, which Miss Pringle has had for many years, have blue among their mellow tones. Providing the room with bright color, are the heavy draperies at the windows. The background of these is ivory white, scarcely discernible behind the rich embroidery in bold color and design. Windows in the room are plentiful, but skillfully placed, so as to offer little difficulty in the arrangement of furniture.

In the far corner, against the outer wall, is the piano, an antique brocade thrown over it. Against the end wall stands a mammoth earthenware jar, always filled with tall, brilliant flowers. Three niches at intervals around the room hold Ming vases, filled with roses. Water lamps, some with fluted and some with parchment shades, furnish the light.

At the wall, facing the room from the entrance, and midway between the entrance to the library and the hall, stands a large, oak table of severe design. It has no legs, but is solid down to the floor, and is chastely modeled, with a minimum of pattern. This delightful piece Miss Pringle has had for some time. Its placing, too, is interesting, the width, rather than the length, being against the wall. Rising from the books and flowers on its broad top, is an exquisite Primavera figure, tall, white, and subtle in line. And, though it is nobody's business, a gift from H. L. Mencken.

To the right of the fireplace, under a window, is an old, brass-bound oak chest, affording space on top for magazines and books. Throughout the room, small coffee tables are substituted for the awkward ash-tray stands. Even the details of cigarette boxes, match boxes, and ash trays on them are knowingly selected, in charming old pewter, hammered brass, and mosaic pottery. Leaning against the side of the fireplace is an East Indian musical instrument, corresponding to a violin. It is ancient beyond reckoning, and of beautiful workmanship. The Smithsonian Institution begged for it at one time, but Miss Pringle refused to part with it.

At the far end of the left wall, beyond the French windows, is the entrance to the dining room. Here, as in all approaches to the living room, doors are dispensed with, and the entrance is hung with curtains. The dining-room furniture is dark, highly polished, and delicate rather than massive. Silver candelabra gleam from the table and buffet.

From here a door leads to the pantries, kitchen and the servants' quarters.

In the living room, at the left of the center wall, one enters the library. This square room is modern in arrangement, and intimate in feeling. Across two sides are windows hung with dull-blue monk's cloth. Other walls are banked with capacious bookshelves, jeweled with priceless first, limited, contraband, out of print, and autographed editions. The floor is covered by a dull-blue Capojara rug, and all the upholstery in the room is velvet, of the same shade.

Nearly the length of one wall, is a low, deep divan. Its wood is painted bright red, in modified cubic design and luxuriously upholstered in blue. Two chairs match this piece, and another is covered in red patent leather. A roomy table holds books, flowers, cigarette boxes, and ash trays. In a corner a low coffee table stands ready for clinking glasses. A victrola is in this room, and warm-shaded water lamps. The pictures are two George Bellows lithographs and an arresting lithograph by Cedric Gibbons. A door in one wall reveals a small bar, deep shelves packed with glasses and romantic-looking bottles.

Back in the living room the far entrance in the center wall leads up two steps to a small hallway. To the right is a guest bedroom. The bedroom is conservative, early American—heavy, polished wood, and pastel-shaded chintzes. The bathroom is done in pale-green tile.

The staircase leads forward, then midway, and ascends toward the back. On the wall at the landing is hung a piece of brocade, frayed and mellow with antiquity. At the top of the stairs is a hall. Facing the stairs is Miss Pringle's room.

The length of this room runs back from the door. At the far end, it extends in the middle to an alcove, across which runs a spacious dressing table. Each side of the

Continued on page 108
Aloof and Friendly

A sympathetic interviewer finds Fay Wray possessed of all the virtues of an ideal girl, and enthusiastically describes them—and her.

- By Patsy DuBuis

It would be exceedingly difficult to write a few trite paragraphs about Fay Wray—and let it go at that. In fact, such treason would be quite impossible if—as all interviewers should—one had a conscience at all. For Fay Wray is delightful. She is exquisitely bred and innately serious. She has a delicately placed sense of humor, and she is charmingly aloof yet pleasantly friendly.

If the foregoing seems paradoxical, you have caught the idea I am trying to suggest. Because Fay Wray's personality is as elusive as her lifting name would hint.

When she was a very small girl, the children in the Utah town where Fay lived, indulged in an almost daily round of surprise parties. It was their custom to descend—thirty or forty of them—upon the home of one of their friends, where the surprised one was expected to furnish refreshments and entertainment. Fay's house was the most popular rendezvous, it appears, for these ceremonies. For Fay and her elder sister, Willa, were accomplished in the art of entertaining. Willa sang. And Fay would dress up in her mother's clothes, and recite "pieces." She would even give one-act plays, if sufficiently prevailed upon.

This conflict of talents caused Mrs. Wray many a loving chuckle. Willa had a desire to sing for the children. Fay wanted to act. They couldn't do them both together. Finally Mrs. Wray had to decide upon a method of arbitration, whereby the sister and Fay presented short numbers by turns.

With the Wray's hegira to Bingham, Utah, a few years later, Fay's mud-pie era began. Always a domestic little girl, Fay found in the concocting of ornate mud pies an outlet for her desire to make real pastry. There was only one difficulty—she could not understand why her mother would not allow her to wear her party dress when she was "cooking." Fay's one

Since she was very little, Fay has always been innately serious.

Fay Wray as a star is little changed from the child who loved to make mud pies and "play house."

and only spanking occurred when she disobeyed this maternal mandate. Her father did the honors—and Fay never made mud pies again, while wearing her fancy dress.

Fay and I were lunching in the Paramount café, while she confided all this to me. The Paramount café, at noon, is bedlam incarnate. More noise I have never heard in one eating place. It is here that stars, directors, extras, script girls, and others gather at noon, to lunch and to discuss anything and everything. Fay and I sat at a table in the center of this, and so vividly did she describe some of those incidents of her childhood, that I forgot entirely all the confusion about me.

Fay and I sat at a table in the center of this, and so vividly did she describe some of those incidents of her childhood, that I forgot entirely all the confusion about me.

Forgot that at the neighboring table sat an array of stellar players, whose appearance in one group would give the average person heart failure. I was with Fay Wray—back in her not-so-long-ago childhood.

There were little boys who used to carry Fay's books home from school, but Fay did not particularly care for little boys. She loved playing dolls with girls. Playing house—that also was her idea of fun. Sometimes her sister played with her—but not so often. Where Fay was quiet, serious-minded, and domestic, Willa wanted to run and to climb up trees. Fay sewed intently on doll clothes. The sister hacked at rough boards, trying to make houses and automobiles.

For all their different temperaments, though, Fay and Willa grew up as the best of chums. I mention the sister so particularly, because a comparison of the two girls reveals a part of Fay Wray as nothing else does.

Fay, as she emerged into her early teens, liked nothing so much as to have the management of the home for a day. Cleaning, planning the meals, and cooking them, were her special delights. [Continued on page 111]
TEX, little Texas Guinan, the glad girl of the big city's bright lights, found no gladness awaiting her upon her arrival in Hollywood. She made her advent in full panoply of glory, even to the display of many rings, bracelets—slave, ankle, and wrist—and other resplendent jewelry. But the triumphal procession of plumed caravans was lacking. In other words, there was a trace of anticlimax, if not actual debacle, in the reception tendered her when she reentered the film colony, after an absence of ten years.

Newspaper reporters exhibited a tendency to kid Tex generously. The Breakfast Club, with stately ceremoniousness, declined to play host to the hostess of the night club. And Conrad Nagel, mentor of the more formal side of movie life, stated, with refined union, his disinterest in being on the greeters' committee that met her at the railroad station.

At best, it was all rather painful. But Texas is finishing a talking film, and may have a chance at revenge by registering a bigger and better speaking voice than her movie confreres. The picture is called "Queen of the Night Clubs."

Howls and Roars.

Jungle beasts' voices will be recorded, for "Trader Horn," says a studio announcement. Can't you picture how it will be accomplished? Think of the perilous pleasures of the camera man, who sits aloft in a tree with his pal, the microphone operator, waiting for the lion to come forth and roar, and be photographed and phonographed. Imagine, too, the competition the human actor will have when Jumbo, the wild African elephant, commences to bellow for his dinner, and the studio microphone will have to be turned off, so that an ardent love scene will not be disturbed by his vociferous pleadings.

"Trader Horn" opens up a vast realm of speculations as to whether our once-silent drama is heading, what with its proposed invasion of the wilds.

In Defense of Husbands.

Ruth Roland has saved the day for the movie husband. "Wealth," she declares, "unevenly divided, with the wife having the bulk of it, should be no detriment to a happy marriage."

This raises a much-debated question into new prominence. The history of matches in Hollywood, where the feminine party acquires a huge income in contrast to her spouse, has often been disastrous. Divorces have frequently followed a success won by a pretty starress. In fact, such legal separations have sometimes been regarded as a necessary evil. Such are the peculiar ways of fame!

But Ruth has cleared the atmosphere by averring that money is merely incidental, and if a man displays industry and intelligence, a woman should be willing to share her fortune with him.

The most interesting items of news from the town where movies are made.

"First of all, though, he has got to get over the old-fashioned idea that he has to be the provider, and that otherwise his importance is nil—a ridiculous position for a man to assume anyway," Ruth expounds further. "It makes him appear as something like a truck horse. And it certainly isn't you."

Ruth, it may be recalled, is engaged to Ben Bard, who is at present under contract to Fox. Her wealth is estimated at a mere five million dollars.

Here's for Anita.

One newcomer for whom we vote vehemently is Anita Page, the Metro-Goldwyn find. She is one of the brightest and most energetic young girls on any studio lot today. And pretty!!! Just as the result of a single picture, "Telling the World," Anita's fan mail rose from nothing to a thousand letters a week. "Our Dancing Daughters," now showing, will probably brighten this record even more.

Everybody at the studio likes her exceedingly, and what with the producers and the public seemingly both in favor, we wouldn't be surprised at all to see her win stardom within a year or so.

Some one recently wanted to change her name from Anita to Anne Page. We like Anita Page better.

Pound of Flesh Demanded.

Just a few pounds sacrificed in the cause of art! Thus Molly O'Day may now look back upon her experience of losing some surplus fat, under the surgeon's knife, not long ago. For she has fully recovered from the operation, which required four different incisions—two on her hips and two on her legs, followed by a strict dietary régime at the hospital.

The operation is the most drastic ever performed for the sake of an actress' pulchritude. But Miss O'Day had to choose between the loss of the flesh, or the sacrifice of a career, which was seriously threatened by her steadily increasing weight. Unfortunately her mounting avoirdupois was "spotty"—meaning that it appeared in those specific locations most clearly discernible to that enemy of flesh, the camera.

In case we sound slightly reminiscent of antifat advertisements, we wish clearly to define our position right now. We like 'em neither. Not more corpulent than Gloria Swanson or Clara Bow, however!
No Milk of Kindness.

The ancient preprohibition jokes, about meeting the milkman in the early-morning hours, can now be resurrected, and Sally Eilers is to blame. However, there is no mirth or good fellowship connected with her viewpoint of the matter.

Sally crashed into a dairy wagon, while on her way to work early one morning, caused injury to the driver, and scattered milk bottles all about the street, besides sustaining some very painful bruises herself. She disclaimed all blame for the accident, but was duly sued for $25,000.

The legal action brought out that Sally's salary with Sennett started modestly at $75 a week, and increased, by steps, to $1,000 during its five-year life.

Sally's engagement to Matty Kemp, which always did sound like a lot of charming publicity, is off, by the way, and she is now reported affianced to William Hawks. If she weds him, she will be related, by marriage, to Mary Astor, who is the wife of Kenneth Hawks, a brother of her intended, and to Norma Shearer's sister, who is married to Howard Hawks, another brother.

The Hawks family is by way of becoming one of the most intricate in its ramifications in pictureland.

Love, with Inhibitions.

Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo weren't on speaking terms when they were playing in "A Woman of Affairs," and the love scenes which they enacted the while had to be, as usual, fervid. They would look ritzily and disdainfully at each other when they entered the set. But, immediately the camera would start clicking, they would set their minds to the important business at hand, which, during the greater part of the estranged period, called for hectic and languishing embraces. Then off the set they would go in opposite directions, with their noses in the air.

Whatever differences existed between Gilbert and Garbo were eventually patched up, however, for they were more recently observed leaving the studio in Jack's famous Ford coupé.

We slightly suspect Greta and Jack of intrigue and deception in the instance of their quarrel. It's an old game and a delightful one, in which players often indulge—especially if the romantic attraction is strong enough—to make more interesting and intensify the appeal of their amorous scenes. This, of course, is again all for the sake of art!

Olga Would Wed Again.

The secret is out, as to the reason for Olga Baclanova's summary seeking of a divorce from her husband in Russia, after several years' separation. She is engaged to Nicholas Soussanin, a Slavic countryman, whose work is known to film audiences, in several Paramount releases.

The romance of Miss Baclanova and Soussanin is not a typical affair, growing simply out of a studio association. They met each other first a few years ago in Moscow. It was a casual acquaintance, but served to pave the way for the devotion that developed between them in Hollywood.

The forecast is for a happy union, because, in spite of all Miss Baclanova's seeming "bizarrees," as a personality on the screen, she is essentially level-headed personally. She has built up her career with great persistence and fortitude, her setbacks having been many when she first came to Hollywood. Particularly was this true, because her ability and fame as an actress in Europe passed unrecognized.

Baclanova now enjoys the distinction of being the most dazzling siren of the silver sheet.

A Union of the Arts.

Florence Vidor also made a Russian choice in her marriage, Jascha Heifetz being from that country.

There is not much to tell about this wedding, because it has been so widely publicized. The secrecy with which the ceremony was performed is doubtless known to everybody—the fact that it was almost a week after the wedding took place, before it was publicly known.

We might make one comment to the effect that the stateliness and dignity with which the Vidor-Heifetz trek westward was accomplished, was totally without parallel. One is overwhelmed by the reserve of these two newlyweds. Even the pictures which they calmly posed, reflected a men of seriousness that fell as a somber cloak upon one.

We feel sure, though, that Florence and Heifetz will be very happy, and our good wishes go with them.

Familiar Argument Revived.

Colleen Moore doesn't like the mountains. John McCormick doesn't like the sea. So they spent a somewhat divided vacation, on the basis of this old difference of viewpoint.

Colleen went on a lengthy yachting tour to southern Mexico, the Gulf of California, and way points. John would join her occasionally at California ports, and go
Hollywood High Lights

sailing with her for a time. Then he would return to some peaceful, mountain location, and spend his leisure hunting, fishing and playing golf. Between times, too, he worked on the scenario and plans for Colleen's new picture, "Synthetic Sin."

The vacation is the longest the pair have taken since they went to Europe two or three years ago.

Triumphs As Mimic.

Great things are foretold of "Mother Knows Best," one of the first Movietone features of the Fox organization. This is the picture based on the Edna Ferber short story, said to be a life sketch of a prominent stage actress.

Madge Bellamy is the star, and the predictions are that she will surpass all her past efforts, and quality besides as one of the most successful players in the new talkie medium.

We have heard all sorts of enthusiastic comment from those who have been fortunate enough to see and hear the synchronized portions of the picture—those which show Miss Bellamy doing a series of impersonations of Al Jolson, Anna Held, Harry Lauder, and other celebrities of the stage world.

Most of these scenes were made at night in a theater situated on Wilshire Boulevard. It is the first time that a stage playhouse has been used for the talkies in Hollywood, and the scheme worked out most effectively. The only disadvantage was that all the scenes had to be made after midnight, so that extraneous noises from the busy thoroughfare, near which the theater was situated, might not be picked up by the microphone—so sensitive is the sound-recording apparatus.

Jane Winton Vocalizes.

Jane Winton is another whose voice has been applauded. Jane has been taking vocal lessons thrice weekly, and has played in a picture called "The Melody of Love," which Universal made with Movietone equipment.

The company had no sound stage when it started this picture, but conceived the idea of doing it in a very quiet location on their large studio-property. When they later came forth with the announcement that they had actually made a talking picture, everybody was amazed, because they had stolen a march on various other organizations which were waiting for their noise-proof stages to be completed. The surprise was increased by the fact that the company had kept their enterprise very quiet.

Jane was equally successful in concealing her aspirations to be a star with a voice, until the picture was finished. But once her gifts were determined at a preview, the news was broadcast, and with it the fact that she had most carefully prepared, with special vocal training, for her adventure.

Louise Dresser a Talkie Hit.

Louise Dresser is still another whom we must mention for her prophesied future in sound films. Louise is in "Mother Knows Best," and she engages in a long dialogue toward the end of the production. Her voice, very well modulated naturally, is said to register beautifully.

Louise was on the point of leaving Hollywood and going back to the stage, until about a month ago, but we doubt whether she will leave now. Her talents are bound to be in active demand when "Mother Knows Best" is released.

Warblers in High Esteem.

A singing voice will be at a high premium in a few months, especially if any present favorite of the movies happens to possess one. That was recently shown in the signing of John Boles, formerly of musical comedy, by Universal. For months Boles didn’t have any luck in getting a permanent contract, but he was snapped up by the Universal organization, when they felt that they needed some new talent for sound films.

Nancy Carroll, at Paramount, is kept very busy warbling these days. In "Manhattan Cocktail" she sings two numbers, written for her by Victor Schertzinger. One is called "Another Kiss," and the second "Gotta Be Good." Elevating titles!

Shushing the Speakies.

Considerable mystery is evidencing itself at all the studios, about the way talkies are made. The old-timers speak of it as being like the very early days of the movies, when every stranger who happened to get on a set was immediately placed under suspicion, if he was not actually and forcibly ousted.

In line with this, Fox recently attempted to recover and destroy all photographs that had been taken relative to the mechanical side of talkie making. This included all pictures of stars speaking into microphones, the portable equipment employed for taking news reels, and pieces of the movie film on which sound was recorded.

Hereafter, this company announces it will release to the public only ordinary photographs of the films in the making, without any views of what goes on behind the scenes. So, if you have any curiosity about how the mechanism works, it will probably have to remain unsatisfied, until the spell of hide-and-seek is over.

Philosophical Eva.

Eva von Berner has a temperament that should aid her in achieving success. The little Viennese can’t be rebuffed in her optimism.

In "Mask of the Devil," in which she played with Jack Gilbert, there were rain scenes, and Eva had to endure a drenching, day after day, while they were being photographed.

"How do you like it?" somebody asked her sympathetically. "Pretty hard work, isn’t it?"

"Oh, not so bad," she replied, indifferently. "Here it is all right. In Vienna when it rains the sun is not shining.

Incidentally, Eva is popular at the studio.

Dorothy Janis, Metro - Goldwyn’s latest “find,” is said to have the smallest foot in Hollywood, a mere five inches from toe to heel.
Now She'll Stay in Church.

Hereafter, Lilyan Tashman will stay in church with her husband, Edmund Lowe. And the reason?

Well, you see, Lilyan and Ed were visiting San Francisco, and they thought they would go to services at an old, historic, religious edifice that lies just on the edge of Chinatown. During the services, Lilyan was troubled with a headache, and thought a little walk around the block might do her good.

Curiosity led her to Chinatown, and while she was in the midst of her wanderings she was saluted most patriotically by two Filipino sailors, who persisted in keeping guard over her until she again reached the church. Lilyan resolved, thereafter, that she was through with slumming, even as a cure for mal de tête.

Jackie Still Crescendoing.

While Jackie Coogan may not be enjoying any plethora of million-dollar contracts for pictures nowadays, he doesn't appear to be heading for a stage of abject poverty. Jackie has been playing an engagement, in various vaudeville and film theaters, that is yielding him $8,000 weekly. That, figured up for a year, if this new enterprise should last that long, would mean just $16,000.

Another Mother Passes.

A strange circumstance it is that the death of Charlie Chaplin's and Mary Pickford's mothers should both have taken place within the same year. Charlie's mother passed away about six or eight weeks ago, and the funeral was held very quietly. It was strictly private.

Mrs. Chaplin came to this country seven years ago, and was provided with a home of her own by her sons, Charlie and Syd. Very few people knew her. For, on account of ill health, she lived in virtual seclusion. She was sixty-five years of age at the time of her death.

Syd Chaplin was not advised until after her interment, since he was working abroad on a picture, and efforts to reach him by cable proved futile for some days.

The devotion of the two boys to their mother, a little-known side of their lives, has often been a topic of discussion in Hollywood.

In fact, few stars or players can be accused of a lack of filial devotion, for the parent who is not generously provided with comforts and luxuries is rare indeed.

Raquel's "Golden Crown."

Raquel Torres, wearing a blond wig, excited our interest recently at Metro-Goldwyn. The thought naturally flashed in our mind that she was being tested for the rôle of the flaxen Nina—the white goddess of the cannibal tribe—in "Trader Horn."

"I guess, even if I do wear blond wig, I am still little Mexican girl," she told us. "I like to be little, yellow kid."

Then going by the barber shop, she called, "You gimme hair cut for my wig. Ha-ha! That's a good one."

Raquel is very tiny and slender, when you see her in real life.

The Prince and the Ladies.

Three girls and a prince! This might be the title of a capital little movie. Only it wouldn't be fiction, but fact. The prince—to name him first—was George Edward Alexander Edmund, K. G., G. C. V. O.—whatever that all means—the fourth son of King George of England; the girls, Gloria Swanson, Lily Damita, and June Collyer.

And now—the plot. It's a mysterious one. But the surprise is that the motif was rivalry.

Anyway, the three stellar ladies were entertained at luncheon by Prince George, at the Ambassador Hotel, during his very, very secret visit to Los Angeles, which was incognito, as Lieutenant Windsor of H. M. S. Dunbar, anchored at Santa Barbara.

And, later, when the prince set forth to get aboard his ship for departure, who do you think accompanied him in his automobile on the three-hour ride from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara? No, not Gloria; no, not Lily, but June. The other two stars followed in a second car, driven by a Montecito social lion. But then, that wasn't like riding with the prince. So June was the victor.

Fashion Show Perils.

One of the features of the National Air Races Exposition was a fashion show staged by Peggy Hamilton, in which numerous stars took part. They went to the scene of the doings via airplane, and practically every girl was dying to be piloted by Art Goebel, whose transcontinental flight caused a sensation. Only a few of them had that privilege, however, as the plane he drove was limited in accommodations. The other girls were so saddened, that they could scarcely conjure up a smile.

Continued on page 100.
Woman Victorious!

If you think a woman can't take care of herself in these days of self-expression, just get funny with one of them!

Greta Garbo, upper left, in "The Mysterious Lady," gets the man what's done her wrong, and if Gustave von Seyffertitz, upper right, doesn't watch out she'll plug him again.

If Roy d'Arcy, above, thinks he can put one over on Sylvia Beecher, in "Beyond the Sierras," he'll have to go to night school.

Derelys Perdue, left, has the upper hand, and also a club, in her argument with Sid Taylor, in "The Mystery Rider."

Bebe Daniels, right, gives Ed Brady something to remember her by, in "Hot News."

May McAvoy, left, armed with a dirty look and an automatic, tries to make Conrad Nagel take his hat off in the house in "Caught in the Fog."

"Don't you dare bully me," says Jeanette Loff, with emphasis, to Tom Kennedy, in "At Yale."
His Nickname Is “Connie”

And that is but one of the revelations unearthed by this interviewer in her visit to Conrad Veidt, one of the screen’s most sinister personalities.

By Myrtle Gebhart

A SINISTER shadow—hands—a distorted, ugly face—scheming eyes, half wild—a bent, misshapen form—Doctor Caligari, creeping toward me, along crazy, three-sided rooms—Cesare Borgia, smiling treacherously—black streaks through shafts of light—a grimacing, twisted mouth—

This vague and terrifying half-picture of Conrad Veidt was in my mind—snatches of his monstrous characters, men a little demented. His forte was that of cruelty. A beastly man, surely. A German. He would be built like an apartment house, layer upon layer held by thick muscles. He would growl and talk of impulses, complexes and all those somber channels of the mind in Freudian analysis. I shuddered, and wondered a bit about the brain of a man known only to us by such weird characterizations. I was half prejudiced against him, not as an actor, but as a human being.

To supplement his broken English, Paul Kohner, Universal executive, had agreed to lunch with us.

“His nickname is ‘Connie,’” Paul lazily informed me.

Scarcely had I recovered from that, when the car stopped before the one old-fashioned house left in Beverly Hills, a rambling, comfortable home, by no means pretentious. A tall, well-built man ran down the steps to meet us. One of those soldierly, foreign bows. A big, brown hand held mine. I looked up into a long, strong, tanned face, its darkness lit by electric-blue eyes.

Finally I snapped out of it and asked why, and wherefore.

“I play such characterizations, because zey haff drama,” he said. “I must haff ze dramatic, ze ecstatic—somessing wiss great mental force. Good men not haff happen to zem soze unusual sings which make drama. But nein, I am not all bad. Zere iss a reason, each time, why I am bad. I haff symphony from my audience. As in ‘The Man Who Laughs,’ I am cruel to all but blind, leetle girl. Peoples are sorry for me, because I haff been marked wiss scarred face. It iss great rôle. I act it wiss my eyes, so.”

In a two-minute eye duet he gave me the substance of the play. I saw pathos, hurt pride vented in cruelty, remorse, and sacrifice, flash one after the other.

“Such characters haff drama, because zere iss alwayz tragedy somewhere. Zey are bad, because somebody has made zem bad. Life has twisted zem. To find out why, and to show it why, as you play zat character doing evil, zat iss drama.”

I found Veidt a most interesting man, for numerous reasons. While I did not expect to see quite the grotesque figure of his screen self, giving due credit to make-up, I did imagine there would be about him something that suggested brutality. There wasn’t. Indeed, there was nothing of those dark shadows, save the power and vitality that made them so curiously, yet horribly, alive.

Though Conrad Veidt specializes in terrifying rôles, he is really quite genial and friendly.

His lightness of movement, and his grace, are surprising in a man so large. His voice, rumbling into the reverberations of a drum, suddenly softens to the delicacy of a whisper. Big, brown hands are everywhere in wide, sweeping gestures, panoramic in the circumference of their expression. When English failed, as often it did, and before Paul could supply the interpretation of his guttural German, his tense eyes, or a quick pose, would tell me his meaning.

His eyes are of that blue which, with concentration, become almost slate gray. His power lies in them. He is thirty-five, at once mature in experience and vigorously youthful.

Mrs. Veidt, also German, was not in. Their little girl was asleep. The three of us dawdled over luncheon in the old-fashioned dining room, with its big windows and its mahogany woodwork, and talked of many things. Caligari worried that I was eating so little! Henry IV trotted back and forth to the study, to bring me snapshots of a darling three-year-old baby. It was some time before I could readjust myself, and shake the screen Veidt out of my mind.

Though he has made but two pictures here, he has

Continued on page 106.
Funny? Well, It'd

If the functioning of your adenoids, and the health

contract

Buster Keaton, above, listened to his own voice—a unique test—and pronounced himself a success.

Charles Reisner, above, points to "oo," and George K. Arthur, is very obviously saying "ah."

Nancy Carroll, above, is having her vocal charm recorded on a sensitive instrument used in testing players' voices.

It looks as though Buddy Rogers and Lane Chandler, right, were broadcasting their version of "Sweet Adeline."
Drive You Crazy, Too

of your tonsils, meant that you did or did not get for talkies.

That's a dangerous place for Clara Bow, right, to be holding the microphone. If Clara's heart ever starts broadcasting — use your own imagination!

Edward Nugent, below, looks like the male's version of the dying swan. Oh, well—

Fred Datig, Paramount casting director, below, explains the testing instrument to Jean Arthur, while Chester Conklin, right, is preparing to prove that his voice, if not his face, has sex appeal.

The title says Aileen Pringle is spraying Lew Cody's throat, above, but it looks as though she were putting fertilizer on his mustache.
Guinan spangles and diamonds are as essential as the cincture and coif to the cloistered nun. Miss Guinan has found her vocation in the midnight revels of the butter-and-egg man, and she is as devoted to her art as the most devout neophyte.

Fairly bursting with enthusiasm and joie de vivre, Miss Guinan regards the night club not as a mere task, but as a huge and delectable lark. It’s one continuous party at which she plays hostess, and the world is her guest—the sophisticated, pleasure-loving, gilded world. Her constant tilts with the authorities do but add zest to the evening’s spree, and though the law is her enemy all Broadway is her friend.

“What harm are we doing to any one?” asks Miss Guinan, as the jazz band plays and the glasses clink. “I’ll tell the world we’re just having a good time, a wow of a good time. If you don’t like it, you don’t have to be there. It’s a darn sight better than sitting in the parlor, ripping your neighbor up the back, and a darn sight more fun.”

And though the authorities quibble and the Puritans object, Miss Guinan laughs defiantly and cries, “Come on, kid, do your stuff!”

Her Hollywood sojourn will interrupt, but never interfere with, her permanent manipulation of “the night-club game,” says Miss Guinan.

The Boy from the Circus.

Step this way, ladies and gentlemen! The show is just beginning! You pay your money and you take your choice! Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Joe E. Brown, late of the circus, now of Hollywood. He’s an agile little fellow, who has been hurtled about from one trapeze to another since he was twelve years old. He didn’t have enough to eat then, but he was too proud to go home and be pointed out as the boy who couldn’t make good with a circus! Why, the circus is second home to any boy with a soul—a real boy’s soul. And though they beat him, and starved him and bullied him, Joe E. Brown stuck to the show business until he was a headliner in his own right.

He’s been a hit on Broadway, too, and was offered Fred Stone’s role in a new revue, after the recent airplane catastrophe, but he prefers Hollywood. Why? Because, it’s gay and bright and lucrative? No, because it’s secure and healthful and spacious, and a fine place to bring up a fine pair of boys.

“We’ve missed enough of our boys’ youth already,” he explains, “and now my wife and I have a chance to be with them, and if pictures will stick to us, we certainly are going to stick to them.”
Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown spent only two days in New York, hurrying back to California on receipt of an unexpected wire calling for the comedian's services with Belle Bennett, in "The Queen of Burlesque." During his few months in Hollywood, Brown appeared in four pictures. Hence, for the present at least, Broadway has no lure for the circus kid who only asks for a chance to watch his own boys grow up.

When a Princess Falls.

"The Princess Mdiviani was taken to the American Hospital, after a fall from her horse yesterday afternoon. Her case is in the hands of Doctor Martel of the hospital staff, from whom all information respecting her condition must be asked. This is in accordance with the princess' own wishes."

Do you recognize the princess? She is none other than Pola Negri, transferred to a European setting, where, when royalty falleth from a steed, the court physician issueth a bulletin.

It was while riding in the Bois de Boulogne that the accident occurred. The star's steed was ambling through the Bois quietly enough, when a passing automobile frightened the animal. It shied so suddenly that Miss Negri was thrown violently from the saddle. She landed hard, and was painfully injured. Friends aver that at one time her life was despaired of, and that a serious operation was found necessary. However, when last heard from she was convalescent, and all's well in the French capital.

Buck Doesn't Like New York.

"Imagine me eating fruit salad," laughs Buck Jones, who motored here in less than a week and couldn't get out of the town quickly enough. "That's fine food for a cowboy!" New York, he finds, is positively astonishing for one who is used to the freedom of the West.

Fannie Brice has been busy transferring her inimitable personality to the talkies.

Constance Talmadge did not attend the wedding of her erstwhile husband, though she passed through Paris at the time.

"I don't feel hungry here, because I don't get any exercise. Hope I don't have to stay in this town more than a day. Look at the rain and the outfit I had to buy! What you need here is a sombrero to keep the rain off your neck. We had fine weather all across the country, until we struck this town. The car had no cover and we got soaked. I'd like to be in California again."

Even Coney Island could not console the cowboy. A crowd of small boys recognized him, and trailed him up the shoot the chutes, and through the rocky road to Dublin, until he was so embarrassed that he decided to give up his jaunt and go home.

Since he has taken to producing pictures "on his own," Jones says he has learned more about the production business than he ever guessed before.

"I learned more in five weeks making 'The Big Hop' than I did in nine years with Fox. When I worked for Fox I looked at the sky each day, hoping for rain. Since working for myself, I look at the sky and pray there will be no rain. The responsibility of being one's own boss has its drawbacks, as well as its compensations. There's a lot more worrying to do, and while I don't have to get up
so early in the morning, I find it all an expensive business. Using airplanes, for example, runs into a lot of money.

"We had some anxious times of it, too; especially when filming a parachute jump. One man had to make a jump from the plane, high in the air, to be followed immediately by another fellow also using a parachute. The first parachute opened all right. Though our eyes were glued to the spot, we could see no sign of the fellow who had to follow suit. All we could see was that the parachute failed to open. Our hearts were in our mouths. Terrified, we rushed over to the landing to await the descent of the plane. To our amazement the second man stepped out, looking somewhat the worse for wear, but intact nevertheless. He explained that when he had started to jump, the plane door had slammed against his head and knocked him unconscious. Fortunately the parachute half opened and caught in the door, leaving him senseless for the pilot to haul up. The plane had been so far up in the air that we had failed to see this bit of drama."

"Rural England is to be the scene of what Jones calls "just another horse opera." The cowboy star is to play the rôle of an American cowboy, who tries to become an English gentleman—a story written by none other than Reginald Denmy."

"I'm off to Hollywood, not Atlanta!" said Texas Guinan on leaving New York.

Bebe's Up in the Air.

Bebe Daniels, rather weary, a bit pulled down and very nervous, but always a good sport, came to New York hoping she might persuade Mr. Zukor to permit her to make a picture in the East. But since the film gods decreed otherwise, she contented herself with a holiday spent amid the pleasant surroundings of the Thomas Meighans' estate at Great Neck, motoring into town every few days to see the plays and what not.

Aviation, avows Miss Daniels, has captured her fancy, and she determined on her journey Eastward, to take time by the forelock and avail herself of the fastest mode of locomotion. Being an ardent aviatrix for years past, she was eager to try a plane as a means of transcontinental adventure. Paramount got wind of her plan a few days before her departure. Threatening messages were delivered to her, contracts were dangled before her, frowns were displayed, and the publicity department was ordered to ignore her, but Miss Daniels searched her contract for a clause forbidding aviation as a diversion, or means of travel, but failed to find it, and with a light heart sailed forth with the United States mail, over the Western mountains.

"Since I was permitted to go a-flying in many films," says Miss Daniels, "I fail to see that it was such a risk for my diversion."

Miss Daniels is one of those who believe that the talkies do not demand what is known in Hollywood as voice culture.

"It is inevitable," says Miss Daniels "that I make a talking film, since all the world is doing it. All of us have to do it sooner or later, but I, for one, will not have my voice tampered with. The best screen acting is natural, and it stands to reason that the best-speaking voice is a natural one. You can't tell me that you are going to 'get over' by using affected speech. If you speak the way you are used to, audiences are going to like it—just because it is you. You have to be sincere on the screen. That was the trouble with May McAvoy's first speaking film—she was not only too conscious of her voice, but she was trying to speak as she thought she ought to speak, and it didn't ring true. May, naturally, has a very nice speaking voice, but it was much criticized when it was recorded. A lot of people are going to make the same mistake, but I am thoroughly convinced that if you speak as you usually do the audience will like it." Audiences will surely like Bebe in the talkies, for more unaffected speech we never heard.
In Again, Out Again.

Sue Carol is in the position of the young lady who came right in, turned around and went right out again. She arrived in New York at ten thirty one morning, and by noon she was a passenger on board the _Leviathan_, bound for a holiday abroad. Accompanied by her mother, she will roam over the capitals of Europe, with perhaps more of a glimpse of Nick Stuart, and will return after several months to resume what is technically known as her career.

George Arliss Reappears.

The same liner, on the return journey, brought George Arliss to these shores to appear in a Vitaphone dialogue picture. Arliss signed his contract in England, in the London office of the Warner Brothers. The picture, which will in all probability be made on the Coast, will undoubtedly be one of his famous character sketcheds.

The Loneliest Man on Broadway?

Mammy! Al Jolson is at home in his apartment in the Ritz Tower, fourteenth floor. He is denying his engagement to Ruby Keeler, answering the telephone, fiddling with the radio, bursting into song, munching sandwiches, and talking of Hollywood.

"What a strange country that is. You've simply got to accept invitations, or right away you are in bad. It's hard on the beauty sleep, but you have a swell time. And how you work—like a steam engine, day and night. Honest I think I'm real good in 'The Singing Fool.' In 'The Jazz Singer' I had one of those ready-to-wear rôles. A monkey could have played that part, and did!"

But Jolson will tell you that with all his popularity, his financial success, and the contracts that are dangled before him, he's the loneliest man on Broadway—so lonely, oh, so lonely, no kiddin'—just a case of being all dressed up and no place to go—no place to go, that is, where anybody cares, and he changes the subject abruptly, "Well, anyhow I'm sailing for Europe next week."

The Beloved Fannie.

Fannie Brice once sang, "I'm an awful bad woman, but I'm awful good company." And now she has been transferring her amiable personality, her amusing caricatures, and her inimitable interpretations of melancholy songs to the Vitaphone. You'll hear, as only Miss Brice can sing them, "Second-hand Rose," "My Man," "Florodora Baby," "I'm an Indian," and the rest of them. With the completion of the film "My Man," voluble Fannie chose New York for her happy hunting ground, but not before she had already transferred "Mrs. Cohen at the Bench" to the talking drama.

Irving Berlin Captured by the Talkies.

Irving Berlin has been bitten by the talkies. "Say It With Music" is the title of a story he is writing for Harry Richman. He is preparing not only the story, but the lyrics, musical score and the songs, and although the theme deals with the romance of a Tin Pan Alley pianist, Berlin insists it is in no sense biographical. In addition to his multitudinous activities, Berlin avows he will also superintend the production at the Cosmopolitan studio in New York.

Apropos of Broadway, George White himself is taking a flyer in the films. He has this to say:

Joe E. Brown, the circus kid who became a Broadway star, is now in the movies for good.

"The age of mechanics is upon us. I see in synchronized films a great future. It will eliminate temperamental actors, who, after their work in the films is concluded, can go their way without vexing me at each and every performance. I plan to make only a few talking films a year, and will in this way have considerable time for vacation without being tied nightly to the job of watching my plays. Also it will give me the opportunity of presenting my work to untold millions of playgoers in every hamlet in the country, instead of only the key cities, as now obtains with my 'Scandals.'"

On the other hand, we have Herbert Brenon, a dyed-in-the-wool picture veteran, who is adament in his stand against them, but he suddenly cut short his equally sudden visit to New York, occasioned by the serious illness of his mother, and we have yet to elicit his exact views on the subject.

The Kid Grows Up.

As the boy grew older, he took to vaudeville, meaning Jackie Coogan, of course, who, in silk hat and striped trousers and a
Love—and How!

Warm, throbbing, burning love is depicted in its various stages by Polly Moran and William Haines.

She was a maiden and he was a lad, and love blossomed. The genesis is pictured at the left.

The lovers struggle, left circle, through the temptation of the first kiss, and with this out of the way—

a few "soul kisses," illustrated below, are the order of the lovers' day.

"No secrets between them, always lovers"—left.

"The awakening," below.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

In this, the most exciting and ingenious installment of our mystery serial, tragedy appears for the first time and Malcolm Allen is accused of murder.

By Alice M. Williamson

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROPHETESS IS UNVEILED.

The lady of the darkened room lay, as usual, on a cushioned sofa. But today the sofa was placed near the open window, and only a pair of rose-colored curtains drawn across the light gave that effect of warm, becoming dusk which the lady preferred. Even in the rosy twilight she was pale, but she was also very beautiful in a haggard way, and the great eyes that looked up at the man bending over her had passion in them as well as tragedy.

Lopez kissed the thin fingers with the polished nails which Lady Gates had once thought were like "coral on ivory."

"My Marco!" she murmured. "I have been waiting for you."

"And I for the moment when I could come to thee," he answered in Spanish. He drew up a chair and sat down beside her. A French novel in a yellow jacket slipped off the purple coverlet and fell to the floor. Even that slight sound jarred the woman's nerves. She started, and then coughed a little.

"Thou art not worse?" Lopez asked tenderly.

"No," she said, when the coughing had stopped, "This is nothing. I'm a little tired, that's all. I've been out walking in the petal. But, oh, Marco, I am triste—I am bored—bored! I know there's nothing left for me in life but this, and sometimes I wish, since I must die, I could die soon."

"Thou wilt break my heart if thou speakest so!" Lopez said, and went down on one knee beside the sofa.

"Forgive me," the woman begged. "I'm not ungrateful, really. You are more good to me than I thought it was possible for a man to be. Marco. And in return I can do so little!"

"Thou hast done miraculous things," Lopez soothed her. "Lady Gates is our last success, but we have had many others before her. Silly women! Their vanity is fair game. Our commission for Lady Gates' com- ments was nearly a thousand dollars, my dear one. Without thee, neither she nor the others would have been persuaded to go through with it."

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Malcolm Allen, a young English novelist in Hollywood, attracts a beautiful girl, who attempts to leave the fashionable Restaurant Montparnasse without paying for the dinner she has eaten. Malcolm goes to her rescue, and later, dazzled by her beauty, offers her a chance in the movies. He is dismuffed when she expresses a preference to be a cigarette girl at Montparnasse.

Lady Gates, Malcolm's wealthy aunt, arrives in Hollywood unexpectedly. Having a fortune, she is anxious to participate in the perennially youthful life of the movie capital. She meets Marco Lopez, professional dancer at Montparnasse. Lopez is attracted by Lady Gates' diamonds and evident wealth. He persuades her to visit a certain seeress, in reality his confederate, who tells Lady Gates she can once again have youth and love. Meanwhile, at the insistence of Malcolm, Lady Gates makes stiff overtures to "Miss Smith," as the cigarette girl calls herself. Malcolm hopes to solve the mystery of Miss Smith through his aunt. Lady Gates employs Miss Smith, unknown to Malcolm, as her companion during the days she is undergoing a rejuvenation operation.

About this time, Oscar Sonnenberg attempts to interest Miss Smith in entering the movies. Miss Smith, secretly loving Malcolm, induces Sonnenberg to produce his scenario, as Malcolm has been tricked by another producer and is in straitened circumstances, on verge of seeking aid from his aunt.

When Lady Gates leaves the hospital she sends for her nephew, Malcolm, astounded, frankly tells his aunt he does not approve of her action, though admitting the remarkable change in her appearance. Lady Gates, angered by his relationship with her nephew and devotes even more attention to Marco Lopez.

Malcolm notices Miss Smith is avoiding him. Questioned, she admits it is necessary, and adds that she has come to Hollywood because of Lopez. She urges Malcolm to trust her. Miss Smith secretly secures Lopez a role in Malcolm's story "Red Velvet," production of which is shortly to start.

"But what are a few thousand dollars to us?" the woman complained. "If we are ever to escape and go where we wish to go, we shall need many thousands."

"I know," Lopez agreed. "And I see my way to winning the many thousands."

"Not by merely dancing at that wretched cabaret!"

"It's not a cabaret, most beautiful one. But certainly thou art right. It is a pittance I earn there. Yet it has been a stepping-stone, a means to an end. And the end is in sight, if again thou wilt help."

"What can I do?" she asked.

"There are two things thou canst do. I am almost afraid to tell thee what they are."

"Why? Haven't you found me always ready to do what I can?"

"But these things are different. My fear is that thou mayst misunderstand. Promise, before I tell thee, that thou wilt not do that yellow."

"I can't promise! Tell me quickly. If you don't, I shall be excited, and then I shall cough."

The first thing is this—that thou wilt not be sad, or mind too much, if I am away from thee most of the time for the next two weeks. I have an offer to act in a picture. It is the picture I have spoken of; from the book written by Lady Gates' nephew."

"Red Velvet!" exclaimed the woman. "I know. But you dislike the young man. You've told me that he looks at you as if you were the dirt beneath his feet. He is putting the cigarette girl into the cast."

"It is not Allen who put her in," Lopez explained. "He has no power. It is Sonnenberg, the producer. He is in love with the girl, and cares not who knows it. She is everything with him and in the picture. She does what she likes."

"Then," said the woman quickly, "perhaps it is she who puts you in the picture."

Marco Lopez shrugged his shoulders. He had been aware of his love for the lady of the darkened room, but he could be with any one except himself. She still fascinated and held him as no other ever had, though he was a little tired of playing the servant.

"Possible!" he admitted. "Miss Smith and I do not
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Well, maybe thou didst put the idea into my head, or maybe it was there already. But I have made the conquest! This old woman is mad about me. We have now, you and I between us, only to exploit her.

"What do you mean?" the sweet, husky voice questioned.

"What I mean sounds far worse than in reality it is," Lopez excused himself. "If I promised to marry her, she would tear up the will she has made leaving all to her nephew, and make a new one in favor of me."

"To marry her!" echoed the woman. "You can't be serious?"

"Why not, dearest one?" argued the man. "What would such a marriage be? A mere form. It would not interfere between us two. Nothing could!"

"It wouldn't be a marriage!" she protested. "If you could have got rid of your wife in Buenos Aires you would have married me before we came here. At least, that is what you made me believe."

"And it is true," Lopez assured her. "That is all the better for my plan now. Lady Gates will only think I am her husband. That is all that will be necessary. When I have won her confidence and got her money, I shall leave her."

"I see," said the woman slowly. "But how do you think you would get the money and jewels?"

Malcolm and Lady Gates glared at each other, as he dropped something from a vial into a tumbler of water for her.

have much to say to one another. Yet I have noticed that she looks at me, and lately she and this Sonnenberg have talked about me often. I have seen that. But it is not my business how the offer comes. I have it! That means fourteen hundred dollars for the two weeks."

"All day long for two whole weeks I must do without you, and you will be playing love scenes with this cigarette girl who is épris with you!" the woman sighed. "And for fourteen hundred dollars! Marco, are you sure—sure it wouldn't be safe now for us to sell some of the jewels. If we could do that, we should be free!"

"We should not be free," Lopez told her. "It would not yet be safe to sell even one of those things. For better if we sell none at all in this country. That is what I hope for, thou knowest, to find other ways out of our difficulties. And I have found a way! Thou wilt not like this, yet if it brings us enough money for our escape, and makes us comfortable, if not rich, for the rest of our lives—"

"Don't keep me in suspense," she said.

"It concerns Lady Gates," Lopez began. "Thou speakest of this girl who may be in love with me. If she is, it's of no importance. But, with a woman like Lady Gates, it is a very different matter. At first, dost thou remember, after Lady Gates came to consult thee, thou didst laugh and tease me about my 'conquest.'"
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

"I have several ideas," Lopez said. "But in the beginning I may need your help. Some one has tried to prejudice this old woman against me. She admits that, but will not name the person. She and I have had many talks. She calls it a 'delicious flirtation,' the poor fool, who puts on all the airs of a young beauty, but she hints that she has doubts of my sincerity. Thou canst convince her which way happiness lies for her in future, by casting her horoscope. Wilt thou do this—not for nce, you understand, but for us?"

"Did a man ever ask such a thing of a woman he pretended to love!" the husky voice murmured.

"Many times, I should think, beloved," answered Lopez. "Thou knowest I adore thee. If not, would I be thy servant and thy slave? What have I to gain by living as we do, if it were not for love? Nothing! But thou and I have all to gain in such a scheme as I have told thee.

"I must think," said the woman. "I can't answer at once. Perhaps it's because I am ill and have a fever burning up my blood, that horrid fancies come to me at night. I picture you when I am dead, free to go wherever you will, with the jewels, which you say always we dare not sell here. I may begin seeing a new vision—me, out of your way, and you with a rich old wife, very easy to deceive, traveling around the world, amusing yourself with others, waiting for her death."

"I will shoot myself if thou talkest so!" cried Lopez, springing to his feet. "Even from thee, I cannot bear such cruelty, such injustice."

The woman broke into tears. "Oh, forgive me, Marco!" she sobbed, and began to cough. "I'm sorry! I'll—do anything for you that you ask."

Instantly he was on his knees again beside her, his arm round the frail, shaking body. He murmured words of love and kissed her wet cheeks, her heavy, perfumed hair. Soon the coughing ceased.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FATAL LETTER.

It was a dancing night at Montparnasse, and Lady Gates came early to her table, dressed in a diamond-dusted, peach-blossom film that looked like dew-spangled petals scattered on a silver wave. This was the idea she had had expressed by the smartest dressmaker in Hollywood, to carry out the remembered prophecy of the veiled Madame Blank.

Now she had lately again to consult this lady. Her horoscope had been cast, and hints had been given of happiness with a dark, handsome man who adored her, despite a difference in their ages.

Lady Gates was ecstatically pleased with herself. Never would she have believed that a life could be so made over anew. She imagined, because people stared at her and whispered when they thought she wasn't looking, that she had become strikingly beautiful, and had acquired what they called in Hollywood "S. A."

She had covered the walls of her rooms at the Ambassador with mirrors. Her ladyship never tired of gazing at her pink-and-white face, with its straight, transformed nose, its Cupid's bow lips built up with crimson paint, its thin black brows, thick black eyelashes, and its reduced chin, or admiring her rounded, but no longer to be called stout, form. She adored her hair, which was of so shining an auburn that it might have been a fluted-copper helmet. She was sure she didn't look a day over thirty-five, if as much, and honestly she couldn't see why Marco's passionate protestations, which made her tremble with ecstasy, shouldn't be sincere.

She was waiting for him now, counting the moments. Work on "Red Velvet" had begun some days ago, and Marco seemed quite pleased with his role. He had promised his divine "Katherine" never to speak to Mary Smith, except when they were in a scene together.

Still, she was pleased when she saw the Smith girl come in with Sonnenberg, and Landis, the director, who was bringing his wife, professionally known as Pauline Fordham.

They all sat down at a table, decorated with red roses, and evidently engaged in advance. The Smith girl wore an orchid pinned into the breast of her white gown, and this worried Lady Gates.

She glanced down anxiously at her own floral decoration and became more anxious than ever. There could be no doubt, Mary's orchid and her own were exactly alike.

To Lady Gates' mind, it seemed that no normal woman could resist Marco Lopez; he was so utterly alluring a man! She had been sure for some time that Mary was in love with Marco. That didn't matter much, though Mary had been disgustedly catty about it, and had tried to part them. But if Marco had been seduced into flirting with Mary, after his promises and his protestations that she, his Queen Katherine the Great, was the only woman he had ever really loved, she couldn't bear it. Somehow, she must find out the truth. She must make sure!

As she so thought, with the blood beating in the veins of her neck, Nora Casey, now the sole cigarette seller at Montparnasse, approached her ladyship's table.

Katherine Gates was opening her gold-mesh vanity bag to buy Marco's favorite brand of cigarette, when she saw that the pretty Irish girl had a letter in her hand.

"The doorman asked me to give this to you, Lady Gates," Nora announced.

Katherine's heart jumped as she took the envelope. She was afraid that the letter might be from Marco
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

saying that he had been delayed, or even prevented from traveling. But, thank goodness, this wasn't Marco's doing. She ought to know, because he wrote her a love letter each night, to be delivered in the morning with her breakfast.

The stationery somehow looked familiar; she couldn't, at this moment of excitement, think why, but she was sure she'd never before seen the writing on the envelope. It was rather queer and uneducated looking—or else it was disguised. The latter suggestion barely touched Lady Gates' mind, however, for why should a correspondent of hers disguise the handwriting?

She opened the envelope and read the few lines that half covered the first page of the paper within:

**Lady Gates: You must, for your own happiness, give up your intention of marrying Marco Lopez. He does not love you. He loves some one else. He wants you only for your money. But worse still, he could not possibly make you his wife, as he has one in Buenos Aires. You can prove this.**

ONE WHO WISHES YOU WELL.

Katherine Gates was dazed for a minute. She felt that this couldn't be happening. The letter was part of a bad dream. Soon she would wake up. Oh, she must make herself wake up! She couldn't bear such suffering.

But she read the words over and over again. There they were, always the same. She looked up from the sheet of blue-gray paper, which had a small piece neatly cut out of it at the right and near the top.

No, it was not a dream that this letter had come to her. But that didn't make its words true. Of course, they were not true! Marco wouldn't dare deceive her so, even if he were dishonest—a woman of her birth and money and importance! She adored Marco, but she couldn't help knowing that in the world's eyes she would be condescending if she married him.

Some jealous, wicked person had written this letter. Anonymous letters were notoriously false! Lady Gates put her mind to the matter. Was a woman the guilty one? If so, who could it be but Mary Smith, who had already behaved like a cat? Or, was it a man? Lady Gates' thoughts sprang like a tigeress to her nephew. One or the other it must be—Mary Smith or Malcolm Allen. Or possibly the two had joined forces in concocting this lie to ruin Marco, and part her from him.

Now she remembered that the paper was very like some on which Malcolm had written her several notes when she first came to Hollywood. It had borne the address of the bungalow rented for him by the Peerless studio. Nobody could play such a cruel, cowardly trick upon her and "get away with it"—as people said there.

As her angry, excited glance roved around the restaurant, she caught the gaze of Mary Smith. On an impulse she beckoned imperiously.

Her first idea had been to summon Nora Casey and find out what sort of person had handed the letter to the doorman. And she would do this if Miss Smith refused to come.

But Miss Smith did not refuse. She saw that Lady Gates was struggling with intense emotion, and guessed quickly that it had to do with the letter in her hand.

To Madeleine Standish also that blue-gray paper was familiar. Several notes accompanying flowers had come to her lodgings from Malcolm Allen, and she said to herself, with a sharp little stab of apprehension, "This poor old thing has got bad news from her nephew! She's sorry she was so nasty to me, and wants to tell me about it."

The two tables were not far apart and a moment later Lady Gates, in a queer voice, was saying, "I want to speak to you. Sit down."

Madeleine sat down in the chair that was ready for Marco Lopez when he should arrive, and have a few minutes' pause between dances.

"Look at this," said Lady Gates, in a fierce, low tone, thrusting the sheet of paper under Miss Smith's eyes, but still holding it tightly between thumb and finger. "Did you write it?"

As Mary began to read, almost unconsciously she saw that Lady Gates' hand grasping the letter lacked its usual burden of rings. They showed not one, except the thick old-fashioned band of gold on the third finger.

Madeleine's eyes flashed quickly from line to line of the anonymous letter.

"No!" she exclaimed emphatically. "I didn't write it. Of course I didn't. But I should think very likely what it tells you is true!"

"I don't want your opinion," snapped Lady Gates.

"All I want to know is, you have the poison pen? After what you were impertinent enough to say to me about Mr. Lopez some time ago, it will take more than your word to convince me that it isn't yours. If not, I shall know who the writer is, and I shall take steps—legal steps, if necessary—to stop this kind of outrage."

"If you imagine that your nephew would write you an anonymous letter, you know him very little," said Madeleine. "If he found out any secret about Mr. Lopez which you ought to know, he'd tell you himself, you may depend on that, Lady Gates."

"I don't depend on anything you say, and certainly not on anything he says, either," the elder woman flung back. "You are too near him, and you are too near Malcolm next time you meet him that to-morrow I am going to change my will and leave him out of it. Whether I marry Marco Lopez or not, he shall get every penny I have in the world when I die, because I trust him and love him. So there! Now you know!"

Madeleine rose to her feet. She was very angry, and even more embarrassed than angry, because Lady Gates had lost all self-control and spoken her last sentences in a loud, harsh tone. Everybody in the restaurant had turned to look, and there was scarcely one who didn't know Mary Smith. Everybody knew Malcolm Allen's name, too. There had been gossip because the aunt and nephew seemed to be engaged. Of late, there had been other gossip, too, of course, about her rejuvenated ladyship and the dancer. This outcry of spite, this announcement of Lady Gates' intentions, would be nuts and wine to the "dirt dishers" of Hollywood.

Her face burning, Madeleine Standish—alias Miss Smith—walked away from Lady Gates' table back to her own. There she sat down again in the chair she had deserted. She said not a word, because she could not have spoken without bursting into tears.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATE CLOSES IN UPON LADY GATES.

"The old tiger cat!" growled Oscar Sonnenberg.

"Upon my word, Mary, in your place I'd have slapped her lifted face till the stitches slipped!" exclaimed the temperamental Pauline Fordham.

"You behaved very well, my child," John Landis praised the girl. "Hello! Here comes Allen now. Ossie and I ought to have him here at this time to show everyone he's got friends. What do you say?"

If Mary Smith had made this suggestion Sonnenberg, who was still jealous of Malcolm, would have found some excuse to object. But, coming from Landis, he couldn't well refuse.

"All right, we'll make a place for him," he reluctantly agreed and, rising fatly in his chair, motioned to the author of his new film. [Continued on page 92]
Master of Moods

If "all the world's a stage," Victor Varconi has the determination, as well as the ability, to be one of its principal figures.

By William H. McKegg

To score as a dashing hero is good. To score as a cynical antagonist is equally good. To score as a gay comedian, of suave sophistication, is likewise good. To score as a character player of power and force is just as good as the other three moods together.

A player who can qualify as any one of these types shows that he is competent; but to score in all four must prove, surely, that he is a consummate actor.

Such is Victor Varconi.

Perhaps this explains why he has, within the last three years, won such a definite place for himself on the American screen.

It was the showing in this country, several years ago, of "The Red Peacock," a Ufa picture made in Berlin, with Pola Negri, that was chiefly instrumental in attracting DeMille's attention to Varconi.

His offer to come to Hollywood and play in "Triumph," while tempting, was slightly hazardous. Though well known on the stage and screen in Europe, Varconi was then unknown here. It meant, if he came, that he would have to build up a new place and following for himself in a foreign country.

However, he came. While DeMille was forming his own organization, Varconi went back to Europe to fulfill certain engagements which had been made prior to his coming to America.

Much is said regarding the excellenoe of his portrayal of Lord Nelson, in "The Divine Lady."

Within the last three years Victor Varconi has won a distinctive place for himself on the American screen.

It was not until his second return to this country that Varconi achieved success. He did so in his portrayal of the Russian prince in "The Volga Boatman."

"I nearly changed my mind about returning to California," Varconi related to me at the premiere of that Russian picture, as Vilma Banky—looking like a frozen spray of sea foam in blue and silver—came up with Nusi, Victor's vivacious wife.

"Mr. DeMille had left Paramount to form his own company, soon after I had arrived the first time. While waiting for conditions to settle at the new studio, I was able to go back to Europe to complete certain parts—ones I had already agreed to play. I went to Italy to make "The Last Days of Pompeii." I also made a couple of comedies, with Maria Corda, for Ufa."

The Italian production reaped great success for Varconi in every part of the world but America; for it never enjoyed a release here. Neither did the Ufa pictures.

"I had worked at the Ufa studio in Berlin before I came to America," Victor explained. "They wanted me to stay to make more films after I had completed the ones assigned me. It meant a choice between accepting their offer, or returning here."

Varconi returned to the film Mecca. Thus we saw
him score in one of the four types—the fascinating heavy, who evoked as much sympathy as the hero in "The Volga Boatman."

As a comedian, Varconi carries his work along in that whimsical, irresistible style which may be compared to the lilting cadenza of the Viennese Strauss' waltzes. There is a refined sophistication to his comedy, which places an audience in tune with his mind. Filming goes today want to understand an actor's thoughts. They feel positive they know what he will do next and, when he does it, they feel pleased with themselves for knowing they were right.

"When playing comedy," Victor pointed out, "I like to think that the humor I give to the part runs evenly throughout the entire picture. To win an explosive burst of laughter from an audience, at various intervals, through some amusing situation, is very bad. Whenever I play a character I like to be in harmony from start to finish."

Varconi achieved this in such comedies as "Silken Shackles," "For Wives Only," and "The Little Adventuress."

Thus did we see Victor Varconi score in the second of the four types—the suave, sophisticated comedian.

In spite of the movie tradition as to what a perfect hero should do, whenever Varconi enacts such a rôle he makes his audience believe that here's a hero, and no mistake.

From the beginning of "Fighting Love," until the last close-up, Varconi indulged in all the bravery imaginable. As a young Italian officer, stationed among ferocious Arabs, and with the dazzling young wife of an elderly general always in his way, Victor proved he knew his heroes.

In "The Forbidden Woman," Varconi scored another big hit. In this production he came once again under the direction of Paul Stein, who had directed him and Pola in "The Red Peacock," the Negri version of "Camille," made by Ufa in Berlin.

Thus we have seen Victor score as the dashing hero—the third of the four types.

The first great character rôle that came to Varconi in Hollywood, was that of Pontius Pilate, in "The King of Kings." In that picture Varconi achieved greater honors than in any other.

"To Pilate I gave my utmost ability," Victor stressed, when mention of the subject was made. "Before starting work I studied what sort of a man Pilate really could have been. He was, in the first place, a Roman. True to his country and emperor—even though he sacrificed his own wishes, and those of the one nearest to him. He was placed over the uneasy kingdom of Judea as governor. He knew he was hated by the Israelites as the oppressor's viceroy."

Whatever manner of man Pilate was, Varconi gave us an unforgettable delineation of him on the screen, making his rôle stand out as one of the best historical characterizations the movies have revealed in many a moon.

Thus we have

Continued on page 108
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Sunrise"—Fox. One of the best of the season. Herbert Marshall, a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.


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

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should be able to engross by its strange story, or fascinated by its weird beauty. Conrad Veidt's characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, Robert Z. Leonard gives distinctive performance. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam De Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


"Laugh, Clown, Laugh"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney gives one of his finest portrayals. Story inspires entire cast to do their best. Loretta Young plays a picture comedy character. Nils Asther is good, as well as Bernard Siegel.

"The Racket"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan gives a fine performance in a fine picture. Best of recent underworld films. Louis Wolheim is superb in the role of "Scares." Marie Prevost, now a blonde, is wholly convincing.

"Sadie Thompson in the South Seas"—Metro-Goldwyn. Filmed on authentic locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial levelling. Purports to show the corrupting influence of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, "Fayaway," vital, naive and charming.

"Perfect Crime, The"—F. B. O. The story of a detective who, in despair of the ever prevailing solvable of crime, commits one. Don't miss this picture, especially if Clive Brook is a favorite. The cast, as a whole, is A-I.

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

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

"Hot News"—Paramount. This picture crackles with spontaneous combustion. It is a story of the rivalry between two news-reel camera men, Neil Hamilton and Bill Daniels. Story is peppy and thoroughly engaging, giving Neil Hamilton an outlet for his comedy possibilities.

"Patriot, The"—Paramount. A story of Russia in 1901. As magnificently and inspired a production as any that Emil Jannings has done. Shows masterfully direction of Lubitsch. A perfect cast, including Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tulio Carminati, Harry Cording, and Vera Voronina. Sound effects are least commendable part of otherwise exception picture.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"We Americans"—Universal. A Ghetto heroine, in love with a blue-blooded hero, scorns the family heart for a studio. But the old people go to night school and blossom forth as true Americans, with nothing for the heroine to be ashamed of. Patsy Ruth Miller, George Sidney, and John Boles.

"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 fiancée's guardians. Climax comes when they object to her marriage, whereupon she strips herself of the "borrowed clothes."


"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.


"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.

"High School Romance"—Fox. Gay comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Susan Hennessey.

"Night Flyer, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Simple, human railroad story of 1894, having to do with the struggle of the president of a Western road to save his company from bankruptcy. William Boyd and Joybna Ralston.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills the wife of the girl he is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Fred Kohler.


"Hangman's House"—Fox. Commonplace story, with exceptionally beautiful atmosphere, a tribute to the skill and imagination of the director. June Collyer is an aristocratic beauty, but not an emotional one. Larry Kent, Victor McLaglen, and Earle Foxe.

"Ramona"—United Artists. Another beautifully scenic picture. Mild story, Dolores del Rio is picturesque in title role. Warner Baxter is vital and Roland Drew proves languishingly romantic.


"End of St. Petersburg, The"—No continuity of action or characterization. Excellent photography. Story is told in bits. If you like this sort of thing this Russian picture is as good as any.

"Dawn" Careful, impartial and reverent attempt to picture eventful narrating in the death of Edith Cavell. Sybil Thorndike is restrainedly effective. Marie Ault, Micky Brantford.
Judged by his success in "The Jazz Singer," Al Jolson in his new picture..."The Singing Fool," will surpass the financial record of the earlier work. Not that it is anything but a commonplace film, but because it is a two-hour monologue by Mr. Jolson, in which he has the opportunity to sing seven songs and repeat at least one of them. Never has a star been more constantly in evidence, and rarely if ever has more hokum been crammed into a picture to permit a star full play. Because of this, any analysis or criticism of the picture as a picture is automatically nullified, for its aim is solely to exploit Mr. Jolson as a singer and chatterer, and to provide cues for him to sing and talk. He does both with his accustomed gusto and effectiveness, for there is no one who can "put over" a song as Mr. Jolson can. He is a master of showmanship and, moreover, is the only performer so far seen and heard by means of the talkies, who is able to preserve the identical quality of a personal appearance.

In this picture he calls himself Al Stone, a waiter with the gift of singing and clowning, who marries a cabaret girl and, with her, rises to fame in musical comedy. She has never loved him, however, so her eventual desertion is no surprise. And as she takes their child with her, it is inevitable that Al Stone, since he is Mr. Jolson, will endure heartbreak by means of a song in blackface. The song is called "Sonny Boy." A little cigarette girl, who has long adored Al from a far, now becomes the means by which he is rescued from dejection, and soon he is again the reigning star of musical comedy.

Josephine Dunn is Molly Winton, the hard-hearted girl who doesn't appreciate her luck in always having on tap a song from Al, and Betty Bronson is the little fairy who points the way. Both give good performances and dispose of their audible dialogue intelligently, as do Reed Howes, Edward Martindel, Arthur Housman, and David Lee, a tiny child whose naturalness is very appealing. For my part—as if it mattered!—I enjoyed hearing Betty Bronson speak more than hearing Mr. Jolson sing.

Honors and Accolades.

For a long time you and I have known that mother love is not all the screen has shown it to be. There is another side to the honeyed smiles, octopus embraces, and eager sacrifice of Belle Bennett and Mary Carr, but no producer has had the courage to risk money on the probable failure of a picture which would show the more terrible aspects of maternal devotion.

Now William Fox comes forward with "Mother Knows Best," which does all that, and his courage in deviating from the path of conventionality will reward him richly. Not only is the picture revolutionary in theme, but it is entertainment cut to the pattern preferred by the majority.

It should be seen by every one, if for no other reason than it reveals certain phases of human conduct hitherto ignored by the movies. There are more obvious reasons, too. A startlingly beautiful performance by Madge Bellamy is one of them, another by Louise Dresser, and I fear for Barry Norton's future peace when his fans see him in this picture, for his doorstep will likely be piled high forever after with letters from maudlin ladies, whose sentiments will echo the wistful sighs I heard when the film opened in New York. Miss Bellamy will be a revelation to those who have thought her only a lingerie comedienne, but to those of us who have had faith in her dramatic gifts all along, her Sally Quinn is less a surprise than a means of fecilitating her on taking advantage of a long-delayed opportunity to prove herself one of the first actresses of the screen. And this she does with shimmering delicacy and rich feeling. Her picture of the romantic child forced by a domineering mother into an unwilling career on the stage, is one of the finest portraits of the year. And the mother has one of the most extraordinary roles that has come the way of any actress.

Embittered by unsuccessful marriage to a small-town tradesman, she realizes through her daughter her own frustrated ambitions for wealth, prominence and admiration, yet she adheres to all the surface standards of parental devotion. She is tireless in advancing Sally's career and endures poverty and privation, while she cultivates aggressiveness and shrewdness in obtaining for her daughter what she thinks is her due.

Especially convincing and touching is the early part of the picture, which shows Sally's reluctant appearance at an amateur show, her slow, heartbreaking progress as a professional, her first meeting with The Boy, a song writer, and her mother's stern measures in discouraging the attraction felt by the young people. They are ruthlessly separated by Mrs. Quinn, who takes Sally to Europe for an engagement that brings her the cachet of royalty. When war is declared Sally does her bit as
in Review

The new season is now in full swing, and it is yielding richly in first-rate pictures and artistic performances.

an entertainer at the front. Once more Sally and The Boy, now a soldier, are torn from each other, and Sally, believing him dead, ceases to care what becomes of her. This part of the picture suffers a decided let down, for Sally’s illness is long, and her mother’s anxiety does not arouse the spectator’s interest as much as her earlier moods. But the unexpected appearance of The Boy, in time for a happy ending, cannot but thrill all except those who resent the theatrical trick of creating a crisis and then solving it by bringing the hero back to life. It is as if a joke had been played on us, or as if we had been told that Sally’s life was only a dream after all.

There are moments of dialogue, all of them good, and Miss Bellamy, at the height of Sally’s career, gives impressions of Sir Harry Lauder, Al Jolson, and Anna Held by means of the Movietone.

Fun at Monte Carlo.

This is an enthusiastic report of Marion Davies and “The Cardboard Lover,” by all odds the most amusing and scintillant comedy in many months. Much of it is low comedy indeed, and some of it is broad burlesque, but this only insures a higher ratio of laughs. There is enough subtlety and adroit acting to compensate those who may raise an eyebrow at some of Miss Davies’ clowning. Always it is expert clowning, by the way, inspired by a spontaneous and undiluting sense of the ridiculous, as befits the first confraternity of the day. She is fortunate in having, or fortunate in having had, the good judgment to choose as clever and congenial a cast as could be imagined, to mock the absurd trifle of a story that occupies them. Its very absurdity is in their favor, though, for it is the sort of nonsense that only intelligent players can negotiate successfully. They have the advantage of a beautiful production—sophisticated, frivolous, modernistic. Rarely have I seen settings more in keeping with the mood of a story, nor a frankly luxurious background interpreted with more delicacy. However, people do not go to see settings only, so it is the story and its characters that must engage us just now.

Louise Dresser, Madge Bellamy, and Barry Norton score individual hits of real magnitude in “Mother Knows Best.”

The fluffy yarn asks us to believe that Sally, an American girl touring Europe, mostly in quest of autographs, makes André, a tennis champion, her quarry. Impudent, audacious, she stalks his game, and in doing so learns that Simone, his ladylove, is no better than she should be. Unable to rid himself of Sally, André asks her to pretend that she is his sweetheart, in order to give Simone a jolt and perhaps rid himself of her. This is the keynote of the story from which, as you can imagine, all manner of consequences develop. A high light of the farcical complications is Sally’s burlesque of Simone. In adding another subject to her caricatures of Lillian Gish, Pola Negri, and Mae Murray, as seen in “The Patsy,” Miss Davies finds in Jette Goudal’s Simone her keenest as well as her most comic exposure. And Miss Goudal herself, not to be outdone, is equal to the occasion by giving a performance starchy, distinguished, and sharply individual, in which her sense of costume is daring but always appropriate.

The recently achieved popularity of Nils Asther will bound higher when he is seen as André, his first chance to play comedy. Enough to say that, in my opinion, there never has been seen a performance of this kind to equal his; for in addition to the qualities expected of the sophisticated hero, he possesses what none of his predecessors in sleek worldliness has ever had. And that is youth.

The Wings of Youth.

A sigh, a cry, a huzza of thanksgiving for “The Air Circus!” For here is a pleasant and sometimes thrilling picture, which deals with the inevitable and excusable subject of aviation in a refreshingly different manner. Different, because it is peaceful rather than military aviation, and because the heavy drama and self-conscious tragedy which we have come to associate with airplanes, through a surfeit on the screen, gives way to lightness and even gaiety of attack. Refreshing, because of the youthful exuberance and naiveté of David Rollins, Sue Carol, and Arthur Lake. The combination is disarming, irresistible, just as the voice of Sue Carol is, in the Movietone sequences. Neither the picture nor the voice is subtle, but they awaken warm response because of their naturalness.

“The Air Circus” chiefly concerns a boy, Buddy Blake, whose enthusiasm for aviation causes him to enroll in a training school despite the pleas of his mother, whose loss of an elder son makes her fearful of losing her mainstay. Buddy cannot, however, conquer his fear of the air, though he is gallant in spite of the disgrace he feels. His mother, consoling him, confesses that she prays he would find it impossible to qualify, but when the opportunity comes for him to go to the rescue of
friends in a disabled plane, she bravely speeds him on his way.

The rescue is accomplished. Buddy is redeemed in the eyes of everybody, including himself, and you couldn’t ask for greater happiness.

Simple though the story is, and devoid of strong love interest, it has its tears and thrills, the latter coming when Buddy flies to save the disabled plane from disaster. Louise Dresser is the mother, Charles Delaney is the heroine’s brother, and as mentioned above, there is a bit of dialogue now and then, the best of it coming from Sue Carol and Arthur Lake.

**Undersea.**

For good, honest thrills you will search long before encountering the equal of "Submarine," one of the sturdiest melodramas among the notable pictures of the month. With amazing realism it depicts the tragedy of the crew of a submarine overtaken by disaster. The horror of suffocation and impending death are superbly presented in all their graphic essentials. There is considerably more to the picture than this, however, for it glorifies the deep-sea diver’s calling, not only while he is exploring the ocean’s bed, but in the intimacies of his home life. And if you think these intimacies are seen in a bleak Cape Cod setting, you are much mistaken. Jack Dorgan, the diver-hero, provides for his bride a home worthy of a movie star, with no more domestic responsibilities than a show girl living at the Ritz. Appropriately her name is "Smuggles" — a name that bodes no good for a godfearing man like Jack Dorgan. In his absence she meets Bob Mason, his pal, and the two spend a week together without knowing each other’s identity. There is dramatic power in the scene where Jack brings Bob to his home and proudly introduces him to Smuggles, though it is the consequences of the husband’s discovery of their liaison that cause a weakness not only in the plot, but in the character of the hero. For when Jack learns that Bob is in the submarine disaster he refuses to attempt a rescue. This creates suspense, it is true, but when Jack finally dashes off to do his duty it is at the expense of his character. Besides, it is no way for Jack Holt to act after all these years of unhesitating virtue! He gives a sincere and upstanding performance. The same holds good of Ralph Graves, as Bob. Dorothy Revier, as the fair but false Smuggles, is disturbingly beautiful and clever, too. Clarence Burton and Arthur Rankin are strikingly effective in the submarine scenes.

**Mr. Keaton At His Best.**

No easy task confronts the reviewer who would tell the story of a Buster Keaton comedy. There is almost nothing to tell about who’s who in "The Camera Man," his latest, but much can be said of the amusement you will surely derive from it. To one who is, to put it mildly, not exactly a connoisseur of screen comedies, and who finds the majority of them strained and alien, it has moments of spontaneous mirth, a constant succession of gags and movement that never lags. Without any doubt at all, "The Camera Man" is one of Mr. Keaton’s best films. He is Luke, an inexpert tintype photographer ambitious to become a news camera man. His aspirations lead him hither and yon in the field of mishap, misunderstanding, and what not, his most hilarious misadventure occurring when he attempts to photograph a tong war in Chinatown and discovers, after feats of incredibly clumsy heroism, that his camera has been minus film all along. The picture ends with a hearty laugh when Luke is swept into the welcome given Colonel Lindbergh, and imagines the ovation is a tribute to himself. Marceline Day, Harold Goodwin, and Sidney Bracy are considerably and pleasantly in evidence, but the "acting" of a nameless monkey approaches the stellar realm.

**Hoodlums and Harlots.**

"The Docks of New York" is played largely in the murk of a stokehole, a waterfront and a sailors’ dive by characters that belong there, and whose sentiments, emotions, and actions are true to life and not the movies. If you are deeply interested in honest realism which reveals the psychology of stokers and the ladies who consort with them, you will find the picture very fine indeed, and doubly important to those who admire George Bancroft, Betty Compson, Clyde Cook, Mitchell Lewis, and Olga Baclanova.
All give notable performances, though Bachanova hasn't enough to do to satisfy my appetite for her vivid talent.

Mr. Bancroft, as Bill Roberts, a swaggering stoker, rescues Sadie from the river, marries her and deserts her next morning; but they are finally reunited. Incidental to this are barroom brawls, the shooting of a man by his jealous wife and the usual conflicts of a sailors' dive.

The story, you see, is scarcely unusual or inspired, but evidently it was not intended to be so, for the skill of Josef von Sternberg, the director, has been lavished on characterization, lighting, and the complete elimination of sentimental claptrap. But for all this meritorious work there is, in the latter part of the picture at least, a slowness that fits better the mood of Greek tragedy than the actions of stokers and their women.

Blithe As a May Morning.
It is always a pleasure to welcome Leatrice Joy, and a natural reaction to admire her femininity and charm. She is at her best in "Man-made Women," a trite and inconsequential story directed and acted with exquisite distinction. Quite devoid of dramatic or comic high lights, the picture moves smoothly through a series of beautiful interiors of such perfect taste that one feels an exceptional person is responsible for them. But I have never yet met a moviegoer who rated settings and direction of greater importance than situations involving characters. The characters under discussion are well-bred people, whose actions never deviate from the good taste of their surroundings and who are therefore human, if not exciting.

Miss Joy is Nan Payson, who loves her husband, but objects to being made over by him into a conventional mold. However, she learns her lesson and is content to settle down to his prosaic requirements of what a wife should be. Miss Joy is lovely to behold and her gayety is bewitching. John Boles is the husband, and H. B. Warner the roué who is suspected of breaking up the home of the young couple, but who turns out to be their benefactor. Seena Owen is remarkably effective as Georgette, a lady of easy, though elegant, virtue.

Looking at "Man-made Women" entails no effort at all, though it might be hard to remember.

Old Wine in New Bottles. "The Water Hole" is much more than a Zane Grey version of "The Taming of the Shrew," though it is that, too. But so true is the direction, and so deft is the acting of Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll, that the old story is made new, and a rather delightful picture comes into being. The plot, being of the least importance, had better be disposed of first. All it really amounts to, is the boast of a spoiled flapper that she will wring a proposal of marriage from a strong, silent man within a given time. She succeeds and he, made aware of her trifling, punishes her. To get even, she follows him to Arizona, where he, with her father's consent, "kidnaps" her as the first step toward her taming. The rest of it doesn't matter, for you can guess the result. But the progress of the picture is genuinely entertaining, because Miss Carroll makes Judith Endicott a real girl, and Jack Holt's hands Philip Randolph is a man of flesh and blood, and his reactions are not the least moviesque. This is expected of Mr. Holt, because his experience is as long as his methods are familiar; but Miss Carroll, who is still a newcomer, proves herself to be extraordinarily skillful in expressing herself on the screen. More than this, she has the gift of being as fresh as they make 'em, without ever going too far and becoming obvious and a pest. Some of the Hollywood sisterhood, indifferent to the peril of overdoing their cuteness, might well study her restraint. John Boles, Ann Christy, and Jack Perrin, himself once a star, are capable additions to the cast, and the familiar Western scene is made glamorous by romantic photography.

Soundless Oysters. "The First Kiss" is as innocuous as the title. There is not even a promise that the second kiss will stir up excitement. One feels, in fact, that when Anna Lee and Mulligan Talbot marry they will be content to let that first kiss suffice for life. Yet there's a lot doing in the picture, and some interesting players to keep the pot—or plot—sizzling. It never boils, however, one of the reasons being that too much is

Continued on page 98
THROUGH all the tumult and pandemonium that her presence here has occasioned, Greta Garbo moves serenely, unconcerned, uninterested, and often uncomprehending. Neither denunciation nor adula-

tion can scratch the shell of her remote calm. People call her stoïd. This is inaccurate, but she is a stoïc, aloof and invulnerable.

She is always quiet. What has been called her “tem-

perament” is never manifested in stormy rages. In sorrow or unhappiness, in anger—or pleasure alike, she is tranquil—on the surface at least—and no one can perceive what lies underneath.

Perhaps one reason for this is that which is also the foundation of her essential grace. I refer to her ex-

treme lassitude. Every move-

ment of hers is unconscious, achieved with a minimum of effort and speed. Every ges-


ture is as simple and brief as possible. It is this which points her work.

At the studio many term her lazy. This she appar-

ently is, but added to a na-

tural indolence is a pernicious anemia which has afflicted her for more than a year, and has sapped her strength. She tires easily, and any fa-


tigue renders her limp and incapable of effort. At such times, often in the middle of a day’s work, she announces that she is going home—and goes. This has been called temperament, with obvious injustice.

On the set, when she is not working, she likes to be left alone. She sits in a corner by herself, speaking to no one. This was at first con-


strued as high-hat, until the studio began to understand her better, and to realize that this was a sincere preference for solitude.

In accordance with this trait, she lives at a big, old-

fashioned hotel in Santa Monica, far from any colony of film folk. Here she is happiest, away from every one; quiet, peaceful, within sound of the sea.

Her tastes are simple—for a picture star, exceptionally so. A vitally feminine person, yet clothes are of no in-


terest to her. The trailing faces and veils of her screen wardrobe have no place in her personal one. She wears loose, plain dresses, mannish coats, slouch hats, and always low-heeled shoes. It is a question as to whether or not she owns an evening dress. On the exceedingly rare occasions when she is persuaded to attend a dinner party, she is likely to arrive in a tennis dress, Deauville sandals, and a polo coat.

She has two cars. The one she prefers, and uses, is a battered Ford coupé. She dislikes being recognized and stared at, and no one thinks of looking in a Ford coupé for a star. With her colored maid driving, or sometimes with John Gil-


bert at the wheel, she slouches down comfortably and rides for hours—par-


ticularly at sundown, along the ocean road.

She is starkly devoid of affectation, being indiffer-

ent of people’s opinions, whether good or bad, and too languid to cultivate mannerisms calculated to impress. And, vice versa, it is impossible to impress her. Celebrity, the glamour of famous names, leaves her cold. Even on those gala days when visiting nobility is entertained at the studio, Greta is no less aloof and uninterested. She is con-

scious of people only as their proven, intrinsic value strikes her as being commendable. Were she a con-


vivial person, she would find as many friends among the lower as among the higher classes.

A forthright, appallingly candid person, she would have many enemies were it not that she is without mal-


ice. Compromise and quib-


bling are unknown quanti-


ties to her. And since these are the foundation of social amenities, she is often branded as rude. Illustrat-


ing this is her manner of

Continued on page 112
Give This Fellow a Hand

Tufei Fatella, who is "John George" to the fans, has won a distinctive place on the screen, despite handicap which would have destroyed a less valiant spirit.

By A. L. Wooldridge

For the price of a hamburger sandwich and a cup of Java, more tragic tales may be heard on Hollywood Boulevard from dejected and disillusioned extras than fertile brains could devise in weeks of concentration. Gray-haired men, embittered by years of fruitless struggle; old-time stage actors who had their fling, then faltered and slid to the depths; women who once were acclaimed beautiful, but who now show the ravages of time, and girls and young men who don't want to go back home.

"Fate is against me," most of them say, "I had a run of bad luck, saw my friends turn against me and—well, when once you start shipping, it's hard to get a new grip."

I've heard their stories time and again. I have watched them as they sat listlessly during waits between scenes. I've seen a look almost of hate come over their faces as some successful actor drove by in his automobile and heard him deride and dub an offspring of Lady Luck. And often I have wondered what would have become of them if they had been left in the plight of little Tufei Fatella, away back in Syria in 1910.

Probably you do not know him by this name, but you do know him as John George, and you have seen him in roles with John Barrymore, Lon Chaney, Ronald Colman, and other actors who have reached the pinnacle of success. Sensitive to the fact that his body is deformed, and that he is untaught and unlettered, Tufei shrinks from the world. He prefers to be alone. But, summoned to make-up, and given to understand that the great Barrymore wants him, or that Chaney insists he be in the cast, he emerges a different character—strong, selfpossessed, reliant, and capable. What a transformation! And what a fight he has made against odds! Listen to his story:

Tufei Fatella was born at Aleppo, Syria, thirty-one years ago. When he was fourteen months old, he fell into a bed of burning charcoal and very nearly lost his life. When he was three years old, his sister sat him upon a window sill and he toppled off. When they picked him up, his back was crumpled.

With poverty on every hand, the crippled boy's mother left for Mexico. His five sisters followed. They intended eventually to get into the United States—anything to better their condition. In 1910, the lad's father died—the last remaining member of the family in Syria. The body was buried, and Tufei Fatella sat one night alone, beneath the stars, abandoned, it seemed, in an empty, squad home.

"I want my mother!" he cried through his tears. "Mother dear, please come to me!"

He did not even know where she was. He could not send her a letter to tell her his condition. He could only sit—and wait.

In 1911 the crippled boy sold what things he could sell from the home, packed up a little bag of clothing, and went to Beirut, the capital of the country. Down at the docks, rolling in the waters of the Mediterranean, was a tramp freighter, and the lad induced the captain to give him passage to Marseilles.

"I'm going to find my mother," he explained sadly. "But I have only a little money to pay my passage."

In Marseilles he found odd jobs—enough to buy bread and fruit. Then one glorious day he met a merchant who had heard that the boy's mother and sisters were in America and living in Nashville, Tennessee.

"Thank God!" he cried. "Somehow, I'll get there."

Again Tufei began haunting the docks. And again he got passage on a steamer—passage to America. He landed in New York—a waif without funds, among strange people, frightened by the roar of traffic. Immigration restrictions were not so rigid then as now, and the boy had managed to get past Ellis Island by telling the simple tale: "I want to find my mother! She's in Nashville, Tennessee."

Tufei now passes lightly over the events which transpired before he finally arrived in Tennessee, and rested his tired head on his mother's breast.

"It seemed so long!" he said the other day. "And there wasn't any one else."

Courage! Determination! He had it boundlessly. Left penniless in Syria, his body misshapen and his mind untaught, he had faced a disinterested world resolutely, and had started out to attain a goal. And he had succeeded. But the hardships and struggles had left

Continued on page 107
The Nineteenth-

Is the girl most men dream about, but these charming studies prove

A modern telephone booth won't hold all the loveliness Andrée Tourneur, left, wears in "The Actress."

Nora Lane, below, wears her costume in "Jesse James" as though she had never even seen a modern gown.

Thelma Todd, above, doesn't seem at all displeased with the last-century costume which she wears in "The Gay Defender."

Gwen Lee and Norma Shearer, left, appear more beautiful than ever in "The Actress."
Century Girl

that it's only the styles, and not the girls, that have changed.

Louise Fazenda, right, insists on being coy in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Anne Cornwall asks if you like her better as she appears below, or if you prefer her in Christie comedies.

Do you blame Richard Arlen for falling in love with Mary Brian, above, in "Under the Tonto Rim"?

We wonder who, or what, Joan Crawford, right, is looking at, as she rests during the filming of "Across to Singapore."
Immature maidens, under twenty, are given the responsibility of carrying leading roles in the biggest pictures of the year. Callow youths—oh, very callow, sometimes!—become leading men, exponents of the drama of the silver sheet.

The world of the "legitimate" stage has a certain loyalty. Crowds will flock to see old favorites when they are long past their prime. Sarah Bernhardt made a very successful tour when she was old and ill, and had lost one of her legs. She was still the "Divine Sarah," and her followers thronged to the theaters to do her honor.

"We have hardly had time really to test the loyalty of picture audiences. Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge—our first crop of idols—are still extant, though they are all some years from the age of Beerbohm-Treec's ideal of Juliet.

Former stars, it is true, have disappeared from view. But, in almost every case, there seems to have been some definite reason for their disappearance, aside from the fact that their youth had departed.

It seems to be understood—tautly, at least—in the picture business, that a star's life in the profession is doomed to be a short one. One hears uneasy murmurings among the established luminaries. "What am I to do when this is over? I shall still be young. My time is so short!"

The recent upheavals in Hollywood have indicated that many careers of present stars will indeed be short. "What hurts me most about this business," Ramon Novarro told me once, "is that so much depends upon one's physical attributes. Were I a very great actor, I could not play the roles I play now, if I grew fat or bald or old! No matter how great my ability, if I did not look the part, I could not portray these characters."

"I want to play Sir Galahad—and The Christ—and I am so fearful that, by the time I have gained sufficient experience to play these roles as I should like to play them, I shall be too old."

"The thing for which we give all our efforts, spend our youth—suffer—hurts, almost, upon an eyelash! That thought hurts!"

"And what will you do—afterward?" I wanted to know.

"I shall go back to my music. One can sing in concert for a long time, even if one is bald or fat!"

"That, I had to admit, was true.

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Stardom Can't Last

This is the problem of every star, for not even the and remain forever youthful. In this article a

By Helen
What's to Follow?

most optimistic of them hopes to vanquish time few of them tell how they feel about the future.

Louise Walker

Leatrice Joy confided to me that she wanted to write. "I shall have to do something!" she said, with a note of fear in her voice. "This thing takes all your energy—all your thought—for so long. You are on the set from morning till night, day after day. Between pictures you are thinking of your next story, and getting your clothes ready. If you had to stop suddenly, it would be almost as if you had stopped living—the end of everything.

"You would have to find some other work, something intense and difficult, to take its place. Writing is difficult, isn't it? I shall have to occupy myself with something hard to do!"

It occurred to me that by the time Leatrice is through with pictures, little Leatrice will be coming along to the age where she will demand a lot of attention from her mother, whose devotion to the child is frighteningly intense. Leatrice will not lack for something to keep her occupied!

But one thing which makes it so difficult to give up pictures is the inevitable, and eternal, shop talk of picture people.

Various girls have left the screen to pursue domestic careers, and have nearly always been driven to an attempt to get back.

Mildred Davis Lloyd, who returned to the screen a year or so ago for one picture, after two or three years of married and maternal bliss, told me that all the social gatherings had been spoiled for her, because of the shop talk of the people she met at them.

"They tell funny things which have happened on the sets," she said. "They talk contracts and breaks and opportunities. They talk of nothing but pictures! All the news I have to contribute is a new recipe for cake, or that Gloria has a new tooth! I am simply out of their world! I have to get back!"

Recognizing that, some of the more mature actors have made plans which will take them away from Hollywood, and the atmosphere of pictures, when their careers are ended.

"To be among picture people, and no longer at work—to be in the atmosphere, and not of it—would be unbearable," Florence Vidor says. She has bought a home in Honolulu, where she plans to live in a cosmopolitan atmosphere, surrounded by congenial souls, who are familiar with pictures only in the theaters.

Aileen Pringle plans to live abroad, and write a book. It is truly amazing how many actors plan to write books. Many of them will doubtless be very revealing and exceptionally informative, to a startling degree!

Richard Dix, who is a businessman first, and an actor after that, takes a characteristic view of the matter. I heard him wailing one day about the income tax.

"The government does not take into consideration how short our time is," he complained. "They tax us as if our salaries were income from inherited capital. It is not the same. Our salaries are our capital. We just have a short time to go—ten years, maybe twelve—and then we are finished. Our earnings do not pyramid as we grow older, as do those of men in other professions. They stop before we reach middle age. If we don't keep that in mind, and prepare for it, we are very foolish!"

[Continued on page 115]
“On the Dotted Line, Please”

No star ever signs a contract unless the usual squad of camera men are on deck to record the event. It’s all in the business.

Irving Thalberg and Marion Davies, above, pretend they have no idea that a camera man is in the vicinity.

