Talking with a friend is nothing else than thinking aloud.

—ADDISON
Lupe Velez
Mentalities of Hollywood Beauties
The usual things

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the world today without some of the things that make our living in it so pleasant and comfortable. How naturally we lift the telephone receiver, step into an automobile, and look for the news of the world in the newspaper and magazine—every day of our lives.

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Dances staged by Seymour Felix
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FOX
Picture Play

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
MOROCCO

Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticate, man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

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One of many superb aerial shots in “Hell’s Angels.”
ANGELS

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“Stupendous and Fearsome—It Amazes!”  Detroit Free Press

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Jean Harlow and Ben Lyon who supply the love-interest in “Hell’s Angels.”
What the Fans Think

Watch Robert Montgomery!

It was a memorable day for me when I saw "Three Live Ghosts," for there on the screen was revealed to me a young, good-looking, dark-haired man who was to relegate such favorites as Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, and Dick Arlen to the background. There was not only a charming and handsome fellow, but a real actor!

Oh, I knew then that he wasn't just another leading man. There was something about the subtle laughter in his eyes and his delicious, heart-warming smile that was different. Next time I saw him was in "So This Is College," a mediocre picture, except for him. My belief was justified. There he was, the personification of flippant, wisecracking youth at its most amusing, an utterly different type of rôle from his in "Three Live Ghosts." There followed "Their Own Desire" and "The Divorcee."

I have watched the rise of Robert Montgomery from his first film venture, and I knew from that first glimpse that he would be a success. I say this with all sincerity, and not because thousands of other girls have now recognized his charm and are flooding the information columns of the movie magazines with questions as to his origin and present state of existence.

I liked him from the first minute I saw him. It didn't matter then or now whether he was married or divorced eight times, or whether he was surrounded with those legends which are supposedly indispensable to the standing of a real movie star. No amount of ridiculous rumors—and there haven't been any, anyway—could make Robert Montgomery less an actor than he is already. I know he must be a marvelous fellow, and I know, also, that he will go even farther in the movies than he already has. I think he should be liked as a leading man, for he is about the only one in that class that can act, with the possible exception of Gary Cooper, who could not be classed as a leading man, anyway, as he is truly a star in his own right.

Put Robert Montgomery in any rôle, and he can toss it off with the greatest ease. Catch Buddy Rogers playing anything but sweet young things, or Dick Arlen anything but one hundred per cent American youths. Robert Montgomery can play the good or bad boy with equal finesse. All of which merely proves my point—that he is a godsend in the realms of leading men!

New York City.

Anne.

The Extras Are for Gilbert.

My! my! Marie Price, what is your authority for your criticism of John Gilbert? Because you happened to view the filming of a few scenes of "Way for a Sailor" at Los Angeles harbor recently?

Please, I beg you, do you believe that sufficient to make you an able or just critic? Fair play, uh? And you saying unkind things about John Gilbert. I am sorry, Marie Price, but you happen to be so very, very decidedly wrong. I know. I happen to be an extra girl, and have been working every day for two months throughout the entire filming of "Way for a Sailor." I should be in a better position to judge than you, because of this close association, and I say this—and the rest of the cast are with me—John Gilbert is decidedly liked by us extras. He is not conceited, nor possessed of a superiority complex. He is regular, greets every one, irrespective of importance, when coming to work in the morning. Is a sincere and hard worker—and really acts.

I was at the preview of "Way for a Sailor." Both before and after the film the audience enthusiastically applauded for John Gilbert. This picture is bound to be excellent, and both Gilbert and his voice are highly satisfactory.

Here's to John Gilbert, the actor and the man. Extras are a jealous, begrudging lot; but all in his company genuinely hoped for John Gilbert's big comeback and success. You see, he won our true affection—he's a swell guy, that's why!

Rachael Edlund.

El Nido Hotel, Hollywood, California.

High Kicking Versus Art.

Virginia Burns's letter in September Picture Play was bound to result in an avalanche of protesting letters. Here's mine, but not directed particularly against Miss Burns, for her letter is just another example of the attitude of some fans.

There are two kinds of film players—entertainers and actors. No comparison can be made between the two, and none is necessary, for both types are needed on the screen. With one or two exceptions, the favorites of Miss Burns come in the entertainer class, and because she happens to prefer this kind, is there any need to denounce Greta Garbo as conceited, and to say she is neither beautiful nor talented, because Garbo is, primarily, an actress?

[Continued on page 10]
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!

Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth!

Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty.

Old times, rich with remembrance...mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

If your choice is a pretty face, a good figure, a woman who looks like you—a favorite star registering this or that—then there is Anita Page. But if you want to see a real actress, a player sink her own individuality and actually be the part, then Garbo is needed.

No, Greta Garbo is not cute, and if by "talent" Miss Burns means the ability to work in any sort of a film, then Garbo is not congenitally skilled. But she is an actress, a superb actress, and, as such, nothing more should be demanded of her.

And why don’t more fans write about Dorothy Mackaill, who is good-looking, a sincere and capable actress, an excellent dancer, and has a really fascinating voice? She’s worth a thousand little cuties that are slammed and defended with all the enthusiasm in the world, and yet only one letter in a hundred mentions her.

Doris Tree.


Some One to Pick on.

As an ardent reader of "What the Fans Think," it burns me up to read the rude letters about Alice White. I think Alice White is the most adorable actress I have ever seen, and I am so very, very angry about it. I have been looking for a long time for the star whom I might specially admire, and at last she is it.

If we pick on someone, why not try Rudy Vallee? He has no personality and is concited, I think. I was quite fond of his crowing when it was something new, but now I think it is becoming tiresome to me. The fact is that Rudy’s acting in “The Vagabond Lover.”

NAOMI BLANCHARD.

635 Orchard Parkway, Niagara Falls, New York.

Why Leave Garbo Out?

So Greta Garbo will not go down in screen history! “No Garbo, no history.” I am supposed to say. Leave out Greta, and what do we have left? In the space of the past five years! There is no more dominant personality in Hollywood to-day than Garbo. Certainly there is no woman in the screen world whose name can be ranked with hers.

They call Chaplin the great genius of screen actors. Misses Greta Garbo is a genius. Chatterton is a superb actress, true—or rather she is a clever vocalist. Sherarer is a fine technician and a real personality. I mention these two because at this moment they are more popular than any other feminine players seem to challenge the position held by Garbo. But neither of them is a genius. And if the name of an actress is to mean anything, that of a genius will hardly die so quickly.

In his article, “Will History Remember Them?” William H. McKegg has drawn his conclusions from a faulty thesis. He does not know what his criteria are to be. If he doesn’t know what is nothing if not the great American flapper, the most exploited type the screen has ever known. Whether Miss Bow doesn’t know what is happening among the screen immortals by reason of his own blindness. I shall try to prove, because it is not my purpose to debate her acting ability here.

But what does comprise screen fame, by what criteria are we to choose the names of those who will go down in screen history, and what, indeed, do we mean by screen history? These are questions that we must consider to-day. Consider when he drew up his list, and without considering them you can reach no valid conclusions. You cannot dismiss a picture because the whole picture by crying that some day every other film is better than that the screen and the stage are but pleasures of the moment. If that be true, why approach the problem at all?

To-day we are in the midst of the greatest fire of genius glows so warmly and so constantly as in Greta Garbo. Rather the history of the screen never be written than that the beauty of this fire be forgotten.

But perhaps Mr. McKegg was not thinking of such a history as this when he drew up his list of immortals. Let us suppose for the moment that he was referring to that oft-used but completely fallacious gauge of genius, popularity. In other words, what names will you and I, the fans of today, go to now, and from the movies thirty years in the future? But even under these conditions it seems to me that Mr. McKegg’s list is completely off balance. For if we will remember the names of the great as they are now, we will see this, each fan will think of his own past favorites, and he will think of them each, not as a type, but in some striking little detail of the part they played, the part they did that was different from the dozen worshippers at the idol’s feet. And will not the real fans recall every name which means so much to-day—Garbo, Swanson, Pickford, Shearer, Novarro, Arliss, Powell, and the lesser stars who were the less important figures—Crawford, Rogers, Dix, Gaynor; these and all the rest will be much, much more than mere names to us.

Theda Bara will do in the book of screen history as the first movie siren. But to place her above Garbo is blindness itself. Endowed by nature with seductive lips and the eyes of an enchantress, Garbo is called a siren of the screen by an audience whose most popular mental sport is placing actors and actresses in the order of bliss. Theda has played this in a sense true, yet actually nothing is farther from the truth.

Garbo not among the screen immortals?

What sorts of immortals are these, indeed?

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.

Media, Pennsylvania.

The Moving Finger Writees—

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has put over its annual bone-head stunt by choosing the ten greatest actors and actresses on the screen, and a very unjust thing it was, as there are many others who are entirely competent to do anything the honored ones have done on the screen. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, and Ruth Chatterton are all right, for they have a power that she has never displayed in a sense true, yet actually nothing is farther from the truth.

Why Leave Garbo Out?

Maurice Chevalier has only his usual smile. He is not a great actor. Lawrence Olivier, is one of the few who have this forceful personality which lacks the polished finesse and charm of Ramon Novarro, who is the greater, because he does not give himself away, and he is the most versatile and accomplished actor on the screen. The utmost care must be exercised in casting Mr. Tiberi, or he just couldn’t get by.

Con平原, he’s a cutie; whoever said she was an actress?

George Arliss gives us nothing but striking character studies of an old man. Well, he should, with all his years of experience, he should give us a character study of a young man, ah! that would be true art. Otis Skinner and Cyril Maude are just as good. Then there are Mr. Booth and Miss Hughes, Mr. Howard Hawks, Miss Ferrell, and Mr. Goodhart. Few equal, none surpass, Warner Baxter, Richard Barthelmess, and Neil Hamilton, any of whom is every bit as good as Hume Cronkhite. Let us not take his place any day in the kind of characterizations he does. Oh, it is ridiculous, a shame, and so discouraging to one who really can do complex characterizations.

G. V. H.

1500 Sullivan Street, Elmlia, New York.

Those Male Peroxide Blonds.

Since the columns of “What the Fans Think” are open to all kinds of criticism, may I ask the fans whether they really like peroxide on male hair?

My own opinion is that it is bad enough on feminine heads but it is a sin on males.

First came Phillips Holmes, in “The Devil’s Holiday,” with a halo intended to suggest youth and innocence. Next came Arliss, in “The Man Who Wasn’t There,” and more recently, Pickford, in “Coquette,” and now, Greta Garbo, in “Camille.”

And speaking of press agents, as “Long Shots” does, Gene Charteries might try his hand on Lew Ayres. He started with this actor, who knew what it was to be a real success. The hero in a gay dress will have his press agent make him if he continues in the good work. His last effort began: “When the world was started I was a toddlerling child of four.” Really, Mr. Ayres, is this cricket?

C. CARROLL.

Box 4271, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

C’mon, Tully! Be sweet.

Frank Tully! You horrid fellow! I do believe you have a jealous streak in you. I would love to tweak your nose. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself for condemning Mr. Rogers? Be sweet, now, and take it all back—for my sake. Will you? I shall feel much better if you will.

You know, Frank, Bud supports his family, so he has to hold his job. I think he is a much better judge of himself than the front-row, too. He is every bit as good as our Hollywood. And any Wray, our Hollywood, and it is a little bit. Anyhow, a cigarette is quite common nowadays, so don’t you think it is rather nice to be an individual who would be capable of smoking a cigarette that almost every one does? Surely it is.

Frank, you have got to hand it to Mr. Rogers that he has not “gone Hollywood.” He is a happy, clean gentleman, and I have often feared Hollywood would change him, but not our Buddy. He has the will power to go straight. He appears to be a fellow that one could have utmost confidence in.

If the “typical American boy” could be portrayed by any better-fitted actor than Charlie, I am afraid that he is long since dead. And for Charlie, I am sure he is a wholesome youth, sincerely in love with his best girl, in every film. I wonder if
he is like that in real life? It is hard to believe there could be one so nice, though. But maybe I am wrong. I hope so.

Doris Rendering.

180 Florence Street, Roslindale, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Accent Question Again.

I think an apology is due to the American fans for the ridiculous nonsense you have read and heard, especially Sir Alfred Knopf's speech! An English fan has had fear of being corrupted by American slang! Oh, excuse me while I laugh!

I wonder if Sir Alfred Knox has ever heard London cockney speak? Or the Yorkshire or Devonshire dialect? Not to mention an Irish, Welsh, or Scottish accent! Before he turns his attention to the "ravages" made in our language by American talkies, I'd like to ask him exactly how many of the films he has heard!

I presume that he wants Victor McLaglen or Eddie Lowe in "The Cock-eyed World," to call each other "My de-ah fellah!"

Really, I am ashamed to think that an English gentleman should have spoken about the English language, and let him ask himself if our own speech is so perfect that we can afford to find fault with other people's, and that he should do so far short in the pronunciation of words as they are spelled. If this is a time for criticism, let me say this, that it is only the talkies that have made the English pronunciation what it is. If we have to correct, let us begin on one word alone; that word is "can't." Oh, I know you should say "cannot," but why do we English say "can't"? Answer that, if you can!

So carry on, and give us natural talkies, with natural speech, and the real English audiences and fans are with you all the way, and here's an honest-to-goodness British "Bravo!" and an American "Rah! Rah!" to all the talkie stars—good, bad, and indifferent!

Sez you?

Sez I! "The Rooter."


Why Like Garbo?

Please, please, why do so many people admire Greta Garbo? What has she that's of interest to the American people? In my opinion, and in the opinion of others I know, there are so many more actresses who excel her in every way.

In September Picture Play I read a letter written by Virginia Burns, and I quite agree with her in everything she said. Greta Garbo is certainly not beautiful or cute, either. She is right when she says that Garbo is indifferent to a physical beauty like Nancy Carroll or Anita Page is foolish. They certainly do outclass Garbo.

To give Garbo a rest, why isn't Mary Pickford a star? She is a very good actress, and surely worthy of all the honors any one can give her—but perhaps to be a star is no longer an honor. How about it?

It's a mystery to me why Alice White doesn't get some attention. I wouldn't blame her. If all the people who criticize her could do half as well as she does, then perhaps they'd have something to say. If she doesn't wear too much bright flossy stuff and wore a black wig, would she have half the popularity she does now? No, you bet she wouldn't. Give the girl a chance. She's good.

Penny Casey.

Detroit, Michigan.

What the Fans Think

Buddy's Friend Speaks Up.

Perhaps one of the most ridiculous letters ever written to "What the Fans Think" was written by "B. M. K." How any one could so hastily jump at conclusions as has this initiated terrier concerning Buddy Rogers, I, indeed, almost beyond comprehension.

B. M. K. states that a girl friend of hers wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Rogers and received a letter back which she supposed to be the regulation reply saying that for a sum of money the actor's picture would be sent her. From this occurrence Miss K. draws the impression that Mr. Rogers is corrupted. Every month Buddy receives thousands of letters, and the note of B. M. K.'s friend was but one.

I am sure that I know Miss K.'s assertion that Buddy Rogers is corrupted to be utterly false and unfounded.

I have had the pleasure of meeting him twice; once in the theater and again quite recently—and both times he was unself-consciously charming, thoroughly unassuming, and altogether delightful, which is quite the opposite of corruption. I was greatly impressed in meeting Mr. Rogers enthusiastically received me, though our previous meeting had occurred fully two years ago and was but a matter of a moment's conversation. He remarked that he considered himself extremely fortunate in possessing so many loyal fans and expressed regret that he was unable to get in touch with them.

Charles Legrand.

Detroit, Michigan.

All This World Can Give.

I admire you, Juliette Brown, of Pennsylvania, for your faithfulness to Joan Crawford, and with you I come to her defense. I, too, am devoted to Joan, but without any reciprocation whatsoever may as well be placed in the highest ranks of a class of unfortunates.

Some few years ago, when Miss Crawford made her film debut in "The Understanding Heart," I took a fancy to her. Being only at the beginning of my teens, I felt and knew that I would grow up with and belong to her. To be exact, I have written twenty-eight letters to her, eagerly awaiting a reply after each one, but in vain. It really makes me blue every time I think of the false attempts I have made. Am I discouraged? No. I am only strengthened in my desire to grasp definitely what is a little beyond my reach.

It is only a fact that Joan is not pretty, is concealed, and unloved by the fans who have so greatly acknowledged her acting ability. It is untrue that it may be seen in "Our Blushing Brides" a rare jewel in the most perfect setting of loveliness, a type of beauty from which great masterpieces are created.

Fans are more intent on. Do not look to her external features as final. Her performances are marked with true realism, a remarkable talent not easily forgotten, and perhaps remembered, real mental, but tender and sympathetic. Look to her emotional character, her honesty and faithfulness, and there is revealed the most charming and delicate woman of this modern world we can possess.

Dorothy Fearnak.

830 Racine Street.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Give Arlen a Big Hand.

Don't you fans ever get tired of raving about Gary Cooper when Richard Arlen is doing just as good, and often better, work than Gary? Take "The Virginian." Cooper was the star, and he put over an extremely good performance, but Dick's name outranks his because the majority of people he received only secondary praise.

Dick isn't considered one of the big dramatic actors; he doesn't try to make a swell anything. He is a simple, vulnerable, half immortal, and yet he can express more feeling in a single gesture than most stars can in ten. But, apart from his acting, I think Dick Arlen would do the job for me, to the one decided man on the screen to-day.

No, Dick Arlen may not be the type women write home about, but neither do I'd rather have him for a pal than any of the famous profiles. Now, fans, isn't it about time we showed Dick we know what he is worth?

Thurms, British Columbia, Canada.

Beauty and Talent in Men.

Frank Tully, if you are too narrow and too jealous to admit, even to yourself, that it is possible for a young man to be unusually handsome and an actor of "thought-provoking" caliber as well, I feel sorry for you. Let us not play at a "silly schoolgirl," but a serious-minded young lady over twenty-one, whose admiration for Barry Norton is a mature appreciation. The man, as I see it, could probably consider Oscar Wilde's admiration of the art of Sarah Bernhardt a thing naive and silly, too, wouldn't you? I have read many letters written to Barry by "these silly schoolgirls," so I feel your inmost more than you could suspect.

If you think his profile that has made him famous, you are mistaken. I think Barry has a comparatively poor profile, although, to be sure, from the front he is really beautiful. It is hard to understand why one must look like Emil Jannings to be considered the "screen's greatest actor," I never did agree with that theory. Jannings was never the screen's greatest, but he had nothing to do with my opinion. I am attracted to handsomeness in men—naturally. But acting is acting, and beauty of features was little to do with it.

Since when is it so childishly to want to know people we admire? Shall we make friends with people with whom we have nothing in common? Why, isn't Barry a friend at its noblest. There are precious few of our sex-conscious, selfish American men capable of so fine a friendship with one of the opposite sex as the sophisticated young Argentinean. I never claimed to be excessively patriotic, so it won't disturb me a bit if I am taken to task for this statement.

This is evidently one of those persons who consider all people stupid and prejudiced, except those who happen to have the same predispositions and prejudices as yourself. How many you who criticized Lillian Gish whom I, too, happen to think is a poor actress.

Crocella Mullen.

6507 Santa Monica Boulevard.

Hollywood, California.

What Is a Fan Club?

A reader of Picture Play recently asked about the fan clubs. That's a large subject; it is too bad that he has not, as yet, received any information.

Let me explain. A fan club is officially organized in honor of some particular actor or actress, and anyone who by his enthusiasm has not, as yet, received any information.

Let me explain. A fan club is officially organized in honor of some particular actor or actress, and anyone who by his enthusiasm has
planned by the officers. Members correspond with each other and, by means of a club paper, keep constantly in touch with headquarters. A fan club, as a rule, has the personal interest and cooperation of its star thus honored. It is a pleasure for me to say that, as in our case, William Haines has been a most considerate honorary president, and the success of the "Metro-Goldwyn" fan club is due to his unfailing interest. It is difficult to give further details, since each club works as a separate body and does not operate in the same manner.

So you see, fans, it isn't so much of a mystery. We are not affiliated with the industry in any way. We're just out telling the world that Mr. Starbrite is a wow of an actor and that we're for him—strong! TILLIE S. KALUS. 829 Winnebago Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

They Know Their Noses.
"Tis odd what things men do, and yet methinks 'tis odd still that we should think them odd." This sums up my feelings when I write to the stars requesting photos, etc. et caetera. Here is one who is not interested in Barry Norton, "Eternal Idolizer," or Crocella, "eternal female lover"—you silly kids? There ought to be a law against this. Miss Mullen's eulogy of Barry's nostrils was the richest thing in Barry Norton, "Eternal Idolizer," or Crocella seconding the motion. FRANCIS TELLY. 20 New Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

Eternal Plea for Privacy.
I very recently saw Richard Barthelmess in "The Dawn Patrol." He is superb! The night I saw this film, the theater was packed for the first performance, and there was a waiting line a block long for the second. The house was literally packed for both performances, and it was having an extended run for five days, being held over the fifth day by popular request. That in itself was unusual for a small city, and proves how well he is received by the public. It is generally the longest run a picture has here. You can readily understand what a splendid portrayal it is when several magazines pick it as one of the six best pictures of the month.

Too, Mr. Barthelmess' rôle cannot in any honesty be called a starring one, judging by usual rôles of stars, which proves more credit to his acting ability, for he went out of his way to share his scenes with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton—and still it remained Dick's picture. This fact is an exclamation of admiration and sincerity about Mr. Barthelmess which makes each and every one of his scenes outstanding, notwithstanding the very excellent performances of Doug Fairbanks and Neil Hamilton.

Not long ago Dick was unjustly criticized because of the stand he took for privacy. I appreciate Mr. Barthelmess' views, and admire him for putting solitude to certain extent. Personally, I prefer privacy myself, as do many others, and we can appreciate his feelings. His request was to be left alone; why must this be a crime? For what private affairs? MARIE ANNE UMBERTHUM. Crivitz, Wisconsin.

What the Fans Think
paper talk. We get the same knocks about our horses, being in the race-horse business, and we get a good laugh from it. They say a knock is aboost, so let them all knock to their hearts' content. They say there are too many soldiers sending propaganda, knocking each nation, but no one paid any attention to it. They are all wasting their time or talking about a war, which will do them no good, for they will remain popular regardless. And I will bet my nickel against your horse that every man who wants to love to trade places with some of the stars.

Mrs. J. V. P. New Hotel Lincoln, Evansville, Indiana.

Daisy Tells Why.
I have just been reading Jean Haene-
gen's letter in which she says the audience giggled at some of the scenes in "Journey's End." The picture was shown here, I heard giggles, too. Perhaps the answer to this is given by "One Gilbertian" from East Brisbane, Australia, who says in his letter to "What the Fans Think": "It must be remembered that very few people can watch and listen to emotion in silence. I believe that most people are not very fond of words. When I hear people giggle in shows when there is nothing at all to laugh at, I put it down to plain hysteria, lack of self-control and will power. I think to myself: 'They really do not know any better. They really cannot help it.' Then I try not to listen to their silly giggles.

Daisy. Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

The Pace That Kills.
There was a time when my movie enthusiasm knew no bounds. I was often and impulsively to the stars and fan magazines, telling of my screen crushes. Then followed a very dignified period when being twenty-one was the most vital thing in life. But now, despite the new dignity, I must lay all else aside to speak openly to Metro-Goldwyn, and in no friendly voice. I am vexed.

If I can get pictures being allotted to Joan Crawford. What chance has her of ability and charm when cast in such juvenile entertainment as "Lustful Montana Moon," and "Our Blushing Brides?"

I don't think Miss Crawford has been given a fair break. M.-G.-M. has cashed in by presenting her as a dancing daughter, a modern maiden, a blushing bride. At this pace she will soon be scheduled for "The Funeral March," and it will be her death knell artistically.

Crawford should portray the Whistledecte--supposedly sweet-seaked ingenues. When the screen rights of "The Green Hat" were secured, I hoped Miss Crawford would do Iris Marx. M.-G.-M. let it be known at the suggestion of Joan in the rôle, yet it would have been an exquisite character portrayal for her. Garbo was splendid, but the one movie I saw Garbo, and it was "just another picture."

I should like to see Joan Crawford do something vital. M.-G.-M. should realize her dramatic worth and use her talents to that goal. A woman poised, graceful, alluring, exciting—surely an actress of emotional depth.

Unless something is done very soon, a brilliant career will be sacrificed and M.-G.-M. will be to blame.

JACK W. McELVEENY. Hackensack, Minnesota.

If you can keep your feet when stars around you Are slipping fast, and blaming it on "lack " If you don't let mad misplacing confound John, But keep your personality and pluck; If you can sing a sentimental solo Without grimmaces or a glassy stare; If you can read a message, simple and clear. Despite sheer beauty and a foreign air; If you can lend sense to a stupid story, Make a silk purse from the ear of a thistle; If you can wear the laurels of screen glory And never feel them tighten on your brow; If you are resolved that nothing shall besmirch A reputation both blameless and big; If you can be a true son of Mother Church And yet not a sanctimonious prig; If you have that health, both moral and physical, Which tells the true tale, alone commands, A sense of humor, whimsical, quizzical, Which always charms, but which never annoys. If you can make one forget the mundane things For a radiantly romantic hour; If you can be ranked among the un-crowned kings, Yet never abuse your potent power; If—and it's If with a capital I—you manage all this in a single run, (And you wouldn't know, because pigs might fly) You'll be a second Novarro, my son. MURIEL GRAHAM. Ingleholm, North Berwick, Scotland.

Is Realism the Point?
Rotten, terrible, awful—three-jectives fitting the latest attempts to screen naval life. First we had Clara Bow, in "The Fleet's In," then Ramon Novarro's "The Midshipman," Dorothy Mackaill's "Convoy," William Boyd's "Drive, Paradada," Karl Dane and John Barrymore's "Arthur's All at Sea," then came William Haines, in "Navy Blues." After such complete fizzle Paramount again put Clara Bow in the rôle of an un-crowned star. Nobody has any business with Clara Bow in these films.

"Men Without Women" was the closest to a real navy picture, but even that had very limited success. Men couldn't be shot from torpedo tubes at such a great depth without being crushed by the sea pressure.

"If I'm Gilbert is coming out in a naval picture. Ye gods! Won't the producers ever wake up and realize you can't put the Valientino type in a story of men?"

Every time a naval picture is released there is a hope that the film will give us a base rush to the theater in hopes of seeing a real picture, but to no avail. The same thing—hokum is the predominating trait. Can't we have one without it? "Hit the Deck," starring Jack Oakie, was just a good player wasted. Imagine, if you can, sailors doing ballet dancing. Yet the public ate it up, because it was true to the impression former naval pictures gave them.
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Gentlemen:
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Every cloud has a silver lining. And that means the return of Janet Gaynor to the Fox fold and her reunion with Charles Farrell, in "The Man Who Came Back." Neither star is at an advantage when away from the other, for they are perfectly matched as hero and heroine and their joint appearance in the new picture—the first of several—promises not only further enjoyment of their own particular charm, but a far more dramatic and realistic story than any of their previous ones.
Beauty Gets

Though Hollywood's stellar bodies are of their intellects. But now the minds of into four classifications—brilliant, intel article shows how they rate

By Samuel

his reigning favorite, dwelling on her charms and inherently sweet disposition, even though the player may that very day have thrown a sun arc at a luckless electrician, because he had the light shooting down upon her, instead of up at her, revealing her double chin and wrinkles. Your interrogator squirms a little, thanks you for the information, hems and haws a while, and finally blurts out, "Yes, but is she dumb?"

And when you get down to the business of analyzing and cataloguing the prominent women in pictures, it is amazing how few there are whose intellects stand up under the cold light of analysis. For the purpose of discussing them, we may divide them into four classes: brilliant, intelligent, clever, and shrewd.

Brilliant.

It is astounding how few actresses there are who can qualify for this class.

Constance Bennett, certainly. It isn't Constance's looks, nor her ability to wear clothes, nor her sophistication, nor her chic. It is Constance herself. She has all these qualities and, in addition, she has the faculty of cold analysis.

She labors under no delusions concerning herself, either as to her ability or her appearance. Asked what she understood by the phrase, "a brilliant person," Constance was the only one who could express her views, and who could also differentiate between the four classifications mentioned. "You speak," she said, "of a brilliant violinist, a brilliant actor, a brilliant student. A person may be brilliant in one line and stupid as a fool in others. How many of us could, by any stretch of the imagination, be called really brilliant in every sense?"

Without fear of contradiction by any one who knows her, I think I may say that Constance is brilliant. There are few subjects she cannot discuss, not only intelligently, but with sympathy and understanding. It is not book learning, but the poise and

Gloria Swanson is undeniably brilliant, but in her fight to maintain her position on the screen she has sacrificed her femininity.

I have just finished looking through some back numbers of Picture Play—always an interesting diversion. And, oddly enough, the stories that stick in my mind are those in which various heroes of the screen described their dream girls.

Their descriptions included looks, traits of character, companionship, adaptability, compatibility, this, that, and the other thing. The only item not touched upon was the matter of intellect. Apparently our heroes, like Tennyson, feel that beauty adorned is adorned the most, although Tennyson may have had a different meaning in mind when he composed that aphorism.

Yet on meeting a person outside the studios, the first thing he asks is, "What's she really like?" You describe
a Mental Test

constantly discussed, nothing is ever said famous beauties are analyzed and divided ligent, clever, and shrewd. This amazing as persons rather than stars.

Richard Mook

sophistication with which she meets situations—a girl of twenty-three or four moving through the social life and studio intrigues of Hollywood with the tact and diplomacy of a Madame de Staël.

Gloria Swanson, sprung from God knows what source, first attracted notice in the Mack Sennett bathing-girl comedies. On through her early days as a dramatic clotheshorse in DeMille spectacles, when critics and fans praised her beauty and kept charitably silent on the subject of her histrionics, Gloria set about making of herself in real life the sort of woman she portrays on the screen—a woman capable of wearing clothes as though they belonged to her, of meeting trying situations capably, of speaking grammatically, and of understanding each separate and distinct phase of her profession.

Out of the maelstrom of the years in which she has floundered as a star, sometimes at the top, sometimes perilously near the eddies and whirlpools that suck one under, she has emerged with brilliant understanding of people, human nature—and movies.

There is no phase of the industry upon which she has not made herself an authority, from selecting a story on through its production and editing. She supervises the cutting of every foot of her films.

What does it matter if, in her fight for supremacy, she has succeeded at the sacrifice of her femininity? For the Gloria of to-day is a cold, abrupt, and brusque creature who speaks with the warmth and loquacity of a bank president listening to a plea for a loan of half a million, unsecured. But of her brilliance there can be no doubt.

Aileen Pringle’s reputation for brilliance is founded upon nothing more substantial than a game of dominoes. Meeting Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, the conversation drifted to indoor sports, and Joe, the intellectual, avowed that nothing stimulated him quite so much as a good, exciting game of dominoes.

Ann Harding falls almost into the superintelligent group of stars.
but she cannot change her mentality, because the men who ask her for dates are her intellectual inferiors.

Scoff as you will, one of the most brilliant women in Hollywood is none other than the erstwhile “Follies” girl, Lilyan Tashman. Along with her poise and assurance, Lil has acquired a knowledge, not only of books, but of many other subjects on which she may safely be quoted.

You may laugh at her conceit, but at the same time it compels your admiration. Lilyan will sweep into a room filled with illustrious men and women with an air that fairly shrieks, “I am as well dressed—or better dressed—than any woman here, and I am infinitely more interesting than the majority of them. Now what the hell are you going to do about it?” And she will retain the center of attraction by sheer dominance of personality, despite all efforts to extinguish her.

Away from crowds, when she relaxes—to an extent—she is one of the most interesting and compelling conversationalists I know.

And there you have it. Out of an industry numbering thousands of women on its rosters, five can be called brilliant. I’ll be generous and say that I’ve overlooked one, and there are six.

Supply the name of the missing sixth to suit yourself.

Intelligent.

As Omar Khayyām sagely remarked, “A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true.” So it is with brilliance and intelligence—a hairbreadth division, possibly, but what a hair! For brilliance is simply superintelligence projected by that evanescent quality called personality, in a way that causes a woman to sparkle like a jewel. And intelligence is that flavoring sometimes found in a woman’s make-up known as common sense.

The number of women in pictures who display intelligence, not only in the handling of their careers, but in the conduct of their lives and affairs, is gratifying at a superficial glance, although it may be a little discouraging when considered in relation to the total number of women in the industry.

Mary Pickford is one of the most outstanding examples of intelligence. Hardly a brilliant conversation-

Sheer intelligence enabled Ruth Chatterton to make for herself a career on the screen more successful than she ever enjoyed on the stage.
alist, she has displayed an intelligence and insight in business matters that most men would envy. Possibly she has never made a study of the business of becoming a “lady” that Swanson has, but, where pictures are concerned, she is certainly Swanson’s peer. Her investments have been handled with the same acumen, and she is one of the few stars, men or women, who have profitably produced their own pictures.

Norma Shearer is another. She is one of the most intelligent women I have talked with, in Hollywood or elsewhere. There is no detail too small to merit her attention. In preparing for interviews she endeavors to find out beforehand as much as possible about the work and personality of the person coming to see her. She then considers how best to approach him to make a good impression.

Nor is her meticulous attention to details confined to that phase of her career most likely to be directly presented to the public. She seriously concerns herself with stories, casts, clothes, and habits.

Miss Shearer might accurately be termed a self-made star. She is a star simply because of her indomitable will power and perseverance. She has had no role that made her an overnight sensation; she is not a great beauty; and she is not the type of woman who would appeal to the taste of the mob. In addition, she had several physical disabilities to fight before she could become a popular favorite. Yet, through sheer intelligence, she has handled her career in a way that has created a decided demand for her services, and that has won her a very definite fan following.

Louise Fazenda’s knowledge of life and people gives her a quality of sympathetic intelligence second to none.

Constance Bennett is Mr. Mook’s first nomination for brilliance in Hollywood.

Ann Harding is still another who falls almost into the super-intelligent class. Recently, while praising her ability as a stage actress, I wrote somewhat disparagingly of her chances for success on the screen. Unfortunately I had just seen “Her Private Affair” previewed, before seeing “Paris Bound” and other pictures she has made. A fan wrote to me, “Look again, Mr. Mook, and see beneath that ‘destructive coiffure’ of which you so evidently disapprove, the fearlessness, tenderness, and intelligence in those eyes.” And the fan was right.

Since writing that article I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Harding and talking with her, and I have had conversations repeated to me in which she participated. All of it indicates a clear stratum of common sense. She is probably not known well enough to be called “the most popular woman in Hollywood,” but I doubt if there is a woman in town who is better liked, or more admired, among her own circle of acquaintances than Ann Harding.

She cares nothing for dress, and offscreen slouches around in clothes that are the despair of her modistes. Yet she has intelligence enough to know that clothes are a very necessary adjunct to success on the screen, and she buys gowns in the best possible taste for her pictures and wears them with an ease that many a clothes-horse might envy.

[Continued on page 104]
The Future of Melody Films

Though King Jazz is nobody any more and Tin-pan Alley is taboo in Hollywood, the musical picture survives—but with a vast difference. In this illuminating article you will learn all about a new form of entertainment which employs music—and better music—than the screen has hitherto provided.

By Edwin Schallert

Oh, Mr. Melody Man,  
Please be good if you can——

So runs the burden of an old song. And so, too, in a way, goes the theme of Hollywood's newest and biggest upset.

Another revolution has come to pass in the films. Another king has been overthrown.

A year ago this monarch's banners were the brightest in the land. To-day they are dragging in the dust, to the dissonant cackles of the I-told-you-sos.

A victim of all-too-familiar movie hysteria, which fools with its golden promises of success, and then clamorously demands the slaughter of anything that doesn't hit, King Jazz right now is a deposed, disaffected old nobody, with his crown battered in, his scepter smashed and a woebegone expression on his face.

And if you don't believe it, why see how much syncopated melody you can find gushing forth from the loud-speakers of any first-line picture theater in the land. Also listen to the estimates which say that while fifty per cent of the films sang their way gaily along a year ago, only five per cent are warbling a tune at the present.

What has been the matter with the so-called musical film thus far? How could anything that started off so brightly just one year ago, with a budding future that seemed bound to bloom, fall into such a sad estate? Can nothing be done to reanimate and revivify this apparently decrepit and palsied form of entertainment that faded and curled up almost before it reached maturity?

The screen must possess some musical possibilities, or else all the seers and the nineteen dozen prophets that flourish about the studios struck nothing but sour notes in their predictions.

Too, there are other reasons why there must be something to this music thing. You just have to consider that certain harmonious little opuses went over at the box office with a terrific smash.

There was "Sunny Side Up," for instance. No complaint about that. The picture is expected to bring in more shekels than that very popular feature, "The Cock-eyed World." In fact it was one of the very best winners on Fox's program last season, and all this despite that it lackted any genuine singers in the two leading roles.

Then there was "Rio Rita." No fault to find here, either. Bebe Daniels's vocal début was a most felicitous
event. Indeed, "Rio Rita," the film, virtually put "Rio Rita," a stage production, out of the running when it tried to play through the country about the time the film was released.

One hears no ill reports, either, about "The Rogue Song," and that was of a more serious musical order. Evidence that it proved popular is supplied by the re-signing of Lawrence Tibbett, the star, for other pictures by M.-G.-M. at a jump in salary.

High hopes are also held for the success of John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart," in the ultimate reckoning, even though it may have been no whirlwind of a cash magnetizer to date.

In passing, one might mention that the public also liked the musical qualities of "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Even though they had to listen to Nick Lucas's voice every half reel, the effect wasn't killing to the production. Furthermore, this film gained a huge number of critics' votes in a trade magazine.


Practically all these have been one hundred per cent bingers with the dancing, radio-listening and jazz-playing crowd. They have gladdened the night clubs, the cabarets, and the family hearthside. They have been warbled, screeched, blued, yodeled, for all I know—and incidentally sung—in the inevitable fashion of the jazz knock-out. No question but that the films are supplying a nation with syncopation—and that many of their biggest melody winners are carrying gavoty into the restaurants and homes even of Europe.

The music of the musical picture has gone over; why should the musical picture itself flop? That's the neat little puzzle that folks in movieland have been trying to solve.

Of course, it isn't such a hopeless flop as it looks on the surface. There are many pictures in which songs will be rendered this year, take 'em or leave 'em. Five per cent of the big total of productions, means a very fair number. The output will come near being thirty or forty pictures, all told, which are musical. But from the outlook they will be different entirely from those seen a year ago.

First of all, there will come such carefully and conscientiously produced operettas as "Children of Dreams" and "Viennese Nights." These have been written by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, Jr. The former is responsible for such big hits of the stage as "Blossom Time," "The Student Prince," and "The Desert Song.

Marilyn Miller appears in "Sunny," a musical comedy of accepted form, but the melodies are superior to Tinpan Alley compositions.
He has had the cooperation of Hammerstein on various of his successes.

Then there will be the Rudolph Friml effort to combine music with spectacular and dramatic interest in "The Lottery Bride." Friml is another operetta composer, with a long and hit-bespangled career, including at various stages, "Firefly," "High Jinks," "Katinka," "Rose-Marie," and others. He is recognized as one of the most brilliant and original composers.

One can also see remarkably interesting prospects for "Men of the Sky," by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. The former wrote the music for one of the most famous of all stage successes, "Show Boat." Kern is regarded by many as one of the most inspired of composers of the lighter order to-day.

There are besides, "New Moon," a Romberg work starring Lawrence Tibbett, "A Lady's Morals," inspired by the life of Jenny Lind, for Grace Moore's début; "Monte Carlo," featuring Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, and directed by Ernst Lubitsch; "The Playboy of Paris," Maurice Chevalier's latest adventure, which includes, I believe, only a couple of songs; "The Hot Heiress," written by Rodgers, Fields, and Hart, who did a musical version of "The Connecticut Yankee" for the stage, and wrote "Ten Cents a Dance"; and "Just Imagine," by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson of "Sunny Side Up" note.

These appear among the most outshining. The Jenny Lind music, one might mention, is by Oscar Strauss and Herbert Stothart. Strauss, needless to recall, composed "The Chocolate Soldier."

It looks as if the studios were being far more discriminating in whom they choose to provide tunes for the screen than they were in the beginning. There isn't the wholesale importation of the Tinpan Alley composers of a year ago. Not so long past these same Tin-pan Alley-ites were being shipped back by the carload to New York. They had their gay little day, but most of them failed to deliver what was wanted by the movie public.

Here's what one producer told me about the whole affair: "The trouble with those boys was that they were selfish. All they wanted was to have the pictures plug their songs, so they would have a big sale of the sheet music and the phonograph records. They'd stick in a song wherever it suited them. They used vaudeville methods of introducing a number, literally forcing it upon the audiences.

"To be sure, we were at fault, too. We let them get away with it, perhaps even encouraged it in the beginning. The song came first half the time, the picture afterward. We overestimated the public's capacity for listening to tunes, and disregarded the fact that these tunes often marred the plot of the picture by slowing down the action. Many of the song films were consequently so dull and tedious that people walked out of the theater, or refused to go at all.

"This season the studios have different ideas of musical pictures. The music will be logically introduced. It will form a part of the action of the picture. The singer will be natural about it, and that doesn't mean that every hero is to be a cabaret or vaudeville performer, either, or that every story is to be a back-stage story. We shall endeavor to create an environment for music at the beginning of the production, and let the rest carry itself along."

Examples of this more recent tendency can be found in "Children of Dreams." Here the characters are the gypsylike fruit pickers of the California orchards. They are a nomadic type, and it is entirely believable that they may sing as they work. Furthermore, they have to depend on their own efforts for amusement and entertainment during off hours. It is logical that those with talent should display this talent in songs and dances.

The later scenes of "Children of Dreams" transport one to the opera house. Here the singing is again wholly in order. In both this operetta and in "Viennese Nights," Hammerstein and Romberg have endeavored to fashion a musical aspect to the picture right at the start, and it is their belief that this can be done with any number of romantic plots.

Kern's musical film, "Men of the Sky," is a story of France and Germany during the war, and Kern himself told me that the aim is to keep all the music atmospheric. Whenever melody is heard it will appear to be part of the setting. It will emanate either from a café or-

"Children of Dreams" has Paul Gregory, Margaret Schilling, and Marion Byron in the cast, with music by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, Jr.
The Future of Melody Films

Chestra, a marching band, or some other combination of musical instruments that might seem appropriate. The song will follow as a matter of course, but only because it has some obvious inspiration.

These new workers in the films are very skillful, and they appear to be careful students of what is required, most of them spending time constantly on the picture sets. Therefore Hollywood proceeds into its second season of music with some capable and pains-taking creators. And that may help to settle up nicely the important perplexity of the music itself.

And what about the singers who'll render the songs? Can they, too, be improved?

Most of the film stars themselves have forsaken the vocal studios. It was just too much of a job to learn to be an opera diva overnight. The best stars are now concentrating their efforts on speech. And here they are bound to fare better and better all the time, as shown in the case of Norma Shearer.

Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, June Collyer, Betty Compson, Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, and others are beginning to give us good, if not better performances than they did in the silent days.

The singing rage was bound to pass, and out of the many who studied there emerged only Miss Daniels, Jeanette Loff, Gloria Swanson, John Boles, Ramon Novarro, and a few others who have qualified. Singing is an independent talent; it needs training, experience, and a musical sense. Hence, a girl like Janet Gaynor, for lack of these, really made herself look foolish by attempting to do musical numbers. And nobody more than Janet has wanted to quit it.

Grace Moore as Jenny Lind, in "A Lady's Morals," is the sole exponent of operatic arias on the screen.

Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon, in "Viennese Nights," have the advantage of singing songs that are the logical expression of a mood instead of a musical interruption.

Many of the stage singers failed just as quickly. They lacked screen personalities. Audiences resented the way they photographed. It was a pleasure to shut one's eyes on a majority of them.

However, Tibbett, Jeanette MacDonald, the lovely Marilyn Miller, Bernice Claire, and others are still under contract to the studios, which proves that good voices have a great opportunity. The majority of these have also been approved by the fans.

There have also come more recently Paul Gregory, Evelyn Laye. Continued on page 98
Theirs Are

Phillips Holmes and Helen Twelve
ances that elicit cheers, congratula

THE ability to act well is not a recent discovery in Phillips Holmes by those who saw "The Devil's Holiday," but his role in "Her Man" is more exacting and his performance is proportionately exciting. Vigorous, aggressive, he is the young seaman who has smiled at life while fighting his way through its seamier side. In voice, pantomime, and that nameless something that we call discretion or judgment Mr. Holmes proves himself one of the elect. He is seen, left, with Helen Twelvetrees.
the Honors

trees, in "Her Man," give performances, and prayers for their future.

FAITH in her ability to prove her talent on the screen has been lacking from neither Helen Twelvetrees nor her friends, but picture after picture failed to give her the precise rôle and director she needed, until "Her Man" and Tay Garnett came along. Delicacy and pathos beautifully merge in her portrait of the unhappy little gold digger in the Havana dive, who is made doubly real because of her faults and not her virtues. She is seen, right, with Phillips Holmes.
Hollywood Could Be Nuttier

The brilliant coauthor of "Queer People" defends the movie capital—with his tongue in his cheek.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Burgo

THERE has been a good deal of conversation here and there to the effect that Hollywood is a pretty nutty place, and who am I to deny it? I have even fostered that idea now and again in print, and I cannot remember ever having denied it orally upon any occasion.

These same declaimers of Hollywood's nuttiness, however, have been singularly reticent about advancing any reasons for that particular brand of insanity to be found directly south of the Hollywood hills. The average commentator is prone to shrug his shoulders and say, "Oh, well, that's Hollywood. Everybody's crazy out there."

This is unjust to the old residents of that community which was once a peaceful country village surrounded by orange and lemon groves. The few native sons and daughters of that community I have met seem to be decidedly sane.

Now, as almost a native Californian, I point with pride to the fact that the 1930 census states that the up-and-coming city of Los Angeles harbors a population of 1,250,000 souls. Of this number, it is estimated that 350,000 reside in the district roughly known as Hollywood. This includes gag men.

There is probably no reason why any obscure person should take up a blanket defense of 350,000 persons, except that my civic glands are highly developed, and I feel the urge for self-expression.

Hollywood—as an enormous number of earnest writing folk have sought to convince you—is an evanescent and undefinable village bordering on the Kingdom of Oz and the land of Never-never, where almost anything is more than likely to happen. Its 350,000 inhabitants range from acrobats to xylophone players, brought together from such far-flung points as Iceland and Johannesburg. Considering these things, it is as normal and explainable a village as it could be under the circumstances, and I'll tell you why, as Chic Sale might say.

No. 1.—The people who go there are a little balmy, else they would have heeded the warnings about the heartbreaks and hunger of Hollywood and remained home. No. 2.—The ones who are successful become so in such spectacular fashion that they can't help going a bit balmier. No. 3.—I defy any one to collect 350,000 artists, actors, authors, painters, and the like, and mold the collection into a thoroughly normal community conducted on the lines of Zion City.

A young man of New York lately won $149,000 on a Canadian lottery ticket. The boy and his father and brother made ludicrous spectacles of themselves in the public prints by squabbling over the prize. They became grasping and deceitful. Without the sudden riches they might—and undoubtedly would—have remained a happy family.

Does this isolated instance make my point clear?

That more Hollywoodians, having suddenly sprung into wealth and fame, do not expand under the intoxicating atmosphere of that city and do strange, fantastic things, is to be marveled at, rather than the reverse.

Let's get down to an example. A young man from, let us say, Biloxi, Mississippi, turns up, through some strange chain of events, in the motion-picture colony. He has a cleft chin, a head of curly hair, and what writers of fiction would call clean limbs. He becomes a leading man, because he caught the eye of a film producer, who does not care to hire some other young man who had come earlier from What Cheer, Iowa, and had boosted his salary to $1,000 a week, when he can engage the Biloxi lad for a tenth of that amount.

Is our producer right? Of course he is. A cleft chin is more or less a cleft chin. See one and you've seen them all. The boy from Biloxi gets the job, another star is born, and things begin to happen to him rapidly. Very probably he had more than ten dollars at any time in his life, and was never before on speaking acquaintance with any one more prominent than the Biloxi butcher.

Suddenly he finds himself a celebrity. He is photographed, wined and dined, talked about. His views on life, love, and companionate marriage are suddenly regarded as important enough to print. Aging female stars yearn for his soul.

If the boy from Biloxi does not go dizzy under this swift and drastic treatment, then he is a truly remarkable person.

Musicians are notoriously temperamental and the movie mecca is the goal of every one of them.
Most of them do get a rush of strange impulses for a while, and go in for poses and unmatured accents and temperament, but eventually snap out of it. Some never snap out of it. And a great many of them do not change at all.

But let us forget about actors. After all, they constitute but a small part of the 350,000 persons who infest Hollywood. The strange business of making movies attracts and employs workers in a great many arts and professions, and all of them are apt to include rather unusual people.

Musicians, for instance, are notoriously temperamental. Hollywood is jammed with them. There have always been a great many writers in Hollywood, but the talkies have brought several hundred more. Well, you know writers. If you do, you can imagine what a few hundred of them would do to an ordinary community, to say nothing of one which is already pretty well that way already. A great many of them are playwrights, and any stage producer will tell you about playwrights.

A great many more are newspapermen. Any city editor will tell you about newspapermen. A great many more are Broadway wise-crackers. Well, read the Broadway columnists, who spend all their time explaining the vagaries of Broadway. Most of this class have previously made their living writing vaudeville acts and sketches in revues. I think the results of their efforts speak fairly well of their sanity.

And then there are cartoonists. There is a widespread theory which may be sound, for all I know, that cartoonists make good scenario writers and gag men. The producers' argument seems to run, "They make their living drawing pictures, don't they? We're making pictures. Well, a picture's a picture, ain't it?"

In any event, it is generally conceded that cartoonists are the last word in irrational folk. For confirmation of this, you need only ask a cartoonist, for they admit it.

But this catalogue of strange folk who come to Hollywood from distant lands, and contribute to the city's strange pattern, is far from complete as yet.

There are a great many artists, for one thing. Every studio employs a staff of at least a dozen, the larger ones a hundred or more. They design settings and costumes, and arrange the furnishing of sets, and paint scenery and work on those little miniatures which make such imposing sets out of such ordinary ones.

There are rich men and rich men's sons who have a great deal more money than is good for them, and an urge to spend it where they may get the greatest excitement in return. Having read and heard lurid accounts of Hollywood's gayety, they flock out jubilantly, establish luxurious homes and settle down to a steady program of making a great deal of whoopie, often to the discomfort of the less fortunate souls who must earn a living in the film industry by working.

There are photographers and cameramen, too. Having established the irresponsibility of newspapermen as a class, one has only to discover that a newspaperman regards a photographer as some impossible and often dangerously insane creature, to realize that this class probably does very little to stabilize a community already listing a bit to port.

Then, too, there are nondescripts who come under no general classification—racketeers, people with strange theories who are anxious to unload them at a handsome profit on gullible Hollywood, where the streets are reputedly paved with gold; fortune tellers; phony noblemen; inventors; poets; goofs of all nations. Out they come, their pet insanity all wrapped up in tissue paper, ready to be whipped out for display the moment they set foot in the town. There they stay, and, not content to nurse their own preconceptions quietly, they foist them on whomever they meet, and oftentimes they merge and swap.

As a bit of purely scientific research, I propose that some exceedingly wealthy person should make an experiment. Perhaps one of the rich producers, anxious to clear Hollywood's fair name, would be interested.

The experiment is this: purchase a large tract of land, large enough for a city, and build it up with the requisite number of office buildings, stores, and dwellings.

Then go over the world and collect a large and varied assortment of artists of all kinds—any old art will do. Bring the total up to, say one hundred thousand, and transport them all to this newly created village.

Find an outstanding nut among them and appoint him mayor. Then appoint a city council, or board of aldermen, consisting of the following: a song writer, a modernistic sculptor, an

Continued on page 108
A Greater Gift than Beauty

In all Marie Dressler's forty-two years on the stage and screen, she never worried over diets or beauty culture, but romped through life for all the fun there was in it; thus at sixty her humor and gusto for living make her a real favorite.

By Myrtle Gebhart

A STAR at sixty!

From the high peak of success, Marie Dressler looks back upon the rocky path over which she stumbled her way upward, with chuckles that drown the memories of the weary ascent.

In a field peopled by prettiness and youth's buoyancy, two women stand firmly entrenched in the field of drama and comedy. Their names are so similar that confusion results—Louise Dresser and Marie Dresser. They share several qualities—pluck, determination, tolerance, and a childlike spirit. Despite the evident imprint of life's experiences, Miss Dressler is animated by a humor that appeals to all.

The riotous Dressler fun commands higher pay than beauty. A group of salesmen recently voted her their favorite actress, because she invariably relaxes and entertains them. They see a Chatterton drama for mental or emotional stimulus.

Wherever she goes, it resembles a convention. People gravitate into a mob at her heels. Anticipating smiles break out when she is sighted. Groups impede her progress along the street—all well-wishers in whose liking she finds constant delight.

Her friendliness explains the reaction of an audience to her shadow or presence. Life is so fascinating and so funny to her that she is attuned to its myriad harmonies. I sometimes wonder if she ever sees the ugly splotches.

Her circle of intimate friends covers a wide canvas of activities, embracing every type from social lights to waitresses, from celebrities to chorus girls. Hollywood fairly adores her. The boys call her "Baby"; the women delight in her reminiscences, themselves silent for once. Many a young career owes inspiration to her helpful advice.

It's all very well, and a lot of fun, to kid her and remark that she should have been a Wampas baby star. But dignity rests serenely on her large shoulders. Her ample lines give her no concern; reducing has caused not half an hour of annoyance in her busy life. With all her clowning she is never crude; there is a suggested delicacy.

She walks with poise and pride, and her carriage is excellent. True, her short red hair is forever blowzy, rumpled by energetic hands. Her greenish eyes intently proclaim in advance the importance of each trivial comment. She creates commotion. You sense a stir and divine her presence before you see her. And you address her familiarly without feeling intrusive.

She has both an appreciation of beauty and practical sense. Returning from her last trip abroad, she blowed onto the lot with marching tread and, accompanied by gales of laughter, circled the offices to deposit gifts. Interrupting a story conference, she upturned a paper bag on Irving Thalberg's desk, and some forty pieces of hammered silver clanged on the polished wood. Calling

Miss Dressler's best work has been as shady old ladies. Here she is seen in "Min and Bill."
out a hearty greeting, she dashed away. Mr. Thalberg assembled the articles into a cocktail service that formed a miniature Zeppelin. She left cigarette cases for her men coworkers and jewelry for the girls.

Polly Moran, her little pal, trots alongside like a pilot fish. Polly always looks as if she were coming apart any minute. She is a verbal tornado, hulled into quiet only by her attitude, bordering on reverence, toward her clum. The cigar box containing her make-up stuff under her arm, she herself seems to be tucked into the crook of the plushy Dressler arm. And it takes a strong personality to quench Polly.

"Ah, she's just too wonderful!" Polly exclaims, "Her humor is always kind. Her sophistication is subtle, never ugly. I can look at the Graf Zeppelin and say, 'That's Marie enjoying a swing in her hammock,' but just the same I admire her more than any one on earth. She has a perfectly balanced sense of values. But she's too modest."

They met many years ago, when Polly played a small part in a Dressler stage play. "She was beautiful then, so beautiful." Their only arguments are over payment of the luncheon checks.

With dynamic will, Marie fought off an illness that persisted through several pictures, and during one wore a brace on her back teeth, in acute discomfort. Nobody heard her squawk.

She had climbed Vesuvius. No, she didn't walk up; she got hauled, she confides. She likes to stand in high places and watch the antics of people, like ants far below. She anticipates the thrill of a plane flight soon. Some friends have an airport. If she isn't invited, she will maneuver the event with her usual delicacy. In other words, she will appear suddenly and demand to be taken up.

So it is natural that she would choose a home perched on Whitley Heights. Its spacious living-room couches and armchairs are covered with gay prints, slashes of crimson, bright yellow shading into bonny brown, and maroons and rich blues. A parade of green elephants marches across a table. Figurines of herself in various rôles, colored in detailed imitation of her costuming, intrigue the visitor. With childlike pride, she displays her treasures, and is gratified at your response. A screen of reprints of early Italian maps, comprising

four tall panels, was painted and coated with shellac by her friend, Lady Colebrook.

On her piano are photographs of celebrities: Duse, Bernhardt, Lillian Russell, Melba, Tetrazzini, all autographed with tributes to Marie. "I had to buy the piano to get a space big enough to hold all my special. See my Nordies? What a beautiful woman! Fritz Kreisler, there, is a very dear person. We meet once a year for a chat, usually abroad."

To the purple born she seemed in "One Romantic Night" and the testy dowager in "Let Us Be Gay," though her humor gave these rôles a relieving lightness. Yet this woman of culture and distinction has achieved her most memorable screen moments as drink-sodden bags and bibulous human débris. She endows inebriation with her own individual comedy and the humor takes away any vestige of offensiveness. Who can forget Marthy, who managed an elegant nonchalance as she regarded the ladies-entrance sign at the waterfront saloon, in "Anna Christie," straightened her hat, tossed her head and stepped in like a queen, with a "Well, why not?"

Her portrayal of the belligerent landlady in "Caught Short" was a riot. If they weren't so fond of her, other players would justifiably accuse her of grand larceny: no talent can safely share a scene with her. Instead, Garbo, Marion Davies, and Lillian Gish requested that not a bit of her work be cut from their films.

She was born in Cobourg, Canada. Throughout her career, which spans forty-two energetic years, she has been served by only two
WHERE on earth did the stage get recruits before pictures started discarding?" Fanny the Fan asked, just as if the problem really bothered her. "It's getting so a fan has no rest at all, because practically every show that opens has an ex-screen player in it. And if you see plays every night, you have to catch up on pictures in the afternoon and that leaves practically no time at all for other things."

"Such as——" I suggested.

"Shopping," she exploded, with a gasp of horror that I should overlook the most important activity of her life. "And listening to picture people make fools of themselves over the radio, and going to Sally Phipps's to tea, and getting pounded at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gymnasium, and strolling up Park Avenue in the hope of running into Norma Talmadge, and seeing people off to Europe, and lunching at Sardi's to see who has been caricatured on the walls lately, and——"

"Oh, stop," I urged. "If I had thought that you would take my question seriously I shouldn't have asked you. You're probably the sort of person who would go into details about all your various symptoms if a night-club doorman said 'How do you do?'"

It took me quite a while to square myself after that. And there were a lot of things I wanted to hear from Fanny. Eventually she relented and began telling me what had been going on, but more from force of habit, I am afraid, than from genuine forgiveness.

"I've been traveling all around since I saw you last and you've no idea what fun it is." Fanny announced. "I didn't go up to Rochester to see the opening of Colleen Moore's play and I'm just as glad that I didn't, because I hear it's being considerably rewritten and improved before it's brought to New York. But that's the only hinterlands premiere I haven't dashed off to.

"Of course, practically the whole New York film colony went into the wilds of Queens to see the try-out of 'Sweet Stranger.' It was written by Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey and all picture people adore them. Agnes was a very clever scenario writer, you know, and is a grand person, too. The plot badly needs some repairs, but the dialogue is simply sparkling. They'll probably get it all fixed up before it comes to New York.

"I'm not as hopeful about the play Lya de Putti tried out in Atlantic City. In fact, I'm not hopeful at all about either Lya..."
as an actress, or the play as a success. Her voice is so
guttural that you're never quite sure whether she's
speaking English or Hungarian or just sputtering.
"The best show I've seen in my wanderings was
Fannie Brice's new revue, 'Corny Beef and Roses.'
It won't make a hit with the reformers, but it's almost
funny enough to justify its lapses. And who do you
think is the hit of the show? None other than George
Jessel! When picture producers see how he bowls the
audience over, they'll undoubtedly say that all his bad
topics are forgiven, and won't he please come back
before the cameras?
"I think I'll swear off going to picture openings.
They just aren't fun any more. 'Whooppee' is the only
thing that's come off recently and the audience was
nothing to cheer about. But Ginger Rogers's opening
on the stage in 'Girl Crazy' was something else again.
Everybody from the Paramount studio turned out to
give their little playmates a round of applause. New
York's two most beautiful blondes were there, Claire
Windsor and Phyllis Haver. Claire is going on the
stage, in musical comedy. Phyllis has no thoughts of
ever returning to pictures or trying the stage. She
doesn't have to tell any one how happy she is in re-
tiring from the struggle; she looks so sublimely content.
"But one girl there had every one else beaten a
mile for looks. She was a sensation."
Fanny went off on an absolutely maudlin description
of a white chiffon gown and a white velvet wrap, leav-
ing me to puzzle over who she was talking about.
Eventually I discovered it was Mary Brian.
Paramount really ought to keep her working in the
East. The way that girl has blossomed out from a
demure young miss into a slightly worldly-looking
beauty is amazing. But no, I hear that they have lent
her to Universal to make 'Mary a Slip.' As I remem-
er that play, it wasn't the sort of thing Mary has done
in the past. It hovers around the question of whether
or not the heroine is en-
gaged in sewing little
things. Almost any scene
in it would add another
furrow to Will Hays's
brow.
"Offhand I can't think
of any girl in pictures who
has plugged along as hard
as Mary," Fanny rambled on. "Think of how long
she has been at it. Ever
since 'Peter Pan,' and all
of her work since that has
been undistinguished until
the very last few months.
Every one says she is marvellous in 'The Royal
Family.' That reminds me,
the two girls who won
stardom from 'Peter Pan,'
and then passed out of the
picture, are trying a come-
back. Esther Ralston is
to be in 'The Southerner,'
with Laurence Tibbett,
and Betty Bronson is do-
ing a play on the Los
Angeles stage. But, poor
kid, the play is 'Little
Orchid Annie' and in all its many try-outs it never was
any good.
"I doubt if any girl will stick to the grind of making
pictures in the future. They can do so much better
by jumping back and forth from the
stage to the screen. As soon as they
begin to be stale in Hollywood, they
can come to New York and, if luck is
with them, get in a play. Then they're
discovered all over again.
"Do you remember Flora Brumley?
Probably not. She was just one more
pretty ingenue in films who didn't get
anywhere. But she came East a few
weeks ago and when Miriam Hopkins
was taken ill she was rushed into the
lead of a show in its out-of-town try-
outs. With very few rehearsals she got
along like a veteran and now, even if
she does have to relinquish the part to
Miss Hopkins when the show comes to
New York, she's all set as a leading
woman.
"That's nothing, though, to the luck
Sally Phipps fell into. She walked right
into 'Once in a Lifetime,' the biggest
hit of the year."
I thought I'd seen that girl some-
where. Of course, there is this to be
said for my failing memory. "Once in a Lifetime" keeps
you in such gales of laughter from the time you go into
the theater, that you might be forgiven for not recog-
nizing your own sister if she made a late entrance. It is

Sally Phipps is riding the crest of the
wave of success in a stage play.

If Hollywood producers want Rose Hobart
back they will have to pay and pay.
Finally, she got sort of fed up with Hollywood and pictures.

If you have the sort of disposition I have, you are already singing, "Or maybe they got fed up with her."

And she went to Florida to visit her aunt for several months. She had a grand time just playing around and then she went to Southampton. One day when she came in town she had some idle time on her hands, and what did she do but go to Sam Harris's office and apply for a job! She'd always had a vague idea of going on the stage sometime if she got the chance, and it seemed like a good time to do something about it. She's just that casual. And she is undoubtedly the luckiest girl I've ever known. She walked into that office the very day they were looking for some one just like her. So there she is all set in a play that is sure to run for a year. And Mr. Harris is so pleased with her work that he's planning to put her in a musical next year. And she probably will do some short films while she's working in the play.

"It's really the greatest relief to meet some one who is gay and untroubled and unself-conscious. She's perfectly willing to trust everything to luck; it's treated her well so far. It got her into pictures; she just wandered past Frank Borzage, you know, and he decided to make a test of her. She has awfully good features. Youthful, and sweet, and sort of doll-like.

"She's taken an apartment in East Fifty-seventh street and she adores having most of her afternoons free so that she can have people in for tea. The only trouble with her sudden success is that it didn't give her time to see very many of the New York shows. Now she can only see the plays that have Wednesday matinées."

Suddenly Fanny let out what sounded like a war whoop, and hurried out of the restaurant to the lobby. No long-lost sister would get such a rise out of her. I figured that it must be a celebrity.

She came back a few minutes later, entirely unchastened by the critical glare of the head waiter.

"Mary Doran," she announced, somewhat out of breath. "Awfully sorry she was off for an appointment and I couldn't persuade her to join us. She's going to do a play, too. It's an epidemic. This is her home town, so she's pretty glad to get back to it. Most of the Hollywood studios are quite inactive and will be for quite a while yet, so if it gets just an average success here she can be back in pictures by the height of the production season. No play except one or two smash hits gets much of an audience nowadays. George Jessel went to a big dinner the other night and explained that he had been working in shows and was anxious to be somewhere where there was a crowd again."
Over the Teacups

Speaking of crowds suddenly reminded Fanny of eight or ten other people. There was only one whom I expected her to be concerned about and her name wasn't mentioned. If Fanny ever stopped talking, I'd ask about her.

"Weren't you disappointed in Fifi Dorsay? In her stage act at the Roxy, I mean? I still like her in pictures, but she worked so hard on that big Roxy stage that she looked like three or four people doing a daily dozen. Nancy Carroll's very good, though. In Brooklyn she wasn't such a riot, because all the matinée girls idolize Rudy Vallee to such an extent that they are viciously jealous of any one who appears on the stage with him.

"When Nancy finished making 'Laughter,' she was so exhausted that she thought of going to a sanitarium to rest. Apparently Paramount had other ideas, because they persuaded her to play in prologue at their houses for a few weeks.

"There's a story going around about Nancy that has made a lot of people revise their ideas about her. One night after the theater she and her husband ran into some newspaper friends of his. Jack Kirkland—that's her husband—had a business appointment somewhere, and Nancy wanted to go to supper, so the reporters timidly asked if she would go with them. They were quite thrilled over going out with her, but their hearts just about stopped beating when she airily suggested the Central Park Casino. They had about enough money between them to take her to an Automat. Nevertheless, they went to the Casino. They couldn't take any interest in food or surroundings; all they could contemplate was the terrible moment when the check would be presented. They didn't suffer long, though. Miss Carroll looked up with a sweet smile of understanding, and said 'What's the matter with you boys? Have you no money? Well, don't let that bother you. I can sign checks here.'"

Now don't go and jump to the conclusion that Nancy developed that rare understanding by being married to an ex-newspaperman. It happens that she married one who always had good jobs on a newspaper and graduated to even better and more prosperous ones as a scenario writer.

"Lillian Roth is the next girl to hit town in a Paramount stage show. Poor kid, she gets all the breaks and most of them are bad. Paramount is letting her out and when they found that she was booked for vaudeville at the Palace at the close of her contract with them, they exercised their right to make her work in their theaters. She will appear at the Paramount just a week before she goes to the Palace, taking the edge off that engagement. Of course, I'll grant that she was pretty bad in 'Madam Satan'; but who, I ask you, wasn't? It was so bad that at parties nowadays they offer a prize for a more maudlin and ridiculous story."

"I bet no one has won it yet," I offered with conviction.

Audiences have been fairly respectful toward pictures ever since talkies came in, but lately I have noticed a great change. They did everything but lie down and groan at "Madam Satan" and as for "The Lady Surrenders," they greeted its most serious scenes with chuckles that rose to guffaws. I was sorry for the latter, too, because I think Rose Hobart is a fine actress.

"Didn't you like Rose Hobart?" I appealed to Fanny. "Who didn't?" Fanny retorted indignantly. "She got the most marvelous reviews of any girl who has made her debut in pictures in months. In 'Lillian' she was so good that she made Charlie Farrell seem awfully stilted and self-conscious. It's too bad that Miss Hobart got

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One of the Calmer Redheads

Nancy Carroll's matter-of-fact manner belies the tradition associated with her flaming tresses and Irish ancestry.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ANN VERONICA LAHIFF is one of filmdom's bright stars. She has red hair, a literary husband, freckled arms, a round, babylike face with big eyes, and a five-year-old daughter.

Ann Veronica has established herself as a lyrical heroine who can rattle out a neat tap dance if necessary, oscillate the hips in the Pennington manner if desired, and act a dramatic scene with the best of them, on demand.

Ann Veronica Lahiff, you should know by this time, is Nancy Carroll. Here is an actress with screen charm and a face that registers roguish beauty, when photographed. Offstage, in her lofty apartment, she loses that glamour, impressing one as a pretty young woman with unusually red hair. You would not turn to look after her, I venture. Yet on the screen she is possessed of a pictorial quality that fairly invites close-ups.

She had just been standing in line on Broadway, with a thousand other Garbo fans, but the heat had wilted her and she had returned to her apartment.

"I do want to see 'Romance,'" she said. "Garbo is marvelous, I think. But the crowds were simply ghastly. I couldn't stand it any longer."

She had just completed "Laughter" over at the Paramount Long Island studio. "Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the dialogue," said Miss Carroll, "so you know how smart it is. But it's hard to say whether we have a good picture or not. It hasn't been previewed yet. You never can prophesy with accuracy, you know."

The world has been led to believe that Nancy Carroll belongs in the "Follies to Fame" group. The world has been deceived again. True, Nancy started in a chorus, not Ziegfeld's, but it only served as a rough apprenticeship to stock company days. Second-rate road companies followed, including such ventures as "One Man's Woman" which ran for ten weeks in Chicago, and in Chicago ten weeks may be called a run.

Then there was the Francine Larimore rôle of Roxy Hart, in the Los Angeles company of "Chicago," and so successfully did Miss Carroll counterfeit Roxy that even Variety's hard-boiled coast guard gave her more than passing notice, while Arthur Hornblow, Jr., wired the Theater Magazine how good she was. So Miss Carroll told me.

Some one from Paramount, killing an evening at the theater, saw "Chicago" and advised the office that here was Abie's Irish Rose, at that time the object of much attention. The office sent out a corps of under-cover men, checked up thoroughly on the report, held innumerable caucuses, and on the eleventh straw vote engaged Nancy Carroll to play in the epic racial drama. Thus is screen history made.

Artistically, Nancy Carroll has made strides as rapidly as any recent screen arrival. There were a few song- and-dance affairs called "Close Harmony," "Sweetie," and "Honey," and then without warning a full-fledged dramatic triumph in "The Devil's Holiday," one of the best talking pictures turned out to date.

Much of the velvety smoothness of that excellent picture was obtained by photographing continuously, without any break in the action. "Mr. Goulding had as many as ten cameras working," Miss Carroll explained. "As we moved out of view of one, another would immediately pick us up. This made it possible to get into a scene full speed ahead, and work into a climax without stopping. In other words we knew we had a climax because we marched right into it. And this continuous shooting had a lot to do with the success of the picture, I think."

Only seventeen days were required to shoot the picture, establishing something in the way of a record. There was not even a retake. The final scene offered the only stumbling-block.

"Mr. Goulding felt that the girl's speech, giving up the boy, should be high-powered and sensational. I wanted repression. So we argued. The afternoon passed and we were still deadlock. About six thirty a man poked his head in the set to say that I was on the air in half an hour. I had forgotten about a national broadcast! I was so tired I cried. Eddie told me to get a sandwich and do my stuff, then come back and finish the scene.

"You should have seen me broadcasting 'Sweeter Than Sweet' with tears running down my cheeks. Then I had a cup of coffee and went back to the set, too tired to argue. And I did the scene as the director thought it should be. When we looked at the rushes I realized that he was right all the time. The picture needed that explosive finish to cap the climax."

Broadcasting in the West, Miss Carroll said, is a crude matter. You are led into a stuffy studio, a man in shirt sleeves introduces you to the unseen audience, and you are left to yourself, to register. In the East, she pointed out, things are quite different. "It's more of a gala performance. First of all there is a dress rehearsal, and then when you do broadcast you do it in costume, or evening dress, while an audience watches through the glass partitions of the studio. It

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ME high hat? Ridiculous!” said Nancy Carroll when the momentous question was put to her by Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose interview on the opposite page judicially appraises the red-headed star and gives credit where credit is due.
CATLIKE in her enjoyment of coming out of a doze, Yola d'Avril stretches and luxuriates in delicious languor, heedless of work. But soon she will be frolicking in the studio lights, intent on repeating her vivacious performance in "Those Three French Girls."

Photo by Harrell
ONE of the more durable actors, Conrad Nagel, is also a pillar of society—Hollywood society; and while we acknowledge his forensic ability, his championship of wrongs, and his duties in the vestry, we wish he wouldn’t make reliability a virtue.
FOR the moment discarding her wild ways, Winnie Lightner settles down in an hourglass chair to indulge in pensive meditation and perhaps to wonder if her son will grow up to be an actor. She's herself, though, in "The Life of the Party."
Greta Garbo passes up the coquetties of personal adornment for sweaters, tweeds, and walking shoes. But if you think she loses by her preference for simplicity rather than fripperies, just ask yourself who could wear the same clothes with like distinction.
WILLIAM BAKEWELL'S scrapbook must be a weighty tome by now, but it was a slender thing when he pasted in it his first interview, culled from Picture Play with shouts and murmurs. We don't know what the moral is, but he's featured by Metro now.
JEANETTE MacDONALD has sea-green hair and red-gold eyes, or red-sea eyes and green-gold hair, or maybe it's sea-green eyes and red-gold hair—the press agent's compound adjectives perplex at times. Anyhow you know she's lovely in Technicolor.
THOUGH Clara Bow's escapades are pretty well known by now, there is actually another side to her. It isn't only that she is a talented artist and the favorite of all who participate in her films, but it is something deeper—though in the article on the opposite page Margaret Reid makes no attempt to whitewash or glorify her. Instead, she views Clara's life with a fine perspective and brings to light reasons why her early years should excuse her present indiscretions and be considered a logical step in the process of growing up and learning her way about in the world.
Clara—as She Is

One of the most colorful figures of the screen threatens to discard her flapper ways and grow up. Whether a tamed Bow can get by with the fans or not, the analyst finds her private life more sane and orderly.

By Margaret Reid

A TRICK of circumstances and its exploitation has made sex appeal her professional forte. She is actually less sensuous than several unsubtly attractive ladies whose voltage goes unclaimed. Clara, through rather tasteless management, has been made to work too hard at radiating "It." Which is a pity, because she is an excellent troupier. Her undeniable talent has been stifled under a succession of vehicles hastily designed to reveal her vivacity and her figure.

Clara, after six years in pictures, is only now realizing herself as an individual rather than an article salable on any screen. Her awakening, retarded by the hectic years of escape from poverty and tragedy, is painful, as a child suffers in cutting teeth late.

Her entrance into the world marked the breakdown of her sorrow-haunted mother. The one flame of spirit remaining after a disastrous life was a passionate love lavished upon this little dark-eyed bundle, the first of her three babies to live. A somber, ill-fated figure was Clara's mother, a thwarted, indeterminate one her father.

Born into a joyless, poverty-stricken home, Clara's childhood was a succession of scrimpings, uncertainties, and denials. While yet a tiny girl, her contact with stark reality was direct. Her grandfather, a man of strong will, was killed by a drunken boor. The family was ruined. Clara's mother was a victim of a serious nervous ailment—all inevitably scared the fragile surface of child-mind with lasting scars.

There was no outlet for her wild young energy but ball games and such in the Brooklyn streets. There were no other friends than the rowdy boys to whose gang she was admitted. Her spirits desperately and shrilly high, lest she remember the things upon which she banged the door when she ran out, Clara was the harum-scarum, reckless gamin of the neighborhood.

School figured but vaguely in her life, an unpleasant, dull routine to be hurried through as quickly as possible. Her principal source of learning was the movies. In the dark theater, the tense, belligerent little heart could relax and open to the lovely world there revealed, without fear of hurt; could receive Wallace Reid, Mary Pickford and their enchanted contemporaries in breathless worship.

At fifteen she was ripe material for the newspaper contest to discover new faces for the screen. Afraid to hope, yet desperately doing so, she entered the contest. Her selection as winner is remembered by fans.

Almost unnerved with delight in her good fortune, she was plunged again into despair at the subsequent pause in events. She had won the contest, but getting work was something else again. Minutely small parts and bits came her way, with long intervals dividing them. The dark turmoil of her life at home was far from conducive to concentration on a career.

Finally obtaining the second lead in "Down to the Sea in Ships," she took, figuratively, a shaken breath of impending relief. But again had luck closed down upon her. No more work followed.

Her mother's death occurred at this time, and Clara was still numb with grief when "Down to the Sea in Ships" was released. Her comparatively small role attracted wide attention, and not long afterward she was put under contract and brought to Hollywood by B. P. Schulberg, then coproducer with J. G. Bachman. When Schulberg went to Paramount, Clara's contract was transferred at the same time, and with Paramount she has been ever since.

Precipitated suddenly from the sordid environment of her childhood into the tinsel maelstrom of Hollywood, it is small wonder that she acquired the reputation of a giddy, hard-boiled kid. Thrilled alternately by the possession of silk stockings and lace underwear and the devotion of Gilbert Roland, her first big romance, the unhappy little brat from Brooklyn held out greedy, indiscriminating hands to all that life had to offer.

The salary she made, small at the time, but proportionately tremendous in her eyes, was scattered to the

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Our Blossoming Bebe

There's no stopping Miss Daniels nowadays in unfolding her talent. First, she scored as a singer in "Rio Rita," then as a brilliant dramatic actress in "Lawful Larceny," after which she starred as the bride of Ben Lyon in Hollywood's most distinguished wedding, and now she is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching For the Moon."

Between all her other bids for popularity Bebe Daniels has found time—and enthusiasm—to film "Ex-mistress," based on the novel of that name, in which she displays the chic costumes pictured on this page. And ten to one she has supervised the building of a house or two, for that is one of her pet diversions. If all the homes Bebe has built were laid end on end—well, now she has one with a husband to share it, so perhaps she won't want another.
This Boy Has Been Places

No grass has ever grown under Walter Byron's feet, for he was in the trenches at fifteen, has made good in movies, owns half of a gold mine, and has proposed to twelve girls.

By Madeline Glass

LIKE Walter Byron: he's awfully regular.

Byron has had a strange career since he came to Hollywood about three years ago. When Samuel Goldwyn decided to break up the popular team of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, he went to England to round up a new leading man for the exquisite Hungarian star. I suspect that there were men right here in these United States who would have answered the purpose, but Goldwyn wanted another British Colman. To this end he arranged a contest in which he expected to snare the right man, but fate seldom supplies artistic talent in such a cut-and-dried fashion.

The contest proving futile, Colman himself came forward with a young Irishman named Walter Butler, whom he had met at his club. As Butler had been doing good work in English films, Goldwyn promptly realized that here was the actor for whom he had been looking. When the contract was signed Butler's name was changed to Byron, for some obscure reason.

Byron's arrival in America was greeted by a great deal of publicity which, because he is a thoroughbred with excellent qualifications, was not particularly needed. What he did need and, unfortunately, did not get until recently, was frequent assignments.

His first and, as it happened, last rôle with the beau-
Mr. Byron is characterized as having a deep understanding and no poses.

and the great unrest there at present; that interesting book, "Mother India"; Russia and her relations to other countries; Mussolini; Ireland, where Walter was born; American comic strips, which are unknown in England; his gold mine in Nevada, and half a dozen other subjects.

The gold mine, in which he owns half interest, is his paramount concern at present. The peculiar and dramatic events leading up to its purchase are too long and involved to describe here, but it now looks as though Mr. Byron will some day be a real financier.

Although he has been interested in this new business only a few months, Walter can discuss mineral veins, salting, crosscuts, dumps, shafts, waste, and everything else pertaining to the work, with what I take to be the ease of a veteran miner.

From time to time he makes the trip to Nevada by auto to see how the work is progressing. On such occasions he endeavors to establish endurance records and usually succeeds.

"And now," said he, rising and straightening the blue tie which contrasted vividly with his bronzed complexion, "I'll be going."

Holy cow! He hadn't told me about himself yet! Not a word about his love life, or his past, or any of those intimate, personal details so dear to the public!

"Please stay for a cup of tea," said I, threatening to lock the door and throw the key out the window. He decided to stay.

While I was busy in the kitchen, he read a newspaper. Presently "Barney" (William H.) McKegg dropped in for a chat. Barney and Walter first met, I believe, at a gay luncheon given by that so gay Fifi Dorsay to a select group of congenial people.

"This Byron is a nice chap," Barney had told me.

From the first it struck me that he was entirely right. Mr. Byron's manner is debonair and refreshing; his stalwart appearance is arresting; the ordinary Irish freckles scattered across his handsome countenance are reassuring; and he has the best general knowledge of any actor I have met.

His conversation is bright, spontaneous, and intelligent. This boy has been places and seen things, and his reactions to the many phases of life which he has encountered are so wholesome and matter-of-fact that it is a genuine pleasure to talk with him.

We three sat in my breakfast nook and partook of a luncheon consisting of strong black tea and gooseberry pie.

"What," asked Barney, in his best company manner as he regarded the table accouterments, "is the pepper for?"

"To put on your pie," said Walter.

Ignoring my fellow scribe's freshness—interviewers can be so trying—I immediately urged Mr. Byron to give us his true life story.

So he went ahead and told us how the War had developed his ability to read character.

"I hadn't supposed you were old enough to have been in the War," I remarked.

"I wasn't old enough," said he, "but I was in. When I was fifteen years old I went to the recruiting office to enlist. The officer in charge asked me how old I was, and I said I was seventeen. Being large for my age, I believed I could get away with it. He told me the age limit was eighteen, and that I had better go away and grow some more. I went away for fifteen minutes by my watch and then returned. When he again asked me my age I said, 'Eighteen and a half.' He knew perfectly well that I was the same youngster who had been there before, but he let me go in. I passed the examinations and in a short while was on my way to the trenches.

"See this scar through my eyebrow?" he said, tracing it with his finger tip. "Bayonet wound. Had it been half an inch lower, I would have lost the eye. Immediately after that, in the same charge, I was shot through the foot. The force of the bullet whirled me into a complete somersault and I rolled under the edge of an old house. Because it was several hours before I could get medical attention, I lost a great deal of blood. By the time the doctors got to me, the bayonet wound was cold, and they couldn't treat it as they would have done otherwise, so it left a scar. For the screen I penciled it over, and it doesn't show."

Telling of the heavy equipment which a British soldier carries, he described his amusing precautions for bodily and facial protection. Coming of a family of Thespians, he wanted to survive the War with his features intact, as he knew they would be necessary to his career as an actor. So the fifteen-year-old warrior marched to the front with part of his equipment on backward and with his helmet pulled down nearly to his chin. [Continued on page 116]
MYRNA, the lady known as Loy, here looks out calm-eyed upon a world that once was a stone wall to the freckled girl from Montana—until she found that her determination could break down the wall. Untrained except as a member of the ensemble in movie prologues, she was given a chance in pictures and made good by reason of a strange, arresting personality more than by the ability to act. But Myrna refused to remain just an interesting figurante. She set about to make herself an actress, but succeeded only so far as colorless roles in mediocre pictures permitted. Then came the talkies, with the discovery that Myrna had a voice as unusual as her face. In "The Desert Song," "The Squall," and "The Black Watch" her careful, thoughtful characterizations stood out. Now, because of her success in "Renegades," she has won a contract from Fox, who, it is hoped, will cast her with care and exploit her with sense. If such good fortune is hers, Myrna herself will do the rest and break down the wall that now separates her from those who are stars by popular acclaim.
HOLLYWOOD is itself again. After a year given over to fears, qualms, and trepidations, mostly concerned with the talkies, the movie world has decided that it is time to begin playing.

A big social season is therefore in prospect, and Betty Starbright can now commence squabbling anew with Molly Twinklelight over why she was not invited to the latter’s nifty soirée.

Combat seems to be rather appropriate, anyway, to the new season of whooppee-making. Even a charity benefit sponsored by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks is not bereft of sensational interest, and directors, writers, executives, and other presumably civilized persons are proficient in the gay game of fistcuffs.

Hope Hampton Sings.

The social season had a great pugilistic start, but its brilliance is not limited to the impromptu prize ring. Rivalries sartorial and terpsichorean developed at recent affairs, notably the opening of the Mayfair season, which drew a record-breaking crowd. The opening took place during a week of grand opera, and one of the belles was Hope Hampton, who appeared perhaps to better advantage on the dance floor than as a singer.

Nevertheless, Miss Hampton gave an eye-filling performance in the title rôle of “Manon.” The worst fault that may be ascribed to her art is that she sings off pitch rather continuously. She acted surprisingly well in all but one scene in which she launched a vampish and Mary Gardenish love assault on the somewhat resistant Beniamino Gigli.

While she was in the West, it is understood, Miss Hampton turned down a chance to return to the movies. She is bent on fighting for success in opera.

The Major Bout.

Some bright wit asked regarding the initial Mayfair party, which immediately followed the Lubitsch-Kraly encounter at the Pickford-Fairbanks benefit affair, “Well, who are the opponents in the main event this evening?”

Candidates for Medals.

Winners of movie honors are now being picked for the year by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. We don’t agree with the list in its entirety, but the selection is, on the whole, pretty satisfactory.

Here are the names of nominees from whom will be chosen the star for first place.

For the women: Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, and Gloria Swanson.

For the men: George Arliss, Wallace Beery, Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, and Lawrence Tibbett.

The best pictures were voted to be “All Quiet on the Western Front,” “The Big House,” “Disraeli,” “The Divorcee,” and “The Love Parade.”

Edith Hubner is Anita Page’s favorite hairdresser, but what the fans want to know is who tampered with Anita’s eyebrows?
Hollywood High Lights

We anticipate first places will go to Arliss and Miss Shearer on the star list. Arliss's portrayal in "Disraeli," and Norma's in "The Divorcée," make them strong candidates for the honors.

Esther in "The Southerner."

Esther Ralston is again a film brighter. She wasn't home more than a couple of weeks from her vaudeville tour, before she was engaged to play the lead opposite Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Southerner."

Esther acquired additional charm and poise during her absence from the colony, and her friends believe she will enjoy renewed success on screen.

It was just after the talkies began that this attractive girl's contract expired, and she flitted East for a stage tour.

Esther was a very popular star during the silent days, and a very good actress, too, as shown in "The Case of Lena Smith" and others of her more dramatic pictures.

Chevalier Greeting Cool.

Word from France indicates that the home-coming reception for Maurice Chevalier was a bit frappé. Various flippancy raps were taken at him by the Parisian newspapers. The impression was conveyed that le bon Maurice was being spoiled by American money.

Chevalier's popularity is not likely to be diminished here on that account, where the public is used to big film salaries. It might be interesting to note, though, that the French entertainer's weekly salary is reportedly $1,000. He also earns a large additional income from phonograph records. France a day—20 cents—was reputedly his stipend in the good old French days.

The Irony of Life.

And speaking of monetary matters, there is the sad case of the song writer who was recently assigned the job of turning out a musical number for "Prosperity Week," and at the same time was asked to take a cut in salary, because the lyric cinema is in such doldrums.

A Convert to Hollywood.

Grace Moore admits a change of heart regarding Hollywood. She now loves the place.

Miss Moore told us this after postponing her trip to Europe, and simultaneously confessed that she had disliked the colony upon her arrival. She will be in the French version of "A Lady's Morals," and will also make another foreign-language film for Metro-Goldwyn.

We weren't impressed with Miss Moore the first time that we met her, but in a later glimpse she was perfectly charming. She is also a rarely attractive woman, but it remains to be seen whether the camera will be able to catch her personality. Reports of her singing on the screen are most favorable.

A Paternal Incongruity.

Doubtless, it will be almost impossible for Robert Montgomery's many admirers to imagine him as a staid paterfamilias. Frankly, he doesn't live up to that description even when he meet him in person.

Nevertheless, Bob is a parent. A girl was born to the Montegomeries a few weeks ago, and Bob, if you should happen to want to know it, is damed proud about it.

Incidentally, he is the dashing hero of Greta Garbo's latest picture, "Inspiration."

Insulted with Honor.

A movie producer recently went into a rage when a member of his staff referred to him as a veritable "pop-bah." The literary quality of the compliment made him believe he was being grossly insulted.

A Basso Beauty.

Wonders never cease nowadays, and some of those in movieland are decidedly disconcerting.

We had a shock recently at a party when a slender and beautiful girl named June MacCloy was introduced as one of the singing finds of the season, and on being asked to warble, burst forth with a voice of basso timbre.

Miss MacCloy is a music show and cabaret performer from New York, and is evidently due to keep the bachelor and near-bachelor fraternity hopping litter and you paying court to her.

The evening of her début there was a slight difference of opinion between two of the male guests present as to who should take her home, that almost led to a fist battle.

Miss MacCloy departed by herself, leaving the rivals to argue the matter out.

This new singer will be seen in "Reaching for the Moon," with Doug Fairbanks and Bebe Daniels.
Appropriate Titling.

Just after Clara Bow’s pyrotechnical adventure in the gaming environs of Nevada, some studio wag proposed that the next picture of the bright redhead should be called “No Limit Clara.” The picture will be called “No Limit,” and will have a gambling sequence. This is trading on the sensational news regarding a star quite sufficiently, it seems to us.

White Elephant Disguised.

Another white elephant of the movies is to be neatly camouflaged. “The March of Time,” Metro-Goldwyn’s costly revue, will emerge as a film with a plot. The picture cost a good round million, and was all but shelved, because revues are presumed to be the worst sort of pills at the box office.

Rephotographing some of the sequences has been under way lately, and the picture will probably put in an appearance in mid-winter.

Some of the most remarkable and elaborate sets ever seen in any picture were constructed for the musical numbers in this production. It would be a genuine pity if the picture never reached the screen in some form or other.

Betty Orchidaceous.

Betty Bronson in “Little Orchid Annie.”

Friends of the Peter Pan of Hollywood were just beginning to wonder what had become of her, when this announcement flashed before their eyes. It meant that Miss Bronson was appearing in a stage play—in fact, a revival of a stage play in which Ruth Taylor twinkled about two years ago.

Not a particularly adroit move to bring back a girl who has such marked individuality that her career really should be a bright one.

“Orchid Annie,” we might say, is a wan stepsister of our old acquaintance Lorelei, of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” It’s difficult to imagine the elfin Miss Bronson in this sort of impersonation.

A Be-good Bugaboo.

Dire threats that somebody will soon be made a horrible example under the morality clause of the contracts are heard from time to time. The reason is that there have been many sensational stellar outbursts that have got into the headlines of the newspapers.

As a matter of fact the morality clause is something of a dead letter on the books. While it is written into most contracts, there is very little inclination on the part of any film company to use it as an excuse for bouncing a player off the lot. It was first written into contracts in the days of the Arbuckle and William Desmond Taylor catastrophes and it stayed on.

Merely as a curiosity it might be worth resurrecting for the perusal of the fan: “The artist agrees to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and manners, and agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society, or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn or ridicule, or that will tend to shock, insult, or offend the community, or ridicule public morals or decency, or prejudice the producer, or the motion-picture industry in general.”

Yes, yes, but what does it all mean?

Gunning for Fame.

Ben Lyon can congratulate himself. He escaped being shot up to pave the way for a young hitch-hiker’s debut in the movies.

How serious Ben’s danger was never will be determined, because the chap who was out gunning for him was forestalled and taken to jail.

Anyway, a new precedent has been set for attempts at breaking into pictures. Shoot your way in!

Gloria Safeguards Future.

Gloria Swanson now shines as one of filmdom’s most provident persons. Gloria has a $2,000,000 life insurance policy, the largest of any star. Her nearest rival, according to figures recently issued by an insurance publication, is Buster Keaton, with $1,250,000.

There are several $1,000,000 policies among the stars. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, William Rogers, Constance Talmadge, and Erich von Stroheim are among those holding them.

Joseph M. Schenck, Norma Talmadge’s husband, completely overshadows the stellar aggregation with a policy for $5,250,000.

The Milton Sills Will.

The estate left by Milton Sills attracted considerable attention. The valuation was placed at $100,000, which was bequeathed to Doris Kenyon, to whom he was married four or five years ago. The document also made mention of a trust fund of $300,000 previously created for the benefit of Sills’s former wife, and $100,000 for his daughter by the first marriage.

Due to his illness and long absence from the screen it was thought that the Sills fortune might be greatly reduced. Apparently such was not the case.

The testimonial to this actor by Hollywood was one of the most unusual. In addition to the funeral, which was private, a memorial service, under the auspices of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, was held.

Old-timer Resumes.

mention of the name of Robert Warwick awakens memories of an old-time stalwart hero of the movies. Warwick was a former star of Famous Players, and about ten years ago friction between him and that organization led to his going to the stage.

Twice a mother and always an artist, Eleonora Boardman returns to the screen in “The Great Meadow,” with John Mack Brown.
Warwick is now back in pictures playing a leading role in “Once a Sinner” for Fox. His last appearance was in “The Fourteenth Man,” a silent version of “The Man from Blankley’s,” which John Harrymore made as a talkie during the past year.

Miss Master of Ceremonies.
Marguerite Churchill is a clever master of ceremonies. She gave evidence of her ability in this direction at an entertainment offered by the Dominos. Marguerite spoke a piece introductory to each of about half a dozen acts on the program, and did the work with becoming grace and efficiency.

It was an all-women show, and the girls played the heroes and the villains, as well as the heroines and the vamps. Mae Busch and Thelma Todd, in one of the sketches, were cast as husband and wife, and Mae told us that before the show she had narrowly escaped being arrested for going about disguised as a man, while en route to the Dominos Club. A policeman stopped her car, and put her through a cross-examination when he noticed her wearing a tuxedo. Which is amusing when you consider that all sorts of costumes are worn on the street by folk of the movie town.

Starring on the Air.
When the movies fail them, some of the stars manage to find a place for their talents in radio dramas.

Recently we heard Nancy Drexel impersonating the frightened heroine of a mystery play given over the air.

Nancy seemed to us to have charm and talent when she appeared in “The Four Devils,” but virtually nothing has come her way in the films since then.

Comfortably Idle.
The ways of the studios are mystifying at times, not to say inscrutable, and recruits from the stage are often much perplexed by what happens to them—or rather what doesn’t—when they are hired under contract. In several instances, these stage actors have been signed at very fair salaries, and then left to languish without anything to do in all the six-month duration of their contract.

One company recently dropped about forty per cent of the players it had hired experimentally, when option time came around. Probably less than half a dozen will even be remembered as a name on the lot where they worked, or—as in some cases, leached.

Nineteen out of twenty of the people brought west from the footlight sector of Broadway have failed even to get to first base in their screen careers. But still they come.

Denny in Demand.
When in doubt get Reginald Denny. This is the current slogan of those seeking a good leading man for a picture.

Denny was borrowed by Fox to play opposite Jeanette MacDonald, in “Stolen Thunder,” and then immediately engaged by Mary Pickford for the rôle of the theatrical producer in “Kiki.” The Pickford lead is, of course, a special compliment, since Mary always very carefully selects her leading man.

Leon Janney kids a mechanical man that eats, sleeps, walks, and apparently has a sense of humor, too.

Rogers as Yank Next.
“The Connecticut Yankee,” which might be called a movie classic, has been selected as the next production starring Will Rogers. It has been talked of as a possibility virtually ever since he signed up with Fox for the film speaks. Rogers will enact the role that Harry Myers scored in so successfully in the silent version.

Rogers was introduced on the stage at Gramman’s Chinese Theater when “The Big Trail” was shown there, and he amused the audience by saying that Fox was thinking of including a morality clause in his new contract. Will’s morals, of course, are above reproach. He is one of the most devoted husbands and fathers in the profession.

Sweet Voice Stilled.
Chances of John McCormack doing another song film are now regarded as out. McCormack is reported to have asked $650,000 for his second feature, which was considered just a bit too high, though “Song o’ My Heart” is meeting with enormous success in England, Australia, and Argentina. He still holds a record for the size of his salary for a single production, namely, $500,000.

Incidentally, the Irish singer was the target for more rumors and gossip than usually fall to the lot of stars from another world when in Hollywood. One story represented him in a very ungentlemanly and unfair light. It was to the effect that he flung a glass of champagne to the floor, because it wasn’t of a quality agreeable to him, and was ordered out of the house by his hostess. It is inconceivable that any woman in her right mind would do anything but urge McCormack to remain at her party, for naturally the presence of the great tenor anywhere is a social coup. The absurdity of such a fantastic yarn is further proved by the amusement of those who are closest to the singer and know him best. They say that he hasn’t tasted champagne in years, for the very good reason that it doesn’t agree with him. It is thus that Hollywood makes up its gossip of the great.

Comiques March Forward.
The stock of two comedians went up several hundred per cent in a single week recently—and we’re not talking about Wall Street. We mean that Eddie Cantor and El Brendel are on the big-winner list since “Whoopie” and “Just Imagine” showed in Hollywood. Both stars made immense hits with their comedy.

Brendel seemed more amusing to us in “Just Imagine” than in anything since “Sunny Side Up.” He was really the life of the whole affair. Fox is viewing his future so favorably that they will star him regularly, in all likelihood.

Cantor is to do more films. It is possible that these will be tried out as stage shows first, and then transferred to celuloid. Several companies, by the way, are considering this kind of test for their plays. RKO, for one, is opening its own theater in Los Angeles.

Dolors for Dolores.
What will be the fate of Dolores del Rio? This question comes up because of her recent illness. [Continued on page 98]
Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her the lead in a film. She is renamed Carmen Valencia, and is fitted in New York as a Spanish actress of note. She goes on to Hollywood, where she encounters studio routine and outside gossip until she is sick at heart. She recognizes a rival for Larry’s love in Paula Wilding. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Markham, adds to her misery while waiting for her picture to start, with her doleful recollections and predictions. At last Larry is coming home, and he will help her.

Jane attends a big party and is disturbed by remarks she overhears concerning Larry’s past love affairs, and more pointed remarks directed at herself. Called to the studio in a few days, Jane is put to the supreme test of her bluff—asked to do a Spanish dance. She hesitates, trembling, when the reassuring voice of Larry reaches her ear, and she puts her act across in a big way.

PART V.

JANE told herself that she couldn’t possibly ever be more wretched than she was during those first days after Larry’s arrival in Hollywood. For Larry was Paula Wilding’s shadow. Apparently whatever he had done in the past was forgiven and forgotten.

He lunched with her at the studio; he accompanied her to the set when she worked; he left with her at night. He was her guest at her beach house at Malibu; they went to a fancy-dress ball as Romeo and Juliet.

It didn’t make Jane any happier to hear some one in the studio remark, “Well, I wonder what his game is this time?”

There was but small compensation in the fact that Jane’s film suddenly began to run smoothly. Even the female impersonator was nice to her. She had a charming bungalow dressing room, her own make-up girl. Yet Jane kept thinking of Larry. It hurt to realize that she had been so mistaken in him.

“Of course, he probably thought he had to make me think he cared about me, in order to get me here,” she reflected bitterly. “Well, I’ll show him. I’ll be a knock-out in pictures! And I’ll show all these people, who think I’m just a sort of freak, that I can make good.”

But making good was hard work, with no one but Tilly Markham to advise her. Polly Barker had gone off to the mountains with a company that was doing location stuff. Mrs. Markham urged Jane to fight with everybody, to make demands that couldn’t be granted without difficulty, to turn temperamental, and to walk off the set once or twice.

“You’re Spanish—make the most of it!” she would beg. “Look at Pola Negri—see what she got by flying into tantrums.”

Jane reflected that Pola got herself out of a contract, out of the country, and just about out of pictures.

“And you got a swell chance in talkies,” Mrs. Markham would go on. “Tell the director if he bawls you out, that he’s made you so nervous your throat’s got all tight and you can’t speak. That’ll hold him! Pull a sore throat once in a while. Listen, honey, you got ‘em all in a bad spot if you hold up production.”

Jane merely sighed, and wondered what it felt like to be really rested. Never had she been so tired in all her life. She hadn’t realized what a grind picture work was. How on earth did girls like Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow stand it, year after year?

Babes in

With a sick uncle, a new movie contract, an her bluff about being Spanish threatening to a bit

By Inez Sebastian

She couldn’t help being a bit troubled by the chance of encountering her uncle in Hollywood; her mother kept writing that he was coming. Yet sometimes she almost hoped that she would meet him, somewhere in public, where his recognition of her would expose her as Jane Haggerty. What a relief it would be to slip out of Hollywood, back into obscurity—where she’d never hear of Larry Bishop again, never run into him with another woman day after day!

Meanwhile Hollywood’s hangers-on pounced upon her, despite Tilly Markham’s efforts to fend them off. Jane rarely came home to find the house empty. There was always a crowd on the terrace or in the living room, drinking the gin which they had ordered in her name and charged to her account, and complaining because there wasn’t a swimming pool.

Some of them would have moved in, had Tilly Markham not risen in her wrath and sprayed the spare bedrooms with formaldehyde. Tilly waged a constant battle with them. She spilled ink on one girl, and upset a bottle.
of glue on another. She inconveniently and loudly recalled a number of embarrassing facts about an ex-leading man, who was bent on marrying Jane and cashing in on her success. She went about among the guests mumbling the most scathing remarks, but without success—to that crew a free meal was worth any number of insults.

Jane would greet them wearily and drag herself up to bed, hoping to eat her dinner there in peace and get some sleep. But one or two of the women always managed to slip into her room, to use her powder and perfume, to try on her clothes hopefully, and let drop a few bits of scandal before Tilly Markham appeared and all but threw them out.

Jane didn’t realize the truth about these people, any more than she understood her success at the studio. She never could quite believe that her weariness was interpreted as aristocratic reserve, and her lack of ability as a new technique of repression.

So it came like a thunderbolt when J. G. summoned her to his office and offered her a long-term contract.

“T’ll be frank with you,” he told her. “I brought you here for this one picture, thinking you wouldn’t be much good, but would get over in Spain. I didn’t think you’d be such a wow. But you’re great; you’re just what we need on the Superba program. The public is fed up with these little nobodies from the Middle West. They want women of the world, like you. Now, here’s the little paper—” He slid the contract across the desk to her. “More money with each picture, you see. And just a few strings. You’re not to get mixed up in any scandal, not to do anything that will cut the value of your pictures at the box office—not that you would, of course. And we’re giving you a new car as a little sign of how much we like you.”

Jane hesitated. This meant that she had made good in pictures. But it meant staying on here, near Larry—could she stand that? Of course, she had huge debts to pay; if she didn’t go on working, she would be unable to manage them. But if she stayed, and Larry went on as he was doing now—

J. G., urged on by a report he had heard that morning, that some one else wanted her services, drew the contract back.

“Well, say we slide the salary up a couple hundred a week right away,” he said, writing in a line.

Amazed, Jane signed. A few moments of silence had never been so golden before.

She was just leaving J. G.’s office when she encountered Larry. Paula Wilding was nowhere in sight.


He smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

“I always know things like that,” he told her, starting down the corridor at her side. “Well, it’s a great break, isn’t it? You’re all set now. Getting used to being Spanish?”

Somehow that almost put them back on the old footing. “Oh, Larry, I’ll have to be more careful than ever, now that nobody suspects,” she exclaimed. “And an uncle of mine is likely to get here any minute. He’ll know me, and what will I do then?”

“Stay out of sight—don’t take any chances,” he answered. “He can’t get into the studio.”

“Yes, I can do that—but I wish—”

She would have gone on to say that she wished he would come out to the house and discuss ways and means with her, but at that moment Paula Wilding appeared at the other end of the corridor, and Larry, with a meaningless “Well, see you soon!” was off. Jane went on alone, her cheeks burning. How lucky it was that she hadn’t finished that sentence, let him see that she still wanted him to be something more than the casual acquaintance he had become! [Continued on page 92]
Far from

Don't let any one tell you that the boyish to Greta Garbo. Look at these clipped

Beatrice Lillie, upper left, values her hair too highly as a trademark to let it grow a quarter of an inch.

Dorothy Christy, at top of page, is in Maurice Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris" and "She Got What She Wanted."

Another Christy, above, is Ann, who is quite a star in Sennett comedies.

Louise Brooks, left, leader in patent-leather haircuts, is back in Hollywood after several years in German films, renewing acquaintance with her ex-husband, Edward Sutherland.
Vasse, bob is out and the long bob is in, thanks heads for courage to keep the shears busy.

Passé

Ethel Sykes, at top of page, you remember as one of the sextet in “The Florodora Girl.”

Kay Francis, above, achieves a hair cut that is sleek, but not hard.

Kathryn Irving’s head, upper right, is relieved from severity by the soft, natural wave of her hair.

Natalie Moorhead, right, soon to be seen with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, in “Hook, Line, and Sinker,” has a classical outline.
Their Phantom

This is an article about the unsung known beauties have married and kept the world does not know they

By A. L.

porter digs up her story, or the husband wearies of his ambiguous status and appears in the divorce court. There is scarcely a month when some husband does not come out of retirement to announce "Why, I'm Miss Whoozit's lawfully wedded spouse!" or Miss Whoozit, in a divorce petition, lets it be known that she has been married two or three years—or sometimes longer.

I think Marie Prevost started all this in 1918 when she secretly married H. C. Gerke, a seaman, and the custom has continued without interruption until now. Quite a few stars have had husbands almost in hiding. Miss Prevost met young Gerke at a house party, fell hard for the naval lad, and under the spell of a June moon and a romantic night rushed off to find a justice of the peace.

"We were just two foolish runaway children," she said four years later when the secret was discovered. "We married and separated immediately."

They were divorced in 1923—friendly and companionable. Members of the film colony who often saw the two together believed young Gerke to be just an admirer. He passed out of Marie's life, a man of mystery.

Since then circumstances have developed which disclosed that quite a few stars either have now or have had phantom husbands, some known to a limited few and others still phantoms. Among them are Jean Harlow; Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette Loff, Claudia Dell, Aileen Pringle, Sue Carol, Jean Arthur, Camilla Horn, and Olga Babelova. Known to the world in each instance as Miss, not many persons had learned that they had wedding certificates.

Jean Arthur married Julian Ancker without consulting her film contract which forbade any such rash step, so he joined the phantom husbands.

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I've mushed around among the stars for six or seven years, but I cannot understand why so many actresses look upon husbands as excess baggage or dead weights. They marry in secret, honeymoon for a while, and then the bride expresses herself something like this:

"Listen, baby, from now on you're not even among those present. You're a phantom! You come when I call and go when I wave you away. I'm the exhibit of this family and when public appearances are to be made. I'll make 'em. Do you get me, darling? I cannot afford to have the fans saying 'Aw, she's married,' for it spoils my romantic glamour. So you just come toddling home occasionally, while I do the stuff in the spotlight. Don't show up unless you get the high sign from me."

Then she drives away in her limousine, to remain "Miss" in the eyes of the world until some newspaper re-

Sue Carol managed to have a phantom husband, Allen H. Keefer, and a sweetheart, Nick Stuart, at the same time.

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Jean Arthur married Julian Ancker without consulting her film contract which forbade any such rash step, so he joined the phantom husbands.
Husbands

heroes of Hollywood—men whom well-so completely in the background that exist. Pity the poor wretches!

Wooldridge

in their possession. The divorce courts brought most of these to light, but not all.

Olga Bachanova was suing for the annulment of an agent's contract in the Los Angeles Superior Court in April of last year. She had but recently been divorced from Vladimir Zoppi, a lawyer of Moscow, Russia. During the course of the trial, an attorney suddenly turned to her while she was on the witness stand and asked if she was married. The star was distinctly upset.

"Is it that I must answer those questions?" she asked Judge William Hazlett in broken English.

"It is!" replied the court.

Miss Bachanova admitted that she was married. Less than two weeks after the Moscow divorce decree was granted, she had been wed to Nicholas Soussanin, she said.

"I wanted to keep him secret," she confessed. "But it is correct!"

Then the advent and departure of Julian Acker, the husband of Jean Arthur, was so meteorlike that it was almost humorous. The two slipped away to Ventura, California, a couple of hours' drive from Hollywood, and were made man and wife. It was July, with the midsummer flowers blooming and gentle breezes drifting in from the old Pacific to cool fevered brows. The mockingbirds and bullfinches were doing their best to sing wedding songs as befitted the occasion. Julian and Jean paid little attention to the songs, however, as they drove dreamily back to Hollywood. It seemed that the day was complete—that is, until Jean happened to pull out her contract with Paramount when she got home. She read a paragraph or two, so Julian told the court, then she let out the

*Vera Reynolds acknowledged Robert Ellis as her husband after nearly three years of secret bliss.*

Helen Twelvetrees's husband was seemingly content to remain a phantom for two whole years.

squawk that was heard around the world. There in cold type was a clause providing that she must not marry so long as she worked for Paramount.

"Exit, Julian!" she fairly screamed. "Depart! Awaunt! Go thither and keep on going! Don't come back!"—or words to that effect.

Julian reached for his hat. Later he told Judge Marshall McComb all about his one-day marriage and the judge sympathized with him. He was a phantom husband just five months.

Miss Priscilla Bonner had a husband somewhere—she did not know just where—for years. He was a phantom in reality. She told a divorce judge in 1925 that when she and Alan Alexander celebrated their first wedding anniversary, he departed.
Their Phantom Husbands

Carol sued for divorce on desertion plea." Allen H. Keefer of Chicago was the phantom husband. Sue eventually was married to Nick and not long ago Mr. Keefer took another wife. He still remains in Chicago.

The middle of last June there was on file in the Los Angeles courts the divorce suit of Claudia D. Offin against Phillip G. Offin. To the picture world it did not mean a thing. No one had ever heard of Phillip Offin—that is, no one in the screen colony. But an inquisitive reporter had a hunch that a story lurked behind that formal complaint charging desertion. He started an investigation and the trail took him into the presence of a lovely blonde—a former Ziegfeld beauty—Claudia Dell. Tearfully she told him her story.

"Yes, I am suing my husband for divorce," she said. "We were married two years ago—just one of those foolish-girl stunts. I was seventeen. We lived together only the shortest time. Even my closest friends didn’t know it. Please don’t ask me any more details."

Claudia’s phantom husband was expunged from her life by Judge T. B. Warne and she left the courtroom smiling.

Not greatly dissimilar is the case of Jean Harlow, the blonde who played the leading feminine rôle in “Hell’s Angels.” The divorce records show that Harlean Carpenter McGrew was married to Charles F. McGrew III of Chicago, September 21, 1927. They separated June 11, 1929. Four months later Harlean filed suit for divorce. Another reporter sensed a story and found that Jean McGrew was Jean Harlow of pictures.

One of the most outstanding cases of rebellion against being a husband in name only, with the name being unmentioned in Hollywood, is that of the husband of Camilla Horn. Miss Horn was brought to this country by United Artists to play opposite John Barrymore in

Baclanova’s marital “past” was bared on the witness stand by an aggressive lawyer.

Jeanette Loff’s divorce brought to light the fact that she was but a wife in name only.

“When I asked him to return,” she said, “he replied, ‘Nothing doing—I’m through.’"

Although she got her interlocutory decree in 1925, she did not receive her final divorce decree until 1927—two years with a phantom husband somewhere. Later Miss Bonner was married to Doctor E. Bertrand Woollan.

The new arrivals in filmland always come as a "Miss.” Never do I recall has an unknown girl arrived and openly announced that she is married and happily married, too. They all seem to think that they will start under a handicap if it becomes known that somewhere in the offing is a husband. And as to possessing a baby—Heaven forbid! That would be wicked, or not true to tradition, or something. This notwithstanding the fact that Dolores Costello, Norma Shearer, Doris Kenyon, Joan Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Mae Murray, Leatrice Joy, Zasu Pitts, Lila Lee, Nancy Carroll, Eleanor Boardman and other actresses of the first magnitude have babies in their homes.

Evelyn Lederer came to Hollywood from Chicago early in 1927. Miss Sue Carol she was to every one. A year later she was talking about her sweetheart, Nick Stuart. Two years after her arrival newspaper headlines suddenly announced—"Sue

Aileen Pringie’s husband has never been in Hollywood during her ten years there.
"Tempest." Two years after her arrival she returned to Germany and filed suit for divorce from Klaus Geerz, a merchant of Hamburg, with his full consent.

"I am tired of being a husband in name only," Herr Geerz confided to his friends. "Camilla and I were happy until she became a star in Hollywood. Then I saw little of her.

"When she left for America, I lost her. We have seen very little of each other since then and I am tired of living a lie."

Helen Twelvetrees became the wife of Clark Twelvetrees in February, 1927. They separated in January, 1929, just as she was beginning to smash her way through pictures. Clark was a phantom husband in Hollywood until March of this year, when Helen recalled his name in a divorce suit. She'd had a pretty hard time with Clark, she told the court, because of his liking for the cup that cheers.

"What transpired the day you were married?" asked her attorney.

"Why," she replied, "my husband got drunk and I didn't see him for the next two days. He went his way and I went mine immediately we left the City Hall. Once he jumped out of a sixth-story window while he was under the influence of liquor and I had to pay the hospital bills."

It seemed quite natural that Miss Twelvetrees did not tell the picture colony all about her phantom husband as she wrestled with her professional career.

Evelyn Laye had a phantom husband back in England when she arrived in America to play in pictures. She divorced him last July. He was Sonnie Hale, a British stage actor. Jeanette Loff separated from Harry K. Roseboom, a jewelry broker, in January, 1929, but did not divorce him till nine months later.

"We were just runaway children," said Marie Prevost in seeking to dissolve the marriage that bound her to a phantom husband for four years.

The divorce suit of Harlean McGrew revealed her as Jean Harlow.

But the most distinctive record of all is held by Vera Reynolds. Vera was married to Earl T. Montgomery even while she was playing in the Mack Sennett chorus and was just a kid. Montgomery was a comedian. They were divorced in 1926. Immediately thereafter Miss Reynolds went to Paris and secretly married Robert Ellis. They returned to Hollywood, Vera to resume work with Cecil DeMille and Ellis to return to Universal. For nearly three years Bob Ellis was a phantom husband. But last year the secret escaped.