Lillian Gish and Nicholas M. Schenck, below, pause in their superactive lives to show the dear public how they look when arranging a contract.

Renee Adorée, above, is very jubilant over the new contract she has just signed. Any one as popular as Renee should be jubilant.
Objects of Wrath

The newcomer who has too much personality may find his way blocked by the star.

By William H. McKegg

PERSONALITY is what counts," they say. "They" are the wise gentlemen of the movies, who know what newcomers should have. If you have a vivid personality, you are ripe for the studios. If you lack this special quality, or have not yet brought it into full play, you had better remain at home, for never will you be able to stand before a camera—except a Kodak, held by the boy friend, in your own back yard.

So the fact is clear that the movies need vivid personalities. Of course, latent ability is also an asset—but personality comes first. Don't forget that.

Gladys Du Bois kept this valuable fact in mind when she started out in the movies a short while ago. Being an excellent dancer, having played in various musical shows, she took it for granted that her personality was quite all right.

This young American girl, French on her father's side, English on her mother's, had little difficulty in getting extra work. Soon she was playing bits. Her personality won out, you see.

Recently a production was under way, starring a well-known dancer. Gladys Du Bois was signed to work in the picture for its duration. She was to play atmosphere, and also one or two bits opposite the star.

"This is where my personality gets me over," thought Gladys. Then she began to wonder if personality really was what the picture people rated it to be. This idea came to her when she had to play in some scenes with the star. The star saw her. Followed a conference between star and director. After the discussion, Miss Du Bois was called away. Later she was offered a thousand dollars to leave the picture and cancel her contract.

"Offer me twenty thousand and I'd refuse to get out," she retorted, seeing her amperes of personality going to waste.

Francesca Bragagnotti's personality conflicted with the star's.

"I was hired for this picture, and I'm going to be in it."

In it she was, but not where she had expected. The kind-hearted star saw that Gladys Du Bois was kept well in the background. All her bits were taken from her and done by another girl, who, less magnetic, was easily outdazzled by madame, the star.

Does a vivid personality help? Ask Gladys Du Bois. Hers possesses a suggestion of the late Barbara La Marr, with the added attraction of her own individuality. No wonder the star refused to have her anywhere within eyesight.

Now let us not blame the stars. Stars must live, and not all are as sweet and kind as Mary Pickford. To have even one scene stolen by another means tangible loss to the star. If you ever become one, you will know what it is like. Every one for himself.

Another newcomer, Kaye Rogers, also is wondering what all this insistence upon a vivid personality means.
Objects of Wrath

It has meant discouragement to her. Though only six months in pictures, Miss Rogers has reached the point of being tested for small rôles.

“She has a very keen personality—very unique,” the casting departments say. Of true American stock, with a streak of Cherokee Indian, Kaye Rogers does possess a distinctive personality. She has worked in dramatic stock. Understudying Sadie Thompson, in “Rain,” was one of her achievements. No one could say she lacks ability.

It was decided by one studio that she should have a small rôle in a production soon to start. One day the star saw her—and also her test. Kaye felt sure that her vivid personality had been so bright that it had won the star’s admiration. Perhaps it did, but the result didn’t say so, for she was told that she was being released from the picture.

“But why?” Kaye demanded to know. “Tell me what for? I was good. Every one told me so. It was decided that I should do the rôle.”

“Well, you see,” one comforter explained, “the part you play would place you opposite Miss Blanford—and she thinks—well, you know how it is. Sorry.”

Now, the star in question is really a nice girl. No one could dislike her. Maybe she did not realize just what bitter discouragement she was dealing out, when she refused to have Kaye Rogers in her picture. Turning the girl away meant nothing to the star, but it meant everything to the girl. Yet such is the law of the movies. The weakest go under.

If any newcomer has any right to become a future star—taking it for granted that a vivid personality gets you there—a young Italian girl from Florence should win.

Her name—at present her own—is Francesca Braggiotti. Her European training has been against a background of culture. She is intellectual and beautiful. A brilliant dancer, she has worked on the stage in Europe, and over here with Ted Shawn. She created the Tibetan dances for Gilda Gray, in “The Devil Dancer.” Her perfect grace and motion have made her the model for many painters. Tade Styka, the Polish artist, met her in Paris and painted her as a bacchante.

Francesca’s very long, reddish hair, together with her vivid personality, distinguish her wherever she is. Why should the movies overlook such a person? She thought this, and came to Hollywood, via the vaudeville route.

Extra work was easy for her. Then her first bit came. It was to be in a picture with a new star. This young star never misses an opportunity to let every one know she is a star. Francesca’s red hair photographs dark, making it look the same color as the starlet’s. Her magnetic personality also made the star look like a fried oyster. As you perhaps guess, Francesca was released from the bit, and served only as an extra. Her chance will undoubtedly come, and when it does you will know.

The same thing has prevented Jacques Vanaire from gaining a foothold in the movies.

Under his own name of Jacques Van Roosendaal he belonged to a very cultured and wealthy family in Belgium. They were impoverished by the war. Coming to America, Jacques left his history behind him and also his real name. He wanted to win fame on his own, and refused to play up his antecedents.

He bears a slight resemblance to Ronald Colman. Not so much physically as mentally. His personality is also

Continued on page 107
A woman of Affairs

From the story by Michael Arlen

The world-famous pair of screen lovers
In the perfect performance
Of their romantic careers
In a drama of burning love and smouldering desire
With a brilliant supporting cast:
Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dorothy Sebastian...

A triumph of the Silent drama!
A Sound sensation for theatres
With sound equipment.

Watch your leading theatre
For announcement of
"A Woman of Affairs"

Tim McCoy says
"I've got 50 bucks waiting for you!"
You can rope these questions at a gallop if your eyes and memory are keen. There's 50 bucks waiting for the lady or gent who corrals the bunch of them! The winning lady will also get my favorite riding quirt, the winning gent the sombrero I have worn in many pictures.

My autographed photograph goes for the fifty next best answers. There may be a few bucking questions below—but they won't throw a careful rider. Let's go—and best of luck.

Yours truly,

Tim McCoy

1—In what M-G-M picture does William Haines do a ride for life and love and what character does he portray?

2—What person playing in "The Cardboard Lover" does Marion Davies, in the same picture, imitate?

3—Name five of the many M-G-M players who have had stage experience.

4—What do you regard as Lon Chaney's most interesting role? Answer within 75 words.

5—In what other picture besides "Gold Braid," which M-G-M is now producing, did Ramon Novarro appear in naval uniform?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and send to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 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 tie, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Leo's Contest of July

Marad Sernier, P. O. Box 801, Palo Alto, California
Edgar V. Murney, 207 Turner Bldg., Clinton, Iowa

Before stars than there are in Heaven.
NICE GIRL!

Does it pay to be a nice girl? Vivian Grey has made this the theme of her latest serial, beginning soon in LOVE STORY MAGAZINE.

You will want to follow this—the trials of Betty Mainwaring, who thought that marrying a rich man was the end of her troubles. But she found it was only the beginning, for there was his family to be won over. Each time his mother or his sisters snubbed her, Betty was nicer than ever. Your heart will go out to her.

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE

Every Week 15c per Copy
Fraternalists

That's a new word on Webster, but it expresses the vogue of the brotherly-love theme in the movies.

"Four Sons," who are also brothers, above—James Hall, George Meeker, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Charles Morton—leave their Bavarian background long enough to pose for the camera man.

Just four boys grown older—that is, if you can really believe that Leslie Fenton, Lane Chandler, Gary Cooper, and Paul Fix, above, could all belong to one family, as they are supposed to in "The First Kiss."

The above might be captioned "Drinks Make the Man," as this seems to be the test which Ramon Novarro's three elder brothers in "Across to Singapore" are sponsoring. Left to right, Dan Wolheim, Ernest Torrence, Novarro, and Duke Martin.

One of the first, and perhaps the best, of the brother-theme films was "Beau Geste." At the left, from left to right, the brothers Geste—Neil Hamilton, Ronald Colman, and Ralph Forbes.
Malcolm Allen, entering at the door of the restaurant, saw the gesture with astonishment. He knew that Sonnenberg was far from fond of him, and since the casting of Lopez in "Red Velvet," the writer and Miss Smith had not spoken together privately. But Mary Smith was gazing at him, a lovely, imploring look in her eyes which said, "Do come!" and, of course, he obliged, with a joyous smile of surprise.

Malcolm was seated directly facing Lady Gates at her not-far-distant table. He bowed to his aunt as usual, but his face stiffened as, instead of nodding in return, she gave him a venous look and then imperiously beckoned.

"Oh, Malcolm—Mr. Allen," Madeleine pleaded, while Sonnenberg scowled, "Lady Gates has been talking to me about you—in a horrible way. You will have to go over and stop her tongue. This can't—it mustn't—go on. Be as kind as you can—and firm—and show her that she'll have to behave herself, for her own sake, or leave Hollywood."

"What's the matter with her now?" Malcolm asked of nobody in particular at the table, and it was Pauline Fordham who answered.

"She was accusing you, in a loud voice that every one heard, about heaven knows what, and saying she'd leave all her money away from you to Lopez! That means it's quite true, of course, that she's going to marry him!"

"She shall do nothing of the kind!" said Malcolm, between his teeth. "She'd better off!"

As he spoke, he pushed back his chair, conscious of, but in his anger indignant to the, fact that every eye in the restaurant was on him. He walked over to Lady Gates' table and stood with his hand on the back of the chair where Madeleine had sat.

"If you intend to make a fool of yourself and me, you had better not do it here, but let me take you to your hotel," he said in a tone which people strained their ears to hear.

"I'll not let you take me anywhere, now or ever!" came the shrill answer which no one missed. "What you had better do, is to sit down here and listen to what I've got to say. If you don't, I'll have you arrested!"

"I think I could more easily have you shut up in an asylum," Malcolm was goaded to reply. But she began to wave a sheet of paper in the air, a sheet of paper which looked familiar to him, and it seemed to Malcolm that the quickest way to finish was to take the virago at her word and sit down.

It was a delightful scene for everybody, even the least malicious; everybody, that is, with two exceptions—Pierre, the proprietor of Montparnasse, who feared something violent, and Madeleine Standish, who was quivering with shame and indignation for Malcolm when half a minute before she had quivered for herself.

If only he would control his temper! She felt, she knew, that he had much strength of character. If he could keep his head now, he would be able to master this foolish, ridiculous woman. He might be able to get her away before Lopez appeared, and even to talk her out of the error of her ways.

At first Lady Gates gesticulated hysterically, her breast heaving. She threw down the anonymous letter and ordered her nephew to read it, thumbing over the top with her ringless hands. Then it was evident that, somehow, Malcolm contrived to dominate her. He was looking straight into her eyes and speaking emphatically, though slowly, in a very low tone. Madeleine wondered what he was saying! But, whatever it was, it seemed to have a powerful effect upon Lady Gates. She began suddenly to cry, and to feel with trembling fingers in her gold-mesh gauntlet, as if it hurt her to touch her handkerchief. She turned deadly pale under her rouge and looked ghastly. Leaning back, she said or gasped something to Malcolm in an imploring rather than an angry tone. He opened her bag, found the handkerchief and passed it to her. Then he slipped the sheet of blue-gray paper into an inside pocket of his dinner jacket, and, to Madeleine's surprise, produced from somewhere a silver flask. Malcolm Allen, who drank so little, and in whom the handkerchief was never been seen—brought a flask into the restaurant!

However, apparently he had one with him to-night—rather providently, it seemed!

There was also a tiny vial which had come, whence Madeleine didn't know, though she thought that she had missed very few happenings at that table. It was one of those miniature bottles which homeopathic doctors use. Malcolm hastily extricated something small, almost invisible, from it, dropped the little object into a tumbler half full of water, and then poured in some of his silver flask's contents, enough to turn the water in the glass to a golden yellow. He pushed this to his aunt, and she drank it eagerly.

"Go now. I want to be alone," Lady Gates said in a strained yet audible voice, and Malcolm rose.

Madeleine was not thinking of the tiny bottle, though she had been curious about it for an instant, wondering whence Malcolm had produced it, but she had a vague impression of seeing him slip it into his pocket. Evidently he thought that he had mastered his aunt's hysteria and that she might safely be left, for he did as she requested. He got up and, without another word or glance at her, turned his back to the table.

He returned to the Sonnenberg party, but remained standing.

"I must beg you all to excuse me," he said. "I want to go after that fellow and have it out with him before he gets here!"

It wasn't necessary to speak a name. They all knew who "that fellow" was; and certainly in this young man's present mood, it would be better that the two should meet outside Montparnasse rather than in.

"Don't beat up Lopez till the picture is finished!" warned Sonnenberg.

"That's right, my boy," added Landis. "We can't spare Lopez yet. We've shot thousands of feet of him. Don't you do any shooting till ours is over?"

"Do—don't be careful, Malcolm!" Madeleine pleaded gently, while Pauline's immense eyes flashed with excitement as if in her heart she hoped that something—almost anything—might happen.

"Please don't any of you worry," Malcolm reassured them. "I don't intend to forget myself. Good night."

With one glance at Madeleine that said she knew not what, Allen went out, not noticing Pierre as he passed through the door. He had still to pick up his hat and coat, but nothing was heard outside, and it could be taken for granted that Lopez had not appeared before the man who sought him had got into the street.

Madeleine, and perhaps others, now had time to glance at Lady Gates again. She was leaning limply against the high back of her Spanish chair, her eyes half closed, her lips slightly apart. One hand still clasped the tumbler from which she had drained every drop of the golden fluid.

"What could he have said to her?" Madeleine wondered. Whatever it was, it had been very effective.

"The old dame looks sick," said Sonnenberg.

"She deserves to be sick," said Pauline.

"Hell's bells!" Landis made use in a whisper of afavorite expression of his. "Now for ructions—maybe!"

He was looking not at the principal entrance of the restaurant, but at a door in the distance, partly covered by a tall screen. It was there that

Continued on page 94
The Eyes of the Maskers

Make it comparatively easy to identify the countenances of the favorites masked below.

Audrey Ferris, above, might as well not be wearing a mask for all the disguise it provides.

Neil Hamilton, below, might possibly be mistaken for Clive Brook, if you use a little imagination.

Tim McCoy's mask, above, certainly doesn't make him look like a bold bandit.

We wonder if Dorothy Sebastian, left, is laughing at us.

Any one who can make a mask that will disguise Olga Baclanova, below, will be a genius.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

CHAPTER XX.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Marco Lopez had rushed down after the little procession, protesting violently in a wild mixture of English and Spanish. Allen paid no more attention to him than if he had been a dog yapping at his heels; but, reaching the street where the door-man stood aghast, Malcolm saw that Pierre had unobtrusively descended.

"Monsieur Allen," said the proprietor of Montparnasse, "may I offer a word of advice? Do you not think it best to take her ladyship to the private hospital which is close by, rather than drive her in the state she is in, to her hotel? I have seen many people faint, and I do not like her ladyship's looks at all. I feel sure a doctor should examine her at once."

"Perhaps you are right. I will take her to the sanitarium," said Malcolm. "Could you come along, Pierre, and hold her on to the seat? I have no chauffeur now. I'm driving myself."

"I intend to come and hold Lady Gates," announced Lopez. "If I cannot have her in my car, I will go with her in pursuit of Montparnasse, the limp form was got into Malcolm's car, Madeleine holding the head and shoulders.

Even when Malcolm was in the driver's seat, ready to start, Lopez would have opened the door of the Rolls-Royce and jumped in, but, with a ferocious "Keep off, you dog!" Allen wheeled his car out by a quick turn.

Lopez had to spring back to save himself from a fall, but he flung up his arms, swearing strange oaths. "You will repent this, my fine sir!" he yelled after the vanishing car. Then, with a final shake of his fist, he dashed to his own car which was parked near by, and followed the Rolls.

"Matron," as every one called the young but stately woman who directed the sanitarium, ushered in Doctor Nelson whom she had received downstairs. A nurse, left in charge by her at the bedside, moved aside in respectful silence.

"She is dead!" pronounced the doctor decisively, after a moment's examination. "She must have been dead at least half an hour."

"I feared it," murmured the matron. "Heart failure!"

"Heart failure, yes," repeated Doctor Nelson. "But what caused heart failure—that's the question? Her appearance is peculiar—and I'm afraid this will turn out to be a peculiar case. I believe, Mr. Allen—I know you very well by sight—that this lady was a relative of yours?"

"She is—she was—my aunt," Malcolm answered. "I was talking with her at her table, at Montparnasse, not much more than half an hour ago. She seemed perfectly well then—except that she was upset and annoyed."

"Doctor!" broke in Marco Lopez. "Don't listen to anything this man may say. In my opinion he is a murderer! It will be proved that he killed Lady Gates."

"Take care!" Doctor Nelson warned him. "You are making a terrible accusation."

"It is the truth," repeated Lopez. "I accuse Malcolm Allen of the murder of his aunt. We were to marry. He killed her, because he knew she was going to change her will. But murderers are barred from inheriting. He—"

"You really must be silent," the doctor ordered. "This is no place for such accusations. If you intend to make them, go to the police."

"The man is either mad or a devil!" said Malcolm. "It's not only damnable, it's absurd to say I killed my aunt! I couldn't have done it. I'd wished to! Why, every one in the restaurant saw us talking together at her table. I didn't touch her."

Madeleine Standish did not speak, but her body was chilled as if by an icy wind, as mentally she reconstructed the scene at Montparnasse. Malcolm had come to Sonnenberg's table by invitation. Then Lady Gates had furiously beckoned. His last words as he went to her had been that his aunt would be "better off dead" than married to Marco Lopez. If it should be discovered that Lady Gates had died of poison—Madeleine prayed this might not happen—there would be strong circumstantial evidence against her nephew. The girl hoped to heaven that she alone had seen the little tablet produced from the vial and dropped into the glass. Nothing on earth would ever make her bear witness against Malcolm! For a moment, the nurse left in charge by the matron and super_cosed on the latter's return, listened to the strange conversation. Then, unnoticed, her existence forgotten by all in the room, she slipped out. Her mind was made up what to do.

Her name was Maggie Turner. She was young, not yet twenty-four, but she was already disgusted with
Freckle Lore
Proving that popularity is not always based on “a skin you love to touch.”

Junior Coghlan, left, doesn’t give a hang whether he has freckles or not.

Mary Ann Jackson, right, is already fearful of the day when freckles and wrinkles may mar her screen beauty.

Doris Hill, left, has a profusion of freckles on her pretty countenance.

Harry Speer, below, is a rough-and-ready, befreckled member of “Our Gang.”

Freckles are not confined to children and young girls, as is evidenced by this regular he-man picture of George Bancroft, left.
Beauty Takes the Bumps!

Continued from page 21

It was the lead opposite Lige Conley, and her first work before the camera. Since that time she has been under contract to Educational, the fair-haired baby of the lot.

But although she did not have to work to get the contract, she has worked afterward. Docilely, this gentle youngster with the Southern drawl has fallen down wells, and into barrels of flour and off runaway automobiles. She has sat on cakes and pies, she has had soot thrown at her, been drenched by fire hose, and chased by ferocious animals. She has worked with dogs and, just as placidly, with leopards and tigers. And she has taken bumps and flops and falls of every known genre.

The science of the bumps was taught her by Charles Lamont, the young director who is now her husband, Lamont, during his boyhood in Europe, was a circus performer, and the ring has saved Estelle more than an unnecessary bruise or sprain. Through him, she knows how to fall loosely, how to break certain bumps with the hands, at exactly what moment to relax or brace. She is an artist of the bumps, par excellence.

A few months after she began work for Educational, she was assigned to a picture under Lamont, with whom she had hitherto only a casual acquaintance. In a few days they were slipping off to lunch together. Two weeks later they were engaged. Three weeks after they were married, and took a beautiful Spanish home in the foothills, over which the youthful Estelle presides with competence surprising in a comedy confection.

Anita Garvin, Estelle’s friend and confidante, is her pictorial opposite. Anita is statuesque. Her beauty is vital and commanding. Her slickly cropped hair is blue-black, and sweeping black lashes fringe her large, gray eyes. She has clear, pale-olive skin and softness in piquancy in the slight retroussé of her nose and the full curves of her mouth. She is essentially provocative—the come-hither lady for the susceptible comedy-hero. Being tall, she is in great demand as the opposite for comedians of small stature. Generally she wears the slinky satins of the burlesque vamp, and comes to an ignominious fate.

Born in New York, of Irish-American parents, she was screen and stage-struck from her kindergarten days. When two years old, while attending the Holy Cross Academy, she secretly ventured out into the greasepaint realm. Unknown to any one, she raided her sister’s wardrobe and dressed up in dead earnest. Her long hair hung in curls, which she did up in elaborately imitated of her sister’s coiffure. Being of the type which had developed, at twelve, into almost the duplicate of its appearance at twenty, she could pass, casually, for seventeen, which was the age she decided upon.

Teetering uncertainly on her sister’s high heels, she visited the office of a theatrical agent of whom she had heard. Arriving at nine in the morning, she waited Spartan until twelve thirty. The agent was in desperate search of one more girl for the “personal appearance” of Sennett bathing beauties in conjunction with the showing of “Yankee Doodle in Berlin.” He finally received Anita and opened the door rather by asking what her previous experience had been. The only name Anita could conjure out of her nervousness was the “Follies.” Whether he believed her or not, the agent hired her and she went to work that afternoon, without rehearsal. On her way to the theater she stopped a stranger on the street and asked her the name of the stuff she used on her eyelashes. Purchasing mascara, powder and rouge, she hurried to the theater and excitedly applied an inaccurate make-up.

Ten minutes before the curtain went up, the irate stage manager had some one ruthlessly scrub her face and make it up properly. That done, he ordered her to let her hair down and, trying to keep back the tears threatening her mascara, she had to sacrifice the intricate, grown-up coiffure by which she set such store.

From this engagement she progressed to bona-fide shows. She appeared in “Sally,” “Irene,” the “Follies,” and at the Winter Garden. At one time she modeled during the day, worked in “Sally” during the evening, and then did a midnight show.

During all this time, she had the movie bug in a bad way. In her spare moments, she haunted the studios—to no avail. It was the era of the petite type, and no one had a job for this tall kid who persistently begged for one. Heartlessly they told her to go home and study her algebra.

But Anita was not to be dissuaded. In the road company of “Sally” she reached San Francisco. There, with thirty-five dollars saved out of her salary, she left the show and came down to Hollywood. At last the movies were willing to receive her. She got extra work at Christie’s and the first day on the set, Al Christie selected her from two hundred extras to do a bit. It was a Bobby Vernon comedy, and the bit was to slip on a piece of butter, and, with feet skidding upward, sit down heavily. That was Anita’s first bump, and her entrance into pictures.

She was put in stock at Christie’s, later leaving to play opposite Lupino Lane in Educational. After several Educational pictures, she went to Hal Roach’s for a brief period, but Educational recalled her at exactly four times her former salary. She alternates between Roach’s and Educational, preferring free-lancing to a contract. A pie is a pie to Anita. No matter what the studio, she gets it in the face anyway. And all studio floors are of equal hardness to the bump expert.

Anita has run the gamut of violent gags, even to having “breakaway” furniture crashed over her head. A few of her bumps have given her vacations in the hospital. But she does get the laughs. Instinctively a comedienne, she invents little bits of business of her own.

Late, she has appeared in two or three Fox features, and in one Madge Bellamy picture attracted the notice of the critics.

Only twenty-one now, she has been married nearly three years to Clement Beauchamp, the Jerry Drew of Educational comedies. And, despite the old apprehension about two comedians in one family, they are still romantically in love.

Like the vaudevilleans who dream of crashing a Broadway production, the two-reel players hanker after features. Both Anita and Estelle have the six-reel yen. Despite the hilarious fun they have making comedies, the urge for the more polite medium is beginning to make them restless. They have gained invaluable technical knowledge from their comedy training. Now they would like to take a step ahead. Anita would like, in some Utopian future, to do the sort of thing Pauline Frederick did. Estelle, on the other hand, wants human roles in light comedy.

The comedy field has produced many of our most famous players. It is a proficient school and its top scholars command attention. If only for this reason, make a note of the impending graduation of Estelle Bradley, Anita Garvin, and Frances Lee.

Graduate they surely will, for girls who are both beautiful and talented neither round out their careers in comedy, nor leave the screen altogether. The experience gained is too valuable to expend on two-reelers forever, and how many girls forsake the screen to marry Pittsburgh millionaires, as may be said of their sisters in the “Follies”?
It's Bonnet Time in Hollywood

The quintet below don old-fashioned bonnets, just by way of contrast to the smart, modern things they usually wear.

Mary Brian, left, is, of course, an old-fashioned girl, but the old-time bonnet makes her look more so.

The bonnet may be old-fashioned, but that doesn't prevent Marjorie Beebe, right, from having a lot of fun in "The Farmer's Daughter."

Nancy Carroll, below, is a good reason why young men go to the country.

Now Louise Brooks, below, can't tell us that a bonnet can make her serious and demure.

Corinne Griffith, above, is wearing what might be called a bonnet de luxe—not for use on the farm, but for Emma Hamilton, in "The Divine Lady."
left to the imagination. A long sub-title interrupts to explain a crisis in the lives of the characters. Briefly, the story concerns four brothers of a family that has gone from bad to worse, the boys eking out a precarious living as oystermen on the shores of Maryland, with Mulligan doing most of the work and keeping the home fires burning besides. Taunted by rich Anna Lee for the shiftlessness of his clan, Mulligan beats his brothers into going to college. To finance their education he becomes a sort of a pirate. Ultimately apprehended and brought to trial, he is about to be convicted, when his brothers turn up as typical collegians and save the day. There's a lot more to it than this, what with a "dream ship" which Mulligan builds for himself and Anna Lee, and which he gallantly gives to the moment he has stolen. It is all pretty sentimental, at times ridiculous, and the acting is undistinguished, though the scenery is beautiful. At any rate, as this is happily a soundless film, it is a relief not to hear the screams of the oysters being dragged from their beds in the Chesapeake. Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Leslie Fenton, Lane Chandler, and Paul Fix—poor dears all.

Lords and Ladies at Leisure.
Names such as Lady Diana, Lord Brancaster, Greville Sartoris, and Iris d'Aquila could not be found outside a society melodrama. That is exactly where they are in "The Whip," which deals with the smart English hunting and racing set. We have them to thank for beautiful views of the English countryside, the glamour of a spectacular hunt ball, a race course, a fox chase and a wreath. We have also to blame them for a hoary story having to do with a forged marriage certificate, the hero's amnesia and much else of a familiar nature. Lord Brancaster, you see, cannot remember ever having known Iris d'Aquila after his accident, so that when she announces herself as his wife before all the titles swinging to the gay measures of the dance, there is considerable perturbation on the part of Brancaster, and even more in the heart of Lady Diana, who is in love with him. The machinations of Greville Sartoris are largely responsible for this contretemps, as they are for the wreck that nearly costs the life of The Whip, the horse which wins the big race. Ralph Forbes, Dorothy Mackaill, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lowell Sherman, and Marc McDermott are highly effective, and if amnesia must be portrayed on the screen I can recall no one who does it better than Mr. Forbes.

The Screen in Review

A Laughing Fagin.
"The River Pirate" offers Victor McLaglen a rôle such as he plays supremely well—Sailor Frink, who robs warehouses along the water-front, to the accompaniment of humor and muscular prowess. Sandy, a youth in a reformatory, enlists his sympathy while Sailor Frink is employed to instruct the inmates in the intricacies of sailors' knots, et cetera. Aiding Sandy to escape, Sailor Frink proceeds forthwith to teach the boy the technique of river thievry, during which there is much excitement, narrow escapes from the law, gun play, and no absence of humor. Inevitably Sandy decides that he cannot follow the profession of Sailor Frink and respond to the influence of a good woman at the same time; so he decides in favor of the good woman, and Sailor Frink relinquishes his protégé to a life of reformation.

The picture is vigorously effective and is prescribed for those who have perhaps not seen too many underworld films. Nick Stuart, Lois Moran, Earle Fox, and Donald Crisp deliver attractively.

Badiname.
"Oh Kay." Colleen Moore's latest, is true to its musical-comedy inspiration. It is light, inconsequential and just original enough for you to be able to say you have not seen the exact picture before. And it is mildly amusing, its best feature being the masquerade of the high-born Lady Kay as a housemaid. In this sequence Miss Moore proves her mastery of burlesque, and of its kind it is among the best acting she has ever done. To bring this opportunity about, Lady Kay, in order to escape an unwelcome marriage in England, romps away in a sailboat until, overaken by a storm, she is picked up by rum runners. They anchor off the coast of Long Island and presently Lady Kay is in the home of Jimmy Winter, who is to be married next day to a débutante, and whose premises are invaded by revenue officers in search of liquor stored there. In this crisis Lady Kay pretends to be Jimmy's wife, with what the story-tellers call complications. It occasions no surprise, then, when Lady Kay triumphs over the snobbish fiancée and shares the final scene interlocked with Jimmy in a floral bower. Life is like that in musical comedy. The story is distantly familiarized, including Lawrence Gray, Alan Hale, Ford Sterling, Claude Gillingwater, Julianne Johnston, Claude King, and Edgar Norton.

The Peril of Patriotism.
Rudolph Schildkraut gives a masterly portrayal of an immigrant in "A Ship Comes In." In all fairness, that is the most that can be said of the picture, and this is with no desire to slight the efforts of Louise Dresser, Robert Edeson, and Milton Holmes. But it is a slow exhibitor, with little plot and originality. It is the sort of picture one thinks should be notable, but isn't. So one is inclined to work a straightforward verdict by saying that it will probably be liked by the foreign element, because the humble hero is from Central Europe. Peter Pletsnik's eagerness to become an American citizen is responsible for his troubles. He gives to the magistrate from whom he receives his naturalization papers, a cake his wife has baked. But an anarchist has substituted a bomb, and the consequences of the explosion sent Peter to jail and brought woes to his family. However, the conscience of the anarchist works as effectually as his bomb, and hence a happy ending for Peter and his family. It is worth seeing for the sake of Rudolph Schildkraut. That is, if fine acting alone satisfies you.

Fair to Middling.
Far from pleasant is my duty to say that Esther Ralston, one of my divinities, is not at her best in "The Sawdust Paradise." It is suspected that the picture would have been the least of its kind no matter who had played Glory, the girl of the carnival show who is converted by a preacher, for it is a dull film. It starts with the show and revival meeting as competing small-town attractions, with the former outstripping the latter in popularity. Whereupon Isaiah, the evangelist, investigates and has Glory arrested for cheating at a game of chance, despite the protests of her sweetheart Butch. Sentenced to ninety days, she is paroled on the strength of Isaiah's belief in her, and is placed in his custody. Whereupon, during the efforts of Glory to inject "showmanship" into Isaiah's psalm singing, a dying mother bestows her baby upon the girl in the best maudlin manner, and the baby, if you believe it, runs away with the picture by giving the best performance of the lot! Of course, when Butch comes for Glory to take her back to the old life, the former carnival girl is in the best of worlds. Besides, she wants to give baby the right start in life. It ends with everybody making a fresh start, though it will take Miss Ralston, Hobart Bosworth, who plays the preacher, Mary Alden, as the expiring mother, and the others some time.
Evolution of the Brush

Sometimes beards and mustaches are necessary to absorb the surplus sex-appeal voltage, but you can draw your own conclusions about the faces pictured below.

Bill Irving, left, glories in the oversized mustache which characterized the melodramatic sheriff a few years past.

Jack Duffy, above, has what is called “the full spinach.”

Bobby Vernon, lower center, adopts the “old walrus” immortalized by Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin.

Billy Dooley, below, has a “full muff,” which will be very useful to him in his work for sound pictures, serving to deaden all extraneous noise.
Hollywood High Lights

Seek Stellar Assistance.

Those who marveled over the wonders of "Grass" and "Chang," the two unusual scenes filmed by Ernest Schoedsack and Merian Cooper, will find their newest picture departures considerably from the others, in that it has a studio cast, including Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, and Theodor von Eltz.

This shows a changing tendency. The public doesn't pay enough money to see scenarios, without the embellishments of stellar names and a story. So, if you really deeply liked "Grass" and "Chang" this news may disappoint you.

The new picture is called "The Four Feathers," and the scenic views were taken in the Sudan, in Africa, during a long and difficult expedition.

Quilan's Family Numerous.

The eleven Quillans will make their début in "Noisy Neighbors." We're not joking.

Perhaps you didn't know that Eddie Quillan, the comedian in "The Godless Girl," had so numerous a family, but we hasten to reassure you that they are not his children, anyway. They are his father and mother, and eight brothers and sisters. Nearly all of them have been in vaudeville at one time or another.

Eddie was the funny boy of the vaudeville act, and that's how Mack Sennett, to whom he was at one time under contract, originally discovered him. The star of the same act was one of his younger brothers, Buster. The other youngsters' names are John—who is the only brother older than Eddie—Marie, Josie, Margaret, Helen, Isabella, and Rosebud, who is still a baby.

Eddie's father is a Scotchman, and was a famous comedian in his native land. Now, somebody come forth with a Scotch joke about this one, please!

Plenty to Fill It.

It was recently suggested that all the ex-"Polli's" girls in the movies should organize a club, and hold a convention.

"If they do," said William Haines, on hearing this, "they'd better rent the Grand Canyon, because that's the only place that will be big enough to hold them."

Jannings Too Tearful.

Some one had better rehearse that old song about "weep no more, my lady," and sing it to Emil Jannings. For the worthy Emil, who always takes his art very seriously, cried so hard in "Sins of the Fathers" that he injured his sight temporarily, and had to undergo several days' treatment. It was discovered that one of the causes of the trouble was his method of stimulating tears, by rubbing his eyes with his fists. It set up an irritation of the eyelids. So, hereafter, perhaps, Emil may have to rely on the glycerin dropper, but not if he can help it!

"Mysterious Island" Resurrected.

"Mysterious Island," after months of quiescence, has bobbed up again, with a cast including Lionel Barrymore, Montague Love, Jane Daly—new name for Jacqueline Gadsdon—Lloyd Hughes, and others.

It is being made as a sort of fantasy, some huge submarine sets having been constructed at the Metro-Goldwyn studio for the new filming.

"The Mysterious Island," you may remember, was photographed originally in the Bahama Islands, with undersize cameras. Much money was expended on the venture, which ran into terrible weather and other difficulties. The story is, of course, a sequel to "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Some studio wag recently nicknamed it "Twenty Million Dollars Under the Water."

Billie in the Lead?

Virtually a sworn, scaled, and signed natured statement was the announcement issued by First National that Billie Dove's fan mail, during a single month, amounted to 37,320 letters. A statement from the Burbank, California, post office, where the studio is situated, was authority for this, which makes it terribly imposing.

Claa Bow has been the presumed leader in fan mail heretofore, but as she claims only about 30,000, it would appear that Billie has wrested the leadership from her.

Gong—Round One Ended!

Popular new question in Hollywood:

"When will Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez appear in another picture together?"

They did appear together in "The Song of Love," which D. W. Griffith directed, but—oh, well, read the heading on this item.

A Good Enough Alibi.

Five o'clock tea is still a regular custom in the Douglas Fairbanks' dressing room. Doug took it up following his European travels, particularly in Great Britain.

"Fifty million Englishmen can't be wrong, you know," he said, in explaining the "dissipation."

Continued on page 117
Be Yourself!

Is the advice which might well be administered to these becostumed folk.

Raquel Torres, right, may be a Mexican in her home town, but she's a native islander in "White Shallows in the South Seas."

Dorothy Janis, left, of Indian descent, becomes a daughter of the Arabian desert in "Fleetwing."

Frances Lee, above, transplants her American ways to a Holland setting.

Olga Baclanova, left, refuses to don a costume foreign to her native Russia when she executes native steps.

Norma Talmadge, right, an American, has played a wide variety of roles, and is an Austrian in her latest picture, "A Woman Disputed."
O K. M. N. X.—What are you, a dish of alphabet soup? The girl you mention, who happens to play opposite Charlie Chase, is Vivian Oakland. She is no longer on the screen, and I don’t know where she could be reached. “Glorying the American Girl” has never been made, as Paramount never found a satisfactory story for the title. Yes, James Hall has been married, but does not live with his wife. Buddy Rogers is twenty-four—and I’m sure of that, because a young man I know went to college with him.

BEMBY BAMISTER.—I’m not sure about that name, but I hope you’ll recognize your answer. Joan Crawford was born on May 23, 1906. She is five feet four, and weighs 110.

ASTRI KRUDSEN.—Bebe Daniels was born of a Spanish mother and Scotch father. Her mother’s father was American consul at Buenos Aires and he was the son of the Governor of Colombia. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914. Esther Ralston has no children, and I know of no stepchildren, though I can’t be sure about that. May McAvoy is American.

NATALIE BERNARD.—John Barrymore is a United Artists player. He is forty-six years old, and I understand Lionel is older, but he doesn’t give his birth date.

ST. LOUIS LOC.—Well, that’s a hot one—does a movie star give back the ring when an engagement is broken? That depends, I should think, on whether the star has a high sense of honor. Edmund Lowe is married to Libyan Tashman; he has brown hair. Roy D’Arcy is supposed to be engaged to Lita Gray. Cullen Landis has two daughters who live with his divorced wife. I don’t think Paddy O’Flann is married. No, Ramon is not engaged.

SHIRLEY AND JACKIE.—Some of your questions I can’t answer; for instance, not living in Hollywood, I really don’t know which of the film stars is “the most regular party attendant,” nor who is whose particular chum. Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers are said to get the most fan mail of the present men and women stars. Colleen Moore’s next film after “Oh Kay” is “Synthetic Sin.” Every one has his own opinion as to who is the most beautiful star. Rod La Rocque’s last name is pronounced La Rock. Basquette is accented on the second syllable. No stars that I know of have birthdays on July 7th, or February 21st.

CLARA YOUNG.—Now—is it a thrill to see your name in print? Nick Stuart is about five feet nine. His fan club has headquarters with Katherine Berry, 2215 North 30th Street, Tacoma, Washington. Gilda Gray is making a picture in England at present, and no doubt she will make more in this country. Write her at United Artists. Gilbert Roland was born in December, 1905.

LUCILLE.—All right, here’s first aid for the movie-star scrap book. Marion Davies (Marion Davies) was born in Brooklyn, January 5, 1898. Height 5 feet 4½; weight 123. Blue-eyed blonde. George O’Brien (real name) was born in San Francisco in 1906. Sorry I don’t know the month. Five feet eleven; weight 176. Brunet. Both unmarried. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York, May 9, 1895. That’s his real name. He is divorced from Mary Hay and married to Jessica Hainesargent. He is five feet seven; weight 135. Brunet. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, May 2, 1897. Five feet five; weight 121; golden hair, brown eyes. Divorced from John Pielaglou and from Captain Alastair McIntosh. That’s her real name. Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, in 1903. Height five feet; weight 121. Hazel eyes, blonde. Divorced from Lother Mendez. That’s her real name.

VIRGINIA O’KEEFE.—Eve Wray was born in Wrayland, Alberta, Canada, in 1907. She is five feet three and weighs about 115. I am told that is her real name. See Lucille.

BETTY B.—Of course you may write again. And the answers to your questions about Richard Barthelmess are given in the reply to Lucille. Dick lives in Hollywood, but I don’t know his street address.

RITA E.—Will I give you “the life of Colleen Moore”? Surely you wouldn’t take a girl’s life! Colleen was born in Port Huron, Michigan, April 19, 1902, to the late Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. She is five feet three, weighs 110, has dark-brown hair, one brown eye and one blue eye. I think just “Hollywood, California” would be the surest address for Rex Lease, as he hops about from studio to studio. I don’t know the address of Muriel Kingston.

E. THOMAS.—Well, of course, to save you from your own questions, I’ve got to try to be of help. I understand Marion Davies’s picture “Breaking Into the Movies” is being called “Show People.” For personal relief, I hope you saw one of those California previews. There is no Carl Stacey mentioned in the cast, and you don’t tell me what rôle was played by the man whom your wife thought she recognized. Was it a minor part, which might not be mentioned in the cast?

RAMON AND MARY.—Well, if you’re really two people, no wonder you ask so many questions! Mary Brian is playing opposite Buddy Rogers in “Vanity” and “Just Twenty-One.” Also, “Forgotten Faces” and “The Big Killing” followed the films you mention. Ramon Novarro’s new one is “Gold Braid.” Joelyn Ralston lives at Taluca Lake, Burbank, California. Tiv Harris is a Paramount player; so is Jean Arthur. Paddy O’Flynn’s address is Box 386, Hollywood. Lupe Velez and Dolores del Rio are United Artists players. Most of the others you ask about, unless given in the list below, have no permanent studio connections. “Hollywood, California,” will reach any well-known player. The heroine of “Reckless Youth” was Ruth Dwyer; of “Tongues of Flame,” Bessie Love; of “Hot Water,” Joelyn Ralston. Dorothy Mackaill and James Remke, in “Mighty Like a Rose?”; Claire Windsor and Norman Kerry, in “The Acquittal.” Yes, “The Ghost Breaker” was a Wallace Reid picture. As to “Gas, Oil and Water,” is not thinking of “Gas, Oil and Water?” A Charles Ray film! Lillian’s sister in “The White Sister” was Gail Kane. In “Sandy,” Madge Bellamy played the title role. Harrison Ford was Ramon; Ben Bard, Murillo; Leslie Fenton played Douglass; and Gloria Hope, Judith. In “A Girl of the Limberlost,” Elaura was played by Gloria Grey; Mrs. Comstock, by Emily Fitzroy; Phillip Ammon, by Raymond Mc Kee; and Edith Carr by Gertrude Olmsted. And now my typewriter’s all tilled out.

Continued on page 104
Ermine coats just seem to gravitate to Billie Dove's sympathetic beauty.

**Death to Animals!**

If we have many more stars, the species of bear, mink, fox and seal will become extinct.

Myrna Loy, right, in "The Girl from Chicago," wears this coat of ermine, trimmed with mink.

Do you recognize the flapperish Clara Bow, above, right, in the huge mink coat she wears in "Ladies of the Mob"?

Aileen Pringle, left, is supposed to be wearing a "summer" ermine, trimmed with a gray-fox collar.

How would you like to meet this in your darkest, neighborhood alley some night? It's Emil Jannings, right, bigger than ever in "The Patriot."

Pola Negri, below, is making a hit with some one in "The Woman from Moscow," aided by an ermine coat.
Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Miss Dorothy Ryan, 3426 Cypress Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, would like to trade some of her movie star photographs for more of her favorites. Clara Bow, Olga Noback Costello and Jacqueline Logan. Jackie Logan, Dorothy, was born in Corsicana, Texas, November 30, 1902. She grew up in Colorado Springs and studied journalism. Then she came to New York, and went on the stage in the revival of "Florodora," and so got her entrée into the profession. She was afterwards sent to Hollywood.

Next films are "The Spider," and "Stark Mad." Your drawing of Alice Joyce shows a great deal of talent; by all means keep up your art work.

E. B. Taylor—Yes, but reserved space for you, though letters are too piled up for a very speedy reply. Clara Bow works at the Paramount Studio—address below. Don Alvarado with United Artists. Don was born November 4, 1914; he is five feet eleven inches tall. Sorry, Maurice Murphy is too obscure a player for me to have any information about him.

Hay—I think the presses that print Pulitzer Prize notices so lonesomely sent out on this page, they couldn't function. Hugh Trevor was born in New York and left the insurance business to go to Hollywood. His first pictures were "The White Sister," "Tarnish," "Twenty Dollars a Week," "Her Night of Romance," "Romola," "A Thief in Paradise," "His Supreme Moment," "The Sporting Venus," "Her Sister from Paris," "The Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Kiki," "The Winslow Boy," "Our Smaller Wives," "Dea Geste," "The Night of July," "The Magic Flame," "Two Lovers," and his new one, "The Rescue." Thank! What the Lord hath ordered! Stars born in January are: Bill Hayward's birthday is the third; Tom Mix, Phyllis Haver, the sixth; Vilma Banky, the ninth; Francis X. Bushman, the tenth; Bebe Daniels, the fortieth; Mary Astor, the thirty-fourth; Nils Asther, Patsy Ruth Miller, the seventeenth; Virginia Valli, the nineteenth; Ralph Graves, the twenty-third; Nils Asther, "Little Angel," if M-G-M stick to their present casting.

L. Y. F.—So you're one of the many reasons I'm paid? Well, there are more reasons than pay! Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883. Yes, indeed he had the artricial training. He was prop boy, wardrobe boy, and then an actor in vaudeville and stock. Sorry I don't know the home address of the Young sisters; they all live together. Loretta, of course, is a First National player, born in 1912. Sally Blanc is eighteen, and Polly Ann two years older, both known for their looks only.

Under Orientation, Sites:—With this, I really feel that I should continue this paragraph in poetry. Yes, I know that Don Alvarado is married, but have been unable so far to learn the name of his wife. It is, I think, very unfair, and certainly is not in keeping with the social circle, to be reducing the film industry to that of a hanger-on court. I am writing this letter to the readers of the magazine and should be glad to know the name of the lady. Anyone who would like to write a synopsis of his life history, if his previous work of the average ten-year span is to be included, should address the Young sisters; they all live together. Loretta, of course, is a First National player, born in 1912. Sally Blanc is eighteen, and Polly Ann two years older, both known for their looks only.

Mr. Lively Zimmermann—The way William Collier, Jr. started out was: from some unknown studio is just enough to blight an answer man's life. He seems to be settled now, at least for a few months, at the Warner studio. His American films were: "The White Sister," "Tarnish," "Twenty Dollars a Week," "Her Night of Romance," "Romola," "A Thief in Paradise," "His Supreme Moment," "The Sporting Venus," "Her Sister from Paris," "The Dark Angel," "Stella Dallas," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Kiki," "The Winslow Boy," "Our Smaller Wives," "Dea Geste," "The Night of July," "The Magic Flame," "Two Lovers," and his new one, "The Rescue." Thank! What the Lord hath ordered! Stars born in January are: Bill Hayward's birthday is the third; Tom Mix, Phyllis Haver, the sixth; Vilma Banky, the ninth; Francis X. Bushman, the tenth; Bebe Daniels, the fortieth; Mary Astor, the thirty-fourth; Nils Asther, Patsy Ruth Miller, the seventeenth; Virginia Valli, the nineteenth; Ralph Graves, the twenty-third; Nils Asther, "Little Angel," if M-G-M stick to their present casting.

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Beautiful, But—Herself

Continued from page 44

People who did not know her believed she must be like some of her screen portrayals. Many writers attacked her unmercifully for being "beautiful, but dumb." They said that of Madge, who knew far more than many of the wise scribes who so airily disposed of her work and personality.

When "Sandy" came along, the Bellamy flashed over the country like a livid flame. Reviewers who did not know her, realized the young actress knew something about her work. To show what she really could do if she chose, Madge had cut off her long, auburn curls, bleached her bobbed tresses and portrayed Sandy for what she was worth.

Another, a far better character story, has just been finished. Madge, as Sally Qual, the heroine of Edna Ferber's short story, "Mother Knows Best," is sure to attract even more attention than in "Sandy." The story is said to be based on the life of a certain stage celebrity—but far be it from me to suggest her name.

"Mr. Sheehan bought the story," Madge told me, "though Mr. Fox did not see it as a good screen vehicle. Mr. Sheehan said it rested entirely with me to help him prove he was right.

"In this story there are many life-like representations of theatrical life, such as having my feet warmed over a lamp in a freezing dressing room, as often happened during my childhood on the stage.

"The picture should be of interest to many girls who have had their lives ruined by selfish mothers. A parent's abused right of guidance is a much-discussed topic now."

Madge was sitting in one corner of the settee, twisting Wormy's car into all positions and shapes, while the animal was attempting to chew up one of the cushions.

"I think life is lived in a wrong way by most people," Madge added. "Tradition makes us do things because we believe we have to do them. Many let their lives be ruined by custom and circumstances. It is difficult to break away from them.

"Two years ago I was in Paris. One of the things that impressed me greatly was a splendid performance of Rostrand's 'Cynara de Bergerac.' I cried over parts of it, especially in the fourth act, where Cynara reminds his fellow soldiers of their native Gascony, while an old soldier plays a flute. Every one is greatly upset and longing for home. Yet, when a drum starts to roll, they immediately forget. The flute brought dreams—the drum reality. The soldiers were led by each.

"When things go wrong, as they often do in picture work. I say with Cy Rano, poor chap—'

"Adieu rêves, regrets, vieille province, amour. Ce qui du fûr vient, s'en va par le tampon!"

As Sally Qual, the famous impersonator, Madge gives several imitations. Anna Held, Al Jolson, Fanny Brice, Sir Harry Lauder, and Will Rogers are a few of the celebrities she mimics. The Movietone is to be used for these interpolations.

Here again Madge Bellamy is in the foreground. Recent voice reproductions by players at the Fox studio, were not all good.

William Fox himself wired to Hollywood, "Madge Bellamy is the only one who registers."

In speaking of her own ability Madge generally makes a humorous remark.

"Oh, I can usually make up a flowery speech offhand," she tells you. "I think fright makes me say it passably well and to the point. If I had to wait and study it out, it would fall flat."

A startling thing about Madge is that, besides knowing so much, she has the faith of a child in the things she likes. This means that she is often disillusioned when masks fall off.

"Behind her alert brightness, there is something poignant pathetically about her. I may be wrong, but I believe she suffers in common with those who place their faith in a reality, mistaking it for an idealistic dream."

One thing above all, Madge Bellamy can be herself always, because she understands much, and possesses brains and uses them.

In relating these facts I realize how feeble they sound. They are not within half the distance to the right impressions I would like, but am unable, to express about her. It makes me a little self-conscious to think that Madge will see this eulogy. And, as she is the first star ever to make me feel that way, you may depend on it that she is no ordinary individual.

She finds in "Mother Knows Best" her best opportunity, not because she is the star with many scenes and close-ups, but because Sally is a character that appeals to her intelligence and sympathy.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, The Muscle Builder

"Muscular Development, " "Power of Inner Strength," etc.

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this ultramary stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up; proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that goes ahead in this world. She's got the physical foundation to build-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll put on muscle.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you show muscle? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that most bums and actors admire and envy? The things that give you that muscle, and the tenseness in everything you do, are those things that make people think of you as a man, and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It to You in 30 Days

In 30 days I can do over so that you will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, an inch of draperies of rippling strength across your chest. I'd do it for a mere grand-thousand others, and I can do it if you'll just let me guide you. I'll put you up to a level which will get them weak and puny, because it's the hopelessly weak that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the returned look in their eyes, even when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have wrought for them.

You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's the underlying muscle—the muscle you know about but don't use. Sorry, that perfect back and muscle, erist, you can get now. And you'll never have to show them again, and you'll know that you are what every man should be—a healthy, red-blooded human.

I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think I have just played with you, wait till you are yourself at the end of 90 days. Your back and muscle will have a life of their own. You will never have to prove yourself again. You will never be the same man. And I guarantee it. And I promise you that you are what every man should be—a strong, red-blooded human.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman glowers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a strong, red-blooded human. They want to protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I only promised it. I GUARANTEE IT. Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—IT IS FREE

MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT

There's 45 full-page photos of myself and some of my prize-winning pupils. This is the book art gallery of strong men over assembled. Look them over. If you don't get a kick out of this book, you had better roll over—your days of looking after yourself and seeking real happiness are over. This book is not for the weak and effeminate. It is for strong and brawny and self-confident men and women. It will tell you all there is to know about the art and science of making a good, well-built, hard, strong body. It is new. Tomorrow you may forget.
His Nickname is “Connie”

Continued from page 55

already created a stir. His fame, based on his eleven years of stardom in German pictures, had preceded him. He is regarded with such respect that his opinion is actually revered to! He has been, and according to promise probably will continue to be, less restricted than other imported actors.

Usually a foreigner is selected not only for his skill, but because of some individual quality—his difference from our own players. One might call it the keynote of his success abroad—the thing that flashes to mind when his name is mentioned. Yet, in an erroneous effort to make him comply with American standards, that very quality which the company bought is quenched.

More astonishing still is the fact that Universal, a company concerned with getting out pictures quickly, to fulfill public demand, should be so considerate of a foreigner’s point of view. Veidt’s two films, “A Man’s Past” and “The Man Who Laughs,” have offered him the type of characterizations with which he is most familiar.

“Nein, I haft no trouble,” he said.

“Zey giff me stories I want. Paul Leni directs me in my second picture. He directs me abroad. Would zey not giff me my way, I would not act.”

A curious thing about him is that he has made less effort to Americanize himself than have most other foreigners. He is intensely enthusiastic about some American things, and is doing his best to learn English. It is simply that he is so completely European. He seldom appears in Hollywood social life, but is present at the teas and dinners of the foreign colony, the Germans and Hungarians.

“I am nineteen. My ladder is high honor-official of government. Nobody haft nozzing to do wiss t’ater. Zey don’t like. Me, I am crazy to act. I go to t’ater in top seat, like you haft gallery. One day gate-man says, ‘You want be actor? Ach, I make it fix.’ He takes me to man who giff givi lessons. Zis man tells me do somesing. I do Faust.”

Wide mouth split in a grin, his eyes waited with brimming joy for me to get the humor of that. “Beeg bow tie, hair like zis,” he mused it, swept out his arms in a dramatic pose. “Great dramatic actor, artistic! Beeg, booming Faust. He says he teach me for six marks lessons—one dollar and half. I haft no money, but I get from my mudder, from friends. I take ten lessons. Zen I am sad.” His huge frame crumpled; his long, lean face took on the woe of thwarted youth, while his eyes sparkled bright with mockery. “Vait! He likes me. He teach me for nozzing.

“One day he says Max Reinhardt takes ten to train. It iss a school, but you do not pay. Ach, could I? It was a dream. I go to Reinhardt. He iss short, fat man, much dignity. Vat do I act? Faust, surely! I talk like a gun. He pays no listen. I act on. He looks at me. I feel one inch beeg. He says in voice so low, so sweet, so slow, ‘Now, we vill haff somesing else.’ For long time I act. Zen he says, ‘I sank you. Go now.’ Next day my teacher tells me I am to introvess Reinhardt, and for pay! In marks, ten dollars a month!

“Vait! Guess vat I do? I haff me printed white cards in gold letters to say, ‘Conrad Veidt, Max Reinhardt Theater.’ All first ten dollars for my gold cards!

“For two years I am like you say extra. Zen I am in war. Zere too I am extra! Back to Reinhardt for two years more. One day I sink he forget me. I wonder how can I make him know me some more. I copy like our star says his lines, and Reinhardt says, ‘So!’ He remembers, and giff me a lettie bit, but it iss one of soze ecstatic sings.” Every muscle rippled feeling, seemingly, to be crushed by his clenched fist. “It attracts attention. Zen my name really means somesing—and I stop sinking I am so fine actor.”

Reinhardt, naturally, is one of his enthusiasm. “He iss great. He haft soul, heart, chenius!” Veidt beat an exclamatory hand against his chest.

There followed eleven years of screen stardom for Ufa and other companies.

Barrymore sent for him to play in “The Beloved Rogue.” While here, he met Paul Kohner, who persuaded Universal to sign him, after he had gone back to Germany and returned again to this country.

Whether or not his peculiar, tense performances will become popular here, remains to be seen. Certainly he has a compelling personality, and were he ever forced to play what we term straight leads, he would give to them a new vigor. As long as they permit him to do the things he loves, we shall have those strange, forceful characters to relieve the monotony of our own more-or-less-stereotyped, pretty pictures.
lines of tragedy written into his face. His very soul appeared to lie in his appealing eyes—great, dark eyes which seemed to mirror his every emotion. He went to San Francisco when the Exposition was held in 1915, and drifted on to Hollywood. There, where types are in demand, the tragedy in Tufei Fatella’s face attracted attention, and he was cast for the role of the lookout in Universal’s “The Scales of Justice.” This was the beginning of his unusual career.

Almost thirteen years have passed—years in which the sledding was sometimes hard. Rex Ingram took him to Italy when he made “Mari Nostrum,” and insisted on keeping him in his company. He believed the boy brought him luck.

But what really picked him from obscurity and lifted him to a niche of his own was his role in “Don Juan.” As the dwarfed serf, owing allegiance to an imperious lord and signaling to him a warning of the unfaithfulness of his wife, Tufei gave a performance which probably caused millions to ask: “Who is he?” It was a performance which caused him to be cast for a role in “The Night of Love,” with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. It gave him a role in “The Ghost Ship,” and resulted in Lon Chaney’s asking for his services in “The Unknown” and “The Road to Mandalay.”

I hope “Texas” Guinan reads this story, and that every time she sees John George on the screen, she rises and shouts: “Come on, folks, give this fellow a hand!” Because he deserves it.

Object of Wrath

Continued from page 90

similar, yet individual enough to be different. This allusion merely serves as a good example.

It served as a bad example when Jacques was hired for a small rôle in “Don Juan.” He would probably have attracted attention had he played it. In a medieval costume he photographs brilliantly. And not every one can wear tights and look casual. But his looks failed to help him. The rôle, small as it was, was taken from him.

Have you a vivid personality? Do you desire to reveal it before the camera? Will it be in your favor? It probably will not if the star, who has to compete with her own against yours, is like the ones mentioned here. But as these are in the minority, and as the majority are helpful to newcomers, a vivid personality will help you out—or I should say in.
The Girl Who Lived a Lie

By Cynthia de Vinne

Don't miss this Thrilling Novelette in NOVEMBER 24TH issue of
Love Story Magazine

There will also be
“Bumps!”

By Evelyn Frankish Stroh

“The Man She Overlooked”

By Violet Gordon

and

Four Other Short Stories

Love Story Magazine
Every Week 15c per copy

Master of Moods

Continued from page 68

seen Victor Varconi as a character actor, which proves he is an adept at all four types of screen acting.

His rôle of Lord Nelson, in “The Divine Lady,” in which he plays opposite Corinne Griffith, as Lady Hamilton, is reckoned to be one of great value. This is the first picture Varconi has played in since leaving DeMille. Surely an excellent start.

A variety of parts appeal to him. In “The Angel of Broadway” he was a truck driver. In “Chicago” he was seen as a rather weak husband. His recent rôle, in “Tenth Avenue,” reveals him as a hard-boiled crook.

Mention has been made of the four different Varconis we have had a chance to see on the screen. Perhaps I can give a slight sketch of the fifth Varconi—the Victor Varconi in private life. He is not like any particular one of his four types, except perhaps in his comedies.

Need I stress the fact that is another proof of a genuine actor?

In his home, Varconi is a pleasant person to know. He has been married very happily for eight years—to the same wife. Nusi explains the reason why. They married in 1920, when both were on the stage in Budapest. A revolution was in full swing, but that made no difference to them. Though well known, neither he nor his wife is often seen among the “crushes” of the film capital’s overcrowded cafés. Their friends are a small circle of congenial spirits.

Vilma Banky, one of their intimate friends from old days in Budapest, once told me something of interest about Victor.

“No matter where he has worked,” Vilma said, “he has always been admired. In Budapest, Vienna, Berlin or anywhere else, never once have I ever heard any one speak anything but pleasing things about Victor.”

Lya de Putti, another Hungarian compatriot, repeated something very similar to what Vilma had told me.

“I saw Mr. and Mrs. Varconi a few times at the Ufa studio in Berlin,” Lya flared with admiration. But adjectives either in Hungarian, German, French, or English failed to express just what Lya thought of “those nice young Varconis—Nusi and Victor.”

What more can be said of a man—either on or off the screen? All that I might add is, that if Victor creates a fifth type for himself, which is not impossible, I’ll let you know at once.

If You Were to Visit Aileen Pringle

Continued from page 48

dressing table is solid with drawers down to the floor. The top is black and roomy, even for the profusion of jars and bottles it supports. In the center is a large, round mirror supported by a gilded, wrought-iron stand, a Hunt Diedrich gazelle motif.

To the right of the dressing table is a cedar-lined clothes closet. To the left a closet containing deep drawers and cupboards, fitted for lingerie, hats, and shoes.

Against one wall is the bed, low and without head or footboard. Covering it, down to the floor, is a magnificient spread of rich lace over an ivory-satin cover. Frivolous-looking pillows are modernistic, even in their chiffons and faces. Beside the bed is a low table of skyscraper design. On top it holds flowers, a water lamp, cigarette box and ash tray—underneath, a small bookshelf, and at the side are drawers. It is painted a dull, pale rose. Across one wall, under dorner windows, is a Récamier couch, even its cushions covered with a huge throw of woven silk, heavy with rose embroidery on a blue background. Two armchairs and a slipper chair are covered with glazed chintz in corresponding shades. The rug is blue. Against the wall, to the left of the door, is a full-length mirror between two high chests of drawers. These, and the frame of the mirror, are painted rose.

Miss Pringle’s writing room is small and circular, by virtue of the fact that it is in the tower, and above the entrance downstairs. Slender windows on three sides of the circle make the room bright. On the walls between is hung a large collection of photographs. Filling half the room is an enormous desk, skyscraper design, of black lacquer with a top of natural wood, highly polished.

Outside, the patio garden, around which the house nearly completes a circle, is larger than most. In the center is a large, tile fountain, goldfish darting about below the Chinese lilies floating on top. Across the French windows, opening from the living room, is a red-tile terrace, with inviting veranda furniture under its awning.
He Knew What He Wanted

Continued from page 45

Donald, Patty Du Pont—skyrockets, soaring, flashing, dying! I played with John Gilbert on the Fox lot. I was in 'The Four Horsemen.' But I was still an extra.

Then he discovered something else that he wanted. He saw Jobyna Ralston on the screen. "Some day I shall marry her!" he told himself.

He did not meet her for nearly a year after that. When the time came, he was almost afraid. He expected so much. She might disappoint him. But she didn't.

Meanwhile he had crashed into pictures. "Crashed" is the literal term.

"I landed a job delivering films," he related. "I didn't know how to drive a motor cycle, but I wouldn't pass up a job for that reason! I thought I could learn after I started. It developed that there was more of a trick to it than I had expected.

"They gave me some film to deliver to the old Brunton studio. I got the motor started all right, and got along pretty well until I arrived at my destination. Then I discovered that I didn't know how to stop it! So I just ran into a wall and fell off—right at the feet of Nan Collins, who was then casting director on that lot.

"I picked myself up—I wasn't hurt much—and she asked who I was. I told her, we talked—and it was one of those lucky breaks—she gave me my first real job in pictures.

"Mostly I played heavies and wore a mustache—as much of a mustache as I could muster at that time. I got twenty-five dollars a week. If you don't think that looked like big money, then you've never been hungry.

"Soon after that—about four years ago—I got a contract with Paramount. But even then I didn't get on very fast. They didn't seem to like me much, until 'Wings.' After that, things were different.

"And then the dreams started to come true.

"As if it weren't enough that he should get his big break—the thing for which all young actors wait and pray and struggle—he learned that Jobyna Ralston had been cast opposite him in the picture. He would work with her. They would, he told himself, play love scenes together.

"They were married before the picture was finished. They made their plans for the low, white house with the red-tiled roof, nestled among walnut trees. They laid the tiles in the patio themselves, and together they put in the fish pond in the garden.

"The day I was there Jobyna was exulting over the "twelve cute little perch" she had added to her collection of fish. She went fishing in a near-by lake, illegally, with a bent pin, a string and worms from the garden. She brought home twenty little fish in a pail.

"Jobyna has worked very little in pictures since her marriage. "I don't care much if I don't," she says. "There are so many things I must do for Dick—he is coming along so fast, you know. He needs me. I have never cared—much—for a career for myself."

He knew what he wanted, did Dick Arlen.

"I worked eight long years without recognition," he says. "And now that it is beginning to come, it is fine, of course. But I always knew it would happen!"

He is a handsome, clean-cut youth, with a disarming boyishness about him which endears him to women, and a manliness which appeals to men.

Oh, yes! And he is mayor of North Hollywood, the rural suburb where the low, white house is situated. I don't know whether that was part of his plan for himself. I forgot to ask.

His company is proud of him, and pleased with the performances he has given in the roles assigned to him. He is playing the juvenile lead in "Beggars of Life," the tramp story. After that, it looks as if the stardom which he did not seek might descend upon him.

Those who profess to know, say that Dick Arlen will go far in pictures. Well, he will, if determination and a calm outlook upon life have anything to do with it.

WE MODERN

"When we were young," said grandma, and I note the saving habit

"It always was the rule

To save our pennies, one by one,

To take to Sunday school."

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A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 94

the profession of nursing. She wanted to marry; and she was almost engaged, if not quite, to a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper.

"If I could give him a scoop," she thought, "it would just make the difference. He'd think I was it!"

She ran to the telephone on the first floor. It stood on a table in the corridor, and almost opposite were two elevators—one used for visitors, the other mostly for the doctors, surgeons, nurses, and patients going to, or returning from, the operating room. Usually a nurse sat at the table, ready to send and receive messages, but this was a slack time, and for the moment no one was there.

Maggie Turner's heart beat fast, for at any moment some one might come up or down in the elevator and she would be caught. Still, for her own sake and Dick Samson's sake, she would run the risk. She knew the telephone number of the newspaper, and called it. In a few seconds the answer came.

"Is Mr. Richard Samson, one of your reporters, in the office?" she inquired breathlessly. "Get him here quick, will you, or it may be too late?"

The time of waiting seemed interminable. She had almost given up hope when she heard Dick Samson's voice at the other end of the line.

"Hello, Mag! That you? What's the good news? Out with it, girl, for I'm on an assignment, and—"

"I've got a job for you, Dick, that ought to make you!" she cut in. "It's a scoop, if you'll rush here—I'm speaking from the sanitarium, of course—before the thing gets out."

"Listen, good!" answered the reporter jovially. "But I know you girls too well. If you think a row between your head doctor and matron, or any little thing like that, is front-page news for the biggest paper in Los Angeles—why, you'd better think again, kid! I'm on a holdup case now—"

"Wouldn't you say the murder of a titled lady by her own nephew, a well-known writer, in a smart restaurant, was better news than some measly holdup, like we have every day?"

"Good Lord! Yes!" yelled Samson over the line. "Have you got a scoop for me like that—honest Injun, hope to die?"

"You bet I have, if you hurry!" the girl gasped.

"You bet I will!" snapped the reporter.

The nurse slapped the receiver into place and darted down the corridor in the direction of the room she had left.

[To be continued.]

The Stroller

Continued from page 33

He declares he has never yet been asked to define it.

And now about these talking pictures! They are running out of names for 'em. Vitaphone, Movietone, Film tone, Marveltone, and so on. Ted Cook wants Sam Sax, an independent producer, to join in the craze, because he'd have such a splendid name for his process.

Universal, also experimenting with sound, asked for suggestions to name the thing at the annual sales convention. Glenn Tryon—that guy is really no relation to me, even if I do mention him so often—offered one which sprang from his early experience in Westerns.

The name was Horse-a-phone, and the suggestion almost cost him his life.

Theodore Roberts seems to hold a place in the heart of the film colony that no one else has ever achieved. I recently saw him witnessing the weekly boxing bouts at the Hollywood Legion Stadium beaming from a ringside seat. It was almost like a reception, the manner in which he was greeted by every one within hailing distance.

The Hollywood fights are a very interesting spectacle to me, regardless of what happens in the ring. This is a side of Hollywood one doesn't see elsewhere in public. Unlike the formal theater premières, the celebrities go to have a good time instead of being on display. Also, they go there to see friends, and sometimes drop a casual word to those in authority that a job might not come amiss.

Scores of Hollywoodians, as a matter of fact, gather in front of the Stadium before starting time, in order to see friends, when they have no intention of actually attending the bouts.
When she was fourteen, the family moved to Los Angeles. Now, I have it from some of Fay's schoolmates that she was its shining, literary light. It was Fay who named their school yearbook "The Reflector"—which name it still bears. It was Fay who wrote this poem, the only one individually signed in "The Reflector" for 1923.

The Mountains

The mightiest things that nature's hand hath made, Majestic in their dignity they stand, Aglow with life now as the sun doth fade, And fill each chasm with shadows deep and grand. They are the kings; all nature owns their might. The floods, the rivers, the waves pass away. That ball of fire sinking out of sight Acknowledges their power every day. From out their sides stand mighty si-

If weird, strange faces carved by some huge hand, Sphinxlike in wisdom so that one forgets His fleeting life and marvels as hestands. They symbolize serene, eternal power. Seen by the eyes of ages of the past. They shall be until the destined hour. When time shall cease and earth shall pass away.

At fourteen or thereabouts, most of Fay's school chums were beginning to attend parties with their boy friends. Fay was aloof. She was "different." Unquestionably the prettiest girl in the school, with her deep-blue eyes, her curly, brown hair and her lovely face, she was always singled out for special attentions; but she quietly and serenely would have none of them. She was to be a writer. She must study.

Fay's literary ambitions were side-

tracks when the Wray's moved to Hollywood. Somehow she found small bits, during vacations, at one of the lesser studios. After that, she knew her place must be on the screen. She went back to high school, but did not finish; for an offer came for work at the Hal Roach studio—and Fay accepted it.

Her signing for the role of Mitsu, in "The Wishing March," and her subsequent contract with Paramount, are well known. She is now one of the elite on the Paramount lot. Her roles in "The Legion of the Con-
demned," "The Street of Sin," and "The First Kiss" have established her as a leading player in her own right. Fay Wray and Gary Cooper have brought to the screen one of its most satisfying young couples.

I suppose you are wondering just how much this new life of fame and glamour has changed the serious, domestic little girl. Quite truthfully it has changed her very little, if at all. She loves her work—the work that is an outgrowth of her play acting of the surprise-party days. Instead of her childhood friends, it is now the great movie-going public that gives her "surprise parties." She wants to go as high as she can in pictures. Fay is cultivating her already lovely voice, so that sound pictures will not find her wanting.

"I've never had a lifelong chum like most girls have," she told me. "I don't know why, unless it is that I was always so serious, and needed none but Wilma."

A few weeks ago the mother of one of the girls who used to attend Fay's high school decided it would be pleasant to bring together some of the girls who were classmates there. Fay was among those invited. She accepted, overjoyed at the prospect of again seeing her one-time classmates. But a location trip intervened, and Fay sent her regrets, adding that should another such get-together be planned, she would not wish to be excluded.

Her career has interfered with her domestic proclivities. She has not the time in which to do the things she would like to do in her home. But, believe it or not, she still de-

vires pleasure from cooking and sewing; and the things she makes for her own wear are skillfully fashioned.

Her sense of humor? We were discussing my imminent journey on shipboard, and Fay was very seri-

ously recommending chewing gum as a preventive of seasickness. "Really," she urged, "I've never been troubled, and I always chew gum when we go on location over the water. If you do take some with you, and it doesn't do any good, you may say in your story that Fay Wray's prescription for staving off mal de mer was all
damp.

Fay Wray's personality, her char-

acter and her appearance may be described as the nearest to "ideal" that girls ever attain. I do not—most emphatically do—not mean to be anything but sincere when I make such a statement. For it seems to me that those qualities embodied in the near-

ideal are, first, strong character; then a pleasant and cultured personality, a sense of humor, friendliness, a lack of selfish self-esteem, and a pleasingly attractive appearance and voice.

Fay Wray has all these cardinal virtues. She is a delightful young woman.
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Are the Movies Scorning Love?

Continued from page 19

The Brand of a Good Book

perfection than that of romantic love," who further said, "All things considered, it is not so much the nature of the theme, but the strength of the story that really counts. Great stories, I believe, can be built around father love, and the father-and-son angle in pictures can be worked into many dramatic situations that would be new to audiences. I have often thought of an idea along this line, which some day I hope to write as a play. From an actor's point of view, roles like these are far more interesting to play. Then, too, there is the drama of men in some struggle, as for example, in 'Tell It to the Marines,' where the love element was subordinated. I think that my rôle of the sergeant was one of the most satisfying to me that I have ever undertaken.'

George Bancroft, another very popular character actor, has a different version. "Just once in my career I should like to play in a great love story," he said. "I have never had such an opportunity; perhaps that is why I have the desire. However, I should be running a big chance of making a picture that would be a failure, for experience has taught me that recent films that have left love interest to the imagination have proven most successful. Perhaps the character I like best to portray is that of swaggering cocksureness."

"Naturally, I am especially proud of a love story like 'Lilac Time,'" Colleen Moore related.

"I cannot think of anything more wonderful for screen purposes than an out-and-out love story, and a sincere one"—this from Edmund Lowe. "Our magazines have thrived on sex stuff at times, but it is not more than a passing fad. It is passé in the movies, too. But there is always room for a picture like 'Seventh Heaven.' I think that is my favorite of all."

Another devotee is Norma Shearer. "I like old, hot romance on the screen," she said, "I like pictures with love interest, but these days the audience must believe in the situation. The love story must have depth and sincerity, or else the surroundings and circumstances must be unique. The characters must be interesting people, doing interesting things—not just dummies, embracing."

"I think that any human struggle makes a most interesting theme—whether it be a struggle for achievement, fame, money or even existence, as in Griffith's picture, 'Isn't Life Wonderful?'—one of my favorites."

Curiously enough, there is one character actor who is all for the Cinderella theme, and that is Victor McLaglen. "It is as tender to-day as it was thousands of years ago, and we will continue to react to it throughout time," he averred. "There will be passing fads, of course, such as heaving chests and red-hot kisses, but this is not love as we understand the finer things of life."

He, too, mentions "Seventh Heaven" as having a great theme, and describes this theme as being courageous rather than love.

"To me it is much more interesting and worth while to do pictures where love is not the principal emotion, but since it is an integral part of human existence I do not believe it can be ignored," declared Jack Gilbert. "In most pictures the love interest should be distinctly subordinated. For example, in 'Man, Woman, and Sin,' the principal theme was the reactions of the principal character to the vicissitudes of life. In other words, the story mainly concerned itself with his experiences, among which his affair with a society editress was only one of several. In 'The Cossacks' adventure and contest were preëminent—also the devotion of a father and son was very important. The regeneration theme prevails in 'Four Walls,' which I recently made. In fact, heart interest, as personified by Joan Crawford, furnished an obstacle to the success of the hero, deflecting him from his endeavor to reignite himself with organized society after a prison term."

The great love story is perhaps still to be told on the screen. "Seventh Heaven" is an approach thereto, but it lacked the really heroic, adult mold. Its naive charm—wonderfully graceful, however—was very enthralling. It had the delicacy of a Pyramus and Thisbe lyric brought up to date. Its theme of spiritual elevation was enchantingly expressed.

The models for the great love plays would, it seems, go back to Dante and Beatrice, Paola and Francesca, Hero and Leander, Tristan and Isolde, and Romeo and Juliet. These are reckoned among the mighty of the past. Perhaps some time they may be reproduced filmwise, in all their radiant and beckoning glamour.

The screen, too, may achieve its own method of rendering such prototypes both poetic and real. Possibly "Seventh Heaven," in its springlike way, is the beginning of a flower that will mature the flower. It seems to be the present climax, in any event. For it is singularly free from the dross which has hung to many purported revelations of great romances on the screen.
Incidentally, he confided on the same occasion that he aspired to become a studio executive.

"No actor has ever achieved that position, that I know of," he remarked. "But that is what I should like to do, and I am going to try to do it!"

John Gilbert wants to produce. "It is all an accident, my being an actor, anyhow!" he told me. "No one was as surprised as I was. Me—with my bulbous nose and funny, thin neck—a leading man! It's amazing!

"I shall go on, of course, as long as I can, and make as much money as possible. But afterward I am going to work! This is not work, you know—just walking through a picture. Other people have written the story, planned the settings, worked out the action. Why, the very things I do on the set are the expressions of the director. I am just a puppet!

"When the public no longer wants to see me on the screen—and it can't be very long, now—I want to do some of the work in pictures. I want to use my brain.

"I am an egomaniac, you know, and think I could do a lot of these things better than most of the people who are doing them. There are a few brain-workers in the industry to whom I take off my hat with tremendous respect. The rest—well, I think I could do better!"

Jack has great plans, beautiful dreams, of things he wants to do in pictures. Stardom, to him, is just an incident along the way. The end of it will be a new beginning for him.

Esther Ralston, the beautiful blond Esther, plans a dressmaking establishment. "They have made a clothes horse of me in pictures," she remarked. "I shall cash in on that! I have not spent my time entirely in learning how to act. I have spent it learning how to dress, too. I shall sell my knowledge after I have finished practicing what I have learned in pictures."

They are learning, the stars of today, from the experiences of the stars of yesterday. Success can dissolve overnight, into shadows and memories. Only a few can remain in the spotlight over a long period—and they look forward to forty as the end of their stay.

After stardom—what? It is a question which many established players are considering seriously in these days of insecurity and abrupt endings of careers.

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Who Will Be Stars in 1938?

Continued from page 26

tor in Stockholm. Mary Philbin was a music student in Chicago.

Few scientific treatises bother to point a moral. This one, however, on the stars of 1938, does. Ten years will see the passing of all those now at the top. If they're good boys and girls they'll save their money, so they can retire to a nice ranch somewhere. If they're foolish and don't count their Rolls-Royces now, they'll be dogging a street car en route to play a small-time vaudeville date. And meanwhile, a new generation will be in Hollywood, signing big contracts and buying pale-blue, foreign limousines on the installment plan.

Right now that new generation is scattered far and wide. If it's true that history repeats itself, some of 1938's stars are in school, some in offices, others on farms. Or should I say that talking pictures will change it all, to-morrow's John Gilbert is calling out trains in a railroad station, and his screen love, to-morrow's Greta Garbo, is screaming her customers' orders for ham and eggs loud enough for the chef to hear.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

Agua Caliente for the week-end by airplane. Imagine a person on crutches getting into an airplane!

"Anna has never been at a loss for company all the while she has been laid up. The Warner Baxters, the Neil Hamiltons, the Allan Dways, and simply loads of other people live around her and drop in all the time. She looks amazingly well, considering all she has been through, but it may be some time before she can work again.

"Oh, dear, I swore that curiosity wouldn't attract me to another talking picture until the process is perfected, but come to think of it, if Anna ever confides that delightful Swedish accent of hers to a microphone, I'll be the first to rush to hear it.

"Don't be surprised if you hear of Ruth Roland coming back to pictures, now that voices could. All the voice culture she has been indulging in for years isn't going to be wasted.

"Oh, by the way, Ruth and Ben Bard won the dance cup at Montmartre the night Ruth Elder was guest of honor and judge. A nice tribute from the newcomer to the old-timer."

"Have you met Ruth Elder?" I gasped. I do get enthusiastic and curious once in a while.

"Oh, yes," Fanny admitted, striving hard to sound casual. "I called on her the other afternoon. She is living just a block from me. I don't want to appear to gloat over trifles, but I am jealous of any one who can pilot a plane. I might just as well tell you. She is one of the worst automobile drivers I have ever seen. Every motorist on our street scurries for cover when they see her coming out of the garage."

"But what is she like?" I demanded.

"Indescribable," Fanny admitted. She looks like a coarser, more brutal version of Corinne Griffith. Sort of road company No. 3. She has a lot of charm, and a husky voice with an Alabama drawl.

"She wants to stay in pictures as a real troup, not as an aviatrix who is being exploited. But aviation is really her first interest. You would like her.

I am sure I would, but unless Fanny becomes generous and introduces me, I shall have to admire her from afar, like the rest of the public, when she makes her début on the screen.
Hollywood High Lights
Continued from page 100

Offers to be Menagerie.
A man recently wrote to one of the studios, offering to double for animals in talking pictures. He said he could crow like a rooster, bellow like a sheep, roar like a lion, bray like a jackass, and quack like a duck. "I also was learning to rattle like a ratsnake," he continued, "but my girl didn't like it, and wanted to throw me down, so I put that out of my repertoire."

Nemesis Pursues Tom.
Tom Mix's troubles just seem to multiply and multiply. Not only did he have to defend his honor in a fist fight, and then go to court about it, but he has been so tied up with work that he is unable to go to Europe, as he had planned, to join Mrs. Mix and his daughter, Thomasina. Mrs. Mix rather coyly averred, lately, that she wouldn't return home until Tom came for her, according to report, so that this probably made the deferring of the trip a double disappointment to Tom.

This disappointment was as nothing, though, to that which courtroom fans suffered during the trial, when Tom failed to arrive before the judicial tribunal in a ten-gallon hat, and high boots. Everybody had gone to the courtroom expecting that thrill above all others, and it was not forthcoming. Tom appeared in a quiet business suit, a soft hat of regulation style and black oxford, quite the unexpected.

Not So Ephemerel.
Who says that the movies are a precarious profession?
One actor, Edward Connelly, has been with a single organization for fourteen years.

Connie Lured Abroad.
Constance Talmadge has gone to Europe to appear in a new film. She arrived in Paris a few hours before her erstwhile husband, Captain Alan MacIntosh, married Leta Emery, of New York, but she did not attend the ceremony. Instead, she went off to Nice where she will be the star of Louis Mercanton's picture "Venus."

Mr. Marmont Breeds Foxes.
Speaking of matters across the water, Percy Marmont, having accumulated what is colloquially known as a bank roll, is now occupying his estate in Merrie England and is raising foxes for commercial purposes. He's thoroughly enjoying life, and plans to continue his pleasurable existence unless the call of histrionic duties should prove too urgent.

Manhattan Medley
Continued from page 61

dotted tie, at the age of thirteen, has been transformed from The Kid into a little gentleman. The Kid, in his teens, utters wise cracks, does the varsity drag, and recites war poems in company with his father, a hoofer of parts.

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For all around, good lively reading!

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to live down their roles, but Reed Howes manages somehow to make Batch believable. The picture is shock-full of sound effects, including the discordant hubbub of the carnival.

Still More Underworld.

Once more the underworld is lighted by Kleigs, the machine guns do their stuff, the motor-cycle squad turns out, the "gats" pop, and a crook is shown to be smarter than the police department. It is called "State Street Sadie" this time, is aided and abetted by the Vitaphone, and is a fine melodrama, which through sound effects and snippets of dialogue, will achieve a standing it might not otherwise possess. The story is typical of the movies, its preposterousness being disguised by its quick movement.

Conrad Nagel's twin brother works in a bank which is robbed by gunmen who, in the mélée, kill a policeman and fasten their guilt on the twin. This is responsible for his suicide, whereupon Mr. Nagel turns up to avenge his brother's death, and unmask the master mind known as "The Chief." In bringing this about, he meets State Street Sadie who, oddly enough—or it would be odd outside the motion pictures—disguises her identity as that of the slain policeman. Need be added that the master mind is unmasked by the hero and heroine masquerading as crooks, and that love lights their future?

William Russell contributes a gripping, though florid, character study as the principal crook, and his work is given further importance by his skillful handling of dialogue. As much can also be said of George Stone, but Mr. Nagel, though reputedly satisfactory as a Vitaphonist, sounds to me as if he had a cold in the head, and Myrna Loy's exotic appearance is nullified when her pallid voice is heard.

Oleomargarine.

The reason I take issue with "The Butter and Egg Man" is not only because it is a slow, conventional movie, directed and acted without resourcefulness or imagination, but because the character around which the stage play was written has been ignored and a counterfeit substituted. This character, by name Peter Jones, was a shy, idealistic youth with a beaming belief in the theater and the people of it, though he knew little of either. In the picture he has, it is true, the same name; but, woe is me, he becomes a natty movie actor of distinctly moviesque countenance and acting. In a word, he becomes Jack Mulhall who, veteran performer though he is, is about as shy and wistful as an Elk. So that when Peter comes to Broadway with $12,500 to invest in the theatrical business, all the point of his deception and fleeing by a pair of fly-by-night promoters is lost. Peter, as seen on the screen, appears to be quite able to see through any gold-brick proposition made to him. And so it goes. At any rate—and this is written wearily—Peter turns the tables on his betrayers, recoups his money, espouses the leading lady, and leaves his enemies on the brink of ruin. It is all drearily trite despite the presence of Greta Nissen, who in appearance is a rhythmic poem but who, because of this, resembles more the star of a Ziegfield revue than the heroine of what in theatrical parlance is known as a "turkey" show.

Pleasing and Funny, Too.

A thoroughly pleasant little picture is "Heart to Heart," in which Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, and others appear. Characterizations count more than plot, but the latter is sufficiently fresh to be interesting. The Princess Delatorre, née Ellen Bayd, revisits Millertown, Ohio, her birthplace. Great preparations are made to receive her with all the honors due a circus, her Aunt Katie being the ringleader. Arriving on an early train, and without the court robes expected by the natives, nobody recognizes her. In fact, she is mistaken for a seamstress by her aunt, who thinks the worst when Uncle Joe is discovered carrying on what is thought to be a flirtation with her. To inspire sentimental interest for the picture, the Princess looks up her childhood sweetheart. If a childhood sweetheart in the movies ever failed to deliver the sentimental goods, please advise. The picture is replete with amusing touches, with no little slapstick to make laughter doubly sure. Louise Fazenda, as Aunt Katie, and Lucien Littlefield, as Uncle Joe, make the most of their opportunities, and Mary Astor is beautiful and charming as the princess. Lloyd Hughes is the essential young man. "Heart to Heart" is a homy picture, with plenty of laughter guaranteed and every opportunity to see Louise Fazenda increases one's admiration for her ability to be funny, without ever repeating her characterizations. Mary Astor is becoming a better actress in each rôle she essays.
He'll Fool You If He Can

Continued from page 34

Having been the vogue abroad, a great favorite both on stage and screen, he cannot understand why he has been so long in duplicating that prestige here. He found that he must practically start all over again in America. Though his contracts have kept him busy, he has not yet made his name what it was in Europe. And he is puzzled, as a small boy would be at some baffling problem.

"Abroad, it is the ability. The public like the actor, because he is good. If not—" His hand waved the vague ambiguity that meant "out." "Here, too much the personality. Ya, there I get also much fan mail. But it is different from here—more quiet. It is about the work. Here, it is nice letters, and I appreciate, but it is personal, and questions."

He was in Russia for two years, in the diplomatic service. Surely he was involved in adventures? But no, he smiled. It was a routine work, even the meeting with Lenin. The interview Nils simply will not tell glamorous tales.

"I have always a dog. I cannot remember when I have no dog. I slip away from school and we swim, or we go out into the country and climb the hills. We get up high on a rock by the sea, and think. I think, and my dog act like he think. If there is a storm we like it all the better."

Following terms at Lunel University and the Royal Dramatic School, he was on the stage for two years.

"Abroad you must study at dramatic school. You do not get up and act, as here. No, no actor before me in the family. They do not like it, my parents. But now, ya, it is all right.

On the stage, according to custom, he played leads and supers, alternating. Isen—the usual things. Something of Eugene O'Neil's, translated into German.

When, in glancing across his biography, as recorded by him at the studio, the publicity boys saw "Wings" noted as his first picture, they whooped.

"That boy's good! Trying to kid the publicity department. Nils patiently insisted that his first lead had been in "Wings," his initial picture. The mention of Mauritz Stiller's name as director brought to light a German production by the same title as our air epic.

So, through "Sorrell and Son," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Our Dancing Daughters," "The Cossacks," and others, he has slipped lithely, sometimes as the menace, again more heroic, but never as a person with a sense of humor.

"Not until 'The Cardboard Lover,' with Marion Davies, do I play comedy part here." He spoke as enthusiastically as alerting English and overworked hands could convey the story of his latest role, in which he is "pursued," according to the plot, by Jetta Goudal. In Europe I play it much. Comedy I like, the—" Words failing, a long artistic hand illustrated the undulating movements and lightness of comedy.

In ten months he has played in eight films—not a bad record.

"I reduce me thirty pounds," he confessed. "Now I weigh one hundred and seventy."

Though he gives the impression of slenderness and litheness, there is plenty of him. At the effort to place another thirty pounds upon him my imagination balked.

His favorite actor, before he came to this country, was Charles Ray. If in your idols can be seen your own hopes, we can see the dark, somber boy, Nils, with his contradictory mischievousness, earnestly watching the skillful Ray. "Not dreaming. You do not associate anything so vague and tenuous as dreams with Nils, despite his attempt to make you think of him as forlorn and solitary. He is, by nature, somber, that is the undertone. He is purposeful. You can readily see him planning, waiting, for success, though I'm sure he is less stoic than he would have us believe.

Did the signing of his contract to come to America give him a thrill? No. So he said. "I wonder.

"I have to catch the train in only thirty-five minutes. I work until then. But no, I am not excited. I know for a long time some day I come to America, so I do not do like this." His hand fluttered and wiggled, and his smile flashed.

He wants a home. "Not in Hollywood. In the mountains, up high where many peoples cannot drop in to visit all the time. For nine years I have not a home. I sit in the hotel room and I read. I try to read in English. I must learn. But I like better German and Norwegian."

His fan mail is growing. Interest in him is accelerating. He has, without doubt, all the qualifications for success on the American screen, given suitable roles: personality, skill, looks, youth.
and Maurice Braddell give fine performances.

“The Lion and the Mouse The”—Warner. One of its greatest-making capital. Vitaphone not very satisfactory in instances of May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr. Alec B. Francis is effective. Also Lionel Barrymore.

“Fazit”—Fox. Expensive and beautiful production, but a hollow attempt to revive interest in the private life of a sheik. Charles Farrell and Greta Nis-


“Dragnet, The”—Paramount. Should be seen if you like these “gang” pictures. George Bancroft stands for the law instead of against it. Admirable work by Francis MacDonald. William Powell good. Leslie Fenton and Fred Kohl complete excellent cast.

“Street of Sin”—Paramount. Emil Jannings is good, but does not reach heights attained in previous roles. Story of a Limousine bully and crook. Uncompromisingly bawdy and semi-

“The Cossacks”—Metro-Goldwyn. Story of “Lukashka,” of a wild tribe of Russians, who is accused of cowardice. He is tried by the Russian peasants, and the amiliiation of those poor Romanoffs. Charles Farrell, as a grand duke, falls in love with Dolores del Rio, who is, of course, a girl of the people. Ends happily enough. Ivan Linow gives a distinctive performance. Dorothy Revier is a princess.

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“Wheel of Chance”—First National. Richard Barthelmess does some genuinely fine acting, playing the dual role of twin brothers who were separated in Russia. He is living among Russians and fascinating as the wicked lady, who plays a part in the life of both brothers. Bodil Rosing is sympathetic in her role.

“Big Killing, The”—Paramount. Last casts of star teams of Garry and Hatton. Not quite as funny as predecessors, but you will enjoy Beery and Hatton. It’s a farce about a feud among neighbors. Mary Brian has an effective part as the mountaineer’s daughter, and Lane Chandler is good.

“The Actress”—Metro-Goldwyn. The story of a rich boy’s love for an actress, back in the Victorian days. At the stage play, “Trelawney of the Wells.” Norma Shearer as “Rose” succeeds in being sweet. Ralph Forbes is convincing, if silly. Owen Moore is perfect as “Tom Walker.”