The actresses are not wholly to blame for the existence of phantom husbands, because an anti-marriage clause is written into many contracts. Under the terms of an agreement made between Sally Blane and RKO last year, announcement of her forthcoming wedding would have to read something like this:

"Betrothed: Miss Sally Blane to Mr. So-and-so, with the approval of RKO."

To this very day, few persons know that Aileen Pringle had a phantom husband who went away to war at the time she went Continued on page 113
The Ups and Downs of a Script Girl

What she does to earn her small salary, as well as some of her mistakes are explained in this article, with honorable mention of ex-script girls who have become famous.

By Jeanne de Kolty

YOU'RE fired!" Director George Archainbald wrathfully eyed his twenty-year-old script clerk, Willy. The company had just returned from location at Catalina Island; and the script clerk, who possessed the only copy of the scenario which contained complete notes of action, wardrobe, and other detail on "The Storm Daughter," had left these valuable notes at Catalina.

The company was in a quandary. A director depends upon his script clerk to make notations of action and wardrobe, and to assist in matching scenes. Remembering all the little details that go into the making of a picture is a tremendous task, almost impossible without the script clerk's notes, in many instances, and Willy had lost all the valuable data which had been recorded during shooting the scenes on location.

Willy's gait, as he left the studio, was confident and carefree. He had been fired and, having been in America but a short time, talked with a marked German accent; but his misfortunes could not squelch Willy—he knew what he could do, and the opinion of others mattered little to him.

Director Archainbald was not so carefree. Upon his shoulders had fallen the task of recalling from memory all the things which Willy's notes should have informed him. A mistake might cost hundreds of dollars.

What an awful situation that kid Willy had got the company into! He had no business trying to break into motion pictures. Nobody could play around the way he did and succeed in the profession.

Not long ago Director William Wyler sat in his canvas chair watching action on "The Storm," a production which was the special pet of Carl Laemmle, the "daddy" of the Universal studio, where all the little Laemmles are engaged in the business of making pictures. To make "The Storm" a success was doubly difficult, since it was a great box-office hit as a silent picture, and must be an even better talkie, in order to command public attention.

Willy had, at the age of twenty-eight, become one of the most promising of the younger directors of Hollywood. To him had been intrusted the making of a picture that involved a small fortune. His cast included Lupe Velez, William Boyd, and Paul Cavanagh, whose salaries alone amount to several thousands of dollars a week.

In studio jargon, Willy had become a big shot. Director Archainbald may be hard on script clerks—we won't discuss that question—but woe unto the girl who makes a mistake on a Wyler production!

Consider the time when Jeanne, the script girl on "The Storm," forgot that in one scene Paul Cavanagh was smoking a cigarette. Close-ups of the shot were made several weeks later, and the heavy had no cigarette in his hand. Retakes of the scene cost the producers somewhere

Carmelita Geraghty, now an exotic beauty in pictures, once toiled with notebook for $35 a week, until she decided to give her mind a rest by becoming an actress.
Jeanne de Kolty, the writer of this article, acted as script girl to William Wyler, who directed "The Storm" and once was a script clerk himself.

between $1,000 and $1,500: and if you don't think Jeanne got the dickens, well—just ask her.

"The nerve! The very nerve of any one suggesting that a girl with my brains become an actress!" Carmelita Geraghty, she of the big brown eyes and personality which has delighted thousands of fans, was speaking. "I was a script girl. It takes brains to be a script girl, despite popular opinion that all script clerks are a little bit crazy, but all one has to do to be an actress is to look pretty—anyway, that's what I thought before I tried it."

It took a mistake to convince Carmelita that she might be wrong. She was just another script girl to Mickey Neillan, who was directing "Fools First," at the old Metropolitan studio. The company had been shooting almost sixteen hours without a rest, and Carmelita, being a healthy child still in her teens, was growing sleepy.

The company had moved from an interior to an exterior set. The cameras were grinding, the actors were emoting, and Mickey Neillan was engrossed in the scene. Carmelita glanced at her notes. Heavens! There it was, right along the side of her script—"Ray Griffith—beard!"

While inside the house, the leading man had displayed a luxuriant growth of beard and now, in the exterior scene, his whiskers had, like the magic cloak in a Grimm fairy tale, suddenly melted into thin air!

"It must have cost at least $1,200 to remake that scene," laughed Carmelita. She can afford to laugh now. To the girl who once worked night and day for $35.00 a week, that modest stipend has become a mere pittance; but at the time, the occurrence was so serious that the script girl decided to become an actress at the very first opportunity, because she was a dismal failure as a taker of notes.

Dorothy Arzner, at present the only really famous woman director, was one script girl who never made a mistake—but then Dorothy is like that. She is perhaps the only director who does not depend upon her script clerks to help her remember details.

"I think a script clerk is of more value to the cutter than the director," says this unusual young woman. "I never worry about my script girls. I know they are doing their work well; if they weren't, they wouldn't be working for me. I believe it is the director's duty to remember everything that happens on the set. He is responsible for the picture and should not have to trust anybody to remember the things he should know. I know that if I attend to my business while working on a production everything will be all right. I never worry about the other fellow."

Miss Arzner directed "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow, "Sarah and Son," and "Anybody's Woman," with Ruth Chatterton, and she is next to direct Claudette Colbert. For any one who wishes to break into any branch of studio work, particularly scenario writing, script work is extraordinarily good experience. The script girl works constantly at the side of the director. Her job includes making notations of all costumes worn, the action of each scene and, since the advent of talking pictures, to check all dialogue.
The Ups and Downs of a Script Girl

Dorothy Arzner, the only woman director and one of the most outstanding of either sex, is sympathetic toward the trials and tribulations of script girls, because she served time as one.

If a heroine wears a coat in one scene, she must be shown removing the coat, or she must continue to wear the coat until the end of the sequence. It is the script girl's job to see that this is done.

Matching scenes is one of the difficult tasks in the making of a picture. Usually a master scene is made in medium or long shots. When this is completed, the cameras are moved up to get close-ups of the characters. In the close-ups each actor must go through exactly the same actions or business that he did in the long shots, so the scene can be cut at any point in the action, from a long shot to a close-up, or vice versa, and the scene will continue smoothly.

If a man is seen in a standing position in a long shot, he cannot suddenly appear seated in a close-up, but must be shown in the act of sitting down. If he is seen at one end of a room, he cannot suddenly fly to the other end without taking a step, but must be seen walking across the set.

Often mistakes are made by the cutter for which the script clerk is blamed. A man may apparently jump from one end of the room to the other, although a scene showing him walking across has been taken. The script clerk may be blamed for neglect, while in reality it is the cutter who has omitted the walking scene from the picture.

In sound pictures it is as important for dialogue to match as for action. Exactly the same words must be spoken in long shots as in close-ups, so that the cutter can change from one shot to another in the middle of a word, should he so desire, and the sentence will continue smoothly, without repetition or omission of words.

Many cutters have broken into this specialty as script clerks. Other script clerks have become writers, as in the case of Marion Dix, Paramount's twenty-four-year-old writer, who only a short time ago was just a script girl. She made use of every opportunity to talk with scenario writers and directors and, through her constant contact with them, she was finally given an opportunity to prove her ability to write.

Alice White is another former script girl who took advantage of her opportunity to meet and talk with directors—the only script girl to become a star.

A visitor walking onto a set may envy the script girl her job as she sits on her chair apparently doing nothing. If the same visitor attempted to keep track of action, dialogue, and a hundred other details at the same time, he would realize that the script girl has no easy task. She takes the blame for her own mistakes and those of nearly everybody else on the set—in fact the poor script girl stands plenty of gaff! No wonder they say all of them are crazy!
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Outward Bound"—Warner. Strangely arresting picture, with admirable acting. All the plots and situations avoided, and deals with life after death. Leslie Howard, of the stage, Beryl Mercer, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Sonny Francis.

"Call of the Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro makes up for his last film with delightful acting and singing in Seville, with Rene Adorée. Dorothy Jordan supplies the innocent element, and there is a lovely sacrifice of love, and as it deserves, a happy ending. Ernest Torrence, Matthew Conlan.

"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling register. Lewis Stone capital, Gable Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Raffles"—United Artists. Most civilized current film—gay, ironic, intelligent. Dallas克 Pearson will appear as Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence are like human beings. Good dialogue. Frederick Kerr, Alison Skipworth, though not on screen.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthesmer, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities. Lewis Stone capital; Gable Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick_forger; Robert Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Osweley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton with new vitality.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no betraying ending or girl appeal. A good film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summerville, Russell Gleason, William Bake well. John Wray outstanding in big cast.


"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in genteel Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingenue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.


"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah!" and tootie of today. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lilian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald past leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's début on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess; Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Animal Crackers"—Paramount. Buffalo designed to exploit the gag talent of the Marx Brothers. The clownish, unless you lead the home-town group of ordinary little thinkers. Most of stage cast retained, plus, for some obscure reason, Lilian Roth.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Directing not remarkably original, comedy of the army, with Buster Keaton as the gooky misfit. Sally Eilers is hostess at a canteen, and there's also Clark Edwards out yonder in no man's land. Forballast you have Edward Brophy.


"Spoilers, The"—Paramount. Big wooden tale of those villainous Easterners doing wrong by the valiant sourrians. There are many fine insights on life in those days. Gary Cooper, Kay Johnson, Harry Green, Slim Summerville, James Kirkwood, William (stage) Boyd.

"Sea God, The"—Paramount. Resembles chapter of a serial, but Richard Arlen's pleasing personality makes it tolerable. Diving for pearls, he is cut off, but manages to keep going. He gets out and saves the heroine, Fay Wray. Eugene Pallette, Ivan Simpson.

"Let's Go Native"—Paramount. High excellence sows-in with low dulness, but rehearsing on the whole. Throw-back to musical-comedy days. Comic brilliant in spots. Jeanette MacDonald shows flair for comedy. Jack Oakie, James Hall, William Austin, Kay Francis, Richard Gallagher, the latter king of an island.

"Monte Carlo"—Paramount. The gambling cardinal is rather dreary, if this catches its spirit, although there are amusing, ironic touches. A countess runs away from a prince, and finds a count posing as a hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Claude Alistrier, Zasu Pitts.

"Three Faces East"—Warner. Constance Bennett does not manage to be as secretive and mysterious as a World War secret agent. Old-fashioned, but better than many. Erich von Stroheim's presence more effective than his voice. Other players fair.

"Old English"—M.G.M. George Arliss character study of old man who holds onto what he has got through craftsmanship, and his rebellious end. Intelligent cast includes Murray Kinnell, Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford, Henrietta Goodwin, and others from stage.

"Anybody's Woman"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton again leads the stage caravan as chorus girl who marries a lawyer while he is drunk, and then rejudgment and eventual love. Intensely interesting with the compelling star and Clive Brook, Paul Lukas, Juliette Comer, etc.

"Common Clay"—Fox. Relief of the stage, with claptap drama that relieves the tear ducts and gives a woman wonderful chance to be sorry for women, particularly her own forlorn self. Girl tries to go straight, but alas, those men, those women. Constance Bennett, Lewis Ayres, Beryl Mercer.

"Rain or Shine"—Columbia. Joe Cook's humor is refreshing, and you'll be glad he came to the screen, even in a circus story. Young man of society loves girl trying to run sawdust ring. John Brown, William Collier, Jr., Louise Fazenda.

"Hell's Angels"—United Artists. Million-dollar airplane maneuvers and photography and a thirty-episode story make unbalanced film. James Hall and Ben Lyon miscast. Jean Harlow the heroine who causes brothers to do strange things behind the trenches. Planes and Zeppelins the stars.

"Moby Dick"—Warner. John Barrymore's revival of his old film is exciting, but without the subtle terror of the silent version. The well-known epic of a generosity, the bird, and the sea beast. Joan Bennett stays pleasingly girlish as others grow old. Lloyd Hughes satisfactory.

Postscript: page 138
Robert Montgomery and June Walker make their rôles real and understandable in "War Nurse."

THOUGH "War Nurse" does not quite attain all its possibilities, it is notable in several respects—chiefly the acting of favorite players—and it introduces a newcomer from the stage, June Walker, whose performance is something to cherish.

The story shows the psychological and physical effects of war upon a group of young women volunteers from civil life who are doing their duty as nurses behind the firing line. It is an earnest, conscientious effort to reveal another side of war and it succeeds, even though the result is uneven. It has moments of conspicuous excellence and others that cause one to ask why such lapses should occur. But there is no doubt at all about the acting of any one in the cast, nor of the naturalness of the dialogue.

The story, such as it is, is simple and uncomplicated, and the various characters are clear cut and human, so the picture is never slow or dull. It deals mainly with two couples, Babs and Wally and Joy and Robin. Wally pursues Babs with wisecracks and banter until she nears the end of her resistance. Suddenly she learns that she is just another woman to him, while she thought his attentions actuated by love. She sends him away. Joy, who is younger and more inexperienced, takes seriously the love-making of Robin only to discover, when it is too late, that he is married. Babs assumes the care of Joy's baby when she dies and when Wally reappears some years later at the close of the war, he offers his name to the child and its adopted mother. There you have the bare story.

Miss Walker's contribution to it is great. Here is an actress whose position as a Broadway leading woman is second to that of no one who has sought favor on the screen. But if you think she is mannered, or affected, or indulges in the least hint of the stage lingo, you are much mistaken. Her casual speech is natural and devoid of accent. It would fit any American character. Miss Walker's great skill is found in being casual and keenly expressive at the same time. A little too plump to compete with the attenuated beauties, she has most of them at a disadvantage in being a human being, a girl one would like to know, to talk with, whereas the majority of the screen sisterhood are creatures of make-up, diet, and costume.

Anita Page, as the junior nurse, is at her best in a rôle that provides greater range than any of the others, and Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames make the two soldiers real. Other nurses are Zasu Pitts, Helen Jerome Eddy, and Marie Prevost, all extremely effective, and Hedda Hopper, Edward Nugent, and Martha Sleeper also do well.

A Gentle Desperado.

If you like a ripsnorting Western produced by one of the great directors, King Vidor, "Billy the Kid" will mean something in your life, though there have been more satisfying films in this category. It is interesting, though, to see what a man of imagination and sensitiveness can do with a story of this kind, because it is obvious that the material at hand could scarcely have inspired the director of "The Crowd" and "Hallelujah" to cheer his luck. At the same time, only Mr. Vidor could have raised it from the slough of mediocrity, or caused the spectator to take it seriously instead of looking upon it as a satire on hard-riding plainsmen, quick to take offense and gib with their triggers.

It's almost outside the issue to say that the story portends to be a visualization of "The Saga of Billy the Kid" and has for its chief character the famous desperado whose murders, holdups, and bank robberies did as much as anything to give the old West its reputation for lawlessness. But in the film Billy is no such sanguinary and predatory youth. He is, instead, a chivalrous young man possessed of a Southern accent, boyish diffidence, and considerable personal charm, who becomes an outlaw only because of his determination to avenge the death of his friend. Incidentally, it isn't beside the point to remark that Billy in real life was reputed to be a native of Brooklyn, New York.

This, then, puts the film on the level of pleasant fiction in no wise related to criminal history or, indeed, anything but the standardization of the screen. However, the picture has its moments. I don't remember any love scene more charged with passion and tenderness than occurs when Kay Johnson, the heroine, bravely mounts the steps that lead to the jail and kisses Billy in full view of his assembled friends and enemies below, before he goes into durance vile. It is beautiful, exalted, and as far above the necking which we are urged to accept as the expression of love on the screen, as "Romeo and Juliet" is superior to "Young Sinners" as a play. There is also that moment when Billy "gets" his enemy, Balinger, who killed his friend. Because of Warner Richmond's admirable performance in the latter rôle, and John Mack Brown's as Billy, not to mention Mr. Vidor's
in Review

Varied entertainment is found in this month's pictures and individual examples of acting continue to shine brighter and brighter.

Sure sense of dramatic values, there never has been a villain of my acquaintance whose end made me more jubilant or so stirred my sense of justice. So you see, the picture is not dull.

For one thing, it is excellently acted, as you may have gathered, not only by Mr. Brown, who is entirely satisfactory, if pleasantness and charm are your main requisites. But by Wallace Beery. His portrait of the sheriff whose sense of duty conflicts with his worship of "Billy" is one of the finest of his many notable characterizations. When Mr. Beery is visible the picture as a whole doesn't matter.

If you see "Billy the Kid" in a theater that boasts accommodation for the "Realistic" screen, a device that enlarges the panorama to gigantic proportions, you will enjoy the picture all the more, for the greater dimensions of film and screen give scope and beauty to natural backgrounds such as are impossible under ordinary conditions.

Straight from the Shoulder.

For a rattling good picture I recommend, without reservation, "Her Man." It harks back to the day when a picture wasn't a picture unless it had vigor, and violence, and a plot that moved forward with every scene. These qualities are here apparent in good measure, together with clear-cut direction, excellent photography, understandable characterizations, and acting that is keyed to the limit of cleverness. The result is amazingly successful and is particularly interesting to the habitue of films, because, for one thing, the practiced eye can see the banal picture that would have resulted had the collaboration come from a director less skilled than Ray Garnett and players less responsive than Helen Twelvetrees, Phillips Holmes, and Ricardo Cortez. Therefore those responsible for its appeal deserve extraordinary credit, especially as Mr. Garnett and his two leading players are newcomers, more or less, and illustrate the value and efficacy of young blood in the movies.

It is doubtful if Miss Twelvetrees and Mr. Holmes could have been surpassed by any one in their vivid, graphic and moving impersonations, she as a miserably bit of humanity in an old-fashioned dive along the Havana water front, where men are beasts and women theirs for hire, and he as an eager, pugnacious sailor. The young people are mutually attracted, though the girl Frankie attempts to pick Dan's pocket and he good-humoredly detects her in the act. But theirs is a romance that survives disillusionment—and it's convincing, too. So much so that Johannie, whose girl Frankie is, sets about to protect his rights by eliminating Dan. The contest concludes with a free-for-all fight that demolishes the barroom and places Johannie hors de combat—to put it euphemistically. How Mr. Cortez, who plays the rôle, will be able to play another without long convalescence, is beyond me. For a more terrific fight I never have witnessed, nor one that conveys less restraint or calculated fury.

This simple story is, like a carefully wrought novel or play, embellished with a score of telling details, exposures of character by means of action and speech. Yet such a high order of skill has entered into the telling that the spoken word is employed with fine economy. You see a talking picture, yes, but dialogue is subordinated to action, so that every word that is spoken has the force of a newspaper headline.

Though Mr. Cortez has played many parts, some of them indifferently, some of them well, he comes through in this as a dominant figure and an accomplished artist. Marjorie Rambeau, well known on the stage and once a star in silent pictures, reappears as a sympathetic harlot who aids the young lovers, and she makes her kind-heartedness very real. Comic flashes are shot by James Gleason and Harry Sweet, and admirable bits are furnished by Mathew Betz, Mike Donlin, and Thelma Todd, the latter's Greek blondev effaced by a dark wig, her handsomeness dimmed not a whit. However, the stars are Miss Twelvetrees and Mr. Holmes, who receive the critic's accolade elsewhere in Picture Play this month.

He Fell in Love With His Wife.

Cecil DeMille, entertainer par excellence, hasn't succeeded in maintaining his popular appeal in "Madam Satan." Certainly he has failed to evoke critical praise, for his latest opus is distinctly off the mark. And this is too bad in view of the cleverness of his first essay into audibility—"Dynamite"—which, though regarded lightly by most reviewers, made history at the box office.

The new picture has no such magnetism. It is dull, platitudeous, and unreal as a film purporting to show life on the planet Mars. Even more serious a defect is that most of the sequences are so long-drawn-out that one fidgets at Mr. DeMille's lapse in editorial judgment. Yet it has good points, its moments of excellence, as would be expected from the director.

One of them is the voice of Kay Johnson, whose speech will one day be recognized by everyone for what it is: pure, limpid English, musical, expressive, and as free from the taint of accent, affectation, or localism as the purling of a crystal brook, or the cadence of a violin. Yes, eventually Miss Johnson will garner her reward for a virtue possessed by no other actress, with the possible exception of Claudette Colbert who, however, does not seem capable of investing her speech with music to a like
degree. Another merit is found in the performance of Roland Young, that whimsical comedian of such lightness that his speech may be compared to drifting thistledown, but who does not, unfortunately, resemble Buddy Rogers and therefore is destined to be caviar to the general. There is also Reginald Denny, tried and true in silence, who proves himself in full command of the nuances of speech. But his is an ungrateful rôle—one that is a strain on the credibity of the spectator as well as the eyesight of the character. He falls in love with the wife he has rejected merely because she wears a mask and speaks with an accent. For you must know that "Madam Satan" is nothing much else.

Bob Brooks wearies of Angela Brooks because she is humdrum—the old theme of "Why Change Your Wife?"—and becomes infatuated with a cabaret girl named Trixie. Whereupon Angela vows that she will make Bob so sick of vice that he will cry for decency. Conveniently, their friend Jimmy—Mr. Young—gives a lavish masquerade ball aboard a Zeppelin lashed to a mast. There the mysterious Madam Satan worries Trixie in a duel of wits and physical allure for the vacillating husband. It will scarcely be news for you to learn that Angela wins. But not before the Zeppelin breaks away from its moorings and the guests descend to earth in parachutes that land in surprising places.

That's the gist of "Madam Satan" and the most actually that can be said, except that the fantastic and satiric costumes at the ball are wonderful to behold. They represent real imagination instead of a conglomeration of odds and ends made over into musical-comedy outfits. But this effect is spoiled by the extreme length of the revel. And so it is with everything in the picture. However, Mr. DeMille is next to participate in a revival of "The Squaw Man," the first film he directed fifteen years ago, and I venture to say that "Madam Satan" will be erased from the debit side of his artistic ledger.

Stage Ladies Have Their Say.

The least satisfying picture of the month is "A Lady Surrenders." Some there are who call it the worst, but you know me—always straining the quality of mercy. It's a case of talk, talk, talk, to no purpose except to create restlessness on the part of the spectator and giggles where they never were intended. Yet there's a story—not a bad one, either. But it moves with the lethargy of the proverbial molasses. This throws into high relief shortcomings of certain players and gives me a cue for a little homily on a subject that is becoming more and more important to every fan—voice and speech on the screen.

In this picture are two actresses with real, not fictitious Broadway reputations, Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin. Their voices are cultivated, their speech fluent, expressive, and they are not displeasing to the eye, though no great shakes photographically. Why, then, should they be singled out for the professor's rebuke instead of being laureled with praise? Because they have the false, absurd accent typical of most stage players. It is heard in all the best theaters nowadays, so it is not peculiar to the Misses Hobart and Tobin. It is contagious too, for it is cultivated by screen actresses who look naturally to experienced speakers for their models. And in this there is danger of an epidemic of affected speech on the screen. For this stage talk is nothing but an affectation, a poor mixture of imaginary English inflections with straightforward American.

It is as if the speaker hasn't the courage to go in for out-and-out English speech, but thinks that a little embroidery of it on American locutions will give the touch of elegant culture that the actress finds valuable in drawing-room plays.

The sadly comic part of it is that their English intonations aren't good; they aren't as refined as the speakers imagine; they are distinctly the tones of the very sort of English that the imitators would call frightfully middle "clumsy." Thus we hear "Aah. I'm going home," "daon't," "thuhutah" for "theater," while the word "real" is always pronounced "ruh'ally," with a rising inflection, and "are you theah?" is asked in Beatrice Lillie's best burlesque manner, with the actresses fondly imagining a perfection of speech that would cause a Mayfair duchess to say, "My dear, surely you're not an American"!
Well, this is the jargon heard in "A Lady Surrenders" with peculiar irritation, until one wishes that both ladies would surrender their highfalutin airs and talk like regular girls. It can be done at no sacrifice of expressiveness, or culture, or smartness, or whatever it is that stage speech is supposed to give.

Then there is Conrad Nagel, with his mild attack of broad "a." He is content to confine it to "hahst" and "chahurt," but Miss Tolain prefers to "dahnce" rather than "dance," and one knows that she would admire a "castle" and pass a "castle" by. Basil Rathbone, who is also present, is the only person in the "caste" with a right to speak the English of Britain. He does so with purity and effortlessness.

After this it doesn't much matter what the picture's about, does it? Merely that a wife notifies her husband that she is seeking a Paris divorce and changes her mind after he has married her friend in the interval. In justice to Miss Hobart, it must be said that in "Liliom" she discards her accent and gives a much better account of herself than one would think possible after seeing her in this. It proves my point that affected speech can be shed to the advantage of player and spectator.

All Aboard for Heaven.

Setting out to be imaginative and thoughtful, "Liliom" succeeds only in being artificial, slow, and dull. This is all the more regrettable when one considers the collaboration of Frank Borzage, the director who has given us many notable pictures, Charles Farrell, always a pleasing actor, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, and Rose Hobart, a stage luminary, not to mention the fine play that inspired the film. But their combined efforts yield only a few stray moments of beauty or sincerity. It may also be said that "Liliom" is not a subject suited to the screen, though the sequence in a fantastic heaven provides more scope for the cameraman than it offered the scenic designer of the stage production. However, there never has been a picture that was carried to success by settings alone, so there is no reason to suppose this to be an exception.

"Liliom" is a Budapest amusement park. He is conceited, arrogant, contemptuous of women, a bully, yet he shows flashes of boyish simplicity. Madame Muskat, his employer, is in love with him and so is Julie, a poor servant. She worships him dumbly: to her he is a god. And because Liliom cannot resist such idolatry he marries Julie. Then occurs a sentence actually heard for the first time on the screen. Julie says "I'm going to have a baby." In all the years of pictures, both silent and audible, the birth of a child has always been represented as a miracle of such awesome proportions that censorship forbade mention of it. I shall always remember "Liliom" for this milestone. When the barker commits suicide to escape capture by the police in a holdup, he ascends to heaven where God is represented by a character called the Chief Magistrate wearing a frock coat and a gardenia. From then on symbolism is dealt out largely, with comic relief from an old man in a flowing robe and a trumpet. For his sins Liliom endures punishment for ten years, after which he is allowed to return to earth for an encounter with his daughter. The child will have none of his affection and repulses him so violently that he slaps her face. For this he returns to the Chief Magistrate to do further penance. Dost like the picture? Mr. Farrell is sadly miscast as the hero. He has neither the voice nor the temperament, to say nothing of the skill, to act a complex role that demands mature experience. However, he makes a manful attempt and this should not be held against any one at any time. Miss Hobart shows a clear understanding of Julie and plays her with sympathy and pathos, though the role becomes monotonous because it is pitched in one key. Miss Taylor is gloriously beautiful as Madame Muskat all too briefly seen, and Mr. Warner makes the Chief Magistrate soothing rather than anything else.

They're Nice to Know.

A gay, harmless trifle is "Those Three French Girls." It is no more substantial than musical comedy, but happily it is without music except an unpretentious song now and then. Even more of

Continued on page 100
Pauline Garon, André Luguet, and Jetta Goudal play in the French version of "The Unholy Night," a simple matter for Pauline and Jetta, for they are linguists as well as actresses and André is from the "Comédie Française."

In Europe once I saw a fantastic play called "The Palace of Cards," in which the players represented every card in the deck. At the end there was a wild shuffle, and every one found himself playing a new rôle. Some of the Aces, Kings, Queens, and Jacks became mere numbers and were lost in the crowd, just as certain silent stars found themselves deuces and treys in the talkie game.

The fans have complained about not seeing certain old favorites. They cannot understand why their pets are not constantly in the foreground. My object is to inform one and all the whys and wherefores—and to cheer the forlorn.

"What is Barry Norton doing?" ten thousand fans ask in one voice. "Why isn't he given parts important enough for his talent?" The girls go on further, adding compliments to the complaints, rhapsodizing on the beauty of Barry's nostrils and the perfection of his acting. But Barry remained out of sight.

No longer did his disturbing vision flash on the screen. But he was not flung into oblivion. After leaving Fox, he was placed under contract by Paramount. With this company our Argentine hero has been making four Spanish versions—at least acting in them. These pictures being "The Benson Murder Case," "Slightly Scarlet," "Paramount on Parade," and "Grumpy." In the latter picture, Barry enacts the rôle played by Phillips Holmes in English.

George Lewis, though born in Mexico, spoke Spanish with an American accent, so he had to overcome it for the foreign versions of "Common Clay" and "The Last of the Duanes."

Far from being crowded out by the talkies, some knowledge of foreign languages to films intended describes what they are doing and throws new

By William

Barry speaks Spanish, French, and English fluently. He was educated in an English school in Buenos Aires. Why producers thought he'd speak-with an accent is just one of those hasty, unfounded decisions.

All those fans who have been craving a glimpse of their favorite will gain their wish by seeing "East Is West." Barry plays in it.

You will also see Don Alvarado, in "Captain Thunder." But before that turned up, Don had dropped from sight. He disappeared just when he was reaping good reviews for his work. His first rôle of importance was with Do- lores del Rio, in "The Loves of Carmen." Under contract to United Artists, he played with Constance Talmadge, in "Breakfast at Sunrise"; also in D. W. Griffith's "Drums of Love." There was a Columbia epic, with Lyn de Putti. Finally "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Then silence.

In all these pictures, each of which missed fire, Don attracted attention. Then the talkies arrived. "Don Alvarado? Ah, yes. A Mexican chap. No good for English." So it went.

In "Rio Rita," Don played the part of Bebe Daniels's brother. And again his rôle, though minor, attracted attention.

At a ringside table at the Brown Derby, Don related all his misfortunes to me. But now he is regaining his old place. In fact the head waiter actually let us sit in a preferred booth. Such
But Not Lost

of the players you have missed are giving their for distribution abroad. This illuminating article light on the uncertainties of an actor's life.

H. McKegg

places are offered only to the gifted. If you have missed Don Alvarado, cheer up. You can now see him once more, for he is to play in several English-language films. He's a pleasing actor. There's no reason why he shouldn't be seen often from now on.

Perhaps the strangest case of all was the temporary disappearance of George Lewis.

He made pictures for Universal for five years—a test for any self-expressing artist. George ground out forty-four of those two-reel "Collegians," many of the later ones being talkies.

With the use of sound came noise. Musical comedies and revues swamped the screen. Actors went crazy doing tap dancing, warbling ditties in every second scene. When it came to competing with Paul Whiteman, George was shown the gate.

Born in Guadalajara, Mexico, he came to the United States when he was seven years old. His father was

Sandra Ravel spoke her native French in the foreign version of "Slightly Scarlet," then lapsed into English with an accent in "Three French Girls."

In the German version of "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo has the support of Salka Steuerman in Marie Dressler’s rôle.

an American, his mother Spanish. Disregarding the "Collegians" talkies he had made, producers took for granted that Mr. Lewis spoke English with an accent. This in spite of the fact that most of his life has been spent in Hollywood. But it was the other way around—George spoke Spanish with an English accent. To overcome this he took lessons every day, in order to perfect himself for Spanish talkies.

Signed by Fox, he has played in the Spanish versions of "Friendship," "Common Clay," and "The Last of the Duanes."

Undoubtedly George eventually will be cast in some English-language talkies. There is no reason why he should not be. In the meantime, should you desire to see his present efforts, you must visit Mexico, or some other Spanish-speaking country.

After appearing in one talkie, Adolphe Menjou was seen no more. Now back from Europe, Adolphe is once again at the Paramount studio, his old home, making pictures in French and English. You are to see and hear him in Gary Cooper's "Morocco" and in Lawrence Tibbett's "New Moon."

In the former picture you are also to see Marlene Dietrich, the German actress. It may strike you as amusing that producers keep native actors with good voices off the screen—for no obvious reason—and sign some one from abroad who speaks with an accent. Yet I am fully convinced that Marlene will stir the fans. I am all for her. In fact, I say "Hoch die Dietrich!"

Gilbert Roland has been off the
screen longer than some have cared for. Though one of the most popular of romantic leads, Gilbert's first talkie, "New York Nights," was a poor picture. The plot belonged to silent days. And he portrayed a thankless rôle.

When Metro-Goldwyn chose to make "Mon-sieur le Fox," they decided to make it in five languages. Barbara Leonard plays the girl in each version. Gilbert is in the English and Spanish versions.

From now on Mr. Roland will appear oftener. So let's rejoice.

Sighs and complaints are also spreading abroad because of the momentary disappearance of Duncan Renaldo. Señor Renaldo played Don Alvarado's twin in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Both vanished as if they had lived the story in real life.

The truth of it is that Duncan has been spending the last year making "Trader Horn." The company spent nine months in Africa. The picture is being finished now, so it may be said that Duncan Renaldo will again stir the girls when "Trader Horn" appears.

Born in New Jersey of Spanish parentage, Mr. Renaldo did various things along artistic lines, eventually finding himself an actor. He'll probably be one for quite a while to come.

When the talkies struck Holly-wood most of the studios dispensed with many of their minor players. First National let quite a few of theirs go, Donald Reed being one.

A Mexican by birth, Ernesto Guillen by name, he came to the States when he was ten years old and has lived here ever since. Naturally he speaks English as fluently as a native. But with the talkies, Donald Reed found himself with others on the wrong side of the gate.

Writing, directing, and acting in Spanish versions for Columbia has occupied his time of late. So what the American fans have been missing Spanish fans have been enjoying—let us hope.

Why this player is passed up is beyond me. Possessed of the necessary looks and acting ability, he ought to be where he belongs. In "The Texan" he enacted the brief rôle of a Mexican. For this Don had to cultivate an accent.

He also played a silent part in "The Green Ghost," the first French talkie to be made in Hollywood. Jacques Fey-

Gilbert Roland played in two of the five versions of "Mon-sieur le Fox," the languages being Spanish and English.

der directed it. The English version was called "The Unholy Night." Dorothy Sebastian played the part in English which the exotic Jetta Goudal plays in the French. Inci-dently, those who desire to see more of la Goudal can expect to get a thrill if they hear her in English, for her voice has an individuality all its own.

Pauline Garon is a French-Canadian, and speaks French as fluently as English. She played in this first French version, with André Luguet, an actor from the Comédie Française. He was signed by M.-G.-M., and brought to Holly-wood especially for French productions.

Most of the studios are now making pictures in English, Spanish, French, German, and Italian.

It might be interesting to hear Greta Garbo in the Ger-man version of "Anna Christ-tie." It has recently been made. Theo Shall plays Matt
Françoise Rassay—Mrs. Jacques Feyder—in private—is playing in French versions for Paramount, as is Emile Chamard, one of the best character actors in pictures.

Rosa Moreno came to the movies three years ago. The silent screen afforded her nothing. Since talkies, she has been signed by Paramount to play in English, Spanish, and Italian. In the Spanish version of “Paramount on Parade,” she Moreno plays with Barry Norton. She appears in Italian with Nino Martini—not a drink, but an attractive young Italian tenor.

One must give the talkies in foreign languages their due. The Americans may miss something, but they also gain. French brings us Sandra Ravel. Sandra played in the French version of “Slightly Scarlet.” She is now seen and heard in “Those Three French Girls,” in which two of my favorite French players give of their art—none others than Fifi Dorsay and Yola d’Avril. Watch out for la Ravel.

Philo Vance was made so famous by William Powell that the master detective had to create a Spanish prototype of himself. Ramon Pereda serves the purpose. A skillful player, it is a pity he cannot be seen by American fans.

Still more a pity is that “Paramount on Parade,” in Japanese, will not be seen by Americans. The Japanese actor, Suisei Matsui, plays in it, enacting the roles done by Chevalier and Helen Kane in the original! Yet should we not be content?

Many foreign players may eventually be heard in English. If this happens, American fans will then have no cause for complaint.

What American fans are missing—Suisei Matsui, a Japanese actor, in Helen Kane’s schoolroom act in “Paramount on Parade” as it will be seen by his countrymen.

All Don Alvarado’s good work counted for nothing when Hollywood decided that accents were taboo, so he had to begin his career all over again.

Burke, Charles Bickford’s rôle, while Salka Steuerman portrays the part done so excellently by Marie Dressler.

Would not the Novarro cult like to hear their idol in a film in his native Spanish? Ramon directs and stars in the Spanish version of “Call of the Flesh.”

José Crespo played in several silent pictures. Well-known on the Spanish and Argentine stage, he came to Hollywood to give his art to the American films.

When I first met José he spoke no English. He studied until he came to speak the language so well that he appeared on the Los Angeles stage. He is likely to appear in English talkies. But, for the present, since Spanish versions must be made, Crespo is kept busy.

He has just finished playing in Spanish the rôle John Gilbert essayed in “One Romantic Night.” Maria Alba, who appeared in several silent films, plays opposite him.

Maurice Chevalier is making all his films in both English and French. His sprightly wife, Yvonne Vallée, appears opposite him in the French version of “The Little Café.” “The Big Pond” was made in both languages, Claudette Colbert playing with Chevalier in each one. La Colbert also played with Menjou, in the French version of “Slightly Scarlet.”
Queer," says the man whose one aim in life is the earning of money, as he looks at the rest of the world. "Queer, that's what some people are. They work their heads off, and what for? To tell about another star in the sky, or find out the shape of the crystals that are supposed to be in lead, or figure out how many words a kid of three can remember. Nuts, that's what I call them!"

But the world of knowledge, service, and self-expression through some activity of that kind will always lure the mind of men who are bent on more than mere physical survival and material display. The professions may now and then offer wealth. More often they have nothing tangible to offer but hardship, with their secret rewards hidden in the heart of the servant at their shrine.

Every number has some relationship, high or low, to all physical, mental, and spiritual activity, and to knowledge of every kind, but the numbers Four, Five, and Six, dealing as they do with the higher human qualities as different from the animal, and Number Nine, the nearly divine, are most closely related to the learned, scientific, and artistic professions.

It is true that Number Four is the number of the material world, with all its sorrow and toil. It is the vibration of disappointment and cross-bearing and destruction. But out of this, new experience, new knowledge, new accomplishment must grow in this life if the man has the endurance and the insight, in other lives if he must wait until then. And no man realizes this new accomplishment, in spite of all its troubles, more than the scientist.

At random, I calculated the names of great men in chemistry, physics, mathematics. They were Michael Faraday, Isaac Newton, Louis Pasteur, Antoine Lavoisier, Albert Einstein, and Robert Millikan. Every one of them has the Number Four conspicuous in a large digit, and every one, as we well know, had endless difficulties to overcome as part of his greatness. As you can see, this Four deals directly with discovery and invention, too. But it must have positive numbers, not more trouble and hardship, to support it.

Then, just by chance, my eye met the real name of that adored actress of a generation ago, Maude Adams. I figured her numbers, out of curiosity and found that she, too, had this destructive and yet constructive Four at birth and elsewhere, and not the numbers of a spontaneous, born actress at all. And I doubted the accuracy of the name as I had it, until I remembered not only that she retired from the stage of her own accord, refusing —until lately—to appear again in any way in public, but also that her great passion was for electrical experiments and invention in light and color, to which she has devoted many years!

As Four is the number of invention, it is also the number of constructive design and of the molding of material substances in every field. This may be only the crude working of wood by a carpenter, but he will know how to handle his tools and will take satisfaction in making his own designs. On a far different level it is in the names of Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, of Puvis de Chavannes, whose decorative panels adorn the inner walls of the Pantheon, in Paris, and of John La Farge, the great American mural decorator and painter, who used stone and earth and oil, all crude matter, to express the highest beauty of which man is capable.

But the world of pure ideas vibrates to a very different number. Number Five is judgment, intellect, justice, balance, thoughtful expression. It belongs to the born writer, the lawyer, the independent thinker. Charles Darwin was born under Number Five. So was Sir Isaac Newton. So was that great physician, Sir William Osler. So were Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and Charles Evans Hughes. Huges also has Five in divinity, and the same is true of Benjamin Franklin and of Stephen Arnold Douglas, the fiery lawyer and orator whose debates with Lincoln belong to history.

Douglas is a shining example of the combination of Five and Nine. The Number Nine gives a wonderful, fiery flow of spoken language, a dominating personality, the ability to teach. When these qualities are combined with the Five of serious thought and good judgment we find the great success in the field of law, the man who can draw impressive, unassailable conclusions from the mass of evidence before him and overwhelm judge and jury with the remarkable power of his eloquence.

Writers need Number Five for the careful expression of words on paper, which is something very different from the spontaneous, explosive activity through which they are uttered aloud. But let me tell you something very interesting that I have recently discovered. Great writers among women almost invariably have this Five in a large digit, but men are very much more likely to have Number Six.

I can only draw the conclusion that women, especially in the past, wrote more out of the need for an intellectual outlet than for pure artistic expression, because that was the only way in which a woman might appear intellectual and not offend the proprieties. Men, on the other hand, have always had so many ways of using their intellect to the limit, that they have not turned to writing unless there was within them a definite artistic urge.

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of Your Name

by the science of numbers, Miss Shenston shows interested only in material things. Her analysis one of the best of her readings.

Andrea Shenston

What Ramon Novarro's Name Tells

What a beautiful name you have, dear Ramon Novarro, and what an artist you are, and what an actor! You have the great gift that is the secret of all remarkable success before the public, but most of all, naturally, in any interpretive art, and that is an intense attractiveness and an undying charm. You can grow old, and wrinkled, and hunchbacked, you can lose your figure, and your teeth, and your hair, and still men and women will adore you, children will hang on to you, animals will trot after you, because you are a magnet for love.

However, you can cheer up, for you will never be put to such a test, for you can look forward with certainty to great physical attractiveness for the rest of your life. It will always be easy for you to retain your lithe body and your youthful appearance, for your body, as well as your soul, is alive with the fire of youth and the loveliest vibrations of being.

This gift that you possess is what makes thousands of clever, sensitive, intelligent actors, and singers, and dancers spend their lives in making bitter comparisons between their own lesser success and the indiscernite applause, admiration, and wealth that seems to be showered on an insignificant artist, for no reason at all. They are wrong—there is a reason. The world pours all its gifts into the laps of those whom it loves, without stopping to measure how honestly they deserve it. After all, love does not need to be deserved.

But you are blessed as all genius prays to be blessed, with the inborn vibration that attracts and holds this love, as well as with the great power of expression that deserves it. If that vibration is inevitably the source of a good deal of worry and excitement for you, thank Heaven that you have the power to control it!

You are born under the highest of numbers. Number Nine, and therefore are very impulsive, very high-spirited, very dominating. You are the young master, and the world obeys. Oh, you have qualities that temper and balance this, but it is the most powerful one in your life just the same. You are by nature a leader, with an intense urge to activity and self-expression, and the burdens of leading are never a burden to you.

In the complete digit you have Number Two. This is where the attraction, the sensitiveness, the imagination and the tenderness come in. This Number Two is your blessing and your curse. It makes you moody, easily hurt, given to fits of depression, but it also raises you as quickly to the heights of imagination. The idealism that is yours in the number of your divinity raises this Two to greater heights, makes it more positive and lovely than it could possibly be alone.

You love women, old and young, with understanding and sympathy, even sisters and cousins and nieces and aunts! You can, when you choose, feel as they feel, and treat them spontaneously as they dream of being treated—tenderly or roughly, as the case may be. You are the kind of man who can beat a woman and make her ask for more, if only you will kiss her afterward. You were never more completely yourself on the screen than as the gay young Juan de Dios, whose heart was finally broken, and yours, like his, will more than once be broken, too.

In divinity you have Number Six. You have great insight into people, into circumstances, into what you plan to do. And you are an idealist in everything. You are the only person in the world who can even guess what the struggles between the Two and the Six in your name have caused you, for the Six is the vital vibration of harmony and love, so that your soul insists on seeking a profound, idealistic love, and so far you have never found it.

This Six also indicates that you are truly an artist, especially a musician, because it appears four times in different totals of your name. You could never succeed in even making a living in any but an artistic capacity, and you are certain to be recognized as a really great singer some day.

In the material you have Number Five. Oh, lucky boy! With the Nine at birth and the Five in the

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Nobody Gets a Story

That is the plaint of interviewers when they call on Fredric March, but the present is made unusually interesting by recording what the actor himself thinks of his inability to come across.

By Samuel Richard Mook

The editor looked up with a grunt of annoyance as I burst into the offices of PICTURE PLAY with my best Sunday-go-to-meet smile. "So you're back!" he exclaimed with an appalling lack of enthusiasm.

"After a year and a half among the fleshpots of Hollywood," I amended, "and just dripping with all the juicy details. Clara Bow and Rex Bell——"

"You know Fredric March pretty well, don't you?" he cut in.

"Sure. He's one of the best friends I have out there. He's a swell guy!"

"Yes, I'm sure of it. Tell me something about him."

"Why," I began, surprised, "he's—he's a nice fellow. He—he—I go out there on Sunday mornings for breakfast lots of times and we play tennis afterward and——"

"I'm not interested in the gentleman's social activities," the editor informed me coldly. "I want to know something about him."

"Well," I began again, "he—he——" And then a bright thought struck me. "He and Florence give swell dinner parties. I remember I sat next to Kay Francis at one of them. Freddie saw to that. That shows you what sort of man he is, doesn't it?"

Ye editor heaved his bulk around in his chair and sighed. "It's just no use. Nobody gets a story from him."

"Whaddaya mean, nobody gets a story?"

I demanded indignantly. "He's one of the most intelligent men in pictures and a gentleman to boot. Either one of those facts should be good for a headline story on any one in Hollywood."

He handed me a note. "Here's what happened when I sent my very best New York interviewer to see him." The note read:

"I saw Fredric March, as you requested, and he is simply charming. But the story just wouldn't come off. He's not enough of a ham to be good copy."

And then I recalled something Helen Louise Walker said to me when we were comparing notes on Hollywood acquaintances and I had waxed eloquent on the subject of Fred and Florence March.

"Sure he's swell," quoit Helen. "He has a nice wife, a nice home, nice friends. They serve nice meals, and he plays a nice game of tennis. If you can get a story out of that you're a better writer than I think you are."

It seemed strange to me at the time that the Bows, the Whites, the Bancrofts, the Nolans, the people who give the culture—the idea that actors are—well, to put it charitably—different from your own friends, the writers tackle with gusto while the Marches, the Barthelmesses, et al., should be approached with foreboding.

"I'm one of those fellows to whom nothing exciting ever happens." Fredric March.

Now, in answer to the editor's wail, I approached Mr. March. "What the deuce is the matter with you, Fredric," I demanded, "that nobody gets a story out of you?"

He shook his head glumly. "I don't know. I guess I'm poor copy. One of those fellows to whom nothing exciting ever happens. You know, the kind parents tell their daughters would make good husbands and the sort of whom the daughters say 'Yes, wouldn't he? And life with him would be about as exciting as living with a robot. Let Sis have him.' Well, I'm just that type."

And oddly enough, what he says is more or less true. Fred's whole life has been just the sort of life that you or I might have led. When he went to college he wasn't quite sure what he wanted to study. So he studied commerce, because his older brother had studied it—just as you or I might have, because our father had done so.

And because, in college, he impressed people as being intelligent and the gentleman he is, he was selected by one of the Vanderbilt representatives as "just the type" they were looking for, and after graduation he found himself banking away in the National City Bank of New York.

After his matriculation into that organization he was referred to by proud relatives and friends as "a promising young banker" and ignored by the higher-ups in said organization—even as you or I, when we started out.

And presently, still in the most approved and routine fashion, he contracted a pain in the region vulgarly described as guts.

He was living in the home of a Mrs. Nickerson—he and four other "promising young bankers" who were trying to save money by taking rooms together. And Mrs. Nickerson, being a motherly soul and an ex-actress, nursed him through that afternoon of pain and took his mind off his troubles by telling him he was just the type for the stage or the screen. She was ably seconded by another lodger, Charles Kent, who had supported more real stars than there are fictitious ones on a Hollywood press agent's letter head.

The pain in Freddie's stomach increased, and what do you suppose? It turned out to be exactly like the pain you and I had when the doctor told us we had appendicitis.

But before Mr. March went under the knife, as he dramatically puts it, he had made up his mind there would be no more banking for him. He was to lose his appendix, but he'd still have the guts left, and with little else besides he would storm Broadway.

Recovered after a month, he started Continued on page 112
Fredric March is the despair of interviewers, though all are eager to make known his intelligence, his poise, his complete lack of pose. Realizing his lack of serio-comic high lights, he nevertheless gives his best in Samuel Richard Mook's story, opposite.
“Fighting Caravans” is an echo of the historic “Covered Wagon,” because it deals with later developments in that epic period of our country, when transporting supplies to the early settlers of California was the perilous undertaking of another group of pathfinders.

Gary Cooper and Lily Damita, above, play the hero and heroine of the romance, Mr. Cooper being Clint Belmet, a young scout, and Miss Damita Felice, a French girl, who is stranded with a cargo because of the death of her father and must get it to California in order to save the only fortune she has.

At the right is seen a pitched camp which gives an inkling of the beautiful backgrounds in which “Fighting Caravans” abounds.

Besides Mr. Cooper and Miss Damita, the cast also includes Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, who play the characters—Bill Jackson and Jim Bridger, respectively—which brought them fame in “The Covered Wagon.”
A Yellow Gown

Through "The Right to Love" it runs like the thread of destiny, influencing the life of Ruth Chatterton in the three rôles she plays, first as a farm girl of 1880, then as a wife and mother years later, and finally as her daughter of 1930—surely as great a test of the star's versatility as the screen has ever offered.

Miss Chatterton, above, as Naomi Kellogg, the country girl who pays in bitterness and sorrow for the right to love, and who succeeds in giving her daughter courage to avoid the dreadful mistake her mother made.

Miss Chatterton, right, as Brook Evans, the daughter, who receives a telepathic message from her dying mother which enables her to make a momentous decision. Paul Lukas is the man she chooses.
Sacred and Profane Love
Charles Bickford must choose between Kay Francis and Kay Johnson, in "The Passion Flower," and he does—with surprising results.

Mr. Bickford, above, as Dan, is relinquished by his wife that he may go to Europe with Kay Francis, as her cousin. On their return, the wife offers her husband a divorce if he will come to her and ask for it.

Mr. Bickford and Miss Francis are seen, right, in a moment when the unsophisticated husband succumbs to the charms of the experienced siren.

Kay Johnson, above, as the patient wife who, after five years of poverty and happiness with Mr. Bickford, as her husband, reluctantly accepts the offer of a comfortable home from her scheming cousin, only to see the man she loves stray to the side of the adventuress. But fate and the basic goodness of human nature bring him back to her.
Operatic

Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, of the Metropolitan, meet for a feast of melody in "New Moon."

Miss Moore, above, finds Adolphe Menjou attractive.

Mr. Tibbett, right, as a Russian lieutenant with the gift of song, patrols the Russo-Turkestan border, where anything may happen, including the sudden appearance of an aristocratic prima donna.

Miss Moore and Mr. Tibbett, upper right, vie with each other in singing of love.
Eccentricities of Genius

Whatever the title that brings to the screen the famous play, "The Royal Family," you will be highly amused by the witty and humorous exposé of the home life of the gifted great, in this instance a clan of stage celebrities who bear a surprising likeness to the Barrymores.

In the group, above, are Fredric March, Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman, and Mary Brian, with Mr. March in his famous burlesque of John Barrymore at which, by the way, Mr. Barrymore has laughed heartily.

Miss Brian, left, as the young sister of the family, is counseled by Miss Crosman, as her grandmother, in sonorous platitudes, a language common to all the family.
Music that Helps, Not Hinders

In "Men of the Sky," melody does not interrupt the action, but actually aids in unfolding the plot and furthering a romance that ends in dramatic death for the lovers.

The attractive Irene Delroy, above, from the stage, is Madeleine Aubert, a girl who is in Germany at the outbreak of the War, and whose father is secretly connected with the French Intelligence Department. Her duty, then, is to encourage Bramwell Fletcher, as Eric von Coburg, her fiancé's friend, a German, and to suffer the suspicions of the man she loves.

Miss Delroy is seen, right, in a charming costume of the period, or rather an adaptation of the mode then current. Anyway, she's lovely.
A Way All Her Own

It's found in Joan Crawford's individuality in wearing clothes, a talent that contributes to her great popularity with the younger set.

Clinging crêpe is glorified by Miss Crawford, right, in an evening gown with a sweeping train. Tiny crystals give weight and substance to the softly draped waist.

Miss Crawford, displays above a smart two-piece suit in material like uncut velvet, the color being African brown, the chic of the skirt coming from unpressed plaits which form fashionable lines.

Shimmering black satin is Miss Crawford's choice, ruched, unrelieved by even a touch of color—except Joan's glowing face and hair.
The Boulevard Directory

Frills and furbelows still exist in Hollywood, but lately a sartorial revolution has centered around Howard Greer's shop, through which the film girls are dressing up in clothes inspired by Paris, not the Main Street of the movie colony.

By Margaret Reid

The best couturier in Hollywood denies with some heat that Hollywood is the fashion center of the world. Howard Greer, in whose smart salon the more discriminating stars buy distinctly un-Hollywood clothes, goes to Paris every year. Hollywood, he observes, may influence the line of a skirt in Keokuk, but the Park Avenues of the world obey Parisian decrees. Paris as criterion of what the ladies will wear is too old and too reverently established to be lightly discarded. Louiseboulanger is still of more sartorial importance than Billie Dove, and Patou than Cecil DeMille.

Howard Greer, formerly Paramount's crack designer, grew weary of having to decorate hip creations with ruffles and head fringe. Confident, despite indications to the contrary, that Hollywood could learn how to dress if shrewdly encouraged, he left Paramount and opened a shop on Sunset Boulevard. The encouragement has had its effect. Hollywood has become perceptibly smarter in the three years that the Greer shop has functioned.

The most elaborate store of its kind in the film capital, it is a white stucco building across the street from the Hollywood Athletic Club. Red-tile roof, iron grille over the windows, and a row of pepper trees making lace shadows on its facade, it has no appearance of a business house. The entrance faces the drive along the side. This opens into a square hall, off which are the offices, workrooms, and Mr. Greer's studio. A circular staircase leads to the shop and fitting rooms.

Off the foyer at the head of the stairs are two vast rooms, one of which is abundantly windowed and is the showroom. It is here that the gowns are displayed by four strikingly beautiful models. At the rear are the six fitting rooms. The whole interior of the shop is an excellent example of conservative modernism, of luxury without ostentation. The color scheme is so cleverly devised that there is no possibility of discord with any gown to be modeled. Attendants wear gray.

Howard Greer ignores the foibles of the players who want to express themselves in their clothes. He uses the current mode, designs variations of it and will adapt each creation to its purchaser if necessary. He knows line and color as do few couturiers, and displays a fine discretion along with his originality. Greer is also teaching Hollywood girls that a gown does not have to be unique.

It was an occasion for hysteria. That ridiculous era is passing, since Greer, like Chanel and others, makes copies of his gowns.

A high-handed young man, he blithely flies in the face of all rules for the conducting of a successful business in the film center. He is not interested in adding indiscriminately to his clientele. One luminary, who now shines principally in real estate, and whose lavish trade is sought by local shops, has a well-known penchant for furbelows. When she went to Greer's, Mr. Greer assured her that he had nothing which would interest her, and escorted her to the door. Another star who was not encouraged to buy was Alice White. Mr. Greer remarked on the brevity of her skirt which ended an inch or so above the knee.

"Oh," said Alice, "I can't stand these long skirts. And I just won't wear them. My legs are my career, and I'm not going to hide them."

Miss White is not Greer-gowned. (Continued on page 117)
The New Tower of Babel

Mixed communities like the Ghetto in New York used to forget their linguistic differences while gazing dreamily at passionate love on the screen, but now that action is cut short for speech, movie-going is more confusion than fun.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Luis Trugo

The poor, suffering Ghetto, pommeld for years by a mixture of most of the languages and dialects known to man, has a new wonder. The English language talkie has come to stay as emphatically as push-carts and gefueilterfisch.

No longer can the Old World Jew, the Italian, the Roumanian, the Russian, the Pole, the Chinese, the Greek, the German, and the Hungarian check their linguistic differences at the door of a garishly decorated cinema and all enjoy the same wordless film. No longer can each fondly imagine his screen idols are saying, "I love you!" in his native tongue. No, they're speaking English—the English of Oxford, de gas woiks, the lingo of the cowhand, of the Broadway hoofer, of the Georgia cracker, the cooie, the hill-billy, the plantation Negro.

Go where the bright lights of the Ghetto burn, to the shabby Times Square at the Williamsburg Bridge Plaza, in New York, to the amusement centers of lower Second Avenue. Tenements, pushcart-crowded streets, screaming children playing on the pavements. There you'll find the crowds swirling about gaudy talkie houses. "All Talking and Singing, Direct from Broadway," the banners shout, in English, Yiddish, and sometimes other languages.

There is a cheerful, holiday feeling in the air that almost makes one forget the sordid shabbiness, the grime underfoot and in the air. Poverty has turned boulevardier. From dismal homes on narrow back streets people have crawled forth to see the sights. Those who have a dollar or two to spend are shopping for amusement. Others are picking up stray bits of street entertainment, as a derelict ransacks an ash can for loot. Women with shawls over their heads, and strangely aloof old men in long beards and black derbies; pert shebas and adolescent sheiks, dressed for conquest; youngsters darting about like sparrows—all are part of the endless parade, eddying before window displays, pawing over pushcart wares in the glare of torches, listening to the raucous blare of sidewalk loud-speakers. Washings flutter ghost-like from fire escapes in the gloom above.

Sex appeal is a powerful incentive to break down barriers of language.

Pause with the crowd to inspect the offerings of one of the talkie theaters. Admission thirty cents, children half price. This is one of the best places; there are others, cheap, dingy halls, where the top admission is ten or fifteen cents.

A shabbily dressed woman, carrying one child and dragging another by the hand, ransacks her hand bag for change at the box office, and enters. The family will forget its dreary tenement life, for a time, in a glamorous flash of Hollywood's great ladies and gentle- men moving through a luxurious dream-world where want is unknown. Father is probably seeking the same forgetfulness with twenty-five-cent whisky at some Bowery speakeasy.

The crowd eddies about a lobby display of scenes from the current film, an Al Jolson singalogue. A little girl, voluble and gesticulating, explains the picture to her friends. "Here's his wife and kids, and here he's in da jail, and here he's singink sad song's!" She strikes a Jolonesque pose and shouts, "Sonny Boy!" The Ghetto's younger generation are born mimics, born exhibitionists. From their ranks will come some of the future Jolsons, Cantors, Fannie Brices, Chaplins.

A group of ragged boys hurries up. "'Bout my talkie, mister?" Each grimy hand extends a nickel and a dime with Ghetto shrewdness, they stick close to "mister," to make sure that he does not pocket their money.

The theater is packed to capacity, for the Jolson style of talkie is a dish that pleases the Ghetto. Sentimental songs, broad humor, pathos, and bawdy, go straight to its highly emotional heart. It wants to laugh and cry, to applaud and hiss.

Little Davy Lee is run over by a truck. A tidal wave of gasping surges through the audience. All over the theater-mothers keep up an agitated murmuring, drowning out the dialogue, until they are quieted by loud and angry "slushing."

"Gott im himmel! The cops say Al has killed the man who's after his wife, and they're dragging him away from home and child! Again there breaks forth the emotionalism of the
Ghetto, lying always close to the surface, crying out from under the burden of generations of poverty, oppression, and woe.

The picture continues to dip deeply into a well of tears, until poor Jolson is more sorely beset than Job himself. During the singing numbers the audience is most silent and attentive; but during long stretches of dialogue the people become restless and talkative. Many find it hard to follow the English. However, impassioned dialogue arouses them to a display of emotion even when the words are not clear to them.

There is even more to be seen and heard in one of those cheap Ghetto halls which have been equipped with makeshift talkie apparatus and offer all sorts of inducements to lure the East Sider from the better theaters. On a good night, such a place is crowded to the doors with a polyglot mass of humanity. They swelter uncomplainingly in the airless hall, while the manager, unable to improve the ventilation, goes about squirting cheap perfume from an insecticide sprayer.

The picture is one of those younger generation affairs. Presently there unrel some wordy love scenes, and a cluster of rough youngsters greet it with a concerted "Bronx cheer."

"Dumkopfen!" murmurs an old German woman.

After a while the lights flash up, and the mystery of the huge attendance is explained. It's country-store night. "Happy Farmer Jack," in a grocer's white coat, appears in front of the screen, with his mystery trunk with prizes for every one. A little Italian boy draws numbers from a hat. Some of the prizes are designed to make the audience laugh. A hatchet-faced woman of Amazon build gets a rolling pin, and a suggestion that it will keep a husband in order. A lean, embarrassed man is given pink lingerie. A fat man is handed a pair of baby pants. Grinning broadly at the audience, he pulls a baby's milk bottle from his pocket to show that he is indeed a father.

In other theaters different attractions lure. In some, Rudy Vallee is crooning "A Little Kiss Each Morning" as a tonic for the maids of all nations. In others, Clara Bow is arousing a strange new interest in English in many a Ghetto grandpa. Sex attraction is a powerful incentive to break down the barriers of language, as American doughboys discovered in France.

Night after night the East Side is going to the talkies.

The younger generation accepts them enthusiastically; even the old folks who find it hard to follow the English dialogue can enjoy the dancing, singing, and spectacular effects, and can guess at the significance of most of the situations. A few more romances of old Mexico, and such phrases as "si, señor," "gracias," and "adiós" will slip gracefully from many tongues. The little Ghetto boy will yet be shouting, "Ride 'em, cowboy!" and "My word, old chap!" He's going to school to Maurice Chevalier, George Bernard Shaw, Jack Dempsey, Buddy Rogers, Sir Oliver Lodge, and President Hoover, to mention a few of hundreds.

There are many who insist that the singing film

In the last of the silent-movie houses, shabby men snore in rickety seats.

will be popular everywhere, regardless of language. They point to the fact that Al Jolson is already an international favorite; that little Parisian boys and befezzed Turks are trying to sing, "Climb Upon My Knee, Sonny Boy," just as they used to imitate Charlie Chaplin's pantomime. It seems likely, for the Ghetto, that outpost of Europe in America, has already been stormed and taken.

Theater after theater has been wired for talkies, or has been forced to close its doors. Some dingy old halls, relics of the nickelodeon days, have been dark for many months. They stand with cheap fronts boarded off and plastered with torn posters, tombstones to the silent picture days of the East Side.

Here and there an old theater still does business with wordless pictures, forced to cut prices on its talkie rivals and to offer double programs. Old landmarks, molding in memories of better days.

Enter one of them. Across the soiled screen flickers the rearguard of the silent-picture parade. The cheaply made horse operas of Hollywood's defunct Poverty Row. Films imported from Europe; some of them deemed unworthy of exhibition elsewhere in America; Hollywood revivals, sad recollections of stars now dead, departed from the screen, or changed by the years.

A cowboy epic flickers into nothingness. It is replaced by a blood-and-thunder serial, another hang-over of the past. The Murder Mansion, the mysterious, mad barefoot man who prowls the dungeons. But even the children, in the new talkie era, don't shudder as ecstatically as formerly at clutching hands and horrible shadows.

As Episode No. 4 ends with a ten-ton weight relentlessly descending on the helpless hero's chest, a youthful critic remarks, "Dese chapters go goofy, d'y a know it?"

The scattering audience regards the screen apathetically. Shabby men slump in the rickety seats, nodding in the close atmosphere. Perhaps some of them are the old guard who have come because they don't understand or like talkies in English. Perhaps others are there because the admission is only ten cents, or because they want a quiet place to sleep. No Bowery flop house is so cheap.

The organist plays wearily on and on. A new Vanishing American—the neighborhood theater musician. Any day the old hall may be wired for talkies, or permanently closed. Perhaps it was transformed from a store into a theater at the beginning of the silent picture boom, and will put a period to that era by reverting to a store.
Some Go East,

That is, if the stars want the stimulating and on the street, or taking down the house by a in Hollywood and mobbed

By Mignon

before passing on into the theater. There’s much ado on those occasions, at any rate.

But in New York openings are disappointing, if you’re accustomed to Hollywood ones. If stars attend they do so, as a rule, without having been introduced, and are often overlooked. On rare occasions, though, they do make special trips East for openings, and are advertised beforehand. Then more famous ones than they are coolly shoved aside in their favor.

One can’t always be certain which stars will and which won’t be mobbed in New York. They say it’s the players who demand recognition who get it—the exhibitionists. But this doesn’t always hold true. Neither is it always the most popular ones who receive the applause. Stars who are almost ignored in Hollywood may find themselves heartily approved in New York. And the other way around.

Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford, and Bessie Love are never overlooked by New Yorkers. Yet none of these make a play for public attention. Surprisingly enough, William Haines comes in for little attention in New York. He sheds his clowning personality at the studio for a less obtrusive one, and puts the fans off his trail.

Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, and Ramon Novarro are never even recognized. They go and come as they please. Ernest Torrence is known any time, any place, anywhere. Buster Keaton is known at no time, no place, nowhere. Charlie Chaplin is mobbed in New York and wishes he wasn’t. At home he isn’t, and wishes he was. Nancy Carroll, whose home town is New York, isn’t

NEW YORK and Hollywood, the two places that know the stars best. The city of a thousand interests far-removed from the world of picture-making, the city whose dominant interest is the movies.

Yet of the two cities, New York can be the more naively demonstrative in its treatment of screen idols. Cool, indifferent New York, with its hordes of celebrated ones from all walks of life.

Hollywood meets its famous gifted in the casual day-in-and-day-out contacts, and grows increasingly indifferent to their comings and goings. New York sees the players on their vacations, as a rule, and seems never quite prepared for the meetings. If it ignores the stars, it does so not because it is bored with them, but because it fails to recognize them.

Hollywood no longer takes more than passing note of the scenes which are made along its boulevards. Even talkies are an old story now. But New York still stops, looks, and mobs those companies rash enough to attempt making scenes on the streets without concealing the camera. A squad of police is needed to keep the star-struck populace in leash.

On the other hand, Hollywood never ceases to wax enthusiastic over the stars when they appear on gala film opening nights, decked out in their best. Perhaps the tourists are to blame for the excitement. Or maybe the the arc lights and roped-off arenas where the players forgather to speak their little pieces into microphones.

William Haines sheds his clowning personality and gets little attention in New York.

It did Marie Dressler's heart good to be mobbed in New York.
Some Go West

reassuring pleasure of stopping traffic when they appear personal appearance. For one may be almost snubbed in New York, and vice versa.

Rittenhouse
generally recognized there, and is glad of it. It leaves her free to ride on subways and even to eat at the Automats if she likes. Lily Damita, who appeared in "Sons of Guns" for six months on the New York stage, is occasionally noticed, but usually by theatrical people. The same holds true of Ruth Chatterton and Chevalier.

Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson seldom escape detection on their trips to New York. Laura La Plante and Harold Lloyd always do. The former wears glasses offstage; the latter doffs his.

When "The Rogue Song" opened in New York, with such well-known persons as Estelle Taylor, Galli-Curci, and Lawrence Tibbett in attendance, it was George K. Arthur who attracted the crowd in the lobby. But then he is not one to hide his light under a bushel.

Buddy Rogers is one of New York's favorites. Last summer he came back to make "Heads Up," with Helen Kane, and to appear in person at Paramount's New York theater.

"And, gee," he said in his show, rather bashful, way, "they were nice to me this time." Just how nice "they" were, however, he seemed reluctant to explain. His statements having been misconstrued a number of times, he now feels that almost anything he may say about the ovations he receives from fans—and even the most impartial observers can vouch that he receives more than his share—will be used to show him up as a conceited young upstart. It took considerable probing on my part to find out anything.

Piecing together what I already knew, I was able to learn that in order to get from the Astor Hotel to the theater across the street, Buddy found it necessary to take a taxi. Even then, according to eyewitnesses, there was considerable commotion. It took no little strategy to get from the cab to the stage door. And considerable more to get from the stage door to the taxi. Once a crowd stood on top of a car to get a look at him, and the top caved in.

In order to get his meals and a little rest between performances, the stage manager came to Buddy's assistance.

Always, as Buddy opened the stage door, he'd be met by an onrush of fans. So one day the s. m. shouted at the psychological moment, "Mr. Rogers, you're wanted backstage for rehearsal." And Buddy turned and made his exit through a less carefully guarded door.
"What about the girls?" I asked Buddy, and from the silence which followed, and Buddy’s embarrassed look, I gathered that they had not been among the missing on several occasions.

"But if you hear I’m engaged again, it isn’t true," he added. "On my way here, I stopped off in Kansas City and kissed my married sister who’d come from Nebraska to see me. Next day the newspapers had me engaged to some unknown girl from Missouri."

Jack Oakie, who made personal appearances at Paramount’s Brooklyn Theater at the time Buddy appeared in New York, also came in for his share of applause. Jack, too, was unknown in New York a few years ago when he appeared as a chorus man in “Peggy Ann” and “Artists and Models.” He could wander freely up and down Broadway, and was in no danger of being mobbed. In fact, New York gave him the cold shoulder completely. But critics and fans are giving the funny boy a big hand since his talkie appearances.

"I’m from Missouri," he said. "I really am, you know, and I thought New York couldn’t show me a thing it hadn’t already shown me. But it has. It’s shown me what a nanie in electric lights can do for a fellow like me—plus a funny pan. I have to pinch myself to make sure I’m the same old Jack. Of course once in a while I am mistaken for Richard Gallagher—not, thank goodness, that we look alike, but because we play together. It gets my goat when this happens, especially when somebody calls, ‘There goes a guy that looks like Oakie, but it can’t be him. Must be Richard Gallagher!’ Why can’t it be me? That’s what I want to know!"

"At the opening of ‘Bride of the Regiment,’ I had a swell time signing autographs and telling everybody, ‘Yep, that’s me in person.’ Yeah, I was about the only player present."

"Somehow," he continued, "living in

One day his hat fell out the window of the Paramount Building, while he was waving to a crowd of boys in the street below. A scuffle followed and, according to those who saw it, it was some scuffle. Half an hour later Buddy was making for a taxi. The kids were still fighting. Suddenly one of the smallest rushed up to Buddy, waving a piece of material in his hand, and exclaimed, “I got your hat, Mr. Rogers, I got it!”

“I can’t help but contrast the way things are now,” said Buddy, “with the way they were when I attended the Paramount school. Then New York seemed so icy, so hard. I thought I’d never get from under that smothered feeling; never be anything but just another face on its crowded streets.

“Lately when I’ve gone to shows newsboys and ushers have given me sandwiches, candy, and newspapers. That surely tickles me. But the biggest kick of all I got when a telegraph kid came backstage one night with a complimentary message for me. It was from him. He’d paid for it and bribed the boy on the route, so that he could deliver it to me himself. Wasn’t that swell of him?”

Marion Davies is a drawing card in Hollywood, but is seldom recognized in the East.

Charlie Chaplin does not like being so nearly ignored in Hollywood, nor being mobbed in New York.
Hollywood makes you forget that people can still get excited over actors. I go around in a sweat shirt there and get left beautifully alone. Think maybe I'll try dressing up when I go back, as I do when I come to New York."

It did Marie Dressler's heart good on her recent trip to New York to be mobbed by a throng of admirers on Fifth Avenue, even though it delayed her shopping excursion indefinitely. She'd borrowed a friend's open car, but was spotted before she'd bought her first pair of stockings. In Hollywood Marie can go anywhere without creating a stir.

Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, and John Gilbert are three players who are always mobbed on sight in New York. In Hollywood, Chaplin rides down Sunset Boulevard, calls "hello" to prop boys, directors, or actors, and causes little or no commotion. It is even said that when he makes his incognito trips into Los Angeles, as he sometimes does, he is little bothered excepting when he insists in too big a way that he is nobody. But in New York, what wouldn't he give for a disguise!

When he was here to straighten out his legal difficulties with Lita Grey, he found his face all too familiar to New Yorkers. Reporters were known to hire cabs by the day in order to keep up with his every move, and get him to talk. Did he like it? He did not. The fans, too, were out to meet him wherever he happened to go. One night he was actually lifted off his feet and carried into a theater lobby by the excited mob.

When Norma Talmadge went play shopping on a New York sojourn, I chanced to be backstage at a performance she attended. The girls in the show recognized her in the first row, and were all aflutter. Between acts they hurried out to a near-by drug store to buy autograph books. Without so much as taking off their make-up,

Ramon Novarro makes his inconspicuous way about New York, dressed always in black.

Constance Bennett's smart distinction makes her easily spotted.

they rushed out to the lobby directly after the play and besought her signature. She felt quite thrilled, she admitted, that New York show girls, of all people, should get so excited over her presence.

Charlie Farrell is the cause of few traffic jams when he's at home. But when he appeared at the Gayety Theater in New York for the opening of "Sunny Side Up," he was responsible for many a palpitating heart among the ladies present. Some pretty girls even stared him into bewilderment while they gushed, "Oh, Charlie, please, do please let me have a good look at you."

John Gilbert usually likes to have the spotlight focused on himself when he appears in public. But when he was in New York on his honeymoon with Ina Claire, he would gladly have avoided being noticed, if he could have. But he couldn't. The fans had formed the habit of mobbing him, and had been encouraged to do so readily in former days.

Clara Bow attracts attention in New York. One reason is that she puts on a good show for her fans. Another, Harry Richman, on a recent trip East, Richman, accompanied by a flock of newspapermen, made his appearance, toggled in spats, Continued on page 116
Had Your Apple To-day?

Then join these players in the chorus of bites, and maybe your pep and personality will rival theirs.

Ivan Lebedeff, left, has his eyes on Dorothy Lee, rather than the other choice California product, so what message this photo has for the palpating fans is a mystery.

While fans rave hot and cold about her talents, brains, and personality, Alice White nonchalantly nibbles her afternoon apple.

Nick Stuart, below, is a testimonial to the value of apples between meals.

Such un-selfish creatures, these movie folk. There's Mitzi Green, right, and Nancy Carroll trading bites in the chummiest manner.

Such a large apple the cameraman gave At Lee Henley, left, just before he said, "Now, girlie, take a big bite and grin."
The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!

For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

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Dialogue by Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham

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She Was Swept Into A Magic World

A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

And soon she was head over heels in love with an actor and involved in the strangest mesh of circumstances. For Fate decreed that she must go on impersonating the famous star, and soon she was the reigning beauty in the fantastic world of studio and location.

If you want a book that carries you at breathless pace from start to finish, then here it is, tailor-made for you. It is

The Splendid Folly

By BEULAH POYNTER

Outstanding on the list of the offerings of CHELSEA HOUSE, one of the oldest and best-established publishing concerns in this country, "The SPLENDID FOLLY" has about it the distinctive originality and swift movement that make CHELSEA HOUSE love stories favorites of fiction-lovers from coast to coast. Ask for it at your dealer's to-day, or for a full list of CHELSEA HOUSE offerings write to

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Price, 75 Cents
Joy and Grief

It comes to great and small in Hollywood, especially when a player starts a picture and is replaced by another.

Pretty Lucille Powers, upper right, eager for her first big chance in pictures, played the heroine almost through "Billy the Kid," when the front office decided the rôle was more suited to the maturer art of Kay Johnson.

So Miss Johnson, right, obliged with a lovely, characteristic performance as Claire while her heart bled for the little girl she had supplanted.

Edward G. Robinson, above, is not nearly so cocksure as his expression indicates, though he knows that Charlie Yong, in "East Is West," is a juicy rôle such as he likes to play, but—

Jean Hersholt, left, liked it, too, only his Swedish accent seemed an obstacle in achieving his usual perfection in a Chinese character.
“Let them find out!” she cried. “I hate this place. I’d never stay here if I didn’t have so many debts to pay. I don’t want to be a movie star——”

“You what?” he exclaimed, with a light in his eyes that she had never seen there before. “Say that again!”

“Why—why—I said I didn’t want to be a movie star.”

“Good lord! I thought that was what you did want. Here I’ve been playing around with Paula—using her influence for you—pulling strings everywhere to make things easy for you—telling J. G. that Metro wanted you——”

Jane felt as if she would float up into the air at any minute.

“You mean that—you—don’t love her—y—”

“That old war horse!” he said, and took a step nearer her quickly.

“Why——”

“Oh, señorita, just a minute!” It was Jane’s director. She tried to listen intelligently as he invited her to a party for that evening, tried to refuse politely. Unconsciously she glanced at Larry.

“Got a date with him?” asked the man, with a little laugh. “Listen, lady, he’s good stuff to lay off. He’s been playing Wilding till he got what he wanted, whatever that was, and now you’re likely to be the next easy mark, since you’ve signed up again.”

Jane drew herself up, her eyes blazing.

“I do not overmaster,” she exclaimed, and walked away. But he had planted doubt in her heart. Was he right about her? Did she dare look at him? She knew he was watching her from his chair across the room.

She dined with her uncle that night, and became further ensnared in the new web of lies that she had to weave. She hated lying to him, he was so wholesome, so kindly, so dear.

He told her about the family, all the relatives back in Nebraska who pretended to care about him because of his money.

“Bunch of leeches, that’s what they are,” he declared. “But I fooled ‘em. Slipped out of town when they wasn’t watchin’ and come out here. They’d a been with me, the whole pack, if they could ‘a’ managed it. Don’t know where I am now! You’re the only one of the lot that’s any good, Jane; standin’ on your own feet the way you are, makin’ a livin’ for yourself, instead o’ waitin’ for an old man to die and leave you his money.”

“Don’t you dare ever leave me a penny!” she told him, lightly patting his arm. If only he knew what her salary would be for the next two years!

“Why not? You look’s if you could use some,” he answered, surveying the dowdy suit and hat she had bought for this occasion. “Say, Janie, why don’t you try to get into the movies? I seen a photo in the papers the other day of a Spanish girl called Valencia, and you’re a dead ringer for her, only you’re prettier. I bet you’d do awful well. I got enough money to stake you while you were gettin’ started. What say?”

Jane smiled tenderly. The darling! Willing to break into the little bit of money he’d saved to help her!

“I’d never be any good in pictures, uncle,” she answered. “I’m not the right kind. I couldn’t act if I was paid for it.”

She went home, to find the house full of people, as usual. Tilly Markham said that that guy Bishop had called, but hadn’t waited. Jane’s heart beat faster. Despite the suspicion she had felt about him. He’d come to see her at last!

She changed her clothes, and went downstairs to get her new contract out of a desk in the library. Some people were dancing at the other end of the huge room, but she paid no attention to them. Just as she opened the desk, a man caught her by the arm.

“Don’t do that!” he exclaimed.

“The dame that owns this joint is cranky as the dickens—if she finds you hunting through her things she’ll throw us all out. Then where’ll we get a free meal?”

Jane drew herself up to her full height and glared at him.

“I am the dame who owns zees joint!” she said icily. “An’ I have want to throw you all out for a long time. Now go!” She waved her hands at them, as if she had been shooting chickens from a garden.

“Go, and do not come back, you and all your kind! I well not have you!”

“That’s what I say,” Tilly Markham exclaimed, coming to her assistance. “Get out, and tell the rest of your gang they’re no more welcome than you are!”

They went, furiously muttering beneath their breath. Jane laughed as she watched them go. She had been afraid of making enemies of them, but now, with Larry on her side once more, she wasn’t afraid of anything except being found out.

Ten minutes later Larry phoned her. Wouldn’t she go somewhere and eat with him? He hadn’t had time for dinner, and was starved.

“Come here and eat with me,” she urged.

“Oh, let’s hunt a few bright lights,” he suggested. “I feel the need of scenery.”

That was disappointing, of course, but as she dressed she told herself
When "Madam Satan" was finished, Reginald Denny, above, took to the woods for a rest. After all the modernistic machinery of that opus, a rustic oven is a treat to him.

Richard Arlen, right, had a fireplace built on the outside as well as inside the house, just to be different.

Charles Farrell, outer right, is said to be something of a barbecue artist, but here's two-bits that he's cooking codfish balls and baked beans.

**Mess in the Rough**

More evidence that the gifted can do anything.

Ann Harding, above, shrewdly tries it out on her husband, Harry Bannister.

Lila Lee, right, has a mean way with trout.
that it showed that he wasn’t trying to work her for anything, or he’d have welcomed a tête-à-tête.

She finished her work in the film that week, not minding the long hours and the hard work now. Larry had gone to San Francisco “on business,” he said, and added that it concerned something he wanted more than anything else. “That is, with one reservation,” he had added, with a look that sent the blood rushing to her cheeks.

Well, she told herself as she went home that day, now she’d have some time to devote to her uncle. They’d slip away to some quiet place and just enjoy life. She called his number as soon as she got into the house and could reach a phone, got his room at the little hotel where he was staying, and a strange voice answered.

“Mr. Haggerty?” the voice repeated. “Yes, he is here. But—is this a close friend of his? Could you come down here at once? Mr. Haggerty is very ill—”

Jane did not wait to hear the rest of that sentence. She hastily summoned her car, the new car Superba had just given her, and drove to Los Angeles, her thoughts concentrated on her uncle. How ill was he? What could she do for him?

He was better than she had expected—was sitting up, in fact—but the doctor warned her that his heart was weak.

“Better take him away to some place where he’ll have better air,” he suggested. “Have you a car?” with a keen glance at the smart suit she was wearing.

“I—I can borrow one,” Jane told him.

“All right. Take him up to some place like—I’ll tell you. A friend of mine has a sanitarium that would be just the place for him. Do you know this country? Well, I’ll tell your chauffeur how to get there. You can have a little bungalow where you’ll be by yourself. Better start to-night, if you can.”

Jane telephoned home, asked Tilly to have some clothes packed for her, and packed her uncle’s things herself. He was pathetically glad to see her, and delighted at the prospect of having her with him all the time for a while.

In the car he sat back, leaning against her shoulder, marveling at the kindness of the sick old lady who had lent her this beautiful car.

“I want to tell you, Janie,” he said, after a while, “I made a new will the other day. Left you every nickel I got. Wish it was more. But what I got is yours, and those buzzards can’t touch it. Now, don’t thank me—it’s all right.”

Jane’s eyes filled with tears. How sweet this was of him, and how little she was going to need the few thousand dollars that he had saved. She’d give it to charity, try to use it to help other girls who didn’t have her luck.

They were well up in the mountains when another car, swinging around a curve in the narrow road, collided with them. Jane screamed and unconsciously threw out one arm to protect her uncle’s face from the flying glass.

But the damage was done in another way. The crash had thrown him against the side of the car and knocked him unconscious.

Jane stood by, cold with fear, as the chauffeur and a man who looked vaguely familiar lifted him out and laid him on cushions beside the road. A man who said he was a doctor got out of the other car and made a hurried examination. Then he stood up, his face grave.

“His heart must have been very weak,” he said to Jane. “It’s all over with him now.”

Jane sank down on her knees beside her uncle, sobbing. She hardly knew what happened after that. She knelt there while people rushed around, was still kneeling there when an ambulance came the short distance from the sanitarium that had been their destination. Some one asked what her name was, who the dead man was, and without realizing that she was speaking, she sobbed, “I’m Jane Haggerty, and he’s my uncle.”

The drive home was a long horror, lightened only by the thought that perhaps Larry would be back the next day, that he would help her.

She went to bed when she got home, completely exhausted, and slept till the next afternoon, when she awoke to find Tilly Markham shaking her by the shoulder.

“That Bishop fellow’s downstairs,” Mrs. Markham announced, “and so’s a lot of reporters. Want him to come up to your sitting room?”

Jane nodded. Reporters? But why? She didn’t have to do publicity stuff now, did she?

She found Larry tramping the floor, a group of newspapers all about him.

“You poor kid!” he exclaimed, taking both her hands in his. “This certainly is pretty tough on you. But of course, it had to come out sooner or later.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“What came out? Not—not my real name?”

He nodded.

“The newspapers are on your trail,” he told her. “Some of ’em just have a story that you were going off to the mountains for a little vacation with an Eastern millionaire, when he was killed in an accident. A fellow who was driving the other car told that one. But you told your name, your real one, to the doctor, didn’t you?”

She nodded, suddenly remembering. “Well, somebody heard you and told. And a smart guy who was on one paper hunted up that interpreter who tried to gyp you when you first got here, and he said he knew all along that you weren’t Spanish, because you didn’t understand him, and got rid of him in such a hurry to keep him from finding out. So—gee! Where’s the water? Mrs. Markham! Quick!”

Jane, overwhelmed by the disaster that threatened, fainted in his arms.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SPHINX

You’re the idol of the screen.
Greta Garbo.

Like a sunrise fair you seem.
Greta Garbo.

But you’re seen only there.
Greta Garbo.

You leave us in despair.
Greta Garbo.

For the rest is m-y-s-t-e-r-y.
Greta Garbo.

You come like a shadow.
Greta Garbo.

You vanish like a dream.
Greta Garbo.

You talk with your face.
Greta Garbo.

With your sweet ways of grace;
Nothing else do we trace.
For the rest is m-y-s-t-e-r-y.
Greta Garbo.

A. GROWDEN.
That Schoolgirl Pep

These girls know how to keep it by wearing off the effects of studio grind in the open air.

Bessie Love, last, clever girl that she is, takes it out on a target when she feels like "spotting" a director.

On the right we have Fifi Dorsay in a tennis costume which is not likely to go over in girls' colleges for aesthetic reasons.

Your girl friend will certainly want a croquet habit—or what is it?—like the one protecting Lillian Roth, lower left, from the elements.

Laura Lee, below, is a cute little polo player, and she apparently has the approval of the pony, who could carry her through any number of showers.
The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 72

Among women writers whose names vibrate largely to Number Five are Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Amy Lowell, May Sinclair, Willa Cather, and some, to be sure, have been very much more the artist than others.

On the other hand, such names as Thackeray, Scott, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, whose real name was Clemens, Meredith, Shaw, Galsworthy, the same Tarkington, all have at least one Number Six in their totals, and often they have two. This is the number of really artistic creation, no matter where it may be found.

Now to change the subject for a paragraph or two, I must tell you that this article is the last of the series that I am writing for you, dear Picture Play readers, on Numbers.

Before I reach the end of it I am eager to make you realize what a pleasure I have found in giving you some idea of the mysterious, powerful, inevitable relationship that there is between names, numbers, and your own personality. And the greatest satisfaction and delight of all has been in hearing from you. Youngsters of thirteen and old ladies of seventy-three have written me with the same quivering interest as to what life might have in store for them.

But the great host of letters, with thousands and thousands of coupons cut from two numbers of the magazine, came from that eager, budding, blossoming, impulsive age that lies between fifteen and thirty, and I know that you can guess why. They all want to ask about love and marriage. And after thirty they are very, very likely to be inquiring as to the possibility of another marriage, or perhaps of a divorce. Proof enough, isn't it, that love is what makes the world go 'round?

And please don't think that I have not appreciated the charming little letters of thanks and interest that some of you have written. I could not answer them all, so this is a little note, right here and now, to thank you for them, and to tell you how much they were enjoyed.

I hope that I have made clear to you, dear readers, in these articles and readings, that the numbers in your name, as it is received at birth or as it is changed in the understanding and application of this spiritual law, indicate the nature of the actual vibrations of the infinitesimal atoms of your own body, through which your mentality and your soul are forced to function for expression, just as a musician must have an instrument, good or bad, in tune or out of tune, on which to play, or he cannot express himself with music at all.

The rate of vibration in which you live at a particular time is determined by the letter of your name through which you are passing at that time, and also by the numbers that are the totals for your name and your birth path, and thus affect you throughout your entire life.

I don't want to make you believe that because you have Six at birth you will be another Sargent. But you might, I won't deny it! For you do have the same kind of vibration at birth as Sargent had, and your dreams, and what you have it in you to express, are of the same nature as for him.

So you see, human beings are very similar, after all. One may have the intense love of a certain kind of activity, but some contrary vibration prevents him from expressing it. Another has every power and facility to do what the first man only longs to do, and becomes great.

But even the greatness is of no final importance. What matters is the inner understanding that the soul of man derives from existence, no matter whether it is in this one little life or in another. No matter whether he finds himself near the bottom or near the top. He can only do the job before him now, according to the light within that soul, and as he does it honestly he will be a little nearer the realization of himself as part of that infinite spirit of life that is the One behind all creation, that needs no perfecting, that knows no top or bottom, large or small.

That essential Self, free from confusion and uncertainty and aspiration and failure, is what he must ultimately see face to face, as that is what existence is, and what experience here is for. And when he has realized what that Self is, he will be above all need for material expression and free from the vibrations of even numbers and names.

W. J. M., February 16, 1906.—You are born with a stunning name, dear boy, the name that can make you a great divine. No other name can and can get you such satisfaction, success, and joy as the task of showing other human creatures the way to a higher understanding of life. It is leading a revival meeting for miners, or a highly cultured leader of a select and mystic group, makes no difference—your accomplishments will be in outline and degree. You are born under the Number Seven of great spiritual insight and the complete digit is Seven, also.

Furthermore, you have Nine in the two other totals, indicating a dominating personality, oratorical ability, mastership over all the circumstances of life, personal, financial, and social. Do not let yourself be misled into small activities when you are made to control great things. Here is always an idea you are cursed with what in others would be perhaps their greatest blessing; you have an enormous charm in yourself, and you are intensely attracted to that in a fine, idealistic sense that will not protect you from bitter disappointment. You are realizing the very first indications of that right love and that intense interest in yourself.

To the age of twenty-nine, you will have to use every reserve ounce of your very highest qualities to rise above the circumstance that seems to be your Indian summer. From then on you will do very well, through a fine, creative imagination and a generous nature, but you will never escape the struggle within you between human and divine love. You are also extremely artistic, and could do very well in some such line, if you did not go into entirely spiritual work.

E. O. M., April 3, 1903.—You are going to be a very successful business woman, my dear, and that will make you a very fine sight. But you have a more satisfactory name than you imagi

--Continued on page 106--
Always in Tune

When a singer plays his own accompaniment there's no doubt that the synchronization is right.

Sharon Lynn, above, looks soulful as her fingers toy with the keys in search of a haunting chord.

Don José Mojica, below, being a graduate of grand opera, instead of having a week-end correspondence-school diploma, must practice an hour daily.

John Boles, above, has enchanted many a young lady with his singing.

"Now watch the technique," trills Madame Moran, alias Polly, center, the gel who has notes that even Mary Garden hasn't learned about; then madame hits high C, still retaining her innocent girlish contours of the face before the music class.

Irene Delroy, below, is lady-like in her playing, offsetting the cold-blooded devotion to art displayed by Polly Moran.
Margaret Schilling, the radio star, Everett Marshall, Ona Munson, and Irene Delroy, mostly from musical comedy. One can well imagine a place, too, for Dennis King, just now absent, in the right kind of roles.

Choosing voices will doubtless become a highly selective process in the future. Blatting tenors and bleating sopranos will be taboo completely in newer roll calls. Voices must have perfect recording quality.

The voices themselves give a lot of trouble at times. Very high sopranos are especially hard to record. Deep basses are difficult, and neither contraltos nor tenors easy. The best all-around hits so far have been made by the baritones. The lyric soprano with a smooth voice comes next. But improvements in the mechanical devices are making recordings more euphonious.

Now there's one thing more to be done, and that's to send an emissary to spank the man who manages the sound in certain of the theaters. What chance would even a boop-boop-a-doop girl have against an individual who seemed eternally bent on having her seem to be singing into a rain barrel?

Acoustics in many theaters are bad enough, but when something fantastic also happens to the sound thing-amajig, it just drives the audience into a frenzy.

The lagging movie musical has a sad chance, indeed, under these circumstances. Voices of women have been as shrill and horrible as those of harpies. And the men's have often been feeble and pallid, when they did not threaten to crack the cardrums. Even Tibbett endured a lot of criticism, and rightfully, about the strain that his too-powerful tones put upon the listener. In part, this was due to "stepping up," as it is called, the recording. Tibbett's voice will be captured more quietly in "New Moon."

Weariness of musical pictures was undoubtedly partly due to the fact that the public has been surfeited with melody over the radio and by the phonograph. It was easier to sit comfortably at home, maybe snoozing the while, and listen to one or the other of these, than to go downtown and see a very badly made picture, while one waited for a disappointing lyrical outburst.

On this account the success of certain song hits far surpassed that of the productions they came from. "In My Little Hope Chest" did better than the picture "Honey," "It Happened in Monterey," and "Song of the Dawn," than "The King of Jazz," although that was a very creditable picture, and "Happy Days" much better than the film of the same name. Even more amazing was the popularity of "Should I?" from "Lord Byron of Broadway." The picture, in this case, was a washout, but the song is one of the season's most hummed and whistled.

Much the same holds true for "Cryin' for the Carolines," from "Spring Is Here." It shows that film plugging of songs, contrary to the anticipations of the Tin-pan Alley delegation, didn't necessarily help. The songs soon found their own way.

Serious lovers of music haven't very much to look forward to in the films. The best the studios do is to vouchsafe an occasional opera aria, such as the "Ridi, Pagliaccio," sung by Ramon Novarro, in "Call of the Flesh," and "Casta Diva," from the opera "Norma," in "A Lady's Morals."

Picture makers are afraid of grand opera. They feel that it will not be a box-office pull. Then, too, they have much trouble getting the rights to distribute in the foreign market. Novarro told me, for example, that restrictions were so prohibitive abroad regarding the use of some operatic music he wanted to sing, that he doubted whether he would be able to use it. In one country, he said, the studio would be compelled to pay a fixed sum as royalty each day and evening that a certain aria was rendered on the screen.

Short operatic films with Giovanni Martinelli, principally starring, are popular in the theaters, and this gives some hope that perhaps an "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "Madame Butterfly," or something like that, may be produced in the future, if only in tabloid form.

However, if these aren't, the stars probably will originate their own form of opera entertainment. Then, at least, one may be assured of not witnessing the spectacle of a hundred-pound tenor attempting to carry a three-hundred-pound soprano across the stage.

**Hollywood High Lights**

The agreement between the singer and Pathé was recorded on a sound film, and so if the case comes to trial the judge will have the chance to hear all about it from the screen.

For one reason and another courtrooms in Los Angeles are often turned into a sort of motion-picture theater, and actual showings of films introduced as evidence. So such an event in the Lewis-Pathé suit may be anticipated.

**Jetta Is Married.**

Mrs. Harold Grieve—thus may Jetta Goudal be addressed now. But that doesn't mean she is giving up her professional activities. She will probably grace foreign-language productions.

Jetta chose to be married in the remote quiet of Yuma, Arizona. She and Grieve took a honeymoon trip to the Monterey section of California by auto.

We saw the couple just a few days before their wedding, and there was no question about their being one of the most romantic duos Hollywood has seen. Much to their embarrassment, they were being overwhelmed with advice by married folk of the film colony at the time, but survived the ordeal. This was at a supper party given by Paul Bern, the film executive, long a friend of Miss Goudal's.

Grieve, as is known, is a Hollywood fashion designer.

**Avoids Baleful Duty.**

Too chivalrous to slap a lady! H. B. Warner achieves that distinction if the stories of his retirement from the cast of "The Southerner" are true.

The action of the picture required him to administer a resounding thwack on the delicately refined countenance of...
And so to Bed

Gone are the childish days when they leaped in with no thought of pretty sleepy-time poses.

Lillian Roth, right, hopes that another day will bring a renewal of film luck—but she'd rather not be any more pheasants and things.

Jeanette MacDonald, center, creates a charming color effect, not to mention the tantalizing pose.

Marie Prevost, below, with a ho-hum and a couple of yawns, reflects that a woiking goil is still a woiking goil, whether in fillums or pancake window.

Ah, a book! Kay Francis, lower center, is like that. She doesn't mind if books are a little under suspicion since that mad spring when the old movie goatie passed around that volume of Schopenhauer and had intimate photographs made with it.

The boy fan who has written to Claudia Dell, right, may fondly believe this is his letter. Go ahead; it's a cute idea.
a happy fact is that is is devoid of that veiled lowness which one encounters in many pictures and which producers seemingly delight in supplying. The absence of this is especially to be commended, for the subject must have offered a temptation to those collaborators whose idea of a "hot" picture usually coincides with jokes heard in smoking compartments of Pullmans.

The story begins when a whimsical Englishman in dress clothes comes upon three charming dressmakers who are about to be dispensed by their landlord. He assists them to toss flower pots and furniture on the landlord's head, the four go to jail where they meet two lowbrow Americans, and the entire party is presently in the home of the Englishman's uncle, an earl. There are innumerable complications which are about to culminate with the wedding of the earl and the principal French girl, when the hero takes matters in his own hands.

A feature of the picture worth noting is the bright dialogue of P. G. Wodehouse, the practiced humorist, and Reginald Denny is capital as the Englishman given to airy persilgingo, while Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril, and Sandwich are well cast as the girls. Cliff Edwards and Edward Brophy are the lowbrow comics.

**Mother Love Hard-boiled.**

Sordid, ugly, and rather unbelievable, "Sinners' Holiday" at least introduces a group of characters new to the screen. For that it deserves mild applause. The principal figure in the group is Ma Delano, proprietress of a hotel where a notorious beach resort. Hard avaricious, her one weakness is her cowardly son who blunders into killing a crook and allows the crime to be fastened on another of the group of bootleggers, cheats, and vagabonds. When finally he is forced to confess by his sister's refusal to shield him and is led off handcuffed, a crowd of excursionists is seen swarming toward the arcade. Hastily drying her tears and subduing her motherly anguish, Ma Delano tells instructions to her Barker, "Remember, never give a sucker a break!" That is the keynote of the picture. It is entertaining though, as a glimpse of the seamy side of life, without being artistic or important.

Lucille La Verne, a veteran of the stage who played Shylock in London, gives a powerful and moving performance as Ma Delano, in which she is brilliantly seconded by James Cagney, also from the stage, as her son. Two other newcomers from the footlights Evelyn Knapp and Joan Blondell, are heroine and vamp, respectively, and do very well. Grant Withers, as the wisecracking hero, is excellent, too. Warren Hymer plays a conventional tough this time—one without the Hymer humor.

**"Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make."**

As an antidote to the grim terror of "The Big House" we have "Up the River," a satire—when it is not a burlesque—on prison life. And awfully funny it is, too, when it sticks to its last. But when it goes melodramatic, now and then, one is confused and doesn't know how to take it, especially as the dramatic interest is feebly conventional anyway. Thus the love story, injected to insure popular appeal, defeats its purpose and lessens the success of the picture as a whole. But the comedy is really grand, especially that part of it furnished by Warren Hymer. One succession of tough roles in the past year gave him no opportunity to flaunt his sense of humor. And how he comes across with it in this! As the dumbest crook in Bensonatta he gives a performance that guarantees him a long career on the screen and, with careful handling, a successful one.

Bensonatta, you must know, is the name of the prison run on coed lines. It is surprisingly like college, except that the hard-boiled crooks are more interesting than vacuous juveniles. The men and women undergoing incarceration are shown to be lucky individuals. The boys have their annual ball game, their varsity show, their flirtations with the girls through the bars dividing the prison yard from an idyllic garden. There is also the warden's little daughter, who seems to be the center of tennis and smart cracks among the prisoners. It's all funnier than the description and excellent performances are contributed by Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, and Spencer Tracy, newcomers from the stage. The picture may be summed up as an oddity rather than as staple entertainment.

**Triviality Preferred.**

"What a Widow!" is disappointing as entertainment but it is further evidence—if that were needed—of Gloria Swanson's astonishing talent. For here she essays slapstick farce with de luxe embellishments of costumes and settings. But notwithstanding the money expended on dressing it up, the picture is thin and often tiresome. In addition there is a curious lack of distinction to the story dialogue and acting. Shorn of smart clothes, modernistic furnishings, and Miss Swanson, the film would not rate as a suitable vehicle for any self-respecting star. Yet through sheer force of personality and skill Miss Swanson is dominant and arresting, though never real, and a catch line is repeated with such frequency that one realize it is out of keeping with the so-called sophisticated Widow. "It's sorta cute!" she explains over and over again. Regrettably you conclude that Miss Swanson must have thought the speech fetching instead of silly.

There's nothing to say of the plot, except that a young widow possessed of inherited millions goes to Paris bent on having a good time. Quickly she attracts an assortment of men, an American lawyer, a Russian violinist, and a Spanish tenor, and presently all are involved in what we charitably call complications, the end coming with the simple confession of the widow that she loved the lawyer first sight.

Owen Moore is the lawyer, Lew Cody is an inebriated swain, Margaret Livingston his traveling companion called by courtesy wife. Herbert Brazzetti is the singer and Gregory Gaye is the musician. The latter, a newcomer, has a personality that I imagine will attract fans, and Daphne Pollard is capital, briefly, as a funny masseuse. For that matter, Miss Swanson and Mr. Cody do a roughhouse adagio dance that for violence has never been surpassed. Still, the whole thing is awfully trivial and—oh, Miss Swanson sings even better than she did in "The Trespasser."

**The Nervous Wreck.**

Florenc Ziegfeld on the screen is still the master picker and trainer of America's choice blondes and brunettes, and some of the prettiest scenes yet done in films are in "Whoopie." All Technicolor, the picture unwinds scene after scene of the "Follies" grade of beauty against comparatively simple backgrounds showing to handsome advantage the dancers and players. You are interested in the people more than star-spangled settings. Trick effects in dancing sequences surely have rival cameramen in a state trying to think of a new way to lean their tripods, but the main objective is to bring a real Ziegfeld stage show to the movies. Possibly through Mr. Ziegfeld's association with the producer, it is a faithful transcription of the stage musical of two seasons ago. There is but little difference. It is more colorful, and it is polished up a bit.

Mr. Cantor plays the comical nervous wreck who has as many jokes as pills. He is funny, even though you may try to be too nice to laugh at Continued on page 108
A KNIGHT in shining armor comes to woo his lady fair, and we give you one look—no, two—to see behind their disguises Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. But Mitzi's flaxen wig and languishing eyes do not by any means disguise her ability to act—they emphasize it. And Jackie's unwieldy suit of metal does not erase from the minds of moviegoers memory of his matchless pantomime when he was the greatest boy actor the screen has ever known. Now that the years have brought audibility to the films and inches to Jackie's height there is every reason to believe that he will be even more important as an artist. Certainly no happier choice could have been made for his return than the character of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer, in which boyhood's happy hour has been captured and read in every civilized tongue.

In the photograph, above, Tom Sawyer, after a tiff with Becky Thatcher, sees himself briefly as a gallant knight come to pay homage to a Becky grown up and properly sedate.
ME, MYSELF, AND I.—When I finish answering your questions, I go count sand at the seashore to keep in practice for your next batch. For Lew Ayres's biography see September Picture Play. His latest is "Common Clay"; Nick Stuart's, "Swing High" and "The Fourth Alarm." In the silent "Border Legion," Antonio Moreno played Dick Arlen's role; Helene Chadwick, Fay Wray's; and Rockefeller Fellows Jack Holt's. Will Rogers has been a husband and father for, lo! these many years. Irene Rich is Mrs. Davis Blankenhorn. Picture Play published Maury O'Sullivan's biography last October and Frank Albertson's in June. Maureen's new film is "The Princess and the Plumber"; Freddie March's, "The Royal Family"; Buddy Rogers's, "Along Came Youth"; Maurice Chevalier's, "Playboy of Paris"; James Hall's, "Precious"; Robert Montgomery, "Inspiration"; Chester Morris's, "The Bat Whispers!"; Nancy Carroll's, "Rodeo Romance"; and Alice White's, "The Widow From Chicago." Pardon me while I go count sand.

CURIOUSITY BOX OF CHICAGO.—When you open the box, I'll bet bullets fall out. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891; Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1899. She is half an inch over five feet. Her new film is "What a Widow." The six-foot Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904. See above. Marilyn Miller is in her late twenties. Her latest film is "Sunny." DOUBTFUL.—If it's only James Kirkwood you're doubtful about, that's easy. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, about fifty years ago. I believe he uses his real name. Write him at Columbia Studio, where, at last accounts, he was directing pictures.

G. HENNINGS.—If the Oracle is three reasons for your subscription renewal, I hope you renew it three times! Harrison Ford was last seen on the screen opposite the Bow girl in "Three Weeks." Harrison is one of these strong, silent men— and silence isn't golden in the talkies. *Eulog* in "The Viking," was played by Harry Lewis Woods. That antagonized the theme song, so I don't know what music was played during the picture. My bet is that there will be more Fu Manchu films, and that Joe E. Brown will dance in more pictures.

W. H. D.—The man Laura La Plante held in "Hold Your Man" was Scott Kolb who for a while played chief Wagstaff made "Let's Go Places" after "A Song of Kentucky," and is now the juvenile lead in "Fine and Dandy," a musical on Broadway. Gloria Swanson's "What a Widow" was released in New York in early October; her new one hasn't been announced. Arthur Lake is 25.

A TALKIE FAN.—Is that why you like Tammny Young, who talks his way past theater doormen without buying a ticket? His fame is due solely to this talent; he is not an actor by profession, but occasionally plays a walk-on role. I don't know where he could be reached. Joyce Compton was Charlie Farrell's sister in "High Society Blues." Don't most young men grow mustaches and shave them, making up their minds—and their faces? Then be big and let Conrad Nagel do the same in his role in "The Divorcee." Stanley Smith would probably oblige you with his photo.

A READER AND POWELL FAN.—Bill Powell has so many fans he always keeps cool. He was born in Kansas City but grew up in Pittsburgh. He attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and was on the stage for five or six years before playing in pictures. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City. Her mother was an actress, but preferred Kay to have a business career. However, when Kay determined to go on the stage, her mother consented. She had made good on the stage when she had her first screen opportunity in "Gentlemen of the Press." She is unmarried.

JENKIE.—I think Clara Bow's engagement to Harry Harrison was more publicity than heart interest. Clara is 25 years old; height, five feet three and a half; weight, 115, like Lupe Velez, who is five feet five and 21 years old. Phillips Holmes is 22, as is Mary Brian. Mary is five feet two and weighs 105. Buddy Rogers is 26, six feet tall, and weighs 175. Charles Farrell, same weight, two inches taller, two years older. Janet Gaynor is 24, five feet tall; weight, 100. Gary Cooper, six feet two and a half; weight, 173; age, 29.

BOOTS.—The better to kick with if you don't get your answers! "The Desert Song" was originally a musical comedy on Broadway. John Miljan played Paul in it. He was born November 9th, but doesn't say which one. John Boles has two daughters.

ROBANNE SPURLES.—I'm blushing with chagrin because your answers could not appear when you wanted them. It takes some months to print magazine. Nils Asther is almost 29. He married Vivian Duncan last July. Greta Garbo is 25; Mary Brian, 22. May McAvoy retired from the screen after her marriage to Maurice Cleary. Alexander Gray is a widower with a child; Ber- nice Claire is single. Lois and Polly Moran are not related; in fact, Lois's real name is Dowling. So you think my hair seems scant in the picture of me? That's because an irate star pulled it all out.

THE GIRL WITH THE GARBO COMPLEX.—It would be better to have the Garbo complexion! Garbo hasn't grown an inch in years, but her weight is now given as 125. Rudy Vallée is 27.

JUSTA READER.—Vilma Banky was the heroine in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Ronald Colman the hero. Gary Cooper played *Abs Lee*. There are several Gary Cooper fan clubs. Write Jack Olson, 824 Bronx River Road, Yonkers, New York, or Ruth Page, 682 East Thirty-seventh Street, Los Angeles, California. I'm afraid talking pictures didn't agree with *LeRoy* Mason; his last release was "The ClimaZ." EVELYN PRISCHETT.—Well, it seems that Dolores Costello is to devote her entire time to being John Barrymore's wife and Dolores Ethel's mother. In "The Dawn Patrol," Gordon Scott was played by William Janney. Paul Lukas was not in "The Divorcee." The count on the train is not listed in the cast—probably he was a bit player. Elinor Fair was born on December 21st. Ralph Graves on January 23rd.

EVELYN M. S M MEMBER AND FRANCES E. ANDREWS, 76 Main Street, Lower Hutt, Wellington, New Zealand, would like to receive letters from other fans also, to not know of any fan club for Evelyn Brent.

MORRIS WEIL.—It is impossible for an outsider to get a pass for a motion-picture studio. A few universities, includ...
Scent of holly in the air . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . food . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . the need for “having a heart” is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world’s history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . “Starving Children” . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. “GOLDEN RULE WEEK” is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

**Golden Rule Week**

**Whatsoever Ye would that others should do unto You do Ye even so unto Them . . . .**

This space is contributed by STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC.
She and her husband care little for society, and they go out or entertain but rarely. Yet her intelligence precludes any possibility of one spending a dull half hour or evening in her company.

While many actresses rebel against playing roles to which they are unsuited, Miss Harding feels that any part which comes her way is grist for her mill and just so much experience. Her characterizations have run the gamut, from a Western heroine in "The White of the Golden West" to the supersophisticate of "Paris Bouvier," from the thwarted wife of the ward in "Condemned" to the sensitive Linda, in "Holiday," who, realizing the futility of her existence, hides herself behind a sense of humor and a fusillade of wisecracks. She was obviously miscast, in two films, but she has never failed to give a highly intelligent performance.

Louise Fazenda, to the casual observer, appears like a kid who has never grown up. Her greatest joy in life, apparently, is thinking up jokes to play on her friends, and her sense of humor is second to none in Hollywood. But underneath this is a knowledge of life and people ungarnished by literary furbelows, that stamps her as unquestionably intelligent. Her marriage to Hal Wallis, general manager of the First National studio, occasioned no little surprise. But those who know Miss Fazenda can readily understand that in serious moments she is perfectly capable of meeting all the requirements of the wife of a man in his position, as hostess and helpmate.

Ruth Chatterton, too, typifies intelligence. There are many who resent some of her mannerisms and affectations, but a girl who can star on the New York stage for years, find herself suddenly out of things, sit quietly at home for a while, and then calmly pick up the broken threads of her career and knot them together in such a fashion as to establish herself as one of the leading actresses of the screen, has intelligence plus.

And on the same lot is the highly decorative Kay Francis. Many of the girls who came from the stage to the screen had only one asset—either their voice, their stage presence, their ability to wear clothes, or their self-assurance. Kay has all. She studies her roles with an intelligence that is little short of amazing.

I argued with her once about how a certain scene should be played. To me the manner in which she intended approaching it was all wrong. But Kay, eliminating unimportant words, showed me why it was right to stress the words she intended stressing, in preference to those I suggested. She analyzed her character cold-bloodedly and logically, displaying a common sense far removed from the haphazard, hit-and-miss approaches of some of the actresses. [Forroa's Note.—Next month Mr. Mook will continue his interesting classification and will deal with those actresses whose success has come from cleverness or shrewdness.]

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The Mystery of Your Name

Between twelve and sixteen you grew into a very, very idealistic, dreamy, spiritual-minded boy, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for any one who wished to do so to draw you into the church. You loved its color, its music, its atmosphere. You loved all the stories of saints and martyrs, and dreamed of a mystic life in which love should be transmuted into heavenly desire. But this was hardly apparent outwardly, because you were physically very active, lively, independent. If you could do nothing at times it was put down to an artistic temperament, not to the sifting of the spirit that was really taking place within you.

As you grew a little older, alas, that heavenly desire that you dreamed about took very human form, and at seventeen or eighteen you were madly in love. It was a thrilling and a bitter experience. What kept it from doing you more harm than it did was that at about the same time you became very active with music and other arts and were finally led into earning your own living in that way, as you passed the age of twenty.

From twenty to twenty-five you were very active, very creative, very expressive. You did enjoy, just a little, to show off. You had always had a warm and loving heart, and how you were able to give your generous nature full expression. You were in love again, more than once, in a nice, happy, lively way, but it was never the kind of love affair that could break your heart, or the girl's, either.

The trouble with you is that you are by nature so very charming to women and understand them so well that they believe, without the least excuse, just on general principles, that you are in love with them. And you are—on general principles! You always will be, even when you are eighty and your granddaughters are telling you what a fascinating old gentleman you are.

During the past four or five years you have not been entirely well, and it seems to me that you have had some chest trouble, perhaps attacks of bronchitis, or some annoying cough. But it is not serious.

In the same years you have gone back to that young mystic realm of yours, in which you lived so happily when you were seven and when you were fourteen. You have recaptured that light that illuminated the world for you, and right now you are growing into spiritual mastery of a high order. This understanding is what you need at the present moment, and will need still more during the next two or three years, if you want to keep your life, and your art, and your love clear and active for the fine channel into which it will soon have occasion to flow.

You are going to be deeply tempted to marry a young woman,
who has been married before, who has a great deal of money, and who will be very eager to win you. This will be before you are thirty-three. But this will be, as once before, not what your spirit is seeking. You will not need her money, and you would never be satisfied with her love, good and charming as she may be. The more you use your present wonderful sense of detachment and perspective to judge the relationship between you, when it becomes necessary, the happier you will be ever after.

But, dear Ramon, as you reach that same age of thirty-three you will also find for the first time the love that will truly satisfy you. That is why I am so earnestly begging you not to let yourself be tied before that, not even by sweet promises and soft words. You are indeed a master, in your spirit, right now, but you are never free from those vibrations of your whole life that draw you and draw you toward the delight and the expression of love. Fortunately you are blessed with Number Five, even if only in the material, the number of balance and proportion, and I want you to use that in the emotional as well as in the material world.

This love of yours will be for a young girl, who will adore you, as you worship her. Ah, Ramon, hold it fast and preserve it, for not many are the recipients of such a wonderful gift. Pour all the ecstasy of it into your artistic activity, into truly great creation. You are indeed an artist, and at that very period of

which I speak love will make you a greater one.

When you reach forty you will be very successful indeed, putting all your creative imagination to work more powerfully than ever before, and by the time you are fifty you will be at the very top in material and spiritual activity and success. You will act, you will sing, and you will undoubtedly be a producer, too.

There is one period that will be dangerous to you, between the ages of forty-one and forty-five. Both your health and your finances will suffer a little depression, and you must on no account take any chances. That is to do any speculating, no matter how much of a sure thing the enterprise may seem to be. Start nothing new, for if you do it will sink quickly, to rise eventually, to be sure, but why give anything such a poor start?