“Telling the World”—Metro-Goldyn. Poor attempt at being a great newspaper story, but is worth seeing because of William Haines, who is still prancing and juvenile, and because of Anita Page from whom the fans may expect much.

“Loves of an Actress”—Paramount. Cannot fail to please those who are loyal to Pola Negri. Set in Paris, and is the story of Susan. The greatest tragic heroine of her day. Miss Asther heads the supporting cast, which includes Philip Strange, Paul Lukas, Richard Tucker, and Helen Gier.

“Mysterious Lady, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo endows another picture with her extraordinary talent rather than adjusting herself to a new role. She is a Russian spy, and the picture has all the extra trimmings of amusing situations and a court-martial. Conrad Nagel, with a romantic marble, is heroic and convincing.

“Scarlet Lady, The”—Columbia. Another tale of a Russian prince finding true love outside royal boundaries. The picture has vigor and is effective. Lya de Putti has a magnetic personality, but is hardly sympathetic or sincere. Don Alvarado is agreeable, and Warner Oland is ferociously villainous.

“Terror, The”—Warner Brothers. A mystery movie, entirely in dialogue. Is too slow to make the most of thrilling situations and a murder plot. Louise Fradenza has an unusual role. The rest, all of whom have lots to talk about, are: May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Alice Francis, Mathew Betz, Holmes Herbert, John Miljan, Otto Hoffman, Joseph Girard, and Frank Austin.

“Lilac Time”—First National. A little bit of everything you’ve seen in all the other war pictures, but done on a big scale, with a few effects and an effective airplane sequence. Colleen Moore’s capers dominate the first part and her emotional acting the second, so you can take your choice. Gary Cooper.


“Four Walls”—Metro-Goldwyn. The rivalry of underworld gangsters is the theme of this film. Not particularly exciting. John Gilbert fails to characterize the Jewish fellow, and plays himself more like a pretentious debonair than a gangster moll. Carmel Myers and Vera Gordon give authentic performances.

“At Yale”—Pathe’-DeMille. Rod La Roque breaks away from serious roles and is seen in a genuinely amusing comedy. All about an Argentine youth who comes to Yale. Yes, there’s a professor’s daughter mixed up in the plot. She happens to be Jeanette Loff.

“Forbidden Hours”—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro is a king of a mythical kingdom. Falls in love with a poor girl, the queen, and finally obtains both throne and maid. Aimless story. Novarro fans will like their favorite, however. Renee Adores gives excel lent performance. Dorothy Cumming, Edward Connelly, Roy D’Arcy, and Alberta Vaughn.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

“Gateway of the Moon, The”—Fox. Lame story of a girl who goes out to ending. Lew Cody is clever, and Sue Carol makes the most of her role. Finally he succumbs to her charms—as they always do in fillums. Dolores del Rio, Walter Pidgeon, and Leslie Fenton.

“Girl from Chicago, The”—Warner. A good story, well acted, with credits to track down the man guilty of the crime for which her brother was sentenced. Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, and William Russell are all excellent.

“Good-time Charlie”—Warners. Sensational and dull story, well made by Helene Costello’s radiant presence. Story of a murdered father, who sacrifices everything for his daughter. Warner Oland, Clyde Court, and Montagu Love are in the cast.

“Magnificent Flirt, The”—Paramount. Smooth, polished and beautiful to the eye. An airy story. Albert Conti is nearly Adolphe Menjou. Loretta Young is exquisite, and Matty McAvoy is convincing. Florence Vidor is as innocently wicked as ladylike décor permits. Ned Sparks furnishes many laughs.


“Foreign Legion, The”—Universal. A story no one can believe. For one good reason, Norman Kerry assumes the blame for a crime committed by the husband of the woman he loves. He leaves England and serves in the For eign Legion. Not much sense to any of it. Acting of Norman Kerry, Lewis Stone, and June Marlowe is not much to talk about, though Mary Nolan makes a fine villainess.

“Michigan Kid, The”—Universal. Commonplace story, told strictly in routine. Conrad Nagel, in title role, meets his childhood sweetheart when she comes to Alaska to marry the villain. A fight, a forest fire and an escape in a canoe have respective places. Renee Adores is the heroine, and Lloyd Whitlock is the villain.

“Beau Broadway”—Metro-Goldwyn. The pictures has bright moments, but is absurdly dull in theme. The story of a prize-winning promoter who promises to care for the “child” of a dying friend, only to find that the “child” is a high-powered ingenue. Inconsistent plot, poor production. Sue Carol makes the most of her role. Aileen Pringle has little to do.
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dence. . . It's a mad but merry whirl. And sometimes even Youth likes to sit down and rest for a golden moment. . . At which times a really good cigarette is like the Dawn of a New Day.
PICTURE PLAY
JANUARY 1929

NITA PAGE
inted by
ODEST STEIN

Texas Guinan Pans Hollywood
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Picture Play

Volume XXIX  CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1929  Number 5

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What the Fans Think  Our readers express their convictions in no uncertain terms.  8
Under the Mistletoe Bough  Charles Rogers and Mary Brian show how to have a Merry Christmas.  15
Born to Comedy—The Story of Fazenda  Elza Schallert  16
The character and career of Louise Fazenda are sympathetically portrayed.
The Prodigal Returns  Margaret Reid  20
Talking pictures bring Pauline Frederick back.
Oh, Those Hollywood Parties!  Alma Talley  22
A highly humorous account of a memorable night.
Roughnecks Preferred  Myrtle Gebhart  25
William Boyd scorches the very heroes that have made him popular.
If Wishes Come True  Madeline Glass  27
What certain Christmas trees may hold.
Over the Teacups  The Bystander  28
Fanny the Fan talks first and thinks between times.
No Walking Home Here  32
Unveiling Olive's "Past"  Madeline Glass  34
It is as interesting as Miss Borden's present.
Favorites of the Fans  35
Full-page portraits in rotogravure of eight popular players.
Jetta Steps Down—But Not Out  William H. McKegg  43
Miss Goudal relinquishes stardom with a smile.
Manhattan Medley  Aileen St. John-Brenon  44
A bright chronicle of New York's movie news.
The Home Dolores Built  Margaret Reid  48
The Del Rio residence is visited with enthusiasm.
A Modest Chap  Myrtle Gebhart  51
Will Cornelius Keefe object to this interview?
The Stroller  Carroll Graham  52
Ironic commentary on vagaries of the movie colony.
Texas Guinan Pans Hollywood  A. L. Wooldridge  54
Is the night-club hostess' bark worse than her bite?
Hollywood High Lights  Edwin and Elza Schallert  56
Authoritative news and gossip of the studios.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of “who’s in it?” and again your answer is Paramount—more stars, greater stars than any other company! But always remember—the important thing in selecting a picture is not “who’s in it?” but “who made it?” Not one of these names, nor all of them together is as great as Paramount—the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—“if it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!
Admission Twenty-five Cents
What Hollywood's movie museum offers for a quarter. 60

Five Week-ends
How the stars do not kill time away from the studio. 61

A Girl Comes to Hollywood
Alice M. Williamson 62
The eighth installment of our mystery novel is packed with suspense.

What Price Good Nature?
Helen Louise Walker 66
Odd and humorous experiences of the stars in keeping faith with the public.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases
A word to the wise is sufficient. 69

The Screen in Review
Norbert Lusk 70
Our critic reports on the new pictures.

Norma—As She Is
Margaret Reid 74
Miss Shearer is subjected to keen analysis.

Life Rides in a Bus
Dunham Thorp 83
A glimpse of movie life not enjoyed by the tourist.

Jean Hersholt's Infinite Variety
Photographs of the eminent actor's varied roles. 84

Some Can and Some Can't
Ann Sylvester 86
The uncertainty of the stars' business ventures.

Carrying On
William H. McKegg 89
How widows of stars are upholding the family traditions.

The High-hat Quintet
How to see who they are! 97

And So to Bed
Five gentlemen prepare for the dream world. 101

Information, Please
The Picture Oracle 102
Answers to readers' questions.

Talking Pictures Are Here to Stay

In spite of the crudities and imperfections of voice recordings, retarded action and unwanted recruits from vaudeville, the new invention will play a far more important part in the destiny of motion pictures than most fans realize, particularly those in towns remote from the big cities, where dialogue pictures have not yet penetrated. Indeed, this year will go down as the most revolutionary in the history of the movies. Now, much has been written about various aspects of talking pictures, but the subject looms large enough to fill many issues of PICTURE PLAY. Next month Edwin Schallert will follow his first article on the subject with another in more detail. He will tell you just how important the talkies are, and will disclose facts that have hitherto never been published. Every well-informed fan will want to read his story, because no fan who is seriously interested in pictures and their future can afford to miss it.

Personalities That Intrigue

Never were there so many in the movies as there are to-day! Floods of letters come to PICTURE PLAY from fans who have made their own discoveries of players, old and new. For the new-comers they predict success or failure, and they want to know all about what the older players have done. That is why the editing and publishing of PICTURE PLAY is fascinating work to those responsible for it. We enjoy the stimulation of bringing together congenial friends when we publish stories of the stars. The February number will be especially notable in this respect, for it will contain unusual glimpses of Estelle Taylor, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Phyllis Haver, Evelyn Brent, Eddie Quillan, Leslie Fenton and others too numerous to mention. Also, with next month's issue, PICTURE PLAY will offer a novelty in the way of a cover, about which we hope the fans will express their opinions.
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Vitaphone Talking Pictures are electrifying audiences the country over!
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If it’s Not a WARNER PICTURE it’s Not VITAPHONE
We wish to defend Richard Barthelmess against the slander directed toward him by Gene Charteris, which was published in the September Picture Play. After reading the terrible letter he wrote about Mr. Barthelmess, we think he is very narrow-minded on the subject. If "The Patent Leather Kid" was lacking in any element of appeal or interest, as Gene said, why is it that all people, whom we have asked about the picture, have said they liked it very much? Maybe "The Patent Leather Kid" wasn't his best picture, but we think the picture was good, and the ending was great. Maybe the trouble is in the viewpoint of the onlooker. We are inclined to believe that that is the case with Gene.

What if Mr. Barthelmess has made no progress? Does Gene think that people like himself are of any assistance to a star's progress? We are not pretending to judge his progress; we do not follow film news enough for that, but we do know when a picture is enjoyed. And we would like to add that we have never seen a film of Mr. Barthelmess' that failed to interest us.

As for the poor appearance of Mr. Barthelmess, we have our doubts as to Gene's judgment in this particular case.

What if Richard Barthelmess is on the verge of middle age, or will soon have a bald spot? Will a bald spot affect his acting? We think not. His age makes it seem all the more wonderful to us that he could look so young in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." We wonder if Gene saw that picture, or if he was too narrowed by his prejudice to look for some good in Dick Barthelmess and Molly O'Day.

If Mr. Barthelmess is not the person to take a pugnastic rôle, why blame him? There are others besides ourselves who admired him in this rôle. We thought him immensely interesting in the way he chewed his gum. He has a personality which cannot be duplicated in all Hollywood.

Though Molly O'Day is not our favorite actress, we don't believe you, Gene, are helping her to improve her acting. There must be some good in that young woman, or she certainly would not be cast for important rôles.

In the May Picture Play there appeared an article entitled "They're Going to School for a Year."

Of the eleven players named, Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, James Hall, Ruth Taylor, Buddy Rogers, Lane Chandler, Louise Brooks, Jack Luden, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, and Nancy Carroll, I am reasonably certain that the four who will be highest in popular favor, and most worthy of stardom, will be Buddy Rogers, Louise Brooks, James Hall, and Richard Arlen. Their performances so far have proved very satisfactory, and there is no doubt but that they will be able, by their own efforts, to carry a poor story to the heights. Isn't that what is expected of a star? Stards seldom are given rôles equal to their ability, and it's usually their personal popularity that brings in the shekels.

Here are a few players whom I think are exceptionally interesting and who have real ability: Betty Bronson, Sally "O'Neil, Molly O'Day, Lois Moran, Marian Nixon, Barry Norton, Charles Morton, and Anita Page. Some of these are well known and have been in the movies a few years. Betty, Sally, and Lois are given small parts in equally small pictures. Why? Surely they are admired, but there aren't rôles for all of these youngsters, and only the luckier ones survive. Yet the producers are screaming from the house tops that the industry needs youth and the public wants youth! Horse feathers! We want youth, yes, just as we want everything else. But we're being fed up with it. And the worst part of it is, these younger ones take the parts of much older women. You'll understand what I mean when I cite Loretta Young as an example. Only fifteen, and playing leading lady in rather sophisticated pictures. All she seems to do is to pose, and she has that "look-who-I-am" air about her.

If they start out at fifteen, or thereabouts, playing leads, without previous experience, how long do they expect their success to last? The best of our stars have been really popular only about six years, and they had real beauty and ability. But these prodigies are cut from the same pattern and don't try to be different. In six years, at about twenty-one or so, they will be passé and prematurely old, just when they should be enjoying life most.

Bobbie and Bonita Rogers.

111 Twelfth Avenue, North,
Seattle, Washington.

Doesn't Like "Kidlets."

Mary Frances Cooney.

1012 Throop Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

[Continued on page 10]
“He can’t play... turn on the radio”
they all shouted

but my revenge was sweet

A Dramatic Moment

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

The Secret

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

A few of my friends nodded. “That’s a correspondence school, isn’t it?” they exclaimed.

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

“It doesn’t seem possible,” someone said. “That’s what I thought, too. But the Free Demonstration lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.”

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

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how when I heard others playing I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was anxious because they could entertain their friends and family. “Music was always one of those never- come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me.”

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It is an established fact that some of our most prolific authors have gone to Hollywood, eager to do what they could improve upon the fire, the moving picture. After a few months of locking the craft and politics, which in the movie mecca seem to have taken the place of creation and inspiration, they retire, and go home to a more distant, where they resort to cynicism. But can you blame them? I love my movies; but, in view of outcomes like the latest, "Circus Rookies," I admit they need improvement. As they stand now, they provide, probably, the greatest source of entertainment the world has ever known. But is that enough?

RITA DILLON.
Care of Sievert, 1244 Grand Concourse, New York City.

Why? And, Indeed, Why?
The most common complaint of the movie actor, or of any public personality for that matter, is that he must be performing such an enormous glare, such a conglomerate mass, the public—"if they would only leave our private life unmolested."

And, further: "Why should they be curious as to whether I eat ham and eggs for breakfast, or if I drink only orange juice in the morning? Is it to them whether I wear silk stockings or have a thinning spot on my scalp?"

Yes, indeed—why? Why is it that we, the public, evidence an unquenchable, prying curiosity in such matters? That we dare do such curiosity goes without saying. Else why this constant cry of the actor? Or witness the champion, Mr. Trumpet, in his unsuccessful efforts to keep the glare of publicity from his face. Or take the case of Richard Barthelmess, who has so well expressed the situation, and taken a definite stand.

No, therefore, why?
First of all, let us dispose of that group which is willing to enjoy the actors' work, and who are not, to our modern idea, star-sick. Their curiosity is based on belief, and their desire to read highly notable praise. If a cumulative piece of praise is fed to them, they become excited, and they follow the actor's career with enthusiasm.

But, secondly, because of those things which have come in the twentieth century and made it peculiarly hysterical, and entirely different from all post life. The which Mr. Barthelmess complained, even unto the last iota.

225 East River Street, Peru, Indiana.

Colman Praises Barthelmess.
Don't you think it is time some of Richard Barthelmess' admirers, and others, who have been his detractors have his, and every statement he made was a flat contradiction of fact. Have you seen "The Patent Leather Kid" saw Barthelmess put over a superb characterization that no one could have bettered. Those who have not yet seen the film should read how highly Norbert Lusk praised it in the November Picture Play.

Madeline Glass' article on Mr. Barthelmess is not at all accurate, as she only attacked the first, and I admire her candor in admitting that she had met her Waterloo in him. Some interviewers would have given us the "fiction" about Mr. Barthelmess, as he seemed to be quite a simple individual. He has written a separate letter to me, and that would have been the same appeal to the mother, the wife, and daughters of the film colony. Women would always look for Dick far more than they would forgive most of us, because of his wayward boyishness.

When the door of a schoolhouse opens in the afternoon, the fresh toy to rush out as a "beau" like Dick. He plays just as hard as he works. He stays up at night and crashes about, but he is just as fresh in the morning as if he had gone to bed with the violets, and he has done several pictures with terrific boxing in them, just to keep himself fit.

"There is nothing I enjoy more than to go out with Dick or anything that he does. He has a sixty-foot schooner called Pegasus. He heads for the Catalina Island and cries, "Now I am Persius flying over the waves to Antipodes.""

Evidently Mr. Barthelmess shows another side of his nature to his intimate friends.

Mr. Condon, Plymouth, Devon, England.
About This and That.

Every month this section of my favorite film columns is determined to butt in on some of the arguments expressed in its columns; but usually, before one has time to prepare for battle, there comes some fresh discussion to tantalize the true fan.

But some remarks of Lorraine Chandler's can not go unchallenged. I refer to the paragraph about Charlie Chaplin, in which she finds it difficult to believe he is a great artist, because he is not a naturalized American, and because he took no active part in the war.

It may be of interest that no less authority than the noted author and soldier, Major Major Hay" Beth, told me that he himself signed Charlie Chaplin's exemption papers in the belief that his small stature and general physique rendered him far less useful as a fighting unit than as a mental and moral stimulus through his service as an artist and entertainer.

Furthermore, it may seem strange to Miss Chandler, to realize that there are a great number of people who may not wish to sell their birthright, however grateful and appreciative they may be of the opposition given materially that their adopted country has given them.

Finally, Mr. Chaplin is not entirely innocent of service to the States, which children's portion of his yearly earnings as revenue.

May I also add a word of praise and gratitude to the on-set-devised quickies? To Columbia, in particular, the fans owe a debt of gratitude for bringing back so many of their old favorites, and proving that neither their acting powers nor their box-office value has decreased, despite the influx of new stars and the general impression that experience is unnecessary.

It was with great pleasure that this fan read Margaret Reid's article on Conway Tearle in the May 11 issue of "Movie Mirror," as many Tearle fans have long suspected, that he has a delightful sense of humor. The vexed question of the real difference between a personality and an actor on the screen will probably never be settled; but if some enterprising producer would only return Mr. Tearle to us in Richard Dehan's "The Dog of the Walker" (as we have seen the Dog of the Walker, at least, can claim to both titles. And if Columbia would become Betty Bronson's sorely needed fairy godmother, we shall all be Tearle fans. It would be a delightful 

Take a Bow, Billy.

While seeing "Excess Baggage" recently, I had an experience which will probably never be equaled. It was about William Haines. There was a very old gentleman sitting next to me, and he got very excited during the picture. At the conclusion, he turned to me and said, "Isn't that boy a wonder!" My answer was, "He is, and the greatest actor that we ever saw.

It is said around at the crowd of us that were together, and wanted to know if we were a delegation for something. So we told him that we were members of the "Crowd of Truth," and asked if he could join. The tears had been streaming down his face, because, he said, "he was so glad that things turned out right for Eddie that just couldn't help crying." And then he told us about a boy of his acquaintance, who, he had lived, would have been about William Haines' age. "If my boy had lived, I would have asked nothing better than to see him like Charlie Chaplin. Now one could ask more than to have a son such as he. May he always be true to the ideals that shine from his eyes."

And he added that he is proud to be the president of a fan club in honor of the cleanest and finest American boy on the screen to-day, and we have made that old gentleman our club "Grandpa." 

VIVIAN STEPHENS.

Perry, Lake County, Ohio.

Unfair and Unkind to Ridicule.

Some of the critical letters about Rudolph Valentino are coolly sensible, but I think it is unfair and unkind to ridicule the article by Miss Adoree in her October letter. Oh, indeed it calls for a laugh! She says, "Gibert has ridden to fame on the light of Renee Adoree's reflected glory!" Don't some people think up the oddest things? That is positively the best I've heard yet. It is so ridiculous! Miss William is, I presume, harboring the illusion that Mr. Gibert's one and only picture was "The Big Parade." She doesn't seem to realize that "Shame" and "Monte Cristo," two of his greatest successes, were created and made famous before little Miss Renee was even heard of. Nor does the fact that Jack has scored success after success since "The Big Parade," without the aid of Miss Adoree's "hallowed glory," appear to matter particularly. Without a doubt, Miss Adoree added considerable charm to both "The Big Parade" and "The Corsican Vagabond," but she is undoubtedly a talented actress; but it seems to me that, instead of her reflected glory helping Gibert to fame, the very opposite is true. Even her greatest success must admit that, no matter how splendidly she portrayed Nanny Ping in "Mr. Wu," she was not the same spirited Renee who gave us "Millions." Come now, Bernice, praise your favorite all you like, for she surely deserves it; but lay off our favorite. His glory is his own. Your praise makes the fans different, and he has done nothing to you to merit your brags.

HAZEL I. WEAVERSTON.

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

British Studio Gossip.

We have often read in the "What the Fans Think" an account of a fan's visit to a studio in Hollywood, and wondered if the fans would be interested in the stars of the British stage. But as I have not bore you with stories of stars you do not know, but will start off with Monty Banks, who is firmly established at the Elstree Studios.

Whenever I have seen Monty arrive at the studio it has been on the running board of his car. He is very active, as one would imagine a British politician. He has very dark skin, black hair, and black, sparkling eyes. He is just lovely to every one and responds to every call to be "snapped" by a visitor.

Anna May Wong is the loveliest creature. She is making "Piccadilly," and when I saw her she was wearing a gorgeous silver-and-blue indictment. She has very dark skin, black hair, and black, sparkling eyes. She is just lovely to every one and responds to every call to be "snapped" by a visitor.

The last time I saw Walter Byron, he was attired as a clergyman, and was en- gaged in boarding up a set. He sat on the set, while waiting for the director and camera man to come along. I know every one will love Walter when they see him opposite Vivien Leigh.

But the most gorgeous creature I have seen off screen was Dolores del Rio. She is wonderful, and has won the hearts of most of us English filmgoers. For her ex- cursion to the East End. She was very anxious to study the lives of the slum dwellers, as she intends to portray one of them in a future film, and we can absolutely depend on something very excellent from Miss del Rio in that film.

LOUISE E. JOHNSTON.

211 Hampstead Road, London, N. W. 1, England.

From One Artist to Another.

There are ripples like a Silver waves and a sleepless ocean Running round your mouth In the molding of your face There is inimitable serenity. (in the molding of your face) To your touch so tender Can you fill the end Of things accomplished. Only Lying beneath the fringe of your long lashes Are the taut, blue, violet lines That strain upon the leash That holds you to this earth.

DOROTHY GIS.

Theater Guild, New York City.

For Tamer Love.

I have not acquired the spirit of cynicism the extent that I do not see women to be the base and blatant creature that most of the recent movies depict her. A good woman is too wonderful to be constantly portrayed as a shallow, sensuous, wholly pleasure-seeking, jazz-crazed individual; and a young person, nowadays, at the age when he begins to be sex-conscious has a right to feel that the pictures about her represent her. What about talking girls that we've seen heroine have loved representing by scenes of debauchery. The worst feature is that the scene for such rot is made so glamorous that we all wish a shot at it. At the same time, those of us who have seen life realize that this lustful pleasure that is supposed to be so enjoyable is all a hallucination. I enjoy the idea of watching some girls, for a change, to see some clean, pure love stories. Bring back some of those infinitely tender scenes of "Seventh Heaven," or give us a leading lady such as
What the Fans Think

as Anita Page, in “Telling the World,” who can radiate holy, soul-felt, consuming love from her eyes.

In my opinion, pictures could be made a potent factor in propagating higher standards, instead of sponsoring a retrogression to the days of licentious Rome. A splendid opportunity is being wasted. What do the fans think about it?

I’d like to suggest that we refrain from such tolerant articles to this column, such as the one written by Patricia Pank. Such articles as this stultify public comment. Arthur W. Gutekunst. Moherly, Missouri.

A Brick for Grouches.

This department could be such a pleasant one, but with a few interesting exceptions the contributors' views are so antagonistic that at times it is positively amusing. It is difficult to believe they can give vent to such thoughts in black and white, for I am beginning to think the narrow-mindedness and extreme criticism is conceived in order to get letters in print. If any fan is irritated by the personal attacks, let him forget it and praise his favorites.

Colleen Moore’s Jeannie, in “Lilac Time,” is the best of her recent rôles. She impresses upon us that her ability is of a greater depth than suspected from her flapper rôles.

Although Mary Pickford never left us, she seems to be back in earnest, and lovers of film can always be sure that Pickford will not lose any friends for her, if it be Mary herself who appeals to us so deeply. Mary is quite the loveliest of stars, with Dolores Costello running a close second. Their beauty is natural, physically and spiritually. Many of the stars are beautiful, but artificial.

It is a fact that stars will not permit their doubles to have movie tests. Marion Davies is to be complimented on her graciousness in insisting that Mr. Pickford have a test—and the reports are favorable.

A star who has not appeared in pictures of late, and who has shown much promise in the cast of poor stories, is Alice Calhoun. Her many devoted fan friends earnestly desire her return. A Reader.

Chicago, Illinois.

Your Turn Next?

Suppose—

Donald was a cattail instead of a Reed, Leatrice was a pest instead of a Joy, Lawrence was black instead of Gray, Wurfl was a bush instead of a Plante, Wallace was a plum instead of a Boat, Colleen was a field instead of a Moore, Thomas was kind instead of Meighan, Elinor was dark instead of Faire, John was a bush instead of Brown, Billie was an eagle instead of a Dove, Esther was cornflakes instead of Ralston, Kathryn was a butcher instead of a Carver, Martha was a nightmare instead of a Sleeper.

Patsy Ruth was a blacksmith instead of a Miller, Virginia was a mountain instead of a Valley, Clara was a knot instead of a Bow, Camilla was a trumpet instead of a Horn, Gerda was a shut instead of a Fawcett, Nora was a road instead of a Lane!

JAMES LELAND.

32 Main Street, Hamilton, New York.

Pipe Down, Rooters.

Oh, when, are the distressingly rabid rooters for and against Gilbert and Novarro going to give us a rest? I, too, have a favorite—Ronald Colman, in comparison to whom most of the other players seem uninteresting and without charm. But who cares if I feel that way, except myself and possibly Mr. Colman, because the money he can make. I do wish, however, that he wouldn’t play in costume pictures.

Two Lovers was a distinct disappointment, perhaps because the costumes he wore were so unbecoming.

I do not claim that Ronald Colman is the best actor on the screen, but merely the most attractive. If any one is in doubt as to who is the best actor, let him see Emil Jannings in “The Patriot” and be convinced.

Sylvia Craft.

50 Morningside Avenue, New York City.

Another One; Please!

I have a problem, and I wonder if you would be so kind as to help me. In September Picture Play a letter of mine was printed, for which favor I am eternally grateful. The compliments of acquiring some friends in your country.

My problem is this: A fan of London has written to me, giving neither name nor address, and asking me to communicate with him. Could you make an announcement in “What the Fans Think” that I should like to communicate with the writer in London, S.W. 9, and send him a letter on August 8th? J. ERNEST BROWNE, Jr. Cairo, Bridge Road, East Molesey, Surrey, England.

Felicitations.

I should like to congratulate Connaught Lee on his very charming poem which was printed in the October Picture Play. Great credit is due to Brown, and Mr. Lee has expressed so admirably all that I have often wanted to say myself. It is difficult to praise a person without sounding sentimental or silly; and, since I have no ability as a poet, I’ve never attempted to praise her.

It was, therefore, very gratifying to read the poem he wrote for the pleasure it gave me. I am taking this opportunity to thank Mr. Lee.

E. E. Brooklyn, New York.

Strong Opinions.

I had not meant to write again so soon, but I cannot keep still after reading a letter by Gertrude Hoffman in the October Picture Play. It is all very well to say that we fans who dislike the talking pictures should stay away from them, and I certainly intend to do so as long as possible, but how can we when practically every picture has some type of sound in it? As some one said, we will be forced to have these disgraces whether we want them or not, and it would be far more of an accomplishment for the producers to have pictures all in natural color. They would still be silent, and their charm undiminished, but I truly believe the talkies are but a novelty that will wear off soon. And I think the producers should leave in all the subtitles, so that if it was necessary to add the voices or missed hearing them, we could still read the words from the screen. The article which appeared in Picture Play recently was very good, and it will be very sensible of the producers if there are two complete versions of the picture—one silent and one with sound.

Would it be asking too much to tell all the Novarro fans to keep still? It is really not making the reading of this de-

12

partment at all interesting, to have to read seven letters in one issue about Novarro. We do not like him, know he has fans. It is not necessary to advertise that fact so extensively.

Another thing. I am an ardent Richard Dix fan, and only when he appears in costume pictures; but I object to being forced to look at Ruth Elder. Why on earth can’t the studio give Dick a good leading lady once? If they can’t find her, let them stick Ruth on him. Why can’t these baseball stars, swimmers, football stars, aviators, et cetera, stay where they belong, instead of inflicting themselves on the public?

I agree with Miss Brenner in regard to the silly two-reel comedies we have to endure. I think “The College Girls” is much, especially George Lewis. I avoid the news reel whenever I can, as it bores me. However, in feature pictures I’m not so keen on reality, if to be like real life the picture means unhappier ending. I am very bitter against unhappy endings, and if I know beforehand that a certain picture will end that way, I do not see it. Then enough is enough, and I won’t go on the world without viewing it in pictures.

MARION L. HESS.

154 Elm Street.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Now, As to Pola—

Now, that’s more like it—that article on Pola Negri in the November Picture Play. It shows that a person can be frank without being prejudiced. Edwin Schallert’s criticism is constructive and excellent, with much to be said for both pro and con. Contrast this with Mr. Oettinger’s article in which, though I admire his frankness in telling us his ideas, I think he is certainly prejudiced. Does he forget that Pola’s English is only five years old?

Why shouldn’t she frankly admit that only a few of her German pictures were masterpieces? And when those few were shown in America, it tear those masterpieces that made her reputation as an actress, she admits it’s only a reputation. And Pola’s pictures are always popular. Malcolm criticizes her for being artificial, and then blames her when she tells the truth. I don’t blame her for saying sternly when she asks the question every interviewer must ask, “But don’t you think that nothing you have made in this country approaches Passion?” But she decided to be polite and answer his question.

As for always yearning to do better pictures, and that she is never satisfied—that isn’t hard to swallow, considering some of the pictures she’s made. As a matter of fact, there’s only one thing I have to criticize Pola for: That is, having the producer who, with his famous temper, why didn’t she take advantage of this and demand better stories? I mean, do as Greta Garbo did.

But that article “Pola Ends an Eventful Career” was the best story about Pola I’ve ever read. Pola’s pictures do not make much money in Canada. That is too bad. But I hope her luck will turn and she will regain her popularity. Mr. Schallert says Pola’s forte is tragedy, and Pola is often referred to as the great emotional actress. She’s a very good dramatic actress. But I declare that both these actresses are great character actresses, when given a chance.

EMMA P. MACDONALD.

8609 One Hundred and Eleventh Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.
Conrad Veidt Praised.

I was awfully pleased to read in the September Picture Play a letter praising Conrad Veidt. I, too, admire him terribly. I first saw him in "The Beloved Rogue" and thought his acting was fine. I can't say I was particularly pleased on Conrad himself; but in "A Man's Fast" he was absolutely wonderful. I entirely disagree with your critic. I do not think he was a heavy film that dragged on and on, and that Conrad Veidt lacked sympathy and romance.

Conrad Veidt is a refreshing change from the complacency and rather acid sweet, boisterous heroes that seem to be the rage just now. He has an air of experience, character, and culture that always appeals to me.

"The Man Who Laughs," if possible, increased my regard for Mr. Veidt. His acting and make-up were marvelous, and he made the horrible-looking Grinstein a sympathetic and tragic figure that I sighed with relief when the film ended happily, though usually I prefer unhappy endings, as they seem to make a film greater, and I certainly think people remember them longer. One scene in "The Man Who Laughs" particularly appeared to me was where the blind girl, Dea, is fondling Grinstein and saying how she loves him and how beautiful he is, and all the while he is wakening his face in a mirror, with the hideous grin stamped upon his mouth and ineffable tragedy in his eyes and heart.

In conclusion, I will say that I admire Conrad Veidt for his expressive eyes and humorous mouth, and, above all, I see in him some of that peculiar fineness of character that makes Ruman Novarro the outstanding figure on the screen.

RENEE E. WALLINGTON.

Why Byron for Butler?

I have just seen Dolores Costello in "Glorious Betty," and for once I enjoyed a picture of hers. I think it is her best since "The Big Betrayal.

Pictures like "The Little Irish Girl," "A Million Bid," and "The Heart of Maryland" are enough to send any one to sleep, and I think it is a tribute to Miss Costello's talent and brilliance that her popularity has increased in spite of poor pictures. May the good work keep up!

I wish I could say as much for the new Gwynor-how pictures such as "Street Angel." It is too reminiscent of "Seventh Heaven," and has too much sentimentality, without the charm and beauty of the other picture. I see that Samuel Goldwyn has signed Walter Butler for Vitina Banky's leading man, and Lily Damita for Ronald Colman. And why has Butler been changed to look like any other of his being nicked named "Battling Butler?" He has done fine work in British films, though he has never been properly appreciated. Lily Damita, of course, is as good as Vitina Banky. But she has the same womanly charm and did fine work in "The Queen Was in the Parlor," which sounds like a nursery rhyme but was really a gripping drama.

MARGARET MUNTON.

Whoopee! For Dick Arlen!

Three cheers for Richard Arlen! Long may he triumph! Come on, Paramount, let's have bigger and better pictures for that fellow's串, such a promising one.

If there is a mother or a father in this world who wouldn't feel proud to call Richard Arlen "my son," or a girl who wouldn't be thrilled to call Dick Arlen "the boy friend," or a boy or girl who wouldn't get a big kick out of calling Dick "big brother," or a girl who really wishes she had the "great man," or she, would write me the reason. I'm sure Joya Ralston gets a thrill out of calling Dick Arlen "my husband."

I do hope some fans will send me items and pictures of Richard Arlen. I cannot afford to buy all the magazines which contain his interviews, for I would have been penniless.

JEAN BROWN HARRAL.
331 Riverview Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

Polon Criticized.

Why is Pola Negri so severely criticized? I think she is one of the finest actresses on the screen. Unfortunately, her pictures have been badly chosen, and consequently she has suffered. I sincerely hope her European career will be more successful.

I do not understand what any one sees in Renee Adoree. She is worse than mediocre. If she could act, her appearance would not destroy her; but she is no actress and is far too fat.

MILDRED V. FAPE.
1150 Bushkill Street, Easton, Pennsylvania.

Talkies and Dixie Ears.

My first letter to your department is not a brickbat, but a very earnest query: What has happened to Norma Shearer's acting ability? She has given us so many fine characterizations, and has endeared herself to a large following of fans. Then came her part in "The Student Prince," which nearly ruined the beauty of the film for me. In "The Actress" she was terrible. Such silly simpering and uncalculated emotions throughout the picture! We have learned to love her for her charm and beauty and for the sincerity of her acting. Cannot something be done to save Norma's glory? Is Shearer for those who truly admire her?

Approaching tragedy for us in the South is the revelation that our dainty, attractive screen美景s of forged horns, as witness lovely Dolores Costello in "Tenderloin." We unconsciously have invested our favorites with the soft voices we have heard all our lives, and with this awful, squawking Vitaphone we are due for some fearful shocks, I fear.

There ought to be something we fans, who like our pictures silent, can do about having sound films foisted upon us. As a novelty, they are interesting, but as a steady diet—heavens, as ANNE ROBINSON.
Selma, Alabama.

Buddy's a "Good Egg."

For years I have read "What the Fans Think" and have derived enjoyment from the controversies. But I have always voted for the vote, wily wit: That is aoll I would not participate therein! But "The time has come; the Walrus said."

It is to protest against Eva J. Robinson in behalf of Buddy Rogers. In addition to being a "good egg"—he's from here, and I know—he can act. Surely he proved that in "Wings" and "My Best Girl." Of course, he is no great actor. But, then very few are! And Buddy's young yet, and hasn't been in the movies very long. Nevertheless, he has ability. Furthermore, Miss Robinson is guilty of contrasting herself. She says, "Every fan to his taste," and then: "Why doesn't Paramount stop adopting Buddy Rogers and other well-meaning, but not very inspiring actors, and get Cullen Landis back?" In that sentiment I fear Miss Robinson is probably one against thousands. Find out how many prefer Cullen Landis to Buddy Rogers!

ETHYL FIERCE.
3910 Warwick, Kansas City, Missouri.

What Is Acting?

On the subject of Katherine Lipke's article, "What Is Acting?" I agree with Clara Bow. It is not a question to ask a star, for the star is too busy with work and cannot bother to analyze it. To act is to have the ability to forget oneself, momentarily, in order to impersonate a character. To impersonate a character, one must not only to do, I wonder if I may use it to thank all those who have written to me? Even though I cannot answer all, I want you to know I enjoyed and appreciated every one of your lovely letters. To those who ask me how I receive so many star photos, I would like to say that there is no secret about them. I have made no request for favors, praising or criticizing them, as you feel. Perhaps that is the "secret!"

To "Lillianette," I wish to thank you for your praise for this column. You can't do wrong when you praise! Play letter, and to you, Frances Bushman, for your lovely letter telling me all about Francis X. Bushman, and to you, Miss Harper, for your wonderful kindness. Fans, she has sent me many, many beautiful photos of her friends among the stars—large portraits, originals, small ones, personally autographed ones, and sniffs and snapshots of the stars. I wonder if I deserve such kindness! ELENOR GARRISON.
45 Thirteenth Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Brain Fag.

If Alice White was sick, would Bessie Love help to cheer her up?

If Shirley Mason had a dog, would Bob Steele sit it, or would Charlie Chase it?

If Alberta Vaughn was at a party, would Johnny Walker home?

If Clara Bow has red hair, has Gilda Gray?

If Blanche Sweet is tall, is Gertrude Short?

If Larry Kent had a fight, would Lewis Stone him?

Continued on page 100.
In the famous loves of History...

was it always the MAN who paid?

Delilah's love sent Samson into slavery—
For Salome, King Herod sold his soul—
And Pelleas fell at his brother's hand
in the arms of lovely Melisande.

The world has called these glamorous women great lovers. Yet all of them made sacrifice of the men they loved.....

How much greater, then, is a devotion that dares to sacrifice LOVE ITSELF... An emotion so mighty that, when Love spells Ruin for the Man, a glorious beauty renounces her last hope of happiness to SAVE HIM FROM THEIR LOVE!

No wonder the romance of luxurious Lady Hamilton and world-renowned Lord Nelson has been called the greatest of all Great Loves... One of history's most thrilling sirens and the famous hero of Trafalgar, united in a reckless love pact that was at once the scandal and the salvation of an Empire.....

No wonder First National Pictures chose this epic story, from E. Barrington's great best-seller, as theme for a vast screen spectacle of unimagined splendor, planned to mark a step forward in picture art.....

No wonder millions are planning to see—and hear—

Corinne Griffith in the DIVINE LADY with sound

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

See and Hear—
The thunder of a hundred flaring bungs at death grips—The most colorful naval combat in history, re-enacted in rich detail. See 5 famous artists in one picture—Corinne Griffith, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Lan Keith, Marie Dressier. See director Frank Lloyd outdo the directorial brilliance of "The Sea Hawk"—Presented by Richard A. Rowland.

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Welcome to the world of Delilah's love, Samson's strength, Salome's beauty, Pelleas' sacrifice, and the loves of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.
Charles Rogers and Mary Brian set an example to the youth of the land, as well as to those who would be young, by moving the calendar backward and making Christmas Night to-night. It is easy for them, because they possess the magic of youth which accomplishes seeming miracles. And because they are beloved standard bearers in the magical procession of motion pictures, the love light in their eyes will kindle eyes and hearts through all the illimitable domain of the screen, and make them true harbingers of the Christmas spirit.
The story of Louise Fazenda ostensibly begins during the romantic and historic period of 1916, in the atelier of the master of comedy, Mack Sennett.

Neither in flowing, white tunic, girdled with golden cord, nor yet with bellowed coronet on her brow, was Louise ushered into the arena of that grand, old amphitheater, which has been the training ground for some of the greatest talent the screen has known.

Her actual début was made in a frayed straw hat, calico dress tightly hugging a figure of threatening proportions, white-cotton stockings and black-buttoned shoes. Her left arm clutched an oversized duck. Her right arm laboriously dragged ninety-pound Teddy—genus Great Dane—the Roman lion of his day.

The first chapters of screen comedy-history had just been written, when Louise entered the ranks of Sennett gladiators. Through deeds of drollery, tumbling, pie-hurling, and through grotesque love-making, the early movie sagas were created.

Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Charlie Murray, Ford Sterling, Mack Swain—these personalities had already inscribed clear outlines on the celluloid Talmud of comedy.

The chronicles of the bathing-girl era were in embryo. The names of Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver were yet to be made.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Griffith were on the side lines, helping the wheels of monkey-shines spin around. Their big turn had not yet arrived. Nor had Harry Langdon’s figure cast the dimmest shadow on the Sennett sky line. It was many years later before a close-up appeared of his hopeful, expectant eyes.

Ostensibly Louise’s career begins to unfold in its casual, steady, predestined mode from this point. But, actually, it took form at a much earlier date.

It was already in the hands of fate when she was a youngsters in awkward pigtails, sitting moodily on the stoop of her house right next to the old Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles.
A girl with strange, half-humorous, half-melancholy eyes, who once chose to enjoy a lonely ride in the box car of an outgoing train.

A girl with a whimsical, fantastic streak, who walked miles to Rosedale Cemetery, and wept bitter tears over unknown tombstones, while she tenderly laid flowers on the graves, yet who, before the tears were dry, was seized by a fit of caprice and youthful deviltry that caused her to leave carrying mortuary vases under her arms, as souvenirs of the occasion. These, however, immediately became gifts to some of her friends in the Mexican section of town, whom she loved to visit—quaint, withered-looking shopkeepers, who reciprocated her favors with little, colored baskets, and such Spanish dainties as bunuelas and quesadillas—fritters and cheese cakes. Was this barter and trade? Who can say?

If ever a career was patterned by that indefinable entity called fate, it is the career of Louise Fazenda. It would seem that it was written in the stars that she should become a comedian—not comedienne. There is a distinction, however subtle. And nowhere, so well as in the Bagdad of moviedom, could she have found so flourishing a mart for her picturesque wares.

At various times during her life, she has tried to change the architecture of her career. But she has only succeeded in slightly altering its embellishments. There was a period when she positively yearned and willed that she should become a dramatic actress. But she still remained funny.

It appears to be the instinct of the born comedian to play tragedy at least once in his, or her, life. For these all-too-rare types the laugh and the tear are composite.

Chaplin longs to play Hamlet. Fannie Brice's act is never complete until she attempts to essay the court jester with a breaking heart. Jolson would impersonate Punchinello, to prove to the world that he can cry for more than "Mammy." Louise Fazenda wanted to be a tragedienne, and I am not so sure that she ever will be able to quell the urge. She has not only at various times emulated Bernhardt in thought and action, but every now and then she has circulated portraits of herself posed in raven robes and immersed in an aura of gloom, which identified her as the image of the "Divine Sarah" herself.

Notwithstanding, Louise was, is, and always will be, a comedian. It is her temperament, her talent, her heritage. Were she to play Ophelia to Barrymore's dismal Dane, the poor, unhappy heroine would become much more daft than Shakespeare intended.

Louise is the genuine wag among women screen players. Her type is scarce. She and Polly Moran hold the particular spotlight alone. They are the bassoons in Hollywood's symphony of sweet-tuned violins.

The Constance Talmadge and Laura La Plante type of comedienne is a special genre. They become amusing through ludicrous situations built around them. Like Mabel Normand of the early days, their appeal rests, in large part, on obvious femininity and charm, although Mabel possessed, in addition, a native, infectious humor somewhat similar to that of Fazenda and Polly Moran, which makes everything they do on the screen appear funny, whether it is fundamentally so or not.

Louise, of course, unlike Mabel and Polly, has never been absent from the screen for any appreciable period, and she has been given such a wide variety of eccentric and straight-comedy roles that she now qualifies as one of the screen's best character actresses, with a slight accent on the grotesque.

The blood of France, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands mingles in Louise's veins. From the Isle of Corsica, to banishment in Mexico, is the trail her for- bears made. Among them was a sea-rover and a priest, one answering the call of rolling seas, the other speaking words of hope to troubled souls.

The twilight zone between the temperaments of a rover and a priest just about describes the prevailing mood of Louise. She has inherited the wanderlust spirit from her father, who at some sixty years of age is setting out on a world tour, and from her mother she has been endowed with a strong love of home, and also the virtue of thriftiness.

She possesses a dominant avidity for life, and the search for it along unbeaten trails; a mind that places
alternate burlesque and ironic inflections on practically all the precious, time-honored, traditions of near art and sham morals; and, in addition, a quiet, meditative quality that suggests the dreamer.

Many people, who meet her for the first time, are a trifle disappointed by her apparent indisposition to carry on in real life the antics that she indulges in on the screen. They are often taken aback by her silences. But if they knew her better, they would recognize in her an exceptionally good listener, whose passion is waiting for the other fellow to blow off steam.

Louise belongs to that early group of film pioneers who set their stakes in Hollywood, hoping to make money, and perhaps careers, in the industry that was beginning to look like something with a grand future.

She was attending high school when the urge to work in the movies beset her. Carmel Myers and her brother, and Bessie Love, were also pupils at the same school.

It was at this period that Louise's father, a cooper by trade, established a small, general store which met the demands of the neighborhood for overalls, plug tobacco, canned goods and writing paper.

Business was not so good, and Louise felt that her drain on the family budget for books and shoes and stockings, and the many little things girls need during school years, was not swelling the fund. So she decided to help matters by working after school and on Saturdays.

Her compensation for running every sort of errand, doing housework, and tending babies, was sufficient as pin money, but was otherwise inadequate. She was unhappy. She wanted to make real money—$3.50 or $5.00 a day—as they did in the movies. Then she could substantially help her father, and buy for her mother the things that she wanted for her.

Adjoining Louise's parents' cottage was a French boarding house. One of the interesting boarders was an old-time stage actress who had joined the bonanza rush to Hollywood, and was collecting greenbacks in abundance for playing extras.

Louise heard her talking about the fascination of the work—grease paint, money, location trips in automobiles, free lunches, and everything. She was fascinated. Her imagination was on fire. But her tongue was tied. How could she ask the woman to help her get a job? She was a graceless, reticent, somber girl. So she did the next best thing by planting herself in front of the woman's door, until she returned from the studio one evening, and either by pantomime or thought waves Louise made her wishes known.

"Well, come along to-morrow, maybe we can help you," was the stranger's sympathetic acceptance of the situation.

That marked the beginning of her career. To Universal they went, and for almost a year afterward Louise worked as an extra.

Ford Sterling was making two-reelers, running the gauntlet of comedy to Western thrillers, at this time. He was a power, too, because he headed his own company, such as it was. Louise's introduction to him was as informal as could be expected.

She was clinging to a telegraph pole, getting ready to make a flying leap, when Sterling happened by.

Here she is seen with Teddy and Mack Sennett not long after her screen début.
"No one would make the jump," she explained, "so after the director had invited all the extras to take a chance, he turned to me. I was hoping he would, and I climbed up the pole before he changed his mind. I have always been grateful for that opportunity, because it marked the first turning point in my career."

"It's a curious thing, too," Louise added, "that all through my years in pictures I have accepted roles no one else wanted, and each one has meant a stepping-stone upward."

Sterling watched Louise make the leap from the pole, and when she hit ground safely, he rushed up to the director and in reproach exclaimed that the feat was a terrible one to ask a girl to perform. Needless to say, times have greatly changed and women since then have performed stunts far more hazardous and daring. Sterling's slight interruption resulted in an introduction to Louise.

She subsequently saw him often on the studio lot, and one day when she remarked that work was getting low, he advised her to try her luck at Mack Sennett's, adding that he was planning to work for Sennett very soon, himself, and that if she did not meet with success to look him up.

His advice she remembered. And to this day she speaks of Sterling as her artistic benefactor, because when he started acting and directing for Sennett, he helped her get bits and parts.

There is an incident at this stage of her career that reveals again the shyness and self-consciousness which took so many years to overcome, and which she has not yet completely conquered, although the qualities have changed to a certain repose and retirement which make her rather mystifying at times.

Recalling Sterling's invitation, she made her way to the Sennett studio, and day after day waited for him without making her mission known to any one other than the gateman, who naturally took for granted, because of the regularity of her calls, that she was seeing Sterling or maybe working in his company.

It must be remembered that there were no casting directors in those days, no highly organized departments, no efficiency experts who knew precisely the business of every person on the lot. Consequently, Louise spent day after day, for weeks, at the Sennett studio, just hoping to see Sterling, until Vivian Edwards, who was playing small parts, noticed her long waits on the wooden bench.

Vivian inquired if she was looking for some one. Louise broke down and made a full confession, with the result that Sterling put her to work.

For a year she was given extra parts and, subsequently, bits. One of her first consequential roles was as Mack Swain's mother. She built herself up, out and aft, and finished the job with a pair of bushy eyebrows. Rather than a mother, she resembled nothing so closely as an ocean liner with flag at half mast.

Sennett took a swift look at her. He supervised everything at that time, not to speak of writing the stories, directing, and acting.

"Well, all you need is a mustache!" was his brief comment, followed by a command that she beat it to a mirror and look at herself.

Momentarily she was broken-hearted. But one fact had been registered. She was funny. Even Sennett laughed. He had caught her feeling for absurd characterization.

Every sort of small part fell her way in short-reelers from then on, with Sterling, Chester Conklin, Charlie Murray, and Fred Mace. She impersonated everything from Dumb Dora to one of the celebrated Keystone cops.

She also made friends with a cat named Pepper, whose fame at that time, rested chiefly in her prowess as a mouser. She and Pepper became shadows of each other.

Ideas came thick and fast to Sennett under the terrific pressure of grinding out short reelers fast enough to satisfy the exhibitors. One of these ideas was to make animal comedies. Louise and Pepper were an interesting-looking pair—why not feature them? Forthwith she became leading lady to Pepper. Next, the now-historic duck was added to the cast, and later Teddy, the dog.

The comedies proved highly successful.

Teddy, alas, is no more. Pepper, too, has passed to the great beyond, but not her million or more descendants who populate most of the back yards of Hollywood. The duck alone has withstood the ravages of a comedy lot, but through overenchantment she is gouty and virtually incapacitated.

A five-year contract with Sennett resulted from the animal comedies. And then her first big opportunity arrived with "Down on the Farm," which started out as a two-reeler, but grew to five.

At the expiration of her contract with Sennett, Louise made a personal-appearance tour, and it was one of the few tours of the kind which proved well-timed and advantageous. It also marked Louise's first train ride since she was first brought to Los Angeles, as a baby, from a little town near Lafayette, Indiana. [Continued on page 111]
The Prodigal

Though talking pictures are blamed by the fans for name of entertainment, they should be praised for the screen, where her clear diction and vibrant

By Margaret

EVEN the skeptics who frowned dourly on the upstart talkies, will have to admit one point in their favor, an important point at that. Talking pictures have brought Pauline Frederick back to the screen.

In the two years of her absence, that absence has never ceased to be deplored. Among all the great dramatic actresses the screen has known, Pauline Frederick's superiority has not been disputed. She stood alone, and by the grace of the unaltered clamen for her return, there she still stands.

Despite the mediocre vehicles which probably caused her secession to the stage, her position in the film firmament never altered. Now, after two years, she is back. It is unlikely that she would have returned, had not the advent of talking pictures promised new interest. So a moment of grateful silence, please, in respect to the Brothers Warner, whose star she now is.

Although she has, at present, made only one picture, and will not do another until next May, when her two-year contract begins, this article is made timely by the impatience of the fans. Their letters demanding information about Miss Frederick have been too insistent to ignore any longer.

When I saw her she had just finished the Vitaphone production of the play "On Trial." In three days she was to leave for the East, to tour in "The Imperfect Lady," which she had already played as "The Scarlet Woman." Sandwiched between fittings and retakes, and all the turbulent details of departure, my appointment was for late afternoon.

In the sun room of her home in Beverly Hills, I found this vital, magnetic person. A slim, boyishly sturdy figure of medium height, with a firm handshake that is no casual gesture of politeness. Grey-blue eyes rendered more striking by the dark tan of her skin. No powder, no bright-red lipstick; and even, white teeth. Thick, dark-brown, close-cropped hair. A brief tennis dress, brown legs, bare down to short socks and sandals.

If I had been prepared for the sable aura of a tragedy queen, I was better satisfied to find this energetic, humorous young—yes, that's what I mean; actual statistics are irrelevant—person, who would just as soon talk about dogs and the California climate as her art. With no particular attempt on her part, she is completely disarming. You go to revere her, and come away liking her tremendously.

The two years which had elapsed since her last picture in Hollywood have been spent in this country, England, and Australia. Her love for the stage is keen, and she could never relinquish it entirely. She is essentially an aristocrat of the theater. Its traditions are her law, and her loyalty to them is voluntary. The movies, though important, hold second place in her affections. Perhaps because they leave her too much leisure, which is incompatible with her consuming energy.

"Between pictures I go mad for want of something to do. Idleness wears me out. On the stage you are always at work. If not in actual pro-
Returns

vocal discords perpetrated in the bringing Pauline Frederick back to voice will delight the fans.

Reid

duction, then in rehearsal and plans. Warner Brothers' is the only sort of picture arrangement I would consider now. It allows me eight films in the two years, and freedom to accept stage offers between them."

Insatiable in her appetite for work and more work, she looks forward eagerly to the two busy years ahead. She is even formulating vague plans for a theater of her own, to be maintained during her picture work. "It is a fallacy that all the good actors are in New York. Right here in Hollywood we have some of the finest troupers in the country."

Her idea is for a stock company composed of carefully selected players, whose film engagements shall alternate with their picture work. Miss Frederick, with her vast knowledge of the theater, would stage the plays, with the exception of those in which she herself appeared. Her followers hope she can carry out the plan.

"No one person is capable of holding down two jobs without doing one or the other, or both, badly. Naturally I know when I am giving expression to an emotion, but I am incapable of knowing whether or not the result looks as it should. Players should not have too many illusions about the extent of their power."

If Miss Frederick has any, they are not visible to the naked eye. Her remarks about her work are casual, and her answers to questions brief. It is apparent that her chief interest is in the profession itself, not in her personal share in it. The adulation she receives everywhere, the enthusiastic demonstrations with which audiences greet her appearances, are gratifying to the star. But gratifying in the sense that her company is receiving appreciation. Even then it is never "my company," but always "ours."

Her return to the screen is particularly auspicious at this time. No actress of the Frederick caliber is visible on the film horizon and, with the coming of talkies and the crying want for voices to go with the silent faces that did well enough in the past, her presence is a relief to at least one apprehensive producer.

No need here for either elocution lessons or some shrill-voiced beauty-contest winner, or frantic manipulation of cameras to beautify some stage player who sounds better than she looks. Talking pictures were invented for such as Pauline Frederick, whose beauty is now supplemented by the audibility of her rich voice and pure diction.

But Miss Frederick herself is less sanguine.

"When I heard my first Vitaphone test, I wanted to rush out of the studio and buy a black beard, so that no one should ever recognize me as the perpetrator of such a voice. It is a far from flattering experience."

The Warners, however, felt differently about it, and it was with no small joy that they obtained her signature. They bowed gracefully to any demand she might care to make, even that she conclude her tour with her play, which does not leave her free to begin pictures again until May.

This initial Vitaphone, "On Trial," is Miss Frederick's first picture in two years, with the exception of one made in England a year ago. She finds conditions greatly changed.

"Before, it was a nice business which you could comfortably understand. Now, it has become a process of black magic. I am as lost in admiration as a child. It is marvelous. You speak your lines, and a few minutes later you go into an ante-room and listen to your voice on the wax print. And in the projection room you watch this moving snapshot of yourself, and it speaks with your own voice. I feel a little like a conjurer, and the business is sheer legerdemain."

"The microphone itself is a terrifying thing. At first I had to fight against a very callow self-consciousness

Continued on page 101
When you go to Hollywood you think, of course, "Well, now maybe I'll see one of those famous wild parties we hear so much about." Every time you're invited out at night, you go hopefully. You say to yourself, "At last! Perhaps this will turn out to be an orgy."

And so I went to a party given by the Thalians. You don't know who they are, of course. I didn't, either. In fact, in all the stories I had ever heard about Hollywood, no one ever told me a word about the Thalians. And if you've never heard of the Thalians, then some one has been holding out on you. First I'll gently break it to you about them, and then I'll tell you about their party.

Well, the Thalians is—or should it be are?—a club composed of the younger set among our actors and actresses, those of about Wampis-baby-star age, in their late teens and early twenties. In February, 1926, the club was organized by Leonard Smith, a publicity expert. And they decided to call themselves the Thalians, after the Greek muse of drama. One of their brighter minds then discovered that Thalia was really the muse of comedy, but that was quite all right. The name still fits.

The club is partly social. The members meet every two weeks and have fun. But, also, the club has ideals. And very noble ones, too. For the club is quite boy scout in its purpose.

The idea is to extend a helping hand to struggling extras, writers, and others who insist upon joining the starving ranks of those trying to get into the movies. An extra who has struggled along and feels, as every extra does, that all he needs to make good is the chance to strut his stuff before a director, will be able to apply to the Thalians. If their committee in charge of such things passes upon him, or her, then a screen test is taken and shown before a group of directors. This is all very noble, though frankness compels me to tell you that, so far, most directors have not taken the Thalians quite, quite seriously.

And writers who feel that they have talent, as all would-be writers do, can show examples of their work to the committee. If the work seems to show promise, then something will be done to help the writer.

"What?" I asked Leonard Smith, who is still their publicity expert.

Well, it seems they're not quite sure just what could be done to help a writer. Have a professor give lectures, or something.

"But suppose," I said, "the writer lives, say, in Peoria. How can he attend the lectures?"

"I guess we'd have to bring him here to Hollywood."

"And then what, if he didn't make good?"

"I don't know. Would we have to send him back home again, do you think?"

So it's going to be a little complicated when writers apply for assistance, for potential writers need more than a chance to make good. The poor things, unfortunately, are accustomed to need food and a bed during the years they are acquiring skill.

But the Thalians, if a little vague, a little impractical, are at least helpful in their motives. They're not rich enough, yet, to carry out these noble ideas; they're saving money from dues, to build a club house, with a stage where actors can perform and find, it is hoped, an enthusiastic director in the audience. Or anyhow, a director.

You have to be connected with the movies in order to join the Thalians. They have about eighty-five members. Buddy Rogers belongs, and Sue Carol, Janet Gaynor, Regina Denny, George Lewis, Lois Moran, Charlie Farrell, Mary Brian, Sally Eilers, Josephine Dunn, Marceline and Alice Day, Marian Nixon, Marjorie Bonner—oh, there are plenty of prominent members.

They meet every two weeks—one meeting for business, the other purely social. The one I went to was purely social. And "purely" is really a very appropriate word.

This Thalian party was given at the home of Jack Donovan, who has made lots of money building and
furnishing houses, and then selling them. Mr. Donovan is by way of being a film actor, when opportunity arises. He has starred in several Westerns, and made personal appearances with the pictures.

Well, four of us came in, and lots of young Thalians leaped out from behind doors and things and cried, "Surprise!"

There was a large living-room patio, with a great fireplace, and divans and chairs. Stars were shining overhead, since the patio was not roofed. Hurray for the California climate! The floor was of red tile, except in the corners, where large banana trees were growing.

When we had all managed to recover from the surprise, Jack Donovan brought groups together to see the house. Much of the furniture he and his mother themselves had made and "antiqued." There were other odd bits, which they had collected here and there from old Spanish missions, and so on. An altar, at the end of the hall, with candles burning, iron balconies overlooking the patio, an old church bell, and a stairway which had a history, and so was brought into the living room, although it led nowhere.

After we had seen the house, and Mr. Donovan’s lifesaving medals which hung on the wall, he called for volunteers to go out to the garage and see his cars. He had, among others, a big, white foreign roadster of which he was very proud, but which he feared he might have to sell, because it was too conspicuous. I’m not sure just why it was less conspicuous when he bought it.

In the back yard was a flagpole sixty-five feet high. This really had a mission in life. When Mr. Donovan is out at sea in what he calls his yacht, there may come a call from a studio. In case there should, some one at home runs up a flag. I have a dreadful feeling that Mr. Donovan spends most of his yachting time with a telescope to his eye, watching the top of the flagpole.

After our tour of the premises, the party really began. If you think of Hollywood parties in terms of big "gin busts," then you’re all wrong. There was no hard liquor at this one!

We all sat around in a room full of interesting furniture; indeed, one chair was so interesting that Mr. Donovan seized it away from a placidly sitting guest, and gave him another instead.

And then we played numbers. There were ten of us in that game, which soon proved so fascinating that our little group was increased to fifteen. In case you’ve never played numbers—and I assure you that I never had—this is how it goes:

The head of the line is No. 1, the next 2, and so on. Say your number is 5. When some one shouts "No. 5!" you have to shout another number quickly, or go to the foot of the line. The object of the game is to be the head man and start the shouting.

Well, it was really a very merry game; every time the man ahead of you missed his cue and went to the foot of the line, that changed your number. So you see it was really quite a mental problem to remember what your number was.

When a flag is run up, it means a call from a studio—just the thing when an actor is "yachting."

We played this for about an hour, with squeals and arguments, and then we told riddles.

“What is it that you find in an apple, in a lemon, in a pineapple, but not in a cherry or a peach?” That one had us all guessing. And its perpetrator just wouldn’t relieve our suspense. He kept adding more.

“It’s also in the leg of that chair, and in the mantel. But not in the carpet.” He just kept naming things which had this mysterious “It,” and other things which hadn’t.

And you’d never guess what it finally turned out to be. None other than the letter “I”!

We had another conundrum to puzzle over. “A blind fiddler had a son, but the fiddler was not the son’s father. Who was it?”

We all tried and tried on that one. We’d guess stepfather, uncle and all the relatives we could think of. Each time the puzzler would patiently repeat his little riddle, but it was hours before we learned the answer. It seems that the blind fiddler was the son’s mother! And I really don’t see what her being blind had to do with it, anyhow.

There was a little girl there from the South, Laura Benham, with a sugar-coated accent.

“You’re from the North, aren’t you?” asked Jack Donovan, with a very straight face.

“What makes you think that?”

“Because of the accent,” he said, restraining his glee. "Why, that’s funny," said Laura. "Usually everybody knows right away that I’m from the South."

Whereupon there were great choruses of laughter.

I understand the Thalians usually play drop the handkerchief, and once in a while they play post office, but it was just my luck to miss out on these merry amusements.

Occasionally some one got up to dance when the radio obliged with a dance tune: Laura Benham and a lank young man, Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp, who are supposed to be engaged, only Mack Sennett won’t let them get married.

It was a very merry evening, and I don’t understand all this worry about what the younger generation is coming to. And I haven’t given up hope that some day I am really going to find one of those famous Hollywood orgies.
Music Hath Charms

Yet it isn't so much the melody as the star who seems to produce it, that makes pictures of musical instruments get into print so often.

Sally Phipps, left, needs only to finger a mandolin to make us think of college days and a canoe under a summer moon.

Max Davidson, below, being a comedian, has more than his share of lugubrious moments in which an accordion is the only companion that understands him.

Earle Foxe, right circle, is said to take this means of soothing his savage breast after playing a villain at the studio all day.

George O’Brien, left, and Janet Gaynor, perform one of those duets that is more duty than pleasure, but Miss Gaynor, below, has a good time with her ukulele.

Farrell MacDonald, above, gets out his old guitar whenever an audience of one appears in the offing.
Roughnecks Preferred

William Boyd defends his partiality for wise-cracking, grubby rôles in preference to the romantic heroes which have brought him popularity.

By Myrtle Gebhart

CRITICAL observation has been made that, though William Boyd's comedies are welcome occasionally, his following has been acquired through playing romantic leads. To this Bill raises strenuous objections. He makes fun of "actor parts," preferring to play the roughneck wise guys, such as he did in "Skyscraper," "The Cop," and "Power," because he was practically himself. He gets keen enjoyment out of swaggering around with his pal—picture and person—Alan Hale.

Clad in rough, corduroy pants that probably never were, and never will be cleaned, and blue denim shirts in need of that which floats, they are supremely happy in clowning all the time. How they do enjoy strutting their stuff, and kidding in the vernacular of their rôles! It's a free vaudeville show.

"Our pictures are getting bigger," they insist, "if not better."

Boyd threatens the scales at one hundred and ninety, and Hale almost breaks them at two hundred and twenty. When these two striplings enter a scene, they fill it.

To get us both in a close-up," Bill mused in his light, bass rumble, "they have to take a long shot."

And I'm afraid they will never get all their growth, the way they nibble at their food. Bill was satisfied with a huge bowl of chili, having just breakfasted. But it had been an hour or so since Alan had had his déjeuner, so he waded into a plate heaped with meat and vegetables, and when it was empty, another, identically furnished, took its place.

"We'd enter him in a pie-eating contest, but that might stimulate his appetite too much," Bill confided. "He has a couple of steaks for appetizers before dinner, so big that if they had horns you could rope 'em. Not up to standard to-day. He's dieting, to keep his sylphlike figure. Look at those feet. For the sole of one shoe, they used one side wall of a 'Wedding March' set."

"Gotta have my footage," Alan murmured between dives at his plate.

Bill, always happy-go-lucky, was in such blithe spirits that he almost forgot to call me "Peanut," which he does usually, because it annoys me.

"We liked our dam picture best," he said, looking innocent. "About a dam," he explained. "No, it didn't break, even with us on it. It was 'Power,' filmed on Pacoima Dam, the highest in the world.

"We were college boys," Bill grinned. "I was a D. E. and he was an I. I. Donkey Engineer and Iron Inspector."

More poetically speaking, their film monikers were Stick and Handsome. They were deservedly proud of having made the picture in nineteen days.

"One of those grand opening titles," Our story deals with two earnest, clean-cut American lads, whose minds

Gloom is utterly foreign to William Boyd's nature, but he is not without a strong sense of obligation.

He says he was disciplined by being cast as the German officer-hero in "The Love Song."
are on noble purposes.'  Fade-in showed me, riding the skip, and concentrating. I looked at my buddy and asked, 'Hey, who was that dame you was out with?' We kept our balance on top of the world's highest dam, but when a skirt blew into town, how we fell!  Sweet little school-teacher. Treated us like a tornado treats Texas.'

They make up many comic bits of business after they are in a scene.

"We aren't a team," Hale qualified. "Bill's the star. Unless you notice the billing, you'd never know it. He gives me half. We've learned each other's reactions, until it's like playing into a mirror."

"Half the time I forget what I'm supposed to do, but give that bird anything—a glass, a carpet, and he improvises." Bill is generous in giving credit to his partner. "He can play four hundred feet with a match box. Lots of times we kid around with whatever we can grab. Once the director was sick for two days, but we never missed him. We just kept knocking around and doing things, and the camera man trailed us."

Once, high on the girders of a skyscraper, Bill forgot what he was to do. Alan went through his act and did Bill's scene, and Bill sat there and grinned at him. How many stars would chuckle while watching another play a choice scene that should be his own?

"We have to watch each other in defense, too," Hale broke in. "Once, in a scene, that bozo couldn't think of anything else to do, so he gave me a wallop that bowled me over."

They've developed a Damon and Pythias friendship. Neither has ever been as happy before. It's never "my picture," though sometimes Hale remembers and politely says "his," only to be kicked, or slapped, or otherwise mangled until he becomes himself again.

"Say, we can have more fun just driving along, speaking to everybody we see—we aren't particular—than most folks can at a party, plus dynamite lemonade. Riding to location in my new car, dressed in these clothes, we pretended we'd stolen the car and the cops were after us."

They are ready all the time with quick, pat rejoinders. Many of their jokes they admit having plucked from some slinger of smart patter. Many, however, are original, and always spontaneous.

Bill's jovial manner might lead the casual observer to think that he takes life too lightly. This impression of irresponsibility, however, is merely the surface. Though gloom is utterly foreign to his nature, he is not without a strong sense of obligation. He simply doesn't talk about it. He has a lot of common sense, saves and invests his money, and never kicks at hard work. He remembers the time, as an orphaned, hungry kid, when he worked in a grocery store until he got fired for eating up the profits, nor has he forgotten picking oranges for a living, or working in the oil fields.

While he makes fun of the Merton's, he is ambitious. Perhaps the deepest disappointment of his career came when he was refused the lead in "The Ten Commandments," because Paramount thought his name did not mean enough.

His sense of responsibility toward his work is great. Comedy, as you may surmise, is his favorite. Free days are spent sleeping and golfing and dropping into the studio to tell everybody, whether or not they want to hear, what a good time he had on the last picture, and how certain scenes were done.

Judging by his conversation, he seems unaware of the fact that he is receiving the biggest fan mail, ten thousand letters a month, of any one at the Pathé studio, though he is so interested in his work that this must be a source of secret gratification. I never query him about things like that, because he would explode. I recall a young reporter, who asked him how it felt to be a star, and his growling reply, "What d'you mean, star?"

When, under pressure, he makes a personal appearance, or is recognized on the street, and people make a fuss over him, he gets ludicrously embarrassed, though he will never admit it afterward.

While he and Elinor believe that many marriages fail, because too much is made of their seriousness, and therefore regard theirs without any somber thoughts, it has had a tremendous influence in settling him. On a lazy drive through Santa Ana, he and Elinor Fair suddenly decided to get married on sixty cents, without even enough money in their pockets for a ring. Before, his irresponsibility had been much more pronounced. Marriage has steadied him a great deal, underneath his light-heartedness.

You could never make Bill admit anything like that. Of Elinor he merely says, "She's the laziest woman on earth." But she has only to rest those languid, dark eyes on him and hint, and she gets what she wants. He calls her "Mom."

Golf and swimming are his sports, though he goes in for gym exercise spasmodically. He is a radio fan, and many a time has spent the evening getting Chicago or Timburcahn, and then has gone to sleep.

The oldest clothes he has suit him best. The only "dogy" thing he has is a new car, shining, low-slung,Continued on page 114

Bill is supremely happy in the oldest clothes he can find.
If Wishes Come True

When these stars get up Christmas morning, their trees will be a strange sight if their desires are answered.

Ruth Taylor, left, likes lingerie so well, that she just naturally hopes her tree will be loaded with pretty "undies."

Louise Brooks, right, has a weakness for slippers—and her friends know it. Enough said.

Nancy Carroll, below, wants a child's Christmas, so she'll stay forever young.

If the friends of Clara Bow, below, send her dogs, as she hopes, her tree will look like this.

Bebe Daniels, below, has had so many accidents while filming her pictures, that she won't blame her friends at all for reminding her of them in this way.
ALL is forgiven." Fanny announced in the grand manner, as she flounced in and sat down beside me. "I begin to understand, now, why sound pictures came into the world. They really have a mission. They have struck a blow at beaded evening dresses on the screen!"

At a great and decisive moment like that, when one learns something of importance, one's throat is all choked with emotion. I could not speak. It was just as well. Fanny would have gone right on talking anyway.

"When they talk about 'loud' clothes in a studio now, they really mean noisy. Beaded dresses, sequins, all those old joys of the showy costumers, have gone in the discard because they sound so funny on the articulate screen. With really sensitive sound apparatus on the set, a girl in a beaded dress walking briskly about, sounds like the beginnings of a storm at sea. I only wish that beaded eyelashes could be done away with, too."

Fanny wants too much. For my part, I'd be satisfied if there were some good reason why middle-aged leading women could be forbidden to wear collegiate coats with high belts.

"And sound pictures may bring Nazimova back to the screen. There is talk of her signing a contract soon. That would be marvelous. I've never understood why Hollywood let her go."

"A trivial reason," I granted. "Her pictures didn't make money."

Fanny glared at me. She loves to quote figures about other people's idols, but just try to speak disparagingly of one of hers! I didn't have the heart to mention Lilian Gish, and the troubles of the Metro-Goldwyn sales force in disposing of her last picture. They tried to sell it by leaving out all mention of her name and boosting it as a rip-roaring Western.

"I shudder to think of all the broken hearts dialogue films will be responsible for. So many girls who have enjoyed huge salaries and fame of a sort, are headed for the discard. Only the ones with good speaking voices will survive. And several have already learned to their sorrow that their voices are all wrong."

It seems to me that Fanny is unduly excited. I doubt if many players' voices could sound worse than Dolores Costello's and May McAvoy's, yet they are making pictures as usual.

"There will be an entirely new line-up of stars," Fanny announced belligerently. "And I'm willing to lay bets on who the leaders will be. Mary Pickford's voice is charming; it has already been tested. And I am sure Gloria Swanson's will be interesting, because whatever she sets out to do she does well. I've never seen such bulldog tenacity in a person."

How soon our dear Fanny has forgotten "The Loves of Sunya."

"Colleen Moore's voice, when recorded, has lots of personality and is very individual. A trained, cultured voice would be ridiculous with the kind of rôles she plays. But for the most part, players with stage experience are sure to romp off with all the honors. Ruth Chatterton is slated to be a bright, particular star of dialogue films. They say her work in 'Half An Hour' is marvelous. Pauline Frederick is coming into her own again, of course, and Mary Duncan's voice is superb. Lila Lee's stage training makes her a natural candidate for honors—"

You might just as well know that at that admission I broke down and girlishly clapped my hands in the manner of Betty Bronson. People who know Lila get so attached to her, that her welfare is terribly important to them.

"Evelyn Brent is bound to be awfully good in dialogue films, and a lot of people like Doris Kenyon. I haven't heard her yet. But as for the others, all you can do is hope for the best."

"I was terribly disappointed in Josephine Dunn and Betty Bronson, in 'The
Fanny the Fan discovers
the real mission of sound
pictures, which isn't at all
what the producers think.

Singing Fool," though I liked them in the
silent parts. That Dunn girl has a charming
personality. She's so sort of—well, whatever the opposite of blatant is.

"Every time I pick up a newspaper I
read of some stage star, who has been
brought to Hollywood under long-term
contract to make dialogue films. It is ter-
rible! There isn't room for everybody.
A lot of people will just naturally be out
of jobs!"

Just by way of encouraging her mood, I
reminded her of the rumor that over two
hundred well-known stage players wereheaded for Hollywood and films.

"There ought to be a law," Fanny de-
clared vehemently. "Can't we promote
some kind of immigration law forbidding
any more actors from coming to Holly-
wood until some of the present ones die
off? The quota is more than filled for a
long time. They ought to give us a year

or two to get adjusted to new conditions. Then if all
the present screen stars prove to be washouts vocally,
they could let the bars down and admit a few strangers
to take their places."

"It's all right with me," I confided to her, "if they
get some new talent on the screen. I'm willing to admit
that the present incumbents can be improved on."

"Well, maybe," Fanny admitted grudgingly, "but it
complicates social life so terribly. Here we were a nice,

provincial little town, where everybody knew every one else,
and a night at the Mayfair, or an opening, was just like old-
home week. And now with a lot of new people coming along;
the small-town, know-your-neighbor atmosphere may be ruined.

"Oh, well, we're enjoying it while we can. There have been
more things going on lately that film people flocked to. First
there were the big tennis matches and everybody was there,
even Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. They've given
up being social recluses; they go almost everywhere nowadays.

"Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. George
Archainbaud, and all the steady-playing tennis set were there,
of course. What I can't understand, though, is why Jette
Gonald always haunts the tennis matches. She sits there with-
out a spark of animation all afternoon. In fact, she has a
far-away look in her eyes, and I wonder if she goes to see, or
be seen. She always dresses as though she were trying to look
like a queen in exile. On a particularly hot afternoon, when
every one else was in thin sports clothes,
she wore a tight, black dress, a velvet ribbon
around her neck, and a large black-velvet
hat. I can't understand that woman.

"As a fashion parade, the tennis matches
were an interesting study. Enid Bennett, Mrs. Archain-
baud, Doris Kenyon, and a few others, were perfectly
dressed in conservative sports clothes of intriguing, light
colors. Patsy Ruth Miller characteristically romped
right over from her own tennis court in playing clothes.
Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson both looked
stunning in chic street costumes. But some of the
people arrived all decked out in organdies and chiffons,
quite as though they were attending a garden party.
mess and his wife, Elise Bartlett, Jetta Goudal and a lot of others were there, including Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe. You can always count on them at a good opera or prize fight. Jetta walked off with all honors for the weirdest costume. She looked like one of the Borgias, at least.

"The opera was just well under way when the football season opened, I really don't see how any one has time to work in pictures. Billie Dove is supposed to be hard at work on a picture for First National, but at the last football game she looked as radiant and carefree as a coed of sixteen.

"All the contract players at First National are in the position of stepchildren, now that Warner Brothers have bought control of the company. The only family that is entirely satisfied with the arrangement is the Edna Murphy-Mervyn Le Roy ménage. Edna is under contract to Warners, and Mervyn to First National. They've both been working so hard they've hardly met in weeks. But now there is some chance of their working in the same studio. The same situation exists with Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills. Doris has been working at Warners, and now she can lord it over Milton Sills, because he is just one of the help at the adopted organization.

"I don't see why those two companies wanted to combine. It knocks out all competition in the making of the worst pictures. But I really shouldn't mention their awful ones when they've taken a new lease on life and made some good ones. Warner's have the picture of the year in 'The Singing Fool.' It is just too perfect. And First National has made two—'Lilac Time' and 'The Barker'—both, you will notice were directed by Fitzmaurice.

"Is the public ever going to be let in on seeing 'The Barker'?' I asked wistfully. It seems to me that I've been hearing about it ever since I was a child.

"All that's holding it up now is the making of some Vitaphone sequences. Think what a rotten break it is for Betty Compson. Just as she makes a magnificent picture, they withhold it until they put in sound effects.

"Speaking of sound effects—"

And Fanny, like every one else in Hollywood, does just that for hours at a stretch.

"Have you heard that Universal is to make short fashion films, in which their stars not only show off clothes, but give little talks ex-

Lila Lee's stage experience makes her a sure bet for talking pictures.
plaining them? Mary Philbin will be in the first one."

"Well, she would have to do a lot of explaining about some of the clothes I've seen her wear, and I still wouldn't like them."

"And Elinor Glyn is so dissatisfied with the way some of her pictures have been made, she is going to make just a few talking pictures in which her ideas can't be changed. She says she's through forever with motion pictures."

"That makes it practically unanimous," I chimed in.

Fanny's blithe enthusiasm was not to be crushed. She beamed with pride as she told me about what her various friends were doing.

"Alma Rubens has a perfectly glorious rôle in 'She Goes to War.' She plays an Oriental cabaret dancer. I, for one, am terribly fed up on war pictures. If producers insist on making them, I wish some one would get up another war picture in which the women wore more attractive clothes. Those 1914 to 1918 clothes are atrocities now. Lois Moran is making a war picture, too. It is called 'Judith.'"

"I think the hardest-working player I know is Bodil Rosing. She is always rushing through one production in order to get ready for another. Ever since 'Sunrise' she has been in great demand. She is slated for a part with John Barrymore in the Lubitsch picture, but before they got to her scenes Chuck Reisner insisted on having her for the picture he is making with Eddie Quillan."

"I wish that some one would put Bodil in a part that shows how young and chic she is off the screen. They always have her playing suffering mothers. She is a grandmother in real life, but she is anything but long suffering. She has no such ambitions, though. The one dream of her life is to play Fanny Hurst's 'Lum-nox.' She has studied that book over and over, thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, until she just feels that the character belongs to her. She knows the Scandinavian temperament awfully well, which is an advantage. And Fanny Hurst is eager that she should play the part when Herbert Brenon makes the picture. Oh, well, dreams do come true in pictures occasionally, so maybe she will get it.

"Bessie Love is all set to do a picture for Metro-Goldwyn that she is crazy about, and the poor girl can't do anything but sit around and wait, while they test a few dozen actors in the hope of finding a leading man. He has to sing and dance as well as act, so it is a tough assignment.

"An awfully attractive girl named Blanche Le Clair has been cast for a big part in Bessie's picture. It is the first real break she has had, though she was under contract to Paramount for a year. I think she will make a hit. I know that every time I have seen her anywhere, people have clutched me and asked who she is. And any one with that much individuality should make good on the screen."

"I wonder if Mary Pickford will ever really get around to make 'Coquette.' There have been so many distinguished visitors in California recently, that..."
No Walking

With all this land, sea, and doubtful of a traffic cop must be

Sally Blane, above, Jack Holt's leading lady in "The Vanishing Pioneer," tries to break a strike with soft words.

"But I distrust you drivers of low-slung cars," protests Clyde Cook, above, to Louise Fazenda.

Our Gang, below, out for a drive in their "rolls-woise."

Pacing the deck of his what-is-it Billy Dooley, above, is dallying with some big idea.

"How about a lift?" asks Marion Davies, above, of Johnny Mack Brown, in "The Fair Coed."
Home Here

craft cruising Hollywood, the life anything but monotonous.

When men were dandies and ladies divine, they traveled in this fashion. Corinne Griffith and Marie Dressler, above, in "The Divine Lady."

Richard Dix, above, demonstrates the going ability of the tandem bicycle in "Easy Come, Easy Go." The title has no reference to the bicycle, it might be added.

Cleve Moore, above, travels at a merry clip when at play, cheating the camera of many thrills.

Monte Blue, below, commutes à la twentieth century. He is shown here in "Across the Atlantic."

The innocent camera man, Buster Keaton, above, is inclined to be trustful, but is still suspicious. Harry Gribbon is the cop.
Unveiling Olive’s “Past”

Miss Borden is visited by one who knew her before she became famous, and who finds no grounds for the criticism most often aimed at the star.

In a city of beautiful women, Miss Glass finds Miss Borden the loveliest of all.

By Madeline Glass

To tell this story of Olive Borden, it will be necessary to include a bit of personal history, and to make considerable use of the personal pronoun.

It all began about five years ago, in a Los Angeles telephone exchange. I was then an operator in one of the largest offices—and not ashamed of it. Speaking from wide experience, I know of no business that maintains a finer or more intelligent class of young women.

One morning the chief operator took me from the switchboard and introduced me to a very young student operator. The student was small, exceptionally pretty, and seemed oddly out of place in that darkened room, which hummed like a giant bee hive. She looked curiously at the rows of girls whose eyes never left their boards, and whose nimble fingers manipulated the intricate equipment with astonishing speed and dexterity. The student’s name was Borden, but having an extremely poor memory for names, I promptly forgot it. I was asked to show Miss Borden her locker and to impart any necessary information about rules of the office. Since I couldn’t remember her name, and because she seemed so childish and sweet, I began calling her “Little Girl.” And Little Girl it was thereafter.

It seems that Miss Borden’s memory was also defective, for after a day or so she shyly dubbed me “Niece Lady.”

I liked Miss Borden immediately, but to my surprise, she did not seem to be popular with the other girls. To this day, I do not know why. Certainly they were not jealous of her attractiveness; beauty does not make a woman unpopular with her own sex. Possibly they sensed that she was not one of them. Olive was born for a more colorful career.

Shortly after her arrival, I came upon her in the middle of the operating room looking somewhat petulant.

“What are you peevd about, Little Girl?” I inquired.

“I’m not peevd,” said she, brightening instantly.

I surmised that she was trying to make the best of a wearying situation. Certainly I never heard her complain.

A day or so later I found her in the locker room putting on her hat and coat.

“Good-bye, Nice Lady,” she said. “They’re transferring me to Hollywood.”

Genuinely sorry to lose her, I tried to say something consoling. She was pathetically forlorn and bewildered.

Suddenly she ran and threw her arms about me, blinking her big eyes to keep back the tears. When she had gone, I spoke kindly of her to another operator who, oddly enough, didn’t seem impressed.

“She is very affectionate,” I argued.

“And affected,” added the girl, with such smiling composure that I wanted to throw the switchboard at her.

Continued on page 116
RUMORS of Olive Borden’s temperament and ostentation are refuted by Madeline Glass, opposite, whose story describes her not only as she is to-day, but as she was five years ago when a telephone operator in the same exchange with the writer.
DORIS KENYON’S graciousness and charm have attracted a public all her own, to whom her appeal will be all the more manifest now that talking pictures have opened a wider field for her, because of her experience on the stage.
HAVING established herself as a delicious comedienne, Esther Ralston abandons her light, becoming mood in signing a new contract with Paramount to play more serious rôles. But with such beauty can drama be less becoming than comedy? Oh, say not so.
WHAT with his airplanes and his kennels, his motor boats and his mountain lodges, Reginald Denny's life in Hollywood is that of an English gentleman, with American innovations, and, yes, the screen claims some of his elegant activities, too.
MEXICO has waited patiently for her opportunity to contribute stars to the screen, and there's no holding her back now that such a delectable morsel as Raquel Torres is added to the suddenly increasing quota of dusky, jet-eyed charmers.
SYNTHETIC SIN" may be all right as a title for Colleen Moore's next picture, but it is safe to say that the ability she will inject in it will be not at all synthetic, but the purest essence of skillful comedy.
PICTURE PLAY called Dorothy Revier "the caviar of Poverty Row," because her beauty was more delicate than the pictures in which she played. Douglas Fairbanks evidently agreed, for he chose her to be his glamorous Milady, in "The Iron Mask."
DROPPING from stardom to supporting rôles is a major tragedy in Hollywood, but to Jetta Goudal, who doesn't deny the fact that she has done it, it is the subject of a shrewdly philosophic discourse, as reported opposite by William H. McKegg.
Jetta Steps Down—
But Not Out

La Goudal proves anew that she is a law unto herself by relinquishing stardom for lesser rôles, with smiling indifference to what Hollywood thinks.

By William H. McKegg

A M I D the glitter of the ballroom many were the dazzling ladies who caught the attention of onlookers. But, as if magnetized, all eyes roved across the gorgeous set until they rested on one lady. She stood out from the beautiful background like a bird of paradise among a flock of sparrows. That is Jetta Goudal for you.

Jetta will invariably surprise you. She has just surprised all Hollywood. It was on this topic that I had come to the studio to get an explanation.

“I understand,” Jetta remarked, “that many stars feel they lose caste when they play any rôle less than a stellar one. For myself, I do not feel that way. A good part is a good part, whether it be a star part or otherwise. Think of the stars who have disappeared from view rather than step from the pedestal of stardom.”

La Goudal had just crossed the set and was reclining in her chair. All eyes were on her.

This caste complex has been one of Hollywood’s blackest blights. Here, at last, was a star brave enough to smash it to smithereens and toss the pieces in the air.

“Why should I drop out of pictures through condescending myself to stardom?” Jetta further inquired, in a throbbing crescendo, her eyes widening. “Mais, non! It may sound strange,” she went on, faintly arching her delicate brows, “but I do not entertain the least idea that I have come down, or lost caste, through playing a supporting rôle. I like my work too much, and I am very sensible.”

Was this Jetta Goudal, the supposed terror of directors, the dread of producers, speaking? Did ever a reputedly temperamental star talk as sanely as she?

Nevertheless it was Jetta who spoke. Jetta, the mystery of Hollywood. Jetta, the so-called firebrand. Jetta, who until recently had not appeared on the screen in ten months, because of a disagreement with Cecil DeMille. Jetta, a star in her own right, is now playing a mere rôle in D. W. Griffith’s “The Love Song.”

Deprived of stardom for a while, Jetta shed no tears, but finally accepted a part in “The Cardboard Lover.” In that comedy, she was born to reign supreme, acted quite happily as the butt of Marion Davies’ pranks.

La Goudal, of whom everything pertaining to fireworks and explosions has been reported, did that which one would expect only from the sanest and most reasonable player.

“T’m sorry,” she essayed to explain, alluding to her startling behavior in breaking Hollywood’s caste complex—“well, I do not know how to say it. You hear sometimes of a millionaire forsaking his luxurious surroundings to live for a while in a mountain camp. It makes him very happy. I feel just like that these days. But why should that affect my standing? Why should I be supposed to lose caste by playing in a picture of which I am not the star?”

Jetta Goudal finds a rôle to her liking in “The Love Song,” and that is more important than stardom to the true artist.

“The millionaire can always return to his real position. So, too, can the star.”

Jetta was very enthusiastic over her rôle in the new film, with William Boyd and Lupe Velez. It is a costume picture—and who knows better how to wear costumes than Goudal? She portrays a striking rôle—that of the mistress of Napoleon III.

While working with Marion Davies, it is said that all the studio thought the world of Jetta. Mr. Griffith thinks her very clever, sweet, and patient. One wonders what they think of this at the erstwhile DeMille studio.

A young man approached, to show Jetta some jewelry designs for one of her costumes. At a single glance, La Goudal suggested an improvement. She made the setting more striking by explaining how it could be bettered. The paste diamonds were offered for her comments. Jetta scrutinized them through a little glass and chose the best stones. She does all these things with the calm, indifferent manner of a connoisseur.

Griffith, who always supervises the costumes worn by his players, permitted Jetta to design her own. He has only allowed Lillian Gish to do this in the past.

While the dressmaker rushed up as soon as the young man had left, I wondered if many vanished luminaries would to-day be in the public eye had they followed the path Goudal is treading. Many of them preferred to wait for another chance to star, rather than accept a good part and, to their thinking, thereby lose caste.

With a slender hand, holding a painted ivory fan on a jeweled chain, her head bent slightly forward, Jetta turned to me and went on with the frank appraisal of her revolutionary action.

“It is bad, you know, for a star to remain out of public view too long. After my break with DeMille, I

Continued on page 117.
peared. Bright spots of carmine now liven the high cheek bones, once colored only by a hectic flush. Rags and gingham no longer are her raiment. Spangles, satins, velvets, crystals, and the latest gewgaws from Paris now hang gracefully from her willowy form, which is to be seen passing through the maze of modern frivolity, without so much as a backward glance at that wistful, shadowy figure of some years ago.

She is not as interesting, not as distinctive, as she used to be. In fact, there is nothing to distinguish her from myriads of other up-to-date girls, who feel that life is an incomplete and sorry affair without the adjuncts of diamond bowknots and mink coats.

She is Pauline Starke now, just as she was Pauline Starke then, but something of that ineffable quality of childlike charm and simplicity were doffed with her cotton stockings.

Bessie Love, with the passing of the years, has treasured that quaint, elfin candor, which was her greatest charm, but Pauline Starke was determined to become the kind of girl that men remember. This ugly duckling pined to become a swan, and succeeded.

"You might say I have grown up," she volunteers, by way of explanation. "Times have changed, and I've changed, too. The kind of girl I used to be no longer has any vogue, even in pictures. Her type isn't wanted. And then I adore wearing beautiful clothes. Who wants to wear calico all the time? I wouldn't be my old self for anything."