But your real danger at that time will come from some designing woman, who will be spreading a net for your feet, entanglement for your heart, and an open purse to catch your money. You will have to walk a straight and narrow path, with both eyes wide open, to recognize and to avoid her in time.

You may wonder why I have said so little throughout this reading about your business affairs. Well, to tell the truth, there is little to say, because money has always been of secondary interest in your life, and you have always had enough for decent survival, anyway. A little more or a little less is not worth talking about. Wealth means nothing particular to you, except as a means to express love and kindness to others, and to produce good work. You are a man who gets what he goes after, but what you go for is not gold.

What you do love, desire, and seek with all your heart is the complete expression of the beauty and harmony that lives in your soul. There is almost too much of this in your nature, and it is this too much that will cause you in time, as it has already done, bitter grief, besides be-

ing your own greatest inner obstacle.

Life has taught you to temper your impulses, and you will have to learn that lesson still better to become all that you long to be, without wreck-

age. But the wreckage in the heart of an artist is so bound up with his own inevitable expression, with his joy as well as his pain, that it is futile to warn him against it too much.

How infinitely sensitive you are! How imaginative! You will never learn to temper that, I fear, but you are learning to use it for greatness. There is no creative art without imagination, and that is why it is the cause of sorrow. Dreams and hope and desire are never fulfilled, but in you, dear Ramon, they have the possibility of fulfillment such as few men know. Sometimes your soul realizes that, and of even that it is a little afraid. It seems too much! Not too much, surely, if you know how to use it for the blessing of the world as well as of yourself. You do know that, and so you are doubly blessed.

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tenance of Esther Ralston, and it is said that Warner couldn't resign himself to such unkindly measures.

We must say that the sympathetic charm of Miss Ralston would hardly induce any one to administer punishment to her face with any great fervor. So Warner’s choice in the circumstances deserves some applause.

Colony Too Speedy.

Explanation for marital troubles in Hollywood is now offered by the Marquis de la Falaise de la Courdraye, anent the breaking up of his union with Gloria Swanson. ‘‘Things move too swiftly. The colony is no place for matrimony.‘’

Aside from this, the marquis is very reticent. He refuses to confirm any intention of wedding Constance Bennett.

The two are seen together con-

Hollywood High Lights

stantly and, curiously enough, both attended the opening Mayfair party, at which Gloria was at an adjoining table. The attitude of Gloria and the marquis was friendly at this affair, and both disclaim any rancor or hard feeling.

Pola Negri Expected.

Friends of Pola Negri hear that she may return to Hollywood. It is known that the actress contemplates a trip to this country following her divorce from the Prince Serge M'divan, and as she still possesses property interests on the Coast, it is but natural that she should come to check these over.

As far as American audiences are concerned, Pola has been absence from the screen for several years. Her last visit to Hollywood was not productive of any new contract, but this time there is talk to the effect that she may sign up for a picture, at least one in a foreign language.

An Exotic Reemerges.

Eye Southern, who emerged ex- otically a few years ago in ‘‘The Gauchó,’’ with Fairbanks, is making a very active return to pictures. She appears in ‘‘Morocco’’ and ‘‘Fighting Caravans,’’ and may be starred in ‘‘The Miracle Woman.’’

Miss Southern was off the screen for about a year, as a result of injuries sustained in an auto accident. Because she is such an unusual and loutslike type, success has often been predicted for her.

Merry Men Favorites.

The gift for comedy seems to be the strongest suit that any actor can play these days. This is shown by the fact that Jack Oakie, Bert

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between twenty-two and twenty-six, and you will stand hard row to hoe, until you were at least thirty-two or thirty-three. After that you rose like a rocket for two or three years, and the struggle and toils and difficulties of home affected your digestion to some extent. Between forty-one and forty-five you came into an unexpectedly large amount of money, and you have been immensely active ever since. You are a wonderful talker, and could charm a bird out of any bush, but how many orders from any one on any subject! You will come into two periods of financial depression, one between forty and fifty and another between fifty-six and sixty-three. During those years, don't take chances, or you will find that your luck has worn thin.

C. H. H. R., March 20, 1896.—There is no doubt that you are born to overcome a great deal of trouble and to bear more than one cross, but you will indeed bear them, and successfully, but have a broad outlook on life that does not take every little thing as a personal insult from fate. And this same number is the indication of a most constructive and industrious spirit of a high degree. You could make a great deal of money through this gift eventually, but I fear that you will not, because you are too fond of having your way, and of pushing your way to success. You hate to put forth any great effort for any purpose, and would rather go along comfortably in a small way, even though it means hard work. About ten or twelve years ago you came into some amount of money, and up to the age of twenty-four you were very sanguine, and expected to make a good show of it. Since then, up to the age of thirty, you had wonderful insight, a real spiritual masterhip over your surroundings, and that insight, the spoken word of the divinity in you, must certainly have brought forth some original piece of work along the lines I spoke of. Just recently you have not been so well, and I am afraid it is because you really care too much for your health for several years to come, ten at least. Don't neglect little discomforts, for they will turn into large ones if you do. You realize you have a great deal of strength of it. Even since age eighteen, but that did not amount to anything in the end, and you may have married, happily, too, between twenty-four and twenty-six, and not the mind of a profoundly interested in women. Real estate, building, and construction are also very good lines for you.

J. E. B. W., July 24, 1903.—You were born with a lot of artistic taste and ability, and keen intelligence, but what difficulty you have, which is much too great for a man of your age, will indeed accomplish anything with them! One trouble was that you did not have the desire or the power to fight hard enough to keep them from doing you harm. Even since marriage, you have not a greater power, but you have much more intense vibrations in art and love and attraction. If you can put every ounce of strength behind them, every ounce of punch that you can muster, even if you hate to do it, you can be a really successful actress. Success as an actress, and as a wife, and mother, and mistress. Lay everything on the line, and you will never have more than just enough money to get along with, even then, with this name. You are doing well now, no matter what your occupation may be, and you are going to do over so much better until you are about forty-one. Take my advice and save what you can, because after that there will be a lot of trouble in more ways than one, and even if you do have enough to live on, it might do you good to spend some money on rest and recreation. That seems a long way off to you, doesn't it? If you do have the time when I read your name, whether I speak of when you are six or you are sixty. There is the indication of divorce much later on, and you will then find it.

Your own extreme emotion and temperament will be the cause of the trouble, but that same temperament, troublesome as it is, is apparently a successful one now. Curb it as much as you can, and use it for good, instead of for trouble.

A. H. F., August 14, 1902.—You are a good-looking, active young fellow who certainly likes girls, aren't you? And yet you just don't have any luck. Oh, they like you, but do they stick to you? Positively not. However, I can give you the pleasant assurance that things began to take a turn for the better just a year ago, and will take the turn so completely that before that time you will be very happily married. Furthermore, you are due to receive some unexpected increase in your finances before the turn of the year. It may be a legacy, or insurance, or an unusual increase in salary, but it will be there any day from now on, and that is pretty nice to know, isn't it? To prove what makes your love affairs hard for you. One is that you are so touchy that you get hurt at the least little thing a girl does, and that you are not a man who have a good deal of intuition and can tell when she is fibbing, or merely trying to put something over. From now on you are due to receive a very good business. I think your business will deal with art, but you are not really an artist yourself. There is an indication of being a widow or a divorcée, or you will be a divorce, so that you are going to be married at least twice, if not three times. You began very young with love and you will keep up the same interest into the future. I fancy you will never lose your young appearance and your natural activity. But don't let your imagination deceive you so much, and do put the soft pedal on your extreme sensitiveness.

A. M. D., October 19, 1873.—Your friends must think of you first of all as a very lovely young woman, and your lover dear. You decide things quickly and you do them quickly, and there is no fumbling about what you do, because you have both the good luck to guide you. But before marriage you had a lot of trouble with love affairs, and ever since you have had trouble with money. I should say you have married twice, but you only mention one marriage name. When you did marry, you were between twenty-two and twenty-five, and not twenty, but, heart, didn't you? In spite of some rather serious illness you must have had a happy home up to the age of thirty-five, for there were full of love and kindness. But just before that time you have four years everything has gone to pieces. You have lost what money you had, and also some you were very dear to you, and it seemed as if there was nothing to live for. You are very wrong in that, because no one with your bright mentality, your creative ability, your real insight into the meaning of life, can get to the point of having nothing worth while. I can assure you that you will get out of most of this trouble within eighteen months. Financially, things will not be so rosy, even then, but you will have the chance to marry again, if you want to, and when you are thirty-five years you will positively be married once more to a widower who will be very well off. I mean it, indeed, I do, for you certainly will need more means of support than your age, and he will think so, too.

W. W. J., December 4, 1895.—You are one of the world's most generous and kind-hearted boys, and how often have you received coldness and ingratitude in return? Most of the time, I know. Do you wonder that this is so? Well, you will find that you are doing not only yourself but others a real benefit. You gave candy away when you were two, and I think it was a good thing, and I give you the credit for doing it. I know it will cost you, but I am afraid I must admit that no matter what you do or how much you earn you are going to find, all through life, that something that you take a long time to get and in love you will always have a burden to bear of some kind. Yours is indeed the course of true love that does not run smooth. You are very artistic, in a practical way, and any material success you have will be by using your artistic ability for the sake of the cash returns. You seem to be a poor lover and a poor dresser, and I think it has certainly done so in the past three years, for I believe that if you are married it has taken place just recently. You are due to have four more years. Before you were twenty-four you were very much more of an idealist, but now one of your dreams came true, so you shrugged your shoulders and decided to get something more than dreams, and ever since twenty-eight, at the latest, you have really been very active and as successful as one can who can never any more take time to make love moments. You have real originality, so make good use of it, as it is your greatest asset, and for Heaven's sake, sail away on the cash you do make before it is again lost.

B. B. M., June 23, 1916.—I'll make a bet with you, dear, that you have a lot of scribbling hidden away in your desk and bureau drawers. You are born to be a writer, and it is never too early to begin, especially in your own mind, because you are so much better than a lot of people. I have a feeling that you will never be more successful. You are in love and very selfish. Don't let your feelings swamp you, ever. I am going to tell you, although it is not what one tells little girls, that in about two years you will be wildly in love, and the kind of love that makes girls elope and never stop to find out what their hero is made of until it is too late. Will you remember then what I have said, and sit down calmly, or as calmly as you can, and say to yourself, "If I don't do what I want to do now my heart will be broken, but what a grand romantic novel it would make!" By the time you have finished your letters you will have discovered that your hero on paper will be worth a lot more than that particular hero in the flesh. You will have a great deal of writing to do, and your name and be very well off by the time you are thirty-five. And you will have to wait until you are past twenty to find the truly happy marriage that you are looking for.

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Hollywood High Lights
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Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and now El Brendel, are right at the top of the movie heap. Oakie is out-drawing any other star of the Paramount group, we hear, at many of the larger theaters. A Wheeler-Woolsey appearance is the signal for big audiences. Eddie Cantor stands the chance of becoming a banner favorite, and so does Al Jolson again, with the right kind of material.

Brendel's success in "Just Imaging" was testified to by a huge first-night audience at the premiere of this production. He received the biggest hand of the evening.

Next to Brendel, pretty little Maurine O'Sullivan was a high favorite, although John Garrick and Frank Albertson were her rivals in the applause.

Ramon Wrestling Threat.

Ramon Novarro may now be hailed as a potential threat in wrestling circles. Even when he is downed he is a menace.

We discovered this on encountering Elsie Janis one day on a set. Miss Janis was carrying her arm in a sling. We learned that she had been having a tussle in fun, as part of a burlesque adagio dance, with Ramon at a party, and having succeeded in throwing him to a prone position on the floor, was just beginning to chant his victory.

Novarro gave a sudden jerk to release himself, and Miss Janis's shoulder went out of joint. Hereafter, Miss Janis has decided that she won't do any more burlesques on the adagio, or the apache, either.

Escape Casualties.

William Boyd and Helen Twelve-trees are still congratulating themselves that they escaped injury in an explosion of a powder blast, while they were on an Arizona location with a company making "The Painted Desert." The director, Howard Higgin, and about half a dozen members of the technical staff were hurt in the accident, but Bill and Helen were not in the danger zone.

It was only a few days afterward that the company making "Beau Ideal" had trouble. Some horses ran wild and injured a number of extras, who were to be replaced by dummies in a scene showing a cavalry charge on a fort, but the steeds decided not to wait for the substitution, and rushed the human defenders instead.

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Hollywood Could Be Nuttier

Hollywood, I grant you, is a strange, weird place. But it is not Hollywood itself, and it is not the motion-picture industry. It is simply that the film business needs all these weird folk to turn out pictures. Naturally, they must all be in the same town to do it, and the film industry once having collected them can’t change them or quiet them down. Hollywood is just as sane and normal a place as it has any right to be.

Richard A. Rowland, formerly head of Metro, once vice president of First National, and an eminently sane person, from all accounts, once made a remark which has since become somewhat historic in the film industry.

If our philanthropic financier has money enough, let him operate this city for a year. And if at the end of that time, the place is still standing, and has not at least equaled Hollywood in erratic conduct and general irrationality, I am willing to concede that the much-maligned motion-picture city is peculiarly crazy of itself.

The Screen in Review

Bow is surrounded. She is considerably tamed and is cast as a rather demure little movie actress on a holiday in Paris, where she conducts herself in a ladylike manner far removed from such things as “It” and knowledge of that mean old game called blackjack. She is a great deal more like any other young leading woman than the dashing hoyden of old. Her fans may see additional proof of her talent, but they will doubtless yearn for the wild young thing Clara can play so well.

Oh, yes, the story. Ralph Forbes plays a song writer who tires of popularity, especially being hounded by pretty women. (The pet daydreams of the gifted are always cropping out in films.) Richard Gallagher, his pal, takes over his responsibilities and privileges for a while. Posing as the song writer, he is stranded in a country town with the actress. Through not understanding the language, they are married before they know it. And weddings by proxy hold good over there. Two husbands, plus Charles Ruggles, to say nothing of some ex-sweethearts, Rosita Moreno and Natalie Kingston, make a merry party. Geneva Mitchell, Wilson Benge, and Lillian Elliott are in the cast.

A Likable Bandit.

A gay, reckless hombre of just the sort you would like to be, when you get tired of it all and make a daydream decision that you’d rather be a dashing bandit than a hobo, is Walter Huston’s Pancho Lopez, in “The Bad Man.”

Always just about three jumps of his cow pony ahead of the sheriff, Señor Lopez stops at a ranch for the purpose of carrying off its treasure, the prize being the pretty, blond wife of a cold-blooded business man. The husband stands stubbornly in the way of the happiness of the girl and her silent boy friend. With the meddling of an old man in a wheel chair—O. P. Heggie—things are in a pretty mess when, with a flash of Mexican sashes and naughty grins, Pancho and his boys gallop into the scene. Just as the Bad Man is about to depart with the girl under his arm, it develops that the lover is a sort of old friend of the bandit. Lopez sets about fixing things up and after dealing with a loan shark, he very considerably shoots the unappreciative husband and turns the blonde over to the right man. The Mexican Robin Hood wishes them luck a moment too long, however, and it costs him his life.

Mr. Huston’s accent seems genuine enough, and his swaggering desperado makes the most of the comedy and drama. Here is an excellent actor having a lot of fun playing his role, but he never runs away with it. For that reason, the audience has a good time, too—except those who think that the better people simply detest Westerns.

The cast includes Dorothy Revier the wife who started it, James Rennie, Sidney Blackmer, the husband who wanted only oil lands when he had a wife like that to love, Marion Byron, Guinn Williams, and Arthur Stone.

“Spring Fever” Again.

Billboards inscribed “Benny Rubin & Co.” could appropriately be displayed in the lobbies of theaters where “Love in the Rough” is exhibited, and underneath Benny’s picture might be added something about
A Greater Gift than Beauty

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Fields show, into good roles, from one-night stands to stardom in long-run plays. "Fiddle's Nightfall" was, perhaps, her major triumph. It was magnetism, not pulchritude, that drew people, that holds them to-day, that makes you believe or feel what she wills. Besides American tours, there were request performances before royalty abroad.

Despite this background, and the ability which the years had polished into a fine art, she came humbly to the talkies. No swank, no hauteur. "Guess I'm through," she remarked a couple of years ago. "Could I make them laugh. I'm old and fat—and the movies are young and pretty."

True, but she overlooked one quality which they share—vitality, personality. This magic of the entertainment art is distinctively a Dresser attribute. She plunged into whatever was assigned her.

"On the stage, I thought only of the play, of myself and my rôle; it was very personal. Only the moneyed class patronized the theater for entertainment or as social routine. I never felt of any real service to them; they were only incidental to my doing something that interested me. But on my first trip abroad after the war, the fact that the movies meant so much to the beauty-starved millions impressed me deeply. Their ravaged lands, their poverty and heart hunger lifted a curtain; it showed me audiences as individuals. The movies mean so much to the poor and to the average folks. Very suddenly, it seemed, we were acquainted. That introduction has given a different and a sweeter meaning to my work."

"I try to lift people out of their sadness, out of their commonplace worries. Occasionally I get the dramatic vein, but stark realism repels me. If I could be beautifully romantic, I might cultivate that mood."

"Laughter is one of the three most priceless things in the world. Religion, laughter, and music are essential to happiness, to sanity. I try to carry my humor with me. If I can give the tired salesgirl a laugh, I'm glad."

She selects Garbo, Chatterton, and Ann Harding as the outstanding players. Their attitude is approved. "Though well-grounded in the theater, Chatterton and Harding came out here not to teach but to learn. They have sense. For myself, I adore being an insignificant atom of any vital and worth-while endeavor."

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Name... Address...
Clara—as She Is

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four winds with the cBusiness about to-morrow, inanimate in her since childhood, she lived feversely for the day and the hour. Having no background to give her balance and poise, and being of a nature to whom only extremes are possible, she ran the gamut of spending, living, loving, laughing.

Within the last year, particularly with the installation of a concertism companion-secretary, she has been achieving the tardy process of growing up. Still timorous, but learning to face life as it is, instead of running away from it, Clara is smoothing off the rough edges. She is beginning to know that happiness need not be manifested in shrill laughter, intelligence in wisecracks, charm in brashness.

Lonely and having a horror of being alone, she is as delighted with the companionship of Daisy de Veo, her secretary, as a child with a new-found sister. Miss De Veo has retrieved from the ruins of Clara’s business affairs, herefore in the hands of careless managers and prey to the onslaughts of relatives, everything the girl could do with money. She has taught her to live on a budget, to save three-quarters of her salary, and to take an interest in the handling of her finances.

Clara has periods of frugality, breaking out now and then into what would be orgies of expenditure, if her secretary did not keep a vigilant eye upon the checkbook. Appeals made to her for charity also have to be investigated and her inclination to accede to any and all rigidly curbed.

The mind behind the glowing Bow optics is quick and alert. Deep-seated intelligence is not hers, but kindliness and a capacity for understanding are evident. Hurt so often by life and by people, she is mentally and emotionally on the defensive, even now that fate has decided to deal kindly with her. Her childlike face is hard in expression. Only when glimpsed off her guard does it reveal the softness suitable to her brief years.

The growth of her career to its present stage has absorbed her energy and time at the sacrifice of her health. Incapable of sparing herself in anything she does, she has worked with such unremitting concentration that the myriad confusions and details of a professional day, to which she gives herself wholly, leave her at night shaken, acutely nervous, ready only for bed. Sleep is in the

habit of evading her even then, and the healthy appearance of her round little face is belied by the weariness in her troubled dark eyes.

Owning a modest, comfortable house in Beverly Hills, she goes out infrequently. Her home, the first real one she has known, is a source of deep satisfaction to her. Within its walls she feels secure, sure of herself. Another house at Malibu Beach is her summer haven. When she entertains, it is without ostentation, and the guests are friends made when she first came to Hollywood and to whom she still clings.

Only a year ago she attended her first premiere, the opening of “Dynamite.” She has learned what happens to her in public, and avoids, whenever possible, the too-demonstrative fans who mob her.

Her privacy, however carefully guarded by her secretary, and the studio, is forever being invaded by fans, agents, inquisitive tourists, and sensation seekers. Although her telephone number is accessible to no one except those to whom she gives it, it is continually leaking out, necessitating a change of number. Clara has nothing to hide.

At night her only means of being undisturbed by unwanted calls is to plug the phone.

Recently discovering books, she plunged into reading with her natural unrestraint. She avidly devours everything from the novelizations of her pictures to Flaubert. Hitherto a bit too catholic in her taste she is learning to discriminate, and follows the book reviews carefully. Reading aloud to her secretary, at first as a sort of work-out for her voice, the practice developed into a real pleasure and now occupies most of her evenings at home.

Having become conscious of her home as a place in which to take pride only a short time ago, she is now considering her habitual tidiness with her clothes and belongings. She now likes to have her house in order and has begun a timid personal supervision. On occasions when the servant problem rears its ugly head and she is maidsless and cookless, she likes to prepare the meals herself, being careful to leave the kitchen in spotless condition afterward.

Her taste in personal adornment is still far from conservative. Her clothes symbolize the Hollywood existing in the minds of Easterners. Her hair has achieved a remarkable lue, difficult to describe, which adds, unfortunately, to the hardness of her
Face. All of which is probably the result of the type into which her pictures have formed her.

Regarding her much-publicized sex appeal, one finds in the off-screen Clara less a stimulus to the senses than a radiantly vital child. For all the unhappy, difficult years behind her, for all her subconscious bitterness, she is still not a woman. There is a great deal about her that is infinitely pathetic. At the same time one suspects her of having a good deal of courage.

While fully conscious of her success, she is not absorbed in self-conceit. Her satisfaction with her career is detached from any personal esteem. She is terribly in earnest and rigorously conscientious about her work. Discouraged by the mediocre vehicles which have fallen to her lot, she tries, nevertheless, to inject into them some semblance of reality. Richard Arlen, several times her leading man before his own stardom, says that she is one of the finest natural actresses in the business. He says, moreover, that she is one of the few stars whose feeling for the picture is so sincere as to permit freedom and generosity to other members of the cast.

One of her chief despairs is that her face is round. She yearns for the thin, tragic face of drama ladies, feeling that her own round, childish countenance dooms her to perpetual flapperdom. She wants to outgrow the classification of “flapper.”

She is probably one of the most colorful, legitimately vivid figure of the film community. In a state of transition now, it is interesting to speculate on what sort of person the next few years will mold. A creature of moods, faintly harsh, difficult to understand, lovable to those near her and to them irresistibly so, she is still, for all her candor, an enigma which only her commencing personal growth will solve.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

all tangled up in her business arrangements. She signed with Universal at a modest salary—modest for pictures, that is. It was more than she was getting on the stage. Then she found that she could do a picture for Fox before her Universal contract started, and they offered her more money. You can’t blame her for being dissatisfied with Universal after that. After making one picture for them she flounced out and came back to go on the stage. Some one is sure to come along and offer her a lot of money for pictures. They always do when they find real talent. I’d like to see her sign with Paramount, chiefly because she would be in the East and I could watch her work.

“Did you know that Clara Bow isn’t to work at the Long Island studio after all? She’s come East, but only to make some location scenes. And she’s promised to be very good and quiet while she’s here and not get involved in any more scandals. Lots of girls in pictures ought to give a vote of thanks to Clara for monopolizing the front pages and keeping their activities from being noticeable.”

Fanny has been an almost violent Bow fan ever since every one began picking on her.

“Joan Bennett came East for the opening of her father’s play,” Fanny reported idly, as she squirmed around to get a better look who was coming in. “She looked very sweet and sedate. Lina Basquette was there, too. Lina’s dancing at Harry Richman’s night club and making quite a hit. Oh—I almost forgot. Anna May Wong has come home from England for a visit and you’ve never in your life seen any one quite so stunning. I don’t wonder that artists and society took her up in a large way. She’s fascinating.”

“I suppose you haven’t Claire Luce’s first picture?” she went on, and it seemed as if there was a tinge of regret in her voice. “That must have been an awful disappointment to her. She started out to play a big part in a dramatic picture and suddenly two comedians ran away with it and interest was focused on them, leaving her just among those present. No one need worry about Claire, though. From the day she set foot on Broadway as a chorus girl she has conquered everything she has set her mind on, and if she really is in earnest about success in pictures, she’ll get it. She’s one of the shrewdest and most determined people I’ve ever seen, and she’s clever enough not to look either determined or clever.”

Still Fanny didn’t bring up the name that I was sure was very much on her mind. It was strange for her not to mention Alma Rubens, when I knew that she has an almost avid interest in her welfare.

“What’s the matter?” I asked finally. “Haven’t you seen Alma Rubens in her play?”

For once Fanny was silent. Eventually she spoke with some effort.
Oh, it's one of those things that play isn't half good enough for her. You wish had never happened. The I don't know what ever made her go into it. The play was dying on its feet when they got her to join the cast, and I suppose she has some idea about its being valuable experience or something like that. But I can only look on it as a ghastly mis-
take. With her beautiful voice, it's a crime to waste it on those lines!

"Let's not talk about it," Fanny broke off abruptly. "I really feel terrible about it, because I wanted Alma to have a glittering success."

Well, it's lucky that Fanny hasn't that whole-souled devotion for Jean Harlow, because she is to open in a play called "Passenfer Preferred!"

Nobody Gets a Story

Continued from page 74

his siege. Introductions were in order, so Mr. March presented himself to numerous agents. Not the high-
powered kind who managed stars and featured players—his nerve didn't carry him quite that far—but the kind who place bit players and supers, which latter is Broadway for extra.

And although none succeeded in placing him, he eked out a precarious income by posing. In telling of it, Fred mentions that he, Neil Hamilton, and Allan Simpson were the most posed men in New York.

After being turned down for a part in Belasco's production of "De- bura" he later landed it. His first season on the stage and playing in a Belasco production in New York! Only a person conversant with the inner workings of theatricals can grasp the significance of that. That's where Fred differed from you and me. It would probably have taken us years to make the grade, if ever.

When that play showed signs of folding up, he read in a magazine that deals with the chronicles of people who have achieved success that Henry W. Savage, another pro-
ducer, liked college men in his companies. So Fred phoned the Savage secretay, and, quite as though he the producer were intimates, said "Tell him Fred March wants to see him, and ask when I have can an appointment."

Both Mr. Savage and the secre-
tary were taken in by the guise and presently Freddy—Mr. March to you—was facing Mr. Savage with an open copy of the success magazine in his hand. And Mr. Savage, stunned by the youth's effrontery, and rather than retract his statement, promised to keep him in mind. Which is prob-
ably what has happened to you, as well as me, on more occasions than we remember. But, there again, the March was different from us, for Mr. Savage remembered him and gave him the juvenile lead in "Shav-

ings" when it went on tour.

Then followed six or seven years of what he describes as the usual run of plays, followed by a season with the Elitch Gardens Stock Co-
pany in Denver, two seasons with a touring company of the Theater Guild, a part in the Coast produc-
tion of "The Royal Family," and Mr. March found he had entered pictures.

The story of his presence on the screen is too recent to need retelling. After making an impression in one of the early talkies, he was nearly submerged through being cast in a series of mediocre roles in "The Marriage Playground," "Sarah and Son," "True to the Navy," but he has come into his own again in "Laughter," in which he gives his best performance to date, and "The Royal Family."

"The same sort of setbacks every one experiences sometimes in his career," Fred explained.

"There must be something differ-
ent about him," I insisted to myself. Aloud I asked, "Freddie, don't you live extravagantly? Don't you spend most of your money?"

He gave me a disgusted look. "After a course in commerce and a couple of years' bank experience? Don't make me laugh!"

I gave up in despair. There's ab-
solutely nothing about him to differ-
entiate him from you or me save his ability as an actor. And as far as the public is concerned, I'm no better than Helen Louise Walker or the New York interviewer—nobody gets a story.

**DANIEL IN THE LYON'S DEN!**

Bebe loves her man, we know—
Who couldn't love her Ben?
She's a Daniel who won't try
Escaping Lyon's den!

Cynthia Couza.
on the stage and who for ten or twelve years virtually has been out of her life, living on a plantation in Jamaica. He is Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief posty councilor of that island. For more than seven years she had not seen him when she began speaking of divorce in 1928. Charles Pringle did not like the idea of pictures and never entered into the circles of Hollywood. In fact, I doubt if any one in the film capital has ever seen him. Some day a happy little mother and her mate will arrive in filmland carrying a baby in her arms, to announce proudly, "This is my husband and this is our child and I've been promised a chance in pictures." I believe every one will rise to applaud and give a helping hand for her bravery. Such honesty would really be refreshing.

The Screen in Review
Continued from page 108

the greatest exhibition of tangled golf clubs, and accents, and old Fords, and positively the last scream in oversize knickerbockers. For the amusing old silent film in the new form is virtually handed over to the vaudeville actor, and he runs around in circles chattering wisecracks and threatening to lose said knickers.

Robert Montgomery is a young golfer who is signed off to a swanky country club by his boss, and presented as his guest, so the Old Man can be coached for a tournament. Young Kelly takes every advantage of the deception, and starting with a blistered finger episode with the club manager's daughter, romance blossoms. Dorothy Jordan is the girl, and she and Montgomery do as well, perhaps, as the limitations of the story permit. Young Montgomery carries off his scenes with humor and smoothness. It is a shame that such good talent is fiddled away on such a farce as this.

Others in the cast are J. C. Nugent, Dorothy McNulty, who does very well as the love-hungry little flapper, Tyrrell Davis, Harry Burns, and Allan Lane.

A Deaf and Blind Wife.
If you like the idea of a man's double taking his place in business and the arms of his wife, then you are welcome to the kick administered by "Scotland Yard." But if you recall "The Masquerader," as novel and play, as well as all the other fiction

Continued on page 115

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by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces
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Cool, comfortable, lightweight, some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (pattens included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

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The more brilliant the other workers' attainments, the more pleased and honored I am at being associated with them."

She did not sweep into immediate acclaim. It is the Dressler way to build slowly. "The Callahans and the Murphys" was to be her farewell film. She would retire and live either in the California hills, in Vienna, or Italy. You know what happened.

Stropping a razor, she sets about vigorously shaving Wallace Beery, starting in vital fashion "Min and Bill," in which they are costarred. As the landlady of a fishing-dock hotel, she runs the barber shop on the side. Lathering his face, she dives at her labor as reason that he thinks unnecessary. He quails. "Don't worry," she whispers soothingly. "The razor's dull—I just sharpened a pencil with it."

On a rocky breakwater extending into the Pacific at San Pedro, M. G. M., built a fishing village. Materials were delivered by barge for this engineering feat. Heavy waves wash and pound ceaselessly around the wharves. The charm of the set lies in its picturesque simplicity.

A flotilla of yachts in the harbor forms a background of beauty to the squalor of the hamlet where hatred is vicious and raw, where love grows slowly, like a fragile bloom, for the girl "born under a dark star." The role of Min Dibot was given to dress the girl, Nancy, in her leading role, and Marie Dressler is happy because her humor has provided laughter not only for the movie public but for herself.

Mystery of Your Name

R. M. W. P., May 6, 1893.—You would never have lacked money, dear lady, if you had lived on with your maiden name, and you will not lack it now, but you have somehow been greatly deceived in your expectations in both love and money. You have great intelligence, mental activity, executive ability, sense of justice, and power of written expression. The cost of this may clash, when you were a young girl, with an excessive emotionalism, a sensitiveness, and an overly imaginative. You were a natural magnet at the precise age of fourteen, but also very proud, very honest and very determined when you could be true to yourself and not follow your amatory tendency to be affected by the opinions of others. You were married at some time between seventeen and twenty-two, in a glitter of emotion and hopes, but not with the love that you had already been able to feel for another. There was depression and loss connected with your married life from the first, and when you were about twenty-seven or twenty-eight you were highly relined close with those who you must have died. Since then you have lived at a pinnacle of love at one minute, and in a valley of gloom the next, and the same emotion that drove you into marriage has caused untold confusion in your life for the past five years. Right now you are at a parting of the ways, where you must make your choice and live with it, and it is worrying you a great deal. Please use your real, fine native judgment, and forget imagination and dreams for a while. There are three, if not four marriages in your name, with widowhood twice and divorce once.

Z. L. O., March 10, 1911.—You are a wonderful girl, dear, and if you go into any artistic or professional activity, don't, whatever you do, change this name. You can speak, you can write, you can act, and you have, at the background of everything you do, a profound intuition that is your guiding star when you allow it to be so. You often find yourself driven by an almost uncontrollable impulse to do something that your head suspects or disapproves, and when it is all over you find that the impulse was right. You have a wonderful amount of activity and intelligence and real executive ability, and in any artistic work, which is the only kind you can really succeed in, you will never be the kind that lets this girl or who spends her money foolishly. Until you were five you were the quaintest little thing, talking like a wise little angel rather than a baby, and from then until about ten you were one of the prettiest and brightest little girls in your class at school, or in the whole neighborhood, or in that matter. From then on, up to about fifteen, you began to awaken inwardly, spiritually, as not many girls do, and to have your ideas and ideals about life and love and your own future, that did not fit closely with those to you must have died. Since then you have lived at a pinnacle of love at one minute, and in a valley of gloom the next, and the same emotion that drove you into marriage has caused untold confusion in your life for the past five years. Right now you are at a parting of the ways, where you must make your choice and live with it, and it is worrying you a great deal. Please use your real, fine native judgment, and forget imagination and dreams for a while. There are three, if not four marriages in your name, with widowhood twice and divorce once.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 113

built around the idea, the picture may give you tremors of weariness—as it did me. However, there's the new generation to consider. There's no proof that it doesn't like its holism as we did when we were very young and all make-believe was fascinating. Even so, I don't think this picture will cause any eddies of excitement, but will just pass muster.

Edmund Lowe plays three characters. First he is Sir John Lasher, then an unkept crook who would rob him but for Sir John's appealing wife, Xandra. But when Sir John is out of the way, the crook, Dakin Barroles—yes, there are fancy names here—returns as head of the late Sir John's bank and the loving "husband" of the wife Sir John mistreated. A friend of the family, Sir Clive Heathcote, conveniently of Scotland Yard, umpires this for a criminal, while the scenario writer asks you to believe that he is the noblest member of the cast. Character names tell me a good deal and those used in this melodrama identify the vintage of the story.

Joan Bennett, as the wife, is exquisite to look at, and Lumsden Hare is the polite detective.
This Boy Has Been Places
Continued from page 46

"You were practically a tank," observed Barney.

Out of the War sprang many stories of miracles and adventures involving the supernatural. Mr. Byron discredits all such accounts, believing them to have sprung from overwrought minds and nerves.

"The eyes," he said, "are made up of nerves, and when we are overtired they play tricks on us. Recently I was driving home from my gold mine in Nevada. I had been driving for almost two days and was very tired. As I drove along I continually seemed to see forests of trees growing along the sides of the road. It annoyed me, for I knew no trees were there. Strain and fatigue caused some of the soldiers to believe they saw things they really didn't see."

Other experiences, too horrible to dwell upon, were experienced by this young soldier. As he talked about these things, I saw that Byron is totally different in thought and demeanor from any other actor. He is mellowed rather than hardened, sympathetic instead of cynical. He is straightforward, impersonal, and humorous. Walter never goes hunting, as he does not care for sport that involves bloodshed and the destruction of life.

Take the suave Nils Asther, the sophisticated John Gilbert, the satiric Barrymore, the flashing Edmund Lowe, or almost any other actor you care to name. Not one of these men has the human understanding and the lack of pose that Walter Byron has. It is not their fault; they simply have not been through the fire as Byron has.

Concerning his sentimental affairs, Walter is a susceptible bachelor who intends to spend his honeymoon in Egypt. I don't know who is his best girl; possibly that demure Irish rose, Maureen O'Sullivan, whom he sometimes escorts places. Walter believes that there are more happy marriages than unhappy ones, but that because we hear and read of more of the latter, we assume that they are in the majority. Before coming to America, he declares that he proposed to twelve girls and by each was gently but firmly refused.

"While I was in Paris," he relates, "I wrote a proposal to a girl in England. She sent back a nice letter of refusal saying that she didn't love me, adding, 'And I notice that you forgot to say whether or not you loved me!'"

Anyway, I like Walter Byron; he's awfully regular.

Some Go East, Some Go West
Continued from page 89

cane, and a spiffy gray suit, at Grand Central Station, and properly notified every one that there was nothing to that trip Clara took down to Texas; that she still loved him, and him alone. He beamed as the train drew in. But Clara wasn't aboard. In fact, for days and days, she didn't seem to be in New York at all. Imagine his embarrassment!

Notified by her studio to get off at 125th Street, instead of at Grand Central, to avoid the rush, she had followed instructions even more literally than was desired. She went into total eclipse and, although the press department called up every hotel in town, she was nowhere to be found. She had registered under an assumed name.

Ramon Navarro is one of the most popular of stars, but partly because of his retiring manner, and partly because he dresses entirely in black, he is seldom recognized, especially in New York. During his last visit here, he strolled up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway accompanied by a publicity man, walked through the thick of the five-o'clock rush, dined at Pierre's, rode on buses, and was noticed not at all. To show how completely he was overlooked, the studio agency even tried to foist bad theater scenes on him.

Few directors come in for any fanfare in New York, though occasionally on a Hollywood opening night they have been known to be given quite a hand. D. W. Griffith, the most easily recognized of them all, can stand in lobbies where his pictures are opening, and hardly be noticed, while fans strain themselves looking for celebrities. When Clarence Brown made an airplane flight to New York recently, there was no record of a movie director's arrival at Roosvelt Field, even though the studio had notified the field of his coming.

Many stars and directors admit frankly nowadays that they'd rather be noticed than ignored, whether they're in Hollywood or New York. For the truth of the matter is that fewer stars are meeting with hero worship than in the good old days.
The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

Greta Garbo never "shops." She always knows beforehand just what she wants. She goes straight through to the fitting room, asks for the things she wishes, tries them on, buys them, and leaves. Fitters, salesgirls, and models all like her, because she wastes no time and is never indecisive. The Garbo taste runs especially to heavy tweeds, tailored sport coats, and severely plain evening dresses. She never selects definite colors, preferring monochromes.

Marion Davies is an extremist, liking either severely tailored sport suits or very feminine chiffons and clinging crépes. Ruth Chatterton chooses smart and sophisticated models. Greer's is the only place west of New York where Miss Chatterton will shop. Betty Compson is partial to prints and well-tailored suits and is, incidentally, the idol of the workroom. She never grows irritable during long fittings and the fitters would work nights for her without a murmur. Lilian Tashman's weakness is street clothes, ultra-smart and distinctive. Mary Pickford likes evening dresses and has a penchant for tulle. She chooses with care and her selections are usually for special occasions. The Talmadges—Norma, Constance, and Natalie—generally visit Greer's on their "off time." They shop at length and always purchase complete ensembles, all being aware of the importance of details to a costume. Norma has a noticeable partiality to cloth coats with luxurious fur trimming. Marie Dressler is a favorite customer who, despite her girth, wears the smartest of Greer models with distinction.

In closing, it would perhaps be just as well to reveal the source of a new shade of green which is becoming known, even outside Los Angeles. At a Hollywood premiere, the radio announcer threw in an intimate touch by describing the gowns worn by the players. A fashion editor was enlisted as aid and, in preparing her notes, called Mr. Greer to ask just what shade of green was used in one of his dresses which was being worn by a star. Mr. Greer, to whom the ways of Hollywood are of infinite amusement, replied that it was a shade which he had named after Mrs. Dolly Gann, whose place at table in Washington official circles has been widely discussed. And that night, Miss X was described over the air as looking particularly beautiful in a Gann-green frock.

COMPLAINT

The favorite plot with talkies seems
To be the courtroom game;
We've had "His Captive Woman" and
"The Trial of Whatsername."
The touching case of "Madame X"
Is shown us from the stand,
And when we think there ain't no more,
The "Bellamy's" take a hand!
"The Argyle Case," "The Drake Case," too,
"The Girl in the Glass Cage."
Yas, verily, these "Hear ye!" themes
Have put me in a rage.

L'ENVOI

To-day I staggered, screaming,
From my seat, and up the aisle—
They thought the heat had got me, but
'Twas just another trial!

BARBARA BARRY.

ETIQUETTE

What to do, if I should meet a
Shake her hand, with "Howdy, Greeta"?
No, I think it would be better
Just to murmur, "So chawned, Gretha!"

DOROTHY GARBUtT.

"I Know Your Secret!"

"The reason you have so much pep—such good color—that sparkle in your eyes—animation and attractiveness—is all because you took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a vegetable tonic and builder that makes for redder blood."

A woman to be attractive must have coursing thru her arteries rich, red blood. Many women and men, too, have thin, pale blood; they're weak, tire easily, discourage quickly. Such folks need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

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11 E. Huron St., Chicago.

"Grumpy"—Paramount. Cyril Maude, the English actor, gives a mellow stage-like performance in a role for older fans. Not one "Oh, yes?" Mild story about a nephew, a crook, and a diamond. Frances Dade and Philipps Holmes.

"Our Blushing Brides"—Metro-Goldwyn. Be nice, sweet maid, and you’ll get a millionaire for your man, with doggy cars and all. This is the message of too many films to the world, and its resolution is quite realistically. Irene Crawford’s best performance recently. Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett.

"Manslaughter"—Paramount. Prosecuting attorney makes the convivial type crook do a reckless driving that resulted in death of a policeman. He quits job, and finally wedded bliss looms ahead. You must not think that married couples never bring the Croquette Colbert, Fredric March, Natalie Moorhead.


"So This Is London"—Fox. Amusing caricature of Englishman and American, as imagined by ignorant on opposite shores. Love affair brings families together, enmity of fathers separate them. Will Rogers, May McAvoy irresistible. Lumsden Hare leaves nothing undone. Maureen O’Sullivan sweetly real; Frank Albertson, Irene Rich.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless, Frenchman brought in country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American’s daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and wit the girl, too? Voilà! Claudette Colbert good.


RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Dixiana"—RKO. Medley of old plantations, Mardi Gras, a duel, a bride, and moss-grown traditions. Bebe Daniels tries to carry the picture, and is charming enough, but music is below par. Frank Morgan, George Meeker, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Ralf Haraldo.

"On Your Back"—Fox. A good idea gets a missfit in this film of humble dressmaker’s artistic urge. Irene Rich never looked lovelier nor acted with less finesse. So very, very happy in drab surroundings, Raymond Hackett, H. B. Warner, Ilka Chase, Marion Shilling.

"Outside the Law"—Universal. Crook opus in which Owen Moore leads the talking out of the corner of mouths. Eddie Poy Jr., Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, the latter providing the entertaining moments.

"Good News"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dash a sprinkling of music and musical-comedy props into a frothy collegiate pic; and you have a teasing.occasional. Love only relief. Cliff Edwards, a bit shopworn for campus capers; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Gus Shy.

"Sins of the Children"—Metro-Gold- wyn. Hokum melodrama about woes of parenthood, the scenes being tearfully chewed by Louis Mann, of the stage. All the tricks of the footlights. Robert Montgomery, Louisa Lane, Stanley Darnes, Mary Doran, Francis X. Bum- shan, Jr.

"Eyes of the World, The"—United Artists. Funny curiosity unless you’re the boosted million or two Har- old Bell Wright, and lamp has artistic light on the meaning of his things. Wicked city folks and adolescent nymph of hills, shocked innocence, gun play, Mary Merckel, Peter Andra, Nance O’Neil, John Holland.

"On the Level"—Fox. Decidedly be- low level is the plausibility of this story of sweetly trustful steel worker, Victor McLagen, and vampish gun- crook gang, Lilyan Tashman. The lat- ter gives picture certain attraction. William Harrigan, Fifi Dorsay.

"Sweet Mamma"—First National. Te- dious jamble of night-club stuff, bogus money, gangsters, and such, too dull to be relived by Alice White’s acting or shapeliness of her legs. Kenneth Thom- son as gangster is nice business man, Robert Montgomery, Rita Flynn, Robert Elliott.

"Swing High"—Pathé. Drama under the big tent fifty years ago, with young love, a hard-drinking vamp, and banjo- playing swain, plus a big accident. Helen Twelvevrees wistful as the girl; Fred Scott the warbling boy friend; Dorothy Burgess the siren who lays it on thick. Several others in bits.
"Love Among the Millionaires"—Paramount. Be nice to youthful railroadmen in overalls, or little Cinderella won’t make Park Avenue. A nice bit of bal- ladi. Clara Bow is a hash-house girl, is nice to Stanley Smith, Stuart Erwin, Richard Gallagher, Maité Green.

"Bad One, The"—United Artists. An- other of those pictures in which the bad girls are good bad girls and the good girls are just being cute, you know, even though

"Information, Please"—Continued from page 102

O’Brien takes quite an interest in his fan mail. As to Ronald Colman and Kay Francis, the average man could untangle the truth of these Hollywood engagements. Elaine Hammerstein, as Mrs. J. Walter Kays, has long since retired from the screen. Dolores Costello became Mrs. John Barrymore on November 24, 1928.

Rosita de Lermas.—Many of your ques- tions are answered elsewhere on this page. Bernice Claire is five feet two and a half and weighs 116. Raquel Torres, five feet two, weighs 110; Jean Arthur, five feet two, weighs 116; Lois Moran the same. Vilma Banky, weight 121, height five feet six, like Mary Nolan, who weighs 112; Ida Lupino, five feet three, weighs 112, like the brown-eyed Lily Damita. Constance Bennett, five feet four, has brown eyes. Mary Pickford is five feet one and weighs 105, and has hazel eyes. Lola Lane is five feet two, weighs 120, and has violet eyes.


Candidus.—You won’t have much luck with your answers—either the player you want doesn’t give the year, or else not the month of his birth. Louise Brooks was born in 1909, Theda Bara in 1899; Percy Marmont on November 5th, Myrna Loy on August 2nd. Mildred Davis doesn’t reveal when she was born.

Jeanne Borden.—Sorry, I don’t know Mary Kornman’s age—about sixteen, I think. There is no fan club for her. Yes, Corinne Griffith has retired from the screen, and Colleen Moore has turned to the stage. Colleen may return to pictures later.

Sally.—Meeting Jean Arthur in Holly- wood would be like meeting some one in any other strange town. If you have friends in common, you could meet her. Jean was born in New York, October 17th—but doesn’t say which one. Her fa- vorite recreations are reading, driving, and swimming. In 1927 she married Julian Anker, and the marriage was annulled after two years. She is now playing in "The Record Run" for RKO. She has no fan club.

Bill Boyd, F.R.—What do you do in the rare moments when you’re not asking me questions? I’ve completed a picture called "Beyond Victory."

Mr. J. B.—Buddy Rogers’s parents have moved right out to Hollywood to be with...
Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shill, Hillyer, Studio, Universal City, California, Ruggles, Warner Sher, Ruth Chatterton, Clifford Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Jean Arthur, Jeanette MacDonald, Rosita Moreno, Richard Gulliver, Mitzi Gapper, Margaret Hamilton, Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.


Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, John Gilbert, Robert Harron, Jean Hersholt, Camela Blakely, Fatty Arbuckle, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Loretta Young, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Miller, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Walter Huston, Al Jolson, Evelyn Laye, Jean Bennett, Dolores Del Rio, at the United Artists, Hollywood, California.

William Leach, Mary Nolan, Lew Ayres, John Bolso, Jeanette Jeff, Barbara Kent, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong, Fred Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quilllan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.


Helen Twelvetrees, Jean Hersholt, Constance Bennett, Loie Fuller, at his home, 1912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Miranda Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 898 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Miranda Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Julianne Johnson, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 1792 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City.


Harold Lloyd, 6460 Santa Monica Boulevard, Beverly, California.

Anna Mae Weng, 214 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 121 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Gary Cooper, 1722 S. La Palmas, Hollywood, California.


Estelle Taylor, 5255 Los Feliz Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Benison, 3826 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

John Gilbert, 753 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Gershwin, 5539 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes, and Dorothy Revier, 1930 Taft Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Basil Rathbone, 22 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

Mary Carr, 6113 Dorcas Place, Hollywoodland, Los Angeles, California.

Joseph Schillikraut, 24 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
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with
GARY COOPER
Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence
Fred Kohler and Tully Marshall

Gary Cooper, adventurer, and ravishing Lily Damita are the lovers in this mighty, moving drama of the old West. A picture as big in scope as "The Covered Wagon," set in gorgeous natural scenery, a cast of thousands. Scenes of action and daring that fairly take your breath away, a story that holds you spellbound to the last. That's "Fighting Caravans," a Paramount Picture, and as always "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

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How to Keep from Swooning.

BETTY MALONE, of Hollywood, California, please take notice, as well as take heed. It seems to me, Betty, that you have a terrible case of Novarroititis. I am only twenty years old myself, but I never let my heart rule my head. It is a bad habit, and one should rid oneself of it, if afflicted.

Betty, you know as well as I do that it is only the glitter of stardom that you are in love with. Remember that no one should wear her heart on her sleeve. Perhaps in future years, when you are married and settled down, you will laugh gaily and think, "Why, I wouldn't trade my hubby for all the Novarros in the world."

I am not making fun of you; I am serious. The last part of your letter in Picture Play makes me feel like shaking some sense into you. Ramon Novarro is a fine actor and singer, as well as being a good example of a gentleman. But, in the name of common sense, who is he that any one should be ill in bed for three days and lose six pounds, just because she happened to see him in person! I dread to think of what might happen if he ever spoke to you.

Snap out of it, little girl! Would you have been so wild over him if he had been just another Mexican boy with high ambitions? Would you be so foolish if he had been plain Ramon Sameniegos, dealer in fruits and vegetables? Would you swoon with delight if he, as a fruit dealer, tried to overcharge you for a bunch of bananas? I don't think so. You probably would turn your American nose skyward if, as Sameniegos, you saw him entering shabby living quarters, as well as exclaim, "Just like those foreigners!"

You probably wouldn't care if he went to a Russian church, swore, chewed tobacco, and read dime novels. You would exclaim, "Tch, tch; it's his business, not mine!" So brace up, Betty: there is as good a fish in the sea as was ever caught. Not one of us is given to be a wingless angel. Novarro probably grows and grumbles over the breakfast table, mumbles about his suits being left too long at the cleaner's, and all that.

Remember, Betty, he is only a man, and men have faults that would try the patience of a saint. I say all this not alone to Miss Malone, but to all girls similarly afflicted by that dread disease known as "movieitis." Remember that the Garbos, Novarros, and Coopers of this world are not all gods. Humanity has its faults, and they are no exceptions to the rule.

Again I say, cheer up, all you Bettys of the world, and remember that you are just in love with love, when you suddenly lose sleep and weight over a movie star!

L. M. R.

Pennsylvania.

Richard E. Griffith, Jr., Corrected.

The defense of Lillian Gish by Richard E. Griffith, Jr., certainly squelched Florence Bogart and Gordon Mackay, and rightly. But Mr. Griffith himself made some misstatements concerning Ruth Chatterton.

In the first place, "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady," despite the sure-fire dialogue, required acting of a very high order—mental, restrained, conveying emotion by the shading given each syllable.

In the second place, Miss Chatterton wasn't an utter failure in "Sins of the Fathers." Considering that she was working in a medium with which she was unfamiliar, that she was without her greatest asset—voice—and that she was competing with such masters of pantomime as Emil Jannings and Barry Norton, her work was very fine indeed.

In the third place, she has played roles—among her best—in "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son." That were far removed from the sparkling dialogue of Barrie and Lonsdale in "The Doctor's Secret" and "A Lady of Scandal," respectively. To clinch her claim to versatility, there is her recent portrayal of the unrefined, raucous-voiced chorine in "Anybody's Woman," a far cry from her other roles.

Just remember the absinthe-drinking scene in "Madame X": her beautiful singing in German in "Sarah and Son": the manner in which she sustained the accent in the latter picture, while gradually depicting Sarah's forward steps in English; the consistent manner in which she played the chorus girl in "Anybody's Woman," and then deny that she is a great actress.

Yes, she has mannerisms. So has Gish. So has Swanson. So has Norma Shearer, who in addition is affected, poses, lacks beauty, and has a voice that is sometimes shrill. Yet no one who has seen "The White Sister," "The Trespasser," and "The Divorcee" will deny that these three are superb actresses.

EARL ALAN JOHNSON.

117 First Avenue.
Altoona, Pennsylvania.

Continued on page 10
Who else wants to learn to play... at home without a teacher, in 1/2 the usual time and 1/3 the usual cost?

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And C. C. Mittelstadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your easy lessons!"

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What the Fans Think

Long Live Queen Ann.

Arriving at the royal court of Holly-
wood unaccompanied by the conventional fan-
fare of cheap publicity and boisterous, notice-
able journalism has Miss Gish success-
fully gained possession of the golden
crown of achievement. To-day she is
queen of all actresses, and from her three
favorites she has received the heart-
cut homage of her people—the mil-
ions of screen followers who still give
preference to the refined, the pure,
and the truly beautiful.

In Ann Harding one finds an ideal.
Here is no mere protracted East Sider,
to come to entertain the illiterati with a pair of
shapely calves and a cute complexion.
She is, indeed, a far cry from the Bows,
the Carrollis, and the Alice Whites, with
their vulgar and sensuous appeal. Rather
is she the little patrician, appealing al-
ways to the finer qualities in man and
setting the perfect criterion for her own
sex, a human pattern embodying all the
excellencies of nature.

In “Holiday” she won her crown.
Now, with the release of “Girl of the
Golden West,” she has securely barricad-
ed the gates of her castle against all possi-
ble invasion. The Ruth Chatterton
triumphed as a formidable rival, but now
even Ruth—Hollywood’s other actress—
has been barred. Of course, the average
playgoer will be considered to be
blind. Without their bathing suits and cheap
tricks, they rate nil. Then there are girls
like June Collyer, out of place among such
true stars of great appeal. To-morrow it may be one of these
that Queen Ann surrenders her glorious
supremacy.

To-day there is no need for worry.
So long as our fair queen can come through with faultless performances, can
sit about the silver sheet like some phan-
tom of delight, and can thrill packed houses with her Redford voice, her
throne is safe. For my part, I hope
I shall never see her replaced. The
good old year of 1930 has brought two bless-
ings to the screen—“Journey’s End,”
the picture of pictures, and Ann Harding,
the star of stars. Oone veutz-vous encore?

DONALD MACCAMEL.

1010 South Forty-fifth Street.
West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

To the Connecticut Tully.

Such letters as Frank Tully’s in “What the Fans Think” burn me up. Appar-
ently Mr. Tully has his famous name-
sake’s vitriol on his mind, and like Jim’s analytical powers. In fact, the Con-
necticut Tully seems a little sophomoric
in his efforts to be devastatingly clever.
But there will be glad to know that Douglas Fairbanks was once a stage actor.
Well, well, well. And John and Lionel Barrymore, too, Mr. Tully.
In the small world. And yet this encyclopedia of histrionics, “Who is Barry Norton?”
Mr. Norton is the boy who gave one of the screen’s most melodious performances as
“Mother’s Boy” and “What a Color!”, and who nearly stole the “Legion of the
Condemed” from Gary Cooper. That’s who he is, Mr. Tully. And he was never
on our side.

As for his and the others’ criticism of Lillian Gish, words fail me. Miss Gish has
undoubtedly made enemies by being re-
fined and beautiful, but at least Miss Gish is one of our most
intelligent players, even though versatility is not her long suit. But when an actress
can give us wonderful performances, such as Miss Gish did in the role of the beaten
waif in “Broken Blossoms,” one doesn’t
expect her to play Ninon de Lenclos in the next picture, any more than Kay Fran-
cisco would suppose herself qualified to
appearance to play Little Eva. Although
after the casting of Constance Bennett as
Eden Neal, in “Common Clay,” we can
expect a great deal from her.

Mr. Tully dismisses Lillian’s divine pic-
ture of Helena in the stage production of
Chekov’s “Uncle Vanya” by the mere
mention that she is appearing in it. Does he know what the play contains? It
is one of the four best feminine por-
trays of the past season? Could he pos-
sibly have seen her as Helena and still
say she knows nothing of the part?

Douglaston, Long Island.

Old Shoes and Old Faces.

I have seen and heard practically all of
the new stars put through the mill, and it
seems amusing to me to compare the
faces that the public has liked for years
with new faces that do not appeal.

For instance, who would try to com-
pare Helen Kane, Lillian Roth, or Zelma
O’Neal with snappy, vivacious Clara Bow
or dainty Nancy Carroll?

Can you ever refer to William Haines,
or Jeanette MacDonald be compared with
Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, or Gloria
Swanson?

John Boles and Lawrence Tibbett will
never attain the popularity of Richard
Bartelmess and Richard Dix.

Jack Oakie, a newcomer, posing as a
new type of smart-Aleck, will never
wear the shoes of William Haines. He hasn’t
even the looks or charm of Billy Haines,
and even a smart-Aleck hero, no matter how
talented, must have looks that appeal to
the eye to have a following like William
Haines.

Yes, there is Lawrence Gray, Alexander
Gray, and Robert Montgomery; but
they never will click like Charles Rogers
or Gary Cooper.

I am remaining loyal to my favorites,
because I can’t like these new screen
personalities, so I hope my stars remain
in their heavens a little longer.

MEL GRAYSON.

Lake Macquarie.
New South Wales, Australia.

Page the Answer Man.

The talkies have given us new entertain-
mence, new faces, new stars. But they
also have taken from us many of our old
favorites that have sort of become
worn. Miss Gish, for example, is a
name that is no more. Though the talkies
of far-off worlds, have thrilled us in a
storybook fashion, and now we miss them.
So, for the present, let us drift back a
few years and enjoy the pleasures of the
silent film.

And what of the Mary Pickford
who used to thrill us with her de-
lighfulness, her curls and winning smiles,
the days we used to bring all-day suckers
and keep the whole house up to the time
we grew weary of them. You feel you even want to
do those things over again; you want to
keep on being a Mary Pickford fan in the years to come.

What about the Mary Pickford we used to call “America’s Sweetheart”?
And what has become of other stars as
delightful—the Vilma Banky who used
to clip along with prices and proceed-
and love in a rose garden; the Emil
Janings who used to touch our very soul?
Do you not wish they were with us
again? The Barry Norton who used to
make us want to feel young, and make eyes
at the boys; the Jack Gilbert who used to
be our lover bold, the answer to a mid-

en’s prayer; the Nils Asther whose eyes
we thought were so alluring, and who
was so good at making— and what maiden wouldn’t be thrilled? What
has become of them? Can’t we have them
back again?

ELL A NIKISHER.

100 Lancaster Street.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Prove Your Case, Mr. Mook.

Samuel Richard Mook’s article in a re-
cent Picture Play, “While Talent Goes
Begging,” is founded upon fact, no doubt;
but why didn’t he strengthen his argu-
ment by citing some real examples of
ignored genius? Without doubt there are
dozens of talented players in Holly-
wood who should be making money on the
screen, but those he named are not among them. All those he referred
to as being martyrs of the producers’
throwback have played in numerous
pictures, but the public just naturally hasn’t
taken to them. It’s a case of the public
swallowing thumbs down—not the producers.
There are reasons in each instance for
their failures, but perhaps it would be
kindler not to detail them.

As one who thought the talkies were
gonna a great deal of good, and I was
Pauline,” I withdraw my charge. It is to the talk-
ies that we owe thanks for the intelligent
acting of Ruth Chatterton, the versatility
and ability of Walter Huston, the poetic
casting of “Journey’s End,” the same
acting of Claudette Colbert and Fredric
March, Tibbett’s beautiful voice, Barry-
more at his best, and a greater Garbo.

Los Angeles, California.

Even Strong Men!

Movie fans seeking photographs of
stars, listen. My one favorite star is
dear old Barry Cooper. I am one of
hundreds of fans, I withdraw my charge.

To write a real, honest-to-goodness, sin-
cere letter, because he is the only star
whose pictures I see over and over again.

Fans, don’t write to every star that
you see listed in the current Directory.
Write to your favorite only, and get bet-
ter results in requesting photos. An-
other thing, don’t blame stars for not
answering your requests. It’s the secre-
tar y’s fault. I have written to stars
and don’t even read the letters, just send out cards with
prices.

STEPHEN E. WAGNER.

Yes, it is a young man of twenty
writing.

111 Montana Avenue.
South Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Conceited? Who Cares?

I have been following with interest the
letters that have appeared recently about
the whole subject. All the comment on this sub-
ject shows me more fully how ridiculous the
matter is. Who cares about a star’s
life outside or off the screen? We would be
pleased if the movies live the life of the hero
or heroine of the moment, and not to com-

Continued on page 12
Are You Tired of Being a "Soother"?

Do those grown-up babes who call themselves men come sobbing to you with all their petty troubles? And then demand that you soothe them?

That’s the fate of lots of girls. It was the fate of Janet Wilde, who was brought up among temperamental artists. After the death of her actor father she made up her active mind that from then on she would no more be a "soother." But fate decreed otherwise and you will be at once thrilled and vastly amused when you read

The
LOVES
of
JANET

By
THOMAS EDGELOW

This is one of the famous Chelsea House love stories which so beautifully catch the spirit of modern romance. Published by one of the oldest and best-established concerns in America, these cleverly written books are yours for an extremely low price. "THE LOVES OF JANET" and all the other Chelsea House love stories are on sale at your nearest dealer, or write to

CHELSEA HOUSE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Price, 75 Cents  Price, 75 Cents
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

ment whether this actor or actress is con-
cieved, married, divorced, or the like.

As long as our favorites can hold us by
the spell of their acting; they need never
fear popularity. They may go on playing,
way, the person who writes letters to the
stars, or in any way acts as a nuisance,
is not worth bothering about. The stars
or the newspapers are not paying attention
to clamoring fans who hang around with
their persistent demands for pictures and
signatures.

By recalling Richard Barbiemess in
"The Dawn Patrol" I realize that he is
an actor in every sense of the word.
His characterization of Dick Courtney
was splendid. I really lived the part of
the_valiant, sincere, hard-working young
soldier, as his artfulness of the part
guidance. Never once did I allow myself
to think of the unkempt things that are
said of him. No matter how much gab
I indulged in, so realistic a performance
would still believe in him as being a wonderful
artist.

Miriam Furman.
130 Bergen Avenue,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

Souls, Beauty, and First Nights.

So Bert King, of England, just can't
stand hearing about Ramon Novarro's
soul. Poor man—if we could only have
Bert King do "Faust" for him he'd love
it, I know.

I do not think Novarro would enjoy
him at all in the sensuous type of picture
he would want to give a very fine performance. And, Mr.
King, some of us believe rather strongly
in souls and aren't a bit ashamed of them.

Another thing, Mr. King. Very few of
these stars write our direct or even have
a final voice in choosing their vehicles,
which is something all of us should re-
member when we are disappointed in a picture.

If Catherine Dale Owen could forget
entirely how pretty she is and let herself
really understand what it's all about, she
would undoubtedly spoil several films for us.

May I recommend to all readers who
appreciate real talent and are interested
in the new stars as well as old favor-
or, I'm afraid, those not interested at all
in any other Marguerite Churchill or Raymond
Hackett in them? These players are both
dressed with a quality of real sincerity
which is rare indeed. Stage training
is not to be sneezed at, if we are to judge
by these youngsters.

Carrol Graham's "Razzberrie for Our
Ballerina" is a Hollywood movie any night
in the week.

DOROTHY MASON.
1271 West Eighty-third Street,
Los Angeles, California.

For Stars Especially.

A year ago I wrote ten letters and sent
them to ten celebrated actors and actresses
in Hollywood. I was so personal and so
sincere in my praise of their work. After
weeks of waiting I received a letter and
a picture from Vilma Banky and a pic-
ture of her new "My Heart.

I haven't heard from the other eight.

I realize the volume of mail the stars receive, and so do I realize the
number of letters that the nation's chief executive
receives. But write the President
the United States and you will get a reply in
one form or another. But the actors think
they are superior, and there's where they make a mistake. "What is one fan, any-
way?" think these swell-headed actors.

Here's the piece of advice to these celeb-
rites: Every little thing in this world counts.
The fact that you are being wor-
shiped does not mean that you can do things unpleasant to those who make
heroes of you.

In a vidalove show recently a young actor, after five minutes, came out again on the stage, blushed, smiled and bowed to the audience, and said: "Thank you, friends, for your kind applause. It will be to my heart and not to my head." More long and loud applause.

Reynaldo R. Curva.

4 Lyon Street, N. E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

That Versatile Ramon.

At least there is one subject the Gene
Charteris type of followers must admit
about Ramon. He is the most
versatile actor on or off the screen. His
accomplishments and talents are ever sur-
pising; just as we are accustomed to one,
along comes word that Ramon is ex-
ploring a new phase of his skill. When
arrived that Ramon had written a story
called "The Truthful Liar," and that
Metro-Goldwyn thought it so good that it
would be produced, I was simply delighted.

In case some have the idea literary work
is easy and a cinch, just try it. Yes, just
try it! But—Ramon hits the bull's-eye
directing another edition of "Call of the
 Flesh"—Ramon directing! And from
all that I hear he is doing admirably well,
and the picture promises to be better than
its predecessor in English. Let's take
Spanish! What, you have already?

I wonder why?

GEORGIA MITCHELL.
Box 776, Lomita, California.

A Rose for Oettinger.

A word of appreciation for Malcolm
H. Oettinger. His interviews are always
interesting and original. I am convinced,
as I read his impressions and opinions of
the various stars, that I am reading more
exactly the ideal of the average fan.

It's such a satisfying thing to a fan to dis-
cover that there is, now and then, an
article about a star that is at least nine
months old.

Especially original and pleasing was Mr.
Oettinger's interview with Maurice Che-
valier. One could almost see so vividly
this charming Frenchman.

Joan B. Oates.
Charleston, West Virginia.

And Now the Boys.

Ramon Novarro is one of the finest,
most sincere, and most unaffected men
among all the actors, and yet not at all
the namby-pamby sort of person that
"nice" people usually impress you as be-
ing. He doesn't pretend to be the goody
God's type of person that Buddy Rogers
does, who won't even smoke a cigarette,
because he's afraid he'll disillusion his
dear little

Some say that he is conceited and wants
be thought a god. But I think that's
silly. I'm not a hero worshiper, but wasn't
it H. G. Wells who said that man might
have been created for love, or for what he
wanted to be? Surely there's no particular vanity in
wanting to be the finest person one is
capable of being. I only hope that when
I am older I can be as much.

David Scott.
532 Brown Street,
Collinsville, Illinois.

By-by, Scrapbook.

After reading all the letters praising
Joan Crawford, I thought the fans would
like to know that I sent her a scrapbook
I worked on for months. It cost me
quite a bit, because I purchased every
magazine that contained her picture. The
book itself was rather expensive. I sent
this book with all the best intentions in
the world, and enclosed return postage.

Naturally, I wanted her to read it, but I
never saw it again. I inquired very
kindly whether she received it. I thought
perhaps she wanted to keep it, so I told
her to do so, if she would. I do not
know. Well, I guess I kissed that book

On the other hand, I sent a scrapbook
too. Bow Bow and the book came back
in a short time with a lovely letter and a
daring autograph. Wasn't that sweet of her? Clara even
did a picture in the book herself.

I learned one thing: scrapbooks under
separate cover. I was thrilled to pieces.
She certainly is a generous, kind star,
and beautiful, talented, and human.

Blanche Stellh.
3215 South Ridgeway Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Uncle Dimmy to Clara.

Won't some one do something about
Clara Bow? For a long time I've been
noticing how her following has dropped
as one of our highest. I always came to
her side with the excuse of bad pictures, but even the most loving
of fans cannot offer this any more.

Her troubles are real, I think, and I

Why, the Queen of England couldn't
get away with the things Miss Bow has
tried to pull the last few months. The
battle of Dallas, it seems, was just the
beginning. Since Clara became famous
I've broken into print in several shady
doesn't the red-haired one know that nothing will
kill her as quickly as bad publicity?

Surely there's no particular vanity in
the heartbreakng thing is that the fans
who sincerely admire her and her work
can do nothing, except ask her to turn
over a new leaf—perhaps get a slap in
the face for their trouble?

I'm not trying to preach. Clara is a
woman of twenty-five, and when you
see her doing things that even an eighteen-
year-old girl wouldn't do, it's pretty hope-
less. And what's more, I hope she reads
this! And another thing, I'm ready for
any Bow fans that think they have
our interests at heart. If there are
any, speak up; I'm ready!

"Dimmy."

312 Read Street,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Don't Shoot, Mister!

Evidently the motion-picture industry
is still in its infancy, and as all young
children, it is often unintentionally
amusing. A studio, for example, sends to
a person a photograph of a well-known
European actor, accompanied by a
form letter. The letter reads, stating:
"We send the photograph you
request," et cetera, though no letter of
any kind had been sent to the actor and
no photograph existed. I roared with
laughter, thinking of the pathetic com-
plaints of fans who really wanted pho-
tographs and were willing to pay for them.

The actors themselves have written
an actor can be revenged by getting one
Edward Nagle to interview him. Philip
Holmes, in "The Devil's Holiday," seemed
not especially worthy of mention. Perhaps even
liking. In Nagle's interview he showed
up as a most unpleasant young man.

Croceia Martin and Wilma Thomp-
son, who think Barry Norton ought to be
shot for his beauty, will turn to page 72
of November Picture Play they may get
over feeling that way.

S. C.
Box 4271, Germantown,
Little Boy Behind the Eyes.

May I, through "What the Fans Think," say how glad I am at last to see a few sensible letters about Novarro? Some fans are realizing that Mr. Novarro is a brilliant actor but an untruthful, unreliable fellow. Berg's remarks were particularly refreshing, and Muriel Graham answered "One of Ramon's Fans" in such a manner that a lot of good-natured fans might stop complaining that we only see those horrible and dishonest letters that no offense could possibly be taken.

One wonders how a fan, who admits Ramon is her chief interest in life, even goes to see the man she would admire, can so thoroughly and carefully point out the flaws in her favorite, particularly in his appearance. She is so much in love there! It is true this Novarro boy gets himself into one's blood, and the only medicine is to see one of his pictures, but as there are not enough of these, one must suffer much in silence. And this suffering is not alleviated by hearing complaints anit work, appearance, or voice.

A letter of disinformation knows that the very best of actors, in a poor film with a poor cast, will disappoint the most rabid of his admirers. Ramon is not the only one suffering from unsuitable stories. I have seen more than one of them place poor Ramon on such a high pedestal, in their romance-starved imaginations, that the gods themselves could not write a story, or direct a picture, good enough to cope with the talents they believe their favorite is endowed with.

Does one expect incomparable performance of those he loves? No! In any case can do no wrong, and if I should find Ramon miscast as the uncouth, hairy-legged Highlander in "Seven Days Leave," I believe I would believe the scenery was doing his best. Better a warm liking for the boy than cold, critical admiration for his accomplishments. The most cynical could find the scenery even the illogical "Gay Madrid" in which he explains "the accident" to his father. And that scene at the edge of the town—hiding in the forest, the expression—that scene was real, and even more can one ask of the screen? I suspect there is much of the small boy hidden behind those dark eyes. A touch of comedy brings it out, and it is this which makes him the more it suits him.

"Je Vous Soutiens!"

Montreal, Canada.

Natives, Here Comes a Tourist!

Jean Black's letter in the December Picture Play made me hopeful that I might receive some answers to this appeal.

A girl friend and I are planning to go to Hollywood in May and June. Don't think we're movie-struck. We're not trying to break in; I've read and heard so much of Hollywood—Hollywood! What a magic name! That is what all of us have been dreaming! Two girls of my crowd came back after a week's visit and talked us all Hollywood-mad.

As we are staying only a few weeks, we'd like to plan to hit well and not miss a minute's pleasure. I wonder if some of the folks in Hollywood would write to me. Even in Hollywood it would be nice to have a personal friend. Being on a correspondence, I shall not only have made friends by the time I arrive, but a native Hollywoodian can give me more facts than all the books put together. They can tell me the places to go, etc. etc. And perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing these places with them.

Croselle Mullen, don't think me terri-

Mystic Power Discounted.

Here is a brickbat for Madame Glass. In her article on Ramon Novarro, "What Is His Mystic Power?" in August Picture Play, she presents several absurd stories about Ramon, which are amazing, as she says. For instance, she says a girl came from the East to see Mr. Novarro, to enter a gate and rest on a person's lawn. She must have done her resting on the narrow strip outside. Many times I have passed by his house, but I have never seen him. The picture is interesting, but this part was impossible.

MRS. N. SHAVER.

1053 Third Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Critie Mean to Boles.

Following are some of the famous and brilliant sayings of that perfectly wonderful critic of yours, Norbert Lusk. From his promptings as far as I know, Mr. Boles does exactly what musical heroes have been doing since 1892, but as nothing more is required of him than to be conventional, it is some nice incentive to wax enthusiastic, because acting is more important than singing—outside of grand opera." From "Song of the West": "The action of Mr. Boles has all the breath-taking vivacity of a wooden-solder number in a prologue. His singing, however, is supposed to make any picture. And from Mr. Jordan: "John Boles, a pleasing singer"—I'm surprised he admits that,—"is still an inadequate actor whom practice doesn't seem to cure. His acting is the result of a waxing enthusiasm, because acting is more important than singing—outside of grand opera." From "Song of the West": "The action of Mr. Boles has all the breath-taking vivacity of a wooden-solder number in a prologue. 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Bywaters.

Dorothy Jordan Cannonaded.

I seldom criticize stars, because I realize a lot of the dumb things, stories, cases, etc., are not their fault. But I must say a word about Ramon Novarro's leading lady, Mrs. Bywaters. She has chosen herself, or whether he had to take what she gave him. One picture would be bearable, but to go on in these, I enjoy, but he is, at least the best of the rest. She was in "Call of the City," where she was magnificent. I stayed to see the picture through twice, just to hear singing "Ridi Paganica," again, and had to put up with her. We may have become stars without much acting ability, but they are charming faces. Dorothy Jordan is not even charming or good looking. She is so self-satisfied, self-important, and only trying to be sweet and dear. I suppose it is too much to ask Novarro to change his leading lady, but I would appreciate it very much, as a few others, I believe.

A Major Disaster.

What next? First Mary starts getting her curls clipped. John Boles throws a crazy mustache. Clara Bow starts yodeling, and the fans are in search of letters defending Boles from the unfair attacks of Mr. Lusk. Finding none, I have at last written.

The Fans City, Indiana.

A Check and Rubber Check.

No one has ever proved herself as great an actress as has Clara Bow. No one has had to fight such a tough battle. No one has had to earn her job. I am grateful and untrivial things as have been said about her. No one has been slammed and trampled as has this great genius, but despite all these sufferings and hate and grappled with a firm hand.

She has put joy and happiness in many hearts. She has caused the brightest many hours that would have been dull and wearisome. She will forever live in the hearts of the people as a goddess of love, beauty, friendship, and happiness.

May I quote the beautiful words of Lois Ferguson as she describes Miss Bow? She says, "Like a boudoir of mountain flowers, she has the gay spirit of women-amounted." She smiles, and the world of troubles vanish, and the burden of dreams is real. She dances, and we hear the gait of love's horse speeding through the green of rarest purity. She speaks, and we listen to the magic which is her voice.

To one constantly confounded with life's realities she makes theYang and happy. She is Clara Bow!"

BETTY McCANN.

Memphis, Tennessee.
OUR DICK!
—in an even greater part than he played in *The Dawn Patrol*.

—a hard-fisted, quick-shooting daredevil!

—a steel-hearted avenger of wrong, but a lover—tender, romantic and winning!

—under the sting of a burning lash he rises to new heights of dramatic power!

PUT "THE LASH" ON YOUR LIST OF PICTURES THAT MUST BE SEEN!
Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery in the same picture! The title "Inspiration" is peculiarly apt, because bringing them together was just that. Letters from PICTURE PLAY readers nominate Mr. Montgomery the most popular recruit from the stage—who is destined for individual stardom in a very short time. Playing la Garbo's vis-à-vis is just another firm stepping-stone along the way, than which no greater distinction can be won by any leading man. Now let's hold our breath for the film!
The Myth of

Are Hollywood’s stars paving the way capitalist? Who’s rich and who’s not will

By Edwin

“wise ones.” “Perhaps, if I do strike it lucky, I’ll be worth a million. One is bound to be very soon, with these remunerative contracts. It’s a gold mine anyway you look at it, and worth taking a chance on.”

And such indeed is the studio metropolis in its lure and enticement, but the realities are often disconcerting.

Not long ago, for instance, it was divulged in the newspapers that Lon Chaney, rated one of the greatest money-makers, had, after a comparatively long career, left an estate of only $550,000. The word “only” might get a laugh, since, as things go, that is quite a fortune. Still Chaney, who had guarded his affairs well, and who had been in the films so long, left just a half million!

Not long before that, in the divorce proceedings of William Farnum, it was brought out that he should be worth $250,000, though he took exception to the size of this figure. Farnum, it may be remembered, was garnering no less than $10,000 a week at one time when he was working under a Fox contract, and in a single year that would yield him twice $250,000. Need for ready cash now is said to be one of the things inducing him to return to the screen.

Milton Sills’s highly remunerative activities were represented in an estate of $100,000 at his death. Undoubtedly he was worth much more than this a few years previously, but illness and reputed difficulties on account of income tax were responsible for the shrinkage.

There have been far more striking cases of depleted fortunes than this among screen notables, many instances coming to public notice with something of a shock.

Charles Ray was literally wiped out financially, after enormous success, by one production, “The Courtship of Myles Standish.”

There are many instances where stars enjoyed a fair proportion of success, and later went through the courts of bankruptcy. Recently, too, even some of the most prominent have been reported “on their uppers,” because of the stock-market debacle, or loss in

Laura La Plante has amassed $800,000 of her own, and the earnings of her director-husband add to the family fortune.

Do gold and acting go hand in hand? Can riches suddenly and brilliantly amassed in the movie world contribute to the founding of huge fortunes? Is stellar success and fame dazzling with platinum and jewels? Or is it decked with somber tones of crêpe and disillusionment?

The movies have always changed of dollars. Money, money, money, and the gossip thereof, chinks and tinkles everywhere in Hollywood. Million-dollar contracts sometimes become almost a byword; weekly salaries soaring into the thousands are the topic of luncheon conversations.

Filmland may not be materialistic—and again it may be, depending on how you look at the matter—but always associated with each enthusiastic and bubbling ambition is the glint of the yellow metal that may be found at the other end of the rainbow. Achievement, of course, triumphs—these may be looked forward to, but, oh, for that life of ease and comfort also promised!

“Even if I shouldn’t make a hit for very long, anyway I can make my pile of coin, and get out.” This is often the attitude expressed by those who are locally called the

Lon Chaney’s long and lucrative career netted his estate only $250,000.
Their Millions

to the huge fortunes that distinguish the
in the movie colony? The facts in this article
surprise you.

Schallert

real estate. John Gilbert, among others, has been
ominated one of the heaviest losers. He has had
plenty of companionship, though, throughout the
colony.

One is safe in saying that the real fortunes of
the film colony are founded in the same fashion that
most fortunes outside of pictures, namely, cumula-
tively. Once in a while somebody may grow rich
overnight out of an oil gusher, or a diamond mine,
but ten chances to one it is the business of building,
plus the luck, that creates the big procession of
dollars.

There are no such gigantic assemblages of millions
west of the Mississippi River, as exist east of that
tie. The West is proud of a scant dozen, and most
of those are not in movies. Their wealth, like the
Easterners, has become great by careful nurturing
through a generation or two.

The wealth of the movie producers, Zukor, Lasky,
Scheinck, and Laemmle, far exceeds that of any of
the talent whom they employ. The directors of
pictures as a class probably are more consistent
money-getters than the people whom they manage
on the set. In a way, the stars come last of all.
While their salaries often appear the most dazzling,
the demands on those salaries are generally heavy
by comparison.

Nevertheless, the stellar palaces all have their
Cresuses, with those who have been working over
a term of years the richest.

People will tell you in Hollywood that Harold
Lloyd must by this time have $10,000,000 to $12,-
000,000. It is generally conceded that he is the top-
notcher.

I doubt whether he is quite that rich. While his
earnings were enormous a few years ago, when he was coming
into the biggest money, he has gradually slowed down his average
of production. Individual pictures are returning more to
him perhaps than they ever did, but with the coming of talkies
accumulated profits from the older films must be somewhat
diminished. However, as "Feet First" is considered one of the
cleverest of his efforts, there is no telling how much will accrue
to his exchequer.

And whatever does accrue is largely retained, because Lloyd is
anything but a wild and foolish spender of money. His greatest
flourish was his home in Beverly Hills, which, with all emblaus-
rishments, probably cost more than a million.

It is interesting to note that
at one time Lloyd and Cecil De-

Mary Pickford began early to accumulate a
fortune. To-day it is estimated to be
$3,000,000 to $5,000,000, depending on the
value of real estate.

Mille were running a race for first place
in the fortune list. Recent opinion seems
to concede that Harold has sped away from
his rival.

And where in all this is Chaplin?
Where, indeed! Charlie was hit some dire
blows a few years ago, when Lita Gray
Chaplin and the government both laid siege
at once to his treasury. Uncle Sam did
better than Lita, getting more than $1,-
500,000 for income tax "overlooked" in re-
turns through years, while Mrs. Chaplin
sent $650,000 for herself, and $200,000 in a
trust fund for the children. The cost of
the divorce was computed at a million.

The experience turned the comedian's
hair gray, and made him go back to work
with a vengeance on his picture "The Cir-
cus." He declared at the time that he
had to.
Accumulated income tax, as well as the cost of his divorce, depleted Charlie Chaplin’s treasury, but he has many millions left.

Lita, in her divorce complaint, asserted that Charlie was worth $16,000,000, and that his income was $75,000 a month, but Chaplin himself suggested that $3,000,000 would more reasonably describe his fortune.

He became even more conservative on the witness stand, and said that it was something over a million, indicating not too much.

Allowing for Mrs. Chaplin’s enthusiasm, and Chaplin’s ultra-retentiveness, Hollywood decided that about $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 might be near the correct figure. But many contend that this is an excessive estimate. However, anybody that pays $1,000,000 extra income tax can safely be said to have plenty of money. It is generally considered to mean an income six or seven times greater, allowing for the surtax. And Chaplin hasn’t spent all of that!

Mary Pickford started her fortune early, and in what is conceded to be a very sound manner. Out of the $560,000 that she made in 1917—and this was actual—she saved $420,000. On the advice of Charles M. Schwab, she created a trust fund to be assured of a retirement income.

Mary told of this on the witness stand during the settle-

ment of her mother’s estate. Mrs. Pickford, it may be recalled, left an estate of $1,100,000, very largely the trust fund, held by her and Mary together, which was shown to have increased to $780,000. It is surmised that this is just an incident in the Pickford fortune, which is variously estimated at $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. The large range is due to the fact that a considerable portion consists of real-estate investments, which at present are of indeterminate value.

Douglas Fairbanks startled the world two years in succession, 1923 and 1924, by paying the largest income tax of anybody in the movies. He was exceeded by several other wealthy southern Californians, but his contribution was very substantial.

Doug is known to have made big money on such pictures as “Robin Hood” and “The Thief of Bagdad,” thus laying the foundation for his personal wealth. He is popularly rated as being less wealthy than Mary, although because of his several years of striking success at a time when pictures were returning much money, the two are possibly not far apart.

There is no myth, of course, about the financial vigor of some of these long-standing favorites. Barring the circumstance that one or the other of them may have been caught in the stock-market crash, or suffered from the shrinkage in other values, they should have enough resources for a future of serenity and enjoyment.

Still they are a handful, and there are not so many others to augment the total. Those most nearly approaching them include Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Colleen Moore, Tom Mix, and perhaps John Barrymore, with money made from the stage and pictures, Corinne Griffith, Will Rogers, and a few others.

It is believed that the fortune of several of these stars, like Miss Talmadge and Miss Moore, closely approximate, if they do not exceed, $2,000,000. Rogers has such numerous sources of income that his fortune is now growing with decided rapidity. Reports around Hollywood are that he received as much as $25,000 a week while working on a picture. The duration of filming is frequently six to eight weeks, or even more.

The millionaire list will, needless to say, soon be augmented by such stars as Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Ronald Colman, and a few others. Stars who may be in that class now include Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess, and, needless to say, Mary Pickford.

For years William Farnum’s salary was $10,000 weekly, but he has returned to the movies through necessity.
say, Jackie Coogan, even if he has not been so busy lately. He is known to have cleaned up in real estate in the East some year ago, and has nearly always been on pretty steady salary.

Bebe Daniels, another of the consistently working stars, may also have a fair fortune. It is said to depend somewhat on the outcome of her investments in real estate.

William Powell, Evelyn Brent, and Mary Brian are examples of stars who have come into success recently to have accumulated a fortune. Powell is on the way, but hardly over $200,000. A portion of his savings went toward the property settlement during his divorce suit.

Miss Brent spends liberally of her earnings. Miss Brian is putting money away, but it is doubtful if her fortune exceeds $100,000 or if she has that much. Betty Bronson is reputed to have about $50,000 saved from her earnings. Naturally, her salary was much larger than Mary Brian’s at the start.

Clara Bow has a trust fund into which about half her salary has been going for over a year. It is said to contain about $100,000. Outside of this Clara spends pretty liberally. Also, of course, she has to pay liberally.

With reference to Chaney, it might also be well to note that his wealth probably exceeded the $550,000 shown in the court records, as his fortune, according to the best information, was largely shared with his widow. She was, incidentally, the beneficiary of his estate, with the exception of a few thousand dollars.

Wills so far have not indicated any startling amounts of money bequeathed to the heirs. Certainly none of those left by the stars have reached the million mark officially.

The largest fortune in the past few years was George Beban’s—about $500,000. And Beban was noted, I believe, for making good investments. The Earl Williams estate was once estimated at $250,000, but through misfortunes it was subsequently reduced to nothing, and the body of the star had to be virtually rescued by his friends from potter’s field.

Mabel Normand, gay spirit of the films, despite her many reverses, succeeded in leaving a fortune of about $100,000 to her mother, consisting of $9,000 in cash, $50,000 in jewelry, and nearly $40,000 in real estate. Mabel was at one time estimated to be worth about half a million.

Jeanne Eagels, who received $1,000,000 during her stage career, died leaving less than $100,000, and the tragic incident in her life was that her jewels, thought to be worth a huge sum, turned out to be paste and hardly of any value. Sometimes, indeed, the player folk wear the tinsel crown financially.

Many players were satisfied to retire while on the crest of the wave, and not a few of them still do this.

Marguerite Clark, once Mary Pickford’s rival, chose to do this, following the completion of her Famous Players contract nearly ten years ago. One hears now that she enjoys peace and contentment in New Orleans, and recently there was even talk of her husband’s political ascendancy.

William S. Hart, choosing liberty rather than slow death owing to his conflicts with the movie producers, died himself to his own peace in 1923.

After years of highly paid work, Milton Sills left an estate of only $100,000.
The Stroller

The New Year causes a kindly observer of the administer a friendly warning against permitting of themselves. For he, like every fan, has only this year the most memorable

By Everett

Jack Oakie is the grandest wisecracker on the screen — but his effort to keep up a flow of wit when he isn’t working is boring.

Lillian Roth puts over a song as few others can — but she always starts fooling with her hair as soon as she comes into a scene.

Neil Hamilton has a most buoyant disposition — but he dramatizes everything that happens to him.

Dorothy Jordan is a honey — but she giggles.

The talent of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is unquestioned — but he always needs a hair cut.

Robert Ames gives some swell performances — but he shouldn’t rout his friends out of bed at one o’clock in the morning to read them “Blind Raftery.”

Marian Nixon looks clinging enough — but her determination, when she makes up her mind to anything, is well known among her friends.

Charles Bickford has established himself as a he-man interested in big issues — but I wish he wouldn’t make such a fuss over standing up for his rights.

Marie Dressler deserves her success — but she talks too much about her “society” friends.

Glenn Tryon’s wit is unsurpassed — but when a person is no longer useful to him he gets no sample of it.

Bebe Daniels’s friends are legion — but it is a relief to know that she is safely married at last.

Ramon Novarro is the most ascetic of stars — but he drinks tomato-juice cocktails.

Mary Brian’s sweetness is as unflagging offscreen as on — but her lack of temperament affects me like a meal consisting entirely of desserts.

Phillips Holmes’s sense of humor is exceptional — but he blondies his hair.
Calls the Roll

stars to bestow praise for their good points and minor faults to modify the success they have made sincere appreciation of all they have done to make of all in the movies.

Blagden

Dorothy Mackaill’s candor is disarming—but she changes boy friends too often.

Grant Withers has risen from two-reelers—but one wishes he would get used to the fact that he is lucky.

George Bancroft in pictures is rough and ready for all corners—but his bathroom is done in orange.

Betty Compson is a most honest person—but she wears false eyebrows.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are a most charming couple—but guests at their parties have seldom met before.

Olivia Borden has a perfectly gorgeous pair of legs—but her come-and-goSouthern accent is amusing.

Robert Montgomery is the most popular leading man drafted from the stage—but he tries to impress people with the fact that his intelligence is valued by his employers.

Sharon Lynn is well-bred enough for Hollywood—but she insists upon telling people she is a lady.

Chester Morris has developed a box-office following—but he is interested in no one but himself, his wife, and his children.

Kay Francis is the most smartly gowned woman on the screen, and her acting is a joy—but she is getting a little too grand.

Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice—but she makes things difficult for those who work with her at the studio.

Ronald Colman gives good characterizations of the polished gentleman—but his conversation offscreen is scarcely what could be called stimulating.

Polly Moran and William Haines bring laughter into many
It's All

When seen through the eyes of clever caricaturists startle without leaving any
in Fun

like Coke and Stone, the stars undergo changes that
doubt of their identity.

HELEN TWELVETREES.

PHILLIPS HOLMES.

MAURICE CHEVALIER.

WILLIAM POWELL.

ADOLPHE MENJOU.
A close observer of the rise of Charles Rogers says he has passed through the following phases: the bewildered kid fresh from the campus, awed by the stars; the young player seen, reseen, and admired by a million or so young girls, and his own love affair; third, the haywire stage, expressed in funny clothes, tricky cars, and interviews about women; and the present-day Buddy. The picture, above, is as he used to look.
Buddy the Fourth

Charles Rogers has gone through three stages of development since he came to the movie capital, and is only now settling into a practical outlook on life there and discovering a balancing sense of humor.

By Ann Sylvester

The Buddy Rogers of today is not the same Buddy Rogers who came to Hollywood. There have been three or four of him.

People are like chapters in books. In the long run they may be the same old yarn, but the endings of various episodes and phases in the stories do not leave our heroes where we found them.

One's mirror-to-day does not reflect the same person it did yesterday, and to-morrow's reflection will be unlike what is pictured now. This is true of you, of me, of the girl in the apartment above, and of the man on the street corner. It is also true of Buddy Rogers.

To many people, the idea that a person may change immediately implies something derogatory. This is especially true of actors. Witness these fantastic in "What the Fans Think," stirred up by a girl who used to know Gary Cooper when she passed on to the world the information that he is not the same boy he once was. Incidentally, she is not the same girl—but we do not allow the same latitude to our public idols we do to ourselves.

So, we say, Buddy Rogers has changed? He isn't the same naive hoy he was when he first came to Hollywood? Then, the assumption is that he must have changed for the worse. But Buddy, in common with us all, has changed neither for better nor for worse. Things have merely happened to him, things conducive to a completely changed outlook from one chapter to the other.

Coupled with this natural fact, fame burst upon Buddy at the most impressionable and changeable years of his life. Even had he not been under the cold eye of publicity, he would have gone through that period of readjustment which changes old standards, weeds out ideas. A trying enough time in the life of any boy, without every change of development being recorded for public inspection.

The first Buddy Rogers I knew—and I met him two days after his arrival from Paramount's Long Island studio—was a little hick of a kid. His ideas were not even half-baked. They weren't that far advanced.

It had never occurred to him that life was not a peaceful, well-regulated affair, centered in the heart of a loving family, embroiled with fraternity, hops and jazz music, at which he was extremely adept. Romance was something of moonlit nights at a country club where one might stroll between dances and hold a girl's hand—if she would let you.

Girls were of two kinds—those you couldn't kiss and the ones you could. And you couldn't kiss the "nice" ones. People were either important, like the big stars, directors, and executives, or they were unimportant, like Buddy himself, for instance. It was all very simple.

Upon the world that was Hollywood, he excitedly cast an eager but dubious eye. His entire attitude was that of an impostor at one of Mrs. Astor's receptions, who might be asked to leave at any moment. He suffered because of his shyness and lack of understanding of these strange, new people of this gilded world. He sought advice on every hand, having confidence in every one's opinion but his own.

He was on the Paramount lot two years before he had the courage to speak to B. P. Schulberg, production executive. According to Buddy's conception of the film world, only the mighty had business with the mighty.

Away from the studio, he sought friends outside the mystifying profession. He lived with a fraternity brother and his family, paying fifteen dollars a week for his room and board. In Olathe, Kansas, one could live at the best hotel for that rate. Buddy felt it was plenty.

His social activities retained the tinge of the collegiate. Buddy would go to anybody's party and play the drums or the saxophone until twelve o'clock. After that he got sleepy. More than once he has fallen asleep on a friendly shoulder on the ride home. Once it was mine.

Then a million young girls cast romantic eyes on Buddy and his pictures, and found him a hero. His doings became publicity fodder. His roles advanced with this new growth of public interest. Almost immediately he emerged on semistardom.

To the boy himself, this was confusing and unexpected. He wasn't prepared to cope with it. Nor was he prepared to cope with what he referred to as "comment on his personality." Hollywood seemed to be slightly amused that he should be a "nice boy."

Buddy felt that something should be done about it. He even gave in to the extent of sipping a cocktail, but it made him slightly sick. And he still Hurst, much to his embarrassment.

At this stage of the game, lightly important factor in the development of Buddy occurred. He fell in love with a moving-picture actress, a very lovely, charming woman, Claire Windsor.

He fell in love with all the intensity and unsophistication of his youth. She was a figure totally different from any he had ever known. She was very much the woman of the world. She had been married and divorced twice.

She was gloriously beautiful. Above all, she was a famous star who wore ermine to Hollywood premieres—and she was interested in him? Why, he had seen and admired her long before he ever came to Hollywood. A number of

When Buddy fell in love with Claire Windsor the romance was kidded to death.
Applause

It is won in unstinted measure by Lewis Ayres for his notable performance in “The Doorway to Hell,” in itself an arresting picture and made all the more so by its leading player.

A scant two years ago Lewis Ayres was among the thousands of unknowns in Hollywood, because he never had met the opportunity that might lift him above them.

Under contract to a studio, he might just as well have gone on playing the banjo he abandoned in a night-club orchestra for all the good it did him.

Then, against the competition of other unknowns, as well as many very well-known young men, he was chosen to play Paul, in “All Quiet on the Western Front.” The rest is history.

Now comes Mr. Ayres, left, in a totally different characterization—a racketeer, hard, aggressive, unidealized by any fictitious glamour or romantic hokum and with an underlying tragic note that makes the performance mature, authoritative, human, one of the genuinely fine exhibits of the month.
Green Lights All the Way

Dorothy Jordan's road to prominence in films has been free of the obstacles that ordinarily make life unpleasant for the little girls crashing the movie game.

By Edward Nagle

INACCESSIBILITY is one of the most picturesque gestures of the movie folk, and is very popular this season, so I was not in the least surprised, and only a little annoyed, that it took fourteen telephone calls to arrange an appointment with Dorothy Jordan.

My annoyance vanished when I finally met Dorothy. She is the kind of girl that men forgive. The publicity department has described her as "diminutive," and the adjective is not only obvious, but also apt. She has that flutteringly feminine manner which seems to belong to all girls born in Dixie. In addition to that, she has youth, and I don't mean merely her years; she has talent and another potent attribute not always associated with it, which she has requested me not to describe.

"Don't mention my beauty," Dorothy begged. "All the writers do. If I am beautiful"—here she dropped her eyes and went into her blush—"then the public will discover the fact for itself."

I knew nothing at all about Dorothy's past, except that she had studied at Sargent's Academy of dramatic art. I could tell that by the way she pronounced "desprit ehreeter" in "Devil-May-Care." I asked her to tell me the story of her life.

She was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, on August 9, 1910. Her family is upper middle class, so her early childhood was utterly lacking in color. Dorothy, after a good deal of concentration, could remember only two incidents of it: having played in a sand pile, and having written a fan letter to Norma Talmadge. These facts may be relevant to advanced students of psychoanalysis, but to me they convey nothing.

But the little Jordan girl was not so dull as her environment. She was promoted from grammar school at the age of eleven. This was something of a record in those parts, and the Clarksville newspaper described it in a full column. Dorothy was quite excited at having become famous, but her joy was short-lived, because she came across a New York newspaper which contained not one word about her precocity. From that moment on, Dorothy's one desire was to go to New York and to achieve recognition there.

During her four years in high school, she begged her father to permit her to go to New York to study, but he always replied with a loving tut-tut. She entered Southwestern University, in Tennessee, but one semester's frolicking in the Pierian spring was enough.

She asked her father to stake her to one year in New York and promised that if she wasn't famous by that time, to return to Tennessee and spend the rest of her days in obedient oblivion. He consented, and pretty soon the whole town was buzzing with the news that little Dorothy Jordan was going to New York to study. There were farewell parties galore, and a big farewell scene at the railroad station. It was not until the train was pulling out that Dorothy's mother remembered to ask, "But, Dorothy, what are you going to study?"

Dorothy hadn't thought of that. She perused the magazine advertisements

"Don't mention my beauty, sir," said Dorothy Jordan to the stern writer who rode by on his bicycle while the lass made hay on the studio lawn.

[Photo by Bell]
Green Lights All the Way

Dorothy Jordan is worried because she has never starved nor suffered for art's sake.

and finally decided to enroll in Sargent's Academy. It is a good thing, she says, that she reached that decision some miles out of Clarksville.

Dorothy's visits to the theater had been confined to Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean repertoire. She had been a movie fan, but had never hoped to become an actress. She felt that something so glamorous was not for her. But once enrolled in the academy, she knew that she would never be happy as anything else.

When the year was nearly over and Dorothy wasn't famous yet, she found herself a job as one of the Chester Hale girls at the Capitol Theater, and later in the "Garrick Gaieties," and in "Twinkle, Twinkle."

She danced and sang so well that dramatic art nearly lost an exponent. She was given bits in "Funny Face" and "Treasure Girl," two musical comedies which died young, but not because they were good.

Her agent arranged a test for Fox, which was so favorable that she was sent to Hollywood for revue work in "Happy Days" and "Words and Music." Dorothy worked hard in these two pictures, but the result of all her labor ended on the cutting-room floor.

She was given the second lead in "Black Magic," Fox's last silent. "I'd never have been a success in silents," Dorothy confesses. "The clamor was too confusing. I'd been told that there would be music to help us emote. I expected a symphony orchestra at least. Instead, there was a wheezy portable organ and two squeaky violins which alternately played "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and Massenet's 'Elegie.'

"There was a death-bed scene played to the accompaniment of the former, and the villain attempted to seduce me, and the hero wooed me, to the heartrending strains of the latter. I was overjoyed when the picture was finished and I was sent to United Artists to play Bianca, in 'Taming of the Shrew.' I worked seven weeks in that picture, although I spoke but two words."

Her agent then arranged a test with M.-G.-M., which resulted in the lead opposite Novarro, in "Devil-May-Care." The critics hailed her as the most likely lead Novarro had had since Alice Terry went Riviera. In answer to my question as to whether she enjoyed working with the romantic Ramon, she said, "Yes, it was pleasant. Novarro's unit is always the gayest in the studio." She refuses to be tricked into making effusive statements, although she has the courage of her enthusiasms.

She attributes her meteoric rise to prominence in films to beautiful breaks and enterprising agents. "I have had miraculously good luck," she says.

It worries her a little that she has never starved or suffered. Artists should, you know. Her life has known but one grief, the death of her father a year ago. He did not live to see her achieve the fame she set out to find in New York.

It is hard to meet any one in Hollywood who appreciates his good fortune. The boys and girls of the movies are so bored by it all. Not Dorothy; she cherishes every slight manifestation of her success. Her name in lights over a neighborhood picture house sends her into raptures, and she even enjoys being interviewed.

She likes to think of the thousands of theaters which are showing her pictures. "In the evening I like to imagine the fans scattered throughout the country who are watching my films. What are their emotions when I am performing? No doubt most of them feel nothing but indifference, but what do the others feel?"

She greatly regrets that she cannot afford to subscribe to a clipping bureau and so read all the reviews of her work. She also admitted that she enjoyed being recognized as a movie person on Hollywood Boulevard. In fact, she often engineers such recognition.

"How in the world does one go about that?" I wanted to know.

"It's quite simple. I make up extravagantly, toss two or three fox furs at a melancholy angle over my shoulders and wear sun glasses. So the tourists imagine I am a celebrity seeking to escape recognition and stamp dead in their tracks to stare and to speculate on my identity. I haven't yet been taken for Garbo, though."

Dorothy's accent is, as I said before, Sargent school. But when she becomes excited, as when speaking of Greta Garbo, or a sunset seen from an airplane, her voice

Continued on page 116
A

BONNIE, bonnie fassic, as sweet as the lily in the dell." Harry Lander used to sing.

That seems fitting enough as an introduction to Claudia Dell, who is both bonnie and sweet, though there seems no likelihood of her fragrant personality being enjoyed in the seclusion of a dell. For she was not born to blush unseen, nor had she any such desire in choosing this striking costume for her forthcoming appearance in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," when the Broadway hit comes to the screen.
Over the
By The Bystander

There's just one point that we shall have to clear up before I decide whether to lunch with you, or off in a quiet corner by myself," Fanny the Fan informed me in no uncertain terms. "When Anna May Wong comes drifting in and a handsome young man makes a dash for her side, you are not to say 'Another good man gone Wong.'"

And I thought Fanny never tired of hearing about her, so long as one didn't suggest that Anna May was anything short of a genius.

Even when Anna May was shunted off in small parts in Hollywood pictures, Fanny used to maintain that she combined all the best features of Ruth St. Denis, Celestial poetry, the Winged Victory and a torch song. And now that the Chinese girl has made a hit on the New York stage and her British-made pictures have turned up minus the usual British fog, Fanny is just dying to have some one remind her that she recognized Anna May's talent long ago.

But don't, in case you are the good Samaritan who does remind her, bring up any of the names of those for whom Fanny prophesied greatness who have been lost in the shuffle. She is a little sensitive about it.

"I wish that Anna May's triumph might have come a little sooner," Fanny remarked sadly. "It would have made Lon Chaney so happy, if he could only have lived to see her successful. He used to storm around the studio in a fury when Anna May didn't get a part he thought she ought to have. He said that she was one of the most skillful and adroit players that he had ever seen."

Anna May came in a moment later, looking very smart and dignified. She must be a little weary by now of hearing how grand she is in "On the Spot," but she takes her congratulations as graciously as if each one were the first. After all, she has the satisfaction of being a hit in a rôle for which some of the best actresses in America were tried out.

"Do you remember how futile her career looked a few years ago?" Fanny asked. "When she was considered for an American part, directors said she looked too Chinese, and when she was considered for a Chinese rôle, they said she looked too American! Oh, well, maybe the most important factor in an actress's ultimate success is persistence. Look at Dorothy Mathews."

Every one, by now, has taken a look at Dorothy Mathews, in "The Doorway to Hell." She doesn't play much of a part because it is almost entirely a man's picture, but it is nice to see a girl in a leading rôle who isn't limp and cloying. As for me, I like a sullen, disagreeable face occasionally.

"Did she have to try so very hard?" I asked politely, knowing there was something Fanny was dying to tell if she only were urged. "I don't remember seeing her around in many pictures."

"She's been around for years and years trying to get a break!" Fanny exploded. "She was smart enough to get a job in a studio as script girl, thinking that after she got inside and became acquainted she'd have a chance to prove she could act. But she was such a good script girl, they didn't see why they should let her do anything else.

"A long time ago Frank Tuttle let her play a bit in that Atlantic City beauty-contest picture he made. 'The American Venus' it was called, I think. She looked lovely, and she had a lot of poise, but do you think that got her anywhere? No, she went right on being a script girl. She
was awfully clever; was always suggesting titles for pictures after every one else in the studio had flopped on them. She was very well liked, I remember.

"When she married, Bebe Daniels was maid of honor and every one made a great fuss over her, but so far as any help in her acting career was concerned, she had to do without it. She's left her husband now, and every once in a while she lands a nice bit in a picture.

"Without any one telling me, I know she never had anything to do with selecting her costumes for 'The Doorway to Hell.' Her own taste is decidedly superior. I've seen her around a lot and she always looks quite distinctive. I heard she was going to be in a play here. Maybe that will help her."

"But practically everybody will be in a play here before the season is over," I objected. "And if the plays keep right on dying before they run a week, who's to see the actors except a few reviewers?"

"Well, there's something in that," Fanny admitted. "But you'll notice that even if 'A Farewell to Arms' ran only a few nights, Elissa Landi made enough impression so that Fox signed her and sent her to Hollywood. She is exquisite. She's to make a picture with Charlie Farrell."

"That's a bad risk," I cut in, a little fed up with Fanny's air of sweetness. "If she's as good as she was on the stage, Charlie's fans will hate her for showing him up. He can't seem to figure out what it is all about, except when he's acting with Janet Gaynor."

"I wish some one would issue a primer on the art of acting," Fanny chimed in reflectively. "And I've a good idea for the first part. The opening lesson would be to send all the pupils to see Greta Garbo, in 'Romance,' and then Grace Moore, in 'A Lady's Morals.'"

I knew she couldn't stay off the subject of Garbo long. I wondered just what conclusion she would draw from that very good picture and very bad one, for as you may have noticed, Fanny is the world's long-distance conclusion jumper.

"The lesson for the day would be, 'The Art of Acting: What Is It?' You see Garbo in a highly romantic story about an opera singer and in spite of the fact that she can't sing a note, she brings you all the glamour and the temperament of an ideal prima donna. Then you see Grace Moore, a real opera singer with a glorious voice in a similarly romantic picture, and you're never convinced for an instant that she is any part of the world of make-believe. She's just a nice placid person, sweet, but a little stolid. Marion Talley to the contrary. I refuse to believe that prima donnas are like that. I want glamour and temperament in my opera singers."

"Yes," I agreed, "but where will you get it? There's a conspiracy on foot among the producers to keep it out of pictures. Look what they've done to Du Barry and to Jenny Lind? They've cleaned up those two legendary sirens to such an extent, that if you want to cling to any ideas of their being fabulous charmers you have to stay away from theaters and go to the public library."

I can usually manage to remain fairly calm about pictures on the assumption that most of them are made by people who are slightly astigmatic, but sometimes Fanny's undying hope that the next ones will be different is contagious.

Fanny was still puzzling over singers and their lack of temperament.
Fanny was growing quite indignant. And a lot of good it does her, because evidently Miss MacDonald is on the screen to stay. As soon as her contract with Paramount expired, Fox signed her. Maybe they haven’t heard that musical films aren’t doing so well any more.

“Miss MacDonald is due to arrive here any day now for a vacation,” Fanny remarked as she gazed around the Algonquin languidly. “I wonder if some one couldn’t persuade her to play sweet and simple roles on the screen in future.”

From the sudden sparkle in her eyes I knew that she had thought of something more pleasant.

“Have you seen Marlene Dietrich’s ‘Morocco?’” she asked excitedly, and as I shook my head, she burst forth. “She’s amazing! She has whatever it is that some of these better singers haven’t. Allure, I guess you’d call it. But there’s one puzzling thing about her. She has no individuality of her own. One minute she looks like Garbo, the next like Jeanne Eagels, and then suddenly you think you are looking at Phyllis Haver. She has all the best features of a lot of swell people, but I can’t figure out whether that spells quick oblivion or a rousing success. It will be interesting to see. Meanwhile, ‘Morocco’ is well worth seeing. You won’t complain about her being stolid.”

If everybody I meet continues to rave about Marlene Dietrich, I’ll either have to stay away from the theater from sheer ennui, or find some obscure reason for objecting to her. I can’t, after all these years, spoil my record for never liking the people who make the biggest hit with the largest audience.

“I see that Dick Barthelmess says that Richard Cromwell, who plays in the new version of ‘Tol’able David,’ is great.” I remarked, wondering what that would bring forth. Fanny hates to see new versions of old pictures that she liked.

“Maybe he was just being polite,” Fanny offered. “I haven’t seen the picture, but there is a persistent rumor that the new prodigy is a sort of male Betty Bronson. Just too sweet and wistful for words.”

“After all that’s hardly a valid criticism.” I objected. “You could hardly expect—or want—a swaggering brute like Charles Bickford plays, could you?”

“I couldn’t want any one in the part,” Fanny assured me. “It was done beautifully once, so why not let it go at that? And that reminds me, did you by any chance think that ‘The Life of the Party’ was a new story?”

“Never thought about it. I was so charmed with Charles Butterworth. I wouldn’t have cared if it was a Cinderella story, or the one about the twins who were separated as children.”

“Well,” Fanny sighed, “that was a pretty good story for the days when—Darryl Zanuck was turning them out at breakneck speed and the Warners were making them at bargain prices. Louise Fazenda and Jacqueline Logan were in it, if I remember correctly, and I practically never do. But when they had Winnie Lightner, and

Dorothy Mathews’s persistence finally won a leading rôle for her.
Delroy, and Whiting, and Butterworth, and Technicolor, and a lot of money to spend. I don't see why they didn't use some of it for a story. The picture's going over awfully well, though, and I am glad for Winnie Lightner's sake. Apparently, other people aren't bothered with a memory like mine.

"Imagine what a thrill it was for Winnie when she drove down Broadway and saw her name on the biggest banner that has ever been put up! She's one of the few stage imports who looks as if she would survive in pictures. Winnie hasn't been thinking an awful lot about work, though, since she's been here. She's been worried about her baby. He's in the hospital having his tonsils out and Winnie will be simply frantic if she has to start back to Hollywood before the child is entirely well.

"She didn't make a personal appearance the night the picture opened. She left that doubtful honor to Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. It was easy enough for Miss Delroy, because the audience wouldn't expect her to do anything but look sweet, but if Winnie had come out they would have demanded that she be funny. And even a good comedienne can't rush out on the stage and cut up at a moment's notice.

"The night of the opening Winnie went to a ball given by the Warner employees, and I needn't tell you she made a great hit with them.

"Irene Delroy is going back on the stage, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yes, and I think she'll do better there," Fanny rattled on. "That reminds me, you should have seen her the other night at the Mayfair. She looked utterly lovely. I don't know why the camera isn't kinder to some people. Just look what it did to June Walker, in 'War Nurse'? For no reason at all, it presented her with an extra chin or two and made her look dumpy."

"But the Mayfair——" I reminded her.

"Oh, yes," Fanny said. "It was gay and dashing and brilliant, as usual. Fanny Ward was there to give it the Old Home Week touch. And Corinne Griffith had just arrived in town, so she was there, too. Ginger Rogers was the belle of the younger set, and Lillian Roth and Claire Windsor were also among those present. Of course, the undisputed queen of all Mayfair gatherings is Marilyn Miller, but she was in Boston opening in 'Smiles,' so they had to get along without her.

"A lot of film people were here just the week before, but left before the party. Louise Fazenda got terribly fed up with Broadway after a few days and was eager to get back home. Every one who has a beach house in California is anxious to return and find out if oil has been struck on their property.

"Marian Nixon was here for a while. The opening of 'Kismet' was quite the grandest New York has seen in ages. Picture people in ermine, society people in the sackcloth of a bad stock market, and film reviewers in a rage at the crowd. Marian looked very sweet, but it will be a break for her when styles go back to short skirts and cute styles. These trailing gowns don't do a little girl very much good."

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Take a Look at Baby

Jean Harlow, the ash-blond siren of "Hell's Angels," is worth close scrutiny to an interviewer of all the great beauties of the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The latest overnight sensation of the screen is Jean Harlow.

When Howard Hughes made "Hell's Angels," his idea of heart interest was Greta Nissen, by no means a poor idea. But fate intervened in the form of the microphone, and talking pictures snuffed out the Nor-

![Photo by White]

wegian blonde. So another even blonder blonde was signed, and the name was Harlow.

If you ask the critics about "Hell's Angels," you will hear that the air stuff is unsurpassed and the love scenes fairly tropical in their intensity.

That brings us to an afternoon in November. No one goes about interviewing airplane pilots. But blondes are still preferred.

Miss Harlow was at the Savoy-Plaza, one of the more elegant retreats for overnight sensations.

Miss Harlow registered as rapidly as a shot of cognac.

Her amazing ash-blond hair is almost white, framing her face with dazzling effect. The gray eyes and provocative mouth serve to point her face dramatically, although when I saw her the cupido's bow was drawn a trifle high. Mae Murray was pleased to exaggerate her famous bee-stung lips. But the overemphasis is not good.

However, Jean Harlow has other virtues besides a startlingly beautiful face. She has style and spirit and a flair for the unconventional touch.

"If I bore you," she said, upon greeting, "just drop me out the window."

I looked at Central Park, a mosaic in green and ivory twenty stories below, then I looked at Jean, from the glint in her platinum hair to the gleam of a slave anklet. That was the last look the park got.

Meeting people is a holiday for this new picture girl. She has poise, ease, manner. She is sure of herself; in fact positive.

She was loath to talk of her début in pictures, but agreed that it might be news. So the story came forth, interrupted by telephone calls from importunate swains, slaves bearing gifts, messenger boys winging in with messages, and later, mamma. But we will come to mamma in due time.

Jean was born in Kansas City, in the midst of a cyclone, one guesses. Her mother and father were divorced early in the scenario, and Jean went to Chicago to enter a finishing school.

Before she was properly polished off she married, for want of something better to do. She was sixteen and bored. So she accumulated a husband. "A very silly move," she added. Then things began to happen. Because they moved to Los Angeles—that place where the movies are made.