Better she must feel to play the role of wife at home, than to resurrect the shabby, spirituelle, glory of yesteryear.

"I am miserable, though, when I am not working. I don't know what to do with myself staying at home. I feel I am just wasting my time."

With all her brilliants and gay plumage, we feel that if Miss Starke would wrap her furs in tar paper, put her jewels in the vault, and go to Mary Pickford and borrow the habiliments of little Annie Rooney, she would be heeding the call of the megaphone in no time. For, despite her permanent wave, her highly polished finger tips, and her chic wardrobe, Pauline Starke is just little Annie Rooney for all that.

Persevering Marion.

Marion Davies is an example of perseverance. Of course she has beauty, charm, and grace. But who could have imagined, a few years ago, that she was destined to become a comédienne of the first rank?

Miss Davies, in her first screen attempts, used to be pointed out as the
shining example of a girl who couldn’t act, and yet went doggedly on. She never argued about it. You
never heard from her lips the lame excuse given by
Estelle Taylor, on her own behalf, that it only
seemed that she was a bad actress, because she never
had any good roles.
Miss Davies, determined to be an actress, and a
good one, spent all her energy in learning her trade.
She took lessons in everything imaginable. She
studied, she toiled, she watched and learned. Not
content with being merely just one of the pretty
girls of the screen, she was eager for accomplish-
ment and recognition.
Do you ever hear any one say any more that
Marion Davies cannot act? Far from it. From the
gentle, winsome, rather awkward young girl of
"Cecilia of the Pink Roses" she has developed into
a merry, frolicksome star with distinct individuality.
As you know, she stutters a little bit, and it will be
interesting to see just how she tackles this problem
in the talkies. Will she retain her stutter, expecting
the world to like it, or will she decide to over-
come it for reproduction purposes? Returning from
Europe, she spent a week or two in New York, mak-
ing preparations for her three forthcoming pictures,
"Dumb Dora"—surely Dumb Dora should stutter
a trifle—"The Five O’clock Girl," and "Buddies,"
one of which will decide the question.
Frances Marion returned to America on the same
ship as Miss Davies, but tripped off to Holly-
wood as fast as the train could carry her.

Art Separates Newlyweds.

Being a wife and a star—the wife of a star
as well—makes for complexities. You know,
of course, that Florence Vidor married Jascha
Heifetz. The magic of his finger tips cast their
spell upon her, and the stately Florence
cast professional discretion aside, and
married a genius. But will she forsake
her art? By the long strips of celluloid,
she swears she will not! Eight days
after her marriage to the great violinist,
she whisked him back to Hollywood.
After a short session in the film
colony, it was New York again,
from whence the genial Heifetz
sailed for Europe, accompanied
only by his Stradivarius. With
her cavalier on the ocean,
Miss Vidor, a grass wid-
ow, returned to Los An-
geles and her job—par-
don, her art.

Dresses, Women, and
Beauty.

Not only the fair sex
revel in a shopping tour.
Gilbert Adrian came all
the way from California to
purchase silks and satins

Will Marion Davies’ stutter be recorded in the
talkies?

and furbelows. And he did it with enthusiasm.
For strange as it may seem, this
clever young man has such a flair
for what the charming woman
should wear, that his word is law
on matters sartorial with many
reigning beauties. He is a keen,
sensitive, young man with
a creative instinct for
clothes. His designs are
so skillful that they make
buxom women slender,
skinny women stately,
dowdy women chic, and
awkward women graceful.
Metro-Goldwyn,
voy touchy in
matters of dress,
have secured his
services for the
exclusive adorn-
ment of their
stars. He’s done
wonders for them
all. He has, for
example, taken
Aileen Pringle
Glances one has into the personality of an interesting woman are far more stimulating. An interesting woman changes with her mood. A beauty is always content to be a beauty, and why not? It is far easier for an ugly woman to be interesting, than it is for a beautiful woman to be interesting.

"Take Greta Garbo, for example. She is one of the most fascinating women of modern times, but she is not, according to ordinary standards, beautiful. Her charm is her expressiveness. She is difficult to fathom. She is elusive. She is variable. These are the very qualities which appeal to the imagination—and clothes, beautiful clothes, are the product of the imagination. An interesting woman changes with her clothes. They make a subtle difference in her appeal to the world. You take your real beauty, like Billie Dove, whether she is dressed in sport clothes, or draped with Grecian folds, she is always beautiful Billie Dove, late of the 'Follies.' Hers is the charm of the picture gallery. Then, again, consider Garbo. She presents a vista of fascinating possibilities. There is always the lure, the search for the unknown, unsuspected quality.

"Women in Hollywood have not yet 'found' themselves in the matter of dress. They have not yet developed clothes sense, but they are acquiring it. The interesting European woman is ever intent upon being individual. She demands that her clothes reflect her personality and hers alone. The Hollywood woman is an everlasting procession of diminutive Mary Pickfords, Gloria Swansons, and Clara Bows. The majority of women are doing their level best to reflect a personality; yes, but not their own—rather the personality of some conspicuous type, popular at the moment with the producers. The repetition is merely monotonous. The procession of endless types merely defeats its own purpose, for individuality in clothes in- evitably wins the day. That is why a clever woman is never happy unless she is well dressed."

"An Untamed Hero.
One of the screen's most unique heroes recently made his first visit to New York. Speak-easies held no interest for him. He was never to be found in the Ritz Grill, the Lambs Club, or at a night club, and he positively refused to take any interest in his public. His art is innate with him, and he makes no bones—and bones are his birthright—about it. No amount of coaxing could induce him to keep his shoes polished, his nails clean, or his face washed. "Smudges on mah face don't show," he has been known to inform the management, of whom he is the despair. Even though he is an actor, and a good one, he has never been known to

Farina shopped for baseball bats, not dolls. anything, not
even the hotel accommodations, but he was noticeably insistent on one point. He went to bed regularly at ten, said his prayers, and studied diligently daily on the hotel roof, with one proviso. He was to be taken to the Statue of Liberty, and allowed to climb up into the torch.

No seasoned veteran of the stage or screen ever demanded the star dressing room with more insistence than young Farina reminded the management, between personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, that his purpose in coming to New York, and remaining on his good behavior, was a leisurely and thorough journey through the Statue of Liberty. Of course, "Our Gang" went with him. And the lady was most gracious. In fact, all New York was gracious to this juvenile gang of playboys. Newspaper offices came to a standstill while tiny fingers thumped out one-syllable messages to the columnists, a hotel roof was transformed into a schoolroom, a motor bus was ever at their disposal for a trip to the zoo, the aquarium, or toyland.

With all the adulation that has been showered upon his ebony person, Farina is totally unlike the professional child. He has no manners, no self-assurance, no self-consciousness. He's an untamed, little black boy, with the kind heart characteristic of his race. He's very much averse to showing his pigtail, and terribly worried about the mistaken idea that he is a girl. His interview was pointedly brief.

"You know those fights we have. I never really hurt anybody when I hits 'em. I's just foolin'—make-believe, you know."

And then he turned to inquire where was the best place in town to buy a baseball bat, and no amount of irrelevant questioning could swerve him from his quest.

Romance is Consoling.

Only romance—and of course you know of the romance of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart—helps to buoy the drooping spirit of dainty Sue Carol. Naturally, when a love affair is in progress, and the worries are merely lucrative, the dismal dumps are never too disheartening. And anyway, what are a few ducats, more or less, when love's young dream is progressing happily? In Miss Carol's case it happens to be less—in a way, that is. Her father happened to be a very wealthy man, who left his pretty daughter a very tidy income. She has never even heard the wolf barking at the door.

On the other hand, she made an unfortunate contract in her salad days which were, oh, just a few months ago. Of course, she was thrilled about it at the time, when Douglas MacLean gave her a rôle in "Soft Cush-
The house is built around an ancient sycamore tree, with four separate, gnarled trunks.

The Home Dolores Built

It is Mexican, of course, but a lovely and repressed blending of beauty and comfort makes the Casa del Rio an outstanding place in Hollywood.

By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD, with the inclusion of Beverly Hills understood, has become a community of magnificent homes not surpassed in any part of America. This center of princely income and lavish expenditure has sprung into civic grandeur, mushroomlike, from the arid fields and inferior pasture lands that was Hollywood fifteen years ago.

When it became certain that this sunny waste was destined to be the headquarters of the motion-picture profession, stars began the building of homes with gusto.

Architects with pet ideas found Utopia in Hollywood, where celluloid earnings made their practice extravagantly possible. There is to be found, within the city limits, every type of architecture under the sun. Experiment in design has run riot. Many home-building stars have spent rather more lavishly than wisely, with results which are pretty terrible, due to too much supervision from owners who should have stuck to acting, or to having given free rein to architects with more enthusiasm than taste.

There are pink houses and green ones, gorgeous ones and gaudy ones, spectacular ones and conservative. Houses built precariously on hillsides—palaces encompassing whole mountaintops, and expensively quaint bungalows nesting in canyons—houses of every design, from Egyptian to colonial. When, however, Hollywood homes are beautiful, they are beautiful in no mean way.

Ignoring the mercifully infrequent displays of architectural bad taste, and concerning ourselves only with the homes to which we point with justifiable pride, it is appropriate to begin with the residence of Dolores del Rio.

The Mexican star's phenomenal success making it evident that Hollywood was her own special place in the sun, she

A cloistered veranda, tiled in red, faces the garden.
finally disposed of her home in Mexico City and set about acquiring one here.

Intending to build a permanent home, Miss del Rio waited for an interval of leisure between pictures before beginning actual construction. She had already, more than a year ago, selected and bought the lot. Originally wild, unused land with a crude highway cut through it, used principally by bandits, it later became a ranch in possession of one of the first Spanish families to settle here. It was a thickly wooded section, dense with giant sycamores that defied speculations as to their age. When it was subdivided, many of these were, of course, preserved. On one semicircular corner lot stood the daddy of them all—a sycamore of tremendous proportions, with four separate and gnarled trunks. It was known as "Hangman’s Tree" because its branches being eminently suitable to the purpose, it had been the impromptu gallows for the victims of the bandits who traversed the road which ran beside it, tradition says. It was this lot which Dolores chose, and directed her architect to build the house around the tree.

At the conclusion of "The Trail of ’98," with the prospect of a brief holiday before "Ramona," construction on the place was begun. Dolores was on hand constantly to see that things went as she wished. Combining the talent of her architect and Dolores' own excellent taste, the result is one of the loveliest houses in Hollywood.

The grounds comprise the entire semicircle of a corner, and are surrounded by a wall of whitewashed brick. The house itself is white stucco, with a red-tile roof. The entrance is charmingly inconspicuous—a heavy oak door set in the wall on the east side. The door has a small, iron grille in it, and directly above, set in the wall, is a niche containing the figure of a saint.

Instead of leading into the house itself, the door opens onto a cloistered veranda facing the garden. The floor of the veranda is tiled in dull red, with decorative, varicolored tiles set at intervals. To the left, on entering, is the broadest part, where deep bamboo furniture, upholstered in the same shade of red, is placed. On the wall, here, is hung a hand-woven rug of Aztec design. To the right of the entrance is a large niche containing a porcelain figure, while facing the door at the far end, is a small fountain with a picture in tiles above it.

In the center of the garden is the sycamore mentioned above. Around the wall, on the inside, cypress have been set and will soon form a dense hedge. At the convergence of the paths is a large fountain of tiles.

The entrance to the house itself is at the far end of the veranda—an elaborately carved oak door almost a foot thick. This opens into a hall two stories high, whose length is to right and left of the entrance. To the left it leads to the living room, to the right to the dining room. The stairway is midway between the two. This hall is also tiled, but made warm by small rugs, and a small red-velvet settee of Spanish design. Great urns of beaten brass contain flowering shrubs and, at the base of the staircase, is a huge Pueblo vase patterned in brilliant greens, blues, and yellows. It is the only bright color in the hall, the dominating red being of a very dull hue. It is an example of wise discrimination in the use of color.

Continued on page 118

Miss del Rio’s study adjoins the office of her secretary.
Around the Clock

Flashy costumes for the stage, but none for the modern chorus girl the rest of the day, says Nancy Carroll.

Nancy Carroll, left, displays a chorus girl's modest, supper-after-the-show gown, to be worn when she is not supping off malted milk at home.

A flesh-colored satin nightgown and the simplest of negligees, left, is Miss Carroll's choice for the hour before bedtime.

Miss Carroll, right, shows that the truly modern girl of the chorus looks more like an alert business woman than the traditional, gaudy butterfly.

The practice costume, left, is trim and simple, consisting of black-satin trunks and a jersey.

Gone are the satins and pearls from the outfit worn by the chorus girl in search of a job, right.

Just to show you that Nancy believes in unconservative costumes in their place, she poses, outer right, as a chorus girl expressing her art.
A Modest Chap

Cornelius Keefe disdains the usual interviews and puffs, but here is a story that tells what kind of young man he is.

By Myrtle Gebhart

If this were an interview with Cornelius Keefe, I might know how to start it. As it isn't, I don't. There won't be any repartee, any searching analyses, nor will any deep dreams be revealed. I shall not present to you a noble hero. In the first place, he isn't; and secondly, if I made too much of him, Con would thereafter be courteous toward me, with that careful politeness that is a greater rebuke than a thousand outbursts. I should not want him to be polite that way.

This boy of twenty-five or so, who within a year has become known to the fans, and very popular in Hollywood, has distinctive qualities. He has certain ideas that are inflexible. He has not yet learned to separate personal convictions from certain necessities of a career. The stubbornness of youth will not make concessions, nor admit itself in error.

After scoring a hit on the New York stage and on the road, in "The Poor Nut," he was brought West to play in the picture and has worked almost continuously since. During his first nine months in Hollywood, he established a record by playing leads in ten films. He is young and of engaging personality. But he presents a problem rare in Hollywood—he honestly does not believe in much publicity.

Yes, yes, you've heard that before. I have—and then listened for hours while they talked. Peculiarly, Con means it. He has refused to give four requested interviews.

"A bit of news in the papers about the picture is fine, so the producers will know there's another ham actor in town." This is his stand. "But suppose lovely young ladies, or clever young men, come to interview an actor. Most of the things they say sound sappy. Such expressions as 'a clean-cut young man—devoted to his mother—an athletic hero—blab! And if not blab, they aren't things to be publicized. When I reach the point where there is something to say about my work, that will be different."

Once, some years ago, before interviews became more candid, he read an article about an actor whom he greatly admired. It said something sweet about the lad among his roses in his garden. Con quit reading fan magazines then, and it is only recently that he has been persuaded to look at one, and made to realize that "gooey" praise is passé.

To a friend, who was lecturing him on his attitude, he said one day, "There's nothing to say about my youth. What does it matter where I went to school, what sports I played, how many lollies I got, whether I lived at home, or what I did in an ordinary, normal boyhood? If I had run away and sailed before the mast, or done anything adventurous, that would be different. When there's no story, why try to make one out of common-placeness? And now, I want to stand on the merit of my work, which speaks for itself, good or bad."

During his first nine months in Hollywood, Mr. Keefe established a record by playing leads in ten films.

That, Ladies and gentlemen, is Cornelius Keefe, a lad who consistently disdains certain gestures which are part and parcel of an actor's career, and yet you must respect him for his views.

Anything else pertaining to his work is carefully considered. He is conscientiously studious of the screen, and spends several evenings a week at the movies. He will see a John Gilbert, an Emil Jannings, a Charlie Murray, or a Jack Mulhall film over and over, poring over certain scenes and bits of technique. These represent to him varied forms of acting. His own pictures he reviews constantly, conjecturing, "If I had done that so-and-so, would it have been better? Boy! what a boob I made of myself there! Pack up and get out, you razzberry!"

He will wax eloquent along this line: "It's all a matter of dollars and cents! Play your rôle as earnestly and as well as you can. Make that bozo, whoever he is, seem real, but manage your career as if you were in the commercial world. I'm giving myself three years. If by then I don't click, and make such-and-such an amount, I'm going to quit and go back to selling bonds again."

He shakes a pencil at you when he says this, his very deep-set, brown eyes looking earnest. I believe he has talked himself into thinking he means it. But he will follow over town some picture that he has missed, and he's boy enough to be thrilled by Westerns and Northwest Mounted Police yarns.

Continued on page 106
ARKEN to the sad tale of Elmer Thistlewaite. Elmer Thistlewaite, in case you are interested in his past, was born in Porterville, California. His parents lived on a farm, and it was on this farm that Elmer first came upon Dodo. Dodo proved to be the turning point in his entire life.

Dodo was a goose and, to every one but Elmer, not a particularly unusual fowl. But to Elmer, Dodo was a goose among geese. A certain swagger in his waddle, a jauntness in his feathers, a plaintive note in his honk, perhaps, must have set Dodo apart from other geese in Elmer's eyes.

Elmer set about training Dodo, and over a period of two years he taught the goose to do any number of extraordinary feats. Dodo would feign sleep, roll over, flap his wings or honk at a command. And for no one but Elmer would he do these things.

The training of Dodo was Elmer's first genuine creative effort in some twenty-odd years of existence. This did not particularly please the elder Thistlewaits, who had vainly attempted to thrust Elmer into some useful pursuit about the farm. Seeing that, with Dodo occupying all his waking hours, he was even less likely to work than before, several assaults were made on Dodo's life. These failing, Elmer was finally kicked off the farm, to shift for himself in a world he was obviously incapable of combating. In a moment of rather surprising generosity, his parents permitted Elmer to take Dodo with him.

Elmer, with Dodo, eventually turned up in Hollywood, as most odd people generally do, at one time or another in their lives. The screen, he believed, must hold a place somewhere for the world's best-trained goose, and he would find it.

Eventually he did. A gag man in one of the larger studios sat and thought and thought and thought. One day, oddly enough, he had an idea. He told it to a director, and laughed so heartily as he told it, that even his superior thought it funny. The idea required the services of a goose.

"But," said the director, with that clarity of thought which always marks the truly great, "we have no goose."

"There must be a trained goose somewhere in Hollywood," the gag man argued, and appealed to the casting director. Elmer had been sitting in the casting director's office for three weeks, with Dodo under his arm. So goose and trainer were engaged.

The picture in which Dodo first appeared was a success. Consequently every other studio promptly made one just like it, and Elmer and Dodo were soon working constantly. Goose and trainer received a joint salary of seven dollars and fifty cents a day and felt sorry for Tom Mix.

Elmer, at this stage of his career, was ideally happy. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to put Dodo through his paces for any and all observers. They became familiar figures on Hollywood Boulevard. Every one knew Dodo's name. No one knew Elmer's. He was referred to as "the guy that owns the goose," and gloried in the title.

Then Elmer met a girl, with the usual results. Her name was Pearl Alexander. She had flaxen-red hair, with a temper to match. She made her living as an extra and resided with her parents and an elder sister, who worked in a store. The mother took in washing. The father was a glass-blower by trade, but hadn't blown a glass for seven years.

Pearl took an instantaneous dislike to Dodo. It was returned. Dodo, sensing a menace, nipped Pearl on the ankle at every opportunity.

"Marry me," said Elmer, ill-advisedly, one night.

"And what would we live on?"

"Dodo has worked three days a week for the last six months."

"That's one helluva way to make a living—off a trained goose."

"Dodo is the best trained goose in the world."

"Get rid of him and get a job and I'll marry you."

Thus things went. Elmer wanted desperately to marry Pearl, but couldn't think of separating from Dodo. Then fate took a hand. Pugly men with prominent noses lighted expensive cigars and bemoaned conditions in the "pitcher" business. Films were returning a profit of only three hundred per cent instead of the five hundred of other years. So something had to be done about it. Studios were shut down. Twenty-five-dollar-a-week stenographers were fired, and thousand-dollar-a-week actors remained idle—on pay.
No one required the services of a trained goose, or of Pearl Alexander, either. With conditions getting steadily worse in many a Beverly Hills mansion and Hollywood apartment, Christmas bobbed up on the calendar. Studio panics always occur near the holidays. I don't know why. It has happened too often to be an accident.

On Christmas Eve Pearl bared circumstances in the Alexander family to her swain. The sister had eloped with the man who read the gas meter. The glass-blowing father had not broken his seven years of rest. All Hollywood was apparently doing its own washing.

Elmer was invited to Christmas dinner, with an excellent prospect of there being nothing to eat.

"Elmer," said Pearl, "it's up to you."

"What's up to me?"

"We ain't got no money, and we ain't got nothing for Christmas dinner. You gotta promote us a gump somewhere."

"You mean—" Her meaning was beginning to penetrate even Elmer's foggy mentality.

"I mean nuthin'. You just gotta get us a fowl of some kind."

Elmer, stumbling out into the night, wished profoundly that Pearl were not so vicious. All night long he wrestled with the problem of his divided love. At daybreak Dodo lost by a small margin. One blow of an ax ended the career of the world's only trained goose.

Elmer writhed as the savory odor of the cooking goose smote his nostrils. "As soon smell Pearl cooking," he muttered. He probably did not mean it.

Surrounded by mountains of potatoes, all that remained of Dodo was set upon the table. Alexander, per se, jabbed at it tentatively with a fork. The tines bounced back, ringing like a bell. He slashed at it with a knife. The blade made not the slightest impression. Wrist aching, he put down his weapons.

"How old is this buzzard?" he asked.

"'Bout six years," said Elmer, morosely.

With a sharp exclamation Pearl pounced to her feet, seized the carving implements and began to heave at Dodo, her teeth clattering with anger. After some moments of hacking and sawing she seized the fowl by a drumstick.

"The damn thing's made of rubber," she cried, and brought the carcass down on Elmer's head. The goose trainer scrambled to his feet, terrifying in his wrath.

"You—you bezale!" he cried. Even Pearl's razor-edged tongue was momentarily stilled, as Elmer snatched up his cap and departed, banging the door behind him.

For hours he wandered the streets. It should have been snowing, but was not, because the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will not permit it. He might have leaped into a river, but there is no river within a hundred miles of Hollywood large enough to drown a cat.

He had lost his girl. He had lost his goose. He had lost his Christmas dinner. He had lost his means of livelihood.

He was in one hell of a fix.

There is a tale current in Hollywood, which I have mentioned before, of the actor who wanted a rôle so desperately that he cut off his right leg, only to find the rôle required a Thespian with his left leg missing.

This sad tale, however, is permanently put in the shade by the girl who came to Hollywood and couldn't get a break. So she adopted a European name and an accent you could hang a hat on.

She sprang into temporary prominence. Then somebody invented talking pictures and now she's out in the cold again, because of her acquired accent.

An obscure actress and her manager, so it is reported, sent a personal letter to Prince George, while he was in southern California, urging him to "drop around any time."

He was entertained by Doug and Mary, Gloria Swanson, and others. But, odd enough, he never did get around to accepting the invitation from the actress of whom he had obviously never heard.

She and her adviser are still bewilderedly awaiting a reply.

For popular acclaim the stars of Hollywood ran a poor second to the aviators, during the National Air Races recently staged in Los Angeles.

Continued on page 109.
Texas Guinan Pans Hollywood

Peeved because of the snubs administered by the movie colony, the famous night club hostess interrupts her labors in a Vitaphone picture to call Hollywood provincial, jealous, discontented—and other things.

By A. L. Wooldridge

So now, poor, provincial old Los Angeles in general and Hollywood in particular, you’re going to get yours. Texas Guinan, after a few weeks in your midst, will orate. And when “Tex” orates, something usually pops.

The night-club hostess reached Hollywood a little while ago amid the blaze of horns, the ballyhoo of press agents and the hum of an insidious throng. Wearing about a million dollars’ worth of pearls, diamonds, and night-club gems, she climbed down from a Pullman to meet a score of outstretched arms.

“Howdy, folks?” she called. “How’s everybody? Gee, it’s great to be back where I got my start! Hell-oh, Hon-ey! Gosh, you’re looking fine! Howdy, Bud! You look just like Abraham Lincoln—he didn’t shave, either. Hello, Al! How’s the mammy’s boy? Muh gawd, isn’t that sunshine terrific?”

She shoved her hat a trifle, gathered a few yards of pearls into a more compact mass, and bestowed a kiss on every one.

“Isn’t this wonderful!” she exclaimed. “Why, when I left here last time—hello, Harry, how’s the wife and kid?—I didn’t have but one shirtwaist to my name. Howdy, Bill! How we’ve missed you in li’le ol’ New York! Did they know you were there? Won’t those policemen be lonely now? And the censor in Philadelphia—I was there once in a state of coma. He came to the station to see me off. He wanted to be sure I was going. Gawsh, it’s great to be back in this old land of flowers! Hello, Tom! How’s the lad from the great open spaces? Say, isn’t this sun awful?”

They swept her into a waiting automobile placarded with a huge “Welcome” sign.

“Give the little girl a hand!” shouted some one, borrowing the famous Guinan slogan. Then they handed her a huge hand made of papier-mâché, into which she slipped her own, and waved greetings and kisses as the automobile sped away.

Texas Guinan was back where she first tried her wings, ten, eleven, twelve years ago. What a glorious reception to the keen-minded, wise-cracking girl who had left southern California but little known, and made New York sit up and take notice! And now—well, the old home-town must give her her due.

It was a good-enough reception at the train, all right, but the great whoopie to follow in her honor, somehow went into a tail spin. The mayor refused to attend a testimonial dinner. The fashionable Breakfast Club politely declined the use of its
pavilion for a banquet in her honor. Aimee McPherson, the "hip-hip-hooray" evangelist, found herself too busy to call, although she had gone to the Guinan's club in New York. Even Tijuana evinced no interest in a proposed visit from her, and the Foothill Breakfast Club, at Arcadia, withdrew an invitation asking her to be its guest. A few other things like this happened, and pretty soon Texas began to get mad.

"Say, tell me something," she said. "Just what is this TNT effect I seem to have? Every time I go some place I get into trouble, or get somebody else into trouble. I'm not Uncle Sam's worst girl by any means! I may be his most mischievous, but I'm not his enemy. What's it all about?"

Somewhat bewildered by the crashing of castles and the closing of gates, Miss Guinan called in the overambitious press agent who had tried to maneuver all these affairs, and held conversation with him—a dialogue which has not been repeated.

Warner Brothers, with whom Texas is under contract, let it be known that they had nothing to do with plans for her entertainment. Conrad Nagel announced that he had been named on the reception committee without his consent, so presently Texas had something to say. She'd heard enough talk and had been buffeted sufficiently. The rollicking, wise-cracking, vivacious queen of the night clubs unloaded her mind. But not until she had been in Hollywood for about three weeks, visited its clubs, and learned about its ways. Then, in her dressing room at the studio, she delivered her oration. The glamour of movieland had gone.

"Hollywood is the most beautiful spot in America," said Texas, "with the most provincial people on earth, victims of restlessness, discontent, and chasing phantoms and rainbows.

"In this little, old town they don't know how to play. They don't know how to enjoy themselves. People pay $100,000 for my entertainments in New York, but when I come out here and want to give them something for nothing, they don't like it, and then fight like cats. Some people—and I'm not mentioning any names—are so narrow-minded their cars overlap.

"The loveliest man in New York is a millionaire, whose pockets are stuffed with money, and with no place to go. That's the way they are out here. Something cramps 'em."

"I never saw so many laws in all my life. How dare they tell you that you have to go home at 1 a.m.? Whose business is it when you go home?"

"When do night clubs close in New York? I inquired, recalling that Federal agents had padlocked her club.

"From now on!" replied Texas. "The trouble," she continued, "is that your lawmakers haven't got the lungs to make laws to fit people. They take away your private automobiles out here, they tell you, if the cops find you carrying a drink. Think of it! I've been out to your night clubs, and say! the checks the patrons pay look like street-car transfers. Seems like every one has about one shirt and one dollar, and they never change either. It takes money to buy fun.

"But they have fun at Hollywood parties," I suggested.

"Yeah," retorted Tex. "they do! Listen! I rented Marie Prevost's home. Marie went to Salt Lake City to make a picture. One evening I invited fifty guests to dinner. Two hundred and forty-nine came, and there were seventy-five still there for breakfast in the morning. When anybody sees as many as five cars parked in front of a Hollywood home, he says, 'Oh, there's a party on. Let's go in!' And in they stalk. That's Hollywood! Anything for free entertainment!

"Everybody knows everybody else's business. If you get an idea in the morning, unless you sew a button on it, it's all over town by night.

"It's all so terrible! This is the Riviera of America, but what do you do with it? Shut up shop at 1 a.m! Your city officials are trying to take all the joy out of living—all the spirit out of Los Angeles. An indiscretion a day keeps depression away—isn't that true? But what are your indiscretions? You have haisons as thick as blades of grass. I never saw the equal. It's because no one knows what else to do. There's no such thing as innocent fun.

"Why doesn't Los Angeles and Hollywood learn how to live?"

"Remember, I was in Hollywood in the good old days when every one got something out of each passing day. I was with the old Triangle company in 1917, then for five years I made pictures of my own—horse operas—two hundred and twelve in all. They've reissu english stories and they're going big. I was the first twogun woman in films. I was a sort of a successor to Bill Hart. Because I was born and reared on a ranch near Waco, Texas, and could ride and rope, they thought I was a sensation."

"An executive of the Triangle company came to me one day and said they wanted to make a snow picture. 'We've got ten trees and barrels of salt,' he said. 'That's sufficient.' Why not go into Bear Valley,' I suggested, 'and get real snow and trees?' 'Well,' he said, 'do you think you could act if you had a forest around you?'

"I got his inference. There was an inkwell handy Continued on page 119"
A WAR between the stars! This is the latest prophesy as a result of the talkies. As if there weren’t enough trouble already!

One does catch little evidences of friction at the studios, due to the resentment of the tried-and-true screen favorites over the growing invasion of territory that has long belonged to them exclusively, by a lot of new “debs” and débutantes recruited from the stage.

Maybe it will develop into fist fights and wrestling matches. Who knows? Momentarily we expect to hear a challenge to combat issued in the following terms:

“What, ho, thou varlet of a movie speaker! Vamoose anon from this, our sainted domain, ere we inflict upon thee a mighty spear thrust.”

Thereupon, in true classic fashion, the stage player will probably retort, “Odds blood, and at it knee of the dumb drama, and we will have it out in a right merry joust.”

Such, indeed, is the effect of declamation upon the actor!

Goats Get Goats.

Ernst Lubitsch had lots of trouble with goats, while filming “The King of the Mountains,” starring John Barrymore. In the first place, the players in the production complained that the four-footed extras were too highly “atmospheric.” That part of it was tolerated, but subsequently the goats began to interfere with the production by bah-ing all over the place during the tense, dramatic scenes. Lubitsch and the cast still remained patient, however.

But when the animals added to their other sins and transgressions a raid upon the décor of the sets, that was just too much. They were expelled with no unnecessary ceremony.

The Symphonic Jetta.

Jetta Goudal was the sensation of the Los Angeles opera season. No, we don’t mean that Jetta sang arias, but she did fill the eyes of the audience with wonder during the intermissions.

“A Zuluoga portrait,” somebody remarked, commenting on her appearance. “Isn’t she lovely? Isn’t she pale and interesting?” Wherever one went, there was comment about her.

The reason was, in part, the remarkably attractive costume that she wore on one occasion, in particular. It was a symphony in black—a dress that nearly touched the ground, a velvet cape of ebony shade, and a mushroom hat to match. The only touchers of white were her pallid, slender face, and ivory beads around her neck.

Aiding Voice Culture.

More stars attended the opera than ever before. Probably this was due to their desire to gain first-hand impressions of the fruits of voice culture. Also, was very largely owing to the presence of Maria Jeritza in the cast, whom everybody raved about—or at when she appeared as Carmen, in which rôle she was nothing short of terrible, in our opinion.

The stars who attended most industriously included Milton Sielis and Doris Kenyon, Betty Compson, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe, and Lilyan Tashman, who are always devotees, Leatrice Joy, Lois Moran, Norma Shearer, Mary Duncan, Agnes Ayres, and Tullio Carminati.

Hollywood, by the way, is looking forward to hearing Hope Hampton a year from now, when she probably will make her début in opera in the West. She has already been engaged in the East for the rôle of Mimi, in “La Bohème.”

Enter the Songsters.

A girl whom we have long known has been chosen to sing the soprano rôle in “The Desert Song.” Her name is Carlotta King. Carlotta has a very lovely voice, which is said to be unusually well adapted to Vitaphone. She also photographs exceedingly well.

The cast of “The Desert Song,” which will be the first movie operaetta, includes John Boles, Louise Fazenda, Myrna Loy, John Miljan, Johnny Arthur, Marie Wells, Edward Martindel, and others. Don’t hold any fond anticipations of hearing all these people warble, however. Louise Fazenda told us that she was not anticipating bursting into a beauteous contralto just yet, but there will be vocal numbers and plenty of talking in the picture. The chorus will unfortunately have to be eliminated.

Over the Border to Wed.

If by any chance Agua Caliente sounds to you like the name of a new Latin star, don’t be misguided. Actually, Agua Caliente is an elaborate hostelry south of the Mexican border, which is rapidly becoming the Gretna Green of filmland.

Priscilla Dean was married there recently to Leslie P. Arnold, a round-the-world aviator, and about the same time Rosa Rudani became the bride of John C. Fox, a Chicago and

“Old Man ‘Gator” seems to smile—probably at the thought of what he would do to Gwen Lee if he were not muzzled.
Florida realty broker, Jacqueline Logan was also wedded south of the border, to William L. Winston, but it didn’t “take,” because the California courts found fault with the legality of the ceremony. You see, she had been divorced only about six months from her prior husband. She intends to be remarried later on.

In one case a director went to Agua Caliente to be married and paid all the expenses of a trip there by airplane, and of the big wedding party, from the large winnings on a gaming table.

Time Element Emphasized.
Elinor Glyn is by this time famous, or notorious, as you will have it, for the titles of the pictures she writes. Two of her latest are “Three Week-ends” and “The Man and the Moment.” The former stars Clara Bow, and the latter Billie Dove. “And what rôle does Miss Dove play in her picture?” somebody asked George Fitzmaurice, who was directing. “Ah,” he said, raising his eyebrows, “she is the moment!”

Over the Fence Is In.
Studios are having all sorts of curious experiences with people attempting to break into the movies. At Paramount, one day, a Belgian athlete scaled a fifteen-foot fence, surmounted by barbed wire, at the back of the studio lot, and actually succeeded in getting a job from Dorothy Arzner, who was directing “Manhattan Cocktail” at the time. On another occasion a long-distance call came into the studio, from New Haven, Connecticut. On the other end of the wire was a young man who asked if he could obtain extra work, should he come to Hollywood. The phone call cost $18, but at that the casting director who received it estimated that the man saved money. It is reputed to take about $2,000 for living expenses, et cetera, even to get started on a movie career.

Toasted in Hawaii.
It doesn’t pay to be too zealous in the cause of art. Dorothy Mackaill knows this now. She learned her lesson from sunburn in Hawaii.

Dorothy was told she would have to get good and tanned for “Changeling,” and that it might take several days to do it. Dorothy decided, however, that she might be able to help the company out, if she crowded the tanning into a single afternoon. So she lay on the beach for several hours, without regard to the intensity of the rays of the tropical sun, and the result was that she was laid up in bed for two or three days afterward.

“I didn’t think the sunburn would attack me so violently as that,” she said, “because I was a little tanned from a summer at the beach in California. But evidently Hawaii has its own particular brand of sunlight, and the blisters that it brings out are simply terrible.”

Idols Revivified.
Matinée-idols-that-were are enjoying the chance to become matinée-idols-that-are, if we read the signs right. Two, who are in line for a revival of their fortunes, are Bert Lytell and William Desmond. Lytell is a featured player in “On Trial,” a talkie courtroom drama, and Desmond, in “No Defense,” second lead to Monte Blue. Lytell has been signed by Warner Brothers, and it is unlikely that Desmond will be too, if his voice records as well as expected.

Anti-feministic Dwarf-land.
Midgets are mostly men! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made this discovery while filming “The Mysterious Island.” They hired several hundred of the little fellows from shows and circuses in all parts of the country—probably the largest aggregation ever brought together in one place—to impersonate dwellers in a region beneath the sea.

When the casting office came to count the midgets, they found that there were only two or three women among them, and that practically no more were to be procured from the entertainment bureaus. It was explained that most of the feminine midgets were stay-at-homes, but of course the midgets number is comparatively few in any event.

The smallest dwarf in the picture is two feet seven inches, and the tallest four feet eight inches. During their sojourn here they stayed at a hotel in Culver City, not far from the studio, and their daily pilgrimage along the streets, when going to and from work, drew no end of sightseers.

Death Claims Three.
George Beban, Larry Semon, Arnold Kent—these three names have been stricken off the casting books and the biographies of living players. It is the largest toll of any one recent month. Two names are rather well known to picture fans, Beban and Semon, while Kent was enjoying the beginning of success, after about two or three years of striving.

Beban was a veteran actor. His biggest vogue was
Hollywood High Lights

eight or nine years ago. Who that saw it does not remember his picture, "The Sign of the Rose"? It was one of the most successful productions of its time.

He made various other films, and with most of these, as well as with "The Sign of the Rose," he went on personal-appearance tours. Beban had retired at the time of his death, and was living comfortably on a rather ample fortune that he had accumulated. He was gifted with foresight in respect to saving his money, often rare in the actor, and furthermore, he was fortunate in his business activities.

Beban, on the other hand, suffered sundry hardships in recent years. He tried to break away from short reels several years ago, and made "The Wizard of Oz," which failed financially. He underwent other reverses which led eventually to the bankruptcy court. The strain and worry shattered his nerves, and led to his death. Semon was very well liked personally in Hollywood.

Kent's career was cut short, when he was struck down by an automobile, while crossing Sunset Boulevard. He was taken to the hospital with a broken back and other serious injuries. He died within a day or two. Kent will have several posthumous pictures. He is in "The Woman Disputed" with Norma Talmadge, and "The Sins of the Fathers" with Emil Jannings. These are just now being released.

The Trials of Mae.

Mae Murray seems to go from one court battle into another. A New York modiste recently sued her for $1,005. But that is a small matter compared with all the ramifications of litigation over the house that she purchased a few years ago from Jack Donovan.

At latest reports, this legal battle was still going on in about the twelfth or thirteenth round, with the horrors just about even. Mae once won the suit for $40,000, but after that the case was reopened, right in the midst of a very pleasant vaudeville engagement.

Slapstick Exact Toll.

Comedy falls have serious consequences. This is an old axiom, perhaps, but can be reapplied to Bobby Vernon. He recently underwent a spinal operation for a chronic ailment, caused by repeated slight injuries to his vertebrae during the filming of slapstick comedies.

Harold Lloyd also had his session under the doctor's care, but this was due to breaking a rotary bone in his elbow while playing handball. The fracture aggravated an old injury that he had once suffered in the same arm.

Harold refused to miss any time at the studio on account of the accident. He came there every day with his arm in a sling and supervised the making of scenes in his new tong-war comedy, in which he himself did not have to appear.

Lupe Calls Camilla Down.

New case of the pot calling the kettle black, so to say, Lupe Velez correcting Camilla Horn for her pronunciation of English. She did this recently, we are told, at the United Artists studio.

Camilla, by the way, surprised everybody, when she let it be known that she is, and has been for some time, the wife of a wealthy business man who has interests in London and Berlin. She kept the secret very well for a whole year, and she says that she loves her husband deeply and is hoping that some day he will come to Hollywood.

Family Party At Premiere.

Family friendliness is duly exemplified by film folk. We find this true, at all events, with Norma Shearer, Mary Astor, and Sally Eilers. They were all in a party at the opening of "Mother Knows Best." As you know, Mary and Sally are about to become related through the marriage of the latter to Miss Astor's brother-in-law. A relationship, rather indirect, already exists between Miss Astor and Miss Shearer, through Norma's sister's marriage.

At the same premiere, we were surprised that Janet Gaynor, who sat just across the aisle from us, was unattended by any of her sundry male admirers. She was with her mother, to whom she is very devoted. They might at times almost be taken for sisters, as Mrs. Gaynor is very young looking.

An Aquatic Forecast.

"Dynamite" is the curious title of Cecil DeMille's next picture. Even more curious, perhaps, is the fact that it is to be a modern society drama. Probably it will contain several explosive dawagers, or one or two cracking subdebs! However that may be the public is assured of seeing one of those much-dolled-up bathrooms in this picture, for which "C. B." was at one time famous.

In the latest DeMille film his heroine had to content herself with rustic ablutions in the babbling brook. Which isn't doing at all right by a
charming star, if past records of the master of aquatic improvisations are considered.

Off To Dixieland.

King Vidor, another of the big-league directors, has set forth on an odd expedition. He is going to photograph the colored folk of the South in a story dealing solely with their lives, apart from the white people. The probabilities are, in fact, that there will not be a single white person in the cast, and the plan as Vidor described it to us prior to his departure, is most interesting.

Meanwhile, Eleanor Boardman is in Hollywood, finishing a starring rôle in “She Goes to War.” It is the first good break she has had in a long time. “I would have to come in on the tag end of war films,” she told us, “but we are all hoping that this one is going to be absolutely different. Anyway, I wear boy’s clothes and that’s a novelty—for me at least.”

The Stone Separation.

After many months of rumors, the separation of Lewis S. Stone and his wife, Florence Oakley, finally matured. It had been bruited about, at intervals, that there was marital discord, but nothing was admitted until the news came out that Miss Oakley, who wedded Stone while they were both acting on the stage, signified her intention of returning to professional life.

Even yet the causes for the separation are uncertain, because no divorce proceedings have been filed. And Stone has long been noted for his reticence on all matters pertaining to his private life. In fact, the average interviewer has found him to be about as communicative as the Sphinx.

Stone has recently renewed his prominence on the screen by virtue of his performance in “The Patriot.”

These Plumaged Opuses.

Believe it or not, a bird fancier did actually wander into the Paramount studio and offer to supply nice German warblers, while “The Canary Murder Case” was under way.

Next thing we’ll be hearing, is that somebody is trying to drum up trade for an ostrich farm on the strength of “Four Feathers,” which is the name of another feature.

An Unlucky Seafarer.

As a mariner, Chester Conklin is a most excellent comedian—literally! He started out on a little cruise in his launch not long ago, and landed on the breakwater at Los Angeles Harbor. The engine went dead first, and then a large vessel came along and the swells from it hoisted Conklin’s boat up on the stone harbor structure, where it perched. After frantic waving of signals, he was finally towed off by another craft.

“My boat is now for sale to the highest bidder,” said Chester. “I am convinced that I am not a navigator. The worst of it is I had to take my director along with me on that trip, which naturally added doubly to my embarrassment.”

Norman Kerry Returns.

In case you’ve been wondering what’s happened to Norman Kerry, it may be just as well to mention that he is back from a four-month trip to Europe. While he was away, he played in “The Bondman” for British National Pictures, and met Hall Caine, the author of the story, while on location on the Isle of Man.

Louise May Go Abroad.

There is talk that Louise Brooks may go abroad to do a picture with Ufa. She has completed her contract with Paramount.

Anent Gilbert’s Future.

Nothing very definite seems to have been decided about Jack Gilbert’s future plans. His engagement with Metro-Goldwyn expires in May, and reports indicate he may join United Artists, with Doug, Mary, and Chaplin.

We saw Jack right after his return from New York, where he went to discuss new business arrangements, but he was blithely noncommittal about his plans. Which generally means that his plans aren’t very definite.

Averting Times Perplex.

Every star we talk to is more or less perplexed about the future, nowadays. If the talkies become as popular, permanently, as the present rage for them forecasts, there will be no end of shifting and changings. Even the biggest men in the movies don’t know just whether they are heading, and nearly everybody is inclined, at present, to live from day to day.

Practically all resistance to sound pictures is dying down, even on the part of those stars who professed themselves strongly opposed to them in the beginning. If the public wants them to talk, they’ll talk as best they can, and let the lisps lisp, and the “s’s” sizzle as they will.

Just the same, we rather surmise that deep down in their hearts most of the older silent players feel that fate has played them a grotesque trick, after an era of comparative joy and peacefulness.

Charlie Chooses Blonde.

Charlie Chaplin’s new leading woman is a blonde, and her name is Virginia Cherrill. She will be seen in “City Lights,” his new picture, now under way.

This completes a cycle for Charlie. In Georgia Hale, who appeared in “The Gold Rush,” he chose a brunette, and in Merna Kennedy, his lead in “The Circus,” an auburn-haired girl. Skipping Lita Grey, who never was actually seen in one of his comedies, though she played a considerable part in his personal life, this makes a one-two-three rotation, as regards the types he has selected. [Continued on page 04]
A glimpse of the unique museum whose counterpart exists nowhere else in the world.

**Admission Twenty-five Cents**

Hollywood now has its movie museum, where the fan may see a collection of costumes worn by stars in notable pictures, as well as rare stills, portraits and "props" identified with the history of motion pictures.

The film community is acquiring its own brand of culture. The years having brought dignity, it no longer feels bound to duplicate the manners and customs of other cities. Essentially apart from any other colony, it has come to assert its individuality boldly. Indicative of this independence is its recently opened museum.

Almost every city has a museum. Hollywood, growing to maturity, admits the need of one, too. But, properly, Hollywood's museum is unique. Nowhere in the world has it a counterpart. It is, of course, a motion-picture museum. Stills, rather than Gegums, line the walls. Sets, instead of medieval furniture, cover the floors. It is Sadie Thompson's dress, not Marie Antionette's, in that show case; a mechanical dinosaur from "The Lost World," not a Malayan skeleton, in the corner; that armor dates from "Robin Hood's" time, released, you remember, about five years ago. For your delectation, Hollywood traditions and Hollywood history—on view at twenty-five cents a head.

Harry Crocker, well-known young aid to Chaplin, is the owner of the museum. The basic scheme was to accommodate tourist fans, the majority of whom have no entrance to the studios. These visitors, thwarted in their curiosity, will find some degree of satisfaction in viewing at close range the accessories of picture production in Mr. Crocker's museum.

This enterprising young man conceived the idea and executed it with the aid of indulgent producers, who looked the other way while he looted their property rooms. His friends rallying nobly, the items in the museum cost him nothing. Some are gratuitous loans, and many are gifts. Searching for a suitable location, Crocker selected a spacious one-story building, formerly an automobile showroom, across from Warner Brothers' studio on Sunset Boulevard. The rental of this and the salaries of two attendants are the only expenses.

On the night the museum opened its doors, Hollywood turned out enthusiastically. The unprofessional populace, both transient and permanent was, for the moment, more interested in the stars themselves seen there, than in the glass cases containing their costumes. The occasion was gala, but it is the subsequent interest in the museum itself that augurs well for its future.

The exhibits will be changed, and additions made, at regular intervals. Some detail of every notable picture will find its way to the museum. Among the present items are the first and original costume worn by Chaplin; the derby rusty with age, the suit threadbare, the cane battered, which is insured for $50,000, and would doubtless bring a big sum if offered to the British or any other national museum; Gloria Swanson's Sadie Thompson costume, and, in the same case, a Sadie Thompson doll, which Gloria herself modeled in wax for Crocker; the bathing suits made famous by Mack Sennett, beginning with the antiquated turbelows of Swanson, Haver, and Prevost; and continuing down the line to the scant trifles of Madeline Hurlock; the entire outfit, in all its brocade and metal embroidery, worn by Rudolph Valentino, in

Continued on page 107
The title sounds intriguing, but it is only to show you how this quintet of stars do not pass the time between Saturday and Monday.

Though Wallace Beery, above, is a domestic man and likes to stay at home, he would never think of spending the week-end with his knitting. Plenty of time for that between scenes at the studio!

If Jascha Heifetz, the new husband of Florence Vidor, above, asked his elegant wife to spend the week-end cleaning his shoes, would she stand the strain?

Do you suppose Clara Bow, left, spends many of her week-ends in solitary moping?

Jean Arthur, below, much as she likes sound pictures, would hardly enjoy the too realistic sound of the washboard.

William Austin, left, misses the cookery of his native Britain, but he says he would rather do without curry forever than dry the plate he had eaten it in!
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Circumstantial evidence continues to pile up against Malcolm, but he remains cheerful even though in jail, while Madeleine Standish, the erstwhile "Miss Smith," takes an important and daring step in this most gripping installment of our great mystery serial.

By Alice M. Williamson

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER XXI.

The Tightening Net.

When Oscar Sonnenberg heard that Malcolm Allen had been arrested for the murder of Lady Gates, his first thought was, "Well, what's this going to do to my picture? One good thing, anyhow," the producer reminded himself, "is that the guy's not in the film. That would bust up the show. After all, he only wrote the scenario. If I find the name of Allen is going to hurt the picture, why, I'll take it off. I guess contracts with murderers don't hold."

Sonnenberg wondered how it was that one of the Los Angeles newspapers had virtually got a scoop in the case, while its big rival had in its first edition little more than a huge headline, with a few paragraphs underneath.

The luckier of the two big Los Angeles newspapers had much to tell. After summarizing the case, which had reached its climax in the arrest of the dead woman's nephew, the scene in the restaurant between Lady Gates and Malcolm Allen was reconstructed in minute detail, with disclosures which amazed those who had watched the actual meeting and had heard only snatches of the conversation between the two.

No sooner had Malcolm Allen sat down at his aunt's table, than a quarrel began over the same letter shown by Lady Gates to Mary Smith, the story recounted. Presently, however, Allen said something which subdued his aunt suddenly and surprisingly. What it was had been overheard by Henri Gault, a waiter accustomed to attend Lady Gates at her table. According to him, Allen had told his aunt that if she went through a form of marriage with "that damned swine Lopez," her dead husband would haunt her. This, and other things not overheard, had upset Lady Gates so much that she became hysterical. Allen produced a flask, afterward found to have its monogram on it. His story later was that he had presented the flask to his aunt by her request some time before, and had on several occasions bought brandy from a bootlegger whose name he refused to give, to refill the flask for Lady Gates. He stated that she had had this flask in her possession at dinner and had drawn it cautiously from a pocket in the lining of her ermine cloak. So far as any one had seen, however, Allen had himself produced the flask and poured brandy from it into a tumbler partly full of water, which stood near Lady Gates' plate. He had then dropped a small tablet into the glass. The waiter had noticed this, but had not seen Allen take the vial containing it and one other tablet from Lady Gates' gold bag, as Allen insisted that he had done. When Lady Gates had drunk the contents of the tumbler, her nephew got up, went away, and had returned again when Marco Lopez, the dancer, arrived. It was Lopez who discovered the serious condition into which Lady Gates had fallen after swallowing the liquid which absorbed the tablet.

Despite protestations from Lopez, Lady Gates, apparently fainting, was carried out of the restaurant by Allen and the waiter, followed by Mary Smith. Her ladyship was driven by her nephew in his car, accompanied by Mary, to a private hospital. Doctor George Nelson arrived and pronounced the Englishwoman dead. Her appearance was peculiar, and after Lopez had accused Allen of murdering his aunt by poison to prevent her marriage with him, Lopez, the coroner was sent for and an autopsy performed. The presence of poison was discovered—a poison lately introduced from Mexico, known to the medical profession as granil. In very small doses it was occasionally prescribed as a stimulant for weak heart action; but almost enough was found in the stomach of the dead woman to kill two persons. Instead of stimulating the heart, so powerful a dose would stop it almost instantly, or, in the case of a strong person, such as Lady Gates apparently was, it would take effect in from three to five minutes.

Malcolm Allen, questioned by the police after the autopsy, volunteered the information that his aunt had had a small vial containing a couple of tablets, in her mesh bag. She had asked him to open the bag and give her a handful of it. In doing so the vial had fallen out and rolled across the table to his place. Lady Gates, seeing it, had then taken the silver flask from her cloak...
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

pocket, asked her nephew to pour out some brandy, and then drop in the
tablet. He had obeyed, and later absent-mindedly slipped the vial into
his own pocket instead of returning it to the bag. His aunt, according
to him, had said in a faint voice, “That’s a pick-me-up my doctor pre-
scribed.” But the only doctor she was known to have consulted denied
having prescribed for Lady Gates any medicine whatever.
The one remaining tablet in the
vial had proved to contain a large
quantity of granil. And the letter
which had caused sharp words be-
tween Lady Gates and, first Mary
Smith, then Malcolm Allen, had also
been absent-mindedly
pocketed by the author of
“Red Velvet.” It was an
anonymous letter to Lady
Gates prophesying dire
consequences if she kept
to her purpose of marry-
ing the dancer,
young enough to
be her son. It
accused Lopez
of concealing a
marriage, not

“Dearest one,”
Madeleine said,
“I’m going to
help fight for
you. And I know
how I’m going to
do it.”

Late though it then was, Mary Smith had
telephoned a famous Hollywood lawyer and
induced him to visit Allen at once.

It was this part of the newspaper scoop
which pleased Sonnenberg least. It remained
to be seen what effect on the public an accusa-
tion of murder against an author would have.
But he had felt, in reading of Allen’s trouble,
that, “Anyhow, the guy was wiped out of Mary
Smith’s life.” She might have been smitten
with him, and he with her, but girls who
wanted to succeed in pictures didn’t marry
accused murderers, even if the latter happened to be acquitted. It simply couldn’t be done. It was the wrong
kind of publicity. The right kind was to marry a big
producer. The situation was turning very much to
Sonnenberg’s favor.

dissolved, with a woman in Buenos Aires; and Allen,
while insisting that he was not the writer, acknowledged
the similarity of the paper with some he had been in the
habit of using. He had been taken to jail, on the accusa-
tion of Lopez, and the evidence against him.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

CHAPTER XXII.

"THERE’S NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR."

"But we are engaged to be married!" Madeleine Standish protested when those in authority saw no reason why Mary Smith, late of Montparnasse, should be allowed to visit the prisoner.

"Prisoner! Horrible word!"

Madeleine flung herself against it as against a wall that has been built up in a night by some devilish magic and must be destroyed.

It was not true, in the more obvious sense, that they were engaged to be married. But it was true in the girl's heart, and she believed it to be true in the man's heart, also. They loved each other, had loved each other almost at first greeting of eyes! From that first evening when Malcolm had come to her rescue, and had given her the name of "Mary Smith," Madeleine had known that he was her man. If life parted them, she would never love any other, she had told herself.

And then it had seemed as if life meant to part them. She had her mission to accomplish, and, more easily than not, its accomplishment might stain her name with scandal. She had determined not to let Malcolm Allen's career be injured because of his chivalry to her. But now everything was changed. Black shadows had fallen upon him, while no one, if not in her secret, could see as yet that the same darkness lay across her path.

Evidence was strong against Malcolm, but it was circumstantial evidence, and Madeleine felt that she alone of all people in the world could bring out its falseness.

"Not the greatest detective in the world, coming into this case without knowing my story, could do for Malcolm what I can do—what I will do!" the girl thought. And she knew that it was not a vain or boastful thought.

To Malcolm, her rush to his rescue at the expense of a lie about their relations, brought such a shock of joyful amazement that for a little while he forgot his trouble.

They were not permitted to be alone together for their interview, but Madeleine had reached a stage of recklessness that turned witnesses into blocks of wood.

Malcolm, of course, wouldn't give her away by disputing their alleged "engagement." She was sure of that in being admitted to see him, and the rest didn't matter.

"Dearest one," she said, "I'm going to help fight for you. And I know how I'm going to do it."

"But, you adorable child, you mustn't mix yourself up in this sordid business," Malcolm said, worshipping her. "Just to know you do care for me, and not for any one else, is enough to keep up my courage. I'm not guilty! What with this smart lawyer you've found for me and—I mean, well, what they call the 'power of innocence,' ought to get me out of this mess, without your going down into the depths for me."

"Wherever you are, I'm with you," Madeleine said. "I'll be doing my own work as well as yours, if I can help you out of this snare. It is a snare, and I'm going to prove it."

The lawyer Madeleine had engaged for Malcolm on the night of his arrest was a young man named John Barrett. He had gained a certain amount of fame through winning a case for a client accused of theft, and as the client was an actress, a pretty Cinderella in the ranks of extras, the affair had made more of a sensation than it would have done had Kitty Carson remained a stenographer.

"In a way, it's just such another case as Miss Carson's," Madeleine explained to the busy man who had too much to do already. "Your kind of case—all circumstantial evidence." And then, later, when Barrett consented to act, Madeleine went to his office for a confidential talk.

She hadn't meant to tell any one her own secret business in Hollywood, and even now she would have preferred to keep silent, but she saw that by doing so she would hinder rather than help Barrett.

Barrett listened in silence to the story of Madeleine Standish's coming to Hollywood, and her transformation into Mary Smith of Montparnasse.

"Yes, I see just why you came such a long way to Hollywood, and had to hide your identity when you got here," Barrett said thoughtfully when she paused. "You were a brave girl to go in for such an adventure! No money except what you'd scraped together for the journey! Yet you didn't hesitate!"

"I had very little to lose and a great deal to gain," Madeleine answered. "At worst it was a good gamble. I repeated to myself—I had to do it again and again at first—'There's nothing to fear but fear.' Well, I got just where I wanted to be, thanks to Mr. Allen. And if I haven't gone ahead as fast as I hoped, I know—I absolutely know—I'm on the right track. These people are even cleverer than I thought they were, which is saying a good deal; but I'll prove cleverer than they in the end, with you to help me, and Malcolm to work for. I'm a thousand times keener than I was for myself alone, now his affairs and mine are tangled together in this strange way."

"You see the connection," said John Barrett, "or think you do. But there is, on the face of it, I must point out, no proof whatever against Lopez and company. Lopez had nothing to gain by Lady Gates' death. On the contrary, he could gain only by her continuing to live till they'd gone through a marriage ceremony, or at least till she'd made a new will. Allen is the one person who had a compelling motive for removing Lady Gates before she could marry, or disinherit him. Every detail of the murder appears—the surface, mind you—to have been planned by Allen. There is the anonymous letter—"

"We know Malcolm didn't write it!"

"You think you know. I know I think so! But Allen had the motive. And he had the stationery. As for the handwriting, it was disguised, and several experts may and may pronounce differently upon it when the case comes to trial.""I don't want it to come to trial" exclaimed Madeleine. "I want to get a confession from the killer before the time arrives for that!"

"You'll have to be a quick worker," said Barrett, with rather a grim smile on his keen, lantern-jawed face, so eminently the face of a born lawyer.

"I mean to be," Madeleine answered, with perhaps a little more confidence than was in her heart. "I shall try to find a bit of that writing paper in a place where somebody, not Malcolm Allen, had it to experiment with!"

"If you mean in Lady Gates' suite at her hotel," Barrett warned, "you must realize that her rooms have been thoroughly gone over."

"I don't mean there. Why should I?" the girl asked.

"Well," Barrett argued, "the murderer might have pilfered a little from her, if she'd got hold of some while her nephew was living in the bungalow."

"That's just what I think happened," agreed Madeleine, quickly. "But I wouldn't look for it in her rooms."

"Don't you mean to tell me where you would look for it?" the lawyer wanted to know.

"Wherever she is—or has been," Madeleine replied.

Barrett had listened carefully to the girl's story, and understood without explanation who was indicated.
"There are worse things against our friend Allen than the anonymous letter of which he denies knowledge," Barrett added. "There's the silver flask with his monogram on it, given him as a present, which he gave to his aunt, he says. Oh, I know! His explanation is that he seldom drinks liquor of any kind. But he did buy brandy. That's proved and admitted. And it has to be proved in future that he didn't buy it for him, but at the request of Lady Gates. No one has been found yet, who ever saw her use the flask which Allen vows she handed him at the table before she died. "Somebody will be found who saw her use it," Madeleine doggedly insisted.

"And then the poison tablets themselves!" Barrett went on. "Forgive me for dwelling on the dark side. We must face facts, in order to sort them out, and know just where we stand. No prescription was given Lady Gates for the granul, so far as we can learn. And even if she had had one from a doctor, the dose would have been about fifty per cent less strong. If she had had those tablets, each containing a fatal dose of poison, who could have given them to her and induced her to carry them about as a tonic or pick-me-up, to use when she felt 'down,' according to Allen's statement?"

"That's one of the things," Madeline said, "that I'm going to devote myself to finding out."

CHAPTER XXIII.
FOR SALE—A BUNGALOW.

In Hollywood there is no excuse, except sudden death—and that your own—for dropping out of a picture. Your husband, your wife, your lover, may summon you from the ends of the earth. You will stop your cars and finish the film. On the stage you may have an understudy, but not on the screen, save for long shots. Once you have begun, you must go, if it costs your life's happiness. Consequently Mary Smith went on.

She worked all day, but often she thought all night; and sometimes she got a free evening when no scenes of hers were being shot.

It was much the same with Marco Lopez, who now confined his dancing activities to the studio, having terminated his engagement at Montparnasse on the night of Lady Gates' murder.

Pierre would gladly have retained his services. There was not a breath of suspicion against Lopez, as he had lost a prospective fortune through the death of Lady Gates. Whether or not Malcolm proved eligible as heir to the woman he was accused of killing, the will in his favor had been found in a safe in his aunt's room. This document, which Katherine Gates had intended changing, left her collection of jewels also to her nephew, so that nothing at all—not even the brooch pinning his orchids to her peach-blossom dress—could be claimed as a souvenir by the man she undoubtedly had married.

As for the much-talked-of jewels, though they had vanished, and their disappearance seemed to be more of a mystery than her death, Lopez apparently had not got them. People suggested that Malcolm had contrived to spirit the collection away, in order to be sure of reaping some advantage from Lady Gates' death, in case he failed to inherit by the will. In any case, however, the fact that Lopez had failed in all his expectations made him a center of interest, if not of sympathy.

It was thought that he had done the right thing in resigning his position at Montparnasse. Perhaps he had really cared for the dead woman, not only for her money, but for herself. It looked well for Marco Lopez that sentiment prevented him from yielding to the temptation Pierre dangled before him. These Latinos had feeling, you know! The man couldn't bear even to enter again the room where he had seen his promised wife die.

And then that bungalow of his, where he had lived so quietly. He could no longer endure that, either, it seemed. He was bent on beginning all over again, to chase away haunting memories. A day or two after Lady Gates' death, her heartbroken fiancé moved out in haste and rented a small and quite humble apartment near the studio where he was working.

Having contracted a few debts in the expectation of becoming Lady Gates' husband, he explained to his fellow actors in "Red Velvet," he felt bound to economize. Immediately after the film was finished, he added, he would shake the dust of Hollywood off his feet forever. The place was a place of sadness to him now, and no prospects of future film fame could induce him to stay.

The first one to learn that Marco Lopez was moving from his bungalow was Madeleine Standish. It had occurred to her that he might have serious reasons for breaking up, and even as early as the second morning after the murder at Montparnasse, the girl took her exercise, before starting for the studio, by walking through the street which interested her beyond all others in Hollywood.

"For Sale," she read on a big card, amateurishly printed, and tacked onto the front door. He had lost no time, that one! She was intensely excited, but she did not "inquire within." Instead, she instructed some one else to undertake the business—an employee of John Barrett's. She wanted that bungalow, and intended to have it. That was more, she wished to move in as soon as the tenant had moved out.

The man sent post-haste by Mr. Barrett, at Madeline's request, was the first to call at the little Spanish bungalow. He introduced himself as James Jones, a bond salesman, with the expectation that he might marry and wanted to buy a bungalow cheap. He had often passed this place, he went on to explain, and had now noticed the sign "For Sale."

Continued on page 92.
What Price

People often take selfish advantage of stars, using them into situations which sometimes prove amazing examples of

By Helen

And Mary smiled and nodded, and got ink on her fingers from the proffered fountain pens, and nudged Doug anxiously when he ventured one tiny, private, jocular remark about one of the dancers. "Her mother might be right behind you!" whispered Mary.

Can any one wonder that these two seldom appear in public?

For your actor, being a public figure, must never betray any natural human resentment at any attention which is paid him, be ever so rude and unwelcome. He must never indicate that he is not ever so happy to meet any one at all who can manage to meet him—even though they bore him to death for two hours and a half with inanities, merely for the sake of being able to say to their friends, "Now, when I was talking to Ronald Colman——"

He must never fail to evince polite interest in the personal histories of people he never saw before. He must shake hands, and kiss babies, and patronize charity bazaars, and appear grateful for the privilege.

Otherwise he is called high-hat, or "ritzy," and he becomes very unpopular with the people involved.

And, since his salary and his position in the picture industry are measured by his popularity with the public, you can see for yourself that he must guard that popularity with exceeding tenderness.

When Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers attended a preview in a small theater in Santa Monica, word got about that they were in the audience.

When the lights went up for intermission, they were nearly smothered in the rush of patrons, and the management had to call policemen before the eager crowds could be persuaded to return to their seats.

When the two unfortunate starlets left the theater, the entire house left with them, and, being good-natured youngsters, they made an earnest attempt to satisfy the demands of this section of their public for autographs. At one o'clock next morning they were still autographing. People had dashed home after their "albums" and had dashed back, panting, to the theater lobby.

The climax was reached, Nancy thought, when an agitated young man, having nothing upon which she could write her name, plucked out his shirt tail and demanded that she autograph that.

The helplessness of actors in this position inspires people to use them to further their own affairs very often.

When Ruth Taylor made a personal-appearance tour not long ago, a great many clothing shops and modistes attempted to use her for advertising purposes.

Doug and Mary are their own good-natured selves in the greatest of fan stormings.

At the last Warners frolic I sat in a box just in front of Doug and Mary. All evening long they were surrounded by eager throngs, who wanted them to autograph programs, or who wanted to shake their hands, or who just wanted to stand and gaze at them with wide-eyed, unblinking stares, as children gaze at a boa constrictor in the zoo. They made audible comments upon the appearance of the famous pair, discussed the details of their attire, and speculated upon their ages.

Never once did the patient cordiality of Doug or Mary falter. Never once did either of them indicate by so much as a bored expression, that they would have liked to sit back quietly and enjoy the entertainment.

Doug listened with enthusiastic attention to a lady, who talked for twenty-five minutes—by my watch—about her twelve-year-old son who did so admire Mr. Fairbanks, and whose teacher said he was the smartest boy in school—the very smartest!—and guess what he said when he was only three and a half? The cutest thing! Could you imagine it?

Jack Mulhall managed to be calm when an admirer gave him a whole family of puppies.
Good Nature?

their carefully guarded popularity as a club to force quite distressing. This article recounts some misguided enthusiasm.

Louise Walker

In one city she was asked to display dresses for a ready-to-wear shop. The dresses were very cheap affairs, and Ruth was not happy when she saw herself in one or two of them. She protested that she was willing to lend her presence as a drawing card at the showing, but she did not wish to model. She was just off the train and was tired, she explained.

The dealer was indignant and threatened to wire ahead to cities which she was to visit later, and spread exceedingly unpleasant reports about her. Since the purpose of the tour was to promote friendship for the little blonde star and her company, she hesitated to antagonize this truculent and high-handed gentleman. So, as a compromise, she put on one or two of the frocks and paraded lock and stock. Then she discovered that she had at least thirty more which he wished her to show. And he would know the reason why, if she didn't go through with it!

Publicity men in charge of the tour intervened and rescued her. But the indignant dealer did all he could to mar the remainder of her trip, by telegraphing to the cities she was to visit and reporting that she was high-hat and unobliging.

Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, gave up a projected trip to Europe, because of this very thing. And Colleen is one actress who actually enjoys meeting people who admire her on the screen.

"But," she confided, "I am not a very good sailor. And it is embarrassing to have the whole world look on while one is seasick!"

So they acquired a modest yacht and cruised along the Atlantic coast for a few weeks.

Off the coast of Florida, Colleen suddenly had the idea that she would like to run over to Tampa, where she had lived as a very young girl, and spend a weekend with a school friend. So she packed up, sent a wire to her friend, and arrived the next morning.

The reception which greeted her impulsive and informal arrival was pleasing. Brass bands tooted in the railway station. There was a ceremony which entailed her receiving keys to the city and what not. Bunting streamed from every telephone pole, and throngs packed the streets for blocks near the home of her friend.

Once Ramon Novarro was rescued from a crowd, but then faced five "parties."

"Never," says Colleen, "did a reception please me quite so much. It was so unexpected and spontaneous!"

The official letter of greeting from the mayor is framed and hangs on the wall of her dressing room now. She was a native daughter and Tampa welcomed her home.

But even that ovation had its drawbacks. During the whole of her stay the crowd milled about her friend's home, trampling and utterly ruining the beautiful gardens. They managed to break into the house time after time, in an effort to glimpse the little star at close quarters. People demanded to see her "wardrobe," and Colleen, with twinkling eyes, produced the one modest, extra dress she had brought in the overnight bag. The crowd was astounded.

Her brief stay cost her friends hundreds of dollars in care and attention. The newspaper was aglow with stories of her reception and the "parties."

"I must be a hundred,"groaned Colleen. "I wish I never had that little trip to Florida. It was a complete failure. I had to spend my entire time mending fences with all these people."

Her impulsive friend, who had never before had her photograph hung in a newspaper, was astounded. She could not understand why Colleen was so upset.

"Don't you like the attention?" she asked. "It's a wonderful experience, my dear. But I think you should have a more experienced lady to advise you on how to take it."

"Sensible counsel, " said Colleen. "But I wish I had never set sail for Tampa."

Continued on page 108
Crazy About Candles

Despite an unromantic origin and genesis, the candle has ever been a prop for the emotionalism of every one.

A candlelight isn't much protection from "The Terror," as the screams of May McAvoy, left, will tell you when you see the talking picture of that name.

Vilma Banky, above, confides a secret to her candle, in a scene from "The Awakening."

Whatever Carmel Myers, above, sees in the candlelight in "Four Walls" doesn't startle her as

Louise Fazenda, right, seems to be startled, yea, horrified, in a scene from "The Terror."

Fay Wray, left, lights a candle and very likely is about to pray for the soul of Erich von Stroheim, in "The Wedding March."
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

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

“Patriot, The”—Paramount. A story of Russia in 1901. As magnificent and inspired a production as any that Emil Jannings has done. Shows masterly direction of Lubitsch. A perfect cast, including Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tulio Carminati, Harry Cording, and Vera Voronina. Sound effects are least commendable part of otherwise exceptional picture.

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


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

“Submarine”—Columbia. Honest-to-goodness thriller, showing horrors of impending war, a situation in which we are and at same time glorifies deep-sea divers. Players include Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, and Ralph Graves. As “Snuggles,” the wife, Miss Revier is clever.

“Camera Man, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton, as a tintype man, lets ambition lead him into the new century’s photography and gets mixed up in a long war and things like that. He creates a big guffaw in taking a Lindbergh demonstration for his own. Marceline Day, Harold Goodwin, and Sidney Bracy are in the cast.


“Sunrise”—Fox. One of the best of the season—one long tale of a farmer, his wife and a city vamp. George O’Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston.


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

“Man Who Laughs, The”—Universal. No one should be engrossed by its strange story, or fascinated by its weird beauty. Conrad Veidt’s characterization is magnificent, Mary Philbin pleasing, and Olga Baclanova gives distinctive performance. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam de Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


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

“The Racket”—Paramount. Thomas Meighan gives a fine performance in a fine picture. Best of recent underworld films. Louis Wolheim is superb in the role of “Scars.” Marie Prevost, now a blonde, is wholly convincing.

“White Shadows in the South Seas”—Metro-Goldwyn. Chilled in authentic locations, and has much to offer in natural beauty and pictorial loveliness. Purports to show the corrupting influence of white men among the islanders. Monte Blue is capable in the lead, and Raquel Torres makes the native girl, “Fayaway,” vital, naive and charming.

“Perfect Crime, The”—F. B. O. The story of a detective who, in despair of there ever being a perfect, unsolvably crime, commits one. Don’t miss this picture, especially if Clive Brook is a favorite. The cast, as a whole, is A-I.

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

“Forgotten Faces”—Paramount. Underworld melodrama, shrewdly directed, interestingly photographed and well acted. First honors go to Olga Baclanova, the fascinating villainess, and pat- summatate screen artist. Good work is also done by Clive Brook, Mary Brian, William Powell, Fred Kohler, and Jack Luden.

“Sparksling News”—Paramount. This picture crackles with spontaneous combustion. It is a story of the rivalry between two news-reel camera men, Neil Hamilton and Bebe Daniels—a really a camera girl. Story is people and thoroughly engaging, giving Neil Hamilton an outlet for his comedy possibilities.

FOR SECOND CHOICE


“River Pirate, The”—Fox. “Sailor Frink,” played by Victor McLaglen, goes up and down the river robbing warehouses and displaying his muscular prowess. “Sandy,” a young recruit, is doing well at the trade until he resists in the Villenique of a good woman. Effective, particularly to those who have not seen too many underworld films lately. Nick Stuart and Lois Moran are the young people.

“Oh Kay”—First National. Colleen Moore in a cream-puff story based on musical comedy. “Lady Kay” runs away from an unwelcome marriage and, picked up by rum runners, is soon in the midst of complications on Long Island. She gets another man, right out of the arms of his snobbish fiancée. Cast includes Lawrence Gray, Alan Hall, Harry Sterling, and Julanne Johnston.

“Heart to Heart”—First National. Thoroughly pleasant little picture, with characterization more important than plot. A princess visits her old home in Ohio and is mistaken for a seamstress, among other amusing things. Plenty chances to laugh. Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, and Lucien Littlefield. Continued on page 129.
THE pity of it is that "Four Devils" isn't all it should be, considering that the great Murnau directed it, the Murnau of "Faust" and "Sunrise." It has moments, sequences, and even reels which bear the stamp of that which, for lack of a better word, we shall call Murnau's genius; but the result is not satisfying and is far from unforgettable. This is chiefly because the latter half of the picture is lethargic, and the role of The Lady, as the siren is called, is beyond the bounds of reason, or even seriousness. To see her try her blanishments on the muscular young acrobat is laughable, yet the intention is to reveal the tragedy of a soul. It is all quite distressingly funny—first, because the director has already validated his claims to preeminence, and second, because Mary Duncan, who plays the rôle, is a stage actress of finesse and distinction, whose screen presence is magnetic and individual. Quite evidently she placed herself in the hands of the director, with dire results. But let us to pleasanter aspects of the picture. It is a story of circus life, concerning four trapeze artists who, beginning as children in an humble show, rise to stardom in the capitals of Europe. For once the bustle, the glamour and the thrills of the circus are shown as never before, and the charming comradeship of the children is portrayed with exquisite tenderness as they mature with success. The romance of one pair, Barry Norton and Nancy Drexel, develops quietly, but the love of Charles Morton and Janet Gaynor is ill-starred from the moment that Mary Duncan fastens her baleful—yes, that's the word—eyes upon the dare-devil athlete. She all but leads him to utter destruction, when Miss Gaynor, broken-hearted, and desperately deliriously, falls from the trapeze. The immi-
nence of death brings Mr. Morton to his senses, he spurs The Lady for his true love, and the doctor's verdict presages a happy ending.

It is not the story wherein lies the magic of "Four Devils," but in the director's telling of it—all but the liaison of the athlete and the volupturny. But we shall not return to that. Going farther back, we see the meeting of the children when two of them are brought to join the pair already being trained by the old clown—surely one of the most poignantly moving sequences ever filmed, because of the beauty of the children and the simplicity of their reactions. "Four Devils" should not be missed on account of its individuality. Its faults are overshadowed by a quality that defies analysis.

A Cynic Sees Life.

Awaited for two years, Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" has at last been released to a world that has not forgotten the stories told about its delay in coming to light—the enormous sums spent on its production, the wrangling between producer and director and the insistence of the latter in telling his story in forty reels, for release as two pictures on consecutive days, not to mention a performance of such merit on the part of Fay Wray that she was bound to a contract by Paramount, proclaimed a rare artist, and given the consider-
dation due a duchess. With the exception of "Ben-Hur," never before has interest in a picture been sustained over so long a period. It goes without saying that it would be an extraordinary film indeed to have justified such suspense. "The Wedding March" does not quite achieve that distinction, though it has all the earmarks of Von Stroheim's viewpoint and execution, as well as Von Stroheim himself acting a leading rôle. Decidedly it should not be overlooked by the fan in quest of vitality, impressive atmosphere and merciless exposure of human weakness and depravity. The story is tolerably familiar, for it is another love affair of a peasant girl and an Austrian aristocrat; but its manner of narration and its detail are wholly in Von Stroheim's unique style. The effect is somewhat marred by the slowness of the picture, unin-
teresting photography and subtitles of the old school; but, after all, there is that Von Stroheim touch!

There is also the Von Stroheim personality, this time called Nicki, whose conquests range from parlor maids to princesses. He is the son of penurious parents, who maintain their palace as befits their position at the emperor's court, and who expect Nicki to restore their fortunes by a rich marriage. They do not know, nor would they care, that Nicki and Milzi, a harpist in a beer garden, spend their evenings in the shadow of the old apple tree, where the girl gives her love to the officer and—but you decide for yourself how sincere Nicki is in accepting it. He consents to marry the heiress of the corn-plaster king, who limps and is plain, and Milzi learns of the impending nuptials through the taunts of the butcher, whose advances she spurns. With him she stands dejectedly outside the cathedral during the ceremony, and to save Nicki from the butcher's bullet she offers to marry the man she loathes. The marriage ceremony is magnificent, and the spectacular appeal of the picture is earlier emphasized in the Corpus Christi
The mantle of charity is thrown over more than a few pictures this month, but between its folds are seen some good performances.

celebration, photographed in color. Surprisingly, Fay Wray plays Mitzi with passion, abandon, and charm. Every one else in the picture is also effective, with the honours naturally centering on Zasu Pitts, a tragic figure of infinite pathos, as Cecilia Schravesser, the lame heiress.

Lo, Here is a Man and Artist.

The strength and delicacy of Lon Chaney's acting were never more apparent than in "While the City Sleeps." His fans should not even think of missing it. I can imagine no casual moviegoer witnessing it without responding emotionally to Mr. Chaney's character in the picture, and feeling the suspense and thrills of the picture itself, while the dyed-in-the-wool fan must honor the man whose service on the screen has never caused him to attempt "artiness" at their expense. He communicates his thoughts and feelings in the language of pictures, with such graphic skill that the spectator never finds himself watching Mr. Chaney impersonally, or with his thoughts elsewhere.

In his new film he assumes no disguise or distortion, for his role is that of a plain-clothesman attached to the New York police department. Dan Coghlan is jealous, fearful, and footsore, as human as a father and, beneath his gruff and forbidding exterior, as emotional as a lover. Among all the criminals Skeeter is his greatest quarry, and his pursuit of the crook involves him in the love affairs of Myrtle, a girl of the tenements, whom he has seen grow up, and Marty, the young fellow she loves, who is weakly drawn into the operations of Skeeter and his cohorts. Mr. Chaney's usual sacrifice is brought about with heartbreaking ten- derness and strict logic. Marty, whom he has saved from the police, leaves town by Dan's order, and Myrtle, grateful to the detective for having saved her life, promises to marry him. She tells Marty this and sends him away, but to Dan her sobbing behind a closed door reveals the truth, and he brings the young lovers together.

All this is related with the maximum of authority, reality, and fineness of feeling. Nor are the thrills of physical conflict lacking. The gunplay, cruelty and treachery of the underworld are here un glossed by sentimentality, or fictitious romance. In so sturdy a picture good acting should abound, and it does. Anita Page, Carole Nye, Wheelerman Oskar, Mae Busch, and Polly Moran are in keeping with Mr. Chaney's high standard, but it is his picture, first, last, and always.

An Éclair.

"Our Dancing Daughters" is so clearly marked with the stamp of enormous box-office success, that my objections to it are overruled before they are written. If a lone fan agrees with me I shall feel that my criticism is not in vain. Come, now, won't some one stand by me in the face of all the acclaim the picture is getting? There's no denying that it is entertaining, lively, richly produced and at times well acted. To this are added sound effects, wild parties among the younger set and considerable jazz dancing on the part of Joan Crawford, who is a spangled dart of pure light and, as such, is a joy to behold. All this activity purports to be the life of what has come to be known as flaming youth. Whether it is, or isn't, doesn't matter in the least. It is what flaming youth likes to see itself doing. What affords me cynical amusement is that the motives of the characters are really mid-Victorian, and as an exposé of jazz-mad youth "Our Dancing Daughters" is as empty as an unfilled éclair and as unsubstantial.

In the first place, we have two modern girls, Diana and Anne, maneuvering for the heart, hand and millions of one Ben. Diana is careless, though good as gold, and Anne is mercenary while posing as a shy ingenue. Each brings her respective wiles to bear, and when Anne triumphs Diana she openly exults, while Diana mopæs, languishes, and acts the martyred heroine generally.

My point is that girls, if they are really modern, do not so glorify the male by openly pursuing him and proclaiming themselves rivals. Also, the modern girl has developed a philosophy which she brings to bear in her defeats. She does not pine in picturesque costumes and try to look like St. Cecilia as Joan Crawford does when she ceases to dance and be her own vibrant self. We also have another so-called modern in Beatrice, a flapper with a "past." How she fondles and exhibits that "past!" No heroine of an old-time melodrama ever traded more upon what Beatrice tremulously calls "her indiscretion." Evidently it cost her nothing more than idle regrets, for her atonement is spent at parties with the people she likes best. She even marries the man she wants and enjoys some nice scenes when he, she, or both, harp on that past of hers. Do professéd moderns take on like this? All that Beatrice needed was a black frock and a baby wrapped in a shawl and a snowstorm to remind her that she really belonged in "East Lynne." All these doings come to a machine-made climax when Anne, who is playing fast and loose with the millionaire, topples drunkenly on the landing.

Fay Wray gives a surprising performance in "The Wedding March," with Erich von Stroheim as her director and foil.
and dressing extremely well on her salary as a "hostess" in a dance hall, where tickets cost a dime. Also, her morals are above reproach, she is easily insulted and her admirers include practically the entire navy. This, if you please, is Peachy! She is sprightly and amusing, because she is Miss Bow. The picture is likewise, mostly because of Miss Bow. It won't stand analysis, but who bothers to analyze when he is diverted? Enough to say that when the fleet's in the sailors make for the dance hall, Eddie Briggs and "Searchlight" Doyle, whose wise-cracking enlures one to the other, leading the onslaught. When the lights go down, Eddie accidentally becomes Peachy's partner and they win a cup. The rest of it consists of Peachy's resentment of Eddie's insult to her virtue, Searchlight's acceptance of a bribe to insult her so that Eddie may step in and avenge the insult, and so on. Peachy is so touchy that one would have no patience with her were she played by an actress less engaging than Miss Bow. Finally there is a brawl and Eddie is brought to the bar of justice, charged with inciting it. Whereupon Peachy, as womanhood ennobled by a great love, swaggers, bedizened, into the courtroom. By boasting that she is a—lo I lower my eyes—a bad girl, she somehow saves Eddie from jail and promises to wait for him till the fleet comes in again. Knowing your Peachy, you feel there is nothing she won't do for love while waiting. James Hall will vastly please his admirers, as Eddie, and a new comedian named Jack Oakie will at once attract a legion of his own.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

Fie, Mr. Griffith, and likewise tut, tut! Pray what excuse have you to offer for "The Battle of the Sexes"? You produced it once before, years ago, with Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, and Fay Tincher among others, and the earlier version seemed far more interesting and significant than the present one, which has nothing more to recommend it than the presence of Jean Hersholt.

Virtue Triumphant.

In her new picture, "The Fleet's In," Clara Bow performs the economic feat of maintaining a sizable, well-furnished apartment, supporting a mother

"The Mating Call."

"Our Dancing Daughters."

"The Night Watch."

"Women They Talk About."
Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, Don Alvarado, and Sally O'Neil. That is, until one sees them play the conventional sex story of the middle-aged husband and father, who strays from the path of rectitude until his daughter turns the tables on him, and is discovered in the same love nest where daddy is the king pin. After seeing the players in action, one charges them with overacting and finds it difficult to forgive them in spite of their restraint in other pictures. All except Belle Bennett, as the wife. Her restraint is no less marked in this than in any other picture. She seems to enjoy herself by running to meet the sufferings imposed upon her by the story, and being martyred by them. But, really, Miss Haver, who practices restraint when permitted, and is a splendid actress, is called upon to behave outrageously as the vamp, evidently with the notion that the picture had to be pepped up with suggestive scenes. Altogether, the picture is clumsy, undistinguished, and its sound effects are inept. This is especially noticeable in a scene where Miss Haver is supposed to warble “Rose in the Bud.” But the soprano who supplies the words does not even glance at Miss Haver’s lip movements.

Mr. Meighan’s Strange Story.

Thomas Meighan’s casual acting fits his rôle in “The Mating Call,” that of Leslie Hatton, who secretly marries Rose Henderson, the village belle, and goes to war. On his return, he finds the marriage annulled and Rose the wife of a rich man. She pursues him openly—so openly, in fact, that Leslie literally throws her out of the house. Finally she compromises him and Leslie, disgusted, his ideal shattered, picks out Catherine, an immigrant, and offers her a home if she will marry him. The lowly, timid girl prefers the rôle of servant until circumstances bring them together. In addition to all this there are the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, and the unmasking of Rose’s husband as the Klan’s local head, and the tragic termination of his affair with a girl.

The picture has an interesting undercurrent which places it above the ordinary, though it is not exactly a satisfying film. Some of the characters are not understandable, and their actions are startlingly abrupt, probably because in transferring the novel to the screen the psychology, and therefore the motivation, of the characters proved too complicated. However, it is far from routine and the acting is first class. Evelyn Brent, as Rose, is flamboyantly wicked, yet irresistibly fascinating, and Renee Adorée, as Catherine, is as elusive as a woodland fay.

A Pat for Billy Haines.

William Haines is at his best in “Excess Baggage,” because in addition to a good picture, he has a rôle which enables him to be serious and to show what a convincing actor he is, but not at the expense of his tomfoolery. When administered homeopathically, this is most engaging. So it is in the new picture, a story of vaudeville, with Mr. Haines as a small-time juggler who marries a dancer and loses her when she goes into the movies. Disheartened, he decides that the best way out of it is to fall when he does his “slide for life,” the climax of his act. But as he slides, he hears the voice of his wife who stands with outstretched arms in her old place on the stage, and Eddie Kane slides in triumph to a joyous reconciliation. This brings about a thrilling finish and atones for dull moments earlier in the picture.

Besides the excellent characterization of Mr. Haines, there are capital performances by Josephine Dunn, as his wife, Ricardo Cortez, and Neely Edwards.

The Heart of a Hobo.

As a welcome change from the comic louts Wallace Beery has played for several years, he gives us something of more substance and significance as Oklahoma Red, in “Beggars of Life,” a hobo picture. Sordid, grim and unpleasant, it is nevertheless interesting and is certainly a departure from the usual movie. Its salient features are excellent acting on the part of Mr. Beery, Richard Arlen, and Louise Brooks, distinguished direction and photography and undeniable sincerity of intention. One feels that

Continued on page 96
Norma—As She Is

Strictly self-made, Miss Shearer is shown in this study to be now serenely and gracefully enjoying the security of stardom, for which she worked so hard.

By Margaret Reid

To Norma Shearer alone goes the credit for Norma Shearer. She herself has wrought the person and personality which make her pictures popular. Consciously and with unflagging endeavor, she has evolved the Norma Shearer of to-day from the shy, uncertain and moody youngster who left Montreal in pursuit of a nebulous rainbow. Her career has seemed meteoric. Actually, it was slow in formation, painful in progress. As, perhaps, are all brilliant careers when examined minutely.

Now one of the first rank stars, her position has settled, after a flashing rise from obscurity, into an even security. Her reputation firmly established by a series of well-constructed, workmanlike pictures, she is an important element in the business. A few of her performances, chiefly before she became a recognized star, have been especially notable. The full range of her abilities has not yet been tested and, unfortunately, may never be while her vehicles are chosen as only the conventional shroud draped around the star. It is, however, encouraging that she is not being limited to type, but is allowed to exercise an unusual versatility.

The background on which her talent acquired form was in the turbulent era following her venture from home. From a sheltered childhood in Montreal, she went to New York as the first step toward fame. Here followed lean years of extra work in pictures, posing for advertisements, with an occasional rôle in some quickie thriller that left her bruised and sore. Even when Louis B. Mayer saw her and imported her to his California studio, it indicated no immediate rift in the general gloom. In Hollywood she was given extra work and infrequent bits. It was predicted that she did not photograph well enough to progress beyond this. That her eyes lacked the accepted enormous baby stars, was pointed out as precluding her from beauty.

At this period Norma was prey to an inferiority complex. With the acute dolor of youth in difficulties, she felt herself to be the least of mortals. There was no place for her in the world. Nowhere, and to no one, was she of value. Desperately she tried to mask her inadequate self in semblances of scintillating personality. Nervous, unhappy, without hope, she was convinced that her doom was total obscurity.

It was inevitable that some discriminating person should finally realize her capabilities. She was given a rôle. With her success in this, Norma Shearer began to emerge from the chrysalis in which she had concealed herself. To-day devoid of pretense or pretentious, poised, confident, and keenly aware, she is one of the dominant personalities of Hollywood.

To the interviewer's delight, Norma can discourse intelligently on any subject one cares to broach. Her opinions are definite, but only formed after careful thought. She is never rash in her statements, never flippant in her decisions. Shrewd common sense is her motivating impulse, a sane, normal mind that is infinitely refreshing in this community of extremes.

The tranquillity suggested in her clear, lovely brow is now a part of her nature. It sometimes disturbs her a little that she so completely lacks temperament. She is a little ashamed of the fact that she can spend the morning in a trying, emotional scene and then drop into a peaceful nap in her dressing room. Nerves are foreign to her. It is the gift for relaxation that sustains her vitality throughout the duration of a picture.

And her vitality is magnificent. She is tremendously alive, essentially vital—vivacious without being effervescent. She is a crack tennis player, an expert housewoman, and her swimming prowess is already common knowledge. Norma, driving from a high springboard, elevating the water as neatly as a dart, is one of the reasons for swimming-pool parties.

Her beauty is a trifle breath taking. Supplemented by very little make-up, her fair skin, high color and clearly etched features make her appearance dazzling. She dresses extremely well, shopping principally in New York. One of those maddening people who never seem to rumple or perspire, she always looks, even at the end of a hard day, or a fast set of tennis, as if she had just stepped from her dressing room, freshly bathed, powdered and combed.

Instinctive good taste is reflected in the things with which she surrounds herself. Her dressing-room suite she recently had done over in the modern mode. Pale green, silver and lavender dominate—essentially Shearer's colors. Her long Rolls-Royce car is pale tan. Her jewels are gorgeous, but never gaudy.

The wife of Irving Thalberg, her social position demands dignity and tact. Both these qualities Norma has, together with an impulsive friendliness. An abundance of charm draws people to her, but intimacy is difficult. This is explained by the natural shyness she has never quite outgrown. Back of the barrier it raises, is a warm kindness for people in general, a tolerant understanding of their foibles, a refusal to pass judgment on any one.