"I never thought of going into pictures," she said, lighting a cigarette. "People used to say, 'You could get by in the movies,' but I'd simply laugh it off. I had no idea of becoming an actress.

"One day I went to Fox with a friend to meet a boy in pictures, and the casting director asked if I'd take a test. That sounded as if it would be fun, so I did. Then that evening when the crowd heard about it they began to needle me in a nice way. Some one capped the climax by offering to bet $200 that even if they gave me a job at the Fox studio I wouldn't get by. So I took the bet."

Months passed, call after call from the studio was persistently ignored, and finally, in order to collect the wager, Jean went to Fox and did a day's extra work, for which she received two hundred and seven dollars and fifty cents.

"And that was the beginning," she said. "I found a thrill in working that I hadn't found in matrimony. Hal Roach saw me on the lot one day and offered me a two-year contract which I grabbed."

The next chapter in the melodrama concerns the straitlaced grandfather back in Kansas City, who, upon seeing Jean in superb black lingerie, in a Roach triangle epic, wired "You drop pictures or I drop you," which meant that the family fortune went into permanent escrow as long as the Harlow figure was on the screen.

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JEAN HARLOW entered pictures on a dare, her first day of extra work netted her $207.50, she relinquished a contract rather than lose a big inheritance—and now she's the most spectacular newcomer of the year. Her story, opposite, tells all.
PICTURE PLAY, like the camera, cannot resist Loretta Young, whose features are said to be proof against any vagary of photography and whose charm off the screen is as pronounced as when she is acting. Her next film? "You and I."
THE procession of Spanish beauties crossing the screen halts that you may see the loveliest of all, Rosita Moreno, whose liquid syllables you heard in "The Santa Fe Trail," and who mustn't be lost in foreign versions. Let's pray against that.
It is no longer news that Leslie Fenton courageously deserted the screen a year or so ago to sail the seven seas and explore the highways and byways of the world in search of his soul. He's back in Hollywood again, intent on giving those notable performances in which he excels and which no one equaled in his absence. It's safe to guarantee that he will give another in "The Man Who Came Back," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.
REGINALD DENNY, no longer actually a star, is more of an asset to a picture nowadays than when he carried the burden alone. His deft and engaging comedy is always a blend of taste and a sure sense of humor, while he speaks the King's English as might be expected of a member of the royal family. You'll be seeing him often for a long time to come.
RESOLUTELY Fay Wray set about to overcome the handicap of being overpublicized as a swansdown heroine at the beginning of her career. So well has she succeeded by dint of hard work that now she's placed by the critics among the select few.
ANN HARDING is one recruit from the stage who will not abandon the movies. For in little more than a year she has made a secure place for herself by reason of a voice and a personality unlike that of any one else.
BEHIND the hoyden pranks of Lupe Velez, with her romping, her flaunting love for her Gar-ee and all the rest of her child-of-nature spontaneity, lies a very real and rather pathetic girl. Margaret Reid introduces her to you. opposite.

Photo by Irving Childs.
Lupe—as She Is

The colors of her personality are bright and sharp. They are not especially rich colors, but that is because she is so young. Young, even aside from the brevity of her actual years. At twenty, she is as young as she ever was and as old as she ever will be. Sprung full-blown into being, there has not been the gradual development which opens the depths of consciousness. She is rather pathetically young. Vivid and sparkling she is, but not glowing.

Exemplifying youth in the abstract, she has all its harshness, its heedlessness, its uncertainties, and its bravado. Unflashed and too self-confident, she is, far underneath and never by her own admission, uneasy. In Lupe's subconscious mind is the panic of youth exposed to all the hurts that will inevitably come. Concealing this panic, of which she is not really aware, is a naive, childish philosophy—a simple philosophy of experience that only the child of a race as old as the Latin could have.

In three years she has swiftly traversed the path from indigence to wealth, from obscurity to fame. Things happen rapidly to Lupe. She is a magnet for storminess. Her very vitality is a lightning rod for turbulence. That vitality is magnificent. With the high spirits and strength and instincts of a healthy little animal, she is superbly free of the weariness engendered by intellect. She thinks, not through the complexities of brain cells, but through the pores of her skin. Because she possesses physical, rather than mental, instincts, things will always happen violently to Lupe.

The daughter of a Spanish singer and a Mexican army officer, Lupe is the youngest of seven children. Born in Mexico, hers was the customary childhood of high-caste bourgeois Latin. Convents, denuend, family vigilance, and intricate Latin conventions rose protectingly about her adolescence. As if even stone walls could have hidden Lupe from the sun and the soil, to which she belonged more intimately than she belonged to her parents.

When Lupe was fifteen, a revolution exploded the Velez fortunes into small bits. The fragment which her family had managed to retain was insufficient to provide more than a bare existence. Lupe, bursting in one great breath the bonds which had bound her to ladylike routine, got herself a job. Naturally, being Lupe, it was a job singing and dancing.

At sixteen, she was an entertainer of some note in Mexico City cabarets. Instinctively she possesses a flair for expressing herself in voice and motion. The high-keyed emotions that, in a more mental type of person, would be projected by indirect means, Lupe projected with her body. She hadn't then, and she never will have, any faint suggestion of technique. The fire in her expressed so simply and eagerly, was bound to attract attention. She received an offer to come to the United States for a part in the Los Angeles production of “The Dove,” with Richard Bennett.

There was pandemonium in the Velez household, with vociferous arguments as to the wisdom of Lupe's departure from the fold. Tearful trepidations. Lurid visions of the dangers the world held in reserve for unprotected girls. Finally, after stormily assailing parental objections, with her stubborn determination—and winning—Lupe made her farewells.

Amid tears, and prayers, and blessings, and advice, she took her departure, hugging to her breast a Chihuahua puppy and weeping inconsolably as the train drew her away from her mother's last broken adios. Lupe was headed for triumph. That she knew. But she was also very young, with the scared, helpless bewilderment of young things parted for the first time from the comforting security of family. So Lupe went gently on the dog's uncomplaining neck. Wept for just a little while. The recuperative powers of youth are quick and easy. And trains bound for foreign countries are lovely vehicles.

At the border there was difficulty about her passport. She was under age. There was a great deal of red tape to be unwound. Lupe was detained for the process. Alternately furious at the delay and enchanted at occasioning this international interest, Lupe was not allowed to continue her journey for some days.

The passport finally arranged to every one's taste, Lupe was sent on her way. On the train her pocketbook was stolen. And the delay at the border had made her too late for the role in “The Dove.”

She left the train in Las Angeles, a dollar bill in her pocket and the Chihuahua in her arms. She knew no English and, since her engagement with Richard Bennett was automatically annulled by her failure to arrive in time, she had no place to go. So she and the Chihuahua sat in the Santa Fe station for many hours, waiting for an inspiration. The only inspiration to materialize was Lupe's appetite, which grew and grew. Accustomed to eating when she was hungry, Lupe finally left the station and found a hot-dog stand. A hot dog, two hamburgers, and some meat for the Chihuahua consumed forty cents of her capital.

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As They Were

To realize how much the stars have gained in chic, charm, and beauty you have only to glance at these photographs taken not so long ago.

Look at the group, above. Bessie Love, left, was then a nut-brown brunette, Carmel Myers let almost anything do for a negligee, and Priscilla Dean's towering coiffure was awfully smart. The girls were showing the studio to Irene Franklin, vaudeville star.

Norma Talmadge, left, just attaining stardom, hadn't yet acquired the ermine and diamonds of one of the screen's richest actresses.

Can this be Gloria Swanson, below? It isn't her double, for Gloria had ideas of style that no one equaled then or now.

Mae Murray, above, at the height of her starring career displayed curves that formed one of the loveliest figures of the day.

Marion Davies, left, ten years ago concealed the wit and sophistication that distinguish her to-day.
Leatrice Joy, above, girlishly poised on the thin line that separated obscurity from fame about ten years ago.

Mary Pickford, right, served Uncle Sam valiantly when she sold Liberty Bonds during the War.

Bebe Daniels, left, was just a youngster coming up in films when she posed for her idea of an Oriental enchantress.
Beauty Gets a Point of Sugariness

In the second part of his classification of intellectuality, an alert observer singles out illuminating facts

By Samuel

point of sugariness. Her prettiness seemed cloying. Other people have said the same. Yet, when I was presented to her, all preconceived notions were knocked into a cocked hat. For Mary has a pretty clear idea of what it is all about. Her sweetness, which is as apparent off the screen as it is on, is not at all assumed. It is natural. But underneath it, she knows just exactly how to go about getting what she wants and, as a rule, people do those things for her with the air of having thought them up themselves and of preparing a pleasant surprise for her.

Another who is clever to the nth degree is Evelyn Brent. I doubt that there is a woman in Hollywood who is her equal in this respect. It is not a particularly sympathetic nature, as in the case of Mary Brian, that gains Miss Brent's ends for her. It is a keen wit that knows how to turn things to her own purpose, and which is quick to take advantage of them.

Happenings, which, to the casual observer, may seem to reflect in a distinctly unfavorable light on her, are quite plausibly explained by Miss Brent in a manner that causes one to place more reliance on her words than on the evidence of one's own eyes.

Those things which cannot be explained are lightly brushed aside or hurriedly passed over in such a way that one never notices them until the conversation has ended and there is a distance between Miss Brent and interrogators that prohibits further questioning. Clever? Most emphatically, yes!

And still another is Dorothy Mackaill.

Dorothy's cleverness, paradoxically enough, lies not in her indirect methods of approach to anything she wants, but in the direct manner in which she goes after it.

Where other girls seek to cover the object of their desires and camouflage it with a world of subterfuges and artifices, Dot displays a breath-taking candor that is equally, or more, effective.

Her frankness may be a pose. Beneath it may lurk one of the most calculating minds in the business—I don't know—but if it is a pose, it is more effective than all the cocktails, high balls, drooping of eyelids and amorous sighs of the rest of feminine Hollywood put together. She makes you feel that she is a pal and "regular" in the best sense of the word.

Her conversation is frequently punctuated by epithets, but these, too, are part of her cleverness, for they sound more like caresses than anything else. And who could refuse a pretty woman anything when she turns a calm gaze upon you and begins to talk and argue in a "man-to-man"

Evelyn Brent's cleverness lies in a keen wit that knows how to turn circumstances to her own purpose.

Constance Bennett defined cleverness as the ability to get your way, and to get the things you want, without letting people know that you are after them. Or, in other words, to make people think they are suggesting and that you are simply falling in with their wishes. I can think of no better definition. Certainly Mary Brian falls into this category. Mary has the faculty of making people want to do things for her, and it is done without much effort on her part.

Before I met Mary I rather resented her on the screen. I thought her an indifferent actress and sweet to the

Mary Brian makes people want to do things for her—another kind of cleverness.
Mental Test

Hollywood women from the standpoint of those who are clever or shrewd and submits to prove his points.

Richard Mook

fashion that makes one want to give her anything, so long as one can be friends with her?

Nancy Carroll is a shining example of misdirected cleverness. There is no question of her talent or her looks. But back of that baby-faced prettiness lies a mind and ambition that have determined that she shall be at the top.

She has studied pictures from every angle, and those close to her say that when she argues about points in connection with the actual production of a film she generally knows what she is talking about.

But instead of trying to win the people associated with her to her way of thinking by conciliating them, she makes the mistake of fighting them. "You can catch more flies with sugar than were ever caught with vinegar," but that is something Nancy has apparently never learned.

June Collyer can well be put into this classification, too, as June has gone from one contract to another with little more to recommend her than a charming manner, a pretty face, and a pair of dimples. Since her work in "Four Sons"—one of her first pictures—she has done little to justify her featured position.

Her strongest fan could hardly accuse her of being a good actress, but she has taken those assets above mentioned and uses them so effectively that producers and a large part of the public—including myself—have come to welcome her presence in a film.

SHREWED.

Shrewdness has been defined as an "uncultured skill in using quick perceptions for a desired end, generally in practical affairs; ready to take advantage of duller intellects."

It is a harsh definition, but a fairly accurate one and in classifying ladies of the cinema thus, there is no intention of reflecting on their characters or characteristics.

I should say that Joan Crawford is exceedingly shrewd. Without a great deal of background, Joan succeeds in giving the impression of intelligence. Fired with a great ambition, I don't believe she would let anything or anybody stand between her and its fulfillment, regardless of who or what must be sacrificed. One can only stand in awe of such a flame and respect so consuming a purpose.

Alice White is another who, with no great equipment, has pulled herself up to the top simply by determination and the use of such people or weapons as she could command.

Whether one accepts Alice as a competent actress or not, whether one likes or dislikes her, one cannot help but admire her spirit and stick-to-it-iveness and her honesty of purpose.

She has never made any pretense of being anything other than her natural self, and Alice, successful, is exactly as she was when she first turned her face toward a definite goal and started marching resolutely to it.

The Garbo can scarcely be classified as anything other than shrewd. A limited actress, she succeeds in personifying passion as it has never been represented before. Not overburdened with gray matter—according to reports—and ostensibly caring nothing for
publicity, she has shrewdly refused to see writers, or to give out interviews, possibly for fear of being shown up. She can be discussed, but she cannot be quoted. Yet, with equal shrewdness, she sees to it that there are always plenty of her photographs on hand in the publicity office to avoid any possibility of the public forgetting her between the releases of the Garbo films.

And Lupe Velez! Lupe works along the same principle that guides Dorothy Mackaill. Only where Dot is guided by logic, Lupe is guided by instinct.

A stranger in a strange land, unused to our ways or customs, it did not take Lupe long to realize that if she were to succeed it would have to be largely on the strength of her personality. There were many arresting, dynamic personalities on the screen and, deliberately or intuitively, she set about making hers entirely different.

The madcap we have come to know is the outgrowth of, and the size of her pay check is tribute to, her shrewdness.

A friend of Clara Bow, in speaking of her intellectualty, said, "I've seen Clara when she was nothing short of brilliant. You know how sometimes you talk to a person and that person inspires you? Well, that's the way it is with Clara—she talks up to the company she's in."

I recalled a dinner at William S. Hart's ranch at which Clara was one of the guests. There were some rather intellectual people at that table, and the conversation was certainly stimulating. But Clara contributed nothing to it. In fact, she seemed to have little interest in anything other than the food.

Remembering this, I was somewhat dubious of her brilliance, but in compliance with her friend's insistence, I went out on the set to talk to her. "Miss Bow," I found myself saying a few moments later, "I've got the unpleasant task of clarifying Hollywood women intellectually. Mr. Blank thinks you are brilliant, but he told me to talk to you. What do you think?"

"Well," said Clara, "I'm certainly not shrewd or clever. I've got a lot of common sense and sometimes I think it amounts to more than that. I'm not brilliant, as far as book learning goes, either," she added with amazing frankness.

"Then in what way might you be considered brilliant?" I asked.

"As far as people are concerned, I don't believe any one could put anything over on me."

"Wouldn't you be more apt to call that shrewdness?"

"Maybe. But only as far as people go."

The conversation languished. Miss Bow, with her near-English accent and her diet, appeared to be veery, veery bored—but no more so than I was. When the silence became embarrassing, I commented upon how well she was looking.

"Yes," she said complacently, "I've lost twenty pounds. I look much better this way," and she walked out with Stanley Smith, leaving me with the feeling that she was neither brilliant, intelligent, clever, nor shrewd—merely veery, veery veery dumb—an impression in no way dispelled by her recent publicity.

And so we have the clever and the shrewd. Perhaps the distinction is not as sharp to the reader as it is to the analyst who forms his opinions from observation. To me there is a vast difference between, let us say, Garbo and Joan Crawford. Not only in temperament, but the quality they both share—shrewdness. While the Swedish enchantress arrives at conclusions by analysis and deduction, the American has derived her shrewdness from the hard school of life, particularly those merciless lessons which teach one to get along in professional life—or be lost among the rank and file.

Thougt Joan Crawford has reached her present high position through her popularity with the public, she has overlooked no opportunity to manipulate even adverse circumstances to her ultimate advantage. Garbo's sublety is enhanced by silence, but Crawford's lies in her shrewdly directed aggressiveness.

The fat is in the fire. If I've stepped on the toes of some of your favorites, I'm sorry. I've given them to you as I have come to know them from personal observations, tempered by those of others close to them. "Tell to the line and let the chips fall where they may." After the storm, the deluge!
The Kids Get a Break

Many Hollywood youngsters are getting a chance in life that would be impossible without the helping hands of the players, who, impressed by the possibilities of their protégés, are helping them through school and into film work, or adopting them.

By Muriel Babcock

The little village by the side of Los Angeles in which motion pictures are fashioned is full, simply chock-full of protégés. Every one who arrives at the pinnacle has been the discovery of some one or another. At least, there have always been people claiming the credit—and sometimes a percentage!

Some who haven’t got to first base in the celluloid world, grasping their teeth and clutching their hair, because the fact that no one ever took them as protégés. But all of this is just here and there.

This tale will not deal with the buzzyhood protégés—the Greta Garbo that Mauritz Stillher brought with him to America; the Marlene Dietrich that Von Sternberg looks to as the blossoming star of the day; the Gilbert Rolandis, the Eva von Bernes, or the John Mack Browns.

This story will take you behind the curtain and show you what a number of prominent folk of the picture colony are doing—their deeds unheralded and unsung—for deserving lads and lasses who have needed a lift. Most of them are normal youngsters who may or may not become famous, but to whom the stars are giving a chance to find out what they can do on the screen, or in other fields of work.

In some instances, the stars have opened their homes to the youngsters through adoption. The lad that was little Johnnie Smith is now John Star, adopted son of a celebrity. This has happened more often when Johnnie has been a nephew, a cousin, or the son of a close friend who met with misfortune.

There is the case, as a great many fans already know, of the round-faced, big-eyed little boy that Barbara La Marr left when she died. Zasu Pitts took Donald—that was his name—to her heart, and made him little brother to her seven-year-old daughter, Anna.

“Donald isn’t a protégé,” she told me. “He’s my own son. He’s just the same to us as our little girl. Do I think he’ll be an actor? I don’t know. It’s too early to make any predictions. I do know that any profession he eventually chooses will meet with our approval.”

There was talk not long ago that Zasu had adopted four more youngsters, the children of a sister who had died in New Jersey. Zasu denied this. “When the children’s mother passed away, their father was very ill. Naturally, I tried to help. The story spread that I had adopted four youngsters. I haven’t.”

However, the more good the stars do, the less they will talk of it. Louise Fazenda, who gives until it hurts, is now putting a thirteen-year-old girl through school. She came to know the child through a series of adoring fan letters. Impressed by the youngster’s brightness and great longing to amount to something, Miss Fazenda made a point to seek her out.

For a time, she considered taking the child into her own home, but ultimately decided that this perhaps would not be for the best. So she put her in school. Miss Fazenda will not tell the little girl’s name, and will not talk about the case, except to say she is pleased with the child’s progress. I am told that the girl is a good little actress and occasionally works in pictures. Perhaps this protégé will be a star some day.

And now, folks, step right up and salute Carl “Major” Roup, a hard-working, quick-thinking lad who is Marion Davies’s protégé. Major’s industry at study and work is pushing him right along the path that will make him a worth-while man.

He used to be a newsboy. His father was dead, and his mother, with Major and a little daughter to support, worked in a beauty shop. Major sold papers on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Miss Davies became one of his best customers, and, being impressed by the boy’s earnestness, she delved into his life.

On Christmas Eve of that first year she knew of him, she called him over to her dressing room and gave him a bicycle. Major felt pretty good about it. He worked harder. Marion watched him all the next year and came to the conclusion that the lad had a spark of something that should be encouraged.

Continued on page 118
Al Jolson, left, Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck, Charlie Chaplin, Samuel Goldwyn, and Eddie Cantor catch their breath after charging that Fox theaters seek to "stifle" their art.

Hollywood High Lights

by Edwin and Elza Schallert

Grabbing rings of news and gossip from the merry-go-round of the studio colony.

The prayers of producer, player, and director are futile to restore the calm and quiet of past days of Hollywood. Nineteen thirty-one opens dramatically as a year of battle in the movies.

Minor squabbles have spread out into major ones, what with the recent fight against the Fox theatrical circuit launched by United Artists. Big names no longer seem a necessity at the box office. Fans appear as much delighted over the discovery of new sparklers as they do over beholding the unsuspected talents of old favorites. Perhaps they are even more fascinated by new players.

The pictures themselves are a puzzle. What does the public want nowadays? One hears this cry on all sides.

Actors who were once famous are suffering financial reverses. They simply can't get jobs now.

Wall Street will soon take over and manage the whole industry, one hears. Everything's going to the dogs!

Oh, yes, this film business is terrible!

A Bundle of Nerves.

The foregoing is our impression of movieland at the present moment. But, we ask you, is it any different from what it has always been?

To quote the title of an article that once appeared in Picture Play, Hollywood is "Hysterical as Usual." And probably will be throughout the New Year.

How's This for Emotion?

We make pictures for the love of the doing. It is not work; it is pleasure, it is joy. We do not say to ourselves, "Now we will spend just so much on a motion picture." We say, "We will make the best picture that is in us. We will dream over it, we will toil over it, and if we put our hearts into it, we will make something that will entertain and inspire the American public. We know that that is the road to success in the making of motion pictures, because the American public have told us so."

El Brendel, the comic, is elevated to stardom in "Mister Lemon from Orange."

No, these are not the words for a theme song, but
Fencing the Winners.

As we forecast last month, Norma Shearer and George Arliss were the winners in the award of honors by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Both received gold statuettes at a banquet given at the Ambassador Hotel. That is, Norma Shearer received hers, and Arliss’s was accepted through Darryl Francis Zanuck, executive of Warner Brothers, in the place of the actor, who was in Europe at the time.

Miss Dietrich in Revolt.

Marlene Dietrich is rebelling. She doesn’t want to be compared with Greta Garbo. She is a friend of Greta’s and has a high regard for the Swedish actress, but she wants to be considered for her own talents.

At that, Miss Dietrich has already stepped beyond Greta in one respect. Her picture, “Morocco,” was booked for screening at Grauman’s Chinese Theater, the de luxe showhouse of Hollywood.

Few stars have succeeded in arriving on the screen at that establishment in their very first production made in a Hollywood studio.

None of Greta’s films has as yet been exhibited there.

The Storky Season.

We have always contended that the stork is a temperamental bird when it comes to its visits to movie folk. Some years he seems to shun the colony. Others he is flitting about everywhere.

This is one of the storky years.

Chester Morris and Joe E. Brown are the fathers of new offspring. And little Ann May, who used to be leading woman for Charles Ray, is the second time a mother.

Alice Day, who was married to Jack Cohn, a broker, is reported to be sewing little things, too.

Chaplin Opus Near.

At last the première of Charlie Chaplin’s “City Lights” is near. The film will show in the larger cities during the next few weeks.

The Los Angeles opening was to be a New Year’s event, made doubly impressive because booked for a brand-new $2,000,000 theater, with seats up to $10.

Charlie is said to have spent $1,500,000 on the picture, which required nearly two years to make.

Gloria Dodges Photographers.

Playing hide-and-seek with newspaper photographers, when stars are being divorced, is the latest pastime in Hollywood. Colleen Moore not long ago was pursued out of the Los Angeles courthouse, when she got her decree, and now Gloria Swanson is the latest to exhibit her dexterity in escaping.

Gloria was just about half a minute ahead of the pursuers, too, who fired random shots at her from their cameras as she ran. She managed to get into her car before any good pictures were taken, and then was whisked away.

Gloria’s divorce was obtained on grounds of desertion, a nice chilly letter from Hank being introduced into the testimony, written after his return to Los Angeles, to clinch the legal battle.

It was a classic of brevity:

Dear Gloria: I have been thinking this thing over as you have asked me to do, and I am sorry to have to tell you that even though I am going to stay out here for an indefinite period, I will not come back to live at home as you have asked me to. This decision on my part is final.

Henry.

The Valentino Heritage.

Rudolph Valentino’s estate is now $1,000,000. That much is definite. For it was canceled by George S. Ullman, executor of the estate, defendant in a suit brought by the heirs, Rudy’s brother and sister. They claim it should be about $1,000,000.

Ullman testified that Valentino was $500,000 in debt at the time of his death, but that by a carefully conducted campaign of showmanship, in connection with his funeral, he, as executor, was able to realize $375,000 on the star’s pictures. He further testified that the enormous crowds were drawn through a high-powered publicity campaign. Every detail for handling mobs was provided—free—even ambulances and extra cops. Auction of his personal effects brought in nearly $100,000. Some money was also realized from life-insurance policies. The heirs are objecting principally to the expenses in connection with the setting of the estate.

One of the things brought out at the trial was that during his days of success in pictures Valentino owned a cleaning and pressing shop in Hollywood, which was a failure.

Popularity of Valentino’s films has been renewed abroad. In Paris, especially, at recent showings there have been standing lines of picture fans.

When Doctors Disagree.

The only positive thing that can be said is that Tom Mix was sick. Certainly the bulletins given out regarding his recent stay in the hospital were disconcerting.
enough to make one believe that he might have anything from myopia to hydrophobia.

Here are samples of the reports over a few days:

An old injury he received when he was thrown from his horse. Tony, as a result of a premature dynamite blast for a motion picture, yesterday placed Tom Mix, former screen hero, in the Hollywood Hospital.

Yesterday it was determined from X-ray pictures that Tom Mix was suffering from arthritis brought on by his fall from a horse some years ago.

Tom Mix, cowboy screen hero, is suffering from an injury to a vertebra. The illness is due to the injury of deposits between the vertebrae which has caused the patient excruciating pain. It is not known how Mix received the injury, but he believes he got it alighting from his car.

Mix was first thought to be suffering from a recurrence of an old ailment, caused by one of his many accidents in the past. It was thought that it might be his back. Mix has had a number of accidents of one kind or another. Then it was thought that it might be his shoulder. Perhaps his trouble is intestinal. However, he is much better to-day.

Suffering from an old injury to his spine, Mix has been in the hospital since Saturday. The doctor said yesterday he will perform an operation on one of Mix's shoulders Friday or Monday. The shoulder was badly smashed several years ago, and subsequently wired together. The doctor plans to remove the wire.

Staying Off Tempests.

There was a delay on the set. It was a production in which two prominent stars were appearing opposite each other.

"Well, what's holding up production now?" asked one prop man of another.

"Aw, rats!" said the one addressed; "they've just gone after a druggist's scales to weigh the close-ups so that one doesn't get more footage than the other."

Sally and Molly Broke.

And now Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day have done gone and got busted.

The sisters filed petitions in bankruptcy on the same day.

Sally listed her liabilities as $31,022, and her assets as $3,300, including $300 worth of clothes. Molly gave her liabilities as $12,700, and her assets as $200.

Just to add to the griefs of the moment, our old friend, Stepin Fetchit, is reported in trouble because of being behind in heart-balm payments to a girl who won a $5,000 judgment against him, about the time he was married.

Footlight Impressions.

Mention of Molly O'Day reminds us that we saw her not long ago in a most creditable portrayal of a naughty little tramp in the stage play, "Young Sinners." Molly, whose fate appears uncertain in the movies, probably could do well in ingenue roles on the stage, if she were so minded.

In the same play, Polly Ann Young, sister of Loretta and Sally Blane, enacted a small part, and, of course, Loretta and Sally both had front-row seats for the première. Their sister exhibits distinct charm on the stage, though so far she has never been very successful in pictures.

Lew Cody Fares Well.

No illness, bad luck, or anything, can dismay Lew Cody. He is forging right ahead again, and you may expect to see him in pictures this coming year. Lew looks as hale and hearty and fashionable as he always did, and has entered with new zest into his work.

Wherever he goes he is welcomed, and directors seem immediately to set about finding some bright rôle for him.

One of his earliest screen appearances will be in "The Land Rush," with Victor McLaglen and Fay Wray.

Clara Kimball Glimpsed.

Another old-timer whom we saw recently was Clara Kimball Young. She was at the première of "Just Imagine," looking as elegant and distinguished as always.

Those Doggy Titles.

The titles and character names of the dog comedies made at the Metro-Goldwyn studio are a joy. You may recall "The Big Dog House" and "The Dogway Melody," and the fact that Phido V'ance played a rôle in the "The Dogville Murder Mystery."

The latest title chosen for these short-reelers is "The Two Barks Brothers."

"Southerner" Rôle Hoodooded.

The rôle of He-who-slaps-Esther-Ralston is ill-fated. You may remember that H. B. Warner stepped out of the cast of "The Southerner," because he was required to administer punishment to Esther. Following that, Ricardo Cortez was chosen for the part, but he, too, retired from the cast.

Now, every one is asking what the future holds in store for Theodor Von Eltz who replaced Cortez.

Dolores Prefers Hearthside.

We refuse to believe that any star's retirement is permanent, unless it is sealed and sworn to, and even then we doubt it. But for what it is worth, we toss along the information that Dolores Costello has settled her choice on domestic life for the future.

Not long ago Vilma Banky made a similar announcement, but she is coming back to films again.

MacLean a Scenario Writer.

"It's better to be behind the camera than in front of it." This is a truth often realized in filmland. Lowell Sherman and Louis Wolheim are among those
recently essaying directing rather than acting, and Ramon Novarro is also fulfilling ambitions in that field, though he is continuing to play in the foreign-version pictures that he is directing.

Now Douglas MacLean has stepped behind the scenes, and is working on stories at the RKO studio. He was chosen for this work because of his long experience in comedy-making. Probably his first picture will be a farce for Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Seek Further Recuperation.

Poor Renée Adorée! She had hopes of returning to Hollywood and to work. But the strain of attempting to resume her career proved too much for her, and the doctors advised her to go back to the desert for a while. The climate there seems to be beneficial, because she was feeling much better when she returned to Hollywood.

Lila Lee is still an absentee, endeavoring to recuperate her health at a sanitarium near Prescott. At this writing, some hopes are entertained that she may play the lead in Cecil DeMille’s “The Squaw Man.”

Good Choice for Janet.

We vote whole-heartedly for this! There is a chance that Janet Gaynor may appear in “Daddy Long Legs,” once a celebrated Mary Pickford vehicle. The rôle should be ideal for her.

Pretty Miss Crossus.

This looks like a Constance Bennett year. The smart-appearing blond star, who is under contract to Pathé, is forever being borrowed for an important picture by some other company. Then, whenever she does return to the home base, something bright seems to happen for her.

Most glowing reports are circulating about “Sin Takes a Holiday,” which she completed a few weeks ago, and she is at present engaged in “The Easiest Way” for Metro-Goldwyn.

Whenever Connie is lent out, it is said that she receives $75,000 for four weeks’ work — more if the picture takes longer to film. And Pathé, it is reported, permits her to keep most of this, which is a variation from the usual policy when a star under contract to one company is borrowed by another.

When she is working in her own studio Connie is reputed to receive about $1,750 weekly.

Then, too, you may recall, Connie is supposed to have garnered nearly $1,000,000 when her divorce case was settled.

Joan May Yet Prosper.

Joan Bennett is much less fortunate, from all accounts, than her sister. For one thing, whenever she is lent out, the film seems a bit hoodooed, or her rôle does. This was true of “Moby Dick” and “Maybe It’s Love” in which she was cast with Joe E. Brown. “Maybe It’s Love” was a popular feature, but Joan’s rôle seemed a negligible one.

She is such a delicate and exquisite type that it would seem that she must some day soon find a rôle suited to her personality and beauty.

Meanwhile there are many rumors that Joan will marry John Considine, formerly an executive with United Artists, now associated with Fox. They are frequently seen together.

Rita La Roy introduces a 1931 version of the divided skirt that shocked and rocked the country years ago.

Photos and Big Heads.

The Paramount publicity department is apparently all hot and teverish on the subject of statistics regarding their stars. They have recently announced how many times a year Clara Bow is photographed for publicity sent out to the fans, and displayed in various magazines, newspapers, et cetera. They figure that Clara is about 10,000 times a year.

Also they recently started an investigation of the size of heads of stars — which, to our mind, is always an appropriate and interesting gesture. Gratifying to the news that no excessively large heads were discovered. However, the measurements in each case are better new seven for all the leading men, William Powell heading the roster with seven and a half, and Philip Holmes being next with seven and three-eighths.

Reaching for Fame.

Unless all signs fail, June MacCluy, whom we reported last month as having a weird basso voice, is headed for fame. We omitted to note at that time that she suggests Marion Davies in appearance. Her blond hair is worn fluffily, and she has small features. Also she is fitted with a cracking wit, and the spirit of mischief.

Edmund Goulding, we learn, was so impressed with Miss MacCluy’s work in “Reaching for the Moon” that he will cast her as the lead in the next Paramount picture.

A Spanish Dazzler.

Resemblances are noted in many newcomers nowadays. There is, for instance, a Spanish girl who has lately been dazzling. Her name is Celia Montevan, and she is noted both in Mexico and abroad as an actress. There are times when facially she appears Pickfordian, and others when in figure and manner she is not un-Swansea-esque.

Ben Needs Protection.

Ben Lyon will simply have to tarpris around Hollywood in the future with a bodyguard. Ben has now been twice threatened, first by the chap who waited for him one day outside the studio with intent to take a shot at him, and now by an extortioner. The latter wrote the following charming note: “You double-crossed me and you will pay some day — and if you don’t pay with money you will pay some other way, and pay plenty.” The envelope containing the threat was addressed to Mrs. Bebe Lyon, “who all but fainted when i arrived so closely following the trouble with the would-be gumman.

Regarding Ben’s first threatener, he was finally sent back to his home in the East. In a kindly way, he was disabused of the notion of obtaining a picture job in the fashion he had undertaken. It is surmised that the publicity concerning Ben’s and Bebe’s wedding is responsible for the unwanted attentions that Ben is receiving.

Christened Pugilist.

Even if he isn’t mixed in the fight at all, Rex Lease gets his name in the papers. This is the penalty he
Synopsis

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her the lead in a film. She is renamed Carmen Valencia, and is feted in New York as a Spanish actress of note. She goes on to Hollywood, where she encounters studio routine and outside gossip until she is sick at heart. She recognizes a rival for Larry's love in Paula Wilding. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Markham, adds to her misery while waiting for her picture to start, with her doleful recollections and predictions. At last Larry is coming home, and he will help her.

Called to the studio in a few days, Jane is asked to do a Spanish dance. She hesitates, trembling, when the reassuring voice of Larry reaches her ear, and she puts her act across in a big way. Jane is a success. A nice contract is signed, but her uncle's sudden death in an auto accident causes Jane to tell her true name.

PART VI.

WHEN Jane finally sat up and looked around, Larry was nowhere to be seen. She leaned back and closed her eyes, trying to hide her disappointment from the peering eyes of Tilly Markham.

But there was no keeping anything from Tilly.

"If you're seeking that Bishop fellow," she remarked, "he went off somewhere in a great hurry. Scared off by all this stuff that's come out about you, I guess. But he left you this note, if you care to read it."

If she cared to read it! Jane snatched it from her hand. It was scrawled on the elaborately mono-graamed stationery that the studio had ordered for her.

"Sit tight and admit nothing but perfection of California climate," Larry had written. "I'll fix everything."

Jane felt consoled, but somewhat worried. Larry had fixed everything when he got her to leave Majorca and come over here; there was no telling what he'd do now!

"Then reporters are still hanging around," Mrs. Markham announced, glancing over Jane's shoulder to read the note. "You better see 'em now."

"Yes, I suppose so," Jane agreed, feeling as if she were about to be attacked by vultures. Drearily she went to her dressing table and began putting on make-up. Had any other girl ever got into such a mess as this?

The reporters had assembled in the living room. They came forward eagerly as Jane entered. She was wearing a pale-yellow tea gown trimmed with heavy bands of fur, the sort of thing the designer at the studio thought she ought to wear. To Jane it was in a class with the weird garments that Gloria Swanson had once worn, in her early days of reputation building, but to-day it seemed quite the proper thing.

She sat down, and the newspapermen gathered around her and began asking questions. Was she really Spanish? Had she been eloping with that old man? Was it true that her name was Jane Haggerty?

Jane drew a long breath. It was all very well for Larry to tell her not to admit anything, but why hadn't he stayed here to help her keep still?

How on earth was she to begin? What could she say that wouldn't incriminate her hopelessly?

One of the men murmured to another. Jane caught the end of the sentence, "Just an old Spanish custom," and the laugh that followed. She straightened up abruptly.

"Before we talk," she said graciously, "allow that I offer to you some refreshment, as ees done at all times in my own countree. A little wine?"

"A little Scotch?" corrected one of the men.

Jane nodded and rang for the Scotch which the parasites who had made her home their own had ordered. Tilly had told her that it was excellent whisky, and Jane was thankful for that, at least.

As the men drank their high balls she began to talk about California. It was very beautiful, the climate was very wonderful! She grew more and more enthusiastic as she began to run out of words. When any one else began to speak, she plunged into another rhapsody about the State. Warily she watched the clock. She'd talked fifteen minutes and put off the debacle that long, at least! But what could she do when they finally cornered her?

And then Jim Peters appeared suddenly, breathlessly bustling across the room as if his presence were the one thing desired.

"I'm head of the publicity department at Superba," he announced to the reporters, who resentfully grunted, "Yeah, we know it," by way of reply.

"He's here to muzzle her," Jane heard one of the men say. "We'll never get a story now."

"Just what did you want to know?" Peters continued, facing them.

"Let this story about the elopement with the millionaire stand ... a girl like
Hollywood

you right into the studios, Jane Haggerty tastes her to do what you perhaps would do if you were place.

Sebastian

Illustrated by Xenů Wright

Blessed inspiration came to Jane, quite without warning. She rose, facing fat little Jim Peters majestically.

"First. I must know some seein," she announced. "What is seeze story you turn out about me? About an elopement—about zomme one name Jane some seein—why you start seeze lies?" The sight of the abashed press agent, and the eager interest of the reporters, goaded her on. "I come here to act, not to get my name in ze pappers! Always I was have ze pappers taken—for publicitee! Now you have zem preent seeze stories about me! Why? Why?"

"But I— I didn't—" Peters began, startled, but got no further.

"Say, that's it—publicitee!" "Just the kind of gage he tried to put over about Wilding!" "Pretty low, dragging this poor kid into it, taking advantage of the death of that old man to put it over!" The rumble of bitter comment swamped Peters's protests.

"Don't try to square yourself!" one of the men told him. "If you think we're going to give you a lot of space on denials of this, after what the story got, you're mistaken. Say, I wouldn't write the story now if it was true!"

They bade Jane an affectionate farewell and departed, and she leaned back, sighing, as Peters reached for the nearest bottle.

"Say, that was a fast one you put over!" he remarked, mopping his brow, as he set down his empty glass. "I thought you were in a bad spot, but you got out of it all right. Well, put on the old hat and coat and come along with me—J. G. wants you."

Jane eyed him slyly.

"I dress for the street at my leisure," she announced, and stalked from the room. Evidently Peters believed those newspaper stories. What chance would she have of convincing J. G. that they weren't true?

She sat down at her dressing table and stared drearily at her reflection. That new contract of hers stipulated that she wasn't to do anything that would hurt her standing as a Superba actress—and she'd done the one thing that would hurt it most!

Tilly Markham muttered in at that moment, waving a letter. Something in her manner, an added familiarity, warned Jane that all was not well in that quarter.

"Well, Miss Haggerty," Tilly began conversationally, "I was right all along, thinkin' you wasn't Spanish."

"I never said nothin', because I like you," Tilly continued. "But you should 'a' told me in the beginning. Havin' letters sent to you in my care, addressed to you as Miss Haggerty—say, you should 'a' been smarter'n that, if you didn't want me to know."

Jane felt as if some one had hit her in the stomach. She hadn't thought her uncle would try to reach her that way, and she'd told him not to communicate with her, unless it was of tremendous importance. Oh, why hadn't she thought of some other way? He'd asked her so suddenly for her address that she hadn't had time to figure out anything.

"Eef zat letter is for me, give eet to me!" Jane said majestically, holding out her hand.

"Well, I got a copy of it," Tilly announced. "And I got a few requests to make. After this I'm to be your chaperon, and go everywhere with you. I'm goin' to be at all your parties as the hostess. And I'm goin' to have a split on your salary—twenty per cent."

Jane was too horrified to speak. Have Tilly with her always? Oh, she couldn't! She glanced at Tilly, and the complacent expression she saw there made her smoother a groan. What an old man of the sea Tilly would be!

She folded the letter and tucked it into her handbag without looking at it.

"I cannot talk to you now," she said, as she rose. "I have an appointment—"

"I know—with J. G.," contributed Tilly. "I'll go right along."

"You will not!" exclaimed Jane. "I weel not have you in my car!"

"I should care, with busse runnin' regular," she retorted, and departed to get her hat.

Jane rushed downstairs and grabbed the amazed Mr. Peters by the arm.

"Hurry, hurry!" she cried, turning toward the door. "Protesting, he dropped back.

"Oh, there's no rush; he'll wait for you to-day," he said. But Jane insisted. Tilly was already at the foot of the stairs, a salmon-pink turban dragged over her dyed hair, an ominous expression on her face.

"Thank goodness she never takes taxis," Jane thought, as the door of her car slammed behind her.

It was one of the days when traffic was at its worst. Jane had expected to outdistance Tilly easily, but Tilly had caught a bus at once, and the driver showed uncanny skill in finding gaps through which to run his vehicle. Sometimes Tilly was ahead; at others, when Jane's car slipped into the lead, Tilly's bus was a close second.

Jane reached the studio first, and ran to J. G.'s private office. She was aware of the interested glances of his Continued on page 92
Anita Page, as her brother Marino sees her, is a nice homy sister who will make fudge when the family isn’t seeing a boy friend.

Papa Knows Best

When a young chap calls on Anita Page, he sees Pop, Mom, and the kid brother, too, but then Mr. Pomares will point to our favorite blonde’s success and her health as the reward for postponed whoopee.

By Myrtle Gebhart

He charts me, outlining drama, comedy, pathos, costuming, all such things that affect me professionally, even conduct! He pays careful attention to my fan mail, but does not consider it as authoritative as the box office’s reply. He budgets my salary, apportioning it in accordance with my needs. As a result, I have a healthy trust fund.

“I pirouette when dad pulls the strings, or so a lot of people think. I haven’t the liberty—to get into trouble, possibly—that the majority of girls enjoy. But I’m not kicking. If we still lived on Long Island, and I hadn’t gone into pictures, I should be having dates, of course.”

Her chatter trips her words in a heedless rush. “Maybe I would be married. I simply live differently here to meet a particular set of situations.”

“Hollywood molehills become mountains in the press,” reasons Mr. Pomares. “Rumors start scandals. ‘Goofs’ in this game, we thought the whole thing over and settled on a sensible policy.”

“Nita’s character was in its malleable years. We determined to exercise care in choosing the influences which would mold it. Didn’t want her to get tangled up in an artificial life that is, at best, temporary. Wanted her to have only the best, the finest.”

“Her talent was entitled to every chance. But we realized we must keep our heads—and our ideals. You don’t talk about ideals nowadays, but most ordinary folks have ‘em.”

“Nita was young enough to give a few years to her work. Late hours don’t help a girl’s beauty. She needed study—reading, dancing, music, drama, languages. She can have all the company she wants at home, and I’ll leave it to you whether or not it’s dull around here, and we arrange Biltmore and Ambassador parties between pictures.”

“What has she lost? A few good times, perhaps, offset, we all think, by her gain in success, knowledge, health, looks.”

“And a clear conscience,” put in the convalescent Maudie, from her corner, Maudie being Mrs. Pomares, whose sly humor is only a hop and skip behind papa’s tumultuous fun and the bubbling gaiety with which the pretty Page spices her remarks.

“You would mention something unrefashionable,” Nita murmured.

Though these methods have evoked criticism, they are largely responsible for Anita’s steady progress. So many factors are determining currents that only a shrewd comprehension and supervision of them keep a career pointed ahead, instead of being blown like a leaf on the wings of errant breezes.

Dumb? It’s all in the viewpoint. The general studio impression is that she is a sweet and cheerful kid who doesn’t yet know who puts the candy in her stocking. Same being, if you’ll pardon the shattering of an illusion, a large lot of bluff, and more power to the Page for putting it over.

At the very first, the publicity boys fell in love with her, every wise-cracking one of them, and appointed themselves her guard. But one doesn’t work for three
years in a constantly changing professional stream without soaking up some knowledge of life.

That very innocence proved her protective shield. At first, she looked blank, because she really didn't understand many things. Realizing the annoyance that it saved her, she continued to present a puzzled countenance to the occasional amorous overture, and to gossip.

It worked. Forwardness is beaten back most effectively by that incomprehending frown. It's a simple but a grand way of avoiding quarrels, or even those explanations of a policy inevitable to any girl making her own way. Behind this mask of the ga-ga ingenue, she chortles sometimes over the discomfiture. I don't think it's a bad racket at all, if one is twenty and has big blue eyes.

That she has no dates is a matter of sad concern to several studio people who wail over her lack of a love life. Through genuine affection they take her interests really to heart, but like most unsolicited advice, they express their concern in blandly ignoring her own wishes. They cannot believe that she concurs in her parents' ideas.

"She should know life," they insist. I no longer cross blades in these verbal duels. Those who prefer spectacular experiences never will understand the finer and more thoroughly enjoyable ones which are hers. The loss will be theirs, not 'Nita's.

Her days tread no dull march. Enthusiasm, bubbling from vital health and keen interest, dances along her studio hours. Study actually engrosses her, particularly history, languages, and music. She plays golf and swims, is intensely absorbed in the momentary occupation with all the fused zest of her French impetuosity, Spanish fire, and Irish humor. There's something doing at home a couple of evenings a week.

Sometimes the whole works—meaning Pomares, practically incorporated—will drape their assorted selves over my living room. Chatter is a ping-pong ball pitched from one to another of the group bent over Guggenheim columns, "thought" games, or the twenty questions in a weekly magazine.

Dad dominates. "A big goose egg for you on your boundaries of Anam," he calls scores. "Ten off for misspelling Abyssinia, you hole-out-of-a-doughnut. All right, you ring the bell with your quotation from Don Quixote—but provided we don't have to listen to it again."

True, at nine thirty, if she is working, 'Nita goes to bed. There's a fifteen-minute wrangle about it, after which, quite good-naturedly, she disappears upstairs, blowing a kiss over her shoulder along with some adios that would be a credit to Bill Haines.

You are volubly candid with them. You tell dad you Continued on page 110
Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing

Yet Roland Young furnishes one of the most unusual, revealing, and delightful interviews that Picture Play has ever published.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

WHY must you—addressing the mob howling at the gates of Picture Play’s presses—demand to know so much? So many truths? So much data? Why do you have to know everything? You are perfectly aware that curiosity killed a cat, but do you take heed? Oh, no, not you.

What can be of your vast fund of knowledge, familiarity with the breakfast menus, favorite authors, waist measure, hobbies, and love life of your pet star?

If you demanded the same information of Ed Robinson, the hardware dealer, that you demand of Gary Cooper, it is likely that Mr. Robinson would sock you a fast one which you wouldn’t forget in a hurry. Maybe Gary Cooper has moments of wanting to do the same.

It’s a thought, anyhow, for to-day.

Why can’t you be satisfied with the light, polite banter of the drawing-room? Please, leave us all be little ladies and gentlemen for a minute. It is the panic cry of a desperate reporter about to launch an article about Roland Young.

Of the private life and habits of Mr. Young, you will hear practically nothing. This gentleman doesn’t make small talk about his innermost soul. He would, indeed, be embarrassed if you suspected he had one. He is one of the most diverting conversationists at present in our midst. And he is vile copy. Revealing facts and biographical statistics will be conspicuously lacking in this thesis. I couldn’t get any, I tell you.

The principal reason for this interview is the stage production of “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,” which your reporter saw during its Los Angeles run some three years ago. The star of this piece was Mrs. John Gilbert—née Miss Claire—who was utterly delightful. The real reason your humble reporter attended the show twice was Roland Young, who played Lord somebody in a delightfully whimsical manner.

Among purveyors of delicately shaded comedy-drama, the theater possesses none more expert than Roland Young. Neither guffaws nor tears enter his territory. He is concerned with nuances of amusement, upon the varying strings of which he plays with the command of a concert master. Subtlety—a term grown snug through abuse—is his forte.

This quality is now, via Metro-Goldwyn, adding luster to the talking screen. Inadequate roles have, so far, supplied poor settings for it. To dim it entirely would be impossible.

The scene of this interview is the Beverly Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Young. It is palatial but not fancy, if you know what I mean. The exact locale of aforementioned ceremony is a small study, off living room, to right. The time is toward the end of a balmy, winter afternoon. Windows, left, open on a rose garden. The master of the house is discovered in deep chair, facing divan on which reporter presents grim mien.

Reporter: And where, Mr. Young, were you born?
Young: In London.
Reporter (laughing to give impression of tact): When?
Young: Oh, my! November 11, 1887.
   (All of a sudden, this becomes a play, you see. You are not nearly so startled as I. Free verse probably to follow. With, perhaps, a song or two.)
Reporter: How long have you been on the stage?
Young: Eighteen years.
Reporter: Theatre lineage?
Young: No.
Reporter: How do you account for yourself?
Young: Oh, I don’t.

There is an awkward pause. No one can accuse Mr. Young of being cagy about questions. But his replies are gems of brevity. The qualifying adjective, the redundant phrase, the prolongation of an idea—these are flaws which no headmaster would have found in his essays at school.

Reporter: I’m afraid we shall need more details.
Young (surprised): Details? Well, I went on the stage, played a bit in London, made an American tour two years later, and I’ve been here ever since. So there you are. (He finishes with a benign smile.)

Reporter (weeping softly behind cigarette smoke): But there are at least fifteen paragraphs more to fill.

Young (shocked): Oh, I say, how appalling. Couldn’t you make this story a short one—something to fill in among the advertisements?

Reporter (testily): I am not in the habit of supplying fillers for the back of the book.
Young: Oh.

Another pause. Which can be occupied by a belated description of the gentleman on the stand.

He is below average height and boasts no distinguishing characteristics. His face presents the requisite number and arrangement of eyes, nose, mouth. His features are essentially practical rather than ornamental. Heaven alone knows why he is fascinating.

Yet Nils Asther himself would have difficulty in holding the ladies’ attention were he unfortunate enough to appear in the same scene with Mr. Young. The guy is a swell actor, I grant you. But he is also more personally intriguing than is logical.

Reporter: The point is to enlarge on your answers. Let go a bit. A few adjectives never hurt any one. So let’s start over again. How about your parents? What sort were they?
Young: Well, they were very nice.
Reporter (encouragingly): Yes?
Young: My father was an architect, a good one.
(After a moment, in desperate attempt to do the right thing): He had a beard.

[Continued on page 108]
ESTELLE TAYLOR is an amusing anomaly. Beautiful, exotic, voluptuous, her appearance is that of a siren of the most dangerous sort and it is in such a role that she always appears on the screen. Lucrezia Borgia, in John Barrymore's "Don Juan," the subtly obscene Eurasian in Lon Chaney's "Where East Is East," Madame Muskat in the recent "Lilom," and now Dixie Lee, the shady lady of "Cimarron," in which flaunting character she is pictured, right.

Those who know Miss Taylor in real life find amusement in the difference between her two selves, the professional and the private. In the latter sphere she is decorous, abstemious, domestic and, oddly enough, finds cigarettes distasteful.
Mack Sennett let me look into his workshop.

He has gone television mad. Books, magazines, newspaper clippings, a television receiver, theses on gallium photo-electric cells, pentodes, spectrums, alternating currents, and a lot of things I couldn't even pronounce, much less spell, were there in profusion.

"It's coming, it's coming!" he gleefully exclaimed.

"A little more research for the advancement of the television photocell through use of a coating of caesium and potassium, in combination with a gas of gallium vapor kept constantly heated by electricity when in use, and we'll have it."

"Raving mad, I tell you!"

Now Mr. Sennett is no manufacturer of television apparatus. He boasted a few years ago that when bigger and better pies are made, Mack Sennett's comedians would throw them. Now he says that when television pictures are projected in theaters or elsewhere, Mack Sennett will make them.

Seriously, the former glorifier of the bathing girl is deep in the study of television, because, he says, the television era is coming and is destined to revolutionize the entire field of entertainment.

"Television already is here! Do you know that a public broadcast of talking film projected by television and radio to a theater screen was made in London the other day? That in this country the Federal Radio Commission is allotting visual broadcasting channels now for experimental purposes? That in Chicago a newspaper is establishing a television broadcasting station which is the fourth to be licensed for placing pictures on the air? That television receiving sets may be bought for as low as $200?"

"All of which means that television has become a reality. Not perfected, by any means, but further along than were the first moving-picture films. Development has barely started, so what may we look for a year or two from now? Let's see.

"First, broadcasting complete talking pictures from a central station to any number of theaters, either through the air or by means of electric cables.

"Second, reception in the home of singing-talking entertainments with all characters visible on a screen.

"Third, reception of the day's news, in films, at about the time dad usually sits down with his evening paper.

"The possibilities, I tell you, are absolutely limitless. We cannot tell how far television will go, nor what effect it will have on our daily lives, any more than we could envision what motion pictures would accomplish when they first started. Why, just a very, very few years ago, no one envisioned the characters in silent films suddenly starting to talk out loud."

Production of television entertainments will have little effect upon attendance at theaters, Mr. Sennett insists, even though home receiving sets become cheap.

"People will always seek groups for entertainment," he said. "Television in the home will be an interesting novelty and will be widely used, but it will not eliminate our desire for association and contact with people. We will go to theaters just as we do now, to nod to Mrs. Brown and wave to Mrs. Jones, and have something to discuss when we meet them again.

"There are more theaters in the world to-day than ever before. They afford a common meeting place for the masses. Eliminate them and the resultant howl would be heard around the world.

"We have no place to go-o-o-o!" every one would cry.

"The President of the United States, Congress, the army, navy, J. P. Morgan, and the King of England would be asked to do something about it."

The enthusiasm of the comedy producer was keen, and if television is to become an important factor in theatrical programs, he intends being in on it at the start. Mack Sennett, as almost every one knows, was the first to capitalize on the interest people took in bathing girls. He was the first to produce pictures independent of the old Biograph and Selig "trust" years ago. He was the first to inject gags in comedies and to use stars in comedy rôles. He was the first to make talking-comedies in color.

Recently he completed "Hello, Television," a picture which purports to show television in use. After taking a look at his workshop, I asked him to show me his television apparatus. He took me to one of the big stages.

"We might continue the interview here," he suggested.

He led me to a small curtained booth constructed just back of a large picture frame. This frame, about 3 by 3½ feet, was entirely inclosed in glass. Then he turned to the television receiving set and began turning a dial. Slowly, very slowly, a gray-green light came from somewhere, gradually increasing in intensity.

"All right," I heard his voice say, "proceed with your interview."

"But I can't see you," I protested.

"Certainly not! There is only one receiving set. We out here can see you, though. Stay still a moment while a cameraman gets a picture of you."

I felt that there was a hoax of some sort, but I had no way of telling. I still wonder if there wasn't a radio connection between the booth and his receiving set.

But I remembered his promise of an interview, and went after it. I felt something uncanny was taking place.

"Is it true, Mr. Sennett," I asked, "that Gloria Swanson once was slapped in the face with a custard pie when she worked at your studio?"
MasterSpeaks

because many of them made humble beginnings in the days when his sedate bathing beauties were now. Incidentally, he peers around the corner and the future of television.

Wooldridge

"Any star who worked at the Sennett studio in the early days was certain to get her pie," he replied.

"And Marie Prevost?"

"Yes, Marie Prevost, too. We put Marie in some goofy 'udies' one day and had her chased by a goat."

"Could she run?"

"With a goat after her? I'll say she could."

"Who intercepted the first pie in pictures—what girl?"

"Mabel Normand."

"Why did you stop using custard pies?"

"Well, blackberry pie proved better. Then, after a while, pie-throwing lost its kick.""

"Where did you get your pies?"

"Made them in the junk shop."

"Why did you stop making the bathing-girl pictures?"

"The amateur bathing beauties put the professionals out of business. If I had clad my girls in bathing suits like the amateurs use now, they'd have put me in jail. My mother—God bless her, she's still living—would have spanked me, besides. Bathing beauties on the screen and pie-throwing passed out about the same time.

Both brought in money in the early days, but picture-making has changed to such an extent that such things now are utterly obsolete."

"What would happen if some one hit Gloria in the face with a pie now, Mr. Sennett?"

"Do you know Gloria?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the answer. You couldn't print it."

"You see some of the pictures your old stars, your graduates, make, don't you? There's Gloria, and Betty Compson, and Carol Lombard, and Marion Nixon, and Louise Fazenda, and Marceline Day, and Polly Moran, and Natalie Kingston, and half a dozen others. Aren't you proud of their work?"

"Sometimes."

"Not always?"

"Huh! I should say not.

Listen, sister. I've watched some of the Sennett graduates struttin' and high-hattin' their way through scenes as if they were mechanical robots. And I wanted to have some one

Dear, dear days beyond recall, when Marie Prevost, left, and Gloria Swanson displayed their chic and daring as Sennett bathing girls.

walk straight up to them and deposit a custard pie in exactly the right place and say, 'Climb off that high horse and get down to work.' You're hired as an actress—not as an exhibit."