Continued on page 114.
Life Rides in a Bus

Humorous and pathetic glimpses of Hollywood which are not included in a sight-seeing tour of stars' homes.

By Dunham Thorp

Illustration by Lui Trugo

There are three redheads roaming the streets of Hollywood, and the years have brought them wisdom in the ways of the movie world. They it is who first greet the aspiring youngster, who bid a final farewell to his broken elder, and who know every stage in the transition between these two extremes.

I say "broken elder" with intention, for if those first aspirations are realized, and our youngster rises upward, there comes an inevitable parting of the ways. And there should be a parting here. I should use plainer language.

There are, then, three red-roofed busses running from Universal City, through Hollywood, to Culver City. All who have business with Metro-Goldwyn, DeMille, Roach, or Universal, and cannot yet afford a car of their own, must ride these "redheads." Any one riding these busses regularly, and with open eyes, gets a good view of a certain stratum of the movie colony—a stratum that is not interviewed, nor "symposiomed," nor "general article." For none in it have yet arrived. Very few, in fact, ever will. But they also serve; they are as surely a part of any true and complete picture as are the Wampa's baby grandmothers, or the latest dog-star's puppies!

"Lights! Camera!"

No, that mascaraed, lip-sticked gentleman, the one in evening clothes, sitting next to the cowboy, is not returning at this morning hour from one of Hollywood's fabled parties. It is simply that he must report on the set, and in make-up, at nine thirty, if he is to earn his seven fifty or ten dollars. If he dresses and applies his make-up at home he can grab a few minutes' extra sleep. And as he may be working until midnight, you surely cannot blame him.

You will notice that perhaps half of those in the bus have followed his example. In fact, it is a general practice among all extras to put on their make-up before leaving home, and to travel in the clothes they are to act in. Notice, too, how careful they are lest they become soaked. Though the sun is quite hot, our friend wears an overcoat, and has a silk scarf wrapped around, even tucked into, his collar and tie. Why are his collar and shirt front pink instead of white? The camera prefers it so.

Evening clothes of both sexes—sports outfits, cowboy regalas, beards, and bandannas—these, and much more, are commonplace during almost any run of these busses. That hobo and that exotic are roommates, and tomorrow both may be Cossacks!

But after a few trips one becomes used to such passengers, and does not give them a second glance—just as one becomes used to skyscrapers in New York, or palms in the tropics. It is then that one begins to look for the little bits of comedy and pathos.

Stray scraps of conversation:

"I got a letter of introduction, but he always seems to be away on location. I can't understand it."

"I shoulda got that part! If she looks Spanish, I'm a swordfish! She's much too big. She nearly busted the seams of the costume when they gave it to her!"

"I got the inside dope—naw, it's not that at all. The real reason they're closing down is—I got it straight, I tell yuh! Sammy's a pal o' mine!"

"But how could I help it? Does he think I'm a mind reader? He should take each one aside, separately, and explain just what he wants."

"It's them foreigners. They all stick together. A real American ain't got a chance!"

And so on, and on—a chorus mighty as the thunderous surf that pounds eternally the shores of all the world. Woof!

After the storm—the calm.

A mother and her three-year daughter sit opposite a man who is just becoming elderly. The baby, a would-be star, is precocious—and spoiled; the mother, pushing; the man, meek and apologetic. But they will not be without fame, even if they must manufacture it for themselves. The mother shows her baby's stills; the man admires, and then proffers his. For a little praise given the other, each can bask in the praise returned—in the glory of "recognition." True, the man must praise three of the baby's pictures to get a return on one of his, but the years have taught him to be thankful for

Continued on page 112
Jean Hersholt’s

These photographs give some idea of the con Hersholt’s genius in portraying a wide variety

As Don Fabrique, above, in “Don Q.”

As Solomon Levy, above, in the screen version of “Able’s Irish Rose.”

In “My Old Dutch,” above, he was a drunken old weakling.

A typical Von Stroheim heavy, above, in Mac Murray’s “Jazzmania.”

As Old Man Hempel, above, a lovable, sweet, meditative character in “So Big.”

The drunken, crude, happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing Ed Munn, in “Stella Dallas,” above, was one of his finest pieces of work.

Jean Hersholt, left, gave a finished portrayal of Gustave Schmidt, a cruel, war profiteer in “The Greater Glory.”
Infinite Variety

summate art of make-up, as well as Jean of types and characters, in some notable films.

As a dapper, booby, corset salesman, above, in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

As Ole Olson, in "Flames," above. Jean Hersholt was a stupid, illiterate Swede.

In "the Girl on the Barge," Hersholt's part was that of Skipper MacCadden, a cruel, browbeating, riverman, above, a brute and a religious fanatic.

One of Hersholt's finest characterizations was that of Doctor Juttner, above, in "The Student Prince."

Hersholt gives a perfect performance as the mild, benign music master, right, in "Jazz Mad."

As a calculating, shrewd card sharper, above, in "Alias the Deacon."

With Constance Talmadge, in "The Goldfish," he appeared, above, as a German shoe salesman.
Some Can and

A few stars are highly successful in their terrible luck. What do you think about

By Ann

their earnings are loud in their boasts that actors are good business men. Those who have failed are just as noisy in the negative.

Just for the fun of it, let's review some of these business experiences of your favorites, and see what conclusions we can draw for ourselves.

In speaking of those who have made their money talk, Ruth Roland comes immediately to mind. It is pretty safe to say that Ruth, in her own name, is one of the most financially independent women of the screen. She cannily invested her savings in Los Angeles real estate—when it was on the verge of its greatest boom. Now she owns Roland Square, in the Wilshire district, which is one of the most valuable pieces of property in that exclusive neighborhood. All through her experiments, Ruth has had the advice of her ex-husband, Lionel Kent, for even a divorce did not come between their business partnership. She has been so successful in her own ventures, she naturally feels that art and business not only mix, but that one should be the logical outcome of the other. “Pooh,” say Ruth, “for the idea that actors can't hold their own in a swivel chair.” On the other hand there is Huntly Gordon. Consider his case.

Huntly has played business men so often on the screen, that he rather fancied himself in the rôle, and stepped out in private life to see what could be done about making himself a millionaire. When a man makes up his mind to invest, you just know that it isn’t a whim. Priscilla Bonner suffered an awful flop with her dressmaking shop.

SOME do and some don’t. I mean make a success in the business world, through investments they have made with their picture earnings.

Actors have the reputation for being notoriously bad business men. It has become a legend that art and commerce are not compatible. But, on the other hand, there is Ruth Roland, who has the Midaslike gift of turning everything she touches into gold—via real estate.

In considering the players who have made money in business investments, and those who have not, it must be remembered that temperament, previous experience and adaptability enter into both sides. They are the important factors, and sex has little or nothing to do with it. In fact, in direct contrast to other professions, the most successful business people of the movies are women. Huntly Gordon, who is the screen’s perennial business-man type, has lost many thousands in his investments outside of his own profession. So has Edmund Lowe.

Out of these experiences in the commercial world, the picture people have evolved strangely divergent ideas. Those who have increased
Some Can't

business ventures, and others have had it, after reading these conflicting cases?

Sylvestor

going to be long before somebody will get him into something. One day Hollywood woke up to learn of the H. A. Gordon Silk Hosiery Mills.

At first glance it looked like a pretty good idea—even to Huntly, who had sunk twenty thousand dollars in it. It stood to reason that women were going to wear silk hosiery, and it wasn't unreasonable to presume that they might be induced to wear H. A. Gordon's silk hosiery. The logic was all right, and the big boys in Wall Street might have been in great danger of a silk-hosiery monopoly, if the business hadn't suddenly taken ill and died on its feet. Even the excellent logic back of the investment couldn't keep it alive, and so crape was hung on the door and the hosiery mills were buried, together with Huntly's twenty thousand. We live to learn, and while the hosiery business was a rather expensive little lesson to Mr. Gordon, he at least salvaged some advice from the wreckage.

"Actors aren't particularly successful business men," he expresses it. In the first place, they aren't in close contact with the commercial world, and don't know just what is and what is not a good investment. In the second place, they do not have the time to devote to commercial business. I don't think it is possible to make a success in two fields at once."

That makes Kathleen Clifford laugh. And how! Kathleen put a little money in a small flower shop in the Ambassador Hotel, and it was so successful that she now has branches all over Los Angeles and Pasadena. Kathleen doesn't believe you need a lot of time and tonic for your investments. If they are sound, they take care of themselves. All the time she devotes to the flower shops is to bank her profits every week.

Viola Dana has had almost the same experience with her sister's beauty parlor. Viola backed Edna Shaw in the Gainsborough Beauty Shop, and it was like casting bread upon the water. It came back in loaves. The business is flourishing, and the profits are grand. Which is a condition Lilyan Tashman will probably never understand, because it was a beauty parlor and barber shop situated right in the heart of Hollywood that cost Lilyan considerable money when it went broke.

Lilyan, with a few other players, drew out most of her savings, and invested in the shop, expecting it to succeed like Viola's. But the little band of actors didn't have time to watch over the business, and soon the doors were closed. Lilyan felt so badly about it that she now makes a definite statement like this:

"No actor is capable of running a business. Artistic and business temperaments are too widely divergent. Every successful artist, it will be found upon invest-

Continued on page 110
This Changing World

Joan Crawford and Johnny Mack Brown demonstrate the "progress" made during the last century, and give cause for the futurists to imagine the mode of 2000!

Joan Crawford, at top, and Johnny Mack Brown show how the boy friend proposed years ago, and, above, a modern courtship is pictured while in action.

Above is a modern afternoon "tea"—well shaken—in contrast to the sedate procedure observed in the picture at left.
Carrying On

The widows of stars you once loved and admired have not had an easy road to travel, and they deserve not only sympathy, but genuine admiration.

By William H. McKegg

If your recollection of cinema personalities extends back about a dozen years, you possibly remember Harold Lockwood. He was the star of his time. So famous and popular was he that he is frequently spoken of even to-day. And it is significant that the world should recall one who has long since disappeared from its gaze. Yet, oddly enough, it is invariably only the fans who remember him. High officials and the men of business in the profession cease to think of those who no longer bring dollars to their coffers.

Mrs. Harold Lockwood was forgotten within a few years after the passing of her husband, the most popular star of his day. Harold, Jr., is much like his father.

Photo by Duncan

Not only was Marion Mack’s happiness swept away by the death of Charles Emmett Mack, but she was faced with the problem of caring for her little daughter and son.

In 1918, Harold Lockwood, then at the height of his fame, died of pneumonia. He left a wife and young son. I doubt if more than a handful of picture people know that Mrs. Lockwood and her son are now earning a livelihood in films.

On visiting them at their home, I learned a few things that may interest those fans who admired Harold Lockwood, unquestionably the greatest star of his day.

After his death, his widow sought work in pictures.

“Twelve years ago,” Mrs. Lockwood said, “stars did not receive the big salaries they collect to-day. It was necessary for me to earn something, too. At that time, however, things were not so good in Hollywood.

“In 1920 I went to Australia with some friends, in a touring company. I went on this tour because I had heard that pictures were coming to the fore in Australia. I planned to leave the stage company, and attempt to make a connection in pictures there. Things were bad in the picture profession in Hollywood when I left, but in Australia they proved to be much worse. Practically no pictures were being made at all.”

After a couple of years, Mrs. Lockwood re-
Carrying On

Mrs. Wallace Reid would probably have been forgotten had she not made pictures after Wally's untimely death. Her professional work is not for self-aggrandizement, as her heart is in her home and the future of Billy and Betty.

turned to California. Everything was altered. No one knew her.

"Harold Lockwood?" asked one director, when the late star's widow mentioned who she was. "Who is he?"

"Jimmie Cruze was one of those who had not forgotten me. He gave me a bit in 'Merton of the Movies,' but I had worried so much that I did not look very well on the screen, and so my bit brought me no other offers. Then, much later, Richard A. Rowland, who used to be the head of the old Metro Company, where my husband made his last pictures, came across me. He was very kind, and saw to it that I obtained work with First National."

Harold Lockwood, Jr., will soon appear in pictures. He is now about twenty, and with the vague recollection I have of his father, I should say he is very much like him. He is very well thought of at the studios. At present he is with First National, and it is not unlikely he will one day be as popular as his famous father.

Only last year the picture industry experienced momentary sorrow in the sudden death of Charles Emmett Mack, who was killed in a motor accident. Yet that terrible catastrophe was soon forgotten—even by those who knew him well. There were very few who thought of his young wife, left alone with her twelve-year-old adopted daughter, and her three-year-old son.

Just now, Marion Mack is feeling the pulse of a new life, though no one can appreciate the bitter suffering she has been through.

"I was new to Hollywood," Marion remarked. I knew very few picture people. Yet, though I only knew May McAvoy on the screen, she came to me and was perfectly wonderful. I could not say anything at the time. I just let her take me here and there, and do things for me."

Charlie Mack and his young wife had the thrill of their young lives when they finally possessed their own home. It was a nice, attractive place out in Westwood, several miles outside Hollywood.

"We were just like silly kids," Marion related. "When Charlie came home at night, we would draw the curtains, turn on all the lights and sit down and look at the rooms. We didn't have very much furniture, but it was all very dreamlike."

Most of Charlie Mack's money had been invested in his home. What little they had saved went for funeral expenses.

Marion, alone, had weeks of nightmare in worrying about bills, about the home she might lose, and about the children. No one bothered about her. She hardly seemed that she knew any one. She nearly went blind from excessive crying.

"It was then that May McAvoy came forward," she said. "Warner Brothers had also been most kind to me. They later gave me work. Of course I started only in bits, but I love it now. Dolores Costello and her sister, Helene, who only knew me slightly, came over and made me feel at home. Paul Panzer also made himself known to me, and made me much happier."

Percy Westmore, a young make-up artist at Metro-Goldwyn, was a complete stranger to Mrs. Mack, but he spent two hours on her make-up one day, because he thought she was to be given a test for a rôle in "The Enemy."

[Continued on page 107]
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Dance, Girl, Dance

This array of toe-dancing talent may be the long-sought answer to why boys leave the farm.

Polly Ann Young, Loretta's sister, left, wears a ballet costume, too.

Loretta Young, above, won all hearts by her tenderness and charm, though not tender toes, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Josephine Dunn, below, is a vaudeville dancer in "Excess Baggage," in which William Haines plays the title role.

Nancy Carroll, above, danced on the stage once upon a time.

Dorothy Sebastian, right, removes her mask at the conclusion of her piroettes.

Beth Haral, center, left, is a niece of Carl Laemmle and a professional dancer.

Phyllis Haver, center, right, adds a dash of deviltry to her dancing.

Toe-dancing for Madge Bellamy, above, is as easy as writing, reading and good acting.
The Constance as picture
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tured, Rupert
where Meanwhile, Ramon
Hughes
Ramon's husband.

Continued from page 59
Miss Cherill resembles, though very slightly, Edna Purviance, who was Chaplin's lead in so many pictures. She is a Chicago girl, twenty years of age, and a friend of Sue Carol. She was introduced to Chaplin at the Hollywood boxing stadium.

Ex-in-laws Star Together.
Just about the most exciting theatrical event that has occurred in a long time was the premiere of a new stage play, with Alice Joyce and Owen Moore as the principal actors. All Hollywood turned out to see them. The play was called "The Marriage Bed," and seemed to be a deadly serious treatise on a domestic triangle, but everybody had a most enjoyable time applauding Owen and Alice.

In a way, it was a curious combining of talents, since at one time Miss Joyce was married to Owen's brother, Tom. We noted, incidentally, that Tom himself was in the audience, and we have no doubt that one of the baskets of roses which Miss Joyce received was a tribute from her former husband.

Ramon's Dual Career.
Ramon Novarro's dream of a lifetime is to be realized. He is to go into grand opera—or if not grand opera, some sort of musical work, aside from pictures. And he will also appear in pictures.

The new contract that he has signed with Metro-Goldwyn provides for this double life, if you want to call it that. For six months of the year he will devote his talents to the uplift of the cinema, and the remaining six months he will study singing until such time as he can make his début.

Incidentally, he may go on a recital tour with Elsie Janis. And, there are whispers of an engagement.

Gretchen Hartman Returns.
Do you remember Gretchen Hartman, or, as she was also known, Sonia Markova? That goes back a long way into the distant film past.

Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Alan Hale, and has been away from picture work for six or seven years, but she is shortly to be seen again in the Rupert Hughes story "She Goes to War," which we have mentioned elsewhere in this department.

Mrs. Hale is the mother of two children, and as her family is beginning to grow up, she feels that she can very well pursue her career again. Meanwhile, her husband has become a very popular actor.

Hollywood High Lights
Gloria's mother was married at Tijuana, to a Chicago capitalist and patron of the opera, by the name of C. C. Woodruff, while Miss Bow's father was married to Tui Lorraine, former secretary to Clara. It seemed all manner of trouble developed for Mrs. Bow, right after the wedding, over her rights to enter this country under the immigration law. She is a citizen of New Zealand, and is of Irish descent. Clara herself did not attend the wedding. Gloria's mother was twice married before her wedding to Woodruff.

Bright Trio Reunited.
Our pretty dancing daughters will be together again!

By this we mean that Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian, the clever trio which made "Our Dancing Daughters" a delightful and interesting picture, will rejoin their talents in "Brass Band," writers, directors, and producers.

"Our Dancing Daughters" is unquestionably one of the brightest hits of the year, and here's hoping "Brass Band" will be another just as good.

Bancroft a Cup Winner.
Can you imagine George Bancroft winning a dancing cup in competition with Hollywood's gay flapper set? Well, neither could we, quite, until we saw him do it one night at the Montmartre. And be it known that George does step more than gracefully. It was the first cup he had ever won, though.

In case you are anxious to know who are the most famous dancers in Hollywood, it will be just as well to remark that Joan Crawford still heads the list. She has about forty dance cups to her credit. Oh, no, we're forgetting that Reed Howes has more than a hundred, but among the girls Joan leads. Other leaders are Audrey Ferris and Ethel Jackson, who are running a pretty close race for second, all the time; Marion Nixon, with Roland, and Duane Thompson.

Clara Bow at one time was regularly victorious, but doesn't take part in contests so much any more.

Eddie Active Speaker.
Edmund Lowe goes from talkie to talkie. He appeared in "Making the Grade," one of the first produced by Fox, and now he is in another called "In Old Arizona." Both will be dialogued throughout.

Eddie told us the last time we saw him that Raoul Walsh would not lose his eyesight as a result of the accident that occurred on location in Utah. Walsh was riding in a car at night, when a jack rabbit took a sudden leap across the road, and was catapulted in some fashion from the hood of the machine through the windshield. The broken glass caused a gash across Raoul's eye, and it was thought that it might permanently blind him.

Walsh was directing and acting in the film "In Old Arizona," at the time.

Separation Will Stay Put.
The plan of Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan to forget about separation, divorce, and such unpleasantness, didn't work out. They have decided it is better to live apart permanently. Marie also had a little squabble over a picture she was to make for Columbia, but even this doesn't convince us that she has suddenly become pugnacious. Marie is too happy-go-lucky and good natured for that.

Don't Tell Connick.
Buster Collier and Louise Brooks attended the first Mayfair dance of the season together.

An Infrequent Emissary.
Visits of the stork have become less frequent in filmland than a year or so ago. Still he hovers occasionally, and we understand will pay a call at the Monte Blue domicile about Christmas time. He also flirted over the roof tree of Constance Howard Jones not long ago. She is the mother of a baby girl.

Younger Causes Trouble.
"Nize Baby," the motion picture, turned out to be a naughty child. But, fortunately, only in the preliminary part of its history. There is therefore a chance for the wayward infant's reform.

What happened was that it was decided practically to remake the film based on the Milt Gross story, after it had been some time under way. The cast was changed, as was the director. Of the original group of players only Vera Gordon and Hank Mann survive.

Another picture that encountered trouble is "The College Coquette." So rah-rah girls and small children seem to be responsible for most current movie perplexities.

As Polly Says Tête-à-tête.
Polly Moran is always the life of the party. Whenever she is off duty she visits the publicity department and entertains the boys by the hour. Whenever Polly is around, a crowd generally gathers, too.

"I always did like a big audience," said Polly, "but I'm not much good on a tout-a-tool."
It’s Fate

That’s what the cards are telling these picture-folk, and they can believe it or not.

Harry Griibon, above, tells Polly Moran she will one day be famous, and Polly’s taking aim for the knockout blow. Polly’s already famous.

Allan Dwan, William Collier, Jr., and Renee Adoree, above, have their futures foretold by the cards, during an offset moment in the filming of “Tide of Empire.”

Joan Crawford, above, seems to have unlimited confidence in Doug Fairbanks, Jr.’s, ability to tell what the future holds for them both, especially as they’re engaged.

Iris Lee, reputed seeress, left, looks serious and alarmed as she views the king of spades, but Josephine Dunn doesn’t seem to be “taken in.”
hobo life is made more romantic than it really is, and that it is sentimentalized a bit, too, but "Beggars of Life" is well worth seeing. Sound effects add to, rather than detract, for once, and Wallace Beery sings a rollicking ditty somewhat self-consciously. Though slight, the story is poignant and concerns the maid Jim, a young tramp, gives Nancy, who has fled from the consequences of a murder, disguised as a boy, and their adventures with the organized hobos.

Dregs of the Underworld.
The underworld is still attractive to directors who easily follow the example of others, but fortunately for the sake of those who set a vogue, their imitators generally fall short. "Tenth Avenue," a mediocre stage play of the underworld, turns out to be a dull underworld movie. If, however, the filmmakers were to take pictures it should be considered a milestone. Phyllis Haver, out of her element here, runs her sick mother's rooming house. Two lodgers are in love with her—one, Victor Varconi, as a gambler, the other, Joseph Schildkraut, as the gangster Miss Haver is trying to reform. There is snarling rivalry between the two men and a lot of uneventful footage between their snarls. A third lodger is shot with suspicion pointing to the gangster. Finally, the captain of a French warship, who permits his officers to entertain their wives at dinner aboard on the last night in port. During dinner Captain Corlax gets word that France has declared war on Germany. He orders all the women, including his wife, to go ashore, without telling the reason. Piqued, Yvonne Corlax accepts the invitation of D'Artelle, a young officer, to remain in his cabin an hour longer. They discover, too late, that the vessel is steaming out to sea. D'Artelle is killed during the sinking of an enemy ship, a treacherous officer who attempts to take advantage of Yvonne's compromising position is murdered, and Captain Corlax is court-martialed and convicted of the crime. How Yvonne makes herself the star witness and sacrifices her reputation, without losing the love of her husband—this is just another proof of what beauty, when allied with good acting, will do. Paul Lukas, Donald Reed, and Nicholas Soussanin give performances of distinction and dramatic power, all making for Billie Dove's best picture since I don't know when.

Who Talks About Them?
All told, there are fourteen minutes of dialogue in "Women They Talk About," so not much is said of the ladies in question—a mother and daughter. It will take you considerably less time to read what is said of the picture. It is a tolerably interesting yarn which deals with a feud between two families in a small town. One gets the impression that it would have been more interesting, if it hadn't been directed and acted in so obvious a manner, and if the dialogue was more love for Irene Rich, as the mother of Audrey Ferris, is running for mayor against Anders Randolf, who is the candidate for a second term. Without the knowledge of the mayor, one of his henchmen compromises Miss Ferris in order to bring about the defeat of Miss Rich, who denounces the mayor for his supposedly unscrupulous tactics. Mr. Randolf protests his innocence, he is shot by an enemy and Miss Rich withdraws from the campaign by means of an audible speech so coy, that one blushes to hear a woman of her intelligence say it. Her daughter and Mr. Randolf's son, played by William Collier, Jr., have been flirting against the opposition of their parents, so now a double romance comes to a jell. The high light of the picture is Claude Gillingwater, as an aristocratic grouch, a role he has made familiar on the silent screen, but which he now makes audible by means of the Vitaphone. He is irresistibly funny. John Miljan is also present.

Our Patience is Tried.
What are we coming to? Richard Dix in a dull, uninteresting picture! "Moran of the Marines" would be less than that without Mr. Dix, whose geniality keeps one in good humor whatever his rôle may be, but there seems to be no excuse for wasting him on this one. He is Michael Moran who, after a brawl in a café, finds himself in the Marines with a boon companion, a taxi driver. He has already met and flirted with General Marshall's daughter, Vivian, who mistakes him for a man of standing, but who later sees him exposed as a private. He is court-marshaled for kissing her, but the scenario conveniently sees to it that he retrieves his honor by rescuing her from a Chinese bandit. If this appeals to you as an exciting or amusing plot, go to it. Ruth Elder, the aviatrix, wears the pretties dresses of the heroine.

Half-baked.
Another picture about adolescent collegians! Can you bear it? This time it's called "Red Lips." It might just as well have been entitled "Pink Cheeks," or "Long Legs." There's nothing to the title and only slightly more to the picture, which is a rehash of all the campus situations made exasperating by repetition, only in this collection the sequences are arranged in a different order. However, Charles Rogers, who doesn't appear often enough to please those who enjoy him, will probably attract those who won't give a hoot for the rest of the cast. As a freshman, he tries, for not only does he negotiate considerable dialogue, but he sings several solos and contributes to various choral numbers. He registers excellently both in song and speech, and if I am not entirely wrong, he is due for a decided leap in popularity and more frequent appearances. The story is that of a piano player, who loses his arm in the war and is deserted by his faithless sweetheart. He is followed to America by the usual French girl, who causes him to regain the skill of his playing hand.

A Clever Trio.
Less boisterous than Bebe Daniels' recent comedies, "Take Me Home" is, in my opinion, better for it. Sly humor and deft satire replace stunts and gags, and there is a semblance of real character in the rôle of Peggy Lane, the chorus girl who falls in love with David North, the chorus boy from the country, and worst, Delys Doree, the conceited, upstage prima donna in a hot fight for the young man's affections. Not that he had ever been lured by the prima donna, but Peggy just wanted to put a stop to her tactics. The backstage scenes are among the best I have ever seen, Miss Daniels is a convincing chorus girl, Lilian Tashman a humorously tempestuous prima donna, and Neil Hamilton is an ace.
The High-hat Quintet

Literally, not figuratively, these well-dressed gentlemen are showing the fans the high hat.

Gary Cooper, left, never wore that outfit on his Montana ranch, but he seems perfectly at home in it.

William Powell, above, is ever the immaculately attired villain, from the topper to the spats.

Clive Brook, right, wears a white, double-breasted vest, cane, gloves and top hat, not to mention a spray of heliotrope in his buttonhole.

William Austin, left, being a true Britisher, is devoted to his morning coat as an adjunct to his high hat.

To Lew Cody, above, belongs the distinction of being one of the first stars to wear a high hat as if it belonged on his head and not in the studio wardrobe.
Oddments and Remainders

Scattered reminiscences of the days when certain stars were treading the boards behind the footlights, in prelude to their fame beneath the light of the Kleigs.

By Harold Seton

In going over a private collection of theater programs, the writer has been amused and interested in discovering various names that are now well known in the movies. And, believing that the fans will share this amusement and interest, some of these dates and details are here with recorded.

George Fawcett, for some years past a favorite exponent of father roles in pictures, made his stage début in 1886, but first appeared in New York in 1889, in the long-since-dennished theater, Niblo's Garden, in "She." This story, by H. Rider Haggard, was screened some years ago by William Fox, with Valeska Suratt in the title rôle.

In 1900, a melodrama called "Hearts Are Trumps" was produced at the old Garden Theater in New York. And who do you suppose played a minor rôle, that of Arthur Dyson? A young actor destined for fame and fortune as a movie director and producer—Cecil B. DeMille! In 1902 Mr. DeMille was in "Alice of Old Vincennes." This title recalls a curious coincidence. Alice Terry, now a movie star, was originally Alice Taafe, and she was born and bred in Vincennes, Indiana!

Also in 1900, Blanche Bates starred in "Madame Butterfly," at the Herald Square Theater, New York, and in her support appeared Claude Gillingwater, now well known in the movies. In 1901, Mr. Gillingwater was in "Du Barry," at the Criterion Theater, and Charles Stevenson played a leading part. Mr. Stevenson is also in the movies, nowadays.

James Kirkwood was in "The Girl of the Golden West," a 1903 production, and, like "Du Barry," it was staged by David Belasco.

Jesse Lasky, in 1908, graduated from the ranks of vaudeville performers into a vaudeville producer. Having previously played the cornet for the entertainment of the two-a-day audiences, Mr. Lasky offered an act, "The Pianophones," at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater, New York. Later that same year, he offered "The Love Waltz," featuring John Bunny. Some years later Mr. Bunny became internationally popular in pictures.

Also in 1908, a young and beautiful girl attracted attention in Ziegfeld's "Follies." She was Mae Murray, and during that year she married William Schwenker. Her fourth and present husband, Prince David Mdivani, is Mae's junior in years but not in looks, for she could still pass for a flapper.

In 1909, a musical comedy, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," was produced at the Circle Theater, New York, now a movie house, and Francis X. Bushman was in the cast. He had but little to do, and the featured players were Carter De Haven and Flora Parker, who years later starred in film comedies.

"The Florist Shop" was presented on Broadway in 1909, the company including Johnnie Hines.

That season De Wolf Hopper starred in "A Matinée Idol," and the name Ella Curry appeared on the program. Later this actress married and divorced the star, and became Hedda Hopper. The leading lady in that show was Louise Dresser. Now Miss Dresser and Miss Hopper are both in the movies.

Still another play of 1909 was "The Patriot," at the Garrick Theater. The star was William Collier, and the leading lady was Paula Marr, who is Mrs. Collier. The boy who was programmed as "Buster" is now William Collier, Jr., a favorite juvenile of the films.

At Maxine Elliott's Theater, in 1909, Milton Sills was leading man in "This Woman and This Man," and in 1912 he played a leading rôle in "The Governor's Lady," at the Republic Theater.

In 1924, "Dancing Mothers," a play by Mr. Goulding and Edgar Selwyn, was produced in New York, and Frances Howard was engaged as leading lady. She rehearsed the part, but, when the play opened, Helen Hayes enacted the rôle. Miss Howard had, within a few weeks, been wooed and won by Samuel Goldwyn, the movie magnate.

In 1918 Alice Brady, formerly a star in pictures, was in the stage play, "Forever After," at the Central Theater, New York, and her leading man shared in the success of the production. Shortly after that, Conrad Nagel left the stage for the studios, and prospered.

That same year, 1918, Clive Brook made his stage début in England, acting in "Fair and Warmer." He did not reach London until 1920, when he was in "Just Like Judy," at the St. Martin's Theater. Coming to America, he soon developed into a film favorite.

By an odd coincidence, two of David Belasco's productions of 1919 afforded opportunities to players destined to marry and migrate to Hollywood. Edmund Lowe was in "The Son-Daughter," and Lilyan Tashman was in "The Gold Diggers." Miss Tashman was previously in "The Follies."

Some years ago Kathleen Clifford went to Hollywood to act in the movies, after a lifetime on the stage. As a side line she opened a florist shop, and, doing well, started a chain of them. However, she still appears in pictures now and then. In 1903 she was in "The Girl from Kay's," at the Herald Square Theater, New York, a fellow-player being Elsie Ferguson, who later starred in pictures.

Toby Clyde is another veteran of the stage, who occasionally acts in the movies. In 1897 she appeared at the Casino Theater, New York, as Fifi Fricot, in "The Belle of New York." This rôle was created by Phyllis Rankin, who later went to London to play the part. Miss Rankin is the mother of Arthur Rankin, who now acts in the movies.

Nine out of ten who act in the films received their original training on the stage. Among the very few exceptions to the rule are Norma and Constance Talmadge. Reversing the process, Theda Bara, after having been very popular in the movies, tried her luck in the theater, ill-advisedly starring in a piece called "The Blue Flame." She failed so dismally that her career was practically ended.

Most of the film directors formerly acted on the stage, including Albert Parker, Robert Z. Leonard, Sydney Olcott, and John Robertson. David W. Griffith was for several seasons in support of the late James K. Hackett. Herbert Brenon was in vaudeville. So was Tom Terriss.
Having done her share to help the undraped heroine to popularity, Madge Bellamy promises not to risk catching cold any more.

Miss Bellamy, right, in "Strictly Confidential," "The Play Girl," "Silk Legs," and other frothy farces, showed that she could caper as gayly as any of the less-serious stars, and divest herself of most of her clothing without losing her daintiness and modesty, though she had never played frolicsome rôles before.

But with the success of "Mother Knows Best," and the high praise won by Madge on the score of her sensitive, serious portrayal of Sally Quail, the girl who wanted a home, a husband and children, but whose mother preferred fame before the footlights for her, Miss Bellamy has found her métier and means to stick to it.

She is seen, left, as the serious girl she really is, as unlike the carefree daughter of the night clubs she is playing, right, as any two individuals could be.
What the Fans Think

in any profession is based on achievement—certainly not sex appeal.

For people new to the screen personality to supplant that of Mary Pickford. Had Wallace Reid lived, his consummate performance in "Peter Ibbetson" was indicative of the artistry he would have achieved. Charming and outstanding genius Pola Negri is a sensitive woman capable of feeling exactly what she thinks she feels, and registering that emotion effectively. Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson" was a supreme artist. Olga Baclanova is the epitome of intense, vital life, and has given us performances that shall not soon be forgotten. There are two or three others, including Valentino and Lillian Gish, whose work has had a significant effect on a tremulous young audience.

And there you are. There are scores and scores of others whose names are prominent, whose work is excellent, and whose photos are reproduced.

No one gives me more pleasure than Buddy Rogers, whose youthful vitality is a tonic, and whose personality is altogether fascinating, whether emotion effectively. Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson" was a supreme artist. Olga Baclanova is the epitome of intense, vital life, and has given us performances that shall not soon be forgotten. There are two or three others, including Valentino and Lillian Gish, whose work has had a significant effect on a tremulous young audience.

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And So to Bed

In keeping with the colorful life of a star, you aren't surprised that these gentlemen choose shrieking colors to sleep in, are you?

John Loder, left, clings to his English fur-lined slippers, even in warm Hollywood, but he'll get over it.

Stifling a yawn, as the stories say, Neil Hamilton, center, bids you good night.

Lane Chandler, lower left, never wore silk-crape pajamas like these on his ranch, but times have changed, forsooth.

Doctors may disapprove, but Richard Arlen, above, insists on his good-night puff.

Jack Oakie, below, has a weakness for loud plaids.
LOUVERNE LA TOURRE.—You're one of the fifty million that can't be wrong, I see! To start a fan club, write and ask the stars' permission to include them as honorary members, then get a group of your friends together, as a beginning, and procure new members through the movie magazines. Norma Shearer has a brother, Douglas, and a sister—and there may be more of them. I can't answer questions about stars' religions, No, Norma uses her real name and so does Dick Barthelmes. Billie Dove was christened Lillian Bohny. Loretta Young was born in 1912.

NORMA HARRINGTON.—If you think you're "awfully inquisitive," just take a look at some of the other answers on this page. This is curiosity mouth! Ralph Forbes' hair is a golden brown. As to your wish that Metro-Goldwyn make him a star, you're out of luck—and so I suppose, is he. His contract with them has been concluded. Loretta Young is with First National. John Boles is now playing in a Vitaphone film, "The Desert Song," Grant Wither's was born in Ashland, Kentucky, about 1904. Nils Asther's birth date was January 17, 1902. I don't know the day of Garbo's or Adoree's births.

CATHERINE TAYLOR.—Yes, indeed, you may have a list of fan clubs if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. You don't tell me what stars are honorary members of your Theatrical Fan Club. I have only space to mention clubs in honor of stars specifically asked about. Lupe Velez is with United Artists; Martha Sleeper and Sharon Lynn with F. B. O. Martha is eighteen. Sharen about the same.

A. M. JOHNSON.—Sorry, my waiting list is so long I couldn't get to your letter in time for the October issue. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899. No, he doesn't go with girls much. Metro-Goldwyn handles his fan mail for him, I suspect. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio and lived in Kansas City, Missouri. She is twenty-two. As this goes to press she and Doug, Jr., have announced their engagement and there are rumors that they already are secretly married. And if you ask me, I think Novarro gets a tremendous lot of publicity.

JACKIE COOGAN ADMIRER.—You'll be glad to know that your favorite was a sensation in his personal appearance tour with his father, on the Public circuit. I don't know whether Jackie still sends out his photos or not; the Coogan home is at 516 S. Western Avenue, Los Angeles. He attended Urban Military Academy last winter. Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers are both Paramount stars. It is customary to send twenty-five cents, with a request for a photograph.

JUANITA CUSTER.—Copies of Picture Play for the past year or two can be obtained from this office, by sending twenty-five cents for each issue requested. Billie Dove is twenty-five years old, Clara Bow twenty-three. I understand that photographs of Valentino may be obtained from his former manager, S. Geo. Ullman, Hollywood.

ERNA.—Yes, Erna, send a quarter when you ask for a star's picture. Nils Asther is with Metro-Goldwyn.

ANGEL A.—That's a good one! Has Clara Bow's hair always been red? It's been every color except green and blue. She tells me it started out red and she dyed it black. No, Pola Negri is not a blonde, but wears her own hair. Mary Allison was born in Georgia, Ivy Harris in New Orleans. Ivy is twenty-three and her newest film is "Just Married." Marion Nixon is twenty-four. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans thirty-one years ago. Her real name is Leatrice Joy Zeidler. Gloria Swanson uses her own name. Bebe is pronounced Bee-bee. No, indeed, William Desmond is not dead; his new film is "The Mystery Rider," a Universal serial. Gwen Lee was born on November 12th.

DOR.—What a lot of curiosity you've got! See Axel A. above. No, Jack Holt did not play in "The Last Man." Richard Dix was the hero. Richard has a fan club; headquarters with Harold Revine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Mary Brian Club, Clara Pochi, 53 Villa Avenue, Younger, New York. Mary was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. Five feet tall, weight 100, brunette. First film, "Peter Pan." She and Dix have both played in too many pictures to give a complete list of them here. Fred Thomson is very much alive, and I'd like to know where these whispering campaigns start and end! Ivan Mosconnie was with Universal for one picture. Yes, William Boyd's hair is gray. I'm sorry, but the cast of "College" does not use character names—it says "A Girl, Her Friend, and so on. Jack Daugherty is now playing in a serial, "The Vanishing Western." Walter Pidgeon is a free-lance player; just "Hollywood, California," would undoubtedly reach him. Grant Withers is now with Warner.

FURBYNE.—I don't think I've got your name right, but it's the best I can do. Greta Garbo—born, Stockholm, 1906. Blonde, blue eyes, five feet six, weight 125. Speaks English with a strong Swedish accent and doesn't like many people. Yes, she and John Gilbert are together often. John was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1899. Black hair and eyes, five feet ten, weight 160.

CLEOPATRA.—You just want to make life hard for me, I can see that. Paul Guernsey, Jesse L. Lasky's new Russian "find," hasn't appeared on the screen yet, so his official biography hasn't been compiled. He is fifteen. As to Mr. Lasky—producers don't give out their ages, heights and weights, and so on. Yes, I think going on the stage is the best way of getting into the movies, because stage work gives you the chance to develop personality, to make a reputation, and to meet movie people, so that screen tests are possible to obtain. Thanks for the compliment to PICTURE PLAY and my department.

MARGARET ERLIN.—So your three R's are Richard Barthelmess, Ronald, and Ivan. You have very diverse tastes, I should say! The heroines you ask about are as follows: "ToTable David," Gladys Mulette; "Amateur Gentleman," Dorothy Dunbar; "Dribblers," Barbara Kent; "The Idol Dancer," Claire Whitney. Ronald Colman played opposite Lillian Gish in "Romola"! Doris Kenyon was the heroine in "A Thief in Paradise," May McAvoy in "Lady Windermere's Fan"; though Irene Rich had the more important role. Wasn't "The Flower of Spain" one of the tentative titles of "Two Lovers," in which Ronald and Vilma Banky costarred?

Continued on page 115.
Poor, Little Birdie

The fate of a canary who flew from her cage to freedom is told in pantomime by Louise Brooks, in "The Canary Murder Case."

Miss Brooks, right, as Margaret Odell, in "The Canary Murder Case," is a dancer in the "Follies," whose death is one of the mysteries of the story.

The canary, below, looks through the bars of her cage and longs for freedom.

After a brief taste of freedom, below, the little canary dies gracefully, as might be expected of Miss Brooks, who once danced in the "Follies" herself.

The canary, above, seems to wish for a mate to share the swing which is certainly large enough for two.

All yearnings for freedom and companionship forgotten for the nonce, the little canary, left, is poised for a series of joyful hops, skips and jumps.

Little birdie, left, espies a cat licking its chops, and freedom is not so enticing after all.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," philosophizes the canary, right, trying to deny the allurements of the world outside.
Manhattan Medley

Miss Kent left New York joyfully for Hollywood, having found little pleasure in the personal-appearance racket. However, on route home it was decided that she must grace the boards at Cleveland, Milwaukee, and Chicago before she was permitted to proceed to the land of sunshine, which she so admires.

Betty Bronson likewise improved the autumn days by a trip to New York, object—strictly play. During her ten-day visit she went to the theaters, saw friends and, of course, went to the Winter Garden to see Al Jolson and herself in "The Singing Fool." Incidentally, Miss Bronson is quite a rarity in the younger set. Apart from her piquant charm, she has the added distinction of being one of the few younger players, to whom it is a pleasure to listen in the much-discussed talkies. Her voice has none of the nasal twang, or the self-conscious assurance of many of the brash young things who seem to think that to be born pretty is to be born cultivated, and who inform you that if the voice is natural, that is all which is necessary for successful reproduction. When she returns to California, Miss Bronson may take a stage rôle in "The Constant Nymph," or again she may be persuaded, though somewhat against her will, to appear in the stage version of "Peter Pan."

A Campus Favorite.

Irene Rich has joined the great army of cross-continent commuters. Two or three times a season, at least, she can be counted on to visit New York, her purpose being either to put a daughter in college, to spend the holidays with her, or to take her home.

Miss Rich's womanly charm is setting a new fashion in the college set, where she is adored; for, of course, she always makes a point of meeting her daughters' school friends.

Miss Rich has always stood for the good, old-fashioned qualities on the screen. Her virtues are those of the woman of the older generation, who always had dinner ready when the children came home, prepared by her own loving hands, whose day was long in the service of her family, and whose sufferings were borne almost with the same sweet smile. Naturally Miss Rich carries this aura about her, and when the younger generation is presented to the pretty, talented mother of the Rich girls, they whisper to each other, "Oh, isn't she wonderful! Wouldn't it be grand to be just like her?" And then quietly begin to let their hair grow, and determine to use a little bit less lipstick.

Over the Teacups

Mary has done nothing but act as a sight-seeing guide. Sir Austen Chamberlain and his family had no more than left, when Lord and Lady Alenby arrived. Mary must be quite an accomplished player by now.

"Well, for that matter, is Chaplin ever going to get around to make his picture?"

"It looks promising," Fanny said thoughtfully. "Almost every night, now, he paces up and down the Boulevard and goes into Henry's for a late sandwich, and when he takes up night prowling you can be sure a story has begun to bother him.

"Bebe Daniels is to play a newspaper reporter in her next picture."

Fanny rattled on. "She is having more fun kidding her newspaper friends. She goes around interviewing people, giving most admirations of the worst interviewers who have made her."

"Right next door to Bebe's house, Townsend Netcher is building a home. He has hopes of being Constance Talmadge's next husband, if Constance doesn't change her mind. He is a nice chap, tremendously popular with the film colony, and every one hopes that Constance will marry him, and that the marriage will prove a little more lasting than her others."

"Anna Q. Nilsson has recovered at last, and gone to work in an F. B. O. picture. Her old friend Claire du Brey, who was constantly at her side during her illness, is so worried about her that she insists on staying at the studio, standing in for Anna while they arrange lights, and even doubling for her. That's friendship! All the hard work and none of the glory."

"I wonder how Anna will sound in dialogue pictures. I think her accent should be fascinating. But it is such a willful accent. She drops it for days at a stretch, and then suddenly she loses her temper, or gets all thrilled over something, and her words come tripping out over one another with a heavy Swedish tinge. It is delightful in real life."

"Anna's thrilled because her chum of many years, Alice Joyce, is making her stage début out here. And Anna is not alone in pleased anticipation of it. The list of reservations for first-night tickets reads like the Blue Book of the picture world. Owen Moore is playing opposite her."

"It just seems as though a week never passes, nowadays, without some occasion that demands telegrams of congratulation. Mrs. Lewis Stone is returning to the stage in 'The Royal Family.' Barbara Bedford is to make her stage début with the Henry Duffy players. And Warner Baxter's and Alan Hale's wives are both returning to pictures. Oh, well, there always seems to be room for one more."

But don't let any ambitious young folks out in the hinterlands hear that remark of hers. There really isn't room for any more. Not even for the man in Salt Lake City, who so eloquently wrote to Doris Dawson boosting his qualifications for sound pictures. He had it all figured out that he could save producers a lot of money, because he could double for the sounds in a barnyard scene, being particularly proficient in imitating the folk songs of cows, pigs, chickens, and horses!
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 92

recommended by a mysterious lady, it was impossible to learn anything from them about the existence of the "invalid lady."

When Madeleine went to the bungalow, as steadily as she suspected Lopez's companion had moved in, the girl had gained no actual proofs of a woman's presence there, though for weeks she had been spying.

It was evening when Madeleine took up her residence, walking in alone after dusk, with no luggage save a suit case. She let herself in with the key Lopez had turned over to James Jones, shut the door behind her without noise and, breathing a slight sigh of relief, set the heavy suit case on the floor.

The sound of that small sigh seemed to echo through the vestibule. It was almost dark there, the sole illumination coming from outside, filtering through the glass panes of the front door, shimmering mistily in a mirror, and Madeleine longed to switch on a flood of light. But she would not do this. First she would feel her way through the dimness and draw curtains over windows, so that lights in the house should not be seen from the street. She did not want any one to know or suspect that the bungalow was not empty that night.

It was only with a strong effort of will, however, that the girl kept her finger from the switch.

"Stupid!" she scolded herself. But she was afraid. The sound of that sigh which in imagination echoed, sent a shiver through her veins.

What if that woman were here—if she had secretly stolen back to find some forgotten thing? Or what if Marco Lopez had, after all, suspected a hidden motive behind the quick sale of his house and were bidding to see what would happen?

John Barrett hadn't wanted Madeleine to go alone to the bungalow after nightfall as she proposed to do. "Haven't I proved that I'm no coward?" she had asked, and he had agreed, while maintaining his point. She would find this ordeal a strain. Of course, as she argued, she was less likely to be noticed going into the house after dusk than at any other time. All the same, he persisted, it was easy enough to snatch a chance by day and slip unseen into a house in a quiet street.

Madeleine had refused to take chances of any kind, so here she was, and hardly had she closed the front door with a click when she wished that she hadn't refused Mr. Barrett's company.

"I can feel some one here," she thought. "Or maybe the place is haunted."

She took up the suit case again after a minute's rest, and groped her way into a room whose large window suggested that it had been a study. Lopez had left the thick curtains of dark-blue velvetan, and when the girl had pulled them across the uncovered panes, she ventured to use a flash light she had brought.

By means of the tiny light she discovered an electric switch by the door and produced a bluish glow in two hanging lanterns. There were other switches, but the less light risked, the better it would be, she thought. The girl stood still and looked around her.

Everything was blue here—blue and mysterious, except the few pieces of furniture, and a divan covered with purple velvet. The carpet was blue, the walls and ceiling were blue, of a lighter shade than the thick curtains, and the glass in the hanging lanterns was blue as a sapphire.

"This isn't like the coloring an artist would want for his studio," Madeleine thought. "Lopez could easily have painted the walls and ceilings himself—for some one he loved. And he must have loved her—once, anyhow, if not now. Maybe he grew tired of her—and of hiding her. Maybe he really meant to marry Lady Gates and get all that money for his own. Or maybe it was just a scheme worked out with the woman, to benefit her in the end. Whichever way it was, he loved the woman and did his best for her when he brought her here."

The big window, looking on the patch of lawn and the street, faced north. Opposite, on the opposite wall of the room, another window, only slightly smaller, was set. Madeleine had not been in such haste to cover this with its blue curtains because, even had Jones had described the interior of the house, she was able to see that smaller window looked onto a little patio. A door placed near the window led into a short passage, with a wall of glass running along this patio, and beyond that, Madeleine knew that she should come to the room decorated. Jones said, "more to please a woman than a man."

It seemed to the girl that she smelled a faint fragrance of incense which, somehow, made the house "come alive" in a frightening and sinister way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
WHILE at the George Inn in Vermont, Anette meets and falls in love with Roy Legarde. She is engaged to Mark Seccombe, but even as she writes to break off her engagement, she hears he is injured for life in an accident. What does she do? Does she give up the man she really loves and marry Mark? Read

The Inn with the Red Blind

By Georgette MacMillan

in the December issues of

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE
Every Week
15 Cents per Copy

A Modest Chap
Continued from page 51

Having been bitten by the acting bug, he will never leave the game. His real ambition is to direct. "I'd hate to think I had to spend my life with this mug stuck in front of a camera," he will explain. But he admits to a thrill the minute he steps on the set—the thing, whatever it is, that makes actors want to act and act.

He has a cyclonic way of arriving. For every girl he has a pretty compliment that smacks of a certain Celtic stone, and has too much kidding in it to be convincing. One evening, tall, gayly smiling, he swooped into a girl's friend's home. "Two of my masterpieces—we worked all of six days on one—at one theater, and both for fifteen cents! Main Street! Come on and see how rotten I am. You'll never again see so much bad acting for fifteen cents. No, you can't go, child," to another. "You have to wait until I get into a twenty-cent theater."

His popularity in Hollywood is not to be wondered at. He isn't hard on feminine eyes and he has a vital, fun-loving personality. You see him, correct, polished, at premières and social functions. Everything just right. That easy, untrained right-ness which is a heritage. Or, in old clothes, he will amble along the crooked streets of Chinatown for an inquisitive and diverting evening, or walk along drab Main Street.

The things that are most genuine and important to him are matters to be discussed only with his friends.

His work comes in that category, and of it he will talk indefinitely.

He has his stake among the independents' diggings, and is panning gold from Poverty Row quickies, at a salary that few of the better-known leading men are receiving. None of those "discovered" within the past year come within a good many yardsticks of his weekly checks.

He is choosing these finger-snap movies deliberately, in preference to hanging around the big lots between pictures, waiting for some executive to notice him. His idea, rather new and startling, but after all reasonable, is to make the public acquainted with him. If other actors didn't believe it a loss of caste to play in the quickies, there would be fewer idle actors in Hollywood. Con, however, isn't annoyed by, or pleased by, or otherwise acquainted with, the fact that his name means anything, so he peddles it and his face where the work and the cash are found.

He has faults—plenty. The sort your brother has, and that you'd like to shake him for. If it weren't for them, he might be the model boy he is afraid some one will call him.

He doesn't know I have written this. How he will take the surprise may change for me the tenor of the day on which he comes across it. He was finally persuaded that a photograph in Picture Play would be a fine thing for him; that's how I got that. If I haven't said anything nice about him, he will like this article. And I haven't, have I?

The Prodigal Returns
Continued from page 21

in front of it. Then, too, the task of combining two mediums, pantomime and speech, is no easy one. On the stage it is different. There, your work is directed at a mass. You don't have to be constantly careful of the right angles, and the right timing and approach of the 'Mike.' It means the beginning of new methods. In the end I think they will be more natural ones, since the scope has broadened."

There are persistent rumors of the possibility that Miss Frederick will remake "Madame X" for Vitaphone. This provided her most popular character on the stage and screen, and the title role has come to be closely identified with the actress. The success of its revival is already assured, but Miss Frederick is reluctant. "I wish I never had to think of the part again," she said, suddenly vehe-
Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in late years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty and vigor by this change.

A great factor in a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat.

Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled. The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe it to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You will be delighted. Don’t wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them for you from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Admission Twenty-five Cents

Continued from page 60

“The Sheik”; a detailed, miniature set of the snowslide in Chaplin’s “The Gold Rush”; and one of the dinosaurs from “The Lost World,” a masterpiece of craftsmanship. On the walls are oil paintings of stars, decorative stills from their pictures, etchings and caricatures by Bert Levy, celebrated for his sketches of film luminaries. A complete studio set, with dummies illustrating the functions of actors, director, camera man, et cetera. Particularly entertaining are stills, discovered in heaven knows what attic, from the earliest Biograph days, which form an unpublished and invaluable collection.

A large camera advertisement displays a girl in the strange, voluminous dress of twelve years ago—Eleanor Boardman, when she was an artist’s model.

It is unquestionably a fine racket.

Carrying On

Continued from page 90

A fan club, with a huge following, has made Marion Mack one of its most popular presidents. It is possible that Marion will work up to leads in pictures. Just now she is with Warner Brothers.

She is not new to screen work. She played leads down in the Argentine several years ago. Born in Italy, she came to America when she was three years old. She was educated there, and it looks upon this country as her native land.

Marion is clever. She can write and do almost everything. All the electricians and stage hands on the Warner Brothers’ lot show her every attention and respect. In a year or two, perhaps, we shall see Marion Mack in leads, or possibly a star.

It is very probable that Mrs. Wallace Reid would also have been forgotten had she not made pictures herself, after her husband’s untimely death. To her, she has quite a large following among those who admired and loved Wally.

Mrs. Reid has no idea of self-aggrandizement. Her work in pictures provides extra money for her children’s education. She is the domesticated type of woman, rather than the publicity-seeking sort, and deserves much respect and admiration.

To these widows we should accord some allegiance. They all stand by their husbands, in both sorrow and happiness, in struggle and success. Is it not fair that they should now share some of the praise?
What Price Good Nature
Continued from page 67

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There's something doing all the while in a "CH" book. These books which have never before been published were written for men who love the sweep of the great West, the mysteries of big cities, the conquest of man over his environment.

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THE "GOLDEN ODDPHIN"
"LOOKOUT" LA PINE
THE TUNNEL TO DOOM
THE VALLEY OF THE MONQUIS
THE BLACK SANDER
GUÍ GENTLEMEN
BLUNDELL'S LAST GUEST
THORNTON THE WOLFEN
THE COASTS OF ADVENTURE
OL' JIM BRIDGER
THE SLEEPING COP
THE BAYOU SHRINE
THE GLORIOUS PIRATE
THE SILVER SKULL
THE TRAP AT COMANCHE BEND
HIDDEN OUT
YOUNG LIGHTNING
THE BARONEY SHIP
SCHEMED AT SANDY BAR
THE HOUSE OF DISAPPEARANCES
ISLAND RANCH
STRANGE TIMBER
THE FLYING COYOTES
THE THUNDERBOLT'S JEST
THE MUSTANG HEROES
MUTINY

George Gilbert
Joseph Meekstape
Paul Bailey
Ray W. Hinds
Arthur Preston
Loring Brent
David Manning
Albert Payson Terhune
James Graham
Joseph Meekstape
Isabel Osbrander and Christopher B. Goehe
Peter Power Sherbon
George C. Shed
David Manning
Howard Fielding
Charles Wesley Sniders
James Graham
George Gilbert
Chester K. Steele
Thomas K. Holmes
Joseph Meekstape
Raymond S. Sprague
Johnston McCutley
David Manning
Frederick R. Berdolt

property damage, and brought poor Colleen the knowledge that a star cannot obey her impulses in the matter of making friendly visits.

The people who seek to meet and talk to actors are not always motivated by mere hero worship. As often as not, they have some private ax to grind. They want to sell something, or make use of the stars' names for some purpose of their own. Perhaps they want to get into the movies. Or maybe they merely want to borrow money.

Richard Dix, who has the reputation of being one of the best-natured chaps in Hollywood, is a constant target for people who are aware of his inability to say "No!" His loans to temporary, or permanent, down-and-outers make serious inroads upon his income every week.

But even Richard's good nature almost deserted him once, when he was asked for money twenty-seven times in one day!

Ramon Novarro made a personal appearance at some function in New York. The crowd descended upon him afterward and nearly tore his clothes from his body in their efforts to touch him, to secure a button or a scrap of his coat as souvenirs.

Five men in the crowd finally rescued him by massing themselves about him, and whisking him into their car. Ramon, bruised and tattered, was grateful to his new friends, and said so.

But the worst was not yet. Having rescued him and thus got the lion to themselves, the five insisted that he have dinner in the apartment of one of them. Ramon, still striving to be a good fellow, was forced to assent, and they proceeded from that apartment to another in a sort of progression of festivities, each host doubtlessly wishing to be able to tell his friends that he had entertained Ramon Novarro.

Any move to go home on the part of the tired, bedraggled actor was met with protests, which threatened to become sulky. "We're your friends, old boy. Didn't we get you out of that mob? You're not going to let us down!"

So poor Ramon went on for hours and hours being a good chap and avoiding his admirers' disappointment. Eventually, however, weariness won, and Ramon, seeing no indication that things would not go on like this all night, hopped out of a window, fled down a fire escape, jumped into a taxi and made his escape.

No doubt his five rescuers were very much annoyed with him.

There was the time a man approached Jack Holt when he was eating in a restaurant, touched him on the shoulder and said; "I wonder if you would mind moving your table around a bit, old chap. My wife can't see what you are eating!"

And the time a lady, watching Adolphe Menjou in a love scene on the set, blared loudly to her daughter, "Wouldn't it be wonderful, my dear, if Mr. Menjou were to say sweet things like that to you?"

Well! Even the perfect Menjou poise was not quite equal to that occasion. And Adolphe, after one look at the candidate for his sweet murmurings, retired to his dressing room in quite a state of nerves and blushes.

And an excited admirer approached Jack Mulhall in the lobby of his hotel in San Francisco, where he was on a location trip, and presented to him a mother dog and a large litter of wriggling puppies. Jack thanked him with helpless effusion.

These things may sound funny to you. But that is because they don't happen to you. The fact is, that those portions of the public who manage to meet a player, can hold his popularity over him as a sort of club. If he doesn't do what they want him to do, if he is not always gracious and obliging and cordial, they can spread unpleasant reports about him.

And enough unpleasant reports tell, eventually, in the box office.

A star must wear his "company manners" at all times.

SUPPER'S ON THE DOT

SOMETIMES nights when I come home Hungry as can be, I have to wait an awful time For supper, seems to me. Mother's got so much to do, Taking care of us, And doing all the housework, too. We don't dast make a fuss.

But Friday nights I'm always glad When I get out of school; I'm never late in getting home, I'd scarce be such a fool. That night we see the movie show I like that—sure—a lot. But something else I like as well: Our supper's on the dot!

—A. B. CRISMAN.
The Stroller

Continued from page 56

The grand stands were spotted with the cinema great every day of the races, and all were introduced over the microphone to the echoes of thunderous silence, while the crowds whooped and yelled at the exploits of oil-bespattered fliers.

One well-known actress arrived, escorted by a noted flier. Both were introduced, the actress being received in morose silence, the flier cheered as though he were a football star.

If one wants to become a director nowadays, apparently all that is necessary is to make a single independent, inexpensive and, so-called, artistic picture.

I recently mentioned "Rhythms of a Great City In Minor," and "The Loves of Mr. Zero," produced and directed by Harry Sweet and Robert Florey respectively.

Doctor Paul Fejos made "The Last Moment," and Charles Klein filmed Poe's "The Tell-tale Heart." Fejos is directing for Universal, that company having purchased for distribution his initial production. Charles Klein has been signed as a director by Fox, and has made "The Fog." Florey is directing for Metro-Goldwyn.

Sweet turned actor after his $165 production. He was formerly a two-reel comedy star and played as teammate to Sammy Cohen in a comedy. Following this, he was signed as a director by Fox and is now directing Cohen in a full-length comedy.

Oddly enough, all these gents seem to drop their policy of economy and brevity, once they have landed with their artistic gems. It is not on record that any of their subsequent productions have set any new records for low production costs. And for this last crack I'm going to hear from Mr. Sweet as soon as he reads it.

Some of Hollywood's more prominent actors have a lot of fun with their professional advertisements in the directories published to aid the casting of pictures.

In a current issue of one of them Robert Edeson, displaying a highly dramatic portrait, says, under the picture, "Robert Edeson, who would like to do something big—like washing an elephant."

The other night I attended a movie show in a hot, little desert town several hundred miles from Los Angeles. My return train didn't leave until ten o'clock and there wasn't anything else to do except listen to the Mexican band in the plaza.

I was quite interested in the reaction of the audience to the announcement of coming attractions, heralded by colored slides.

The news that "Ramona," with Do- lores del Rio and others, was to be one of next week's features meant nothing. The fact that Pola Negri was coming in something or other meant even less.

The audience showed some signs of interest when it was announced that a Western, starring Fred Hughes, was scheduled, but lapsed back into disapproving silence as the slide advertising Clara Bow was on its way.

Then came a slide announcing "Casey Jones," an independent production, with Ralph Lewis, the only actor in the cast I'd ever heard of. The audience broke into loud huzzas and applauded uproariously.

One director, who recently rose to heights of prominence, is disliked intensely by almost every one who has the slightest business connection with him.

He answered the telephone in his office the other day.

"Is this Mr. Whoozis?" asked the voice.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"This is Henry Some One. I was going down to the beach this afternoon, and I wanted to make sure you wouldn't be there."

Hollywood is viewing with alarm the movement to repeal the California law which permits professional boxing in the State. A great deal of agitation against boxing is being carried on by several newspapers, and experts predict that the presidential election will end prize fights in the State.

The Hollywood American Legion post sponsors the fights, and every Friday night finds half the town there. Many stars buy their seats by the year.

The Hollywood post is the richest of its size in America, because of profits from the boxing bouts, and many veterans who sustained permanent injuries in the war are thus supported.

I hold a kindred and sympathetic feeling for a man I have never met. His name is Lui Trugo, who draws the sketches which adorn this department. He's the only man, besides the linotype operator, who is absolutely forced to read what I write every month. And the poor fellow has been doing it, now, for almost two years.
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The tour ended in New York. With her was a girl, who has since gained fame as a writer of animal stories. Together they landed in Greenwich Village, where they established themselves with all the "arty" affections of first attempts of this nature.

Louise did a slight-of-hand change while in the Village, and became Czecho-Slovakian in her ancestry, her accent, her mental attitude and her dress. Nothing but peasant embroideries filled her wardrobe.

The idea for this change of identity was born on the train Eastward, when she met a Polish woman who had often seen her pictures, and expressed the opinion that Louise, too, looked Polish and could easily pass for a native of that country. She did, from that moment on.

It was an impish, springtime extravaganza, and when recounting it she shrinks with merriment and betrays herself as a "crazy nut."

On her return West she entered the ranks of free-lance players and made four comedies for Educational at a salary of $600 a week. Her next step was a five-year contract with Warner Brothers, which only recently expired. She is once again a free lance and in demand.

Rôles such as she played in "The Beautiful and Damned," with Marie Prevost, an engagement that was filled with joyous memories of their time together at Sennett's, and in "The Gold Diggers" and "Cradle Snatchers," she had the opportunity to dress up and disclose a charming attractiveness that is usually submerged in "freak" costumes of one exaggerated or another.

The natural talent, and the qualities of inventiveness and facility which have won for Louise her place in the films, have never been allowed to lose flexibility through lack of exercise.

It is obvious, judging by the successful careers on the screen to-day, that the players who withstand the constant shifts which are bound to come in an industry so large, are those who swing along with the tide. Such players accommodate themselves to the changes. They do not defy them.

And while in many ways the field of character comedian is more desirable than that of leading woman, Louise, too, would soon be forced out of the game if she did not constantly apply herself to its variations of mood and style. For some time she prepared herself to meet the changes which talking pictures are bringing on, instead of smugly sitting back and arguing whether they have a chance to last or not.

The home life of Louise has been described many times. I can only add that it is devoid of pretense, and abundant in wholesomeness and true hospitality. She cares for few people. Her devotion to her mother and father and numerous relatives has ever been one of her virtues. And those persons to whom she is attached, experience friendship in its most kindly and generous expression.

She was married a little over a year ago to Hal Wallis, a very-well-liked chap, in charge of exploitation at Warner Brothers. It is her second marriage, the first dating back to her early years at Sennett's. That union was kept more or less a dark secret until last year.

Louise has made many wise investments in real estate, and were she to give up pictures to-norrow she would not have to worry about her future.

I imagine if she ever engaged in any work which she enjoyed next to movies, it would be running a quaint, little tea room, or restaurant, somewhere in the colorful section of Chinatown, or near the fast-crumbling mission church off the Mexican plaza, erected one hundred and fifty years ago by the faithful padres, when Los Angeles was known as La Reina de Los Angeles.

In closing, it might be just as well to record that Louise was the original discoverer, many years ago, of the tiny, barnlike theater on a narrow, curved street in the Chinese quarter of town, where native opera, dramas and cinemas are proffered with elaborate ceremoial. She recently developed an Oriental yen, but Louise has nurtured one for ever so long.

I can't think of any excursion quite so delightful as one of Louise's, which includes only a few congenial souls, and begins with a twelve-course Japanese dinner served on the lantern-lighted balcony of a slender, brick building in the still heart of Chinatown, and ends with a series of plays interpreted by superlative actors from the Imperial Theater of Tokyo.

And in the mise-en-scene, entâcque—and if you don't like that, all during the show—one's genial hostess serves one ablone chips, which are by the odor unmistakably a by-product of fish, also tangerines out of noisy paper bags, and at the final curtain forces into one's tired hands a bottle of ice-cold soda pop.
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**NUTINY** Frederick R. Bercholtz

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Advertising Section

Life Rides in a Bus

Continued from page 38

small favors. The mother believes she is getting only what is due; the man believes he is giving only what is due, and that what comes back is as sincere as what he gives. He seems to have had little happiness, but he is happy now.

I had to leave him, but there are also other bids for fame.

A very brisk and hearty back-scrapper hops aboard, and hands Dad," the driver, three dimes. "Brand new! Just made 'em myself!" Dad pays no attention to him; nor do I, who am the only other passenger in the bus. He comments on various things and passes the time of day, but still he gets no "rise." We then pass a company that is shooting some scenes.

His chance has come! Without the slightest warning, he proclaims: "That don't interest me no more. I been right in the business for years. Seen it all—from top to bottom. I could tell you some things." But neither Dad nor I seem interested.

The buses have painted on their sides the name "Studio Stage Line," and all the drivers assure me that many, many people have thought these vehicles far too grand for them—that only those who have already made a name before the camera could be permitted to enter therein! To many an aspiring and awe-struck newcomer, riding in them has been looked upon as just one step below electric lights!

One evening the drivers lingered after hours, and we sat gossipping for a time. They preserve an introduction. Meet Dad Willard, Eric Swan, Bill DeBeck, the "regulars," and Harry Friendson, who subs when one of them is sick.

"Usually, you can tell if a person is waiting for you, whether they signal or not, but one time I got fooled! When I had passed this girl she yelled and waved so frantically that I stopped to see if I had hit her. But it was simply that she wanted to get on. 'But, madam, I didn't see your signal!' 'What, didn't you see me wink?'

"The best one I ever heard came from a woman who, after fumbling through her bag for at least ten minutes, couldn't find her ticket. 'Now, that is queer. I'm sure I had it in my hand when I kissed Eddy goodbye!'"

And in return, told the story of the new roadster presented to James Murray by the studio. The story, as told, is this: Jimmy missed the buses with such remarkable persistency that the studio was finally forced to buy him a car in order to take that excuse away from him.

But the real reason for which I had come was to get the drivers' impressions of movie people, as compared with other passengers. Contrary to my expectations, they were absolutely unanimous in their praises of them.

"They never kick at anything. If you're overcrowded, if you're late, if the road is bumpy, they take it all in good spirit. They seem to have learned to make the best of any situation, without complaining.

"They'll even help you change tires! And one time when I busted a fan belt, I had all the extra 'beef' I needed to pull the ends together when I'd shortened it!

"I remember when a section of the road to Universal City was being paved, and the detour we had to make included a very steep and long hill. I soon found that the bus couldn't make it with a full load. During all the time that those repairs were under way, whenever I had a heavy load I'd get out and walk—and without a peep!"

Lest this seem too idyllic a paradise, let me recount one incident I observed.

It was a Monday morning. There had been a big call for extras, and the bus was loaded to the gills. The aisle was filled right to the front, with people seated on camp stools, and in front of them people were jammed against the door. Two girls in makeup-hailed the bus. The driver, Bill DeBeck, stopped, and then turned to those seated in the aisle behind him:

"Here are two girls who want to get to work just as much as you do; if some of you guys in the aisle will stand up, we'll have more room. Otherwise, I can't take 'em. Not a single person budge! The girls pleaded, and Bill finally made room, but not by the grace of the extras.

But though I mentioned this to them, and Bill recalled it, the drivers all stuck to their guns. There is an extra call every day, but, as a general rule, they insisted that what they had said is so. And I will admit that it is the only such instance I have seen. So, on the whole, our extras seem likable as well as interesting.

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Norma—As She Is

Continued from page 74

She has a keen sense of responsibility in her work. There are no ragged details in a Shearer production. With infinite care she approaches every new picture, efficient in her knowledge of its requirements. Of her recent pictures, she liked best "The Actress," her first costume picture. She deplores the fact that costume pictures are not popular, but does not condemn the public's distaste for them. It amazes her that she has been successful in comedy. She thinks she has no gift for it, and would like to be able to clown as Marion Davies does. She is looking forward to doing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," the stage play which starred Ina Claire. It will be interesting to watch for Norma's first talking picture. Her voice is clear, and her pure, English enunciation is well adapted to the innovation. While every one else is running, frightened, to voice cultivators, Norma is making no preparations. It is her contention that the screen is in danger of being swamped with exponents of the Shakespearean method of speech, regardless of the modern inclination toward naturalness.

Roughnecks Preferred

Continued from page 26

A serenely happy person, she is almost humbly grateful for the indulgence of the gods. Her marriage is a particularly auspicious one, romantically successful. She and her brilliant young husband share every interest and every pleasure. Outside working hours, they seek quiet entertainment rather than large parties. On frequent week-ends they fly down to Tijuana. At other times, they prefer the indolence of Sundays at their beach house. They have not bought a home, to avoid being tied down. For a while they rented Gloria Swanson's house, then after their return from Europe, the house they now have at Santa Monica.

When they were in Europe, Norma was dismayed at her ignorance of history, when confronted by historical places that fascinated her. Since their return she has been methodically studying every period, and adoring it. And her youthful enthusiasm will not abate before she has acquired a thorough knowledge of the subject. This in itself indicates her character, and points beyond her inherent gayety to the earnestness which made of her a star.
Information, Please

Continued from page 102

A Jean Arthur Fan.—Everybody asks such a lot of questions this month my poor, old brain is reeling and tottering. As for John Garfield’s 1928 pictures are "Flower Walls," "Flying Luck," "Warming Up," "Brotherly Love," "Sins of the Fathers," and "The Canary Murder Case," though that is constantly being recast. In "We Americans," Sarah Schmidt was played by Flora Brennan. The hero in "Zander the Great" was Harrison Ford. In "The Midnight Sun," Pat O’Malley played the Grand Duke, Raymond Keane his bodyguard.


Charmaine.—Yes, Mary Nolan and Imogene Wilson are—or is—the same girl. She isn’t married and she is about twenty-five. Jack Pickford is forty-two; five feet seven, weight, 127, short black hair, blue eyes, greenish. Bill Reid, Wallace’s son, is about fourteen by now; I haven’t kept track of his age. Dorothy Davenport is in her early thirties.

Two Curious Fans.—And here I’ve kept you curious all these months, but after all, I can’t perform miracles and put your answers in the "next issue," which is already in print, now can I? Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh, March 11, 1909. She made a picture or two in Europe before Samuel Goldwyn discovered her and gave her the lead in "Stella Dallas," in 1925. Her 1928 films are "Sharpshooters," "Love Hungry," "Don’t Marry," "The River Pirate," "Fog," and "Making the Grade." Those latter titles may be changed before release. Lois is not married.

Cicero Bath.—Yes, I suppose it is puzzling to a South American to understand our slang. "Buddy" is Charles Rogers’ nickname. A "hick town" is a provincial town that is slow, not very lively, and not up to date. A "irizy girl" is a girl who is snobbish and puts on airs of superiority. "To make the grade" means to come up to standard, or to achieve something successfully. "Goozy" is slang for crazy. I hope this helps you to understand our odd language. I feel just like a dictionary.

Dig—Thanks for those three cheers; my collection of cheers was getting all used up. Joseph Striker was the man you liked in "Annie Laurie." He went to Europe this year—last year he was with De-
It seemed that Miss Borden left the telephone company shortly after that. As time went on, I read items in the papers telling of her budding career in pictures. Finally she was given a contract by Fox.

Although I had liked the girl, I seldom went to see her pictures. Two or three experiences taught me to save my time and money. She was not sufficiently trained to warrant her high casting, and had she possessed the combined talents of Gish, Garbo, and Bow, she could not have humanized the stilted rôles allotted her.

On the heels of poor pictures came rumors of temperament and ostentation. Success, said Hollywood, had gone to Olive's head. One could scarcely pick up a magazine without reading some comment on her personal or professional affairs. This attitude struck me as being unnecessarily severe. Bored writers hurled their two-edged swords at Olive for doing things that wealthy and powerful stars—the "sacred cows" of the industry—could have done with impunity.

Then there was that famous tea in New York that nearly "ruined" the poor girl. Miss Borden was unaware that it was being given in her honor until she was in the midst of it. Amazed at her strange and thrilling position, she attempted to hide her terror by assuming an attitude of indifference. The result was pitiable.

Not long ago Miss Borden and Fox came to a parting of the ways. More rumors. She wanted too much money. She was hard to handle. She was a "flop" as an actress. After four months of idleness, Olive began making pictures for the smaller companies. For a long time I wondered, then decided to investigate.

I was not surprised that Miss Borden did not recognize me when we met for luncheon at the Roosevelt Hotel. Five brimming, throbbing years could easily obliterate her face from my memory. In the presence of a third person—she was accompanied by a publicity director—it did not seem the time or the place to hold a post-mortem. These I-knew-you-when people can be very disturbing at times.

"Let's you and I eat a whole lot," said she. "I'm enthusiastically agreed," I says. Miss Borden does not need to diet.

Nature has been kind to her in that and many other ways. In a city of lovely women, she is, I believe, the loveliest of all. The black-and-white carbon copy we see on the screen gives only a hint of her delicate, sumptuous beauty. She was wearing a tailored suit of dark red, with a splendid fur about her shoulders. Her thick, black hair is naturally curly and clusters about her neck and cheeks in a fetching manner. Possibly one might criticize the largeness of her teeth, but even so, they are well formed and pearly white.

A night or two before our meeting, I attended a preview of her newest picture, "Sinners in Love." I thought her more human and interesting in this than in any of her previous efforts, and I told her so.

"It is one of the few real opportunities I have had," said she. "We hear a great deal about the inferior methods of the quickie producers, but I have found them very agreeable to work for. I don't call them quickies. They really aren't. Before they start a quickie, they are careful to make themselves fully prepared in advance, and then it can be made in a short while. I worked in pictures for Fox where we didn't even have a scenario.

"Fox treated me extremely well, except in the matter of stories. That is what we disagreed about. I knew my pictures were poor. I didn't expect the critics to like them.

"As for the stories of my so-called temperament, there is no truth in them. I was kept running around in nightgowns and negligees so much, that I did use a car to go from my bungalow to the set, on the other side of Western Avenue. But it was my car and my chauffeur, so why should any object?

"Several times when my pictures turned out to be unusually bad, I was called back and additional scenes were made. I wouldn't have objected to that, but they made me wear very suggestive clothes in the hope of pep ping up the picture! I resented it, but there seemed nothing I could do."

Miss Borden was not registering complaints; she was cheerfully offering explanations. People about us looked admiringly at her vivid, animated face.

"An unfortunate thing happened in one of my recent pictures," she went on. "I was supposed to have a struggle with an actor who was very new in the business. I can stand a good bit of rough treatment, but he was too realistic. We struggled, and he tore my clothes until they were in ribbons. Finally he got my arm twisted behind me and I couldn't get away. At that point I was supposed to fall on the bed, and then get up and go to the window. I certainly fell on the bed, but I couldn't get up.
Jetta Steps Down—But Not Out

Continued from page 48

had one or two offers to go on the stage in New York. One in particular was a starring role in a Broadway production. It was very flattering; oh, yes, but would it have turned out well?

"By permitting insistence on stardom to lead me, I would have accepted it. The play might have been a success, running for a year or two. In that case, I would have been off the screen for just so long and the fans would have forgotten me. It is, ah, so very easy to be forgotten in pictures.

"I had offers to star in Europe. I could have gone to England, Germany, or France. If I had let the craze for stardom lead me, as it has led many others, I would have jumped at one offer or the other. But what would have happened to my standing in Hollywood?

"Foreign pictures, aside from big productions, are never seen in America. Besides, it was in this country I first started pictures. I like the public. I am now used to American methods of production. Were I to go abroad, where I have acted on the stage, but never on the screen, I would find studio conditions and methods vastly different."

Jetta has a way of making you accept everything she says as irrevocable and undeniable. I let her continue.

"I hear that many were amazed when they learned I had accepted subordinate roles after stardom," she said in a surprised tone. "Why that should be I do not know. My role in 'The Cardboard Lover' pleased me very much. It was high comedy.

"You know, for two years I was a star. I had always appeared as the suffering heroine, and had to worry about whether the picture would be good or bad. Now, in this picture—Jetta languidly waved a slender arm, laden with diamonds—"I have no responsibility."

Her dark eyes glittered against the pallor of her face. The upturned corners of her lips parted in a smile. I could not yet get over the dazzling surprise she had dealt me. Here was Jetta, a real star, calmly and sensibly talking about the merits of "a part" in "a picture—and a Griffith picture at that.

Jetta must be credited with courage. She is the first star ever to relinquish stardom with a smile. Many have been financially forced to make a come-back in that way, but Jetta has kept right on.

Let it be well understood. Goudal is still here. She is here to stay.
The Home Dolores Built
Continued from page 49

Opening off the hall is Miss del Rio’s library and writing room. It is particularly interesting, because of the only decoration in the room—the antique tapestries which hang before the windows. One row of shelves is devoted to Dolores’ collection of old Mexican china. Off this room is the office of her secretary.

The living room is reached by a flight of three low steps down from the hall. It extends a short distance to the right, but its main length is to the left. The ceiling is high, with beams of unpolished oak across it. The walls are of smooth plaster, tinted a deep ivory. In this room, too, dull red predominates. Against the wall is a long, Spanish divan, upholstered in velvet, with small end chairs at each corner. On the wall directly above, is a richly embroidered ecclesiastical tapestry. In furnishing this room, Dolores was sparing in the use of the ponderous, impractical pieces that are more Spanish than comfortable. Yet there is not one perceptible deviation from the Spanish feeling of the whole. The deep, inviting chairs hide their modernity under brocades of strictly Spanish design. The parchment-shaded lamp is silver and the carved coffee table that is purely Spanish. It is a skillful blending of the old and new, and the result is a cleverly executed Spanish room. And it doesn’t need, as most of our pseudo-haciendas seem to, an abundance of Spanish shawls to identify it.

The room is lighted by a three-tiered wrought-iron chandelier, hung by brackets of similar design on the walls, and by two or three lamps. Two really fine, old paintings ornament the walls and, in a corner, there is an interesting screen made of an oil painting. The spacious fireplace is severely plain. In front of it is a iron grille, on the ends of which hang tongs and bellows.

Three autographed photographs, the only ones in the house, are in this room. On a table, one of Edwin Carewe, the director, on another table, one of Rita Carewe, his daughter, and on the piano, one of Queen Victoria of Spain. All are in heavy, beaten-silver frames. It is a dignified and conservative room, but at the same time, warm rather than formal, and restful to a high degree.

To the right of the entrance door is the dining room. This is reached by a flight of three steps up, giving an interesting irregularity of height—the hall being fully two stories, the living room more than ordinarily high, and the dining room low-ceilinged. This gives it a nice suggestion of intimacy and informality. At the top of the flight of steps leading to it, is a double gate, half the height of the arch. This is of iron, gold-leaved and wrought in the form of grapevines.

The dining-room furniture is of oak, the top of the table and sideboard unplaned. The chairs are upholstered in tangerine-colored velvet, with massive nailheads along the sides. On the wall at the head of the table is an ecclesiastical robe, its satin background the same shade of tangerine. Above the table hangs a chandelier which Dolores brought from her home in Mexico. It is of hammered silver, in the form of a bowl. Ferns effectively hang over the edge of the table.

From this room a door leads into the pantries, the kitchen and the laundry. All these are done in a pale, fresh green, even to the built-in refrigerator which covers one wall.

Back in the hall again, we ascend the staircase, which is against the wall facing the main entrance. It is railed in wrought iron, and the steps are of red tile. The fronts of the steps are done in decorative tile of blue, on a white background. Corresponding tiles form a panel along the ascending wall.

Another door in the little hall opens into Miss del Rio’s spacious room. Here the walls and ceiling, the carpet and brocaded-satin draperies are of a pale, delicate green. The effect is breath-taking for, as the curtains color even the light from outside, it gives the impression of stepping into fragile, green sunlight.

This room frankly departs from the majestic formality of a Spanish furnishing, and is French and feminine, but free of the rococo details often found in French rooms.

The bed, on a low dais, Dolores brought from her room in her childhood home. It is Italian, but more essentially French, and is elaborately carved and painted, the colors grown indistinct through the generations of its existence. It is covered with pale-yellow silk. The one painting on the walls, the incidental chairs and tables, the crystal chandelier, the Sèvres ornaments on one table, the embroidered shawls thrown over the long couch, all bespeak the femininity of the room in their delicacy.

The house is innately a home, designed to be lived in, an illustration of what a thoughtful person can make of a combination of the right amount of beauty and comfort.
Texas Guinan Pans Hollywood

Continued from page 55

and I heaved it at him, or at least in his general direction. It went through a window. After a while there came a knock at my door.

"Never mind!" I replied, "I'm packing."

They took me downstairs and showed me Mr. Davis with his head in bandages. He was just kidding, of course, so I went on with the picture.

"Why doesn't Hollywood get a kick out of anything, now?"

"At my club in New York I entertain the best people in the world. If you want to see a famous jockey, a famous playwright, a famous movie star, he's there. I figure it costs them fifty dollars a head. Do you think you could do that in Hollywood? What a squawk it would bring if you handed out a fifty-dollar ticket!"

The night-club queen saw in Hollywood an utter lack of that thing called camaraderie. She says the movie colony abounds in petty jealousies, restless beauty, few houses, a longing for something—one knows what. A paper-mâché structure, gilded with tinsel, which could be torn down like a picture set and not be missed.

"It was all right to call off the reception they planned for me," she said, "my only regret is that they didn't tell Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, in time to stop his making that long drive to act as toastmaster. When he heard I was coming to California, he sent me a telegram of welcome."

"I didn't know that jealousy existed between Los Angeles and San Francisco. It seems the mayor of Los Angeles, poor thing, didn't want to attend a dinner with the mayor of San Francisco acting as toastmaster and—oh, well, you know what happened! Do you think you would occur in any place east of the Rocky Mountains? It is typical of nighted Hollywood."

It was almost noon and the hectic day was progressing. The "prisonal, restless, discontented town" she had flayed, was half through with its labors. She hadn't even started.

In a downtown office an attorney was drawn up to a set of papers. They would soon be filed in court. The papers asked $100,000 damages from the Los Angeles Railway Company. Texas Guinan's car was alleged to have been hit by a motor truck, and she had been bruised and feeling hurt. She had also suffered from shock. Yes, that's right—Texas had been "shocked."

Information, Please

Continued from page 115

Mille, and appeared in "King of Kings," "Harp in Hook," "Wise Wife." Also "Cradle Snatchers" and "The Climbers." Movie titles are frequently changed for release outside New York, after a Broadway run. Peter Ibbetson" meant something in New York, Florida. She was called "Forever," with an eye to the box office. Nils Asther is six feet one; John Gilbert's and Ramon's official heights are five feet ten, but Ramon is not that tall, I'm sure.

GENETTE HELENE JAMISON—It's very careless of Johny Ralston, but she just won't tell when she was born. The where is South Pittsburgh, Kentucky. She is five feet four, weight about 110. Blonde, with hazel eyes. She lives at Toluca Lake, Burbank, California. She has played in too many films to give them all here, but her 1926 pictures are: "Little Miss Midge Grogan," "The Count of Ten," "The Night Flyer," "The Teilers," and "The Big Hop," Buck Jones' first film "on his own." She free lancees. Rex Lease was born in Central City, Washington, February 11, 1903. He is about five feet ten and is a brunet. His 1928 films are "Red Riders of Canada," "Broadway Daddies," "A Santa of the Turf," "Gas in the Chorus," "Law of the Range," "Riders of the Dark," "Happy Kid," and "Stolen Kisses." I believe he also made some bridge-jesson films. Elmar Fair was born in Richmond, Virginia, December 21, 1904, Height five feet four and a half inches, weight 120. Blonde with brown eyes. Her 1928 films are "Let 'Er Go, Gallagher," "His Town," "My Friend from India," "Hesperus." Virginia Bradford's first film was "The Wreck of the Hesperus," followed by "Chicago," "Two Lovers," "Craig's Wife," "Hazel," "My Mother's Evening," "Hedda Hopper," "Dorothy De Lacey," was born in Nancy, France, July 25, 1917. His newer films are "Love," "Mother Maehre," "The Masked Face," "Four Devils," and "Redeeming Sin." There now, I'm all worn out with that carload of questions.

FRANCES—Gladys Hulette still plays on the screen now and then—recently in "Combat," "Bowery Cinderella," and "Passion Lovers." She doesn't give her age. Yes, I think she is still married. I'm afraid there's not enough public interest in her, now, to warrant an interview. Mary Pickford is to make "Coquette" on the screen. Conway Tearle, in last year, was in "Isle of Forgotten Women" and "Smokey Belue." I understand he has returned to the stage on the West Coast.

PAT—Hourly for the compliments to Picture Play and to me! And Clara Bow ought to give you a rising vote of thanks also. Yes, Clara has many friends, so I assume she is popular. I'm sorry, I don't know her home address; her father still lives with her, I think. Clara has been in pictures five years. She has several fans

Continued on page 121
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"State Street Sadie"—Warner. Fair melodrama of the underworld, with machine guns and "cats" popping, and a crook smarter than the police. Conrad Nagel, George Stone, and Myrna Loy are splendid, and William Russell contributes a gripping character study as the principal crook. Plenty of quick movement.

"Man-made Woman"—Pathé. Distinctly interesting, good acting and a vital plot. A tale of a trite story. Leterangan shows her husband, but objects to being made over into a conventional woman. So has her fling. John Boles, H. B. Warner, and Seena Owen.

"Water Hole, The"—Paramount. The taming of a Happer by Jack Holt, as a strong, silent man of the outdoors, with Nancy Carroll as the girl. His hero "kidnaps" her, with her father's consent, as the first step in the taming. Genuinely entertaining.

"Mother Machree"—Fox. Maidlin film of a sacrificial Irish mother who does all for her son, Belle Bennett, Neil Hamilton, and Victor McLaglen.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of concerted little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.


"Abie's Irish Rose"—Paramount. Good acting and sincere direction. No emotional thrills. Charles Rogers is good, as is Nancy Carroll as Rosemary, Jean Hersholt, Bernard Gorecy, and Ida Kramer.


"Hangman's House"—Fox. Commonplace story admirably beautiful atmosphere, a tribute to the skill and imagination of the director. June Collyer is an aristocratic beauty, but not an emotional one. Larry Kent, Victor McLaglen, and Earle Fox.


"End of St. Petersburg, The"—No continuity of action or characterization. Excellent photograpy. Story is told in symbols. If you like this sort of thing this Russian picture is as good as any.

"Dawn." Careful, impartial and reverent attempt to picture events culminating in the death of Edith Cavel. Sybil Thorndike is restrainedly effective. Marie Ault, Micky Brantford, and Maurice Bradcliff give fine performances, suit moves.

"Lion and the Mouse, The"—Warner. Old-fashioned story of a great, grasping capitalist. Vitaphone not very satisfactory in instances of May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr. Alice B. Fran- cis is effective. Also Lionel Barrymore.

"Fazit"—Fox. Expensive and beautiful production, but a hollow attempt to revive interest in the private life of a sheik. Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen are not at their best. John Boles, Mac Busch, and Tyler Brooke.

"News Parade, The"—Fox. Agreeable comedy. More so for the presence of Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps does little to suit most. Palm Beach setting. Place Placid and Havana. Brandon Hurst is amusing as millionnaire with antipathy for camera.

"Dragnet, The"—Paramount. Should be seen if you like these "gang" pictures. George Bancroft stands for the law instead of against it. Admirable work by Francis MacDonald. William Powell good. Leslie Pepton and Fred Kohler complete excellent cast.

"Street of Sin"—Paramount. Emil Jannings is good, but does not reach heights attained in previous roles. A study of a Limehouse bully and today. Uncompromisingly sordid and sentimental. Olga Baclanova displays a torrential personality, nothing short of genius. Fay Wray is the Salvation Lassie.

"Red Dance, The"—Fox. Another story about the downtrodden Russian peasants, and the annihilation of those poor ROMANOFFS. Charles Farrell, as a captain, falls in love with Dolores del Rio, who is, of course, a girl of the people. Ends happily enough. Ivan Linow gives a distinctive performance. Dorothy Revier is a princess.

"The Cossacks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Story of "Lukashka," of a wild tribe of Russians, who is accused of cowardice. He later proves his birthright by murdering a dozen or so Turks. Is portrayed by "Maryana," who is betrothed to a noble. True to form, "Lukashka" abducts her on the eve of her marriage. John Gilbert attains his role. "Lukashka" with gusto, and gives fine performance. Renée Adorée, Ernest Forrest, Nils Asther, Mary Alden, and Dean Fuller are conspicuous.

"Wheel of Chance"—First National. Richard Barthelmess does some genuinely fine acting, playing the dual role of twin brothers who were separated in Russia. Margaret Livingston is vivid and fascinating as the wicked lady, who plays a part in the life of both brothers. Bodil Rosing is sympathetic in her rôle.

"Big Killing, The"—Paramount. Last comedy starring the team of Beery and Hatton. Not quite as funny as predecessors, but you will enjoy Beery and Hatton. It's a farce about a feud among mountainmen. Mary Brian has an effective part as the mountaineer's daughter, and Lane Chandler is good.

"The Actress"—Metro-Goldwyn. The story of a rich boy's love for an actress, back in the Victorian days. Atmosphically perfect. Based on the stage play "Trelawney of the Wells." Norma Shearer as "Rose" succeeds in being sweet. Ralph Forbes is convincing, if silly. Owen Moore is perfect as "Tom Wrench."
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Volume XXIX

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1929

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What the Fans Think ..................................................... 8
An open forum for and by our readers.

Our Dancing Sisters ....................................................... 15
A photograph of Bessie Love and Anita Page as they appear in "The Broadway Melody."

An Infant Learns Its Syllables ........................................ 16
Edwin Schallert
Amusement and information are cleverly combined in this article about talking pictures.

They Know Their Caviar .................................................. 18
Myrtle Gebhart
An intimate story of Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman.

The Boy Friend ............................................................. 20
 Pictures that prove the stars choose safely.

Should a Brother Tell? ................................................... 21
Reginald Fenton
Leslie Fenton's brother thinks so, and does.

There's No Place Like Home ............................................ 22
Margaret Reid
In all Hollywood there is none like Raymond Hatton's.

The Fatal Number Three ............................................... 25
Ann Sylvester
Do deaths of stars always occur in threes?

Came the Yawn .............................................................. 26
The camera catches some celebrities in the act of oscilation.

Over the Teacups .......................................................... 28
The Bystander
Fanny the Fan again invites comparison with Tennyson's brook.

Hollywood's in the Air Now .......................................... 32
Myrtle Gebhart
Few are spared inoculation with the germ of airplaning.

Evelyn—As She Is ........................................................ 34
Margaret Reid
A truly brilliant analysis of Miss Brent.

Favorites of the Fans ...................................................... 35
Portraits in rotogravure of eight.

Shy—But She's Getting On ............................................. 43
Patsy DuBuis
An interview with Jean Arthur tells why.

The Stroller ................................................................. 44
Carroll Graham
Biting comment on Hollywood and some of its people.

A Kingdom Under the Sea ............................................. 46
Edwin Schallert
"The Mysterious Island" is a film that promises to be unique.

Polly's Back ................................................................. 49
Helen Louise Walker
Dynamite couldn't dislodge Polly Moran from the screen now.

Pride of the Clan .......................................................... 51
Ann Sylvester
Eddie Quillan introduces his large family to the fans.

Continued on the Second Page Following


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Sound and Technicolor

Paramount Pictures
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.
Contents—Continued

They Pause for Reflection .................................................. 52
Pictures of the stars in a favorite pastime.

Manhattan Medley ............................................................ 54
A gay chronicle of film doings in New York.

That Reminds Me— ............................................................ 58
Monte Blue listens to a joke and tells one.

A Girl Comes to Hollywood ............................................... 59
We dare you to put down this ninth installment of our mystery novel!

Lya Waves the Flag .......................................................... 63
Miss De Putti, the erstwhile vamp, makes herself over into a girl of the great outdoors.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases ......................... 65
Brief tips on pictures now showing.

The Screen in Review ....................................................... 66
Our critic shows that all is not gold that glitters among new pictures.

Hollywood High Lights ..................................................... 70
What's doing in the film colony.

Earthy and Square ............................................................ 74
Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey are strictly on the level with each other and with life.

Aren't Women Funny? ....................................................... 83
The dearth of female comedians is deplored.

When They Faced Oblivion .............................................. 86
Crucial moments in careers are revealed, when to falter would have meant lasting failure.

The Temperamental Dumb ................................................ 89
Amusing instances of "actoritis" among animal stars.

Information, Please ........................................................ 102
Answers to questions of our readers.

The Clearing House for Dreams

What is it? Where is it? You ask these questions, because your imagination is stirred, and perhaps you have dreams of your own which you are eager to change into realities. Well, we cannot exactly tell you where this magic may be wrought—who can?—but in the March PICTURE PLAY you will find Adele Whitely Fletcher's article on the subject extremely interesting. It deals, of course, with the movies and an unusual phase of the stars' responsibilities to those who have dreams, and who confide them to the stars. That's all we can tell you about the story just now. Read it without fail. You will surely agree that it is one of the most entertaining, informative and amusing features PICTURE PLAY has ever offered. Nor will it be the only one. Far from it. To enumerate all would cover this entire page, and there is something else to remind you of. It is this—

This is Your Magazine—How Are You Going to Run It?

You want to make it more successful than it is, of course; you want to make those read it who have never read it before; you want to make it talked about. Well, how are you going to bring this about? What are you going to add to it, and what do you think should be taken away? We know you have many suggestions for the betterment of PICTURE PLAY, so why not write them to the editor? Your letters will be given careful attention and your wishes will be carried out wherever it is feasible to do so. Whatever you do, express an opinion of PICTURE PLAY. It is only by this means that the magazine can be made to realize your hopes for it, and it is only thus that the pulse of its readers may guide its policy. The interest and loyalty of its readers have made PICTURE PLAY what it is, so let us all get together and make it still better—an enduring and shining link between the movies, the stars and the fans. Write!
Marvel of this Marvelous Age

Vitaphone is a scientific achievement—far-reaching in its influence on the human family. It immeasurably widens the sphere of knowledge and enjoyment. Brings the whole world of SOUND and ACTION to all people everywhere.

Through Vitaphone, the foremost entertainers of the age re-live before you—they act, talk, sing and play—like human beings in the flesh!

Remember—Warner Bros. pioneered the talking picture. Warner Bros. perfected the talking picture. Warner Bros. Vitaphone has PROVED its nation-wide success and triumph in hundreds of leading theatres from Coast to Coast.

Make no mistake. See and hear Warner Bros. Vitaphone. It will confirm your conviction that here at last is the life-like talking picture—the marvel of this marvelous age.

See and Hear
Vitaphone's
Supreme Dramatic Triumph

DOLORES COSTELLO
in "NOAH'S ARK"
with GEORGE O'BRIEN

Mightiest entertainment achievement since the birth of Motion Pictures! Awe-inspiring—heart-gripping—unprecedented! See and hear "NOAH'S ARK"

IF IT'S NOT A WARNER PICTURE...IT'S NOT VITAPHONE
What the Fans Think

The Talkies Ably Defended.

ALL the letters concerning talking pictures have been very much against them, so I've decided to argue on the other side. Not just to be contrary; no, indeed. I like the talking movies, but please don't misunderstand me when I say I don't care for them as they are now. I like the idea, and any one with half an eye, who cares to, can see that they "have a future."

Of course there are many imperfections as yet, but gradually these things will be overcome.

I've seen all the talking pictures that have been released, and I'm frank to admit that I don't care for the half-and-half, now they talk, now they don't. It's too great a shock. There's a let-down in tension when the characters suddenly stop talking, all at once. It seems ridiculous to see people whose lips go through all the movements of talking, and yet you can't hear them, after the talking parts.

As for the all-talking pictures, I saw "Lights of New York" and had a great time, and all because the characters talked out loud. Where would it have been without that? For the story was hopeless. It would have been frightfully boring without the talking.

You folks who say the public doesn't care for talkies are trying to kid yourselves, trying to bring other people around to your way of thinking. The public does like them. If not, why does "Lights of New York" pack them in? Why does it run here for weeks and weeks? Why does the management put on extra midnight performances, as it has had to do? Of course, it may be that in Detroit we are a little crazier than the rest of the country, but I hardly think so.

There are some people whose letters have appeared in Picture Play, to whom I should like to talk for a few minutes.

I should like to ask Edna Chapin if she objects to an orchestral accompaniment when the orchestra is in the pit, or just when it is done by Movietone, by an orchestra playing a score specially prepared for that picture, so as to aid the director in getting over the impression he wished to convey, to add to the intensity of certain scenes, the comedy, the drama, the tragedy of others. The Movietone in "Sunrise" was a large part of that picture, and if Miss Chapin didn't appreciate it—well, it's just too bad. To be facetious for a second, I'd like to ask Edna if she is sure her headache was caused by the "canned music"? Maybe you sat too near the front and abused your eyes. If you are the least bit tender-hearted you probably wept many tears during the course of the picture, as I did, and that has been known to start a headache. Anyway, don't blame it on the Movietone unless you're absolutely sure.

I should like to ask Edith L. Watson just why she thinks that talking slows up the action of a story? Maybe it does to a certain extent, but goodness knows there is plenty of slow action in the movies as they are now.

Yes, indeed, Editha, and also E. W., of London, I do prefer the trained voices of stage folk, but where am I to hear them? We can't all live in New York. Some of them come to Detroit, but not very many. I have seen Ethel Barrymore just once in all my years of theatergoing.

E. W., I know where to look for talking actors, but it's not so easy to get there. When you call them "talking actors" you hit the nail on the head, because there are very few silent actors. There are plenty of people in the movies with looks, lots of boys and girls who are able to register love, hate, fear, etc., at the bid of the director. But that's not acting, and that's why I'm so excited about talking pictures. Think of the people they will bring us, people who are artists. Don't you get a thrill over the possibility of seeing and hearing John Barrymore in "Hamlet"? Have you ever seen Ethel Barrymore act? You should; she's very much worth it. And there are Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Peggy Wood, Katherine Cornell, Ann Harding; oh, any number of lovely ladies who can act, but whom we cannot see merely by going down to the nearest theater. The talkies can bring them to us.

Fans who say the talkies won't last, I ask you this: Why is all Hollywood so excited, why are directors and producers feverishly spending millions installing speaking apparatus in their studios? They're nobody's fools. They aren't throwing away their cash on a fad, a mere whim. They all believe in the talkies.

Novarro fans, wouldn't you be overjoyed if you could hear Ramon sing or speak, with his glorious voice? Doesn't it thrill you to think of it? It does me. You can now hear him, thanks to the talking pictures.

Don't be impatient. Don't judge too quickly. Rome wasn't built in a day, and the talking movies won't be

Continued on page 10
Guarantee

in These Three Places—

OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

A RE you sincerely anxious to be done
with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling
hair and baldness? Do you really want
to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've already tried hard to
overcome these afflictions. Perhaps
you've put faith in barbershop "tips,"
and used all kinds of salves, massages,
tonics, all with the same results . . .
lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And
figure out for yourself what a handsome
proposition it is. I GUARANTEE
to grow new hair on your head—in the top,
front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . .
or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've
heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful
remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in
writing, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . .
or no cost!"

My Method is Unique!

Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can
anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard
to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of
things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who
formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the
day they heard of me. For my treatment is based
on science, on years and years of research. I
studied scalp, not how to sell treatments. And
I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary
surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Bald-
ness begins at the ROOTS. If roots are dead,
nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases,
roots are only sleeping, waiting for the right treat-
ment to bring them back to healthful, normal life.

I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary
treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair?
How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the
real cause of baldness?

My treatment goes below the scalp, right down
to the hair roots, awakening them to new action.
My treatment works surely and quickly, all the
while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around
the roots to new life and action. And with just
the mere investment of a few minutes a day,
thousands get these results from my treatment
. . . or they never pay a cent!

I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true
causes and proper treatment of bald-
ness? Consult your family physician.

Do you want positive proof that I can and
do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof
of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth
Avenue, New York.

A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy prom-
ises. I could do that too! But I don't. I
couldn't afford to, for every statement I
make is guaranteed by the Merke
Institute. This scalp research bu-
rin, established 15 years, is known
to thousands from Coast to Coast.
It has a reputation to keep up. It
wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't
tell the truth. So when I guaran-
tee to grow hair or head a penny of
cost, you're absolutely sure of a
square deal.

Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in
the mirror at those thin spots on your head. Think how
you'd look when all your hair is
gone. Consider how much prestige
and attractiveness you'll lose.

Then decide to act at once! Right now,
dear reader, tear out this coupon shown below and
mail it in for the FREE book-
let giving my complete story. In
it you'll find, not mere theories, but
scientific FACTS . . . and the details of
my "hair growing on no pay" offer. My
treatment can be used in any home
where there is electricity. Send the
coupon NOW! And in return mail
the booklet is yours without the slightest
obligation. Allied Merke Institute,
Inc., Dept. 512 Fifth Avenue, New York
City.

MAIL IT TODAY!
What the Fans Think

I am very much afraid that some of the fans could hear the voices of the players th...
WILLIAM HAINES IN
ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE—KARL DANE—LEILA HYAMS

A Jack Conway Production
From the play by
Paul Armstrong
Adaptation by A. P. Younger
Conception by
Sara V. Mason
Titles by Joe Farnham

Slowly... silently... ominously... the great steel
door swung shut, locking within that airless vault a
helpless little child—the sister of the girl he loved...
He had endured the third degree—could he stand
that pitiful appeal? To “crack” the safe was a con-ession—not to, was—murder! What did “Jimmy
Valentine” decide?

It’s an evening you’ll remember all your life. A
smash hit on Broadway at $2 admission... ac-
clamed the perfected dia-
logue accompaniment. You’ll
have all the same thrills
when your local theatre shows
this record-breaking Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer film, either
silent or with dialogue.

WILLIAM HAINES WITH
LOVELY LEILA HYAMS

It’s in our safe—$50!
Have you the right combination?
Answer these simple questions
and win the prize!

Come all you safe-crackers with bright ideas!
There’s $50 and a valuable prize waiting for
you in the M-G-M safe! The best set of answers
to these five questions turns the trick. Read
the rules below and send in your safe-cracking
answers.

To the man winning the contest, William
Haines will give $50.00 and the electric flash
lamp he uses in “Alias Jimmy Valentine.” To
the woman, Leila Hyams will send $50.00 and
the beautiful handbag she carries in the same
picture. The next fifty lucky ones will receive
my favorite photograph specially autographed
by

Yours cordially

Ramón Novarro

1—Name the six popular young players who
appear in “Our Dancing Daughters!”
2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent
movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
3—What popular murder story listed as a best
seller novel and serial story last year has
been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M
western who posed for the head on the
Buffalo nickel.
5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature
planned as an epic production of the col-
ored race?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper
and mail to Questions Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broad-
way, New York. All answers must be received by
February 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a
later issue of this magazine.

Note—If you do not attend the pictures yourself you
may question your friends or consult motion picture
magazines. In event of ties, each winning contestant will be
awarded a prize identical in character with this one for.

Winners of
The William Haines Contest of October
Mr. A. Humphrey Mrs. John Maloney
Redwood City, California Racine, Wisconsin

A METRO-GOLD MAYER TALKING
“More stars than there are in Heaven”
PICTURE
It’s Great with Dialogue or Silent!
What the Fans Think

A Sprinkling of Cayenne.

Ever since this "new-face" thought hit the directors and producers between the eyes, I have to say that I've never seen so many plain-looking girls on the screen. There are undoubtedly other beautiful and plain-looking girls in the same class. Can you tell me what any director or producer sees in the "flat-as-a-pancake" Marceline Day? I absolutely fail to see plausibility, which we can see enough of around all of us, without going to a movie to be further annoyed by what we go there to avoid. And when sex appeal was passed around, poor Marceline seemed to have been sadly forgotten. This quality is vitally important in the right young star of to-day, if one is to judge by what one reads in movie periodicals.

Another poor girl who is wasting her time is Leila Hyams. Although Lina Basquette is awkward and ordinary looking, she has possibilities, providing she reduces she at least ten pounds and lets her hair grow out into a longer bob.

June Collyer's retroussé nose won't get her as far as Blanche Sweet's bulbous nose got her, and that isn't far. The second most intelligent, unless, of course, one is fortunate enough to possess that pleasing imperfection of Colleen Moore's and Lillian Gish's faces and figure, which can also be included here. We do not go to the movies to see plain people; we want to get away from plain people, things, and places; that's why we go to the movies in the first place—to get ourselves into another world; and if we see lots more plain people who can't act, the movies wouldn't appeal to us.

The most beautiful blonde on the screen is Vilma Banky. No doubt lots of people who read this will say, "If you saw her in person you wouldn't think so." You rarely see beauty of face and figure in the same person. A fitting illustration is the perfect body of Joan Crawford compared to her face, which is not as perfect as her figure. As actual "beauty" is concerned. On the other hand, Billie Dove has a perfectly beautiful face, but her body is very much out of proportion, thereby confusing the thoughts of countless others when I say she can't act.

I hope those whom I have criticized will see this letter and protest.

Irene Sills.

1419 Tangerine Avenue,
St. Petersburg, Florida.

Against All Talkies.

Talking comedies are monotonous, cheap, and common. They are never funny, and whenever possible I skip them. As far as I'm concerned, with talk- ing in them, I believe they would be far more interesting if only parts were in dialogue, and all the explanatory subtitles kept. A funny talking picture, or, as the companies call them, "one-hundred-per-cent talking pictures," are very apt to be monotonous and boring. It is not sufficient to hear the stars' voices, but the girls are likely to disappoint, as the Vitaphone distorts and makes their voices sound affected. I did like Conrad Nagel's voice. "Tenderfoot," but the very opposite for Dolores Costello's voice. Yet I liked her performance, and when silent she was splendid. Sound pictures are not so bad, but I do not think the Vitaphone Symphony Orchestra is particularly good. This subject makes it a problem for the movie-goer, in my opinion, and what seems so unfair to me is that the producers just stick them on us. Because they are so novel, the public falls for them, when they should not. As usual, the directors and producing companies are going too far. If we fans who dislike talkies are in the minority, then it should not always have its way. And most people only think they like them, when they don't know their own minds.

Next, I believe no attempt should be to give us "can'ted vaudeville" in the talkies. I suppose I don't appreciate music, but I really have no desire to hear orchestras, comedians, singers, etc. Be it in a short sketch on the screen and screen through the Vitaphone at the top of their lungs with voices that are worse than bad. The Vitaphone is unnecessarily loud, as well as, and its shrillness is very apt to give one a headache. I have often tried to shut it out by holding my hands over my ears, but it is practically impossible. It could be toned down a whole lot. This also makes the program longer, and it is unfair to the patrons of the theaters which have the feature picture come on at an uncomfortable time because every one cannot go at supper time, nor can they go very late. The audiences of small-town theaters are suffering for this, and are forced to see something which is really enough to drive a sensible person crazy.

M. L. H.

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

A Happy Fan Speaks.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Perhaps that is why this story, though true, may sound like a fairy tale.

A pen pal of mine, a patient in a Mississippi hospital, was celebrating her birthday. Learning that Doris Kenyon had composed a book of poems, I thought that would prove the ideal gift. I didn't know the title, but that did not worry me. After searching unsuccessfully in the principal stores in the city, I wrote Miss Kenyon, explaining the circumstances, and requesting the name of the publishers so that I might purchase the book.

It takes at least six days for a letter to reach California, yet exactly fifteen days after a package from Miss Kenyon arrived. Imagine my surprise when I found it to be a beautifully bound copy of "Spring Flowers," by Doris Kenyon and her father, inscribed "To Helene C. Brauner's friend, with my very best wishes. Sincerely, Doris Kenyon Sills."

My aunt in California recently had an opportunity to observe Doris and her husband, William Sills, to her joy, when they spent several days at the hotel where she is employed.

Aunt wrote: "Mr. and Mrs. Sills are both very quiet—they seem to dis- associate with Mrs. Sills has lovely hair, of the shade that gentlemen prefer. Her graciousness is what attracts me. I've worked a good many years among stage people and the average, and I know the genuine article."

There really are good folks in Holly- wood—look for the good. It is a great deal more fun.

Helene C. Brauner.

210 French Street, Buffalo, New York.

Listen, Miss Perula.

This is one of the insignificant sparks from the bombshell which has burst over the head of Joan Perula. However unworthy of note as this may be, I trust it

Continued from page 10

occurs to me in connection with these smart, self-satisfied critics. Fans do enough criticizing, but we are all aware that our remarks do not carry as much weight as the accredited press representatives. Even—I purposely make this a separate sentence to point the hint—though it takes no special training to be a critic. Any young fellow on the street does take training to be a pointer, an actor, a singer, or a writer of reputation. The film actor or actress, no matter how sourly noticed, has no way of getting away with this. The young fellow, on the other hand, does take training to be a pointer, an actor, a singer, or a writer of reputation.

Fans really have more right to criticize. They pay for their seats, and they must set up some defense against, for instance, the nerve-jangling talkies and the too-obtrusive press agents; also against the utter stupidity of some movie on which they have squandered money. The smart critics have no defense; they are simply out to sell newspapers. The regular critic with a conscience and sense of proportion is different.

I own that I am in sympathy with the Sillses' views and Mr. Pickford's estimate of the importance of her bob. He was not offensive about it.

S. W. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Be Patient with Talkies.

As a critical observer of the movies for the past fifteen years, I would like to say a few words in regard to the advent of talking pictures that has recently threatened to revolutionize the movie industry. We must not be too critical, however, for we must realize that they are still in their infancy; and, judging by the sensation they have already created, there are wonderful possibilities for their steadfast growth and favor with the movie-going public. As for my reasons in stating this fact, allow me to cite a few instances where we are benefited.

The movie industry was rapidly reaching a point in which it was threatened with a terrible "slump." Witness the recent fade-out of prominent stars of excellent comedy and stage experience, who have been replaced by sweet young things, their only assets their dimples and shapely limbs. This, of course, is a good substitute for acting ability when we are inclined not to be too critical. Were they to rely solely on their merits, and were devoid of "it," they would find few extras left all over the world recorded in voice and sound.

And for drama, that has had its tender love scenes disinflicted by the high-pitched, infatuated desire of those who have had stage experience and know how to speak their parts correctly. As I said before, we must realize that the talking pictures are in their infancy, and great improvements have developed from ideas thought by many to be worthless.

WILLIAM W. ALLEN.

Overles, Baltimore, Maryland.
will cast a new light on our diabolic friend.

In the first place, my analytic eye tells me that the lady has neglected to make known her address. In the face of her invective, I can ascribe it only to ignorance or cowardice.

I do not intend to waste time in digesting Miss Peruda's arguments. I wish merely to attempt to disprove them. Having several times visited the studio where both her Gilbert and our Novarro are employed, and, more particularly, having seen both of these idols in action before the camera within the last month, I feel perfectly competent to contradict her.

Ramon Novarro certainly has a diligent press agent; that is all too true. But, having seen Ramon, and having been in somewhat close contact with him, I believe that Mr. Novarro's press agent is like the rest of us, suffering from a heavy case of hero-worship, for Ramon himself is the most ingratiating and lovable creature ever put on earth. All Mr. Press Agent has to do is tell the truth. The pity of it is that poor, blind worms cannot believe qualities such as his exist.

However, we will leave his off-screen attributes alone for the present. Critics all over the world who are better judges than she, have dubbed him great. They remark that he was triumphant as Marco, splendid as Scaramouche, and magnificent as Ben-Hur. It has also been said that Ramon Novarro alone saved that unfortunate opus, "A Certain Young Man," from utter oblivion by his ability and charming personality. Now, I insist that any man who can make convincing two such contrasting roles as Ben-Hur and Lord Brinsley deserves some distinction as an actor.

I will not attempt to disillusion our lovely friend about John Gilbert. Gilbert, the actor, I admire; Gilbert, the man, I despise. I can only say that I pleasantly anticipate the reception of Messrs. Gilbert and Novarro over the new sound devices. When Ramon will live and John will disillusion you, Robert Orem.

> **Give Dix Better Roles.**

I'd like to shake hands with and thank Alice L. King and Una B. Cowan for their pleas in behalf of Richard Dix. I, too, could name instances where I have seen him wasted, but I'll support one whose only excuse for being a leading woman was her attempt to fly to Europe, or some one whose only excuse was a pretty face and amateur acting. I know Mr. Dix is capable of acting any role given him—to the best advantage—and he deserves a far better fate than mediocre stories and comedy roles.

I say Richard Dix will be one of our great American actors, if given half a chance. He doesn't need a whole chance—just give him half a chance and he will do the rest.

Another letter was headed "Isn't Mr. Dix Treated Fairly?" I answer, "No," emphatically. "We, Comedians is all right for slapstick comedians, and I like comedy in its place; but its place is not near a finished actor like Richard Dix. Give him an Emil Jannings role for a change. It has long puzzled me why the good stories and roles are given to mediocre actors, and the poor stories to good actors. I say, 'Why not fire the poor actors and combine the poor stories to the wastebasket?' And I would suggest that all those who..."

---

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**FEDERAL SCHOOL of ILLUSTRATING**

2129 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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Continued on page 122
If you HAD to be BAD... could you make GOOD?

John McCormick presents
COLLEEN MOORE
in SYNTHETIC SIN
A William A. Seiter production

Have you a talent for turpitude?
How Bad could you be — if you really tried?
Suppose someone told you you HAD to be BAD to be Famous...
Could you become a really first-class Sinner in your spare time?
Betty Lee picks Broadway as her Co-respondence School...
But right on the edge of evil — at the very crossroads of crime — a farcical fate detours her off the Easiest Way!

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Bessie Love, who is seen on the screen too little, and Anita Page, who can't be seen often enough, form a captivating team of vaudeville dancers in "The Broadway Melody," a picture which will add to the glamour and romance of backstage life. Miss Love, as "Hank" Mahoney, and Miss Page, as her sister, Queenie, come to New York to dance in a musical comedy through the influence of Eddie Kerns, a song writer, who expects to marry Hank. But his affections take a surprising turn when he sees Queenie grown up, and after considerable emotional upheaval, Hank makes a sisterly sacrifice and leaves Broadway with a breaking heart and another partner.
An Infant Learns Its Syllables

By Edwin Schallert

Funny things are happening during the babyhood of talking pictures, but the lusty youngster is here to stay.

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

Though puzzled over vowels, the newcomer is preparing for bigger things in spite of much unfavorable comment.

The year 1929 will go down as the most revolutionary in the history of motion pictures!

Probably 50,000 to 60,000 persons, more or less connected with the world's largest amusement enterprise—to quote the Will H. Hays office!—have, at one time or another, made this prophecy during the past few months. With all due quiet and reserve that may be given to what seems to be a momentous occasion, I may as well add one more voice to the chorus.

Therefore, here goes: The movie year 1929 will be all that folks say it will be—hot, and conversational!

As is quite needless to emphasize, this forecast is inspired by talking pictures—now don't run away!—in answer to which, many fans may feel in a humor to retort, "Well, what about it?"

Some of those who have heard the films with dialogue, plus sundry variations, may even be impelled to exclaim, "Yes, two times, what about it? We have had enough of them already!"

However, that isn't taking token of what people think in the new "land of cinenoisea"—not that that matters a squawk—nor of the chinking shekels at the box office. The shekels, especially, seem to say that the public no longer wants the silence on the screen that once was gilt, if it was not actually golden.

Maybe you don't like talkies, but you're going to have to accept them sooner or later, if you intend going to the movie theater. Even stopping one's ears with cotton can't be recommended, because pictures made with dialogue aren't very much to cheer about without it.

So here's a pretty mess, any way you look at it, and the question is, what to do about it?

Not to sound like a recent political campaign, it's really up to the fans to speak out in meeting and say what they think about aural pictures. Mind you, even the movie people aren't all enthusiastic about them. They are probably as divided in their views as are the mass of filmgoers. A large number believe, for instance, that competition with talking films is only going to give new stimulus to the silent drama, and that the screen plays without tender and humorous colloquies will come back with a grand fanfare ere the year is over.

Even yet, very little can be adequately settled from mere observations in the colony. Sound stages at several studios, big, imposing structures, have only recently been completed. Comparatively few tests have been made of players' voices. As yet, only a limited number of theaters can exhibit synchronized productions satisfactorily.

Many ardent film seers live in a sort of dark, medieval ignorance as to what all the racket is about, while others have been thoroughly disgusted with the inefficient efforts made by their home-town theater owner in providing noise à la mode, without adequate equipment.

In some cases the small-town manager has resorted to all sorts of freak expedients to keep pace with the sound development, of which the least obvious, perhaps, is phonograph music. He has procured back-stage talent to imitate the voices of players in song, and to speak subtitles, which he has diligently deleted from the silent film. He has contrived other effects, like the whir of airplane motors, the crying of a baby, and even the bleating of sheep and the braying of a donkey. Much of this is done without reference to its general suitability or quality, on the theory that the public must have something that "hits" the ear, as well as the eye.

Too, machines for reproducing regulation, studio-made sound effects and dialogue, are operated with considerable ineptitude, at times, by the man up in the projection room of the small-town theater. This is natural, because of his lack of experience. Devices so far put forth are not absolutely foolproof.

I recall an instance told me, not long ago, of a happening in a rural section, which reveals the mix-ups that can occur. The theater was showing a locally made film of a county fair, including some glimpses of fine stock on display. A handsome cow, a prize winner, was on view before the audience. She was calmly munching her cud, looking placidly sentimental, as cows have a fashion of doing, when suddenly, to the accompaniment of her working jaws, a high-pitched feminine voice emerged from the screen, with the words, "Is there anybody here who will believe me to be a good girl?" Upon which the audience went into hysterics, and the manager had to come out and explain that the machine operating the records had been started accidentally, in the middle of a sequence.
An Infant Learns Its Syllables

Still another case is told of a theater not far from Los Angeles, where nothing but a blank setting, the exterior of a house in the picture "Tenderloin," was being projected, and the voice of Lionel Barrymore, as heard in "The Lion and the Mouse," an entirely different picture, distinctly fell upon the ears of the astonished spectators, without any reference to what was going on before their eyes. The records had become mixed in being shipped from San Francisco, and again an explanation from the manager was necessary, which was laughingly accepted by an understanding audience.

One can perhaps hear sounds pictures to the best advantage today, in only a comparatively small number of theaters. Therefore, do not judge them too harshly! Those who handle their destiny will learn better how to operate the equipment, in a year or so, and this goes not only for the theaters, but also for the studios.

What has happened in Hollywood recently is an interesting topic. A great deal has happened, it must be admitted.

First of all, a hubbub of monumental proportions not caught in any microphone. If all the talk that went on about talking pictures were captured on records, there would be enough vocalism to last until the day of doom, and perhaps longer.

Here, there, and everywhere to-day, one finds groups in the midst of tense debates on the subject. Even mass and general meetings of stars, directors, technicians, and various high-powered experts from the big electrical companies, who sponsor the devices, are held for discussion of the subject. Most of these take place under the auspices of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, formed a year and a half ago, and active educationally in the films, whatever that may be construed to mean.

Then the financial aspect. The cost of stages already built runs into several millions of dollars—and not simply, movie millions, for these stages are of stone and steel, and are enduring.

There are many who regard this wild investment of money as ridiculous and crazy. What is good to-day in talking equipment, may not be worth a single whoop from a loud speaker, if some great improvement in the mechanics of recording sound comes along to-morrow. It may compare as the old crystal set does with the radio of to-day, with some unexpected innovation in recording devices.

The bigger companies are reassured themselves with the fact that they are guided in their plans by the radio and telephone organizations that have developed the sound-film devices. These, it is averred, feel that all has been done that can be done for the present. As may be seen, there is no single viewpoint on the talkie situation.

Most unusual is the new note of secrecy that surrounds many of the operations. The Fox company, for instance, not long ago withheld, and endeavored to call in, all photos-

The records got mixed and suddenly boos broke out in speech, while the audience went in hysterics.

graphs that they had issued for publicity purposes, showing players making speeches, or even of any part of the equipment for sound pictures. They announced that hereafter all pictures pertaining to sound movies would simply be views of actual scenes from productions, stills as they are called, which you often find displayed in theater lobbies. Also, anybody who told anything of how talking films were made, was threatened with something closely approaching extermination.

Other companies have adopted a similar mysteriousness about certain details of their methods. It seems to mean that they are afraid somebody may "steal their stuff." In a way, this secrecy is very much like that which prevailed in the early days of the silent films, when a writer from a newspaper or a magazine, unbelievable as it may seem, was about as welcome on a movie set as smallpox. In this respect, it would appear film history is repeating itself.

The matter of visitors on a talking set is out of the question. Even for the writer for the fan magazine, or newspaper, who goes to a studio story bent, and generally gets the glad hand, obstacles are multitudinous. It isn't so much that the company dreads a disclosure of what is going on, because very little can actually be observed while one is sight-seeing in this manner. It is simply that some untoward or unexpected sound, like a sneeze, may throw a monkey wrench into the whole scene.

In some studios, it is related—that even high executives are regarded askance, when they venture onto the set while a sound picture is in production. Color is lent the report by the fact that one executive, while on a set, did actually have a nasal explosion, and the company was out $2,500, because the scene had to be remade.

If anybody should giggle audibly from the side lines, while a picture was being taken, it would also wreck everything. A squeaky shoe, or brand-new puttees worn by a director, might disturb things.

Somebody said a wrist watch does, too, but I doubt it. The tinkle of a slave bracelet might. The megaphone is in the discard, while the assistant director's whistle is silenced. Nobody dare even whisper. I have seen a small "dicker," similar to those used by the starter of eleva-

Continued on page 94
They Know

Ultra modern wordliness is the tie that binds marriage that has survived many "ideal" guy out

By Myrtle

until marriage with Lil turned the pomaded leading man into a cocky, but human, individual.

A certain sleek magnificence seems to touch everything in the Lowe domicile. Splendor of tall, green glassware gleaming on the long, candle-lit table for a perfectly appointed dinner, sparkle of conversation about the glowing hearth on winter evenings, brilliant rather than 'erudite,' cracking with spontaneous satire. Domesticity with a continental veneer.

The house is a mosaic of well-ordered beauty. The luxury there has brilliance. Tapestries, rich damasks, cabinets of ebony and pearl and lacquer, parquet floors, heavy bronzes, delicate enamels, a corner of etchings.

Edmund Lowe's easy-going manner permits no quarrels.

The Edmund Lowe ménage is the only domicile in Hollywood where a villain and a villainess live together in peace and amity.

Of the marriages between professionals, most are director-actor relationships. In few cases both husband and wife act, and then one plays nice roles and the other contributes the sin element. In no other home do you find two so very sophisticated people, who make no secret of their worldliness, being in both real and reel life ultramodern and cosmopolitan.

True, though Lilian Tashman is a celluloid cat, Ed can't exactly be labeled a villain. However, you could never refer to him as the sappy hero he played before marriage, which, instead of reforming him, sent him out gayly to sow his screen wild oats.

He revels in the snappy, wise-cracking roles that Sergeant Quirt started, like the confidence man in Colleen Moore's "Happiness Ahead," the social parasite and snob of "Making the Grade," and the debonair Geoffrey of Corinna Griffith's "Outcast."

He plays them with gusto and bravado and humanness, and makes them likable, because he believes that people are actually a mingling of good and bad.

Lil and Ed are both refreshingly candid. She has tact that she brings out when a social dilemma requires it, but around home and among their friends it gets lost. And Ed never had any.

He had training with the Jesuits, he had acting ability and urge and varied experience, he had success as a hero of stock and screen, he had nostalgia with life—

Shrewd, gray eyes penetrate from a white face slashed with a crimson mouth.

Photo by Spurr

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Their Caviar

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman in a matches, and incidentally has made a regular of a sap.

Gebhart

laugh, each burr of it a satire. Only once have I seen her crumple up with hurt, and I shall not forget it. I do not like to see strong-willed people cry.

From her father, a Russian army officer, she gets her arrogance, and a sweep and swish under a poised control, that may be traced back to a phlegmatic German mother.

The luxurious part of her likes fruits out of season, rich foods, barbaric music. The practical side of her designs homes for a Beverly Hills contractor, and bargains shrewdly over financial recompense.

I have seen her reigning over a supper party—resplendent, gayly sophisticated, acclimated with the latest from Paris.

And I have seen her in a tweed walking suit on the Boulevard, munching cookies from a bag, with a library book—"Four cents overdue!"—under her arm.

Like most women of her restless, keen temperament, she is a radical, superfi-cially, delighting in shocking hypocritical sensibilities, but at heart she holds tenaciously to a tape-line convention, with a positive greed for those basic, sure fundamentals that a helter-skelter theatrical life denied her.

Lil is domesticity in a Paris frock. The spoiled darling of fashion, the sort who flies to pieces if a corsage bouquet isn't perfect, there is beneath this frivolity the art of managing without seeming to.

"The house is run systematically," Ed loves to tell you. "Nothing ever goes wrong. I always find things where they ought to be. I never hear about household troubles. Lil orders the meals, superintends everything."

But domesticity doesn't always have to be apron-clad. Sheathed in brocade of abbreviated cut, her hair marcelled back off her ears, her feet in glittering, stilt-heeled slippers, her fingers gemmed, she sees that things are done correctly, and clogging of the machinery kept hidden.

Ed has his favorite dish, lamb curry, often. When he has a headache, she contrives that he is not annoyed.

No less an anomaly is Ed. Though unable to thrust aside the religious training that made an adolescent impression, the things of the world beckon. He used to say that he thought too much. Mental peace he has achieved, except that he worries too much about his work ever to stagnate. But from one recess of his mind to another he goes, propounding theories of this and that, in words I don't know the meaning of, the while sipping fine, old wine with the appreciation of a Spanish grandee.

Lil has a superb scorn of other women, in so far as their lives touch Ed's. Speaking of the flappers who rush about every good-looking man at parties, she laughed, "Little powder puffs! If they want to dust Ed off for an evening, I should be annoyed." Annoyed? With a dozen sheiks cutting in on her dances! She knows her caviar.

Their main traits in common are candor and humor. But that's enough, they say, to make marriage a success. Their most intimate friends are of the theatrical world—Jane Cowl, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, and H. B. Warner.

When they married, there was a [Continued on page 104]
The Boy Friend

You will have to admit that these stars are safe from scandal at least.

Esther Ralston, above, picked her boy friend from her film, "The Case of Lena Smith," where he was playing an Alpine mountain climber, and here she is waiting for him to yodel.

Audrey Ferris, right, has her boy friend completely in subjection, even tweaking his nose in public without remonstrance, and generally showing who is boss.

Sally Eilers, upper right, one of the most delightful of the newcomers, chose her boy friend for his ability to take hard knocks, rather than his intelligent expression.

Karl Dane, left, a cautious Scandinavian, finds it safer to confide in a mummy than in some people he knows. No, he does not mention any names, but—

Louise Fazenda, right, has adopted this dear little fellow she found lost in the property room of the studio. She is raising him to be a tragedian for the Vitaphone.
Should a Brother Tell?

Whether he should or shouldn't, Leslie Fenton's brotherly biographer reveals much about him that has never before been published, and which only a brother could know.

By Reginald Fenton

It was a boy! A large, blue-eyed, laughing baby, and he was ushered into the world in a little, rustic home in the countryside adjacent to Liverpool, England. His mother was a buxom, Irish colleen; Flannigan by maiden name.

In time the little fellow grew up and, at the age of nine, he romped through the surrounding fields with Laska, an English setter, his boon companion. Laska would always bring him home from their long meanderings to his anxious mother.

Then there was awakened in the heart of this growing boy his first deep emotion—grief. Laska was found, a lump and broken thing, in the roadway. The trail of a motor car's tires in the dust told the pathetic story. And then, his first reaction over, he dried his eyes, filed his mother's carpet tacks, and sprinkled them in the dust.

Many dogs have gone into and out of Leslie's life, but he will always cherish the memory of his first love.

He went to live with his grandmother, near the Liverpool docks. Here his grief was forgotten in the atmosphere of wharfs, the river and ocean liners. He loved this inspiring neighborhood. Sans shoes and stockings and cap, he watched the stevedores unloading the ships, with awe at the greatness of their task. The stevedores were a generous lot, and gave him fruit from South America. With open-mouthed wonder he thanked them in monosyllables. Here, too, he waited for his grandfather, an old mariner, who made trips to the Orient. He always recognized his grandfather's ship as soon as it rounded the bend in the river. Invariably he brought home souvenirs—once he brought Les a monkey.

Leslie's dreams, as a rule, centered around tempestuous seas and mammoth ocean liners, and soon his dreams of a voyage were realized. At the age of eleven he, with his family, crossed the Atlantic, and after a number of incidents exciting to the boy, arrived in New York harbor. Here occurred his first fishing experience. His mother discovered him hanging over the rail of the ship with a long line, to which was attached a teacup, angling for his cap dropped in his excitement.

The events in the years that followed were characteristic of every American boy. He knew the sensation of stubbing a naked toe on a misplaced brick in the sidewalk, of being led to stick his tongue on frigid doorknobs. He waded in the neighboring creeks with a willow pole and pin hook. As to his angling ability, many a little sunfish took a solo flight through the ether in a silvery arc. He lunched on green corn and apples which grew conveniently near the stream. The noon repast was preceded by a splash in the swimming hole in the nude.

But don't get the impression that all his hours were spent along the creeks. These escapades were on truant days, and were punishable by several sound whacks, if caught.

He attended a country school in Mifflin Township, near Columbus, Ohio. He and the teacher were congenial friends, and he soon finished the grade work. Then to East High School in Columbus. He did not take part in athletics, unless it was swimming, but in that he gave all the contenders a race for the title. He was intensely interested in literature, and when the school social affairs demanded him, the tyro was usually found lying under a tree delving into Keats.

His father's death changed his environment and his outlook on life. In his third year of high school, he was forced to leave his books and join the personnel of Fenton's, Incorporated, à la "An American Tragedy";

Continued on page 116
The living room is typical of the cool yet mellow charm of the entire house.

There's No Place

This is especially true of the Raymond Hatton's homestead, for it Spanish, rococo, and modernistic furnishings found on all sides, it deceiving, as you will learn on reading

UNIQUE among Hollywood homesteaders are Raymond Hatton and his wife. Practically alone of all the cinema celebrities, they sport not one tiled patio, Spanish desk, or priest's cassock. In this, the paradise of hot-blooded Spanish decorators, their house stands out as in bas-relief. In the midst of our luxuriance of villas, haciendas, and chalets, the Hatton home stands like a prim New England dame in starched skirts. And the simile continues, for it is a rehabilitation of the period when all America was New England, its interior replete with the charm of the craftsmanship of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Duncan Phyffe, and their contemporaries.

The Hattons are well-nigh passionate on the subject of early American furniture. To say it is their hobby would be a feeble way of laughing it off. To them the beginning of culture was in 1725, when Duncan Phyffe set up in business. At the sight of a Georgian footstool, they lose all control and are down on hands and knees, peering at the carving to ascertain who made it, when and where. Every book by Lockwood, the authority on the period, is dog-eared within a week after it comes to the house. And the result of their absorption is that they have one of the finest collections of early American furnishings in California.

It began about five years ago, when Raymond was making "Java Head." The company had gone to Salem, Massachusetts, for locations. Frances, who accompanied her husband, amused herself by prowling among old houses in the vicinity. Salem is the heart of the early Ameri-
The dining room contains perhaps the most valuable antiques of the entire collection.

Like Home

By Margaret Reid

stands apart from the rest of Hollywood. Instead of the excesses of offers the cool serenity of New England. But its prim simplicity is about the owners' almost priceless antiques.

can faction. Its homes, and the furnishings in them, have stood unchanged since the days of the Declaration.

Mrs. Hatton was intrigued by the age and mellow dignity of those rooms she visited. Here was the beginning of real American tradition, evidence of the substantial, conservative taste of the first Independents.

Gradually the simplicity and charm of the period grew upon her. She began to take note of individual pieces; began to appreciate the combined delicacy and strength of their workmanship. The casual purchase of old bits of Sandwich glassware led to explorations for more important items. Her husband contracted the fever from her, and by the time the company left for home the Hattons had acquired a carload of furniture. Hitherto quite happy in apartments and hotels, on their return to Hollywood they now had to buy a house for their new possessions.

It is their intention to build a perfect and authentic Colonial house; but because it must be perfect in every detail, they are taking ample time to collect data, plans, and sketches. In the interval, they selected a simple bungalow, resembling as much as possible the plain structures of New England. It stands on the corner of a quiet street in West Hollywood—white frame, shining and spotless; green shutters, immaculate lawn, with primly clipped evergreens and rose trees, and a white picket fence surrounding the back garden.

The front door gives directly into the living room, which is long and rendered cool looking
shallow drawers and barrel ends, the tops of which lift and disclose deep little spaces.

Against the wall is a roomy Duncan Phyffe table in curly maple, with the deft insets of mahogany by which his work is recognized. On the other side of the room is a pie-crust table in walnut. This is a small table, deriving its name from the edges of the top, which are meticulously carved in the form of pie crust.

In this room is also a Sheraton card table, the top of which is turned flat to the wall when not in use. A Georgian footstool, with heavily carved feet, is upholstered in rich, worn tapestry. In corresponding positions on either wall hang two Georgian mirrors, their massive gold-leaf frames dim with age. On the rear wall is a grandmother's clock, severely wrought in natural pine, the patina of which has darkened to honey color, with the smoke of many decades in the same New England kitchen.

Other wall decorations are two small silhouettes in walnut frames, a sampler that is a miracle of tedious labor, and two or three etchings. In a far corner of the room is one of the finest pieces, a mahogany Sheraton desk, with intricate, tambour doors and exquisite carving on legs and feet. This piece, by the way, is some day to be given to Henry Ford for his famous Wayside Inn. Mr. Ford, who is a friend of the Hattons, shares their passion and already owns the sewing table and washstand corresponding to the desk.

At the end of the living room French doors open onto the veranda, which faces the back garden. While to the right, at the front, an arch leads to a small sitting room. In this room are a couple of prim little incidental chairs by Phyffe. Against the wall is a long, low couch—a love seat, to name it correctly—with arched back and woven upholstery. Above it hangs a landscape, dated 1704, and at one end stands a maple duck-foot table, which supports a lamp of Sandwich glass. In one corner is a small Phyffe table—a clover-leaf tip-top—its top, which tips up, being wrought in the form of a clover.

From this sitting room is reached the dining room. This is done in mahogany, the broad, shining table with its delicately curved and carved legs by Chippendale, as are the corresponding chairs. In the triangle of a corner stands a high chest with glass doors. On the shelves are examples of the earliest American glass and china. Whole sets of Sandwich glass, accumulated by slow, relentless searchings. A platter of the extint, beehive design. Ruby wine glasses, a Georgian tea service in black silver, hand-hammered pewter, quaint, historical china.

No New England interior would be complete without a pie-crust table, but few can boast one by Duncan Phyffe.
The Fatal Number Three

Three times death has visited the film colony, taking a toll of three and bearing out the superstition that one death is followed by two others.

By Ann Sylvester

If Hollywood has an unfortunate or sorrowful digit in the scale of numerology, it must be three.

There is an old theatrical superstition that the death of one actor will be followed by the deaths of two others. Actors are notoriously superstitious, and sadly enough, this has worked out with fatal precision in three cycles of Hollywood casualties.

Several years ago, Hollywood mourned the passing of beautiful Barbara La Marr. Not long after her death, Lucille Ricksen passed away, and then Rudolph Valentino.

Last summer the colony was shocked by the death of George Siegmann, the well-known character actor. Soon enough to be in the same cycle went Frank Currier and Ward Crane.

Lately Larry Semon, George Beban, and Arnold Kent have been snatched from the east of Hollywood by accident or illness. Death!

Three times the cycle of the Grim Reaper has rolled around, harvesting from the studios young men in the prime of their careers, old men on the outer edge of theirs. In three periods, Death has cast the mantle of mourning on Hollywood for three deaths!


Now that the cycle of three has been completed, will the studios be freed of their dread superstition? Or will the sorrowful coincidence of two deaths following one repeat itself in future movie history, as it has in the past?

Oddly enough, it was Ward Crane who first spoke of actors’ deaths in threes to me. He asked if I had ever noticed that death came to the colony where it was so little expected. Barbara La Marr, of course, had been ill. So had little Lucille Ricksen. Those who knew them best realized that only a miracle of strength could pull them through. But Rudy? He had been in the very glow of health and enthusiasm one week before he started on that New York trip, from which he never returned to Hollywood.

Ward and I had both seen him a couple of days before his departure. I had gone up to Falcon’s Lair for an interview. To my mind, Valentino never looked better or happier in all the time I had been seeing him about Hollywood. His feet were planted firmly on the road to greater fame. He was no longer worried with financial or domestic difficulties. And yet he spoke entirely of futility—and death!

The title of that story was “If I Had It To Do Over Again.” It was never printed. It would have been too sad. For throughout that last interview, Rudy had spoken only of his past—reviewing his mistakes, discussing the things he would like to do over again, if he had the opportunity. There was not one word of his future, or his plans. When I told Ward that story, he remarked, “Just another coincidence of that cycle of three deaths.”

It is ghastly that Ward should have been in another cycle of three deaths! Late in 1927 he was taken ill with serious lung trouble, and died several months after Siegmann and several weeks after Frank Currier. In the last cycle the element of unexpected death, of which Ward spoke, was shocking.

Arnold Kent was in the midst of filming “Four Featherers,” which is to be one of Paramount’s most important releases of the season. It was the biggest role the young Italian actor had landed since he came to Hollywood, and his career was opening brightly before him.

On the fatal evening of the accident that resulted in his death, he had invited Ruth Chatterton’s secretary to dine with him at The Cliff Dwellers, a popular café between Hollywood and Los Angeles. The restaurant is situated at a dangerous crossing, and as Kent was escorting the young lady across the street, he was struck by

Continued on page 111
It came and it conquered man and maid, stately nature makes the whole world kin, even in Holly

Audrey Ferris, above, fatigued by tearing her acting to tatters in a great, big emotional fracas, politely yawns to let the director know that he had better not ask her to go through the ordeal again.

Myrna Loy, right, was just saying “Ah—ah—ah!” in a talking-picture test, when she lost control of her lips and they expanded into a yawning. The life of an actress is just one mishap after another, isn’t it?

Certainly no lady should yawn so openly as Corinne Griffith, left, but Miss Griffith, if confronted by a book on etiquette for stars, would tell you that she is no lady in "Outcast," and that is where she yawned.

Wheezie, above, of Our Gang, isn’t bored with life, or acting—he just misses his afternoon nap. He’s only a little over two years old, you see, and needs lots of sleep.

Doris Hill, below, says that the first requisite of popularity in the movies is the ability to look pretty at all times. So she obliges with a demonstration which might tax the beauty of other girls.
the Yawn

star and cavorting comic, proving that one touch of wood—and especially if the camera is looking on.

Mary Ann Jackson, above, scorns to camouflage her yawn, for she is first, last and always natural, so she doesn’t see any reason to disguise the fact that she is darned tired of being bored.

Paul Guertzman, below, recently brought from Paris to act in the movies, is already weary of waiting for a big role, and wonders how much longer a close-up will be denied him.

Chester Conklin, above, gapes at the latest mandate of the supervisor, because it’s absolutely the limit of foolishness.

Nancy Carroll, below, can’t control her ennui when she waits long between scenes.

Renée Adorée, above, believes always in grace, and so illustrates the Delsartian os-citation.
I just met four girls who wanted to know if they could be arrested for sending arsenic to radio announcers,” Fanny said breathlessly, as she rushed in and slid into the chair by mine, “and I assured them they would probably be acquitted, even if it was fatal. Surely the public would be on their side, if they knew the whole, sad story.

I settled myself comfortably, and even got out a handkerchief to show my preparedness for a really touching story.

“It was like this,” Fanny began. “The night that ‘Noah’s Ark’ opened, a lot of picture executives felt unequal to the struggle of getting through the crowd to the theater, so they settled down comfortably at a friend’s house and turned on the radio. As luck would have it, they tuned in on the announcements of who was arriving at the theater, what was worn, and so forth.

“In a burst of what he probably considered inspiration, the announcer grabbed several celebrities, and asked them to say a few words into the microphone. One nice, young ingenue started to speak, and the producers groaned. Her voice was terrible. ‘And I thought of using her in a picture with dialogue,’ one of them lamented. ‘Excuse me a minute. While it’s on my mind, I’ll call up our casting director and tell him to forget her.’

“Then another girl came on the radio. The announcer asked her to describe the dress she was wearing. She got just awfully coy and saccharine, as she gushed, ‘I have on a little frock that has lace ruffles going round and round, with a little rhinestone buckle in front.’ The producers chorused that they had never heard of her, but they jotted her name down for the taboo list, in case she ever came up for a part. By this time the audience had filed into the theater, a lot of girls had unwittingly talked themselves out of perfectly good roles.

“One producer was indignant, because none of his stars was ballyhooed as being present at the opening, and another was furious because a girl working for him was there. He said she ought to be at home resting for the next day’s close-ups. Oh, well, players can’t please them, no matter what they do.

“Anyway, the girls who talked over the radio that night are indignant. It never occurred to them that it might mean losing a good part.

“It was a resplendent opening, even if the picture was a little like something made out of...
any one with quite so misfit a voice. While speaking of voices, Norma Shearer was the envy of every one on the Metro-Goldwyn lot for a while, because it was said that she had the most perfect of all voices for recording. Then Anita Page made a voice test, and simply knocked them cold. Her voice isn’t so interesting when you talk to her, but on the sound film she is a knock-out. She collapsed from exhaustion the other day at the studio; maybe it was the shock of finding out she had nothing to worry about.

“All the youngsters in pictures are a little worried. Since Eva von Bern was shipped back to Germany after one picture, they all wonder whether they have careers or not. I am wondering what is going to happen to Diya Parlo. Paramount imported her from Germany to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in his first American picture. The poor child doesn’t speak English, and she is terribly bewildered at being in a strange country. She has the most tragic look on her face, as though she didn’t know quite what was coming next.”

Nobody in Hollywood knows what is coming next, but most of the players have schooled themselves not to show it.

Taking advantage of a momentary lull, I demanded to know of Fanny where she had been the many noons that she hadn’t joined me for luncheon.

“Oh, I belong to a club,” she announced, airily. “It’s broken up for a while, maybe forever, but it was great while it lasted. Margaret Livingston has been working in Phyllis Haver’s picture down at the Pathé studio, and we made that the occasion for general rejoicing and the formation of a lunch club. It was very exclusive—just Margaret, Phyllis, and myself—oh, yes, and Margaret’s chauffeur, who prepared the luncheons.”

Betty Compson again plays opposite Dick Barthelmes, in “Weary River.”

“The studio fixed up a gorgeous dressing room for Phyllis months ago, but she has never used it, because it is away up at the top of the studio, and she didn’t like to climb the stairs. So she just goes on using one of the plebeian dressing rooms down on the ground. Margaret is more ambitious. She moved right into Phyllis’ rooms, and set her chauffeur to work getting luncheon in the electric kitchenette. And Phyllis conquered her aversion to climbing stairs.

“Those two girls have been close friends for years. They admire each other tremendously, and love to work together. I’m not sure I should like to work with Phyllis. She is a realist. In one scene she had to grab Margaret by the arms and shake her, and she pinched her so hard her arms were all black and blue.

“Phyllis has a will of iron, when it comes to dieting. Every time she gains a pound, she eats nothing, but fruit until she has lost it. She sat there munching an apple, and looking pathetically on, while Margaret and I ate cheese, nut cake, and all sorts of things she wanted.

“Phyllis endangered her life by letting out a secret about Margaret, and now I’m letting myself in for
no one ought to be allowed to select her own. Margaret has always had very definite ideas of just what was most becoming to her. She always went in for tight-fitting waists, sort of basque effects. Travis Banton, the designer at Paramount, made a negligee for her to wear in 'His Private Life,' and she didn't like it at all. It wasn't according to her ideas of what looked best on her. She started off to the store, all disgruntled, because she thought she looked terrible, and every one simply raved that she had never looked so well.' The things that Margaret used to design for herself were pretty, but they weren't smart. They had a Hollywood look about them. But from now on, Margaret has sworn to put herself in the hands of expert designers and never venture a suggestion of her own.'

"Would you mind going over and repeat that lecture at the table in the center of the room?" I asked.

Fanny turned pale. Right there in Montmartre was a gathering of Hollywood stars who needed to learn the lesson that Margaret learned. Every one of them had on a dress that looked like every other dress she had ever worn. It is all right for a star to have ideas about what is becoming to her, but she shouldn't be stubborn about it.

That reminds me of the designer who came out here for a while. She asked all her prospective customers whom they considered the best-dressed girls in pictures. If they said Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Lilian Tashman, or Norma Talmadge, the designer knew she could please them. But if they said Claire Windsor, Billie Dove, or any of the ostrich-feather-and-sequin group, the designer showed them the door, knowing she could never be true to her own ideas of smartness, and design anything they would wear.

"I suppose you have heard that Paramount has given Evelyn Brent a new contract. Wouldn't they be foolish if they didn't? All the other big companies were just waiting to grab her when her contract expired. The opening night of 'Interference' was a triumph for her. She is simply ideal for talking pictures," Fanny went on.

"Openings at the Carthay Circle always remind me of the box-holders there. There's a society to break into! The people who live in the neighborhood save up their wooden boxes, bring them out on première nights, and stand on them to watch the celebrities arrive. Society notes really should feature them, instead of the interminable accounts of how many stars arrived in ermine coats. For instance, they could tell that Alma McDougall stood on her usual breakfast-food packing case, wearing two sweaters.

Mary Duncan proved to the Fox studio scribes that she could write her own speeches.
and an old ulster. That is a graphic comment on Los Angeles night air that the chamber of commerce might not appreciate, but it is true. And Blink Casey, sad to relate, was found to be wearing three watches in his coat pocket when he left, so he attended an after-theater party at the police station. His hosts were most enthusiastic in their welcome; in fact, they insisted on detaining him, but no refreshments were served.

"As though two big openings in one month weren't enough, Patsy Ruth Miller had to go and make her stage début. Every one turned out for that. Patsy never did anything by halves. She did her stage début by threes. First she 'debutted' at the Gamut Club, then at the Beverly Hills Community Theater, and now she is in a real professional company, playing the lead in 'Nightstick.' She is charming on the stage, and she had the courage to appear in a rather unsympathetic rôle. Her voice is marvelously effective."

"I'm not worried about that," I assured her. "What bothers me are the opening-night, wishing-you-great-success telegrams. Who could send a message half as clever as the ones she sends to her friends?"

"This one," Fanny had to admit, "I don't suppose it ever occurred to Pat to send herself one. For a while it looked as though she would never be ready to go on at the first performance, because seventy telegrams arrived in rapid succession and, of course, she wanted to open them all herself. I liked Buster Collier's best. It just said, 'Success, success, success,' over and over.

"United Artists are making 'Nightstick,' but they started it before Pat played it on the stage. They sent to New York for Eleanor Griffith to play the lead. I hope they are sorry now. Lee Patrick, a tremendously clever New York actress, has come West to play in "The Missing Man," a dialogue film for Pathé. These jumps from screen to stage, and stage to screen, are like the old-fashioned game of puss in the corner.

"Louise Glaum is opening in a stage play here, and all the old-timers are planning to turn out and give her an ovation. It is years since her old friends in pictures have seen her. I saw her in vaudeville in the East, so I won't be the least bit nervous for Louise when she makes her entrance.

"Apparently, the stage fever is contagious. Gloria Swanson is to make her stage début in a play with Edward Everett Horton, just as soon as she finishes "Queen Kelly.""

"There was a sudden lull. I knew conversation wouldn't stop all around us like that, without some good reason. I glanced over at the door, and noticed that Mary Duncan was coming in. She walks so beautifully it is a pleasure to watch her.

"Marian Nixon is getting bouquets for her work in "Geraldine," which proves that her voice records exceptionally well."

"You should have heard her make the dedicatory address out at the Fox Hills studio. It was thrilling." Obviously Fanny was trying to imitate the vibrant, throaty quality of Miss Duncan's voice.

"For days every writer at the Fox studio was busy composing a speech for her to deliver. They were all so impressed with the auspiciousness of the occasion that they became statistical and dull. After all, a person doesn't have a chance every day to dedicate something costing eight million dollars. Well, when the day came, it was discovered that the speech she wrote for herself was infinitely better than any of those written by the professional scribes. I hope that puts them in their place, wherever that may be."

"I wonder if you could start a movement," I suggested in all sincerity, "to keep any more girls named Mary from entering pictures? I'm all confused. There's Mary Duncan and Mary Nolan and Mary Doran, and I can't remember which ones I like."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to go to see them all," Fanny retorted indig- nantly. "Mary Duncan, you know, because you just saw her. Mary Doran was in 'Rio Rita' in New York, and..."
Hollywood's

Flying restrictions against the movie people being pilots, and the feminine stars are

By Myrtle

With the motion-picture companies lifting the ban against their players flying, all Hollywood is up in the air.

For some time several stars have been flying secretly. That is, nobody knew anything about it except the film colony and the public. And insurance men did not approve, so perhaps they were not told.

Now, however, with aviation being developed commercially, and considered almost as safe as automobile or train travel, some of the companies are still a trifle apprehensive, but others give their players permission to fly.

Aviation causes almost as much talk in Hollywood, now, as the subject of articulate pictures. It is no longer a thrill merely to go up; you must pilot your own plane. Filmtown's favorite joke of the moment is to quote an actor as having said, "Imagine my embarrassment when I discovered that I had ordered two fifteen-thousand-dollar planes, instead of just one, and with only one hangar finished, too!"

You are not of the elite unless you can turn a few loops, stand a plane on its tail, make it shimmy in a wing dance, and otherwise cut capers with the clouds for footstools.

It's no longer, "Have you your roller skates along?" Now it's, "Be careful, young man, I have my parachute!"

Peggy Hamilton, Los Angeles fashion expert, stages air-fashion shows. Her models take off from one field and land at another, where the crowd is assembled to view races and air stunts. The young matrons of cinemaland—wives of directors and stars—occupy lazy afternoons with air-bridge parties, the Ford twelve-passenger planes being equipped with card tables.

A fast motor spin to a smart Santa Barbara dinner used to be an event. Now one works until six, dons one's evening gown, and flies up the Coast.

Owning a yacht is still au fait, but not as fashionable as piloting one's own gray bird.

Soon there will be styles in planes, as there are in stars' palaces and poodles.

The air-transportation companies carry movie passengers most frequently to San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Catalina, and Salt Lake City, where a picture troupe was recently on location. Agua Caliente is a popular port of call for ships from the Hollywood air.
in the Air Now

gradually dropped, many of the men have become quite enthusiastic as passengers.

**Gebhart**

Will Rogers pioneered transcontinental air travel, but Bebe Daniels was the first picture girl to hop from Los Angeles to New York. Ben Lyon, a licensed pilot, commutes to location daily by plane. It is becoming a custom to fly for an hour or so at Tiajuana, and return home on the same afternoon.

With a group from the M.G.M. studios, I flew to San Diego to watch Ramon Novarro at work on seaplane scenes, and taking off from the carrier Langley, lunched at the Coronado Hotel, visited the naval air depot and the army and navy bases, and was home at sunset. I have also gone to the matinee hops and Peggy Hamilton's fashion flights. Like other Hollywood girls, I affect a blasé boredom to conceal the thrill.

Wallace Beery, perhaps, has flown more than have any of the others, not counting working hours in air epics, with Reginald Denny a possible contender for the title of Hollywood ace. At least Beery has encountered the greatest aerial dangers. His most thrilling flight occurred when, in the face of a driving rain, pelted by sleet, lapped in by fog, he crossed the Rockies and landed at a Los Angeles airport after a thousand-mile flight with the elements, high in the sky. On this trip he was forced to zoom down, and make a perilous landing in a hayfield near a small Wyoming town, where a plane had never before landed. He had to resort to an old stagecoach and its team to haul his precious "bird" two miles to a spot where he could take off. What a laugh that would have handed the old Western movies—the trusty stagecoach towing an airplane!

Reginald Denny is considered a logical contender for the title of Ace of Hollywood.

It was no trouble to identify this pilot when he was forced to land in a Wyoming hayfield.

One of Beery's planes is a snug little sedan of the air, with a writing desk and accommodations for six. It is beautifully upholstered, and has wicker chairs.

Reginald Denny owns two Sopwith planes and two Travelair speedsters.

Ben Lyon had had so much training during his work in aviation pictures—the actors really pilot in such scenes, but the planes have dual controls, with a real aviator on board to take the wheel in case of danger—that he was given his pilot's license after only four hours of solo flying, instead of the regulation twenty.

Howard Hughes, the producer, has a flock of about eleven planes, including Spads, bombers, and fleet

Continued on page 105

Ruth Elder enjoys her favorite sport, which brought her to the film colony.
Evelyn—As She Is

This notable analysis of Miss Brent reveals the many-sided character of a distinguished artist and one of Hollywood's most inconspicuous personalities.

By Margaret Reid

She has common sense, but not enough to be calculating. She has sanity, but not enough to be dull. She has determination, but not enough to be arrogant. She is regular, but not average; normal, but not prosaic.

Conservative by instinct, Evelyn Brent avoids the spectacular in everything. The celebrity of her position does not incline her to gallery play. It would embarrass her to be conspicuous, to be unique or startling. Even her appearance is indicative of this. Vividly beautiful, she could accentuate her exotic type by the habiliments of a Negri, or a Goudal. Instead, she dresses well and unobtrusively, following the accepted mode. Keenly intelligent and widely read, she could well achieve mention among the local intelligentsia, but rates superficial culture low, and prefers to read her books rather than be photographed with them. Or, having an innate flair for the amenities, she could easily go in for the ultra-refinement of a Florence Vidor, but wears of etiquette at the wrong moment, and would rather be comfortable than correct.

Not one of the acquired little graces and diplomacies, considered so vital to celebrity, has been adopted to embroider her honesty. She is devoid of artifice, and makes no effort to attract. Likewise she is impressed only by the reality in others, their conscious niceties leaving her unresponsive. To those accustomed to the professional graciousness of Hollywood, Evelyn Brent's directness is, at first, disconcerting. It is only at a second or third meeting that her charm penetrates, and then it is inescapable.

Sedulously avoiding the mêlée of a large circle of acquaintances, she has a few very close friends, intimacies extending over a period of years. Slow to form friendships, once they are made she retains them. When she likes people, she likes them a great deal and with enthusiasm. Her friends adore her. To them she is known as "Betty," a name that seems incongruous with her appearance, but is eminently suitable to her candor and simplicity of manner.

She can't endure gala parties, or large gatherings. The din of too many voices makes her want to cover her ears and run away. Nervous and tense at all times, noise distresses her and she must have quiet. She would like to be able to be alone, for the peace it should bring, but when she is, becomes restless and introspective.

It annoys her that she is prey to moods. Frequently she is plunged into abysmal melancholy, for which there seems no cause. She tries to analyze its unreason and to shame herself out of it, but with little success. At such times she is discouraged, cynical, without hope. Nothing interests her, and she broods on the unimportance of herself and of the world. Yet, even when such moods are upon her, she can make light of them—laugh at her moroseness.

She is superbly pictorial in appearance, a nocturne in black and white. Pale-olive skin, devoid of color, dusky hair and shadowed dark eyes—no make-up other than powder and a little lip rouge—features so exquisitely modeled as to invite comparison to Greek coins. She would like to have her hair cut short, but thinks her jaw line bad and too determined, and feels she must cover it up to seem yielding and feminine. Her figure is slim, and she is not susceptible to that bogey of actresses, overweight. During a picture she loses five pounds, then regains it immediately—just that, and no more.

Few stars are good reportorial conversationalists. Of the few, Evelyn Brent stands toward the head. She talks in consecutive sentences, following a subject right to its conclusion. Also, she talks entertainingly. She never offers herself as a topic of conversation, but will answer questions comprehensively, and then changes the subject. Her personal opinions are not ventured until they are carefully thought over, and she believes them to be sound. Her statements are never rash, never sweeping. She likes discussion, and an argument with her cannot degenerate into a wrangle, because she never gets excited or swerves from logic.

She has a light, ready wit which pervades all her conversation, and which she employs even in serious matters to prevent a conversation's descent into the ponderous or mandlin.

She detests personal theatricals and considers people who dramatize their sorrows absurd. Herself too analytical to accept events at their emotional value, she regulates them to the past the moment they are over. Although she becomes melancholy over abstractions, she does not brood on actual happenings, or allow them to warp her thoughts. She has known acute suffering, despair, adversity, but does not continue to wear them like funeral decorations on her breast. Unpleasant things happen. All right, they happen to everybody. Seeing

Continued on page 109
EVELYN BRENT possesses the elements of a spectacular personage, but she ignores them in favor of her innate conservatism, because it means more to her to be honest with herself than talked about by others, as Margaret Reid points out on the opposite page.
WILLIAM HAINES must have his joke, so, at a loose end for the moment, he posed for this serious picture—that is, as far as his eyes. But he couldn't make them behave, so he's laughing at you and, as usual, at himself.
THERE'S good in talking pictures—honest, there is. Take Walter Pidgeon, as a generous example. Some voices disappoint, but not his, for it is easy, natural, and gives "The Melody of Love" a meaning all its own when Walter sings.
CHARLES MORTON did so well in loving Janet Gaynor, straying from her and returning, in “The Four Devils,” that he will be given the opportunity to do right by the girl in “Christina,” and be a good actor as well.
MARIAN NIXON is one of the littlest girls in the movies, but she appears in more pictures than you can shake a stick at, much as you would like to at some of them. However, her next, "Geraldine," is different, they say.
FOR years the fans have clamored for Richard Dix to follow "The Vanishing American" with another dramatic rôle. Now the powers that be have broken their resistance to this plea, and soon the genial favorite will be seen in "Redskin."
WILL any one who has ever seen Renée Adorée give a performance less than delicately distinguished, shimmering and charming, please step forward, produce evidence and prepare to take punishment? We knew it—there is silence. Her next will be "The Spieler."
SOME stars foster their popularity by cultivating an attitude, or by acting their screen roles when away from the camera, and some even have the courage to affect commonplaceness. But Jean Arthur does none of these things, as you will discover by reading her story on the opposite page.
Shy—But She’s Getting On

Jean Arthur was literally forced into the movies by Norma Shearer when both were posing for artists, and she hasn't quite recovered from the surprise of making good.

By Patsy DuBuis

TWO young girls raced down Hollywood Boulevard in a high-powered roadster. They were hurrying to the Montmartre to finish luncheon before the big midday rush began at that popular café. Soon they were seated in a remote corner of the restaurant. And, taking simultaneous breaths, they turned to regard one another.

It happened to be the first time they had met. In the rush of introductions and hurrying from the studio, they had not had a chance even to become acquainted. So now here they were at last, looking at one another.

The lovely, brown-haired girl in the white hat and sports dress was Jean Arthur. The other girl was the interviewer.

“How long have you done interviewing? Do you like it? Did you ever work on a newspaper? Why didn’t you introduce me to Gary Cooper?”

This was the opening sally of the “interview” and, as you may see, the questions were all on the part of Miss Arthur. She was thrilled, because she thought interviewing must be exciting, and the other newspaper work was more so, and because Gary Cooper had stopped in the studio corridor to speak to her. He is one of her favorites and, though they work on the same lot, she had never met him.

With such queries being volleyed at me by such an eager questioner, I was soon lost in their answers. Eventually we were both deep in finding out all about one another. The interview was forgotten. We had found in each other a friendly soul. The fact that one was an actress and the other a business-like interviewer, completely eluded us.

We were merely two girls indulging in confidences.

It is for this reason that I cannot tell you the things about Jean Arthur that other interviewers might consider important. I haven’t the faintest idea where she was born. I don’t know whether her parents are English or Tasmanian. Nor did I learn where she went to school. I was not interested in these stock details. I was vitally interested in her immediate likes and dislikes, in her rather unusual personality, and concerning her first days in Hollywood. So, I warn you, that is what this story offers you.

In the first place, I’ll try to describe Jean Arthur. She is small, and unusually good looking. Not beautiful, nor languid, nor ethereal. She does not look like an actress, in the least. She talks and acts like a sensible, well-bred college girl.

Jean Arthur apparently has always been shy, even in New York when she was posing for commercial artists. She could not un-
CARL VAN VECHTEN'S novel about Hollywood, "Spider Boy," is further and almost irrefutable evidence that a good novel cannot be written about Hollywood.

Authors, good and bad, famous and obscure, have had a fling at it. As the boys at the Writers' Club would say, all the attempts have been flops.

The celluloid-packing industry is the only subject in the world which could possibly attract the literary efforts of Mr. Van Vechten and Jim Tully. One attacked it from the superhighbrow standpoint, and the other from the super—oh, well, let's not finish that sentence.

Mr. Van Vechten spent some weeks in Hollywood, then went away and wrote the strangest collection of stuff anybody ever put on paper. The only new fact I can gather from his book is that there must be a lunatic asylum in Beverly Hills. I didn't know there was one, but it is apparent that the author lodged there during his stay in the West.

Joseph Hergesheimer, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Harry Leon Wilson, Frank Condon, Alice M. Williamson, and a whole lot of other writers have tried to get Hollywood between the covers of a book.

The subject has been approached from every conceivable standpoint and attitude, thus demonstrating that there is no standpoint or attitude toward the place which resembles sanity.

To mention the extremes again, Mr. Van Vechten tried to be satirical and Mr. Tully tried to be realistic, and one is as impossible as the other. It is impossible to burlesque a burlesque without getting something resembling the stenographic report of a nightmare. And it is no more possible to be real about such an improbable community, than it is to find an actor who will not read you his press notices.

Harry Leon Wilson probably got along better than any one else, because he regarded Hollywood with frank and amazed humor and wrote about it that way. Even so, "Merton of the Movies" is not comparable to his other comedies. Mr. Hergesheimer seemed so taken in by the town that he was almost incoherent. Mrs. St. Johns writes about it in the manner of the "confessions" magazines.

There must be some deep-seated reason for all this. Some of these authors have written good books, and some have written great books on other subjects. But they become hysterical, one way or the other, on the men of celluloid.

Unfortunately, Lewis Carroll did not live to see Hollywood, or he would have found the Wonderland into which he sent Alice with all his characters, the Duchess, the Cheshire Cat, the Walrus and the Carpenter, the March Hare, the White Rabbit, the Gryphon, the Mad Hatter—plenty of Mad Hatters—and all the rest.

Now, there is a man who might have written the real novel of Hollywood. Had he soaked himself in Russian tragedies for ten years, then read the Elsie Dinsmore series as an antidote, taken to hashish, become a Christian Scientist, married a "Follies" girl, then come to Hollywood as a film supervisor, and leased an apartment in the Garden of Allah, he might have got his fantastic imagination in a sufficiently weird state to have written the real novel about the movies.

Some one will write a good one some day. Now if I only had the time—

Telephonitis is a dread disease prevalent, I suppose, all over the world, but the citizens of Hollywood seem particularly susceptible to it. In case you've never come down with it, or had your immediate friends under quarantine, I might explain that its symptoms are a foaming at the mouth whenever a telephone is sighted, together with an uncontrollable desire to start calling friends and strangers alike.

I was awakened at one thirty in the morning recently by an unfamiliar and somewhat uncertain voice, urging me to "come on over." A little piece of paper under the bell now stops that.

One young man in Hollywood has the telephonic disease, I am told, to a spectacular extent, which will one day probably bring unlimited woe and grief into his life. He moves frequently, as most young men do who live in Hollywood apartment houses, and at each move he lists his telephone number under an assumed name.
The Stroller

The last night in each residence he celebrates by a telephone party, during which he calls old friends in Chicago, Cleveland, New York and way points, departing for new and unrevealed quarters early the next morning, leaving no trail by which the bill can be traced to him. Another acquaintance of mine has a mania for answering any telephone in sight, in the hope that some one has the wrong number. Some of his reputed conversations are, as G. B. Shaw would say, pips.

"Hello, George?" came a voice over the wire.

"Yes," said the answerer, whose name was distinctively not George.

"Is Mamie there?" was the next question.

"Yes," the reply was very dubious, "but—she's up on the roof."

"What?"

"Yes, she's up on the roof. Been there for two or three hours and we can't get her to come down."

"I—I don't quite understand."

"That's just it. Nobody understands how she got up there, or what she wants to stay for. Why don't you come over? Maybe she'll come down for you."

I see by the morning prints that John Gilbert is to be starred in a picture called "Thirst." A lot of merry-andrews are going to make funny cracks about this in print, but I see no reason why I should. Nor does John, I fancy.

It's just Hollywood again. Cecil DeMille's "The King of Kings" is back in Los Angeles for a second-run engagement at a downtown theater. And of all the miracles and spectacular scenes and mountains topping over, that the biblical production contains, the most intriguing thing the advertising wizards could find to put on the billboards was a colored picture of Jacqueline Logan in scanty costume, dancing a team of zebras.

By the way, that photoplay edition of the story, illustrated with stills from the picture, which I suggested some months ago, hasn't been issued yet.

Arthur Lake, the kid himself, who starred in "Harold Teen," is doing a little Harold Teening in real life.

He is the largest shareholder in a confectionery store and ice-cream parlor situated conveniently near the Los Angeles high school. It is patterned after the soda fountain of the comic strip and picture, featuring the Gedunk sundae. Arthur spends all the time there he can, when not working in pictures, to look after his business interests and also, I presume, to provide what drawing power his screen prominence may have.

Jesse Hibbs, incidentally, captain of the University of Southern California football team, and an All-American choice last year, works in the place at odd hours to help pay school expenses.

I am expecting momentarily the announcement that some irate theater patron has started suit against several Los Angeles show houses for false advertising.

Every week several new productions are advertised as "all-sound" pictures, and a few even as "all-talking" pictures, the latter under the theory, I presume, that talking picture is a standard name for every production with sound effects.

Many of these are pictures which were made before Warner Brothers' first talking productions. When the sound rage burst, the films were synchronized by recording plants in the East, and in some instances a few dialogue scenes were faked. But if that makes them the all-talking pictures they are heralded, then I can compose an entire opera in Chinese and, moreover, I can play it on a ukulele.

If you don't think this village has not gone completely one hundred per cent ballyhoo over the screenies, just let me quote a few of the advertisements from a morning paper.

"Beggars of Life," says the advertisement. "You hear Wallace Beery sing! Goodness gracious! And in "Beware of Bachelors," another blurb relates, "you hear delightful dialogue, thrilling sound effects and perfect voice-vision synchronization."

Another theater comes forward with the astonishing attraction of a lion's roar recorded for the first time! As an added inducement, that theater also has "The King of Kings," which, by the way is also a sound picture now. In all the downtown first-run houses only two productions are not advertised on the basis of sound effects.

Off on another tack, the opening gun for the showing of "Napoleon's Ark" at the Chinese Theater reproduces a statement, signed by Sid Grauman, that it is "the greatest production I have ever seen." Now I cannot quote the earlier statements verbatim, but it seems to me that Mr. Grauman has said perilously near the same thing about two or three other of his attractions. And it also occurs to me that those superextravagant declarations have always been reserved for pictures that were, technically speaking, not so hot.

Hollywood is full of earnest young men who are wont to gather together and talk about motion pictures and art seriously.

You find them grouped in corners at parties, and leaning over tables in restaurants, and whispering together on the curbs fronting studios on Poverty Row.

They are invariably just about to do "something fine," or they have just done "something fine," although the latter is a great deal less likely than the former.

They are cutters or scenario writers, just at the moment out of work—now don't be catty, Mr. Continued on page 117
A strange little creature, a gnome of the sea, is drawn into the submarine.

HURRAY! A picture with imagination—at last!

That's the shout, one may predict, that will go up when "The Mysterious Island" is shown. Yes, believe it or not, this movie opus of many trials and sundry tribulations, is soon to be released. And it will be a shining, new adventure for the magic camera, leading to a never-never land far down in the depths of the sea.

Lost this might sound like the ramblings of some overenthusiastic publicity agent. I may as well mention that I have seen the rushes of the film, and also viewed a number of its scenes in the making. It will, I can assure you, be the strangest picture seen in several none-too-fantastically exciting cinema years.

There were, of course, "The Thief of Bagdad," "Peter Pan," and "The Lost World," adding to the glamour of the unknowable, and the unknown-made-real, in the pattern and tapestry of screen light and shadow. But pictures like those—and like "The Mysterious Island" will be, I am sure—which tear aside the familiar curtains of the everyday are all too rare.

Let me sketch an impression.

I was looking at cool, dim depths of mystic green—a visionary realm upon the ocean's floor. Glints of light filtered through a seemingly moving mass of water, subtly illuminating strange, pallid, waving trellises of deep-sea vegetation. In the distance was the suggestion of mysterious castellike rocks, scarcely glimpsed through a shimmering movement of currents and tides.

Suddenly from behind a little wall of stone in the foreground, three odd-looking heads appeared. Gray and half-helmeted they seemed, with huge, goggling, white eyes and distinctly black pupils. Small, finlike arms hung to the top of the walls. Inquisitive glances were cast penetratingly to the front, and then the faces of the three were turned one toward the other by turns, with curiosity, while hands beckoned and pointed, as their short, bandy legs with webbed feet clambered into view.

It was in the projection room at the M.-G.-M. studio. This was one of the underwater sequences of "The Mysterious Island," where the inhabitants of a deep-sea kingdom come upon a submarine manned by human characters. The spectator was supposed to be looking at these queer, little marine gnomes through the glass aperture of a porthole. It was a novel revelation of photographic effect, because while one gazed at the screen he might easily have imagined himself suddenly transported to a weird fairy-land.

Jane Daly and Lloyd Hughes discover that Lionel Barrymore, as the inventor of the submarine, is dying.

Lloyd Hughes and Lionel Barrymore see disaster approaching many fathoms below the ocean's surface.

A Kingdom

At last "The Mysterious Island" has it been begun, and you will be taken, land of the unknowable for the

By Edwin
Under the Sea

been filmed two and a half years since through its medium, into the weird climax of a fantastic romance.

Schallert

The episode was to constitute the climax as told in the picture. The three little sea dwellers became legion in a few minutes, so the screen disclosed. They had a king, and a city. They had warlike maces and a huge battering ram recovered from a submerged Roman galley. They walked on the bottom of the ocean, and they swam, living gayly in their own happy sphere.

Those who remember their Jules Verne will realize by this time that "The Mysterious Island," as it is coming to the screen, will have very little to do with the original plot. Indeed, it is changed utterly from the narrative of the balloonists who were marooned, and of Captain Nemo, of "Twenty Thousand Leagues" fame, his mother-of-pearl sea cavern and his electric bullets. However, I do not believe the alteration of the story will prove a momentous tragedy, since in many respects "The Mysterious Island," as Verne wrote it, was a sort of "Swiss Family Robinson." lacking a love theme and other need-

Lloyd Hughes is the young assistant of the inventor, whose sister he loves.

Because the picture is entirely fanciful, the scientific paraphernalia is extremely imaginative.

Color photography will make the undersea episodes extraordinarily beautiful.

ful and dependable material for the film theater.

The plot that has been contrived for the picture is different, even, from the one planned two and a half years ago, when camera work was first started. An effort is to be made in the new version to achieve that rarest of all screen creations, a semiscientific romance. Practically the only precedent in recent years for this sort of thing has been the very popular "Lost World"—though "Mysterious Island" is more fantastic than that—with its prehistoric animals discovered on a remote South American plateau.

"The Mysterious Island" will have no prehistoric animals, but it will have plenty of fish. Enough, in fact, to make an aquarian jealous! It will also introduce several new maritime beasts, including a supertype of octopus, and a sea dinosaur that will, so I am told, look like a mammoth lobster or crab, and inspire all the nightmares ordinarily associated with the normal size, plus a few more. Incidentally, this sea dinosaur will be blown to smithereens by a torpedo from a submarine.

The story of the picture concerns a scientist and inventor, Count André Dakkar, who lives in the mythical kingdom of Hetvia in the Balkans. His dwelling place is a castle on a "mysterious island," which serves to justify the picture's title.

In connection with some sort of political intrigue, he has built two submarines—not the modern type, for the story is laid in 1845—but craft purely imaginary in design, though embodying in various forms certain modern contrivances, like a
sort of radio used for communication while under the sea.

Owing to the activities of the villain in the plot, one submarine, with the inventor, his young assistant and the crew aboard, is fired upon by a company of hus-sars, is disabled and sinks. The second submarine comes into the villain’s possession. The inventor’s sister has made a futile attempt to prevent this, and during the fracas that results, the craft is damaged by a bomb thrown by the girl.

Lest this should all appear too confusing, it may be noted that the purpose is to have the two crippled submarines meet five miles beneath the waves, and in that very unusual locale, allow their occupants to settle their dispute with each other. It should also be recorded, in passing, that the sister of the inventor and his young assistant are in love.

Everything turns out very differently from what anybody might anticipate, including the audience, because the inventor and his enemy and the rest, encounter the denizens of the strange monarchy in the oceanic deep, who were never heard of before nor since, but who, as somebody connected with the film blithely remarked, may exist for all of that. These are the little creatures with the helmet heads and goggling eyes I have described.

“The Mysterious Island” will be a picture dealing in imaginative possibilities, laid in a remote time and place, as far as its historical aspect goes, but mostly in a might-be-if-you’ll-let-it-be land—I mean “sea.” In other words, it’s the stuff that dreams are made of, and of such the screen affords examples all too few.

“What will be done with the film taken two years ago?” you may ask. Well, that’s admittedly a question, although I am told that some of it will be used. M.G.-M. spent no less than $500,000 in an expedition to the Bahama Islands, where they photographed undersea scenes. Much of the celluloid contained beauteous impressions of the realities of marine life.

“Even if only a portion of that film is used,” an official of the company told me, “it could hardly be said that the expedition was in vain. The experience, too, was more than valuable to us, and furnished the foundation for what we have since accomplished.”

You may remember that the company met with most disastrous storms while in the Bahamas, which destroyed equipment, wrecked boats, and caused other heavy loss. So relentless this setback had seemed at the time, work on the picture was not resumed until last September, and it looked for a while as if “The Mysterious Island” was by way of becoming as much of a Jonah as “Ben-Hur,” only more appropriately a Jonah, considering the rather maritime experiences of that estimable personage.

When work was started again “The Mysterious Island,” it was on a new basis, Continued on page 92
Polly's Back

In fact, all of Polly Moran has returned to the movies—and with a bang!

By Helen Louise Walker

LOOKIE! I'm a señorita!

It was Polly Moran, herself. The inimitable, irresistible Polly was all dressed up in a flounced organdy dress, with a Spanish comb in her hair, a mantilla, and a fan to complete the picture.

They were making a Spanish fiesta scene in "Tide of Empire," and somebody had thought of a funny sequence that might be introduced. So they had sent for Polly, and had written her into the story. Which often happens to Polly. She is that kind of a comedienne.

"Look at the waspish waist I have now!" she cried, twisting herself about to show the safety pins in the back of her dress, where it had been pinned over to accommodate her new thinness.

"I've been sick and I've lost twenty-two pounds. Makes me look like a gopher—what with these buck teeth of mine. But at that, it's better than I was before—when I was so fat I looked like a quartet!"

"It was getting this contract that did it," she babbled on. "As soon as I had signed I began eating my way through big, thick, beefsteaks. Steaks and steaks and steaks. They made me sick. Now I have to live on lettuce! Oh, well!"

"You know—the only unpleasant thing to eat that they haven't thought of is dog biscuits. I thought I'd suggest them to the doctor. He'd be so pleased to know about something else nasty that he could recommend to people!"

She interrupted herself to exclaim, "Gee! It's great to be back in pictures! I was so downright homesick for 'em. Oh, ye-yuss!"

Polly has a way of droning out her "yeses" like that. It is most engaging.
And Polly is back. Oh, ye-yuss, indeed! Everybody remembers Polly, way back in the early days when she was a star with Sennett. She was Sheriff Nell, in the series of comedies of that name. Then she drifted out of pictures and back into vaudeville, from whence she had come in the first place.

"Pictures were fun," she said, reminiscing. "All the old bunch was at Sennett's then. Gloria and Mabel Normand and Chaplin and Doug—all the old-timers!

"But—uh! I don't know! You missed the audience. You missed trouping, seeing your public and playing with them. There is a lift, a stimulation that you get when your audience is right out there in front of you. You get a feeling of the people, and you know what you can do with them. It is a sort of instinct, a sort of power.

"I always loved the impromptu stuff I could put into my act. The little gestures, the little gags and aside that I thought of as I went along.

"You know, these talking pictures are going to be a great break for people like me. We who know how to use our voices—we who have had stage training—will be.

"Oh, I'm afraid they'll have me standing behind a curtain, talking for some of these birds who don't know how, and I'll never get to show myself in a picture! On the other hand, maybe they'll let me sing! Or wise-crack a little.

"But with talking pictures, the stage and the screen just get married. We old trouper who love 'em both can have 'em both at once!

"Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, when I left pictures, I went to Europe. I have made fourteen trips back and forth. I played in England, and then I went to south Africa and played all over that country.

"D'you know—when I was in England, everybody thought I was British. I look it, you know. I have a face the color of a California sunset, and a sort of cockney look about me. I let 'em think it. Why not?

"I've been reported to have been born nearly everywhere on the globe. I was really born in Chicago. When I was doing Sheriff Nell they used to say I was born in Death Valley. It seemed original. No one ever was born there, I guess.

"Well, then I got homesick for pictures. I wanted to come back. So I returned to Hollywood to see what I could do. It didn't seem as if I could do very much. They kept telling me I was 'not the type—you know, that old line!"

But I wouldn't ask favors of any one. No-o-o, ma'am! They all knew me. They knew what I could do. I wouldn't go round pulling the old stuff about, 'Listen, old pal, we used to be friends—'

"No, sir! I waited. There was something—pride, I guess—that wouldn't let me ask favors from any one.

"It was about a year before anything happened. Then one day Frances Marion—God love her!—saw me in the commissary at M.-G.-M., having lunch with somebody. She walked right out of there and up to the front office and said, 'Polly Moran is going to play in 'The Callahans and the Murphys'!'

"And I did. Right after that I got my contract, and began eating all those steaks!

"There's a wonderful woman—Frances Marion! What a woman!"

Polly finds many amazingly wonderful people to admire—Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Fanny Brice.

"Mention 'em in your story!" she begged. "Just say something about how good they are! Great people!"

What Polly failed to mention in her little tale of herself, and her come-back, was the fact that once Hollywood realized that she really was hack, it became just as funny as she had been in the old days, there was a sudden, lusty demand for her in pictures. Directors on the M.-G.-M. lot actually squabbled over her. And once she was working in three pictures at one.

For Polly is funny, really funny. She can walk through a scene and produce a loud guffaw, without having to have a special business invented for her.

Somebody said, "If all the laughs caused by Polly Moran could be gathered together, the battle of the Marne would sound like small boys shooting pop-guns, beside the roar which would result."

She is a natural clown and her quips keep any set, on which she happens to be working, in an uproar.

"Have you ever been in an Uh! Uh! house?" she asks. "Gosh, how I hate that! Uh! Uh! house. You know, where that thing is too nice to use, and you have to be so careful, and they keep saying, 'Uh! Uh! Don't tip over that lamp!' 'Uh! Uh! Don't sit on that chair, it's a real antique!' 'Uh! Uh! Look out for those ashes on our Oriental rug——' Ugh! I like a house where you can be comfortable!"

Her make-up box is an old cigar box. Inside it...
Pride of the Clan

Eddie Quillan's papa took exception to his son's pie-throwing roles with Mack Sennett lingerie girls, but he soon found a place that comes up to the family standard of humor.

By Ann Sylvester

Eddie Quillan left the Sennett lot "for purity." Like Iris March, in "The Green Hat," Eddie had his ideals—or Eddie's Scottish papa did—and throwing pies at ladies in lingerie was not one of them. Fortunately for the censors, and unfortunately for Sennett, Eddie comes of a stern, Scotch-Presbyterian clan whose motto is, "Clean fun for the public, or we quit, by crackey."

For years the Quillans, merc, piro, and many kids, had been touring these more or less United States as a vaudeville act of genteel saxophone tooting, refined hoofing and funny, but clean, jokes. Eddie's father was very proud of that record, and when he woke up one morning to find his next-to-the-youngest making a name for himself in Sennett pranks of the more boisterous variety, he thundered into the Sennett office and thundered right out again with Eddie—minus a contract.

The leave-taking of the Quillans from the comedy lot was almost as startling as their advent had been.

To get at the very beginning, it all started back on Hollywood Street in Philadelphia, with the birth of Eddie. From the time he was old enough to realize that he had been born into a theatrical family, he had his eye on the movies. Other actors standing in the wings, watching Eddie as a kid performer in his imitation of Harry Lauder, used to say, "That boy ought to be in the movies." Eddie felt the same way about it. Even when he was removed, by compulsion, from the stage, and entered in school, he continued to nurse a yen for the movies.

About eight or nine years dragged by before Eddie was legally permitted to join his father's act again, and by that time the yen had grown into a complex. Before he started out on the road with his two brothers and a sister, his old father promise by all the bagpipes in Scotland, that when they reached Hollywood Eddie should get a chance at the studios.

Although Eddie had longed for years to see himself in pictures, he ran away from his first screen test, and it took a detective to find him.

Papa Quillan promised elaborately. After all, it ought to be comparatively simple to get a clever kid like Eddie in pictures.

The first day the troupe landed in Los Angeles, Quillan, Sr., hied himself out to the Sennett Studio and demanded an audience with none other than Mack himself. Strange things happen in Hollywood—he was granted an audience. He told Sennett he had a couple of movie-struck kids who wanted to work in his comedies, and then he sat back as though willing to sign a contract any time. Sennett was not interested. He said so, in no uncertain terms. But the lusty vaudevillian wouldn't have it that way. He appealed to his ancestry. As one Scotsman to another, wouldn't he give the kids, particularly Eddie, a chance? More to get rid of him than anything else, Sennett consented to test the Quillans.

Bright and early the next day, Eddie and family presented themselves.

"I didn't know a thing about the movies," said Eddie, picking up his story at this point. Continued on page 114.
They Pause

But the overworked mirrors of Hollywood do not crack in protest, for beauty

Ruth Taylor, left, completes her daily dozen and then earns the reward of increased circulation and a blooming countenance.

Lois Wilson, below, her make-up finished, gives her mirror a smile of thanks for having lent such valiant aid as she progressed, step by step, from cold cream to powder, to say nothing of mascara, which couldn't have been used at all if the looking-glass hadn't shown the way.

Mildred Davis, above, tries to teach Pal the virtues of mirror gazing, but the canine isn't interested in his art at the moment.

Dione Ellis, left, with the help of the mirror, compares her costume with the original sketch made by the studio designer and, as might be expected, finds not a scallop's difference.

Mary Brian, right, depends on her faithful mirror to tell the truth about the batik she has had sent home on approval.
for Reflection

nowhere in all the world do looking-glasses so constantly reflect only and charm.

Irene Rich, above, ignores her mirror to greet a visitor to her dressing room, but the looking-glass is not to be cheated of her clear reflection, so catches it just the same.

There can't be too much of a good thing, though Corinne Griffith, right, would be the last to remind her mirror of it.

Jetta, the great Goudal, left, being original in her every waking moment, coolly turns her back to her mirror, but said mirror, not to be snubbed, says that it will get even with Jetta when she is tired.

Louise Fazenda, below, a queen of comedy, rewards a faithful subject, whose truth she values highly, with a smile of quiet understanding.

Dorothy Gulliver, left, ready for a fancy-dress party, lingers before the hall mirror before her beau arrives.
Manhattan

Intimate glimpses of players new and old, who are

haunt of writers, authors, and painters. Daily she sallies forth with all the ardor of the neophyte, in quest of a job. And moreover, she likes it. She's thrilled about it, good sport that she is, and she is bringing to the quest all the enthusiasm she first bestowed upon the head.

She's bent on a new profession. Would you like to know how a star feels when her day is done, when for some reason or other, the men who produce pictures look over her head when casting time comes around? When she finds that younger girls, new faces, and fresh fads and fancies have taken the place she once held so royally?

Let Miss Blythe tell you. She's outspoken, not too timid to look a situation in the face, not anxious to throw dust in your eyes lest you suspect the truth.

"I'm through with the screen," says Miss Blythe in her clear voice, "because the screen's through with me! Not from choice, mind you, but from necessity, I've loved everything about it, and I'm going to miss it, of course. But I'm no longer in demand, and I don't want to stamp around like an old war horse till some one takes pity on me, and puts me out to pasture.

"I'm not old, of course, but I'm not in my teens. Extreme youth is one of the greatest assets on the screen, and we older ones have got to admit that cheerfully and stand by. I'm no longer in demand, and I must submit gracefully.

"The screen doesn't owe me anything. It's given me everything a girl could ask for from her profession—financial security, recognition, fame, travel. I've made pictures in every part of the world and loved every moment of it. Why should I weep and wail, because the younger set has come on? It's not in the cards to have your day forever. I'm still young enough to conquer other worlds. I've ten or fifteen years left of the prime of life. And I can do other things. I'm going to begin all over again on the stage. It will be adventure for me—the daily adventure of something new; a step forward, perhaps, one day, a step backward, perhaps, the next, but always marching on.

"I couldn't sit by the fireside, cozy as it is, and twiddle my thumbs after years of activity. So I'm not only ready, but eager, to begin at the bottom, if need be."

Thus Betty Blythe, be-decked in furs and jewels and slinky gowns, goes merrily about the task of getting a job, and the last we heard of her, she was in vaudeville.

"Just a stepping-stone," she told me. "I'm going to act on the legitimate stage. You'll see!"

Sophie Tucker's Confidences.

Sophie Tucker heaved a mighty sigh and threw herself prone upon the dressing-room floor.

Betty Blythe has raised her pretty, jeweled hand in final farewell to Hollywood. And like Tosti's song, it's good-by forever.

Miss Blythe, you know, is the girl who made the bead a valuable adjunct to a siren's life on the screen. Give her a box of beads and a few necklaces, and she could vamp her way through the most tragic situation. The noblest hero who ever trod the lot could not withstand her. That was a few years ago. But since beads went out of fashion, and tinsel has come in, Miss Blythe finds herself without a vocation. Her type is out of style, and Betty understands the writing on the wall.

In all her regal splendor she has taken possession of quaint quarters in Sniffen Court, the

Mary Pickford made her brief visit to New York incidental to a trip to Washington, to argue over her income tax.

Maurice Chevalier, idol of the Paris music halls, charmed all who saw him on his way to Hollywood.
Her diamonds clinked as she fell and her silks rustled, as an osteopath rolled her from side to side. Her colored maid, who has been with her since the early days, known colloquially as "mama," sighed sympathetically, as soft music from the Palace Theater orchestra played a touching accompaniment.

Miss Tucker grunted amiably as the call boy warned, "Ten minutes, please," and emitted the first few strains of "Yiddish Mammy" in a husky voice, for she was suffering from a cold, and hence the osteopath. She smiled broadly from the depths of her avoirdupois, all of which she is to bring to the screen through the Vitaphone—"Yiddish Mammy," avoirdupois, deep voice, and all.

"I never change anything for my audiences," said Miss Tucker as she agitated herself into a chair, and put the finishing touches to her make-up. Audiences are the same the world over. They laugh at the same things, cry at the same things, and rave over the same things on both sides of the water. My act, whether it is before royalty in England, or a Monday matinée at the Palace on Broadway, is always comprised of the same songs, the same jokes, and the same skits. While I get my ideas for them from the best writers of the day, I usually change them about to suit my own taste, and thus they become a part of my individuality. And there you are!"

Here the page boy knocked loudly on the door. "Miss Tucker's act, please," and Miss Tucker's confidences were abruptly halted.

**Miss Banky's New Hero.**

The talkies continue to steal talent from the stage. Now Vilma Banky has come to Broadway for her new leading man. His name is Robert Montgomery, late juvenile of the play "Possession," which enjoyed a brief run.

Montgomery is still a comparative newcomer to Broadway, and thereby hangs a tale. Not so long ago Edgar Selwyn produced a play called "The Garden of Eden," and he wanted one Douglass Montgomery to

Laura La Plante treated herself to a holiday after six months' work on "Show Boat," by seeing as many plays as she could crowd in a few days and nights.

play in it. Douglass was quite willing, but a previous engagement prevented his playing the part on the road. Robert Montgomery took the role for the two weeks out of town, gracefully stepping aside when the play came to New York. He was good in the part, too.

"Never mind," said Mr. Selwyn, smiling his handsome smile. "I'll remember you again. Yours was a generous spirit and a darned good performance."

He was as good as his word, and Robert Montgomery got the juvenile lead in his next play, "Possession." One of Samuel Goldwyn's scouts saw him act, and forthwith he was engaged to play opposite Miss Banky in her new picture, a talkie, to be made in New York under Alfred Santell's direction.

**Another Talkie Recruit.**

"God is watching me," said Jeanne Eagels between scenes at the Paramount studio in Astoria. "He won't forget little Jeanne." Miss Eagels, you may remember, has been banned by Equity from playing on the stage, because they
Though Jeanne Eagels was banished from the stage by decree of Actors' Equity Association, she will be heard on the screen in "The Letter."

were convinced she played ducks and drakes, as it were, with the tour of "Her Cardboard Lover." Miss Eagels denies it. Be that as it may, the stage's loss has been the screen's gain, and Miss Eagels', too. To the tune of a nice, big salary, she removed her make-up kit and her thin, graceful person over to the studio, to be plotted gently by jean de Limar through her first talkie, "The Letter," Somerset Maugham's play, in which Katharine Cornell once starred on the stage.

Take it from those who work with her, Jeanne has been a model of good behavior on the set. The first to come, the last to leave, and the hardest working of them all. No one will believe that in her stage days not so long ago, she was a naughty, naughty girl, and had to have a metaphorical spanking.

Dorothy Goes Over.

The Gish girls are always having fun with each other, Dorothy took it upon herself to embark upon a stage career while Lillian was in Germany, conferring with Max Reinhardt about her new picture. Dorothy, left on her own, launched forth in "Young Love" with her husband, James Remar.

To the further amazement of every one, the younger Gish is to date the only recruit from the movies to the stage to go over with a loud, loud bang.

Demure Lillian, who was still in Germany at the time, sent the erstwhile Little Disturber, of "Hearts of the World," a wire on the opening night, preparing her for the worst. It read simply, "No matter what happens, remember your family still loves you."

Telltale Silence.

Being a business woman at heart, when Mary Pickford takes a trip, she has always a definite purpose for her journey. She doesn't believe in wasting time. She doesn't know how, as a matter of fact. Nothing is so fatiguing to little Mary as enforced idleness.

When she came to New York on her last visit, plays and people were merely incidental. She came East to assume a woman's privilege—to argue with the government over the recurrent problem of the income tax. Her visit took her right into the White House, where she laid her woes before the chief executive, and thereafter she took a page out of the president's own book. She had nothing more to say about it. Merely, "I do not choose to talk."

Dix Will Be Heard.

Richard Dix came East with his chin thrust forward. In other words, he came prepared for a struggle, not a fistful, but a tussle with the boss. What husky hero would not prefer a thousand times to fight it out in brawn, rather than go to the mat politely on his employer's Persian carpet?

But Dix's pleading won the day, and hereafter the Eastern studio of Paramount will record Mr. Dix's histrionic contributions to a palpitating world. No sooner had he won his cause, than the energetic young man returned to California to pack up his belongings and ship them East. When he arrives in this part of the world again, he will start to work on a picture which will be another of those talkies, of course.

Maurice Chevalier Arrives.

Dix, however, was here to extend the glad hand, as it's now known, on behalf of his associates in California, to Maurice Chevalier, at the dinner given in honor of the idol of the Paris music halls on his arrival in America.

All theatrical New York turned out to do honor to the remarkable young man whose naughty songs—not too naughty—and infectious humor have had all Paris laughing for years. At the midnight supper dance which followed the dinner, all the stars of Broadway were present, stealing only five minutes after the curtain went down to doff their make-up and don evening clothes.
Judith Anderson, Ina Claire, Francine Larimore, Edna Best, Helen Ford, Irene Bordoni, Richard Bennett, and Fannie Ward were among those present, not forgetting for a moment Hope Hampton who, in case you have not heard about it, is now an opera singer. She made her debut as Manon in Philadelphia recently.

A gracious act on Chevalier's part occurred just after dinner, while coffee was being served. In response to Mr. Lasky's request—a delightful host is Mr. Lasky at functions such as these—Chevalier sang some of his most popular songs for the benefit of those who had not heard him abroad.

American audiences in the great, open spaces have something to look forward to. He is refreshing, this young man from France, with the merry eyes and jolly ways, and brings an enviable vitality and humor to his interpretations.

A Working Girl's Holiday.

Laura La Plante hid her dimples and her flaxen hair, not beneath the proverbial bushel, but within the recesses of her hotel suite on her arrival in New York for an abbreviated holiday.

It was scarcely more than a week-end, when you come to think of it, but the poor working girl seized on it as a reward for six months' steady toil in the studio on "Show Boat."

During her brief stay she improved the shining hour by watching the other fellows at work, if you know what I mean. She spent all her afternoons and evenings in the theater, denying herself to all visitors, but dashed about, meantime, in the busy marts of the city, shopping, being fitted, and what not. She managed, somehow or other, to catch the Twentieth Century back to Hollywood, despite the handicap of numerous bundles, hat boxes, and gift bags.

On the Wing.

George Jessel has been "doubling in brass"—working mornings, noon, and night, that is to say. In the evenings he dons his make-up and goes on the stage in "The War Song," and in the daytime he transfers his little song and dance to the talkies. Margaret Quinby came all the way from the Coast to be his leading lady, with the influx of people from Hollywood.

Among them is Vilma Banky, who arrived under the Goldwyn banner, accompanied by a battery of assistants, to make an unnumbered picture under Alfred Santell's direction, in which she will play a waitress.

It was difficult for the fair Vilma in the scenes which were taken near a public school, because she was mobbed when the school disgorge its excited horde at three o'clock. Not only was she stampeded daily in the Bronx, but the responsibility of making a talking film the picture. Spain also was fitted into the proceedings, and pictures were taken of the famous bullfight in which Valencia II. lost his life. These and other incidents, such as flying over Mount Vesuvius, will be seen in the picture.

Betty Blythe sets a record by saying she is through with the screen, because the screen is through with her.

Richard Dix at last has gained his point and will work in New York, which he has always preferred to Hollywood.
That Reminds Me—

The camera caught Monte Blue's reactions when a chance remark inspired a friend to tell a joke.

"Have you heard this one?" inquires the friend. Monte, above, tries to look pleasant—and patient.

"Monte, above, grins encouragingly but a little doubtfully.

Sounds as if it is going to be just one of those Hollywood jokes. Above, his mind drifts to plans for his next vacation, but he returns the glittering gaze of the speaker.

Oh! Not so bad! Maybe it is going to be a good one after all. At least the situation has promise. Wonder if he missed any important detail?

The chap's a droll spinner of yarns, after all, even if there isn't any point to the story. Monte, above, grins encouragingly but a little doubtfully.

Ha! He jumps ahead of the speaker and has already guessed it. A pretty good one at that!

And now, left, Monte recovers from his hearty laugh at the joke, and gives the speaker a still better one when the 'yarn is finished.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Our heroine makes a startling discovery in the lonely, dismantled bungalow, and reveals the tragic cause of her presence in Hollywood, as her quest for the criminal takes on added impetus in this exciting installment of our mystery serial.

By Alice M. Williamson

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

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

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

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

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

He studied her beauty in his whole scheme of decoration," Madeleine thought. "And her name, too!" The girl had never seen the woman whom, with that woman's lover, she had followed to Hollywood, but she had in her possession a torn photograph found by the side of a dead man, and she could picture such a face as had brought about the fall of Troy. She would be her and faded perhaps by illness, but lovely to look on still, in the rose-colored dusk of this hidden room.

In the soft, rosy light Madeleine walked about, searching the walls for any sign of a secret safe, masked by the pattern of the paper. But there was no such sign, and the woodwork, modern and new, apparently had no concealments.

The girl was not surprised at this. She had told herself that the man and woman who lived in this house would have been wise to keep their valuables in something portable, something that could be snatched up and run away with at an instant's notice. "And now it has been snatched up and run away with!" she said, half aloud, startled yet relieved to hear the sound of her own voice.

When she had peeped into the bathroom and looked out into the patio, Madeleine returned to the dismantled bedroom. No furniture was left in it except a large divan stripped of its cover, a card table and an armchair also stripped. In this chair, wheeled to the center of the room, Madeleine sat down to think. She had made up her mind before coming into the bungalow that some very urgent motive had prompted Marco Lopez to move. And what motive could be more urgent than the hidden woman's sudden illness?

She had been out of health for months. That was why the two had come to California. Lopez had planned their flight from the East cleverly, so that, in case the theft of the jewels and maybe even a murder should be traced to the woman, she should be safe from pursuit. But no crime had been traced to her. The proof had not been clear enough except to the mind of a girl, and after so long a time the pair must have felt themselves comparatively safe. They might have continued to live...
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

on in this bungalow as they had lived for months, until the woman died, or grew well enough to go with her lover to another land, where stolen jewels might be turned into money with little danger. Yet, suddenly, they had left their snug hiding place, Marco Lopez to remain in Hollywood, quietly finishing his part in the film "Red Velvet," the woman to go—where?

The pair had moved from the bungalow directly after the death of Lady Gates, though no suspicion attached to Lopez. He had offered a simple excuse for wishing to be rid of his house, and if he intended, as he said, to turn his back on Hollywood as soon as "Red Velvet" was finished, the excuse was quite a good one for wanting to sell. It was not, however, any kind of an excuse for the man's haste to move out.

Why couldn't he have stopped comfortably in the house and done better business for himself, since John Barrett felt so sure the bungalow was worth ten thousand dollars instead of eight? Of course there was a reason, but Madeleine had been busy for many hours struggling to fasten her mind firmly upon it.

She who alone knew of the woman's existence, connected the sudden sale, the sudden move, inextricably with her.

The woman had found it necessary to separate herself from her lover. Why? If she and Lopez were still on good terms, he had most likely driven her to her present hiding place in his car, and was keeping in touch with her, at least through the mail. Probably it had seemed wise to both that, as Lopez would soon be freed from the film, she should be safely out of Hollywood before he was ready to go. Then he could join her secretly, and somewhere far away—with a fortune in jewels—they could begin a new life under new names.

"The woman could pass as a Russian princess in Paris or London," Madeleine thought, "for nobody would be surprised there that a Russian refugee should have lots of jewels to sell. For Lady Gates' things are handsome, but not historic like ours. Broken up, they ought to be fairly safe to dispose of, so far from the place where they disappeared."

But still there remained the big question of how the pair could have got possession of Lady Gates' jewels.

So far as clues to the mystery might be hoped for in this house, the almost frantic haste with which Lopez had got his few belongings out, greatly favored Madeleine's theory. And the girl hoped for several clues—for one in particular.
“Look!” Madeleine exclaimed, throwing back the scarf from the things that had been hidden, "I wouldn't have dared call you up, if I hadn't found the thing I came here to find!"

There was a fireplace in this room; and Mr. Jones' permission to leave without cleaning the house excused in Lopez the untidy jumble of half-consumed logs, ashes, cigarette stubs, match ends, and other waste. When a man has no cause to suppose himself watched or suspected, he sometimes becomes slightly careless, even when it would be wiser to take precautions. Thinking thus, Madeleine began delicately to stir the ashes with a small poker which had been left on the hearth.

A bronze hair-pin was her first find, proof of a woman's presence—a woman with dark, unbobbed hair. Next came a broken bottle which had evidently contained perfume. It was of a well-known shape associated with a famous French perfumer.

These things were not of much use to her, nor was the half-burned metal container for lipstick. Lopez might have had many women visitors in his bungalow, Barrett would remind her, if she brought him such trifles in proof of her sensational theory. But suddenly a pile of ashes at the back of the fireplace yielded something of greater interest, a riven ball of crystal such as fortune tellers use. The fire had first cracked, then broken it in two pieces. Near by lay a pack of cards, evidently tossed onto the logs in its case, which had preserved many of the cards intact.

"The old game!" Madeleine said bitterly, for the sight of the crystal and the cards brought back dark memories.

John Barrett should see these things just as they lay. He should come here to look at them. That would be better than taking them to him. It seemed to her that, considering what she had told Barrett of the woman's profession, these partly destroyed records of a hidden presence in Marco Lopez's bungalow ought to interest the lawyer. Surely they were of some value, but the girl couldn't disguise from herself the fact that so far she was deeply disappointed.

She hadn't yet, however, exhausted the possibilities of the fireplace from which she had hoped so much.

The remaining ends of the charred logs were too heavy
for the small poker, so Madeleine, on her knees, began lifting out the bits of burned wood with her fingers. She laid them one by one on the hearth and began another search through a mixture of ashes, charred rags, broken china, and all sorts of rubbish, or what Lopez in his haste must have considered rubbish. In a corner at the back, under a pair of almost unrecognizable bedroom slippers, she came at last upon a box of heavy cardboard.

Its thickness had saved it from being consumed. Having been pushed under the logs, the flames had risen above it, leaving the box almost intact. Madeleine gave a little cry of excitement, and once again started at the sound of her own voice in this empty, echoing house. The box was of the sort made to hold stationery, and Madeleine's eager fingers could hardly wait to tear it open. Was she to be disappointed again, or was she to have the reward hoped for when she played her bold coup of buying Marco Lopez's bungalow?

CHAPTER XXVI.
ALIAS ROSE ROSENKRANTZ.

John Barrett did not drive into the street where the Lopez house stood, but left his automobile parked in a dark, quiet thoroughfare close by, where many people unable to afford a garage left their small cars more or less safely locked for the night. Barrett knew that Madeleine Standish intended to steer unobtrusively into the bungalow she'd bought, and now he approached it with caution, as he knew she would wish him to do. As he came near, meaning to knock softly, a figure rose from the shadow that darkened the front steps.

"I knew you'd come?" Madeleine whispered. "When I thought it was almost time for you to get here, I came out to wait and let you in."

They passed through the door Madeleine had left ajar, into the vestibule, now dark as a pocket until she flashed on the light of an electric torch. "In the studio and her room where I've been working," the girl explained, "lights can't be seen from outside. In the vestibule there are no curtains, and—I'm not taking chances! I'm surer than ever to-night that Lopez didn't dream her existence was suspected. If he had, he wouldn't have been silly enough to leave the things I've found—the things I wanted you to see on the spot, and couldn't—just couldn't!—wait till to-morrow."

"You talk about her room as if you'd made sure of a good deal," Barrett said, as Madeleine led him into the studio.

"I have," the girl answered. "At least, it seems a good deal to me. I had to know to-night, here in this place, what you thought about it!"

She led him through the studio and the glass-walled parlor to a room beyond.

"Do you remember the name I told you the woman gave herself at home in the East?" the girl asked abruptly.

"Yes. I've trained myself not to forget easily," Barrett answered. "She had adopted the fantastic name of Rosamund Rosenkrantz. You didn't believe it to be her real name, but you never discovered any other."

"That is right!" said Madeleine. "She signed the letters I found, 'Rose,' you remember, and there was a golden rose under the monogram 'R R' on the writing paper I showed you."

"I do remember. Why are you reminding me of that now?" Barrett inquired.

"Look round you at this room!" the girl exclaimed. "Roses all over the wall paper—rose lights—evidently all the decorations were rose. I know the curtains were rose color, because a few threads of rose-colored silk are caught in one of those glass roses made to hold the curtains back. And don't you feel the rose incense? It was in the studio too, but it's stronger here. Everything to celebrate the beauty of the rose!"

"Lopez is a romantic lover—something of a poet. We must grant him that," said Barrett. "She made all men romantic," Madeleine answered bitterly. "See! I brought this bridge table in here from the studio. I've put my exhibits on it. That's what you lawyers would call them, I suppose."

"You've covered some of the things with a scarf," Barrett remarked.

"My scarf. I wanted you to concentrate on the least important finds first, and then—then spring the others on you. I won't call you up if I hadn't found the things I've hidden under the scarf!"

"Bronze hairpin: long-haired, darkish woman," mumbled Barrett. "Lipstick cover. Black safety pins. Red Chinese bedroom slippers. H'm! Not much of importance so far. Lopez posed as a bachelor here in Hollywood. He may have had any number of—"

"I knew you'd say that!" broke in Madeleine. "But look at the crystal and its stand! Look at the cards! I've told you how the woman began getting in her deadly work at home by reading the crystal and telling fortunes by cards!"

"Yet those are points in your favor—so far as proving the woman's identity is concerned, granted the lawyer, 'but it has nothing to do with the case in which you and I are even more interested now than in the past—because we've got a man to save or lose.'"

"Has it nothing to do with that case?" Madeleine challenged him. "You remember. I told you that Lady Gates spoke of a woman, some one who had advised her to consult that plastic surgeon and be rejuvenated? It was when she complained of being afraid to go alone. I asked why the 'lady who advised her' couldn't go. She said that was impossible, and froze up when I tried to ask a few more questions. Then she suggested taking me as a paid companion, and I accepted—in the hope I might find out something about Marco Lopez and Rose Rosenkrantz. I found out nothing! Lady Gates was as close as a clam, and of course she had been warned never to speak of the woman. I asked her once, quite suddenly—hoping to surprise the secret out of her, in case she had one—if she'd ever heard of a Mrs. Rosamund Rosenkrantz. She said 'No!' and I could tell by the blank expression of her face that she was speaking the truth. Now, here's the proof of how that wretch wormed herself into poor Lady Gates' confidence! She did it by the old tricks that began the breaking up of my home. I can almost see what happened—how she read the future in that crystal and told it by cards—made Lady Gates believe she could become young and beautiful, and win the passionate love of a man many years her junior. I don't know whether Rosamund Rosenkrantz sent her to the most expensive jewelers and dressmakers and milliners and furriers in Hollywood, or whether Lopez did that. But some one did it, and got a huge commission, of course. The two probably managed it together as they must have done often before."

"You are probably right about the woman and Lady Gates," said Barrett. "But though it may be illegal, it's not exactly a crime to tell fortunes by crystals or cards. And as I'm here, I'll better tell you what otherwise would have kept until to-morrow—two pieces of news that reached me almost together, just before I went home from my office. One came by word of mouth, one by cable from South America."

"Pieces of bad news?" Madeleine asked, steadying herself.

[Continued on page 961]
Lya Waves the Flag

A surprising change in looks and outlook has come over the night-flower De Putti during her sojourn in Hollywood.

By Herbert Knight

It was high noon in the market place. Times Square, always a little mad, was stark, staring, crazy in the bedlam of its commerce. The megaphoned shuffling of the multitude almost swayed the stone-and-steel canyons of Broadway with their echoes. Cursing, laughing, shrieking, the city hurtled through the day, even as my bandit-driven taxi stopped short, with a demonic wailing of tortured brakes.

The driver snorted, too, but at the Scotch ancestry evidenced by my tip. It mattered little, for the maelstrom of humanity seized me, whirled me round and round, then spewed me into the maw of a revolving door. Thence I was shot directly between the iron jaws of a monster that reared its head with ghastly speed. It paused, the great mouth opened, and I stepped off the elevator nearer heaven by twenty stories. At her door, I asked for Lya. Milady slept. But I would wait, and so passed the portal into another world.

I felt like some vagabond Villon, who had found sanctuary from the pursuing mob in the dim light of a
great cathedral, a cathedral dedicated to a pagan priest-
ess. Black draperies obscured the prying eyes of the
sun. The carpets were ankle-deep. The silence was felt. There was an overpowering urge to shunt, but here one whispered.

The air was fragrance-laden. The room itself was in luxurious disarray. A brilliant scarf cast carelessly on a bench, splashed it with color. Gloves, small and intimate, had been tossed on a table and forgotten. The breath of Egypt came faintly from a jeweled cigarette box to mingle with the scent of musk.

Here dwelt foreign fame.

For Lya had just arrived in America. Her conquest of the Continent, culminating in that brilliant movie, "Variety," had sent American moguls scurrying with gifts of golden contracts. One had been accepted. On its wings came the great De Putti, latest and brightest of the stars filched from the European firmament.

A fluttering maid murmured that mademoiselle had awakened. Her bath was bulletined. I received news of her breakfasting. Then a whispered, "One little mo-
moment," and fifteen long ones later, Lya entered.
with their epistolary tributes to her beauty and ability. This, mind you, in the face of the fact that not one producer, among those for whom she worked, had starred Lya in a vehicle worthy of her, or suited to her peculiar talents.

Myself drifting westward, I wondered how my languid lady had withstood the rigors of transplantation to soil so strange. I wondered what effect the burning sun, the chilling, mountain nights, the tumultuous, languid breezes of the Pacific, would have upon her grown-under-glass gorgeousness. To paraphrase Oscar Wilde, the best way to rid oneself of curiosity is to satisfy it. So I set out to see.

At the top of a very high hill in Hollywood stands Lya's house. It has many windows, and they were thrown wide. The pathway to the door was embroidered with a medley of simple flowers, petunias, marigolds, and the like. My ring was answered by a youthful butler in semimilitary uniform, quite plainly an American and ex-soldier.

It was quite early morning, so I thought my beauty slept. But, as before, I wished to catch my quarry before the activities of life whirled her from home. So, once again, at Lya's door, I asked for Lya. Miss De Putti—no mademoiselle or fräulein—was not at home, but was expected. Would I wait?

Sunlight streamed into the room. Vases of bright blossoms were

Continued on page 104
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE

"Four Devils, The"—Fox. The glamour and excitement of the circus surrounded by the eerie monotony of the desert. It is all it should be, and has moments of genius. Barry Norton, Nancy Drexel, Charles Norton, Janet Gaynor, with Mary Dunne in the role of an angel.

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

"While the City Sleeps"—Metro-Goldwyn. A strong Lon Chaney picture which appears with a dubious air, in the role of a plain-clothes man. His detective work involves him in the romance of a young girl. Crooks without a romantic halo. Anita Page, Carroll Nye, Wheeler Oakman, Mae Busch, and Molly Moran.

"Singing Fool, The"—Warner. At Jolson as singing waiter, with "Sonny Boy" the theme song. Thin story, but the stars are magnificent. A perfect cast, including Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Neil Hamilton, Tutti Camarini, Harry Cording, and Vera Voroquin. Sound effects are least commendable part of otherwise exceptional picture.

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


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

"Submarine"—Columbia. Honest-to-goodness thriller, showing horrors of impending submarine attack in San Francisco and at same time glorifies deep-sea diver. Players include Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, and Ralph Graves.

As "Smuggles," the wife, Miss Revier is clever.

"Cameraman, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton, as a tinfoil man, lets ambition lead him into the news-camera game, and gets mixed up in a long war and things like that. He creates a big guffaw in taking a Lindbergh demonstration for his own. Marcheline Day, Harold Goodwin, and Sidney Dracy arc in the cast.


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


"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 Mann, James Hall, Frances X. Bushman, and June Colley.

"Man Who Laughs, The"—Universal. No one should fail to be engrossed by this strange story, or fascinated by its world domination and visual effects. Brandon Hurst, Josephine Crowell, Sam de Grasse, Stuart Holmes, Cesare Gravina, and George Siegmann.


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

"The Racket"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan gives a fine performance in this picture. Best of recent world films. Louis Wolheim is superb in the role of "Scarsi," Marie Prevost, now a blonde, is wholly convincing.

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

"Perfect Crime, The"—F. B. O. The story of a detective who, in despair of there ever being a perfect, insoluble crime, commits one. Don't miss this picture, especially if Clive Brook is a favorite. The cast, as a whole, is A-1.

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

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

"Hot News"—Paramount. This picture crackles with spontaneous combustion. It is a story of the rivalry between two news-reel camera men, Neil Hamilton and Bebe Daniels—really a camera girl. Story is peppy and thoroughly engaging, giving Neil Hamilton an outlet for his comedy possibilities.

FOR SECOND CHOICE

"Melody of Love, The"—Universal. Walter Fidgeon audible to his fans, in dialogue and song, with excellent registration. Story of a piano player who loses an arm in the war, is deserted by his wife, chased by sweeter, lovers, and followed to America by a French lassie. Mildred Harris and Jack Winton.

"Take Me Home"—Paramount. Less boisterous and better Bebe Daniels comedy than usual, with semblance of real character and charm. Hot fight for a young man's affection. Lilian Tashman and Neil Hamilton.
A S indeed it should be. I suppose, "The Woman Disputed" is what has come to be known as a typical Norma Talmadge picture. Only it would be commendable and courageous if the artist would forsake sentimentality and assume her rightful place, for once, in a starkly honest picture, or at least one in which events were not so romanticized as to be ridiculous.

Producers, however, who spend dollars by the hundred thousand on a film, are naturally concerned in recouping their outlay by means of "safe" approaches to the box office. When most of their investment goes for elaborate equivocations, such as altering stories, building disproportionate sets, and achieving flattering photography at the expense of time and money, it is their fault in rearing a financial colossus.

All this has been done to "The Woman Disputed." But the monster is hollow—without a heart. It is, in the vernacular, boloney—varnished by splendid acting on the part of Miss Talmadge and the late Arnold Kent, and good enough performances on the part of the others.

It begins when Miss Talmadge is seen as Mary Ann Wagner, a girl of the streets in Lemberg, Austria. As long as it lasts this characterization is brilliant, but it gives way all too soon to débutante sweetness and refinement. Fraulein Wagner is befriended by two swells—one, Paul Hartman, an Austrian officer, and the other, Nika Turgenev, a Russian. Their interest in Mary Ann not only causes the erstwhile lady of the evening to don soft, clinging garments of pure white, but to acquire the delicate graces and coquetries of an old-fashioned drawing-room. Both young men fall in love with this pearl, but as she belatedly decides to be monogamous, the enmity of one friend for the other is thus assured.

War is declared and eventually Nika, the disappointed suitor, is shown leading the Russians in their invasion of the city. Through his capture of four citizens, who have attempted to pass the lines, Nika is enabled to demand as his price for their freedom nothing more desirable than Mary Ann's new-found virtue. She is convinced that it is her duty to the nation to accede to Nika's demand, because by doing so one of the prisoners, a spy, could escape and give the Austrian army information that would insure victory. Mary Ann goes to Nika, and the Austrian army enters with banners.

Whereupon Mary Ann, who has been acting like Joan of Arc approaching the stake, is all but canonized in the patriotic eulogy that follows in the presence of the assembled soldiery, whose ranks stretch across the public square as far as the eye can reach. At a given signal every last one of them kneels in grateful adoration to the saintly Mary Ann, who conveniently stands on a balcony for a scene which would delight any star. At this point the admirable musical accompaniment to the picture attains sonorous soarsings which sound like a Te Deum, if not the doxology itself.

Civilized, Polished Talk.

Of all the talking pictures that are steadily coming out of Hollywood, "Interference," Paramount's first incursion into the all-dialogue field, is the smoothest, most civilized and polished example so far seen. This does not save it from being a bit dull in spots, due as much to the restraint of the acting as anything, and the fact, too, that the play, though a melodrama, is more a drama of words and character than of action. Nevertheless its tastefulness and credibility place it far ahead of any other all-talking picture, and make it significant of what may be looked for from now on.

The acting, instead of being that of the stock company, or the sure-fire hokum school, is modern and intelligent. With such players as Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Clive Brook, and Doris Kenyon, this was expected, but aside from Miss Kenyon, none of the others had been heard on the screen. It is a pleasure to record their complete success. Mr. Powell's voice is deep and arresting. Mr. Brook's fits his appearance and temperament, and Miss Brent's speech is pitched low, but not too low to vibrate with emotion. She is Deborah
Talking pictures this month come to the fore and establish their claim for serious consideration by reason of some brilliant performances, though they do not monopolize them.

Kane, an adventuress, who blackmails the wife of Sir John Marlay, a distinguished physician, because Faith Marley took from Deborah, for her first husband, the only man Deborah ever loved, Philip Voaze. His supposed death enables Faith to marry Sir John, and his sudden reappearance causes Deborah to levy a price for the letters Faith had written him. It is true there is no novelty in these circumstances, but there is considerable suspense in their telling, with a wholly unexpected development in the murder of Deborah and the evidence of guilt which points to Sir John.

Not even Boldini, in "Beau Geste," afforded a better display of William Powell's talents than is found in Philip Voaze. It is a brilliant characterization, this wastrel and adventurer who contrives nevertheless to intrigue one's sympathy, and Mr. Powell plays him with superb assurance and biting cynicism. The same can be said of Miss Brent, though for some reason photographic values are sacrificed in achieving speech on the screen, with the result that she is without the advantage of her usual cameo clearness of feature. But she is a magnetic and forceful figure.

"Interference" shouldn't be passed by, if you mean to keep abreast of what is taking place in the revolution of the movies.

**An Orgy of Brilliance.**

Ah, here is a picture! It is "Show People," with Marion Davies and William Haines, directed by King Vidor, whose incredible versatility has given us such divergent subjects as "The Big Parade," "The Crowd," and now this sublimation of slapstick. Though a burlesque on Hollywood and the movies, it has the quality of amazing pathos, and is the best picture in which either Miss Davies or Mr. Haines has ever appeared. Whichever way you look at it, either as a slapstick comedy with sentimental trimmings, or a shred and piecing expose of the movie temperament, it cannot fail to ring the bell. First, last, and always it is entertaining. It begins with the arrival in Hollywood of Peggy Pepper and her father from Savannah, Georgia, intent on entering the movies. The girl imagines herself a great dramatic actress and is befriended by Billy Boone, a star comic at a slapstick studio, who gets a role for Peggy in one of his films. Like immortal Merien, the girl does as she is told, complacent in the belief that she is stealing a spring from Sarah Bernhardt's laurels. When she learns the truth her chagrin and heartbreak are great and—thanks to Miss Davies and Mr. Vidor—touching. One laughs at Peggy and feels sorry for her at the same time. She remains in comedies, because her seriousness is funnier than if she consciously cloven, and because she and Billy Boone are fond of each other. Then Peggy is "discovered" for serious roles, whereupon she forsakes slapstick, acquires a swelled head, and riztes poor Billy. She is Patricia Pervoie now!

The climax of Peggy's affectation, which, by the way, is not nearly so far-fetched as might be supposed, comes when she is about to marry André, her leading man, because of the title he says is his, but which, of course, is spurious. Billy arrives for the wedding, which in itself is a burlesque of some of Hollywood's swell nuptials, and saves Peggy from her folly by an expedient that leaves one gasping at its unexpectedness, simplicity, and logic. It really wouldn't be fair to let you in on this.

While Miss Davies' performance is hardly surprising in view of her success as a comedienne, Mr. Haines has never had an opportunity so to fully reveal his rare ability. As his mood veers from buffoonery to pathos, from jesting to sincerity, it is expressed with unfailing expertise and that simplicity which is always proof of genuine feeling and good taste. However, the stars by no means monopolize the show. Just watch Polly Moran, in a bit as Peggy's maid. You need not be reminded to look twice at Paul Ralli, as André. It falls to his lot to parody the great Gilbert, with overtones of Gilbert Roland. The role, in fact, was first called Roland Gibby; so the discovery is not a private one.

**Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Doris Kenyon, and Clive Brook, in "Interference," the most artistic dialogue film yet exhibited.**
philanderer, who had reappeared in the life of Strickland’s wife, and had sought to take advantage of an early indiscretion of hers. It requires little or no prophetic instinct to know, as the story is unravelled, that Robert Strickland will be acquitted.

If this had been one of the earliest talking pictures it would have been a riotous success. It is decidedly routine now, recalling a stock company performance more than anything else. But even so, it reveals voices new to the fans, some of them extremely effective. Pauline Frederick, though starred, has the subordinate role of the widow. The part is neither dominant nor colorful enough for her début in this medium. Nor is she photographed well. Her voice is sepulchral rather than vibrant, as it is on the stage, and is therefore disappointing. Bert Lytell, as Strickland, is adequate, and Lois Wilson, who is becoming quite a pioneer in the talkies, is distinct and pleasing. Richard Tucker, Jason Robards, and Edmund Breese are excellent, together with Johnny Arthur; and a child, Vondell Darr, strikes a pathetic note that is quite moving.

*Look Out, Look Out for Jimmy Valentine!*

Another triumph for William Haines! This is certainly Billy’s big month, and “Alias Jimmy Valentine” is another entertaining picture. There can’t be enough of them. No matter how many silver linings this critic may discover, there seems always to be a dark cloud of mediocrity hanging over the majority of films. But enough of drar maudering.

“Alias Jimmy Valentine” is bright with thrills and laughter and a rattling good dialogue sequence which, properly enough, starts as the dramatic climax begins to take form, and is at its best in the big scene of Jimmy Valentine’s life. Though fairly familiar by now, this episode has lost none of its old-time punch. As you may remember, it occurs when the notorious Jimmy Valentine, reformed and about to wed, fights off triumphantly the efforts of the detective to break down his alibi, and then tosses aside his claim to innocence by employing his skill to open the safe in which a child is smothering to death. This is sure-fire melodrama and very effective.

With William Haines the star, comedy is uppermost. In fact, the entire picture is played for laughs until the safe-cracking episode. This absolves it from the charge of being just another crook film, and lifts it to heights it never would have succeeded in reaching had it dealt seriously with what is

*An Audible Cross-examination.*

As might be gleaned from the title, “On Trial” is a courtroom melodrama. What is more important, is that it is played entirely in Vitaphone dialogue, and last but not least, from the fans’ standpoint, it brings Pauline Frederick back to the screen after a long absence.

All this is entertaining, without being distinguished or artistic. But it is significant of the rapid march to perfection that talking pictures are taking. On the stage, many years ago, “On Trial” was revolutionary, because it borrowed the cut-back from the movies. As each witness took the stand his testimony was visualized by shifting the action to the scene he described. Thus the audience saw the events leading up to and following the murder of Gerald Trask.

The same method is used in the screen version, but the novelty comes from another source—the spoken dialogue. It has the steady interest of a cross-examination, as well as the excitement of the melodramatic incidents which caused the trial of Robert Strickland for the murder of his friend, Trask, a crime he has freely confessed. The flashbacks reveal that Gerald Trask was a
now a worn subject, but which had the tang of novelty in 1910, when the underworld was something of a closed book, if you can conceive that.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Haines' thoroughly expert and engaging performance. Even though his natural voice has not been caught by the recording process, it is pleasant and distinct. Vocally he is overshadowed by Lionel Barrymore, as the detective, as indeed almost every player is who has been heard in the films. He gives a wonderful performance, judged either by silent or audible standards. Leila Hyams, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall, and Howard Hickman each contribute to the success of the picture and to Mr. Haines' lucky month.

A Glamorous and Arresting Lady.

Pola Negri gives beauty and dignity to "The Woman from Moscow," her last picture for Paramount. Those who have remained loyal throughout the fluctuations of her career in Hollywood will recognize this. Other, more casual filmgoers may find Pola's farewell heavy and the picture dull. I did neither. True, the story of "Fedora," on which the picture is based, was written in 1882 and is therefore not of this age; but that does not make it less effective a medium for Pola's talent—a talent above and beyond that required by "Our Dancing Daughters," or any of the so-called modern stories.

For five years the complaint most often heard, was the lack of stories suitable for the Negri talent, as she was seen in one rôle after another, while she herself is understood to have urged the production of "Fedora." Well, in return for the privilege of finally playing the rôle of the Russian princess, she gives a performance which, to my mind, fully equals that of the Czarina, in "Forbidden Paradise," considered by many to be her most brilliant exhibition. The Princess Fedora is a more somber heroine by far, as indeed she should be. Her fiancé is murdered, it is thought by Nihilists. Fedora takes the oath of vengeance and goes to Paris in search of the guilty man. She meets him at a reception, is attracted without knowing his identity, and when she learns that he is the murderer it is too late. She loves him. Fedora's struggle between love and duty is all very well for the modernists to scoff at; but we see it being done on the screen every night by players who don't know what it's all about. Pola does it superbly.

"On Trial."

"Show People."

"The Wind."

"The Woman from Moscow."

her hysterical gayety in the midst of impending doom being an unforgettable moment of histrionic lightning.

Of course the outcome of all this is tragic, but it never ceases to be picturesque, thanks to a richly atmospheric production, vital direction, and capital acting on the part of every member of the cast. The period of the piece is vague, for Pola wears costumes that frou-frou through several decades of the nineteenth century, while other players are more up to date.

It doesn't matter, for "The Woman From Moscow" is frankly not the woman of to-day. But Pola makes her glamorous, arresting and unique. Norman Kerry also responds to the dignity of the occasion by giving sincerity instead of physical exuberance, as usual, to Loris Lanoiff, the justified murderer; and in the long cast one finds Paul Lukas, Lawrence Grant, Otto Matiesen, Maude George—minus her cigar—Bodil Rosing, and Jack Luden all in the spirit of the occasion.

In the Cyclone Belt.

Gloomy and even morbid, "The Wind," Lillian Gish's final picture for Metro-Goldwyn, is nevertheless a fine and dignified achievement. Its lack of lightness will stand in the way of its success with the many, but the enjoyment of the few—presuming that serious moviegoers are in the minority—is assured.

Continued on page 100
MAURICE CHEVALIER, the singing playboy of the French shows, is now a home holder in Hollywood. His is a name worth setting down in one's fan book. He is the snappiest chap that has come from abroad in a long time, but his knowledge of geography and distance is not outstanding.

We met Chevalier at a luncheon given by the Paramount organization to celebrate his arrival. He is under contract to star in a series of pictures.

Chevalier made a pleasant speech at the affair. He spoke gaily of his impressions of America.

"I came to New York the first time about a year ago. I thought maybe I also come out to Hollywood. I arrived in New York on Friday, and I have to go back the next Monday to Paris. I say to my friends:

"Here is what I do. To-morrow I go to bed early, and rest from my voyage. To-morrow night I go to the "Follies," Sunday I think I go out to see my friend, Douglas Fairbanks, in Hollywood, and then I come back to attend to some business of mine in New York on Monday."

"Ha-ha!" my friends laugh at me, but I do not know what is so funny to them, until they explain to me. Now I know better—much better."

Chevalier is fair haired and blue eyed. He mingles youth with a certain invigoring maturity. He is married to a French review favorite, by name Yvonne Vallée. Chevalier will sing as well as act in the movies—pardon us, the talkies.

The Eclat of Dedication.

The formality of studio ceremonies that are supposed to mark the inauguration of something or other positively leaves one breathless. The dedication of the Fox sound-picture plant was typical. It was an affair of more speeches than a political caucus, or a meeting of the town aldermen.

As far as stars went, Mary Duncan was the heroine of the occasion. She spoke the address of dedication, and made a radiant picture while doing so in a rich, wine-colored street dress. About 20,000 persons were present gave her a great ovation.

Stars who were introduced to much applause included George O'Brien, Lois Moran, Victor McLaglen, Sue Carol, Nancy Drexel, June Collyer, Louise Dresser, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Virginia Valli, Farrell MacDonald, Helen Twelvetrees and various others. Most of them said a few words through the microphone, and to cap the climax, Louise Fazenda invoked considerable hilarity by neighing like a horse. Louise is never at a loss to contribute something to relieve the strain of too much civic seriousness. The huge crowd shared its applause with the builders of the studio, and for the plant itself.

Madge Bellamy was unable to attend the affair, as she was seriously ill at the flu at her beach home. For a time she was threatened with pneumonia, but is well again now.

Registering the news and gossip of the studio colony, gathered here, there and everywhere.

Temperature Duty Chided.

A rather ritzy young actress was out in front of the Paramount studio, upon solicitation of the publicity department, who desired to have her pose for a photograph with an automobile. For some undetermined reason, she was demurring and causing considerable embarrassment. It appeared to be some item of her costume or coiffure that was bothering her.

However, at that moment Evelyn Brent happened along, and knowing something of the star's temperamental peculiarities, though not the reason for the trouble she was observing, tossed off, in passing, "That's right, my dear; be sure you don't pose with anything less than a Rolls-Royce."

Those Garrulous Flickers.

Regard that day as utterly wasted, which does not find one new name invented for the speakee movies. Here is the latest: "The chit-chat."
exception of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." Instead of using the words "They fly so high, nearly reach the sky," he sings "They fly the sky," leaves out a line, and lets it go at that. And nothing will induce him to change this purely personal interpretation.

Hamilton Veers to Comedy.

Because he has always been such a serious, straightforward-looking chap on the screen, one would never suspect that Neil Hamilton was gifted with an abundance of comedy talent. However, it is by now a well-known fact that it takes only a single picture to bring out an actor's latent qualifications. And the film that seems to have done the trick with Hamilton, better than any other, is "Three Week-ends," starring Clara Bow.

We saw this at a preview, and it's bound to bring Hamilton into popular demand. He plays a young insurance agent who, in his efforts to make good and to win Clara, goes through some very amusing experiences. Hamilton's ability to play the rôle with a certain well-defined innateness that has suited his more dramatic portrayals, seems to make it all the funnier.

Significance is lent to his success in this by the fact that he has been cast as Colleen Moore's lead in "That's a Bad Girl."

When Sweet Sound's Deleted.

The old phrase, "The face on the cutting-room floor" has been supplanted. The new one is "The voice on the cutting-room floor."

It applies only in the case of Movietone, Photophone, and related devices, where sound is recorded on the film. With Vitaphone, the recording is done, of course, on a phonograph record, and so some other appropriate term will have to be invented for that.

"Big Boy" Williams Clicks.

Motion-picture careers are surely freakish. For instance, there's Quinn "Big Boy" Williams, who is suddenly attracting the attention of all the studios.

Williams undoubtedly is known to many readers of Picture Play by virtue of his work in Westerns, but until a few months ago he was but a name for most Hollywoodites.

Since playing in "Noah's Ark," however, in which he scored a hit, he has been signed for several other Warner features, and has played in "Our Daily Bread," the F. W. Murnau production. A number of other companies are bidding for his services.

One wonders why, since he is now winning all this interest, he was not "discovered" sooner. It goes to show, perhaps, that the bigger producers are, after all, observant of only a limited number of stars and pictures.

Williams has been on the screen nine years.

More Local Color.

What's good once is generally good twice. Hence a Metro-Goldwyn company now luxuriating in Tahiti, headed by Ramon Novarro, the object being the making of a picture called "The Pagan."

Tahiti is where "White Shadows in the South Seas" was filmed, and that production is regarded as unusually successful. It could not be amiss, therefore, that another should be filmed in the same locale, from the studio viewpoint.

"The Pagan" will resemble "White Shadows," to the extent that natives will play the minor rôles. Aside from Novarro, leading actors include Renee Adoree, Dorothy Janis, a new "find," Donald Crisp, and others.

Worst of all, according to the players' standpoint, is that they probably will have to eat their Christmas dinner, and celebrate New Year's in the tropics. Take it from those who went on the previous expedition, that is anything but an enlivening prospect.

Señorita Cinderella.

The flag of Mexico continues to wave very blithely over the cinema world, the reason being that another of her daughters is highly favored. The name of the latest find is Mona Rico. A rather chubby, nineteen-year-old girl, she is regarded as having unlimited talent by no less a director than Ernst Lubitsch. She assumed one of the leading parts in "King of the Mountains," starring John Barrymore, and subsequently was awarded a five-year contract with United Artists.

And the wonder of it is that she only had to work eight days as an extra to achieve this recognition.

Stars Become Recitalists.

Olga Baclanova has a gorgeous contralto voice, and gave proof of it not long ago over the radio.
She sang on a program with other Paramount stars at the inauguration of the company's broadcasting station, and the numbers that she rendered, including several in her native Russian, were exceptionally well chosen. Simultaneously, announcement was made that she is soon to be heard in a song in a sound picture.

Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll were heard in a duet, and Rogers played several instrumental selections. He is very versatile musically, expressing his talents on almost anything from a bass fiddle to a jew's-harp. Neil Hamilton entertained with a xylophone solo.

Who would have believed that the day would come when the movie luminary would go in for concert-giving? These programs in which the stars take part will, however, be a rather regular divertissement in the future.

Amiable Now, But—
They have started off with a rush! When will they finish?
And cynically, filmland adds, "Oh, some time," in referring to "Queen Kelly," Gloria Swanson's picture, which Erich von Stroheim is directing.

Nevertheless, Von is doing nobly. He was a little behind schedule on location scenes, but right up to the minute on interiors and studio shots, the last we heard. Who knows what may be happening, though, by the time this is read?
We have this to say, however, that Gloria and Von appear to be the most amicable pair imaginable. So maybe—though we have our fingers double crossed—their partnership will be highly successful. We still stick to our slogan, namely, that no matter what happens, Von is still one of the greatest directors in the films.

Beads and spangles are out. They cause static. Hair, too, must be nicely oiled.
These are some of the newest rulings for the talkies. Will they change the course of fashion in costumes and coiffures?
Anita Page had to discard a cloak, while playing in "Broadway Melody," because the crystal trimmings with which it was adorned caused the microphone to register sounds that proved confusing. Dorothy Mackaill had a similar experience, while making dialogue for "His Captive Woman." Then little Alice White afforded a real puzzler in "Naughty Baby." They thought that she was wearing some silk material that was causing the sound-recording apparatus to become temperamental. After due investigation, they determined that the trouble was with her coiffure, and suggested the addition of a little coconut oil as a remedy. Having "electricity in one's hair" isn't appropriate at all on the talkie set.

Recalling a Favorite.
After a long absence from the records of filmland, the name of Naomi Childers bobbed up recently. She has retired from the screen, of course, and is, or was, at least, married to Luther Reed, a Fox supervisor.

Mrs. Reed brought suit against her husband for divorce. She has a son by the marriage. It is several years since she has done any screen work, though at one time she was prominent as a leading woman.

Nice Bedtime Ballad.
Evidence that the song writers may capitalize the personalities of movie favorites in their ditties, is furnished in the instance of Lon Chaney. Gus Edwards has written a number about him to be used in a short film song review. The title, it is averred by Edwards, was suggested by some of Lon's famous nightmarish portrayals. It is called "Mr. Chaney's Gonna Get You If You Don't Watch Out."

Celestial Expressiveness.
Life is never dull for Harold Lloyd. If he isn't careening around on runaway street cars, or hanging to the ledge of a supposedly twelve-story building, then he is hiring some odd characters, like giants, midgets or trained bumblebees, for one of his pictures.
Recently he had to engage a whole string of Chinese for his new picture about a feud in the Celestial colony of San Francisco. His leading Oriental actors gloried in the names of See Hoo Sum, Chew Chung, Lee Tin, and Tom Suy. Lloyd also made his picture with sound, and the Chinese became aware of this.
One day one of the extras was having some difficulty about his time check. It couldn't seem to be found, for some mysterious reason, and the timekeeper became rather disturbed about it. As there was a line waiting, he asked the Chinaman to come back later. That individual looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then said, "All light, all light. I come back by an' by. You have ticke, then. You have ticke—no talkie."

Dissolving Dual Bonds.
The naiveté of stars in matters of the heart is positively amazing.
At the very same time that James Hall and Merna Kennedy made known that their engagement was off, Hall also declared his intention of procuring a divorce from his wife. In extenuation, it was brought out that he had lived apart from her for eight years.
However, it isn't every day that a projected separation from a wife and a fiancée are announced, simultaneously.
It is rumored that Mr. Hall and Miss Kennedy may wed when he does obtain his divorce.

Contention Over Youngster.
Frankie Darro, the child actor, was the center of a court battle not long ago, in which his mother and father were contenders against each other for his guardianship. The custody of the child was not awarded to either of them, however, but to a third party. The judge made the very significant statement that he thought an effort
Hollywood High Lights

should be invoked to keep the child out of motion pictures. Frankie's earning capacity was cited as three hundred dollars a week. He is eleven years of age.

Slickum Turns Thespian.
It was a lucky day for Slickum, the bootblack at the M.-G.-M. studio, when King Vidor decided to direct a picture with an all-colored cast. For now Slickum has given up his polishing of handsome and fair stars' footwear, and gone down South to be both an actor and an assistant director on a production. Slickum was once in vaudeville, and took the bootblack job at the studio in the hope of some day becoming an actor. The demand for colored talent was so slight, most of the time, that he only got a few bits to do. Now he's very nearly the "head man of the show."

The Vidor picture is called "Hallelujah."

Gilpin in Speakee.
Speaking of colored folk reminds us that Charles Gilpin, the Negro stage star, who created a sensation in Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," has been engaged by Fox to appear in "Lonesome Road." Naturally it will have dialogue.

New Flights of Fancy.
Going to location by airplane is being seriously considered at the studios. It is regarded as the coming thing, though the time is not set yet. Nevertheless, don't be a bit surprised, no matter where you happen to live, in the United States or elsewhere, if a picture company should suddenly fly down from the skies in your neighborhood, set up their cameras and start to work, just as if it were all part of the day's business. Which, to be sure, it will be.

Vilma Will Be American.
Vilma Banky admits to being twenty-six years of age. It was done very legally and seriously, when she recently took out her naturalization papers to become an American citizen. Though she is married to Rod La Rocque, who is a native of this country, the new Federal law requires the wife, in such a case, to signify her personal allegiance. However, the law, owing to this condition of her marriage, may also admit her to citizenship as early as a month after application.

Vilma and Rod were guests of honor at a banquet of the Los Angeles Repertory Theater, a new organization modeled after the Theater Guild in New York. They were practically the only film folk present, and La Rocque made an especially effective speech, which seemed to please the large gathering. Vilma was introduced as a "beautiful and radiant emissary from Europe."

Two Glittering Premieres.
Clive Brook has achieved distinction as a master of ceremonies. His fine diction was remarked by everybody at the opening of "Interference," where he spoke before an enthusiastic audience, and particularly praised Roy J. Pomeroy, who made the talking version.

"Interference" is undoubtedly one of the most important sound pictures to date. It shows what intelligent handling can mean for the new and much-debated synchronizing device. The voices of the players are exceptionally smooth and resonant, and William Powell, Evelyn Brent and others are regarded as having a great future in dialogue pictures. Miss Brent's success is indicated by the fact that, after considerable uncertainty, she has signed a new contract for a long term with Paramount.

The opening of "Interference" drew one of the most brilliant audiences, but was fully rivaled by that which attended "Noah's Ark" at Grauman's Chinese Theater, only a few days preceding. At this affair Conrad Nagel was the generalissimo of the ceremonies.

Dolores in "Evangeline."
Dolores del Rio is home—and busy. She is making Longfellow's "Evangeline," which every school child knows something about, even nowadays. Nobody has yet suggested that it be called an "epic," but then there is time enough for that when the publicity trumpeters start to chant its greatness as a production.

Dolores came home with a new dog, and ten trunks of clothes from Europe. She was met at the train by numerous personal friends. Her director, Edwin Carewe, was there, and so, too, were Roland Drew and LeRoy Mason, who have played leads in her films.

Carewe came back from Europe ahead of her, and a certain mystery seemed to surround this. There were rumors of differences between them, but they both denied these. Nevertheless Dolores, on her arrival, rather whimsically managed to evade posing for a picture with her director and discoverer, despite the solicitations of the photographers who were on hand to snap her for the newspapers. For some reason or other, we can't seem to take the reports of a disagreement between Dolores and Carewe very seriously.

Bebe Leaving Paramount.
Bebe Daniels' eight years' association with Paramount is nearing its termination. For a time, perhaps, she will free lance.

Few stars have been with any one organization longer than Bebe. The length of her contract gave her a sort of deanship on the Paramount lot. She never actually became the queen during her sojourn, but she has been reckoned one of the company's most consistent successes.

Bebe is by way of being one of the shrewdest business women in Hollywood. Her activities are mostly limited to real estate, and her investments have been most fortunate. Her latest enterprise is the building of a dormitory-apartment building, in the immediate vicinity of the

Continued on page 92

Marie Prevost has finished her memorable location trip to Utah, where she was the heroine of "The Exodus," a Mormon film.
Earthly and Square

With all the excitements of fame, Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey refuse to be shaken from their firm hold on honesty and reality, yet they are the most glamorous and surprising couple in Hollywood.

By Esther Carpes

One knows how nice some people are! Now, take Estelle Taylor.

Suppose it was a rainy day, and you felt like talking with some one warm and particularly "all there.” Suppose you wanted to spend an hour with some one earthy and square, and by chance you gave yourself an assignment to see Estelle Taylor.

Estelle is warm with the low-down on things. She is so real that she amazes you. You think that if you were in her place, you wouldn’t have come out quite as whole. She and Jack are happy with such intimate reality, that the posings of happiness of other stars seem inconsequential.

Estelle will tell you that she isn’t smart. She and Jack are not sophisticates yet, so Estelle, knowing much and feeling much, says she isn’t smart.

They have known the same backgrounds, and they still coach each other in a friendly game called learning life. Jack is a hundred times more articulate than when he married him, but his fullest expression is still Coltish playfulness. When he is pleased, he will say, "Oh, Honey, oh, Babe.”

Jack thinks Tunney’s racket of highbrowism is a scream. He thinks the rattles of the drawing-room are funny, too. He knows they are funny, but he can’t signal to Estelle with innuendo and cynicism, so he gets lumbering and playful. At a gathering in Washington not long ago, something got Jack’s goat, and the Congressional ladies got the shock of their lives.

"Give me one of those great, big kisses you’re so famous for, Honey dear,” Jack pouted at Estelle. It burned Estelle up. But all Jack would explain was, "That’s that, Honey.”

Jack is keyed to tremendous exuberance, and Estelle doesn’t pull him down. There is the rose garden of their Hollywood home. Jack won’t have anything about him that isn’t of extravagant proportions. He planted more rose bushes than any one else in Hollywood, and so they fill the place at every turn, blooming in perpetual rotation, as prickly to negotiate as barbed wire. They’ve strangled every other growing thing on the place, and torn Estelle’s tulips to pieces, but the roses are gorgeous and abundant, and in the heavyweight-championship class.

“Our marriage is a nice kind of marriage,” said Estelle. "We have no squabbles, and there is more to it than just love. I think it has done everything for me. It’s got inside me. If anything happened to this marriage, I couldn’t stand it. I had some idea of what life was, and when I married Jack it opened the way to understanding. I always get a big laugh when people say that marriage interferes with living. If anything tends toward making you happy and contented, that thing can’t become an issue.”

"Before I married Jack I had the feeling of being outside a locked room, where precious things were kept, and the door was shut. Every one has the feeling that there is such a room, but they feel that there are too many doors. But marriage took the fear out of me. To me fear is hell. If we are afraid of anything, we are licked at the start.

"And Jack, in spite of his success, was the same way. He was so self-conscious that he didn’t even dance—he kept his hands in his pockets. Now he just relaxes. I used to say to him, ‘Why are you so self-conscious? You’re the biggest man in the room. They are all dressed in their best because you are here. They stare at you because they like you.’

“But it took Jack a long time to get accustomed to seeing things that way. He thought people were pointing at him and saying, ‘Look at the fighter dressed up in a tuxedo.’ He never used to analyze anything, but jump at conclusions. Now he trusts himself.”

“And that’s how you got your reputation of being the big boss of the duo?”


“Jack and I just had to figure things out. Sometimes I think that if you don’t do something bad, you haven’t got character. As a little girl I wasn’t goody-goody. I used to climb over our back fence in Wilmington, and run off with the boys, because I had more energy than I knew what to do with. My grandmother found me

Continued on page 106
Aren't Women Funny?

This unusual article contends that comediennes are just as funny as comedians, but they aren’t given a chance—or haven’t the courage to sacrifice their good looks.

By H. A. Woodmansee

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VERY woman in the land will testify to the fact that men are funny—especially husbands.

“I’ll never forget the look on John’s face when he unscrewed the radiator cap and the muddy water boiled up over his clean shirt!” many a wife has chuckled to her women friends.

What woman hasn’t some such anecdote with which to entertain her acquaintances? To the average wife, the miscalculations of her husband are a never-failing source of amusement. Men must be funny.

But if men are funny, aren’t women funny, too? It is true that many a man, recounting the latest eccentricity of his wife, or girl friend, has exclaimed: “Aren’t women funny?” But more often the remark is delivered with a gesture of despair, rather than with a laugh.

Let’s see how the funny women of the screen measure up to the funny men. Who are the prominent male fun-makers? Take a deep breath, and read through this list:


Every man-jack of them is a star or featured player in important pictures! Compare this aggregation with their feminine rivals. One thinks of Louise Fazenda, Mabel Normand, and Marion Davies. Then of Dot Farley, Polly Moran, Babe London, and those colleagues of the very late John Bunny, Flora Finch and Kate Price. There are other comediennes, but the list, in comparison with the first, is far from imposing. It looks even smaller, if we consider the host of two-reeler Arnedy players, headed by such figures as Charlie Chase, Bobby Veron, Lupino Lane, and Billy Dooley. The short comedies usually have men stars.

Some one asks: “How about Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Laura La Plante, Marie Prevost, et al? Do the achievements of these stars entitle them to be classed as comediennes, and are the ladies going to make a showing in that field after all? But this list might be more than matched by a list of men such as Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Jack Mulhall, and Owen and Tom Moore. The men and women of this class are not, strictly speaking, comedians, for their forte is not comedy, but romantic roles with comedy trimmings. Although they play comedy well, audiences do not come to theaters primarily to laugh at them.

Even among screen children, the male seems to get more laughs. Jackie Coogan was funnier than Baby Peggy. The amusing “Our Gang” is mostly masculine, and the kids that amuse us most are the rotund Joe Cobb and little black Farina. In the still younger set, “Big Boy” and “Snookums” are ahead of the girl infants in getting laughs.
Aren't Women Funny?

Of course there are many who, appreciating the talents of our feminine stars, will say that women have a humor different than the usually broad, masculine variety, a humor which is less obvious, and which the casual observer may set down as cuteness or charm. There is probably considerable truth in this. But where is the female Charlie Chaplin, or Harry Langdon? What comedienne is pulling audiences into theaters as Harold Lloyd is? But it is not the writer’s intention to imply that women’s comedy talents are “not so much.” Rather it seems likely that women have greater comic possibilities than any one would suspect—possibilities that have been shamefully neglected by picture producers, and even by the women who possess them.

When producers discover latent comedians, they develop and encourage them. But for the most part they have been singularly indifferent toward the women. Of late years, most of their efforts to gather in feminine comedy talent has been exercised in drafting from the stage such comedians as Beatrice Lillie and the Duncan Sisters. The failure of these clever performers to put across their comedy on celluloid as well as they do on the stage has perhaps strengthened the impression that the screen isn’t the best place for the funny woman.

Audiences want girls with “It,” the producers believe. Accordingly, they are searching the globe for beautiful girls. Every year they give scores of girls their chances as leading ladies and featured players, to discover if they have that magical “It.” They are yearning for more Clara Bows and Colleen Moore, and they are helping likely girls to get their stuff across.

But it is a pity that some of the frantic searching isn’t directed toward the discovery and development of new comedians like the Mabel Normand of other days. One of the things that set Miss Normand apart from the host of merely good-looking girls who thronged the old Sennett lot was that droll, slightly pop-eyed expression. That, with beauty and infectious vivacity, made her one of America’s leading funsters. But, mindful of this, do producers scan the faces of unknown aspirants and say: “That girl is more than good looking; she has comical expressions and mannerisms; let’s give her a chance to play comedy—she might be a wow?” Very seldom. They are too busy looking for beauty-contest winners, conventional types, camera-perfect faces. And, unfortunately for the girl with the droll look, it is usually caused by a slightly unorthodox nose, slightly crossed eyes, or some other minor irregularity of features. Or she lacks the poise and carriage of a clothes horse. And that, with most producers, rules her out.

Why don’t producers scan new faces for those quaint Normand eyes, for the saucy nose of Marie Prevost? There must be scores of girls, many of whom now working as obscure extras, who have those little comicities of expression and personality, which would make audiences laugh—and like them. It should be worth one million dollars to any producer to discover a good-looking young actress, with that droll, Harry Langdon baby stare, even if she should happen to have bowlegs.

But instead of new comedians, every year producers push forward countless new ingenues, sweet-girl types, maidens suspected of having the all-desired “It.” Meanwhile many an ugly duckling, who might become a comedy swan, remains in the background. Only once in a blue moon does a new comedienne of great promise flash into the electrics. With few exceptions, the screen comedians of to-day hark back to the old Sennett days, or even further back. Or else they have come to pictures from the stage, with reputations already made.

To tell the truth, it is as much the fault of the girls themselves as of the producers, that there is so little feminine comedy talent on display. Girls are sensitive about their good looks. The

Continued on page 107
Backward, Turn Backward

If the hands of time could turn back fifty years, photos of our favorites might look like these.

Buster Keaton and Marceline Day, left, pose for a tintype during the filming of "The Camera Man."

Lars Hanson and William Orlamond, above, had their picture taken on the set for "The Wind."

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, above, are the personification of boyish innocence.

Owen Moore and Gwen Lee, left, had their picture "took" between scenes of "The Actress."

Bodil Rosing and Harry Todd, right, are evidently waiting for "The Bugle Call."
When They

Almost every one in the movies has experienced difficulties and setbacks, but to some has come a dramatic moment when failure to hold on would have meant lasting defeat. This unusual story recounts triumphs over almost tragic handicaps.

A WEARY vaudeville act, consisting of a father and son, disbanded—the son to seek a more promising future in Hollywood. He hoped to be a screen actor.

Days and weeks were passed in looking for work. The little store of money was exhausted. In succession the young man worked as a super in a movie presentation, as an usher in a theater, as a handy man in various jobs in and out of the movies, as a property man in a small studio, and as a stunt man in serials, risking his life in un-named bits, because he thought it brought him nearer to his goal.

One afternoon the unit he was attached to tried to get a beach scene. The crowd persisted in watching the camera instead of being itself, and the director was in despair. Just then he saw his property man grotesquely cavorting about at the edge of the water. The crowd immediately stared at this clown, realism was restored, and the scene was successfully taken.

All the youth received was a few thanks and a wrenched back due to his vigorous antics. An hour later the hero of the minute was entirely forgotten. It was then that despair almost blanketed him. Everything had failed to get him a hearing, even a freak opportunity. He was nearly giving way to the accumulation of defeats, when the director sent for him. To make him an actor at last? No, to give him a job as a gag man.

It was not until he had ground away for some time at this alien job, that his persistency got him a test for a rôle in "Our Dancing Daughters," and when he came out of the test there was not only the rôle, but a contract, too.

And that is the story of Eddie Nugent, now a featured player for Metro-Goldwyn, and acclaimed a star in the making.

Nugent is a type in the obstacle race that is being run every day in Hollywood, as well as in the other centers of activity in this country—for prizes other than celebrity on the screen. And the chief qualifications in this race are the qualifications of every important race, qualifications the naming of which has become trite and hackneyed: grit, endurance, and faith.

There is no lack of talent in the world; rather a superfluity of it. Pick up any newspaper and you will find in it letters written to the editor by absolute unknowns, in as fine English, with as good a sense of composition and expression as any recognized author. Throughout the country you will find hundreds of men and women singing in little churches and local concerts with as good voices as you can hear on the metropolitan stages. In every city, town, and village there are enough amateurs to present a really creditable performance of a play. And so you can trace talent through all the arts. There is no end to it, but only comparatively few succeed! It is the accompanying qualities that push the talented person out of the ranks.

For success on the screen, grit and endurance are needed in great abundance, for the competition is concentrated in a small area. Without grit and endurance the aspirant is in for a losing race.

Take the case of Richard Arlen, another of the younger screen arrivals.

Arlen came to Hollywood six years ago, with twenty-two dollars in his pocket. He had lived through a restless career previously, having been through college, the war—in the air service—news-
Faced Oblivion

By
Joseph W. Kaye

paper work, and the oil fields. The idea of becoming an actor had formed a sort of background to all these activities, becoming more pronounced as he changed from one to the other.

In Hollywood his problem was how to make the twenty-two dollars last until something turned up, and with fine executive ability he made it last at the rate of fourteen cents a day. He made ceaseless rounds of the studios, without success, until he got a job—but it was not acting. He was hired as handy man around the Paramount film laboratory.

One of his jobs was making deliveries on a motor cycle. It happened that a smash-up occurred, and Arlen was taken into the studio hospital with a broken leg.

Here the young man desperately determined to capitalize the accident and play on the sympathy of any one of importance who dropped into the hospital. One day there came in the casting director, and Arlen told his story, the story of how an ambitious youth had come to carve his way in pictures and had his leg broken in menial work instead.

The director sympathized and promised him work as an extra when he was out of the hospital. This promise was kept. Arlen thought the gates of paradise were now opened for him, but for a long time all he did was to play one extra part after another until almost all the glamour and enthusiasm had vanished from his vision. He was elevated to small roles and knocked about here and there, with so little progress that eventually he became so disappointed, so disillusioned, so discouraged that he decided to go into some other profession.

But each time he was on the point of giving up, he told himself he would stick it out a little longer, and at last he was rewarded.

Still playing without any distinction, and still hoping to be allowed to play the parts he felt himself fitted for, he applied for one of the minor roles in "Old Ironsides." James Cruze selected him from other applicants, and he shone in the less-than-magnificent part of a sublieutenant.

His work finished, he wandered back to the studio, and was given a test for the role of David Armstrong, in "Wings." Nearly every other juvenile in Hollywood had been tested for this role, but Arlen got it, partly because he had happened to be an air pilot in the war, and could therefore play the part with technical expertise.

It was his work in this picture that finally brought him the recognition he had almost despaired of ever obtaining.

Evelyn Brent has been in pictures for some time. But it is only within the last year or so that she has attracted widespread notice. She plugged along from one insignificant part to another, and could not shake off the stamp of the small-time player that seemed to stick to her. Once her sky brightened. Douglas Fairbanks engaged her to play opposite him in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Now, she thought, her troubles were over. But for seven months she waited with yearning patience for that role to materialize, and finally it pestered out to nothingness. There was mix-up over the rights to the Booth Tarkington story, and it was Valentino who got them in the end, not Fairbanks.

Once more she was set adrift. She next went through the grind of starring in a series of fourteen crook-melodramas, which consumed an enormous amount of vitality and left her, as far as reputation went, practically where she had started.

The crook series being over, she was engaged by Paramount to play in the screen version of the stage play, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," the oddest contrast

Continued on page 110
All the Colors of the Spectrum

Are combined in white, as you probably learned in high school. And all the colors merged together make these faces all the more beautiful, don’t they?

It's a new and dazzling Pola Negri, above, who leaves her brunet personality behind.

Helene Costello, above, looks far more sophisticated and brilliant as a blonde.

Corinne Griffith, above, appears far younger and more appealing with white hair, than she does in her own brown tresses.

Jola Mendez, left, looks sweet and trusting in the white wig she is wearing.

A powdered wig transforms Mary Astor, right, from sweet simplicity into a court beauty.
The Temperamental Dumb

Directors not only have to worry about the "nerves" of Gloria Swanson, Mae Murray, Jetta Goudal, and others, but the "dumb" animals give them just as much, if not more, trouble.

By Ruth M. Tildesley

Movie directors feel, at times, that temperament, as an art, is too highly developed in such lovely ladies as Pola Negri, Lupe Velez, Mae Murray, Jetta Goudal, and their ilk. Much is said about it, but little is done.

Yet, when the dumb—or shall we say dumber?—actors in the movies display signs of the same disease, the directors shriek about the proverbial camel's back, while trainers cower in terror and futilely endeavor to stem the temperamental torrent.

Eddie Sutherland declares that no emotional actress could have caused him more grief than did Ming, the pesky Pekingese pup that played the title rôle in "The Baby Cyclone."

"First, we discovered that Ming's coat looked too dark on the screen, so we called a halt while make-up specialists experimented," Mr. Sutherland sighed over his tale of woe. "Then Ming decided that he didn't like Aileen Pringle, and snapped viciously every time they appeared in a scene together. Professional jealousy, no doubt."

"Next, he developed temperament to such an extent that he refused to act unless he felt in the mood for it, and one day, in a particularly difficult shot, he made a complete walk-out, leaving the company stranded, while perspiring property men combed the entire sixty-three-acre lot for the missing Ming.

"By that time, I felt that a wild lion was preferable, and said so. Somehow we staggered through the picture, with the animal halting production whenever he felt so inclined. In the last shot, he nipped Lew Cody on the ankle, and Lew felt justice demanded that he himself return the bite."

In much the same way, Edwin Carewe and Dolores del Rio suffered with the fifty-two bears they used in "Revenge." Mr. Bruin had to have at least three gum drops before the camera started, and another handful of the sweets when the scene was finished. If one bear got more footage than the others, the rest sulked and refused to act as atmosphere or background for the lucky cub. No star was ever more jealous of the spotlight.

It was an elephant with the euphonious cognomen of Jewel, who made Adolph Menjou's life miserable during the making of "His Tiger Lady." Besides suffering seasickness from the rocky ride on the brute's back, the suave actor was compelled to stay on his perilous perch while Jewel held up proceedings by annoying the extra girls in her path. Sens-
TheTemperamentalDumb

The bear that worked with Dolores del Rio wouldn't behave unless he was plentifully supplied with sweets.

Jacqueline Logan never knew just how long Olga's leopard temper would remain passive.

Reynolds, in "Almost Human." In spite of being just a mutt, Hank is a most intelligent dog. His master had impressed on him all during the picture that he was Vera's dog, that he loved her and must show it.

Then came the big scene in which Vera sees a child drowning and dives to her rescue; they are both about to be sucked under when Hank realizes that his beloved mistress is in danger, and effects a rescue. All went well until Vera swam after the drowning child. Hank, on shore, was so eager to act that he didn't wait for his trainer's command, but dove frantically for his actress-mistress, landing on her back, getting a firm hold of her dress, and preparing to pull her to land. Many precious feet of film were ruined and the whole scene had to be retaken, much to Hank's chagrin.

Silver King, Fred Thomson's famous white horse, recently proved his right to be as temperamental as he liked. For a certain sequence of "The Sunset Legion," the Western star was required to appear in disguise, attired in black, and riding a black horse. Numerous ebony equines were tried out, but none of them could do even the simplest of Silver King's tricks.

"That settles it!" snapped Fred, "we'll have to disguise Silver, too."

Make-up was out of the question, as the problem of sweat and hard riding could not be surmounted. So a tailor was called in, and a black-woolen suit that covered the horse from the tips of his ears to his tail was designed. It took more than a week to accomplish the fittings, as no pins could be used, and a spirited horse is not a clothes dummy.

It was in this same picture that director Alfred Werker refreshed his knowledge as regards mules. At camp out in the great open spaces a mule is sure to bray half the night, when the unhappy humans want to sleep, but do you suppose he'll bray when you want him to? Not much.

Mr. Werker had two of the obstinate breed hitched to a rail in front of a movie saloon. Cameras were set up, and the owner of the mules was told to request them to bray. The brutes hung their chins over the rail and went to sleep.

Continued on page 112.
Winter Blossoms

Here’s proof that peaches, as well as flowers, thrive all the year round in Hollywood.

Mary Brian, above, more of an old-fashioned girl than ever, grows her own, so is independent of flowers from swains.

Clara Bow, left, shows you that lilac time in Hollywood offers inducements you might not expect.

Sue Carol, below, passes up her flower garden to harvest a lemon or two for tea, and incidentally gets a pleasing picture of herself for her fans.

Flowers of the soil are doing their best, but they are dimmed by the sweetness of Fay Wray, left.

Louise Fazenda, above, decides that simplicity is the best policy when one competes with daisies.
and, I believe, with a new scenario. The fantastic element was introduced into the plot. It was decided to use the wizardry of the camera to supplement whatever submarine shots were taken out of the original, and to build up a story that would transport the beholder out of the humdrum in more ways than one.

"The Mysterious Island" will be radiant photographically. It is being made with color process throughout, which process in itself has been greatly improved in the past year and a half. You will find that even the drab machinery of the submarines looks unusually inviting, with the colored effect. The fanciful spirit of make-believe is in obvious ways conjured from the start.

Then when the submarines go down to the bottom, things begin to happen with a surge. Even on the way down there will be some better sight-seeing, I am told, than in the best kind of glass-bottom boat, such as is ordinarily used for viewing life under the sea. There will be all sorts of strange fish and sea monsters, threatening reptiles and animals of the deep—sharks, whales, dolphins, and what not. Their influence, in passing, upon the minds of members of the crew, particularly those two bibulous sailors, played by Schultz Edwards and Harry Gribbon, will be both thrillingly and humorously depicted.

On the ocean's floor, the inventor and his companions will emerge in diving suits, be introduced to the tiny king of the submarine people, who is holding the triton as the symbol of his power. They will visit the cave-like homes of these sub-sea gnomes, and the resplendent temple dedicated to their watery gods.

Later the inventor and the villain have a duel in diving suits. During this battle the villain is wounded, and the blood pouring from a hole in the eye piece sends the sea creatures into a frenzy. They become a menace to the human invaders of their kingdom, crowd about them and pursue them back to their craft, launching sudden attacks as they go.

How all these scenes were made is a story in itself, but that will have to be told at another time, as many of the expedients used to lend reality to the pure make-believe are a secret as yet.

"The Mysterious Island" was considered a most difficult picture to make, because of the exacting camera work, and the perfection required in its every detail. It necessitated, too, the services of other players than those ordinarily found on an extra list, among them several hundred dwarfs, who had to be brought from all parts of the country. These impersonate some of the undersea inhabitants.

The principal roles are played by Lloyd Hughes, Lionel Barrymore, Montagu Love, and Jane Daly, not to speak of the important parts taken by sundry funny and shelly troopers, who were performing most effectively at latest reports.

"We have essayed throughout to keep the human note prominent in this picture," Lucien Hubbard, its director, told me. "We are asking the audience to believe in extraordinary, and perhaps improbable things. We want to do this through the interest in them, and we are doing it in such a way, we hope, that their imagination will be appealed to at every point. To insure this, as far as possible, we take them into the unreal world only after the story is well unfolded. We have reserved the fantastic for the climax, with due and adequate preparation through a natural and logical train of events."

"One thing that we had to be particularly careful about in handling this story, was to avoid doing anything that might not seem believable, because of the fact that it would have altered the course of human events. This was necessary because 'The Mysterious Island' is laid in the past. The principles which we employed are similar to those adopted by all writers of imaginative scientific fiction."

"At the close of the story, for example, the inventor of the submarine destroys the craft that he built, and himself goes with it when it sinks to the ocean's depths. It is thus that we dispose of an undersea vessel constructed in so early a period as nearly ninety years ago."

Hollywood High Lights

Byron is very pleasant. He has something of the Gilbert esprit, though it is English-accented.

Chimes Ring Out Anew.

Several stars have wended the way weddingward, so to say. Geraldine Denny and Betsy Lee, formerly Bubbles Steiffl, have been married a month, as have also Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards, a film director. Lina Basquette, and Peverell Marley, principal camera man on Cecil B. De Mille productions, will be wed soon. Only Evelyn Brent's marriage was a surprise. And, as is the case with nearly all marriages that are surprises these days, the ceremony was performed on the Mexican border at Agua Caliente, the swaguer resort toward which so many picture folk migrate over the weekend.

Sonorous Reverberations.

Worth noting en passant, is that the French phrase for sound pictures is "film sonore." Ray Griffith.
The Youngest Set

These baby players have not only won the public, but even the stars make a fuss over them.

In this family group, above, Irene Rich, as the mother, is being joined out of some cookies by Carmencita Johnson and Billy Naylor.

Yatita, Navajo youngest, right, with Richard Dix, when the boy was found after running away from school.


Baby Watson, center, made a good start to fame in "Taxi 13," with Chester Conklin and Ethel Wales.

One of the most adorable babies that ever faced the camera was Harold William Hill in "Sal of Singapore," Phyllis Haver and Alan Hale.

A couple of fine Boyds, below, William and his little namesake.
tors in a large building, handily adapted to the duty of getting the players into action. The whir of the camera is meanwhile suppressed by being inclosed in a glass booth.

People have often remarked that the performances in sound pictures seem stilted. This was particularly true of the earlier ones. In the close-ups, when two characters were shown talking, they remained absolutely stationary. The fact that they could not seem to go through any motions such as their talk was at times noted.

Naturally, the explanation of this is, that they had to be close to the microphone when they spoke, so that the words might be recorded distinctly.

The newer pictures manifest more fluency. Instead of one microphone, several are placed in various parts of the set, in strategic positions; one at the door of a room, for instance; another in the middle of the room, and a third, say, at a piano, where one of the characters is pounding the keys. A player entering the room will have a chance to speak a few words into the "mike" in the door's vicinity. He will stop in the middle of the room, and say a few more into the second "mike." Then eventually he will reach the piano, and converse at close range with the other character.

Microphones are also being concealed under lamp shades, in dark corners of a room, or even camouflaged as part of the brie-à-brae and furnishings. An actress told me that it was getting so that one had to carry a map of a set to know their various locations, so cleverly are they often hidden. Too, they may be moved about, nowadays, with considerable freedom.

Many people believe that this is only a passing phase of talkie development, and that soon, perhaps, an apparatus will be evolved that will pick up voices from all parts of the set, freely and easily. The stage itself may become a huge, acoustical shell in time, something like a theater auditorium, with a single, powerful microphone to capture all the goings-on everywhere.

The principle by which movie sound-recording is accomplished is in part radio, and in part phonographic. However, there are various methods. In some cases the sound is engraved on a wax record with a sharp-pointed needle, later to be transferred to a permanent gutta-percha record. In others, like Moviitone, it is photographed right on the film. In Moviitone the variation in the intensity of the light waves coming through this film is what produces the tones, and for a time considerable difficulty was encountered, when such films were tinted, as for night scenes. If a certain color was put on them, a contralto voice would suddenly become a high soprano; whereas, another shade might turn it into an amazing basso. This is now being remedied. In some cases, the solution arrived at is the use of two separate films; one for sound, and another for the picture.

It can be gathered from this that talkies, as a fine art, are in their babyhood. They can hardly walk freely, as yet, let alone run about, nor are they as articulate as they will be in the future. They will, doubtless, go through many progressions before they come of age. A year from now audiences will laugh at pictures they are seeing and hearing, and maybe enjoying, to-day, as they would at the first feeble attempts at making silent movies. "The Singing Pool" is aurally considered leagues ahead, for instance, of "The Jazz Singer," made only a year ago. Talkies are not in a position, therefore, to be judged too drastically.

Charlie Chaplin is one person in Hollywood who does not enthusiastically view their artistic future. I talked with him about them not long ago, while he was visiting the Fairbanks studio. He regards the silent form of entertainment as still all-sufficient esthetically, though with possibly some regard for sound effects, but not dialogue. Chaplin's viewpoint can readily be understood. He is essentially the pantomimist. One cannot but feel that his art uniquely belongs to the silent screen, and that he is assured of a perfect response in this medium.

Even some of the warmest devotees of talkies do not believe they will completely replace the silent-screen play. The roots of that are too deep in popularity. Certain types of stories, like costume plays, or epic dramas of "The Covered Wagon" genre, may for many years be better made in the soundless form.

Talking pictures and silent will both proceed on their separate courses and both will be successful.

Mary Pickford, among others, is taking cognizance of a dual appeal, for she will make "Coquette" both as a talking and a silent picture. A similar program will be pursued with "Nightstick" and "Luminox," two other United Artists features. Cecil DeMille is to undertake the same thing in his latest production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Douglas Fairbanks has a novel idea—proof again of his creative intuition. He is going to use the spoken word in "The Iron Mask," but in a way not hitherto employed. He will invoke it poetically, to lend charm and romance to this mystic-adventure tale of seventeenth-century France. As D'Artagnan, he will speak a sort of prologue in language akin to that used by Bulwer-Lytton in the stage play of "Richelieu." There will be several other excerpts for the voice so included, assigned to Richelieu, De Rochefort, and other characters in the drama. There will be no dialogue as such, however, between characters. Doug himself describes the idea as bearing a resemblance to the Greek chorus.

Different ideas have been taken place, recently, at several studios regarding breaking up the film into the equivalent of acts in a stage play, with intermissions. The aim, in this instance, would be to let the dramatic climaxes sink in on the audience. The abruptness with which the tempo changes in talking pictures is sometimes considered detrimental. Chaplin, I know, regards this as a decided deficiency.

The technique of sound pictures will have to be individual, it is contended. Imitation of the stage would be a boomerang. Consequently, the intermission will probably be "out," along with various other impractical suggestions.

The classifying of players' voices is receiving a lot of attention, and some of the terms used are very amusing. According to a recent tabulation made by Metro-Goldwyn, a voice that blasts, or goes loud interminently in recording, is called a "bloop"; one that makes an "s" sound through the teeth is referred to as a "sizzler," and a deep, booming, baritone voice, is called a "nolmer." A voice that is weak, and needs much amplification with electric current, is called a "juice sucker," and one that wavers constantly, a "cornucy" voice.

An interesting fact about the talkies, where music and dialogue are used together, is that the music is often put on the record afterward. This is made possible by a process called re-recording, too complicated to explain here, however. Snatches of talk may also be re-recorded in similar fashion. The significance of this is that it permits short scenes to be photographed and microphoned without any regard for their sequence in the picture. In other words, the old movie game of the last close-up in the picture being taken to-day, and the first long-shot to-morrow, may go on as it formerly did, and the entire celluloid "epic," no matter how jumbled in the making, may later be brought together in proper order. In the beginning, talking pictures were much less flexible.

So, you see, they are, in this and many other ways, progressing.
Six "Last Words"

Smart creations of the times when hats were hats, are displayed by players.

When our grandfathers marched off to war they left behind them coy maidens in lace bonnets, like Doris Hill, below, is wearing.

Smart ladies of 1900 wore something like the bonnet Fay Wray, above, dons for the moment, when they dressed up in their very best.

The pancake hat as shown by Esther Ralston, above, lent a mildly rakish air to the girl of 1880, in its tilt over the left eye.

Feathers and flowers were irresistible to the swain of 1900. Bebe Daniels, below, demonstrates the appeal of the big chapeau worn high on the head.

In 1905 a remarkable style was introduced by "Florodora," in which Mary Brian, right, poses just to prove that it really is a hat.

A woman without a willow plume in 1915 was a woman without hope. Jean Arthur, right, manages to look cunning under the weight of the pre-war "wind-catcher."
Continued from page 62

"Not so good! The police have come across, among Allen's things, a bracelet which has been identified as having belonged to Lady Gates. This bracelet, an old-fashioned but expensive one, made like a snake of diamonds, was in the drawer of Allen's desk, among a lot of writing paper. So it is known that he had one jewel. The argument is, that he took the rest."

"We know he didn't take any of them! And I'm sure he can explain why he had this bracelet."

"He has explained. The snap in the snake's mouth, which holds the tail, is broken. Allen says his aunt asked him to get it mended for her before they had their row—and he forgot all about it."

"If he says that, it's true. What was the other piece of bad news?"

"From Buenos Aires. That Lopez did have a wife there who stuck to him like a leech. But she died a few months ago."

"You call this bad news? I call it good!"

"Why?"

"Because if Lopez knew, and Rose Rosenkrantz found out that he knew, and was hiding the truth so he wouldn't have to marry her, she'd realize he was deceiving her. Then—then it might be her object to deceive him!"

"In what way?" Barrett asked.

"Look!" The girl exclaimed. "Throwing back the scarf from the things that had been hidden."

Barrett saw a partially burned box of heavy cardboard, whose blackened cover had been torn off to show the contents. A sheet of creamy paper decorated with a golden rose and the monogram 'R R,' and other sheets of paper, with envelopes to match. These were of a blue-gray tint and were marked in dark blue with the name of the bungalow—where Malcolm Allen had known his first brief triumph in Hollywood.

"That's what I wanted above all else to find!" I said Madeleine. "It's what I took the house to find! She—Rose Rosenkrantz—put this in the fire when she was going away in such a hurry. She didn't want Lopez to know she had it. Now, Mr. Barrett, do you see what I mean?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOW TO FIND THE WOMAN!

John Barrett did see what Madeleine Standish meant. He saw each point to be made from her discoveries, without waiting for her to make it, and if he had been slow to agree with her theory he was ready now to accept it in full. But the next step was to find the woman.

"That's oughtn't to be too difficult," the lawyer said, when he and the girl had gone through the bungalow and come back to the bedroom. "We'll keep this house till we have no further use for it, of course. Plenty of time to sell, when we've done with the place for good and all. I shall put a good man in as caretaker, to see that nothing is disturbed, and I'll put a better one onto the job of running our fox to earth. Already I'm having Lopez shadowed, as you know. He can't send a phone message, or a wire, or mail a letter without being spotted. If he's in touch with Rose R. Rosenkrantz, sooner or later he'll give himself away."

"But it may be later than sooner," Madeleine cut in. "I've lost faith in detectives, since they failed to trace the woman all those months and months ago, when the first mystery was fresh. Do you blame me, when you stop to think? It's over a year since it happened. The police called the death 'suicide.' As for my mother's jewels, they'd hardly believe that any had existed. The little money I had to pay private detectives. They 'bled me white,' as the horrid saying is, and they did nothing! I had to wait, eating my heart out, till I could get together enough pennies to bring me West! I sold everything—even my clothes. Why, the dress and cloak I wore that night I told you of, when I went to Montparnasse without a cent to pay for my dinner, were years old! Women starved at me, as if I were something out of the ark! But I didn't care. I learned to feel a few months at Montparnasse, something that paid for my humiliation! I heard one woman say to another, 'What a pity this isn't Marco Lopez's night to dance!' Then I knew that my long trek had brought me to the right place, and somehow I meant to stay. Malcolm Allen helped me to do that. I hadn't known such chivalry from a man since I'd begun to need it most! I loved him, I believe, from that very minute. And now that our two destinies are linked together, I feel true to him. I feel inspired to do more—for his sake—than I ever did for my own. I want to be the boss detective, please, Mr. Barrett, where finding that woman is concerned."

"But your time by day, and often at night as well, is taken up at the studio, isn't it?" the lawyer reminded her. "You don't want to let the scent get cold by waiting till you finish the film, do you? Whereas, with a professional, we could get to work at once. Your idea of being your own detective is more sentimental and romantic than practical, I'm afraid. All right in a novel, but——"

"What are our lives but story-books written by our Creator?" Madeleine cut short Barrett's objections. "But her smile won the man, if her words left the lawyer unconvinced. "Oh, do help me to find this woman in my own way. I've worked so long! And I don't trust any one to do what I want done—except you. Of course. And you can't give me all your time. I know that! But you can go on encouraging me as you have done. I feel my instinct is right about this thing. Don't you, honestly, feel it, too?"

Barrett gave her a smile for hers, though he shrugged his shoulders. "In my profession we try to rise above—or maybe you would say, fall below—instincts and feelings. All the same, we succumb to them."

"I know, and I'm grateful, really, no matter how you show it," Madeleine said. "My film work is an obsession, of course, and I don't mean to let Mr. Sonnenberg down, though I would do even that rather than Malcolm's cause should suffer."

"Well I hope to do before 'Red Velvet' is finished. Madeleine explained, 'to get away from the studio by six o'clock every night. A lot can be done between six p.m. and an hour or so after midnight in this warm, sweet country, where most people think it's a waste of time to go to bed. I'm on the road to success and need you. Will you come if I telephone, no matter at what hour?"

"Well, that's a large order!" said Barrett.

"It's only for a few nights. I may fail, but I expect to win. Oh, do keep yourself free to answer a telephone call at your house till—till anyhow the end of this week. Something may break even before then."

"I've told you, you are an optimist," said the lawyer. "But I'll give you the promise."

"Thank God I am an optimist!" cried Madeleine. "And I thank you for the promise!"

They locked up the bungalow, after the girl had made a parcel of her treasures to take away, lest Lopez should have a flash of intuition—and a benevolent key. Then John Barrett walked home with Miss Standish and advised her to go to bed.

"I will," she agreed, "but not to sleep. I'm going to lie in bed with this parcel under my pillow—the way superstitious people put wedding cake there—and think—and think—along those lines."

"I don't see what you mean by those lines," said Barrett.

"Neither do I—yet," the girl told him. "But I'll see better—and farther—as I go."

Continued on page 95
War Whoopee

The Indian is still a dramatic figure and is not disappearing from the screen, as these players show.

Chief Big Tree, above, explains to Dorothy Janis the symbol in an Indian blanket between scenes of "Humming Wires." Miss Janis, by the way, is of Cherokee descent.

Gladys Belmont, outer left, plays an Indian maiden, with Richard Dix, in "Redskin."

Robert Frazer, who is seen too seldom on the screen, finds a role to his liking as the Indian brother in Tim McCoy's "Sioux Blood."

George Regas, below, is the Indian who is worsted in a fight with Gary Cooper, in "The Wolf Song."

Warner Baxter, above, as Alessandro, in "Ramona," can point to that rôle as one of his most poignant performances.
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Some time before, when Arnold was supposed to have made unlucky speculations with his wife's money, the Standish house in Washington Square had been sold, and Hortense had moved with her husband into an apartment leased by the year. There were debts, which the sale of some rare old furniture scarcely more than paid; but it was not the plain fact of poverty which killed the youth in Madeleine's heart; it was the tale told by her mother's French maid, Jeanne Laboris.

Nobody save Hortense Arnold's daughter believed this tale. Lester Arnold's prim sister said that Jeanne had always hated her mistress' second husband, and tried to prejudice his wife against him during the four years of their married life. Others admitted that they had met Rose Rosenkrantz at the Arnold's, but had seen no signs of infatuation on Lester's part. He had admired Rose, of course. What man with eyes in his head could help admiring such beauty? And Lester Arnold was an artist. Madeleine Rosenkrantz had posed to him for a picture which had made fame for him, but they had been introduced to each other by Hortense.

Madeleine Rosenkrantz was quite a romantic figure and a pathetic one, because she'd come to New York from—well, no one quite knew where. It might have been England, it might have been Chicago. Anyhow she had begun her career as a dancer soon after the war, and then, having taken the town by storm in a big revue, had fallen desperately ill. She was said to have died of pneumonia, and had never recovered her health. She hadn't been able to dance again, but had begun to achieve a new sort of success. Not exactly as a fortune teller, for it was illegal to tell fortunes, and Madame Rose Rosenkrantz was too clever a woman to risk prison. She was an astrologer, and cast wonderful horoscopes. She did crystal reading, too, and also studied one character from the lines of one's hand. Oh, well, yes, there were a few cats and hounds who went whispering it about that Madame Rosenkrantz blackmailed her clients in a delicate, refined way, or else stole their husbands. But there had never been anything definite said against her. Women of such beauty as hers always excited jealousy, and were storm centers for petty scandal, especially if they had to earn their own living.

Lester Arnold's sister was sure there had never been anything more than friendship between her brother and Hortense's protégé. Jeanne Laboris' story that Lester's bad speculations had mostly been in the shape of money gifts to Madame Rosenkrantz, and that he had become her slave, was malicious nonsense. As for the famous jewels, who had ever seen them? Hortense talked now and then of the things, but she kept them in a bank, and confessedly wore cheap copies. Who could tell that she hadn't secretly disposed of the originals, when, as her banker stated, she removed them from his custody a year before her death?

It was true that Jeanne Laboris, maid to Hortense since the French heiress' girlhood, did hate Lester Arnold, and had implored her mistress not to marry him. But all the more reason, Madeleine thought, why the disapproving Frenchwoman should well watch her bête noire, as slowly he destroyed the happiness of his wife.

Jeanne told how Hortense had first suspected, then learned without room for doubt of her husband's guilty love affair with her friend; how Hortense had reluctantly yielded to an appeal from Lester and taken her heirlooms from the bank, that he might pawn them and tide over the financial crisis; how the jewels had never been redeemed and how at last—evasively in jealous anguish—Hortense had overheard a conversation between Rose and Lester. She had got the whole truth then, in a few words. The jewels had never been pawned by her husband. He had lent them to Rose and, impromptu about them daily by his wife, implored Rose to give them back. This the woman refused to do. They were her pride and glory, she announced. Just to gaze at them, alone in her room, on wakeful nights when, without them, she would toss in feverish misery till dawn, was a tonic for body and soul. Lester had threatened to tell his wife the real fate of the jewels, and let her call the police if she chose, and the listener's impulse at that moment had been, she confessed to Jeanne, to show herself to the pair. Fear of her husband's fury had held her back. But one day he had been found at morning, lying dead on his bed, a vial of prussic acid in his hand, the room scented with the odor of bitter almonds.

Even the detectives Madeleine was able to hire after selling a string of birthday pearls, saw no reason to believe Arnold's death other than suicide. This, even though Jeanne insisted that Madame Rosenkrantz remained in the apartment till midnight, and that Arnold hadn't been seen after her going till his dead body was discovered. There was no proof that the lost thousands of dollars had...
A Gay Old Bird

The ostrich is again contributing his feathers to fashion, in a variety of uses demonstrated by Blanche LeClair.

Miss LeClair, below, wearing a cape of ostrich feathers, shading from flesh pink to deep rose.

Uncurled feathers in sunset hues make up the fan, left, to match an evening frock of georgette and rhinestones.

Miss LeClair, above, poses in a lounging robe of padded silk in blue and rose, trimmed with feathers around the neck line and sleeves.

Fancy wearing delicate, pastel-shaded roses of feathers, a fad Miss LeClair, below, has approved.

The bird pictured above must be quite vain by now, if his feathers are ever worn by visitors to the ostrich farm.

A wreath of feather "grapes" worn by Miss LeClair, right, shows one of the newest novelties.
The Screen in Review

Continued from page 69

It is a study of the dramatic effect of climate on character, better portrayed than in "Edith Thompson," a matter of fact; but there the comparison ends. Miss Gish's heroine is no flambouyant creature, but a timid girl from Virginia, who comes to live on her cousin's ranch in Texas, which she fondly believes to be another Garden of Eden. Instead Letty finds herself in a barren, sand-swept country, where human existence is forever at the mercy of the devouring elements. When life is not unperiled by the violence of the wind, morale is undermined "and sanity threatened by the monotony of it. This is portrayed as only the screen can portray an atmospheric condition.

Letty incurs the jealousy of her cousin's wife through the fondness of the children for her, and is driven from the ranch. In desperation she accepts marriage with Lige, a well-meaning boor, in preference to death in the storm. She cannot disguise the repulsion she feels for the fellow, but he proves his decency by leaving her to earn enough money to send her back to Virginia. In Lige's absence the villainous intrusion of Roody causes her to shoot him and hurl the body into the rapidly shifting sand, where it is quickly buried.

With such a tragic beginning, it really doesn't matter whether the ending is happy or not, so I shall leave you to find out. But whether Letty and Lige are reunited is, after all, unimportant in estimating the skill of the director, Victor Seastrom—also responsible for "The Scarlet Letter," you remember—or the sensitive dynamics of Miss Gish's acting.

Or, for that matter, the superb performance of Lige by Lars Hanson, who regrettably has shaken the dust of Hollywood from his feet and returned to Sweden.

Unrelieved by the ghost of a smile, the picture is a somber cross-section of a life that is little known to those who prefer to see conventional heroines in the routine of familiar romances. But its relentless grippi, sound effects are justified here, for they are concerned with the wind, which dominates the picture and every character in it. Montagu Love, Edward Earle, Dorothy Cumming, and William Orlond are fully equal to the distinguished occasion.

The Man from South Bend.

"The Home-Towners" brings the play of that name to the screen in tact, only one or two subtleties interrupting the constant dialogue. It is interesting, because it reveals the best acting so far seen in talking pictures. Or did when it was first released. But it is unsatisfactory entertain ment, because it was a poor play in the first place. We must have dialogue films, then they should be chosen with care. A phony play gains nothing by being heard in film form. And "The Home-Towners" is clumsy stagecraft. It is amusing, though, and is good for almost constant laughter, which is many is recommendation enough.

The situation which inspires it is found in the impending marriage of a rich, middle-aged man to a girl many years his junior. His life-long friend comes from with Bend to act as best man, and on learning the facts of the romance, jumps to the conclusion that the girl and her family are fortune hunters. This he keeps no secret from the prospective husband. In fact, in his terse opinions lies the laughter that never subsides during the rest of the picture.

As played by Robert McWade, this character is a gem, and so completely does the actor capture the sympathy of the audience that few will avoid a smile of personal frankness. The fault of the play lies in the deception practiced on the audience in representing the girl and her family as the dishonest people they really are not. Their every act and speech bears out the friend's suspicions, and they are barbarous snobs as well. Yet suddenly, following a melodramatic climax caused by the theft of a bracelet, they become meek as lambs and we are asked to accept them as the salt of the earth. The girl, who has acted all along like the ringleader of society crooks, in a jiffy becomes the cooing heroine.

This is crude writing on the part of George M. Cohan, the author, and is an unforifiable lapse in story-telling, even in these days of formless fiction. However, the piece is an entertaining fraud, worth seeing if only for the sake of the droll Mr. McWade. There is also Richard Bennett, who has dillied with the films in the past and returns to them with the invention of the talkies. He is fine indeed as the hutt of the South Bender's cynical gibes, and gives a smooth, expert characterization of the patient victim. Doris Kenyon presents a gracious picture as the confusing heroine, and her voice is pleasing. Robert Edeson also is heard and last, but not least, Gladys Brockwell reappears after her hit in "Lights of New York" to confirm my opinion that hers is the best feminine voice yet heard on the screen at this writing.

A Repeater.

"His Private Life" is one of Adolphi Menjou's lesser vehicles, though it sedulously follows the pattern of his usual picture. That is, the world-weary and refined rogue decides, all at once, that he is confronted by the love of his life, and proceeds by devious means to win her. To further carry out the usual idea, she is reluctant. If she were yielding there wouldn't be any picture. Instead there seems to be a great deal of it, what with complications involving a discarded sweetheart of George, now married to a jealous husband, and the wholly conventional situations in which the quartet find themselves. Mild novelty is, however, found in a sequence which shows the heroine responding to the romance of moonlight, the music of strolling serenaders and petals falling from an apple tree, only to discover that Mr. Menjou has hired the musicians and planned the petal shower to melt her bridling scorn.

It is a pretty stunt, but feeble. And so it is with the film as a whole. Kathryn Carver and Margaret Livingston are the ladies who acknowledge Mr. Menjou's fatal fascination. Eugene Pallette the husband who resents it.

Pleasant for Mr. Boyd Only.

William Boyd is too good an actor, and too ingratiating a personality, to be wasted on roles that only require bizziness and likable toughness. He may enjoy the lark of playing engineers, ironworkers, and other sons of toil, but his duty to the public requires more than having a good time at its expense. Unless, of course, he considers being the successor of Ralph Lewis honor enough. His newest bid for this title is called "The Cop," in which, needless to say, he plays a policeman who apprehends the murderer of his pal the sergeant.

There is scant love interest—so sparse indeed, that those responsible have not thought it worth the trouble to make clear the relationship of the girl to the crooks, with whom she is hand in glove. Just so she and the policeman clinch at the end is considered enough, and is plainly just a sop tossed to the fans to satisfy their supposed appetite for sentimentality. This is unfair both to Mr. Boyd and to his audience, who would rather see him in a good picture than a mediocre one. Robert Armstrong is effective as the enemy crook, Alan Hale likewise, and Jacqueline Logan, relegated to the minor heroine, is as agreeable as opportunity permits.

A Welsh Rarebit Dream.

"Marriage by Contract" is a lurid effort to show the fallacy of trial unions, but it proves nothing, either for or against them, because all the
The TALKING-PICTURE REACHES PERFECTION IN OLD ARIZONA

I can have any man I want, said Tonia. Hear and see what happened to the girl who boasted she could get her man!

Actually filmed and recorded on location. In Old Arizona represents a distinct forward step in the art of the talking picture. For the first time, WILLIAM FOX brings to the screen not only the realistic settings but also the natural sounds of the great outdoors! The voices you hear are voices as they really sound out in the open! Until you've seen and heard In Old Arizona you can't appreciate to what heights the technique of the talking motion picture has been advanced by Fox Movietone! Keep abreast of developments in this newest field of expression—make up your mind to see In Old Arizona when it comes to your favorite local theater.

Every part is a speaking part—featured in the leading roles are two brilliant screen stars and a fascinating stage favorite—EDMUND LOWE as Sgt. Dunn, the heartbreaking cavalryman; WARNER BAXTER as the Cisco Kid, outlawed Don Juan of the desert; and, in her first screen appearance, DOROTHY BURGESS as Tonia, the fiery, fickle, light-o-love who pays the price of infidelity in one of the most startling denouements ever filmed! In the supporting roles are nearly a score of well-known players of the stage and screen. With such a cast under the masterful direction of Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings it is no wonder audiences everywhere have acclaimed In Old Arizona as one of the great pictures of the year!
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

MARION DAVIES FAN.—How did you guess it? That I am the Oracle of Delphi. That is, I was, until I started using that Wrinkle Wonder for Worn Faces! Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, January 3, 1898. She is five feet four and one half, weighs one hundred and twenty-five, and has golden hair, blue eyes, and freckles. And she stutters and is quite witty! But if her pictures would go on indefinitely; did you also see “Quality Street,” “The Patsy,” “Show People”? William Haines is married. Joseph Schleiker was born in Vienna about thirty years ago, and was well known on the New York stage before he went into pictures. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty-nine, and has very dark hair and eyes. Married to Elike Bartlett. He is the son of Rudolph Schleiker. Charles Farrell was born in Massachusetts, in 1902. Height, six feet two; weight, one hundred and seventy. Brunet. Not married; Norma Shearer is twenty-four; Janet Gaynor, twenty-one; Nick Stuart, twenty-two; John Barrymore, forty-six; Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891. Allene Ray doesn’t give her age. Dick Barthelmess is thirty-three, and is five feet seven.

M. B.—By all means sign yourself any way you like. I’m very tolerant; anything goes, only don’t call me names. Plenty of stars were born in December—Pokh Negri, the Duke; Gilbert Roland, 11th; Doug. Jr., 9th; Virginia Lee Corbin, 5th; Elinor Fair, 21st; Dorothy Dalton, 22nd; Ramon Novarro is five feet eight. Continuity in pictures is the arrangement by which the story glides along from sequence to sequence. Phyllis Haver’s last name is pronounced with long “a,” as in hay. Damita is— as in daddy, the baby’s first word name, like the pronoun; ta. Accent on me.

R. H. M.—When you ask me if Billie Dove is considered the most beautiful actress on the screen, I’ll come right back at you and say, “By whom?” Many people do consider her so, and very logically. But beauty can only be a matter of opinion. In other words, to dig up and revise an old saying, “One man’s beauty is another man’s hog.” It would also be a matter of taste as to whether Marion Davies or Colleen Moore is the screen’s leading comedienne. As I haven’t the files of other screen magazines, I have no way of telling in what magazine you saw the article you mention.

AXIOM—Who am I to keep you anxious any longer than necessary—which, I admit, is long enough! It is customary to send a quarter with a request for a star’s photograph, as expenses for this service run into many thousands a year. George Lewis plays constantly, but most of the time in “The Collegians” series, which make a lot of money and therefore retard his chances of getting roles in feature productions. Marian Nixon may be reached at the Pahé studio, Culver City, California. Lawrence Gray, at this writing, is working at the Tiffany Stahl studio, Hollywood. Yes, Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels played together in “Unguarded Women” and “Sinners in Heaven.”

MISS WINIFRED M. GRAHAM, 3333 Wayne Avenue, Germantown, Pennsylvania, includes herself among the Conway Tearle fans and would be glad to hear from any of Mr. Tearle’s other fans.

HELENS.—Paddy O’Flynn’s permanent address is Box 396, Hollywood. Paddy doesn’t give his age, but he is quite young. I’m sure. See AXIOM. Larry Gray is thirty; Sue Carol, twenty. Sue is with Fox.

LORA AND JACQUE LABO.—What an easy job this would be if all questions were as simple to answer as yours! Yes, Betty Bronson played in “Peter Pan,” and Mary Brian did also. They both got their film starts in that picture. Bebe Love is not connected with any particular studio, but any player as well known as she is can always be reached just at Hollywood, California. Sally Rand, at last accounts, was touring the Orpheum circuit in vaudeville. Perhaps a letter would reach her at the B. F. Keith offices, Palace Theater, New York City. Buddy Rogers played opposite Clara Bow in “Get Your Man.” Clara has very dark-brown eyes; her hair was black when I first met her, but she assures me it was then dyed, and that it really began as red.

JACK JENNISSON, 3141 D Street, Sacramento, California, would like to hear from any other Dick Arlen fans. I think Dick gets a great deal of publicity in magazines. Jack. PICTURE PLAY recently had a story about him, which you have probably seen by now. His newest films are “Beggars of Life” and “Manhattan Cocktail.” I think many studios discourage fan clubs, because they have had troubles with phony clubs used as an excuse to get money. Nick Stuart was really born in Roumania, but he has been in this country a long time and has no foreign accent. His real name is Nicholas Prasai.

A FAN.—If producers read these question-and-answer columns they certainly should do something about Conway Tearle. A lot of fans that man has! Just “Hollywood, California,” would reach him. Yes, his last name rhymes with pearl.

MISS BARBARA VARNET.—A fan club is merely a group of admirers of a certain star, who get together through correspondence. Mary Brian’s fan club has headquarters with Clara Fodi, 53 Villa Randolph, Yonker, New York. Barbara La Marr was thirty when she died. Phillip De Lacy can be reached at the Fox studio.

M. S. MASTERN.—So you doubt if I can answer your questions! And here I’ve been slaving for years trying to inspire confidence in me! Nils Asther is dark, with brown hair and hazel eyes. Born January 17, 1902. He is six feet one. Yes, he is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn.

ANOTHER DICK ARLEN ADMIRER.—You bet I’ll pass on your three cheers. I know Dick personally and there’s not a more likeable man in pictures. He and Johna Ralston were married on January 28, 1928, and their home is at Balboa Lake, near Burbank, California. He was born September 1, 1899. Frank W. Leach has already started a Dick Arlen Fan Club. His address is 4 North State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. See MISS BARBARA VARNET. Also JACK JENNISSON. You’d be surprised, but stars do read this column. They’re always looking for any mention of their names in print, no matter how unimportant. Well, that’s part of their job!

Continued on next page
ADVERTISING SECTION

RUTH RONNE.—Thanks so much for your trouble in writing me the information, which I am passing on.

JEWEL.—Miss Ronne, above, writes to tell me that the Claire you asked about in "One Woman to Another," was Claire Blessing, who lost her life in the flood of the St. Francis Dam in California. This was her only picture and her name was not mentioned in the cast.

MELIA OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS.—John Gilbert was formerly married to Leatrice Joy; Vilma Banky was not married until she became Mrs. Rod La Rocque. There are many screen actresses besides Mary Astor from Illinois. Gloria Swanson, Sue Carol, Blanche Sweet, Virginia Valli, Mary Philbin, Gertrude Olmsted are all from Chicago. Bebe Daniels has had more than her share of studio accidents, but she is not in the hospital at this writing. I don't suppose Elinor Fair has left the screen for good, though she hasn't made a picture in some months. As to Gloria Swanson's being the only "old movie star left on the screen," I don't know just what you mean. She is not old, and she hasn't been on the screen nearly as long as Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Lillian Gish, or Blanche Sweet. Mary Bryan's latest film is "Just Twenty-one." Renee Adoree is with Metro-Goldwyn.

GIVEN.—It wasn't your letter that made me tired—I'm always like this. Valentino was thirty-one when he died. His most famous picture was "The Sheik," and some of his "good" pictures were "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Conquering Power," "Camille," "Monsieur Beaucaire." Yes, Nils Asther was in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." See M. S. Masten and Lora and Jacques Laurd. James Hall is twenty-eight. Yes, he is married, but separated from his wife. I am told that Ramon Novarro and Dolores del Rio are first cousins. Dolores is divorced from Jaime del Rio; Ramon is a bachelor and is twenty-nine years old. He was once a professional dancer. Jack Holt is forty. He is married and has three children.

L. A. WILSON.—Now, of course, if I were really "another John Gilbert," I'd be making some real money instead of doing this. You ask what happened to Anthony Jowett's screen career, and add that he never interested you very much. Well, that's what happened to him; too many other fans felt just as you did. As to the cause of William Boyd's gray hair, film players have told me that the Klieg lights are very hard on one's hair. They dry out the scalp, and if one's hair is already dry, naturally it might turn gray. There doesn't seem to be much chance of Paramount's making "An American Tragedy." It's too much of a theme for movies. I don't know whether Pola Negri will make any more films in America. She was too much money in these days of reduced salaries.

SAMUEL J. BLOCK.—At least, I try to answer all questions, but when you ask about such old films you make life seem very hard for these old ones. "The Right to Happiness" is one of them, and I haven't the cast. "Intolerance" is also very old, and I don't know from what story it was taken. I am under the impression it was an original for the screen.

Continued on page 121

"Delicate to discuss this, yet smart women should know"

—Says a society leader concerning this phase of feminine hygiene

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Carefree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process, to end all odor. The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That "conspicuous" feeling
The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet every advantage remains
You can so easily adjust it to your needs. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellulose absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—3 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

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Deodorizes . . . and 4 other important features:
1—Softer gauze ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
2—Corners are rounded and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
3—Deodorizes—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
4—Adjust it to your needs; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required; and
5—It is easily disposed of; no unpleasant laundry.
I took the stick myself and flew so well that the instructor says I may soon do some stunts!"

While I gasped like a silly goldfish, and gaped like the veriest yoked, this New World Lya exuded the boundless enthusiasm which made her radiate, Little by little I learned. The golf sticks were hers. Oh, yes, she belonged to several clubs, and played almost every day. At least every day she didn't go a few fast sets of tennis, or spend the day at her swimming club, racing with a strong stroke through the surf, or diving from the high springboard to the pool. Yes, her days were very full. There was the breakfast of fruit in the cool of the morning, then a swift ride to the academy, where her horse stood saddled for a gallop along the bridle path of Beverly Hills, and back for a shower and rubdown. Her mail, and the business of the day. Then golf, or tennis, or swimming, a supper-dance—and early to bed.

But best of all were the hours she spent in the air. Her flying lessons provided the greatest thrill of all. And that day upon which she received her pilot's license would be one for jubilation. The order for her ownplane rested with a manufacturer, delivery to be made just as soon as she could fly alone.

Work at the studios interfered somewhat with her sports schedule when she was on early call. But nothing prevented her adherence to the schedule of aerial instruction. No, not even the protests of the producer, who feared an accident, with a picture only half completed. She laughed with glee in relating how one Saturday, on a half holiday from the studio, she took impish delight in doing loops, turns and "falling leaves" over the golf course, where she knew the producer of her picture was playing.

Her English is not yet perfected. She knows the words, but they tumble one over another from her lips. Sometimes in not exactly the right order, frequently with an odd pronunciation not quite distinguishable, but always with a delectable accent just sufficient to be utterly charming. She will permit no foreign tongue in her conversation, in her determination to become proficient in our language. Now and then one is shocked by hearing from her unconscious lips a very strong American idiom, culled from an overheard studio conversation, remembered and added to her store of words.

She has been completely transmuted in our great melting pot. Just how it has happened, she herself doesn't know. But the change has come, and now she waves the Stars and Stripes as lustily as any Daughter of the Revolution. Accompanying the physical alteration is a new outlook on life, a love of living, a vibrant well-being, all unknown to the sensuous, leopard lady who used to dodge the sun in her velvet cloak.

She has the American idea. And it probably will carry her far along the road to fame and fortune in the movies. It is difficult to explain the change. But California says, "It's the climate!"

They Know Their Caviar

veiled hostility toward Lil, and though Ed had been popular since his stock company days, he was not regarded seriously. One of these sappy chaps who aren't half bad, but who seem to have nothing to them. Stood around and grumbled. If he had thoughts, the matinée hero seldom aired them.

Lil was a show girl from the "Follies." Maybe the girls envied her her looks and her gift for wearing clothes. Her candor was not appreciated. She had a crude, forceful attraction, not yet polished to sleekness by the development of taste. Just a shade too obvious.

Their several years' friendship resulted in marriage. I remember the wedding breakfast. Neither seemed to be taking the affair seriously. Oh, it couldn't last, everybody shrugged. Some in the crowd wondered audibly how soon we'd be celebrating the divorce.

Yet, though doomed from the first, according to all rules and standards, their marriage endures while other "perfectly matched" couples, who wed at that time, are divorced.

Curiously, they seldom quarrel. That is due, I think, to Ed's easygoing manner, for he is very tolerant, and to Lil's understanding of him, which amounts to a gift. She wisely, frankly confessing it, pampers him. This comprehension of his character, this catering to his comfort, has made a deep impression on him.

As these three years since their marriage have passed, I have watched his attitude toward her change. Possibly he may not realize it himself. He used to exhibit her, Oh, not consciously. But one could see the pride with which he "wore" her, as she in turn wore his success. She was a stunning creature, the focus of all eyes. It pleased his vanity that men should admire and women envy her.

There is a new tenderness, bred by her maternal thought of him. A gratitude, with a strange humility. I like this Ed better. And I like the Lil who doesn't scratch so much, who gives way to gentleness.

Ed gives Lil all the credit for making a screen villain and a regular guy of him.

"I was just a top. Sappy, Ham actor. She vitalized me. What an amazing verse she has! And when I need it, she babies me. Every man's a little boy."

Likewise, from those deep recesses somewhere, they evoke up a spiritual something to soften Lil's strident quality, and to develop in her the new maternal note.

Freed from inhibitions, Ed gave vent to his impulse to be a rough-and-ready fellow, short on polite phrases. A flow of oral lava won him the coveted rôle in "Glory." This tonic to
speedsters. "But only one personal plane," I was told.

My! Soon the star with no hangar full of air limousines, sky speedsters and cloud-touring coaches will be behind the times. Richard Arlen, formerly of the Canadian Royal Flying Corps, pilots, as do David Rollins, Charles Delaney, James Hall, Al Wilson, Reed Howes, and others.

As yet few girls have become more than verbal aviation enthusiasts. Almost all go up, and prefer air to train or motor travel, but only Patsy Ruth Miller, Priscilla Dean, and Sue Carol actually fly. Priscilla is licensed, and Pat has only a few more hours of solo flying to earn her certificate. Sue can put a ship through its trials, from endless weeks on aviation pictures. She pilots, but never alone. And of course Ruth Eider enjoys her favorite sport.

Even courtesies are conducted aerially, nowadays. Certainly the new mode of travel does not hinder Cupid's activities. A San Francisco business man flies down to Los Angeles often to see Janet Gaynor, making the flight once he might escort her to a party Mary Pickford gave for Our Girls' Club! And when Janet has a free day, she and her mother soar away toward the northern city. She does not pilot, however.

Sky—But She's Getting On

That we would pray all day, and as far into the night as we could stay awake, that part would be Jean's. When word came, she was sure that our supplications had done the trick.

Somewhere in the East she has a dear, old grandmother, who is not yet used to the fact that there is a movie person in the family. Much less that this person is only little Jeanie.

You see, Jeanie used to sit on her grandmother's lap and talk about her ambitions to become a school-teacher. And grandmother heartily agreed with this, so long as Jeanie would not work too long. She must be married and rear her family, as all worthy women should. Jean agreed with her grandmother, and still does.

Though this may sound like press agentry, I'll have to tell you that Jean is interested in French, Italian, and Spanish and still studies these languages. She has a flair for interior decoration.

Now, doesn't that sound like publicity? But it isn't. And at this writing, Jean is not in love. If she were, she might sacrifice a few of her reading hours for play.

While I was writing this story Jean called me on the phone. This is what I said to her:

"Jean, I can't write an exciting story about you. You're just one of many of nice, pretty girls who like a little bit of work, a little bit of fame, a little bit of studying, and a little bit of play. You don't live in a pretentious apartment, whose rugs and draperies can festoon all over the story. You live in a tasteful, little Los Angeles home, with a hearty American family who will never think of you as a motion-picture star.

"You don't like crowds, and you have only a few real friends. You don't frequent night clubs, or get into any scandals. Your childhood was just like every other child's. Your girlhood was little different. And it is very possible that when you have served your years on the screen, you will be a sensible housewife with three children, an uxorious husband and a bridge club."
smoking corn-silk with the boys, and she threatened me with reform school. I think she thought angels were turned out of such places. Then I tried to be like other girls in our street, and took up stenography, but Mr. Pittman and I simply had no interest in each other. So I was bad again, and ran away to Philadelphia to go on the stage. I tell Jack that if a boy is a hobo up to twenty, that is adventure; it's only if he is a hobo from twenty to thirty that he is a hobo for life.

"I should like to write Jack's life," said Estelle. "Jack is a genuine man. I think I am the only one who knows his life, and it is the most colorful and funniest life I have ever heard. Jack fought most of his first fights when he was hungry, and he didn't care so much about winning. All he could think of were the fly-specked sandwiches in the bar of the saloon. I told Jack I would write his life and title it, 'As told to his wife between midnight and after.' All Jack has to be afraid of is that I will put in what a terrible fundamentalist he is. Did you know that about Jack? Oh, awful!

"Jack could come back at me, and say that I am a fatalist. What gets me are the things there aren't any answer to. Charles Chaplin gets me, and radio. How can a man like Chaplin, without applying himself, stand up and give imitations of people he has hardly seen, that are so uncanny that they make you creep? Then he picks up a violin and plays like a genius. Put him at a piano, and he plays that like a genius. Intuition seems to me like some strange tuning in. Old radio was here before any one invented transmitters. I'm awfully curious," said Estelle. "Like Mr. Tumney, thinking is beginning to be a regular hobby with me."

Estelle is really "simply grand" as a human being. She diets and does not smoke, "because Jack has a tremendous respect for the body—says it's what brings us in the cake. Honey darling!" And she won't settle down and be "society," not in Hollywood, or New York, because she guesses that for that she is too smart.

"I am not smart," said Estelle, "but I know what I know, and you don't catch me playing the grande dame, and being on committees to save the wayward and the poor. Jack and I have charity—we've been through the mill—but it's in our hearts."

Estelle and Jack went on the stage last fall for Mr. Belasco. What for? "For pictures," said Estelle.

"That jamb of mine and Jack's into theatricals—that was for pictures. I got some extra direction for a little while at Mr. Belasco's expense and pleasure. He let me play a huyen, a kind of Lenore Ulric part."

When Miss Ulric and Estelle met on the Coast, face to face, they could do was gawp at each other. The resemblance between the two is remarkable. Lenore Ulric said, "Well, I'm glad you're not in my line, but if you like, I'll tell Mr. Belasco about you."

Jack is f of the races. There is as much hory talk in the Dempsey family as there is bullfight talk in an Ernest Hemingway novel. Jack would as soon go to the races as to a prize-fight, Estelle said. Their horse, Doctor Wilson, won thirty-five thousand in the Kentucky Derby. Their other horse, Old Kickapoo, was ready for a veteran's shot, but Jack entered him at Tijuana to make him feel good, and Old Kickapoo came in third. The Dempseys are lucky that way. "Once you get into the swing of tuning in on the right things, you're willing to be a fatalist for life," said Estelle.

Polly's Back

Continued from page 50

you will find a powder puff—no powder—and a package of cigarettes. "S all I need!" says Polly. "You know, it's great to be a comedienne. Then it doesn't matter whether you are fat or thin. You look funny either way. These poor little girls who have to worry about their shapes and whether they get wrinkles—that would be an awful life!"

"Seriously, though, we all need a few struggles. They teach us how to live. Teach us the value of simplicity and kindness and friendship. I've had mine. Ye-yuss!"

It looks as if the struggles were over for Polly, for some years to come. Hollywood has acclaimed her, taken her back into its friendly circle with great glee. For Hollywood loves a good trooper and a wit. Polly is both.

She is quoted, laughed at, sought after, and loved. Polly is again one of ours. Ye-yuss, indeed!
Aren't Women Funny?  
Continued from page 84

average beautiful girl does not want to follow the example of Louise Fazenda, by forgetting her good looks and play half-witted slaveries and homely old maids. She would rather hide her comedy talents, which might bring her freak roles, and take a chance on reaching the top as a beautiful girl.

It must be remembered that the majority of our men comedians were developed in the hard school of slapstick comedy. They had to forget their dignity and good looks, if any. They were kicked downstairs, and dumped into glue vats. As unknowns, they tried hard to be ridiculous, to attract attention to themselves, and they were rewarded by having producers say: "Ha-ha! that guy's got a funny pair! Give him the part of that goofy bricklayer!" A few of the girls, such as Bebe Daniels and Louise Fazenda, stood the gaff with the men, and were rewarded by having their ability recognized. But it would make the average girl shudder to have a producer laugh at her as a freak. Therefore many a good looking actress passes up a reputation as a comedienne, as a sacrifice on the altar of vanity.

It may be noted here that it is even more important for a comedienne to have a naturally droll look than for a comedian. A comedian can make his expression more comical by wearing a mustache, either of the toothbrush or walrus variety, an odd beard or haircut, a bulbous nose, spectacles, baggy clothes, odd hats. The props that a comedienne can use habitually are much more limited, particularly if she wants to make a charming impression. If a good looking girl wears the outlandish attire affected by many men comedians, the audience usually feels she is out of character, and is striking to be funny.

Perhaps, after all, women aren't so funny as men, on the screen, but the fact remains that they have much more comedy talent than they are given a chance to show. The screen is overstocked with masculine comedians, but there is an acute demand for the ladies. Many a star comedian, whose popularity is sagging, would make vastly more entertaining comedies if he would select a career in the leading lady role, which was not merely charming, but also a good comedy foil.

New comedienne can be searched for and developed. When the same effort is devoted to building comedienne as to building comedians, it should be clear to all that the answer to the question, "Are women funny?" is in the affirmative.

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been written by men and women of standing.

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[PROOF]
A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 98

passed to Madame Rosenkrantz, save his wife's certainty of the fact, confided to her maid. The wife was dead, and could not speak for herself. The maid was prejudiced. Still, the detectives consented to take Miss Standish's money and strive to prove that her theory, not theirs, was right.

They unearthed certain seemingly unimportant facts concerning Madame Rosenkrantz's life, and a few of more obvious importance. The names of visitors to her apartment were discovered, among others being that of a comparatively unknown dancer named Marco Lopez. One of the detectives engaged by Madeleine brought to light the fact that Rose had been seen dancing with Lopez at a second-rate night club. A few days after the death of Lester Arnold and his wife, Marco Lopez resigned his position, telling the manager of the club that he had been called home to Buenos Aires. No news of him could be got from the police there, however, except the story of a post card received by a friend, with a picture on it of the Indian Museum at Albuquerque. This card had been destroyed by the friend, its date forgotten, and had contained only the word "Greetings" in Spanish, signed "Marco."

If Lopez had anything to conceal, detectives argued, he would have been unlikely to send this post card. And there was no support for Miss Standish's conviction that Rose had gone with Lopez, or joined him. She had left her apartment the morning after Arnold's "suicide," before the death was discovered; but it seemed that her departure had been arranged a week before. Her doctor had ordered her to Switzerland for a cure, as she was threatened with consumption. She had sublet her apartment, which she had taken furnished, and her name had been on the passenger list of a French ship sailing from New York on the day she left her apartment.

By the time Madeleine had arrived on the scene from school, had recovered sufficiently from the shock of the double death to form a theory and obtain money for detectives, this ship had completed its voyage. A "Madame Rachel Rosenkrantz" had been a second-class passenger, but her description did not tally with that of Rose. Madeleine could not afford to have this person tracked all across Europe. Besides she and Jeanne Laboris together were convinced that the woman's journey and announced plans were a blind. Jeanne, sent once by her mistress on an errand to Madame Rosenkrantz, had seen in the latter's bedroom a framed photograph of a handsome, dark young man who had signed himself "Thy Marco."

"Marco" had passed through Albuquerque, New Mexico. Both that State and California, just beyond, were favorite health-resorts, and Madeleine had made up her mind that, somewhere in the mild and sunny West, Rose Rosenkrantz and the Empress Josephine's jewels were hidden in the keeping of Marco Lopez, the dancer.

Months had passed, and there was no news of Lopez obtainable from New Mexico or California, yet Madeleine's theory had remained unshaken. Some day Lopez would come out into the open as a dancer. With him would be Rose Rosenkrantz. Southern California would attract a man of Lopez's profession; and Madeleine imagined him coming out of his retirement, in some Los Angeles café. She had had that, if he were to be found, she must be the one to find him. And so at last she had reached the goal of her desires, with little money left.

Her advantage had been, in Hollywood, that she was unknown to Marco Lopez and Rose Rosenkrantz. But now, as she lay awake recreating the past and picturing the future, she faced an obstacle. How was she to put herself in Rose Rosenkrantz's place, according to the Edgar Allan Poe method, when her only acquaintance with the woman's features was through a photograph? Also, how was she to find a person never seen, who had doubled changed through illness since that photograph was taken?

Still the girl did not despair. She called up a vision of dark, exotic eyes and a beautiful, disconsolate mouth with a tragic droop of the full lips. That woman could hate as well as love! Madeleine saw her hating the rejuvenated Lady Gates, saw her fearing that Marco meant to deceive her after all and marry the rich widow.

"She'd work against him with Lady Gates in secret; and then, if he found her out, she would throw herself on his mercy," the girl thought. "She'd either pretend to be terribly ill, or else she would be really ill. He'd be obliged to help her, for his own sake as well as hers. She'd have to get out of the bungalow and hidden somewhere else. But not too far away. She couldn't go far! Besides, they'd need to keep in touch with one another. Nobody in California had

Continued on page 114
Evelyn—As She Is

no reason why she should be exempt, she does not feel martyred. Sympathetic and understanding of the troubles of others, she seldom refers to her own and, when she does, it is humorously.

On one occasion, she did inadvertently speak of a dismal period during her early days on the stage. The occasion was an interview and, although Evelyn did not dilate on the dramatic aspects of the event, the interview was published as a minor tragedy. For weeks after it came out, she was in a torment of embarrassment, fearful that her friends had seen it. Since then she has been cautious in her statements to the press. This type of publicity, together with the recent inundation of "love-life confessions," she considers the height of bad taste, and believes that the public can only be offended by this vulgarity, and amused by the vanity, too.

She loves the stage and deplores the scarcity of good entertainment in the Los Angeles theater. Well-executed plays are a source of keen delight to her, and she would like to have more time for vacations in New York. Hoping, some day, to return to the stage, she welcomes talking pictures, and the consequent use of intelligent plays for screen material. Her first talkie was "Interference," adapted with care from the stage production. She was nervous of the microphone, grateful that any sound at all emerged from her mouth when she opened it, and is prepared for the worst when she sees the picture. Not habitually a victim of stage fright, however, she looks forward to the next one as a probable improvement. Her voice should register excellently, being low pitched and full. She is fascinated by the making of talking pictures and tries to understand the process, but is lost in the intricate technicalities.

Until "Underworld" she was not particularly interested in her career. Apparently doomed to mediocre pictures, work was incidental, something that had to be done and gotten out of the way. When "Underworld" was released, Evelyn Brent was rediscovered by the fans and discovered by the critics. There followed a contract with Paramount and intelligent roles in good pictures. Her interest awakened, Evelyn began to give her work more attention, tried to be less amenable to suggestion, and to object when attempts were made to force her into unsuitable parts. Loathing any rôle smacking of the ingénue, and having proved to her own satis-

faction that she is terrible in that type, she holds out bravely for more adult forms of entertainment. She wishes there were more demand for stories dealing with mature people—men and women of middle age who are experienced, mellow, and wise. There, she thinks, lies real drama, and cites Pauline Frederick as one of its successful exponents. Emil Janings is another of her favorites, and she thinks Greta Garbo eye-filling, breath-taking, amusing.

At times, however, wonders why she is in pictures, why she continues—it seems to her silly and unsatisfactory. Yet an urge drives her to do something. Acting is the only thing she knows and, despite these misgivings, she likes it. Not satisfied with this, she must find out why she likes it, and it is when she can't decide that she feels its futility. It is probably the basis of her moods, this self-analysis and passion for having no delusions about herself.

Recently divorced from B. P. Fine-

man, the Paramount executive to whom she had been married over four years, she finds herself jarred, and readjustment necessary. Although the separation was accompanied by no rancor, and they are still friends, she admits the difficulty of change. Creatures of habit, and made to live neither alone nor with any one, she thinks that the fault lies less with the institution of marriage, than with the construction of humans. Before, and if, she marries again she will have to be sure of a mutual tolerance, the quality she considers most necessary, and almost impossible to combine with love.

A driving restlessness being dominant in her, it is surprising that she has stayed six years in Hollywood. She loves to travel, would like always to be free to pick up and leave on every impulse. Partial to Europe, she would prefer, if forced to select a permanent abode, to live in London.

She lives now in a spacious, imposing house set atop terraced lawns on a quiet street between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. She took the place principally for the wide gardens around it, and the stillness of the neighborhood. It is furnished throughout in the modern manner, which she adores. She wants to build a house in the modern architecture now being experimented with in Europe.

Her library is filled with cases that overflow with books—books not bought for decoration, but for practical purposes. First editions, special

continued on page 115
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When They Faced Oblivion

Continued from page 87

to a crime drama that could be imagined. Nothing in particular happened after this picture, but her connection with Paramount paved the way to the lead in "Underworld," and here at last was the role that brought her into her own. But it took about ten years to do it.

A remarkable case of grit in motion pictures is that of Mary Nolan. It is a rather well-known fact that the real name of this actress is Imogene Wilson, and that she is a former Broadway show girl, who was given a great deal of notoriety when she sued the comedian, Frank Tiney, for beating her.

As the case went through the courts, and the story lengthened out into attendant unpleasantness, it was the general verdict along Broadway that Imogene Wilson was finished; that whatever chances she had were tactfully canceled.

Ordinarily, a girl in the position of Miss Wilson would have given up. There was really nothing else to do. But what she went through seemed to have an unusual effect on her. She migrated to Europe, settled for a time in Berlin and forced herself into a job as an extra in one of the German studios. The stage being closed to her, she determined to make her way on the screen, and by sheer courage chiseled out an opening.

Her work attracted favorable notice, in a small way, and she was given bits and then leads, until she became quite well known abroad as Imogene Robertson. One of her pictures was seen by an executive of United Artists of Hollywood, who offered her a contract which the actress promptly signed. On her arrival in New York, Imogene Robertson, the supposed German star, was recognized by the ship-news reporters who, needless to say, did not keep her identity a secret. Once again Imogene was the victim of flagrant publicity of a kind that would have crushed a less dauntless spirit. As the first step toward a fresh start, she changed her name again, this time to Mary Nolan. Herbert Brenon, the director, struck by her pluck in the face of discouraging odds, took up the cudgels in her favor and insisted that she play the role of Kit’s wife, in "Sorrell and Son."

After the picture was shown, Mary Nolan was considered a "find" of such potentialities that Universal bought her contract from United Artists, with the intention of grooming her for stardom. Another step was taken in her upward climb when Metro-Goldwyn borrowed her for the leading female rôle opposite Lon Chaney, in "West of Zanzibar." It is true that Mary Nolan received substan- tial assistance from Herbert Brenon when encouragement was sorely needed, but you will find that real grit always makes friends—eventually, if not at the beginning.

Anita Page is another young woman who started with a handicap and came out a winner. Miss Page was a dancer in New York who was seen by Harry K. Thaw at the time he was ready to embark upon another of his ventures, this time a motion-picture company. With some other girls, she was taken by him to Hollywood, where, after innumerable delays, it was discovered that there wouldn’t be any producing company backed by Thaw after all.

Not only that, but Anita soon discovered that coming out to Hollywood, under the circumstances she did, was a greater handicap than coming out alone. Nevertheless, instead of going back home, she set herself to make the rounds of the studios, and continued trudging, in the face of an unbroken chain of refusals, until Malcolm St. Clair, the director, saw possibilities in her. He couldn’t use her himself, but he sent her to Sam Wood, who agreed with St. Clair, and put her in the William Haines picture, "Telling the World."

For three years Jimmy Murray, after he had come out here, was an extra. During this time he had been given so many tests that he began to hate them viciously. Nothing ever came of them. An extra he remained, and it seemed so definite that there was no future for him, that he decided to quit. As a last, dramatic gesture, he determined to walk out of the movies, through the door of the executive office.

As he struttered through the main office at the close of the day’s work, he was seen by King Vidor, who then looked for some one to play the hero in the "Crowd." He was impressed by Murray’s appearance and called him to work, and put him through some actual scenes of the play with Eleanor Boardman. It was Murray’s big chance, and this time he made good.

We have recorded six cases of runners in the Hollywood obstacle race who have won out. The winners will always be those who have the courage to keep on going, when the going seems more difficult than one can stand.
The Fatal Number Three
Continued from page 25

an automobile. Paralyzed in both legs, and almost totally blind, he never again regained consciousness.

It was a shocking and unexpected end of a career that was beginning to promise bright things, for his work with Norma Talmadge, in "The Woman Disputed," had already established him in Hollywood.

George Beban's death was equally unexpected and shocking. About a week previous, he had entertained all Hollywood at a housewarming for his new beach home.

On a Sunday morning he was horseback riding through the canyons of the Santa Monica hills, when he was thrown. At first, Hollywood did not realize the seriousness of his injuries. The newspapers carried a small notice that Beban had been slightly hurt, but was expected to be up and about shortly. George Beban's next publicity was in headlines. He was dead.

It was then that Hollywood held its breath, and wondered if the fatal three were to visit the colony again.

"The death of one actor is followed by two others." There were Beban and Kent.

Larry Semon was the third.

Larry Semon had been a leading funster and wit of Hollywood for years. He was one of the first star comedians of the screen. Some time ago he was one of the most prosperous and influential. But the same Hollywood that had given Larry fame, licked him and caused, indifferently, his death.

When the old Vitagraph company, of which he had been a star, was taken over by Warner Brothers, he was so sure of himself that he bought his own studio, and financed his own pictures with personal capital. Very few actors have been successful in that field. Larry was no exception. His pictures failed, and as a result he lost a great deal of money.

He worried greatly over his finances. He was heartbroken when forced into bankruptcy. He brooded continually over his troubles, until it brought on a nervous breakdown. Thanks to Tom Mix and a few loyal friends, Larry was sent away to rest and recuperate. Kindness might have accomplished its ends, if pneumonia had not set in. Larry was in too weakened a condition to fight off the fatal illness. Unconscious for three days, nursed in the arms of his faithful little wife, Dorothy Dwan, he died one morning.

Illness or accident. Accident or illness. The cycle of three takes its fatal toll of Hollywood!
The Temperamental Dumb

The Temptamental Dumb
Continued from page 90

After half an hour, or more, of assorted attempts to get the animals to make a noise, the director went on with other scenes and left a camera man, with orders to crank the instant the nearest mule opened its mouth.

The hot afternoon slowly passed. Toward sunset, a cowboy strolled by with a pail of barleys for his horse. The mules let out brays that could be heard a mile away. The camera man was so surprised that he missed half the concert, but, being resourceful, he got another pail of barley and ground out the scene.

Buster Keaton procured the services of Chicago for his picture, “The Camera Man.” But he did not suffer as Harold Lloyd did with the same monkey several years ago. For Chicago is an old hand at pictures now.

The Italian owner drove the Lloyd company with Ed, to the incessant “Chicago! Chicago!” When he wanted the monkey to cry, he would weep vociferously himself, and if the director desired the animal to pull coverings from a bed, the Italian would do it over and over again, all the time yelling “Chicago!” As they boarded the boat, the frightened owner screamed: “Chicago, the boat she bend!”

Once they nearly lost the precious monkey. They were on board the boat off Catalina, a long rope connecting them with shore. Chicago became venturesome, and walked the rope to play on the beach; she was having a wonderful time, when the crowd began to pick at her. Chattering and screaming, she tried to get away, but they pursued her. Bedeviled beyond endurance, she rushed out into the ocean and lay down flat, with arms outstretched, prepared to die. Fortunately for her, at this point one of the company swam to shore and rescued her.

Akka, the one-thousand-dollars-a-week chimpanzee, is so full of temperament that he won’t work unless the leading lady will permit him to kiss her. Jane Winton, who played with the ape in “The Monkey Talks,” and Pat Avery, who did the same in another film, declare this is the hardest thing they were ever called upon to do.

Kissing an ape, according to Jacqueline Logan, would be a mere pastime compared to working with some of the jungle beasts picked for her to daily with in “The King of Kings.” There were Olga and Ekk, the Bengal leopard twins, and the four ferocious zebras who pulled her chariot. No amount of training or taming would subdue the latter; they bit and kicked while being harnessed, and once the fair Magdalene was safely ensconced in the chariot, they ran away, the vehicle, with its expensive occupant, careening after them.

As for the leopards, Olga is a soft, sweet, sleek creature, who purrs gently under Jacqueline’s caresses. It was arranged that Olga should play in all the long shots with the human actors, while the meeker Ekk revealed in close-ups of snarls.

One day Ekky ran away from his trainer, and hid in a hole under the artificial hill on which the home of Mary of Bethany was built. For hours the company was tormented by the leopard’s brief appearances to snarl his worst snarl, always cautiously retreating before his trainer could capture him. Toward evening he made a sudden break for freedom —dashing ferociously around the set, sending actors, assistant directors, camera men, and technicians scurrying. Then he made a wild leap for the top of the hill and landed, raging and spitting.

The scene was thus set for the hero, who appeared in the person of the art director. He had not been at the studio all day but, arriving at the psychological moment, took in the situation at one masterful glance. He seized a ladder, climbed to the top of the hill, grasped Ekk by the back of his neck, snatched a collar on him and led him triumphantly to his owner.

“Great Scott, you showed some nerve beardng Ekk like that!” cried one of the admiring throng.

The hero turned white and gasped: “Ekk? Was that Ekk? Gosh, I thought it was Olga!”

Rin-Tin-Tin feels that he is entitled to a bit of temperament, after all the years that he has worked, and the pictures he has made. Recently, when he and his master, Lee Duncan, were away on location near Victoria, California, with a Warner company, Duncan gave the dog some water in an old earthen dish. “Rinty” sniffed contemptuously away. He had seen the actors drinking from canteens, and not until he was given one would he touch a drop of water.

So it is easy to imagine that Michael Curtiz and his assistants will be lucky if they don’t wind up in a padded cell, after the harried months spent in dealing with the assorted temperaments of every known variety of animal used in “Noah’s Ark”!
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A Girl Comes to Hollywood

Continued from page 108

"and my knees were slightly wobbly when they got me before the camera. I don't know exactly what we did. I think we did a little bit of our act. We didn't know we were supposed to act before the camera, so we just stood still and wise-cracked at one another, as we did on the stage. It would have been all right for a talkie, but for a silent test it was terrible.

"A couple of days later, they ran off the test for us, and it was worse than expected. It is an awful blow to see yourself on the screen, after you have imagined yourself there. Almost sank right through the floor. All I could think of was, that I wanted to get out of there without any one seeing me. When they flashed a close-up of me—that was the last straw. Some one snickered. I thought they were laughing at me, so I motioned to my brothers and we sneaked out the side door.

That snicker in the projection room had not been ridiculous. It had been a chuckle of mirth from the august producer himself. He realized that the kid had possibilities, and just when he was getting ready to say so, they discovered that the Quillans had beat it!

"A detective finally traced us," Eddie continued, peering himself on a desk. "For a minute I thought he was arresting me for being so rotten in the movies. I certainly was surprised when it turned out to be a contract."

At first everything went along pretty well at Sennett's. Eddie was funny. No two ways about that. People began to notice the kid who played goofy messenger boys, and nut kid-brothers. He became so good that he was promoted to stardom. But it was a stardom that never reached the public.

It was about that time that Eddie's papa took exception to some of the gags Eddie had to do. He thought they were vulgar, and he said so, loudly and lustily. This burned Sennett up, and he made use of a producer's revenge by working Eddie through six-seconders, and giving somebody else the star advertising.

"After that, things went from bad to worse for me on that lot," Eddie admitted. "I was just about ready to give up pictures, and go back on the road with my dad's act. When my original contract expired, I walked out.

"We were pretty green, and it never occurred to any of us that I might get a job at any other studio. I got out the old saxophone, and was all ready to set out on the Orpheum circuit, when Ray Barnett, a director for DeMille, advised me to come out there for a test in 'The Godless Girl.'"

"I was pretty glad, because I liked pictures. DeMille, himself, took a test of me for 'The Godless Girl,' and signed me before I left the lot that day. It was a great break for me. In the first place, the comedy in 'The Godless Girl' is just the sort of stuff I want to do. It's funny, and yet it doesn't offend. There are so many ways to get a clean laugh that it seems silly to gag the other kind. I guess the studio must feel about the same way I do about comedy, so they've signed me on a long contract. I've already done 'Show Folks,' with Lina Basquette, and now I'm making 'Geraldine,' with Marian Nixson. The next picture they have slated for me is called 'Noisy Neighbors,' and my whole family is going to be in the cast."

And maybe you think Eddie's papa isn't going to keep an eagle eye on the gags! Instead of louder and funnier laughs, they're going to be funnier and cleaner.

For Mr. Quillan's little boy Eddie is the pride of a clan that prides itself on wholesome fun.
Evelyn—As She Is
Continued from page 109

editions, rare prints, signed copies, all exemplifying understanding and discrimination. She likes biography. Samuel Hoffenstein's "Poe's in Praise of Practically Nothing," Lester Cohen's play "Oscar Wilde," and almost anything intelligently conceived and well done. Her abominations is the best-seller book, and her despair the fact that if she chances upon one by mistake, she reads it through, optimistic to the end, and is then roused to disgust and anger.

She would like to understand music, that she might enjoy it without being conscious of missing its real import, but has never had the opportunity. She admits to this without pretense, unaware that she might just as easily sigh, "Ah, Beethoven!" and be put down as a connoisseur. This candor is one of her ingratiating traits, making a paradox of her sophistication.

She is an arresting person, a vitally charming one, and herself—Evelyn Brent—without compromise or embellishment.

[Editor's Note.—Since this was written Miss Brent married Harry Edwards, a director.]

They Know Their Caviar
Continued from page 104

his career was followed by a succession of wise-cracking, humorous parts, with a lot of character beneath their buffoonery, who are Ed to the finger tips.

A few years ago I took Byron and Shelley seriously. That shows you the kind of a guy I was," He grinned. "Now they serve another purpose. They amuse me. I can burlesque them."

He believes firmly in the future of talking pictures.

"They satisfy one more sense. You go out in the morning, smell the fresh air; you are exhilarated. You see the flowers, the sunshine; you touch something beautiful. It is a combination which appeals to a few senses. Could you merely see the beauty of the morning, it would not have nearly as much meaning for you. Its message is rounded out by the other ways in which it speaks to you.

"So with pictures. When improvements eliminate the metallic sound, you will find your enjoyment of the talking films expanding, because they please the ear as well as the eye."

Lil's career also has done a hand-spring. She continues to contribute the vampy menace, with growing success, to films at all the studios.

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of household—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

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There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

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In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in ease of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive $2,500.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 in cash. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below, and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, 3222 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK,
but his uncle manufactured shoes, not collars. He soon realized that advancement in this work was an impossibility, so he passed in his resignation.

Leslie had been nursing a secret ambition to go on the stage. All his life he had been an actor—a bad actor. At the precocious age of twelve, he entered a kids' impersonating contest, as Charlie Chaplin. Imagine our surprise to see him stroll nonchalantly back with the laurels! This spark of ambition was fanned into a flame and one day Les did a cartwheel, threw a bandanna containing his other shirt over his shoulder, and ran away to New York.

In New York things happened. In less time than it takes to say John Barrymore, he was under the watchful eye and the protective wing of Stuart Walker. He received extensive training under this competent producer, and took part in many stock company presentations.

Then he was drawn to the glamour of Hollywood. Soon he was gesticulating on the stage in “Two Pals and a Girl.” This was followed by “Six Who Pass as the Lentils Boil.” Then came “The Goose Hangs High,” in which he achieved some notice, and attracted the attention of a few picture-producers. As a result, he was offered his choice of three contracts, one of which he signed with William Fox.

Leslie’s screen début was in “Hay-oc,” in which he played the rôle of a shell-shocked lieutenant who goes mad. He simulated insanity so well that he has been given many mad rôles ever since. He has a preference for tear wringers, or a tragic dénouement, as in “An American Tragedy.” Many persons proclaim him the leading character juveniles in Hollywood, and contend that he was born to play the rôle of Clyde Griffiths. Should the Dreiser opus ever find its way to the screen. Be that as it may, if he gets this much sought-after rôle, with the sigh-and-sound combination, it will virtually make him. He is very much interested in talking pictures, and is quite sure that in time they will supplant silent movies. He loves the theater, and his secret aspiration is to portray Hamlet. What audacity this is to his brother!

He receives innumerable letters from fans who ask, with evident annoyance, “Why don’t you play leading rôles? Aren’t you a marvelous actor?” He smiles at these.

Now for Leslie’s aversions and diversions. In the first place, he is particularly averse to remaking scenes. For, instance, in the shooting of “What Price Glory?” Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe were standing at the foot of a flight of stairs, down which Leslie and a couple of lieutenants descended. Leslie was muching an apple. When he arrived at the bottom step, Eddie took the apple, and also a couple of bites. Mr. McLaglen in turn snatched it from Eddie, and he too nibbled the core. Toward the completion of the scene, Eddie was supposed to stride nonchalantly off, but having a tendency to chisel—the vernacular for scene-stealing—he approached the camera first, and then went out.

The shot had been taken exactly nine times, and they had consumed an equal number of apples. The director was in a paroxysm of rage, the air blue with malodictions. Then he ordered every one off the set, and the scene was finally achieved as he wished it. Needless to say, the apples were never counted, and after all, the shot went to the cutting room and never came out.

Leslie’s diversions consist of swimming, sailing—when he gets a chance—and literature. For a literary diet he absorbs Shakespeare, Keats, and the Russian novelists—Tolstoy, Turgeniev, and Dostoevski. He also dips into the works of contemporary writers. An egoist, a freethinker, a lover of books, an agnostic, a philanthropist and a philogist.

As to his affaires d’amour, there have been many. He is a Bluebeard in that he has the heads of his loves adorning the walls of his rooms, but in portraits only. All are ships that passed in the night and not silently, but with a protesting murmur and a gurgle! There were Winifred and Clara and Dot and Virginia and Maria and Alice, and so on, indifferently. A new love always succeeds the old. He has been rumored engaged a number of times, but without confirmation. Perhaps he travels faster who travels alone.

Hollywood High Lights

He was working abroad when he died rather suddenly in Sweden.

Greta collapsed on the set, when she got the news, and for a time it was considered doubtful whether she would undertake her contemplated Christmas trip to Europe. However, she finally decided to visit her homeland, from which she has been absent for all of three years.

Camilla, the Angelic.

Camilla Horn has a cheerful disposition, and as that particular kind of outlook helps greatly in the studio, she should be headed for all manner of success, especially as she is also very pretty and charming.

Camilla was doing a scene in an Alpine mountain setting with John Barrymore, during the making of the “King of the Mountains.” It was a storm-swept affair, with the wind machines going full blast, and the prop snow blowing about. The stalwart Barrymore was required to carry the lady down a mountain trail, when the tempest was at its height, and during one “take” of the scene, he lost his balance for a moment, and Miss Horn slipped off his arms onto the set in not too ceremonious a manner. “How did you like that scene?” a bystander asked her.

“Oh, yes, that was very nice,” she replied. “But I guess you didn’t like it when Mr. Barrymore dropped you on the floor?”

“Eh, yes, that was very nice, too,” Camilla ingeniously replied.

Whereupon the bystander stroked his chin, and moved on, doubtless ruminating over the wonders that the movies work in the heart of man.

Hart’s Voice Recorded

Bill Hart has had his voice tested. But not directly for the talkies.

Bill, on his trip East, made four phonograph records, and was paid a very neat price for his efforts.

Hart’s return to the screen is almost a certainty, on account of the sound-motion fever.
Above the serving table, which has delicate inlays of curly maple, hangs a broad mirror, its glass dim and its heavy gold-leaf frame dull and tarnished. This belonged to William Whipple, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. On a side table, an almost priceless piece of Chippendale, stand two lamps. Their base is of dark-blue Sandwich glass, a shade almost impossible to find to-day. On the sideboard are two Sheffield can- delabra, five-branched. The workmanship on these is delicate and intimate beyond description, and the copper foundation proves their authenticity.

To the left of the living room runs a small hallway. Opening off this is Mrs. Hatton's room. The motif here is yellow cupboards, upholstery and curly-maple furniture. The bed is a low four-poster, its counterpane a patchwork of yellow on white. The small, low rocking-chairs are upholstered in glazed chintz. The chest of drawers, the highboy and the night table are corresponding pieces of Sheraton, with graceful, fluted legs.

Along the little hall, past the bath, which has chintz curtains and a matching valance around the wash-basin, we come to Mr. Hatton's room. This is done in mahogany. The four-poster bed is high and massive, a dark, woven counterpane on top and a ledge of two shallow steps alongside it. The chairs are deep and upholstered soberly. Against one wall is a bow-front chest of drawers, with heavy brass handles. On either side of the highboy hangs a small Chippendale mirror. By one of the windows is a Chippendale desk, with intricate compartments.

The entire effect of the Hatton home is of age and dignity and tranquil charm not easy of attainment in brash, young Hollywood.

All their pieces are "pedigreed," meaning that with purchase they have received authentic data about where each article came from, and who first bought it from what maker. To assemble a houseful of real early American furniture is a matter requiring infinite patience and labor, and exploration throughout the country. The Hattons will tell you the result is worth the effort, and looking at their home you are readily convinced.

If you happen to be on New England, and have an attic to which has been relegated the old pieces that were crowded out by importations from Grand Rapids, take a look around. Should you come across a butterfly table, a maple Field bed, or a curly-maple dressing table, notify Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton. These articles are now needed to complete their happiness and, at a moment's notice, they will probably be ready to take a plane to the darkest corners of Massachusetts, on the chance of finding them.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

I have deeply offended a young actor in a recent item in this department of Picture Play, in what I regarded as a thoroughly harmless and casual statement about him.

I am in receipt of a letter from the youth, taking it up with me at length, advancing logical arguments to prove that what I said was untrue, and closing with veiled invitations to personal combat!

I once issued such an invitation over the telephone, which to my dismay, was immediately and heartily accepted. My telephonic enemy proved to be of the heavyweight class, battle-scarred and a veteran of several wars, whose demeanor completely belied his timid voice.

This item is by way of attempting to soothe the young man for his ruffled feelings, and at the same time drop him a bit of advice, offered in the kindliest possible spirit, against such challenging of unseen foes.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

Stroller, you've been out of work, too—and other such figures in the studio world.

And what delights them most—lapses again into the quaint vernacular of the Writers' Club—is to put Mr. Lubitsch on the pan. Mr. Lubitsch is their one particular idol, topic of discussion and chief annoyance.

"Oh, he's a good director, all right, but I'm not accusing him of anything, you understand, but I told that idea to a friend of mine and less than a week later I saw it in one of his. I have a wonderful story, just the sort of thing Lubitsch could do."

One of these lads sort of put the cap on the entire affair the other day. We were sitting in a projection room, looking at his picture, he being a director. In the darkness he clutched my arm. "Watch this next scene," he said. "It has one of those Lubitsch touches of mine."

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It appears that I have deeply offended a young actor in a recent item in this department of Picture Play, in what I regarded as a thoroughly harmless and casual statement about him.

I am in receipt of a letter from the youth, taking it up with me at length, advancing logical arguments to prove that what I said was untrue, and closing with veiled invitations to personal combat!

I once issued such an invitation over the telephone, which to my dismay, was immediately and heartily accepted. My telephonic enemy proved to be of the heavyweight class, battle-scarred and a veteran of several wars, whose demeanor completely belied his timid voice.

This item is by way of attempting to soothe the young man for his ruffled feelings, and at the same time drop him a bit of advice, offered in the kindliest possible spirit, against such challenging of unseen foes.
"Excess Baggage"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines at his best, in a role which shows his capacity for foolery. The story of a small-time jigger, whose wife goes into the movies. Capital performances also by Josephine Dunn, Ricardo Cortez, and Neely Edwards.

"Beggars of Life"—Paramount. Wallace Beery changes from the comic loot to something more serious and significant, in a homely potboiler of moral interest. Excellent acting on the part of Beery, Richard Arlen, and Louise Brooks. Distinguished direction and photography.

"Night Watch, The"—First National. Billie Dove not only looks dolled up, but reads sappy verse of a wife who has fallen into the vain of a French warship. Story concerns consequences of wife’s imprudence. Paul Lukas, Donald Reed, and Nicholaa Schaeffer.


"Our Dancing Daughters"—Metro-Goldwyn. Fluffy, lively tale of that imaginary wildness of the younger set, being safely contained within with Charlie Ruggles, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Nils Asther, Edward Nugent, and Anita Page, the hit of the show.

"Lonesome"—Universal. One of those stories whose strength lies in its simplicity. A frail girl of the island, lost on Coney Island, lose each other, and finally rediscover each other in the same rooming house. Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent.

"Fleet’s In, The"—Paramount. Clara Bow as "Peachy," a "hooch," in a dance hall, starts a riot in the navy in defense of her good name. Sphightly and amusing, not to be viewed critically. And a new comedian, Jack Oakie, vastly pleasing.

"Mating Call, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in post-war love story, with interesting undercurrent which places it above the ordinary. Fay Wray and Renée Adorée. First-class acting.

"Moral of the Marines"—Paramount. Richard Dix in a dull picture, with Ruth Elder. "Michael Moran" joins the marines and is court-martialed for kissing the general’s daughter, but is pardoned for saving her from Chinese bandits. Yes, really.


"River Pirate, The"—Fox. "Sailor Frink," played by Victor McLaglen, goes up and down the river robbing warehouses and displaying his muscular prowess. "Sandy," a young recruit, is blown all the way into subscribing to the influence of a good woman. Effective, particularly to those who have not seen too many under-world films lately. Nick Stuart and Lois Moran are the young people.

"Oh Kay"—First National. Colleen Moore in a cream-puff story based on the successful Broadway musical "Oh Kay!" runs away from an unwelcome marriage and, picked up by run runners, is soon in the midst of complications on Long Island. Rex Jackson, right out of the arms of his snobbish fiancée. Cast includes Lawrence Gray, Alan Hale, Ford Sterling, and Julannne Johnston.

"Heart to Heart"—First National. Thoroughly pleasant little picture, with characterization more important than plot. A princess visits her old home in Ohio and falls under the influence of various amusements, among other amusing things. Plenty chances to laugh. Mary Astor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, and Lucien Littlefield.

"State Street Sadie"—Warner. Fair melodrama of the underworld, with machine guns and "gats" popping, and a crook smarter than the police. Conrad Nagel, George Stone, and Myrna Loy are exploited, and William Russell contributes a gripping character study as the principal crook. Plenty of quick mannered dialog.

"Man-made Woman"—Pathé. Distinguished setting, good acting, and brilliant direction, all for trite story. Letalice Joy loves her husband, but being ailing he leaves her over a conventional mold, so has her fling. John Boles, H. B. Warner, and Sena Owen.

"Water Hole, The"—Paramount. The taming of a young man by Jack Holt, as a strong, silent lariat man of the outdoors, with Nancy Carroll as the girl. The hero "kidnaps" her, with her father’s consent, as the first step in the taming. Gene Autry.


"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of concocted little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.


"Abe’s Irish Rose"—Paramount. Good acting and sincere direction. No emotional thrills. Charles Rogers is good, as Abe. Nancy Carroll, perfect, as Rosemary, Jean Hersholt, Bernard Gorecy, and Ida Kramer.

"Glorious Betsy"—Warner. A nice picture, full of limning, lingering. Vitaphone dialogue is unpleasant, but Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel are charming and agreeable in their roles.

"Hangman’s House, The"—Commonplace story, with exceptionally beautiful atmosphere, a tribute to the skill and imagination of the director. June Collyer is charming as the heroine, but not an emotional one. Larry Kent, Victor McLaglen, and Earle Foxe.

"Ramona"—United Artists. Another beautifully scenic picture. Mild story, but not a real picture in title role. Warner Baxter is vital and Roland Drew proves languishingly romantic.

"End of St. Petersburgh, The"—No continuity of action or characterization. Excellent photography. Story is told in symbols. If you like this sort of Russian picture is as good as any.

"Dawn." Careful, impartial and reverent attempt to picture events culminating in the death of Eugene V. C Hathaway. Sybil Thorndike is restrainedly effective. Marie Ault, Micky Brantford, and Maurice Braddell give fine performances.

"I Loved the Mouse, The"—Warners. Old-fashioned story of a great, grasping capitalist. Vitaphone not very satisfactory in instances of May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr. Ake B. Franson, very effective. Also Lionel Barrymore.

"Fazil"—Fox. Expensive and beautiful production, but a hollow attempt to revive interest in the private life of a character in the "Fazil." Ralph Forbes does too little to suit most of us. Palm Beach setting, Lake Placid and Havana. Brandon Hurst is amusing as manager with an eye for a pretty girl. "The"—Paramount. Should be seen if you like these "gang" pictures. George Bancroft stands for the law instead of against it. Admirable work by Francis MacDonald, William Powell good. Leslie Fenton and Fred Kohler complete excellent cast.


"Red Dance, The"—Fox. Another story about the downtrodden Russian peasants, and the annihilation of those poor Romanoffs. Charles Farrell, as a grand duke, falls in love with Dolores del Rio, who is, of course, a girl of the people. Ends happily. Olga Badanova gives a distinctive performance. Dorothy Revier is a princess.

"The Cossacks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Story of "Lukashka," of a wild tribe of Cossacks who is selected by a noble. True to form, "Lukashka" abducts her on the eve of her marriage. John Gilbert attacks his role of "Lukashka" with gusto, and gives fine performance. Renée Adorée, Nils Asther, Mary Alden, and Dale Fuller are conspicuous.

"Wheel of Chance"—First National. Richard Barthelmess does some genuine acting, playing the dual role of twin brothers who were separated in Russia. Margaret Livingston is vivid and fascinating as the wicked lady. Outstanding part in the life of both brothers. Bodil Kinsel is sympathetic in her rôle.

"Big Killing, The"—Paramount. Last comedy starring the team of Beery and Hatton. Not quite as funny as predecessors, but you get satisfaction out of it. Maurice Ault, Micky Brantford, and Lane Chandler are good.
The Screen in Review
Continued from page 119

agonies and anguish of the heroine are but a dream. Pictures which use a dream to excuse melodramatic high jinks, leave nothing to talk about, or even remember. They depend more upon their wild improbability than any sincerity of purpose to put them over. They are usually chaptrap. "Marriage By Contract" is that. Yet, like many another specious article, it is not to be rejected at first glance, for it has movement and suspense. It is not suspense that grips the heart—it is curiosity about what can happen next. The heroine enters into a trial marriage with a young man, only to leave him and get a divorce. From then on she runs what might be called the gamut of husbands, ending, when she is middle-aged, with a gigolo who deserts her when she can no longer satisfy his monetary demands. Her suicide frustrated, she is taken in hand by the police when, in the midst of hysterics, she wakes and is restored to the young man who wanted her to marry him when her bad dream began.

Lawrence Gray and Raymond Keane are in the cast.

Only the Janitor's Boy.

Charles Rogers makes his début as a full-fledged star in "Varsity"—or rather one is asked to consider him a stellar body. But circumstances have conspired to make him a fledgling starlet, in spite of the effort made to send him soaring. For the picture remains close to the ground, and Mr. Rogers finds himself unable to do little to lift it from dulness. Though it is another college film, there is happily little of the rah-rah spirit, none of the well-known Alma Mater heroics and, best of all, there is not even a hint of that big game which must be won for dear, old Gaxton.

It is all about the frustrated love of the janitor of Princeton for his freshman son, the janitor's magnanimity in not making known his relation, and his eagerness to cover protectingly over the boy. It seems that drink brought the janitor to where he is, and it is from the "curse" that he wants to save his son. Mr. Rogers, as the son, has some boyish experiences with alcohol, thugs, and some money intrusted to him, and there is also a girl, Mary Brian, as well as some audible dialogue. It will hardly cause Lionel Barrymore to fly into a jealous rage, but will please those who are curious about Mr. Rogers' voice. Chester Conklin is the janitor, whose only duties at the university seem to be attaining proficiency in the art of tottering looking wistful and somehow suggest-

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10 WEST 33rd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Recalling a Forgotten Day.

The worst that can be said of "The Red Mark" is that it is old-fashioned, the best that it has a plot instead of a lot of padding, and that the acting is good. It depends on whether you like melodrama of "The Two Orphans" school, or prefer a more timely subject. However, it was directed by James Cruze, whose name bears close relation to some of the most notable films ever made. So there you are.

The locale is a penal settlement in the South Seas, where criminals are sent from France to serve their sentences. The place is bossed by a despot who beheads those who rouse his displeasure. A bag known as Mother Caron has a beautiful niece who is demanded by De Nou, the governor, in marriage. But Rubi-Ri, a young pickpocket, appears on the scene and wins her love. In the conflict that arises between the pickpocket and the governor, Rubi-Ri is sentenced to death. But just as the guillotine is about to fall, De Nou sees the circle of red on the boy's neck which proclaims him the governor's son. Don't worry—it ends happily.

Now, all this in the telling is so much hash, I admit, but the visualization has suspense, charm, and even beauty. The latter qualities are embodied in Nino Quarato, who makes her début entirely to my satisfaction, and such veterans as Rose Dione, Gustav von Seyffertitz, and Gaston Glass make the most of generous opportunities. Differ with me if you will, but I like "The Red Mark."

Let's Be Devilish!

"Dry Martini" is about Americans on the loose in Paris, but with none of the excitement that is supposed to be inseparable with a good time. A self-indulgent father, given to cocktails and women, is visited by his daughter who he supposes is an innocent tourist, eager to see the conventional sights. But daughter is really more modern than he, for she encourages a profligate artist to elope with her. She is rescued in the nick of time by her father and sent home, while he remains to enjoy himself unhampered. This is frail stuff on the screen, though the book from which it was taken was not without satiric values. The direction is skillful and the acting good, but the material is too scatty to bear the stretching necessary to make it a program feature. Albert Gran, as the father, is amusing and true to type, and Mary Astor is a lovely daughter. Matt Moore, Jocelyn Lee, Sally Eilers, Hugh Trevor, and Albert Conti are other laborers in a cause that just misses success.

A Jazz Cinderella.

Another of the younger sets has achieved premature stardom—Alice White. Impudently provocative, she has made her presence felt in secondary roles as an amusing soubrette, but it is asking too much of her to sustain the burden of a starring picture, even when the film in question is as inconsequential as "Show Girl." She is as lively and saucy as ever, but is deficient in the sympathy and charm necessary to put over a leading role. True, Dixie Dugan, the wise-cracking little nobody who becomes a success in musical comedy, through gold-digging and sundry sharp tactics, is not exactly a charming character. Back of the prancing in abbreviated costumes, as Dixie progresses up the ladder, is supposed to lie a revelation of how the tabloid newspapers distort trifles to make headlines, and pander to a gullible public. But the satire is safely submerged in this taffy, a jazz Cinderella. Charles Delaney, Donald Reed, Gwen Lee, Kate Price, and Jimmie Finlayson supply expert props for the star's needed support.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

She is making pictures for Metro-Goldwyn now. She used to be a gorgeous brunette, but they made her go blonde for a part in 'Broadway Melody,' and it was so becoming that she will probably have to stay a blonde. Mary Nolan is the girl who played with Norman Kerry in 'The Foreign Legion.' She is to play opposite John Gilbert in 'Thirst,' so she must be good. The part was intended for Joan Crawford, but Joan couldn't finish 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' in time to work in Jack's picture. Every director on the lot wants Joan. Regardless of the role, it appears that Joan is just the right person to play it.

"I am taking any and all bets that Marian Nixon will be the most-sought-after young leading woman in town, after the talking sequences of 'Geraldine' are heard. Marian is delightful in the silent version, but when you hear her voice you will be thrilled. Several girls in pictures have good voices, but Marian's has a youthful quality, and a sort of hushed, vibrant depth which is tremendously appealing."

"I'd love to know how Dick Barthelmess is getting on with the sound sequences in 'Weary River.' He used to get terribly self-conscious when he had to go through the motions of singing in a silent picture. So what do you suppose he'll do when he has to sing before the radio in 'Weary River'? If it were done in color photography, I bet you could see him blush."

"Betty Compson is playing opposite Dick again. And Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are together again in 'Children of the Ritz.' First National is once more the home of costarring teams. Dorothy gets a lot of amusement out of being cast as a daughter of the idle rich. She insists it is a real test of her acting ability. Dorothy never tries to hide the fact that she knew poverty in her childhood days.

"There's another player with First National, now, that I have been cheer leader for, for years. That's Laska Winter. She is in 'Seven Footprints to Satan.' I'm glad the producers are beginning to appreciate her."

"I suppose 'Seven Footprints to Satan' is another mystery play. Practically every studio is making two or three of them. Shots are ringing out in the dark in reel after reel, and almost any of your favorite players is apt to be killed off in the first part of a picture. Lila Lee is making a thrilling mystery called 'The Black Pearl,' but thank goodness, she isn't the one to get killed in it."

"S. S. Van Dine is to appear in 'The Canary Murder Case' which Paramount is making. That will be a relief to his nine million or more readers. His identity has always been kept a mystery until recently. And if you dare to say, 'Perhaps he is Lon Chaney,' I'll shoot you, and there will be another murder mystery which, when solved, would surely result in an acquittal."

Autosuggestion

By Blaine C. Bigler

When I go to the movies

With plain Matilda Brill,
I sit there in the darkness
And thrill—and thrill—and thrill!

For though Matilda's homely,
And though the picture's bad,
I sit there close beside her;
My poor heart beats like mad!

It's dark; I can't see Tillie,
Her face, and silly looks;
I use imagination,
And think she's Louise Brooks!
there is a Charles Rogers fans Club, with headquarters with Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas.

M. E. Robinson—I believe Rod La Rocque was the only Cecil DeMille star under personal contract to DeMille, so his "personal staff" consists of the more technical workers. Rod is now making a United Artists film, though I don't doubt he will be with DeMille.

Miss Lansing—Can it be that you're a beauty-contest winner? With that signature! Ricardo Cortez has been making Tiffany-Stahl films lately, but I can't what it means. I will call at that studio the time this gets into print. Send your twenty-five cents in stamps or money order. Ricardo is twenty-nine and is six feet one. Molly weighs Heaven knows how much. You just must not read all her strenuous dieting in trying to reduce, until she finally had five pounds of flesh removed from her hip. Robert Vaughn was born June 27, 1908. She is five feet one and weighs one hundred. Collene Moore was born April 19, 1902. Five feet three; weight, one hundred and ten. Leatrice Joy was born in 1897—she doesn't say what date. She is five feet three and weighs about one hundred and twenty-five. No, don't know of any players with birthdays on January 25th.

A James Half Moon—Thank you very much for your information, which I shall keep on file. Indeed, Estelle Taylor is not related to George Tunney, but it's the wife of his former ring rival, Jack Dempsey. Jack Duffy is forty-nine. The Unique Movie Club has headquarters with Martin Gold, 2380 Wilshire, West Hollywood, Massachusetts. I always understood that Mary's curls were real, but I wouldn't know about that!

A Conway Tearl Carroll—Should think he would do your heart good, as the old saying goes—and Conway's as well to read over The Oracle this month end see all the attention Mr. Tearle is getting. No, Mr. He can't disagree with you about Richard Dix. He is one of the most "regular guys" on the screen. As to stars' birthdays, the public departments of their films wish it personally. In sending out biographies, give the city nearest to where the star was born, if he was not actually born in a city.

Addresses of Players


Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Paul, Laura La Plante, Marion Nixon, Art Avard, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Evelyn Claire, William Desmond, Edmund Cobb, Jack Dempsey, Raymond Keane, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.


André Farsi, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Olive Borden, Leila Hyams, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Frankie Darro, Buzz Barton, Tom Tim, Martha Slepper, at the P. B. O., 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Bill Costello, Buddy Roosevelt, Walter Miller, at the Associated Studios, Mission Road, Hollywood, California.


Robert Fraser, 6536 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patty Ruth Miller, 838 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6537 La Mirada, Hollywood, California.

François Regier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6912 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Cooper, 675 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Harold Lloyd, 6610 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna Roosevelt, 1180 Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Pringle, 2828 Doris Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Hardison, 1735 Hidland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 961 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 2122 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hiller, Tea Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore Wilkins, 17221 Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.


Betty Bryne, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5251 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat Maloney, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Gordon Guinn, 1323 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roworth, 223 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gibbs Meloney, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lottel, P. O. Box 255, Hollywood, California.


Ben Lyon, 1640 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

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You will find good short stories in all the January issues of Love Story Magazine—at least six and sometimes eight or nine. Then there are always two serials—three, four, and six-part stories. New serials on the way by Ruby M. Ayres, Vivian Grey and Evelyn Frankish Stroh

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What the Fans Think

(Continued from page 13)

interested in Mr. Dix write to Paramount, pleading for better roles for little girls so he can show his versatility.

E. C.
Chicago, Illinois.

Valentino Article “All Wet”

I think the article A. L. Woddridge wrote, concerning Valentino in a “borrowed tomb,” is “all wet.” I was thoroughly disgusted with that article, and who could blame him? Imagine any one suggesting to the fans, because they won’t subscribe to a fund to be used for a vault for Rudy! I always admired Valentino and enjoyed his pictures, but I wouldn’t give fifteen cents toward his burial. Why don’t his relatives bury him? Why don’t they use his own money for that purpose? Why don’t they bury him in an ordinary way? Give the empty shell of his departed soul a rest! Why all this fuss about raising funds for the dead, anyway? Why not raise funds for a better cause—for the living? There are many fallen stars, who at one time held the love and admiration of the people. I believe in helping the living; the dead are past mortal sorrow.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

307 East State Street,
Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

Welcome Competition.

After reading Patricia Leigh’s letter announcing the Vitaphone, I feel that I must say a good word for it. I believe that the Vitaphone has done more for the public than all of the silent pictures ever did. It is very pleasant to see a silent picture for a rest, only to find that your neighbor delights in whispering, laughing, and reading the titles aloud. If that picture is a Vitaphone, one has to listen carefully. In other words, Vitaphone pictures are refining the public. If one is a true fan, he will be delighted to hear his favorite actor and actress talk. Miss Leigh can find, no doubt, many theaters that show silent pictures yet. I would like nothing better than to see a Vitaphone picture with Creighton Hale in it. Last summer I had the pleasure of talking to him and taking his picture. Where are all the Creighton Hale fans? Let’s hear from them.

IRENE HERNIT.

Box 114, Whittier, California.

He Who Gets Slapped.

I quite agree with “Sister Clara,” who wrote a dandy letter in the September issue regarding the interviewer, Malcolm H. Oettinger. In one interview he shows Pola up as much as he possibly can. He tries with all his might to snatch her admirers away by sayingatty things about her. Yes, surely! A man tearing a woman to pieces. And some fans call him clever! Then he listens to John Gilbert rave about Greta Garbo, and goes to interview her, and quite naturally thinks she is marvelous.

And does Greta pose? And is affected? Why, Pola can’t hold a candle to Greta for the ritzyness. Every interview has it, “How I long for the snow!” It’s too bad somebody wouldn’t park her in a snowstorm and let her rave on. I get a hunch that the out of town press is after Greta Garbo! I wonder if any one ever saw a picture of her when she first landed in America? It is all of looking alluring and fascinating, she looked like a farmer. The picture was in a movie magazine.

A VANCOUR FAN.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF Marvelous New Discovery for

Gray Hair

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Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

Welcome Competition.

After reading Patricia Leigh’s letter announcing the Vitaphone, I feel that I must say a good word for it. I believe that the Vitaphone has done more for the public than all of the silent pictures ever did. It is very pleasant to see a silent picture for a rest, only to find that your neighbor delights in whispering, laughing, and reading the titles aloud. If that picture is a Vitaphone, one has to listen carefully. In other words, Vitaphone pictures are refining the public. If one is a true fan, he will be delighted to hear his favorite actor and actress talk. Miss Leigh can find, no doubt, many theaters that show silent pictures yet. I would like nothing better than to see a Vitaphone picture with Creighton Hale in it. Last summer I had the pleasure of talking to him and taking his picture. Where are all the Creighton Hale fans? Let’s hear from them.

IRENE HERNIT.

Box 114, Whittier, California.

He Who Gets Slapped.

I quite agree with “Sister Clara,” who wrote a dandy letter in the September issue regarding the interviewer, Malcolm H. Oettinger. In one interview he shows Pola up as much as he possibly can. He tries with all his might to snatch her admirers away by sayingatty things about her. Yes, surely! A man tearing a woman to pieces. And some fans call him clever! Then he listens to John Gilbert rave about Greta Garbo, and goes to interview her, and quite naturally thinks she is marvelous.

And does Greta pose? And is affected? Why, Pola can’t hold a candle to Greta for the ritzyness. Every interview has it, “How I long for the snow!” It’s too bad somebody wouldn’t park her in a snowstorm and let her rave on. I get a hunch that the out of town press is after Greta Garbo! I wonder if any one ever saw a picture of her when she first landed in America? It is all of looking alluring and fascinating, she looked like a farmer. The picture was in a movie magazine.

A VANCOUR FAN.
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