"Who writes your comedies?"

"Mack Sennett."

"Who directs them?"

"Mack Sennett."

"Who gets the money?"

"Guess!"

"Do your ideas of what is comedy always get over?"

"Satisfactorily, at least. Yet episodes which appear funny when contemplated in the afternoon will be cold and out next morning. I recall one idea which I thought would be great. I would have big Jim Jeffries chased by a diminutive wife wielding a switch. She could run about as fast as he, and every time she got close enough she'd switch his legs till Jim did a kangaroo hop. After I chuckled over it a bit, however, the value of the episode waned.

Then I thought it might be even better to have Jack Dempsey chased by Estelle Taylor armed with a little stick of some sort. 'Wonderful!' I decided. That idea sank, too. It would seem so unreal. 'Hokum!' the audiences would say. Ideas like these go into limbo overnight. They don't always 'jell.'"

"So, instead of old-style comedies, you expect to center activities on what?"

"On comedy dramas. On modern development of things. On manners, and customs, and changes throughout the world. I have made comedies centering about golf, using world champions. I have taken the Zeppelin, fat legs, modern husbands, racketeers, deep-sea fishing, and television as themes. Audiences now demand such things."

[Continued on page 167]
SWEPT into popularity by "The Rogue Song," Lawrence Tibbett has too long delayed his appearance in another picture to please those who respond to his compelling personality, his matchless baritone, the first opera singer to be accepted as a romantic hero.

Soon, however, he will be seen and heard in "The Southerner," which also will bring back to the screen Esther Ralston after more than a year in vaudeville. To her fresh blond beauty and appealing womanliness she has added the poise acquired by facing an audience twice a day.

She is seen, above, with Mr. Tibbett and again, left, while Hedda Hopper displays, right, one of the very chic costumes she wears in the film.
WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Whoopee"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Zeigfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story parodies medicine taking for imaginary ills and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethelbert Shaw, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.


"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling register. Lewis Stone, Unpitt, Gavin Gordon the hero. Florence Lake delightful.

"Raffles"—United Artists. Most civilized current film—gay, ironic, intelligent melodrama. It will appeal to all. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence more like human beings. Good dialogue, Frederic Kerr, Alison Skipworth show their value on screen.


"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl marries over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Arna Huber, Mary Carr, Grady Amerson, Montgomery, Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summerville, Russell Crouse, William Bade well, John Wray outstanding in big cast.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses. June Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut. Anna Paige, Robert Montgomery are not bad. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts this film, although it is conventional screen stuff; not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richmond, Kay Johnson. On "Realistic" film—good for Warners. Five mountains instead of three.

"Her Wedding Night"—Paramount. Cara Bow in restrained role of ladylike movie actress, who is accidentally married to a man who has borrowed a friend's name for the day. Charles Ruggles makes bedroom farce what it ought to be. Ralph Forbes, Richard Gallagher, Rosita Moreno, Natalie Kalmus.

"Bad Man, The"—First National. Walter Huston can do anything. In this film he is wicked but gay blunder, who will do any favor for friend, even though it means his own destruction. Only River, James Reinhardt, Sidney Blackmer, O. P. Hegart, Marion Byron, Gumm Williams, Artie Stone.

"Scotland Yard"—Fox. Quartet plot and character names indicate old stage type of this film. Crook takes man's place at head of bank and household, if you can believe that. Edmund Lowe plays three characters; Jean Bennett, Luensdale Hare.

"Madam Satan"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lilian Roth.

"Lilom"—Fox. Artificial picture, although director had good intentions. Barker in amusement park loved by employer and servant girl. He marries latter, but commits suicide, and you fell in love with next world and back again. Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, Rose Hobart.

"Thros Three French Girls"—Metro-Goldwyn. Gay as musical comedy, but only incidental songs. Whimsical Englishman helps three dressmakers to do things on mean landlord, and all go to jail. There they meet two roughneck Americans. Bright dialogue, Reginald Denny, Pat O'Brien, Yola d'Avril, Sandra Ralst, Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy.


"Up the River"—Fox. Fanny story of prison run on cool cerees, with varisty show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic now and show, but mostly hum- drum. Warren Hymer fine, Hup- thray Boccar, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappearing into the whole, but differ-
The absorbing interest of the story lies in the slow, inescapable attraction they hold for each other and their ultimate acknowledgment of it. Made graphic with revealing detail, sure knowledge of psychology and a glowing visualization of the Orient, the picture is extraordinarily intelligent, amazingly honest.

The success of Miss Dietrich is vastly aided by Gary Cooper, as the American, perhaps his best performance so far. But there can be no best to some of us, though certainly this is among the best of Mr. Cooper’s pictures. Adolphe Menjou is ideally cast as the understanding, patient worldling who waits vainly for Amy to forget the soldier. Josef von Sternberg, the director, reaps stellar honors as bright as any of those won by his players.

Is This the Start of an Epidemic?

This is a serious moment, my pupils. Your professor would have his say. So read on—or skip to the next review. He’ll never know the difference. Still, if there is a serious one among you, the menace of the screen may be worth a few minutes attention. The new menace is nothing more or less than quaintness, whimsicality, antic comedy, self-conscious cuteness—call it what you will. It made its first disquieting appearance in “Holiday,” when a little group of the jaded rich foraged together to whoopie in paper caps to show their superiority to guess in the formal ballroom of the mansion. But the merrymaking of the self-elected turned out to be as sophomoric as if they were at a country candy pull, or a husking bee. Their clown caps and champagne only showed that they were old enough to know better, particularly the more haggard actors of the group.

This same quality manifests itself in “Laughter,” not a picture to be dismissed because of this, but far from being the milestone that enthusiasts try to make it. The strain of being quaintly original costs the film its heart appeal. Actually its antic comedy is pursued with such unflagging vigor that one doesn’t care whether the chorus girl bride stays with her millionaire husband, or elopes with her suitor of a more frugal day. This is, in effect, the big situation in “Laughter.” Will Peggy remain with her husband and starve for laughter, or will she run away with her sweetie and be quaint for the rest of her life? It doesn’t make the least difference which course she follows, because the spectator feels that those responsible for the picture just threw that in as a sop to the box office anyway; their real concern is in being more whimsical than any one else ever dared be. So we have Paul Lockridge returning from Paris to find Peggie of the “Follies” with a husband and a butler. To show what a gay, inconsequential fellow he is Paul writes his name on the bosom of the butler’s shirt in lieu of a calling card. And to drive home the important fact that he isn’t a chap to carry a card, he announces that he had one last year. One is asked to believe that only dull, stodgy men carry visiting cards, and that sprightly elves like Paul never do. Then we have him invading the ice.
A critic enthusiastically records golden hours furnished by some of the new pictures and new players, and makes the best of the gloomy ones.

box and emerging triumphantly with a glass of beer and a chicken leg while he plays the piano after Peggy refuses to see him. Later, when he and Peggy are marooned in a deserted house during a rainstorm, they wrap themselves in bear-skin rugs, crawl on the floor and growl at each other until policemen arrest them and telephone Peggy's husband. True, this is a case where you don't know what the characters will do next, and there's virtue in that. But when Paul plays Beethoven with the butler just to show that he's a free soul unshackled by dull conventions, he has already become a rather tiresome puppet of the playwright rather than a human being.

Fredric March plays this part well, giving, on the whole, a brilliant performance of an entirely artificial character. Nancy Carroll is admirable, too, but she makes one feel that she is the victim of the director's enthusiasm for quaintness rather than any sympathy for her as an unhappily married woman.

The subplot concerns the affair of Peggy's stepdaughter and another of her former sweethearts, the latter played by Glen Anders, of the Theater Guild, the most interesting and vital performance of all, with Diane Ellis, as the daughter, not far behind. Frank Morgan is the husband, with a line that is as penetrating and shrewd as the comedy tries to be. Inheriting $4,250,000, he wishes to give his tired secretary a thrill. So he tells the old man to order a new typewriter.

"Time Cannot Wither Nor Custom Stale."

Count on your fingers the stars of the old régime who still retain their places in the stellar orbit. Count on your two fingers the old stars who are losing their hold, or have disappeared entirely. And on your eleventh finger count Harold Lloyd. He has bridged the chasm between silent and audible pictures, without losing—or gaining—a single point. He remains an institution, the same in technique, in laughing appeal, that he was some ten years ago. He stands alone. And for that reason he stands apart.

In his new picture, "Feet First," he is at his best. An amusing, carefully worked out film, his is perhaps the most truly American sense of humor one sees on the screen to-day. There is no slightest taint of what we commonly call sophistication, no least suggestion of the tear behind the smile. Mr. Lloyd is not, thank Heaven, ever wistful, or one who would have us accept him as a comedian who yearns to be funny to the obligato of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Because of this complete lack of affectation, this vigorous, uninhibited humor, we have a straightforward picture such as old and young will enjoy, laugh at, and be refreshed by. It seems to me this is a rather high honor, one that is shared by no other star and certainly no other comedian.

"Feet First" tells the story of a shoe clerk, shy and timorous, who is in love with a girl he believes is beyond his station. So Harold Horne sets out to prove to her that he is a rich play boy. Much of the story and Mr. Lloyd's best gags occur on board a steamer bound from Honolulu to San Francisco. Shipping as a stowaway, he is hard put to mingle with the passengers, be near his girl, and at the same time ward off the pangs of hunger. Finally, in order to test his mettle, he agrees to deliver a shrewd as his employer's bid for a contract before the time limit expires. This finds him concealed in a mail sack that is taken off the ship by plane. Presently Harold is struggling inside the sack some hundreds of feet above the street, on the narrow ledge of a painter's platform. His efforts to extricate himself from the mail bag and maintain a sure footing constitute the latter part of the picture, to the accompaniment of apprehensive thrills and nervous laughter on the part of the audience.

All of which is simple in the telling, but ingenious and complicated in action typical of Mr. Lloyd in viewpoint and execution.

He is supported by an admirable cast, beginning with Barbara Kent, a perfect adolescent, not to mention such seasoned trouper as Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lillian Leighten, Noah Young, and Arthur Housman, the latter in a bit that attests his ability to play a gangster or a sap with equal ease.

A Barefoot Boy.

What is acting? Where does the gift come from? Is it instinct or the ability to take direction? These questions never will be answered satisfactorily. For where the instinct is, the individual often is unable to express it. How many players are incapable of acting even under painstaking direction? How many, indeed, have gained nothing in expression after years of practice? All of which makes Richard Cromwell's amazing performance in "Tol'able David" a mystery I cannot solve.

An inexperienced youth in his first part exhibits acting that is natural, artless, fluent. It combines emotional force with poignant earnestness, perfect balance, perfect timing. Nor is this the exhibition of a clever puppet. It is sincere, knowing, the work of a skilled actor who is enabled magically to be younger than young. I give up
trying to explain it. Mr. Cromwell is an enigma, perhaps a sphinx without a secret, who is himself unable to explain how he does it.

Let us, then, relax and enjoy a fine picture, be touched by it and even shed a tear in the dark for the poor mountain boy whose dream of a lifetime is to drive the mail team as his brother did. And on his first trip loses the precious burden, only to trace it to his enemy, the maniac who crippled his brother. The lone youth invades the stronghold of the brute, vanquishes him in a horribly tense conflict, and returns weak and bleeding to town with the sack, vindicated in the eyes of those who thought him only a boy, just "tol'able."

There is more than this to Joseph Hergesheimer's fine story of West Virginia mountaineers, their feuds, poverty and stalwart honesty of purpose. Every point that made the silent version notable in 1922 is caught with unusual fidelity. Furthermore, Richard Barthelmess graciously endorses the new picture and praises the new player of a rôle that is closely identified with his own position on the screen to-day.

Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall, George Duryea, Edmund Breese, Helen Ware, and Barbara Bedford contribute vastly to a picture that cannot be recommended too highly.

**All Over the Place.**

For rollicking, boisterous fun "The Life of the Party" lives up to its title with a vengeance. A funnier film hasn't been seen in a blue moon. Not, in fact, since Marie Dressler and Polly Moran raised the roof in "Caught Short." There is the same hearty attack in this, with subtlety knocked into a cocked hat, and a spade called a pickax. There the similarity ends, for this bears the imprint of musical comedy in its extravagance, though there's only one song and no chorus at all. But the flavor of that form of entertainment pervades and you like it.

This is due in large measure to Winnie Lightner, whose antics in past films are familiar. They take an added bounce—if you can believe that!—and yield more laughter than before. Strenuous as she is, with her mugging, wisecracking and bumptiousness, she has the virtue of spontaneity and sincerity. One could never say that La Lightner tries to be something she is not, or that at heart she is wistful and shy with a yen to play _Juliet._

She gains much through being paired with Charles Butterworth, a comedian whose screen début is more important than any faltering words may convey. Here is something new and different—a man whose sense of humor is as far beyond ordinary comedy as to be a sixth sense. He begins where others leave off. Equipped with what is known in the jargon of vaudeville as a "dead pan," he is as devoid of good looks as of expression. But how he can project the lunatic humor of a line in his low, hesitant voice! And he has some exceedingly good ones. Good or not at the outset, you feel that Mr. Butterworth would make them so. His rôle is slight and he makes his appearance late in the picture, but once he is in evidence he is a star truly. As _Colonel Joy_, from Kentucky, a breeder of horses, he is a guest at the Havana hotel where Miss Lightner and Irene Delroy arrive bent on gold digging. They are first seen in a music shop, where, incidentally, Miss Lightner warbles the only song one hears. Fired for some reason or other, _Flo_ and _Dot_ vamp an excitable Frenchman into giving them jobs in his dress shop and run off with most of his gowns. They land in Cuba, and Miss Lightner sees to it that they are mistaken for rich girls whose credit is unlimited. They fasten themselves on a young man they think is a millionaire, there's a horse race in which Miss Lightner is a jockey, and in the end the girls find themselves in the arms of men who are able to take care of their material wants.

Just an ordinary story of Broadway gold diggers, but it is geared high, is beautifully photographed entirely in Technicolor, and is without a dull moment. So what more do you want if your mood is for comedy? Charles Judel, John Davidson, Arthur Hoyt, and Jack Whiting are the other principals, all well chosen.

**A Baby-faced Killer.**

One of the most successful pictures of the month is "The Doorway to Hell," a crook melodrama that is as good as "The Racket" of two years ago. With all that has been said of the underworld, it is extraordinary that a new series of characters and incidents can
be blended in a semblance of novelty. Exactly that is achieved in this latest glimpse of gangster life that has some stock figures as well as a new one. This is a youthful racketeer played by Lewis Ayres, the erstwhile adolescent of "All Quiet on the Western Front." He is Louis Ricarno, who appoints himself czar of the underworld and indicates the zones in which gangsters under him are to confine their traffic in liquor. He warns each to keep within his own boundary, and his word is accepted as law—oh yeah? But there are double-crossers in his smoothly running organization, who determine to strike Ricarno through his young brother. While Ricarno is away on a honeymoon, an attempt is made to kidnap the boy who is killed in making his escape. Ricarno gets the men responsible and he in turn meets his end. A sardonic touch comes from the fact that Ricarno never knows that his wife is philandering with his friend.

Not a cheerful tale, but its working out is looked upon favorably by those who know their underworld lore. Certain it is that the story is arresting, fast, exciting, and is capably acted by Robert Elliott, in his usual characterization of a drawing detective, James Cagney, as Ricarno's treacherous friend, Dorothy Mathews, his wife, and Mr. Ayres, whose poise, maturity, and tragic suggestion constitute one of the big surprises of the month.

From the Temple of Music.

The screen debut of an operatic star is usually one thing or the other, a hit as in the case of Lawrence Tibbett, or a dismal failure as was—but why bring that up? Strangely, the first appearance of Grace Moore, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, is neither.

A gracious, womanly personality, her agreeable voice in speech melts into beautifully limpid song, but she remains too placid an actress to inject needed strength into a picture that is already unexciting and a little dull. Confession of weakness lies in Metro-Goldwyn's questionable title, "A Lady's Morals," for a pleasantly fictionized Jenny Lind, who was perhaps the most blameless singer that ever lived and whose life on the screen is in keeping with tradition.

It shows the famous songstress pursued from place to place by a young composer who resorts to every loverlike ruse to bring himself to her attention. She is gently kind in refusing his love. Not until she loses her voice and he brings his uncle, a famous teacher, to restore it, is Jenny touched. When she learns that the young man is threatened with blindness as a result of the riot that occurred in the theater during her fateful performance, she is moved to compassion and love. But he disappears rather than marry her with a handicap. They are reunited, however, during Jenny's historic engagement at Castle Garden in New York, when P. T. Barnum introduced her to the American public eighty years ago.

Frequently touching, always pleasing, the film pursues an even course, leaving in its wake undeniable charm and the memory of a superb production and admirable acting. For one thing, I have never seen a representation of opera managed as well, nor has there ever been a performance that so clearly justified the enthusiasm caused by Jenny Lind's "Norma." In this episode Miss Moore sings the "Castà Diva" aria beloved of operagoers; elsewhere she is heard in selections from "Daughter of the Regiment" as well as some ballads.

Reginald Denny is impressive in his serious performance of the composer, and Wallace Beery is likewise effective as Barnum, the master showman, whose knowledge of modern idioms is a bit surprising. However, no one minds when he says, nearly a hundred years ago, "Give 'em all you've got!"

A "Success" Story De Luxe.

Oh, the pain of it! Here is Norma Talmadge, one of the great ladies of the screen, ill at ease vocally, dramatically, and sartorially. The lapse from greatness occurs in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." Her fault is in Robert Burns's lament, "O wad some power the gie us to see usels as others see us!" It would seem that the canny Scot had especial reference to the yes men of the studios when he penned that immortal line, for one feels that they stand in the way of any star's approximation of true vision. Miss Talmadge.
What's All
By Madeline Glass

THE fans who silently hoped for, or noisily demanded, the removal of Alice White from the screen have, to some extent, reason to feel satisfied. The peppy little star is no longer a star. Indeed, at this writing, she had not yet obtained a new contract of any sort.

"I'm resting," she tells you, with a slight, meaningful smile. Alice is too honest to try to fool you, much less herself.

And now that the blow has fallen, one wonders if the fans who never speak of her without pointed animosity do not feel just a little guilty. Or, do they rejoice that the much-discussed star, whose films no fan was ever compelled to see, has been crowded out?

There were many who derided her efforts as an actress. There as many others to whom her performances gave pleasure, who were thrilled by her piquant beauty and provocative youthfulness. It is they who will regret that her contract with First National has been terminated, not without some rancor. And they will stand by her during her present difficulties. Or will they? I'll leave that to the Alice White fans themselves to answer.

Just what was it that made certain fans so resent her? She couldn't act? Well, since when has that become a screen handicap?

It has always been my contention that the public gets exactly what it wants and deserves in the way of entertainment, and when Alice White was raised to premature stardom, it was done because a great many fans wrote letters, or in other ways expressed their approval of her. Alice, an orphan working for her living, would have been rather unwise to have rejected such a lucrative job as stardom, wouldn't she? Caught you there, didn't I? No? That's too bad.

Recently, while talking with a beautiful but eccentric young lady, I remarked that I intended to write an article about Miss White. Her reaction was a quick, incredulous smile which she politely erased when she saw that I was serious. Her attitude nettled me, and I was more determined than ever to give Alice a chance to defend herself.

"Looky here," I began, laying back my ears. "I'm not a White fan, but do you know that Alice has less conceit, and puts on less 'dog' than almost any star in Hollywood? Her tastes are simple: one of her best friends is a thirty-dollar-a-week scenographer, and she is mighty generous.

"Why, there was an old man at the studio who was about to starve, and was three months behind with his rent. He couldn't sleep out in the woods, you know, in spite of our swell climate. Alice paid not only his back rent but three months in advance, and looked after the old fellow until he died. Perhaps she has been reckless with her reputation at times, and given out some cuckoo 'true' stories that didn't do her any good, but she has a kind heart."

"Oh, I don't deny that she is generous," said my friend soothingly, "and I haven't the least interest in an actor's morals. The point is, she can act."

That left me floating at anchor with flag at half mast. For a little, a very little, I would revenge myself on this erudite young woman by telling her how she disguised herself as a mulatto and attended a Negro theater to see a Novarro film.

As for the oft-repeated charge that Alice can't act, what about her work as Dorothy, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?" At that time Alice had not embarked upon her ill-asked stardom. Her hair was still its natural dark shade, and even the critics spoke highly of her work.

It is said that Samson was reduced to something of a ninny when Delilah barbered his hair, but in the case of Alice it was not the cutting, but the bleach that robbed her of her natural personality. Thereafter she was identified with the cast army of Lure, a symbol of frivolity and ephemeral glitter.

Alice's dark hair was a heritage from her Italian mother, and her great brown eyes and olive complexion, should have inspired producers to give her roles in keeping with her rich pigmentation, rather than to cast her continually as a frothy flapper.

"In the movie business one has to play politics," said Alice. "And I'm not a politician."

She was sitting on a divan in my apartment, one foot tucked under her, the other, in its neat patent-leather pump, swinging idly. Above it gleamed one of the famous White legs, slender and hoseless. Her dress was black, in perfect taste, with a wide patent-leather belt girlling her waist. A black turban hid most of her hair.
the Shouting For?

Fans who loudly called for the removal of Alice White from the star's pedestal, and, through "What the Fans Think," tried to promote an anti-White crusade, may now stop to reflect on the fairness of their prejudice, since she is now idle. Miss White herself has a few pointed, sensible things to say.

Alice applies only the minimum of cosmetics. Her smile is infrequent, her manner alert, her conversation intelligent. During our talk I do not recall that she made a single inane remark—which is more than I can say for my own conversational offerings.

"A player is expected to be nice to every one at the studio where she works," said Alice, "regardless of whether she is sincere or not. I've never gone in for a tooth-paste grin, or bowing to my shoe tops when meeting an executive or his wife. Perhaps I am not as diplomatic as I should be, but I try to give every one a square deal."

It is said that on several occasions Alice has led some pretty or talented extra to her director and insisted that the girl deserved better breaks than she was getting. Her unselfish attitude contrasts pleasingly with that of a certain beautiful and highly regarded leading lady who all but slapped the face of a character actress, because the latter was given a dressing room nearer the stage than hers.

"I wasn't, of course," continued Alice, "permitted to choose my stories by First National. The day before we were to start on a new production, I was given the first half of the scenario to take home and study. I tried to do the best I could with what I had. When I urged them to give me roles that would enable me to characterize, they always pointed out that my pictures were popular and making money, so why should I wish to change my type?

"When Marilyn Miller came West to make pictures, she was given an enormous amount of publicity and her films were widely advertised. It was far more than I was getting, and I felt a bit hurt. When I asked that my pictures be given just half as much advertising as hers, the studio people said, 'Alice, every one has heard of you; your pictures don't need so much advertising.'

"In the movie business one has to play politics," says Alice. "And I've never gone in for tooth-paste grins."

"But they would have been more successful—the best ones, I mean—if more attention had been given to that end of the business.

"I've never imagined that I am a Bernhardt; I never will be. But I like to act, and there are a few people, at least, who seem to enjoy my work. I don't care a damn whether I am a star or not; what I want is good parts—but that is what we all say, isn't it?"

Continued on page 112
RESTLESSLY Lupe Velez paces the high road looking for new opportunities to display her verve and fire. She succeeds both in the search and the display, for few stars have been more successful than she has lately in capturing colorful roles.

A pidgin-English heroine one month, as she was in "East Is West," a tragic Russian girl the next. The latter character is none other than the betrayed and disillusioned Katuusha Maslova, left, in "Resurrection," which brought fame to Dolores del Río in the silent era, with John Boles in the rôle played in the earlier version by Rod La Rocque.

That Lupe is Latin in temperament all the while doesn't seem to concern the producers in the least. Apparently they have concluded that their star's southern fire burns brightly no matter to what part of the globe it is transplanted.

A red rose to Lupe for causing them to think so.
Colleen on the Loose

In the course of a performance of her stage play, "On the Loose," Miss Moore, late of the films, is visited by PICTURE PLAY'S sympathetic reporter who tells how she is getting on.

By Willard Chamberlin

COLLEEN MOORE'S stage play, "On the Loose," opened in an ugly old theater in Rochester, New York. Her dressing room was small and dark and stuffy. It was furnished atrociously. There was a couch with a worn red cover and a camp chair. But Colleen didn't complain. She sang a little song to herself, and threw her hat upon the couch.

The street outside was being paved. "The noise is deafening," I said. Colleen replied, "I didn't notice it."

She is like that—no temperament, no nervous excitement. She was perfectly calm, although two nights later she was going before an audience for the first time in her life.

My appointment was for eleven in the morning at her hotel. I saw her at two in the afternoon. She had been rehearsing until five that morning. Hattie, her maid, said Colleen must sleep. So Colleen slept while Hattie stood guard with the endurance of a Joan of Arc.

At two o'clock I persuaded Hattie to let me in. Colleen was not yet dressed. There were Venetian water colors on the walls, and roses in a large vase. Colleen loves flowers.

While I was waiting for the photographer, Virginia Valli entered the room, attired in pajamas of lilac silk. Virginia was Colleen's guest and moral support for the big event, and she, too, had been up until five at rehearsal. Even if this is Colleen's story, I can't resist saying that Virginia looked irresistibly fresh, and lovely, and twenty-five.

Virginia was seriously considering a shopping tour, but she consented to show me Colleen's photograph albums. I wish you could have seen them. They were crammed with snapshots of players which no fan magazine will ever have the privilege of publishing.

Snapshots of Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Charles Farrell, and Lois Wilson disporting at Colleen's beach home, some of them in poses which would be a sad blow to their professional dignity if published. The pictures were not marked in any way, but that would have been quite unnecessary.

Besides the albums, Colleen's books included a French-English dictionary, and a bridge instruction book. On the desk was a stack of perhaps fifty photographs, each of them signed by Colleen herself. Nobody forges Colleen's signature; it's as distinctive as her eyes.

Colleen Moore hopes to film her play and she has ambitions to do "Madam Butterfly" on the screen, but her future is unsettled.
Colleen on the Loose

There were intermittent sounds of Colleen's splashing and singing. The photographer arrived and Virginia began to think about her shopping again. Colleen obliged with a brief appearance, wrapped in a purple bath robe spattered with white butterflies. After offering a cheery “Hello!” she went out to dress.

In ten minutes she was back, ready for business. She looked winsome and vivacious, but beneath her gay lip-stick and her wide eyes, there was a trace of tiredness. Rehearsals until five! No fun!

By the time the pictures were out of the way, it was three o'clock. Colleen had to be at the theater, in make-up, at quarter to four. So it was decided to carry on the interview back stage.

“We go,” Colleen informed me in her crisp, delightful way, raising a finger that had given many a peremptory order. She stood before a mirror and pulled on a chic little hat, with a bow perched atop. Colleen gave parting advice to Hattie, “Bien, Merci. Thank you. Au revoir. Good-by,” said Hattie.

Going to Colleen's dressing room was somewhat like descending to the cellars of a medieval castle. This old basement room had housed Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Maude Adams, Joseph Jefferson, David Warfield, Margaret Anglin, and Mrs. Piske in their day.

“What have you been doing this last year, Colleen?” I asked.

“Living. Taking a vacation from everything. I've had a wonderful time. For seven years I was under contract, unable to get away, but now for a year I've been really free. A while ago I decided I wanted to do a stage play.”

She fussed with the pink evening gown she was to wear.

“It's always been my dream, you know, to play before a really truly audience, but my contract stood in the way of doing it. Now here I am, scared to death over the whole thing. But just the same, it's fun.

“I'm really tired. For three weeks we've rehearsed twice a day—or rather once a day and once a night. Valli has been a great help to me.”

She designates Virginia thus.

“Last night she was with me all night at the theater.”

The play, originally titled "Foam," was designed to exploit Colleen's versatility. The first two acts are light comedy with Colleen wisecracking and romping her way through a Mexican-California cantina, and later in a New England drawing-room. But in the last act it goes dramatic.

She tried to laugh off her fright. “If any one applauds, I'll turn around to see where the noise is coming from!” she said, with a twinkle, making light of it, but there was never any one more earnest.

“I picked out the title, 'On the Loose,'” Colleen said. “The other title, 'Foam,' didn't apply at all.”

She was enthusiastic about the East. “I love the cold weather,” she said. “New York was stifling, but up here it's wonderful.” She misses the sunshine, though. “I'd never live anywhere but in California; when I'm at home I'm a sun worshiper. I love the water and boats. And some day,” she said in a hushed little voice, “my yacht and I are going sailing off to Tahiti. That's my one great desire. And I feel it slowly creeping on.”

“Virginia Valli is my dearest friend. I love her. Then Laura La Plante, and Bebe Daniels, and Julanne Johnston. Oh, and Dorothy—Dorothy Maxwell! In Hollywood, we play tennis and swim all day long.

Colleen has a collection of dolls, all kinds of dolls. But she likes her boats better than her dolls; when she answers the siren call of Tahiti, the dolls will stay at home. She likes crowds, even the crowds which greet her in public places. She walked with me through the hotel, mailed letters and sent telegrams, oblivious to the stares which followed her. She has a little slouching walk that is singularly arresting. She is thinking of other things than the curious stares, but she likes the feeling of crowds about her.

“I love the theater. Of course I'm a film fan; every player automatically becomes a fan. But I like the stage, too. It's so much better this year. My favorite is 'Uncle Vanya.' Lillian Gish is like Dresden china in it: she goes beyond anything she has done in pictures.”

She likes to make quick, reckless little speeches. "After my play closes, I want to make a film of it. It has wonderful picture possibilities." After seeing it, I agree with her in that particular. It offers colorful settings; there's a part in it just made for Hedda Hopper, and another that cries for Rose Dionne.

"After that, I don't know. Maybe another picture. Maybe Europe. Maybe—Tahiti?" Ah, Tahiti! There's a pagan strain in Colleen, even as there was in a certain Arden Stuart!

The wardrobe mistress came in bringing a saucy little suit of red plaid. Colleen eyed it critically. "It is good," she said. "I can be in and out of it—like that. But"—tearing down a lace whachamacallit from the wall—"take this thing out. I can't get into it.”

Colleen's hair is bright brown. It invariably photographs black. Even the stage lights show it up black. She wants to change her hair cut. "I wanted to for my play. Then I thought people will want to see me as they always have seen me on the screen. If I'm different, they'll be disappointed. But after this play, I'm really going to devise a new coiffure."

The wigs she wore in "Footlights and Fools" are sufficient proof that she doesn't need her tonsorial trade-mark to get by.

I have heard it said that Colleen adapts a sort of shopgirl vermicular when she talks, and that in her conversational manner she is often maladroit. This is in no way true. Beneath the bright, flippant remarks, one senses an innate refinement. Colleen—Continued on page 109.
Frank Fay learned that a twelve-weeks' stay at the Palace, in New York, got him nothing but cold shoulders when he arrived at the movie capital. His experience in bucking the hostility he felt there throws light on the battle between screen and stage stars.

By Mabel Duke

There is something worse than being in the Big City, all alone and broke. It is being in a strange city, famous and rich, but regarded with suspicion and faced with the necessity of starting at the bottom and proving one's worth all over again.

Hollywood is not always kind to the stranger within its gates. Especially that rival stranger, the stage star. Not that it is meant for unkindness—it's only self-preservation—but the effect is often the same.

Tears have been shed for the struggling extra fighting for a foothold in this mad movie game. But few, I believe, have ever realized the bitterness, and heartbreak, and the withering that many successful stage stars have had to face in Hollywood—unfriendliness from jealous screen players; unfamiliarity with the strange medium of the screen; homesickness for Broadway and friends.

It has been a stiff battle for many—too stiff for some who gave up the struggle and returned to the Broadway that honors them. Some others, unwilling to admit defeat, have stuck it out and have been rewarded with screen popularity and the friendship and admiration that always accompanies success.

I was discussing this situation with Frank Fay, one of the stage stars who has bridged the chasm between stage and screen after the usual period of trial and probation.

"It is so new, so strange," he explained. "It's just like starting all over again. Former triumphs count for little. You've got to make good from the word go."

We were back stage at the Palace Theater in New York. On a brief vacation from Hollywood, Mr. Fay was back for a two-week engagement at his old stomping ground. I watched him from the wings as he strolled nonchalantly onto the stage, and heard the audience greet him with gay applause before he uttered a word. They were welcoming him like a long-lost son.

If you have ever seen Fay on any of his numerous vaudeville tours of the country, it isn't likely you have forgotten his nonsensical chatter about his eccentric family of string savers. He has told that story for years, but it only grows funnier with repetition.

And it is not the audience alone that enjoys it. At every performance, as he begins his turn, his fellow players on the bill gather in the wings and listen to Mr. Fay convulse the audience with his hilarious monologue and impromptu bits. Such interest from fellow actors is a rare tribute.

Fay occupies a unique position in that transient hall of fame, the Palace Theater, the mecca of vaudeville artists.

To be retained for a second week is a feather in an actor's cap. But Frank Fay holds the endurance record. At one time he remained for twelve consecutive weeks—a record that remains unapproached.

He didn't headline for twelve weeks, however. He was engaged for one week merely as a featured attraction to bolster up a weak bill, and his success was such that he was retained as master of ceremonies for the succeeding eleven weeks.

In other words, Fay is something of a favorite along the Main Stem. But when he arrived in Hollywood last winter, he was, in the eyes of the movie folk, just another actor trying to take the bread from the mouths of starving movie stars.

"I can understand their point of view," Fay considered, as he leisurely applied light make-up for his performance. Before him, stuck in the frame of the dressing-table mirror, was a magazine reproduction of a photograph of Barbara Stanwyck, otherwise Mrs. Fay.

"After all, we stage people were interlopers. And some actors have a disagreeable way of thinking they know everything, and an air of condescending to the movies. Which, of course, doesn't make for pleasant relations.

"But you know movie stars have often taken fliers into vaudeville, and I can't remember ever having heard the vaudeville actors squawking. After all, there's room for everybody. It's all rather amusing, I think, to watch the situation."

That remark is, I believe, typical of Fay. To him, folks are amusing, whatever they do. He goes through life leisurely. He speaks with an effortless drawl. His movements are unhurried. It's difficult to imagine Fay becoming upset, or flurried, or excited. He watches the passing show and is amused.

I can picture him regarding Hollywood in some of its haywire phases, with that slow, tolerant smile and disarming composure, plainly amused and somewhat puzzled at the feverish excitement of those about him.

"On the other hand," he continued, "I understand perfectly well the difficult position of the stage actor out there, for I was in that position myself.

"I guess it's a blow to an actor's professional pride when he gets to thinking he's some punkins on the stage, and then goes to Hollywood and feels like a rank beginner. I love the movie business now, but I never went through anything tougher than my first few weeks there.

"You see, a stage actor is as ignorant as an extra, when it comes to knowing the technique of the screen, which is radically different.
Somebody's Sister

It annoys Mary Brian that even blasé interviewers strike a big-brother attitude, and warn her against rich desserts and naughty plays, the result of her air of sheltered sweetness that is disarming.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

MARY BRIAN is a sweet child. She is prettier off the screen than on, demure, unspoiled, and young. She is much as you would expect her to be.

Al Wilkie was Dadda at luncheon and I was Big Brother. It annoyed Mary.

We told her what desserts were in season, advised her against the wickeder plays current in Manhattan, and looked after her welfare in a spacious way.

"I wish," Mary wished, "that some one would meet me without feeling brotherly. I have a brother and I don't need any more."

"People are always telling me not to forget my rubbers, and to wear heavy sweaters, and to get plenty of rest. I wish I didn't inspire so much advice."

But that is just the sort of child Mary is. And who am I to report otherwise?

Mary is the type who inspires in man that protective instinct. But she is tired of being protected. She wouldn't mind coming across a mild offensive, for a change.

Ever since "Peter Pan," Mary Brian has been turning out picture after picture, one very much like the other. She is the spirit of the eternal ingénue, epitome of the good girl, Rosie Romance herself. She is sweet, and simple, and wholesome, and the movies have capitalized these qualities for all they are worth.

Sometimes it is an auto story, sometimes a tale of the prize ring. But whether it be "Burning Up" or "The Man I Love," you may depend upon it that Mary will be the faithful heroine waiting patiently through all the plots in the world to reward the hero with a fade-out kiss.

In Hollywood they say Buddy Rogers pays her court. Also Jack Oakie and others.

We were talking about nothing in particular when the subject of actresses came up. "I don't see what you find interesting in them," said Mary. "They're practically human."

Actresses are always different, I told her. "Actors are not," I added. "There was no retort. "That doesn't apply to Buddy Rogers," I said. Still there was no come-back. "Because he isn't an actor," Mary Brian raised a demure face, with a still more demure smile.

"So what do I say?" she asked.

That her years of trouping have stood her in good stead was apparent by the calm manner in which she approached the first day of shooting "The Royal Family," in which she is surrounded by stage folk of training and experience.

Henrietta Crosman, star of yesteryear, was playing Mary's grandmother, and Ina Claire, luminary of Broadway, if not of Hollywood, was playing her mother. Then there was Fredric March in the leading rôle, and the superb German actor, Arnold Korff, doing a character part. The array of acting talent was enough to disconcert any young actress. But Mary was as calm as a moonlit lake.

"It's marvelous playing with a cast like this," she said. "They are inspiring. The whole thing is so different from the ordinary program picture. It's a treat to play in a thing like this. I hope it will be good."

She is naive in more ways than one. Some one mentioned "Young Sinners," and Mary said, "Oooh, I've heard about that one. I must see it." Harry Richman was reported doing a talking short in the studio that day. "I'd love to hear him sing a number," said Mary.

She would like nothing better than to escape from the stereotyped heart-interest rôles that inevitably fall to her lot, but down in her heart she realizes her limitations. She knows that her naïveté is apparent and a trifle overwhelming, stamping her "ingénue" from the outset.

"No," she said with a sigh. "I don't want to do wicked women. I guess I wouldn't fool anybody."

She has a cute, barely perceptible brogue that makes "any" almost "inny."

"I'm a nice girl. You know. And the directors know it. So there you are. And here I am. But sometimes when they cast me in unusual atmosphere, as in the Civil War film I did with Gary Cooper and Phil Holmes, I get a chance to step out and really act a bit. If you want to call it acting," she added with maidenly modesty. Everything about Mary is maidenly and there is no doubt in my mind about her modesty. The violet is obtrusive in comparison.

She had been seeing things in New York, but not the usual things. There had been no night clubs, no speakeasies and just a touch of theater. "Lysistrata" had been sneaked into her play-going, strangely enough, and Mary had little to report of its bawdy humor. "I guess it was all right," she said.

For a girl of twenty-one she is normally intelligent, bright but not sparkling, wise, perhaps, but certainly not

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Even under the scrutiny of an Oettinger, opposite, Mary Brian is exactly the charming, feminine, and wholesome girl her fans see on the screen, a little irked, perhaps, by the protective instinct she arouses in men, but sweetly so.
HERE TO STAY

Those who have seen Marlene Dietrich, in “Morocco,” will not ask why, and those who have yet to see her have a treat in store.

Originally brought by Paramount to this country for one picture, the German actress was prevailed upon to sign a contract for others as soon as her quality was glimpsed. Thus we find a mother torn by longing for her little girl denying herself the long journey to her native land in order to seize opportunity while she may. Fräulein Dietrich is seen, above, in her latest photograph and, left, in her new picture, “Dishonored,” with Gustav von Seyffertitz.
Tillie the Toiler sees her dream realized by Constance Bennett, in "Sin Takes a Holiday," as a stenographer who enjoys the cream of life just by being herself.

Miss Bennett, above, is Sylvia, a rich man's secretary who becomes his wife in name only to save him from marrying a woman he doesn't love. Then it's Paris, beautiful gowns, a nice allowance, and no cares at all, until love sends her back home to the husband who has learned to adore her by long distance. Miss Bennett, right, with Kenneth MacKenna.
Joan Crawford, at top of page, is Mary Turner, who is caught by John Miljan in an attempt to rob the home of her husband's rich father. Kent Douglass is Bob Gilder, the husband.

Miss Crawford, above, is seen at the moment she is confronted by Mr. Douglass, whom she marries to avenge the wrong done her by his father.

Mr. Douglass, right, well known on the stage as Douglass Montgomery, is aware only of the beauty and charm of Miss Crawford, for he has no knowledge of her prison record.
Daughter Goes Dramatic

with one of the strongest rôles ever written in "Within the Law."

Joan Crawford, at top of page, proclaims herself a dramatic actress when she is sentenced to hard labor, while William Bakewell tries to steady her.

Miss Crawford, above, vows to get even with the millionaire who railroaded her to prison.

Does Miss Crawford, left, think of her glamorous heroines of past pictures as she toils with Marie Prevost?
Oh, Night

Evelyn Laye, distinguished star of screen by Samuel Goldwyn, with his in “One

Evelyn Laye, at top of page, is Lilli, a poor flower girl in a Budapest café who is persuaded by Fritzi, a notorious demi-mondaine to go in her place to see Count Mirko, who will thus be deceived by the innocent girl into granting Fritzi freedom from police interference.

John Boles, left, as Count Mirko, hereditary magistrate of the province, mistakes Lilli for Fritzi and falls in love with her in spite of her reputation. The girl, wearing lovely gowns and jewels for the first time, listens against her will to Mirko's pleas.
of Love!

English operetta, is brought to the accustomed taste and eye for beauty, Heavenly Night."

Driven almost to madness by the lovely creature masquerading as some one else, Mirko seizes Lilli, at top of page, and declares his passionate love. The girl cannot resist the man she has learned to adore.

Lilyan Tashman, as Fritzi, right, comes upon the scene and finds Mirko so attractive that she plans another conquest and wonders why she denied herself that pleasure by sending Lilli in her stead. But Mirko gives her the cold shoulder and forces her to tell where he can find Lilli. In the flower girl's bare garret they sing of love everlasting.
Colonial days are revived in a picturization of a novel that describes the early settling of Kentucky by brave pioneers from Virginia.

John Mack Brown, at top of page, center, tells Guinn Williams, Russell Simpson, and Eleanor Boardman of the great country discovered by Daniel Boone across the mountains. They set forth on the perilous adventure and meet with all the hardships imaginable until finally they reach Harrod's Fort, the settlement already established and fighting for its life in the hostile country.

Eleanor Boardman, left, as Diony, the wife who marries another man when her husband is given up for dead and who, on his return, is forced to choose between them.
One is considered quaint in Hollywood if lunch does not suggest the Brown Derby as the place where eating is both a pleasure and a smart affair, and where one sees and is seen.

By Margaret Reid

In Hollywood the consumption of food is a ceremony, not only in the quality and preparation of the viands offered. A very vital element of the ritual is that it be conducted in the right place. It is not a matter of how many head waiters greet you by name, but how amiably the head waiter of the correct joint welcomes you.

At present you are proved socially established if Nick will hold a table for you against the querulous throng waiting in the entrance of the Brown Derby. For, of course, to lunch elsewhere is rather quaint and slightly peculiar.

The Brown Derby, presented to a gratified community about two years ago, is a restaurant of a type which had been sadly needed in Hollywood. A smart, roomy, and discerningly managed place, it offers really excellent food. Unlike most places which have catered to movie trade and, inclusively, to a tremendous tourist following, the Brown Derby's chef has not grown careless after the clientele was assured. The menu retains its excellent quality, even after two years of standing room only— which augurs well for its span of popularity.

The Derby's owner and proprietor is Herbert Somborn, to whom Gloria Swanson was formerly married. It is only one of his several important ventures around town, but he has given it a generous share of thought and attention. Studying the general tastes, idiosyncrasies, and requirements of his clientele, he has developed a restaurant which fits perfectly the needs of a studio patronage, even captious as such a trade is.

On Vine Street, a few doors south of Hollywood Boulevard and next door to the Braxton Gallery, it presents a white stucco facade with nice economy of ornamentation. A correspondingly simple and attractive interior is large, cool, and inviting. Done in shades of brown, during the day the light filters in through amber windows and orange curtains and, at night, the glow of electricity is the same subdued amber tone.

The Derby doors are never closed. It is at luncheon and dinner that the crowd waiting for tables is thickest, but at any hour tourist curiosity may be satisfied.

Luncheon, except for those slaves who have to be back on the set, is a leisurely ritual extending from twelve thirty to two or three. Cinema problems are argued and settled at every table, except those where enraptured fans neglect their dessert for Evelyn Brent's profile. The dinner rush ends at eight thirty, when the Derby relinquishes its occupants to the theaters. After theater hours it is crowded again, until two or three in the morning. Following this, up to five or six, there are stragglers returning from late parties, who drop in for the tonic tomato juice so comforting to a cocktail-ridden palate, or sometimes for an early breakfast before retiring.

While strictly conservative, the atmosphere of this restaurant is also informal. Most of the patrons know each other and spend as much time wandering around friends' tables as at their own. The Derby is particularly gratifying to exiled New Yorkers, who find it the best Hollywood has to offer as substitute for their own metropolitan aura.

So essential has the Derby become to Hollywood routine that even a fire was not allowed to interfere with its business. A short time ago, around two in the afternoon, a blaze broke out in Mr. Somborn's apartment above the restaurant. It spread rapidly and the crowded tables were hastily vacated. For two hours a highly

Continued on page 117
It’s the Cupid-kist Climate

Romance flourishes in Hollywood because Old Man Weather is an ardent ally of the god of love, and the setting being highly favorable, it’s no wonder that the film city is a grand place for finding, losing, and exchanging mates.

By H. A. Woodmansee

It is said that climate has a big influence on people, and when one compares the New Englander with the Georgian, the Eskimo with the South Sea Islander, it seems reasonable. Who brought that up? as the Two Black Crows would say. Well, as everybody within broadcasting distance of Los Angeles knows, sunny southern California has more climate to the square inch than any other known region. It boasts a year-round mildness that makes life in the open an uninterrupted affair, and sunshine, sunshine, sunshine. Something besides flowers ought to sprout under such skies—and it does!

When you hear about the incredible blooming and fading of Hollywood romances, lay part of the blame on the climate! For in many, many ways, the insinuating overtones of filmland’s out-of-door life influence courtships and even marriages and divorces. It’s a sly old climate, gently but persuasively pleasing, slipping over its little jokes on the susceptible of movietown, giving them a good time, and sometimes making them pay for it.

Let’s see some of the ways in which Old Man Climate plays Cupid in Hollywood. His particular delight is in bringing together fellows and girls who might be pretty lonely, or preoccupied with their work, in other towns. Romances bud with difficulty in harsh climates and congested cities. Most young people who go to some metropolitan mecca to seek fame and fortune find conditions conspiring to keep them from making friends among the opposite sex. They have to live in furnished rooms and have no place to entertain acquaintances. Except for a short season when park benches and suburban resorts are available, they have no place to go that doesn’t cost money. Even to take a stroll means a session of dodging traffic and outdoorsing a bedlam of truck horns, trolley cars, and elevated trains. Restaurant têtes-a-têtes and taxi soirées come high. The great cost of being together, and the rush and bustle of the crowded metropolis, do everything in their power to put a crimp in romance. Thousands of lonely struggling in great cities get their only taste of romance in their brief summer vacations.

Romance on wheels is a favorite outdoor sport that appeals to everybody but the cops on duty.

But things are quite different in Hollywood, where Old Man Climate is more indulgent. Under his benignant sway, life moves at a lazier pace. There’s a feeling in the air of this sun-baked town that there’s plenty of time to get acquainted. Work doesn’t seem so engrossing as it does in more rugged climes, and nobody is too busy or too preoccupied to take notice of every handsome face, of every well-turned ankle. It’s Old Man Climate whispering in every ear, “Take it easy; work isn’t so important. Have a good time; you’re young only once!” It’s the siren song that is heard everywhere in the spring and summer, but in Hollywood it is heard the year round.

Lovers, no matter how poor they may be, find it easy to meet, to go places, to carry on romance under the most favorable conditions. Parks and resorts are available throughout the year. The fellow or girl who would have to be content with a furnished room in many cities is able to rent an apartment, or even a small bungalow, in certain sections of the city. He or she may have roses and sunshine outside the door, and a view that a millionaire might envy, and even though, as is frequently the case, the shack is so flimsily constructed that breezes sift through the boards and blillow out the wall paper, that matters little in such a gentle climate. It means a place to receive friends, to give merry dinners and parties.

The boy and girl friends, who would have to hop trolleys and dodge traffic in many a city, find transportation in Hollywood more fitting to romance. Nobody is too poor to own a battered old flivver, which may sell for as little as thirty-five dollars. The contraption may be, and usually is, parked in the street, and there is never any worry about the radiator freezing up, or about getting stuck in a snowdrift. Even if the car will not run, the romantically inclined couple are satisfied. It makes a good observation platform, a place to sit and talk, and even a place to make love.

Many of the Hollywood youngsters have no reticence about showing their affection in public. It is
It's the Cupid-kist Climate

no uncommon sight to see and hear an old-style Ford tearing up Hollywood Boulevard loaded to the gunwales with boys and girls, arms and bodies interlocked, heads bobbing about on shoulders. In fact, romance on wheels is a considerable problem to the Hollywood police. A number of officers are detailed to patrol the side streets of the town and the highways leading into it, flashing searchlights into parked cars. At eight o'clock every evening, the entrances to Griffith Park, on the edge of Hollywood, are barred with heavy chains, and woe to the couple that are stranded within! There is nothing for them to do but to abandon their cars and walk out of the park.

With the engine of the old diviner tuned up, the tires patched, and everything set to go, the world lies before the impoverished young couple. Any old day in the year, in this climate, they can drive to the mountains, the desert, the ocean resorts. The roadsides swarm with eating places. If they find such resorts as the Zulu Hut, the Stable Café, the Jungle, or the Plantation Café too expensive, there are plenty of other places just about as colorful where a jitney or two will get them service. They may stop at the Barbecue Cave for a bite, at an imitation Spanish mission or iceberg for a cold drink, or at a shop masquerading as a gigantic ice-cream cone or freezer for frozen dauntries. "Pedigreed Pups!" shouts the sign of a hot-dog stand, while "Love at First Bite!" retorts a dispenser of hamburger sandwiches. They're just a pair of strugglers who can't get past the studio gateman, very likely, but they've got a car, an open road before them, and the whole world of concessions and wants to serve them. Royal lovers mounted on flapping fenders!

In the spring they may pawn their winter overcoats to buy gasoline, and make a pilgrimage to the desert, to witness the annual miracle of the wasteland gorgeously blooming with wild flowers. The mountains call them, for the barren slopes are covered with fresh green, and even the dry southern California rivers, which are the subject of jests most of the year, are raging torrents. No trouble now to find a babbling brook beside which to eat a picnic lunch!

In summer, when the land is scorched under the relentless, dry heat, the ocean resorts beckon them. One sees many an old car, laden with couples in bathing suits, beachward bound. Some of them are going to Venice, the Coney Island of southern California; others are going as far away from crowded midways and candy-sticky crying children as they can get.

Even at Christmas time Old Man Climate is still coaxing the boy and girl friend to get together in out-of-door romance. Though the store windows may be filled with energetic climate. They may bury themselves in their business, in their books, or in their careers. But not in Hollywood. Old Man Climate is working hand in hand with Cupid every minute of the day.

If you don't believe it, consider the romances of the stars that are forever cropping out in the news. Engagements, marriages, divorces are the order of the day, not only among the comparatively few known to the public, but among the rank and file of movie people. Off with the old loves, on with the new—a romance a minute!

Not all the hectic activity in matrimonial statistics can be checked up to the climate, of course, but it plays a part. Apparently some of the Cupid-smitten can't get married or divorced quickly enough. They go to Mexico in their impatience to get into the bonds of matrimony, and fly to Reno to get out of them.

Can it be possible that there is something in the seductive summery indolence of the climate that deludes people into thinking they are in love when they are not? In more frigid places, apparently unaccountable infatuations have been checked up to the intoxicating effect of spring on a young man's fancy, or to the idyllic associations of a summer vacation. In any event, Hollywood is a dangerous place to be if one wants to stay single.

It is surprising at what an early age the Hollywood young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. And the young lady's fancy is, if anything, a little quicker still on the trigger. Of course, in a community filled with world-celebrated great lovers the force of example is tremendous. But remember, also, that boys and girls mature very quickly under the southern sun. Many a girl born and bred in southern California passes for twenty-one when she is fourteen or fifteen. The boys, too, shoot up like beanstalks.

Like adolescent boys and girls everywhere, they like to pretend they are older than they are. And it's very easy to get away with the deception, especially with visitors from the East. The romantic life starts early and ends late.

The town is, in a sense, the Land of the Lotus Eaters, where one finds it easy to forget all but the present. The romantic may have had a hard and rocky past, filled with disappointments and privations, and a very uncertain future, but it's hard to be despondent about it while the sun warms one comfortably, the ocean sparkles and Old Man Climate whispers that it's great just to be alive.

Romance is inevitable in a country where everybody has a place to entertain his "gang."
LOVE. What a wonderful thing the screen makes it out to be! What a gorgeous, breath-taking affair is screen romance! Particularly when practiced by such pleasing romanticists as Rod La Rocque and Billie Dove, George O'Brien and Olive Borden, William Haines and Joan Crawford, or Richard Dix and Mary Brian.

Day after day, week after week of desperate, delightful love, raised to the nth degree of perfection by the movie stars. Think of the love-making that Edmund Lowe, Richard Barthelmess, or Conrad Nagel must perpetually endure in their pictures. Romance and more romance—love, love, love! Is it any wonder that the stars become bored and weary of love-making? For even the most delicious pastry becomes sickening after too many helpings.

And then they marry—in private life. What for? Is it the romantic urge that prompts most modern marriages? Or is it not true that to many whose professional life is so filled with make-believe romance, and whose natural romantic cravings are sated by too much of its glamour, marriage is honestly an intellectual oasis in a desert of love?

Of course, there must be the element of romance in any marriage; it is the ingredient which is practically indispensable, although it may take the form of admiration or respect. The occasional marriage without romance one reads about is considered in the light of an oddity. But we are contrasting the marriages of film people with the love matches of everyday boys and girls.

It seems inevitable that the stars become jaded by the honeyed affections they are called upon continually to exhibit in their work. "Real, honest-to-goodness love!" the directors insist. "Act as though you really loved him." This kind of work, day after day, in scene after scene.

On the screen Eddie spends his days embracing Billie Dove or Dolores del Rio, while Lilyan, through her half-shut lids, entices the students of the Bachanola school of vamping.

And that long-enduring union of James Cruze and Betty Compson which late!y came to an end. Cruze, the veteran director, was far from being the romantic lover of Betty's picture-romances. I believe that to Betty he was more a father, a protector—some one to run to when she was tired or troubled—for Betty is of the fragile, feminine type that needed a man like James Cruze to take care of her.

Pity the
Fed up on the sugary moments," the leading girl in the ranks of plain, unromantic fellowship in their

By Willard

If you had played pass in the corner all morning and all afternoon, would you want to go home and play pass in the corner all evening? The stars, being intelligent people, would not, and seek a restful escape in marriage and domesticity.

Too, they tire of the stereotyped movie lover. The exaggerated kisses and embraces, which thrill the public, become a bit too much of a good thing. The ardent infatuations become silly.

Many an actress, used to the gallant attentions and poetic idolizing of the screen's greatest lovers, picks for her marital companion one who has few or no claims to romantic attributes.

There is, for instance, the marriage of Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, frankly a pact between two mature and sophisticated people. They speak of their domestic amity, but there is none of the love-Eddie-and-Eddie-loves-me attitude of the average youthful love-birds, no billing and cooing.

Eddie's conversation is usually of tennis or Lil's very commendable cuisine. Lilyan prates of antique screens and Staffordshire ware.
Poor Sheik

love-making of the screen's "big players pick their husbands from mantic men who have more good-
make-up than "It."

Chamberlin

Their marriage was one of respect and companionship, decidedly not one of romance. And on the screen—what movie lover has not fallen victim to the charms of the bewitching Betty? So the purely romantic elements that her married life lacked were found in her mimic life!
The colorful Estelle Taylor, whose vivid personality fits well into films of Spanish setting, has been loved on
the set by such dark-skinned seniors as Ricardo Cortez and Antonio Moreno, not to mention John Barrymore, Lloyd
Hughes, George O'Brien, and Roland Drew. But the man of Estelle's choice was not a handsome lothario; just Jack
Dempsey, rough-and-ready good fellow, whose heart
meant more than his face to Estelle.
The wiles of Baclanova have
snared such handsome boys as Neil Hamilton, Richard Arlen, Warner Baxter, and Leslie Fenton. In fact, the
glistening, lithe Russian has made a
sort of hobby of snaring young men. But in real life—
commanplace real life—Baclanova
chooses the very Russian, very
suave Nicholas Soussanin—by no
means handsome in the American sense
of the word.
Soussanin is not young, nor is he
romantic; he is not the logical choice of the siren. Somewhere this seems to be more an artistic marriage—Baclanova, the actress and musician; Soussanin, the very artistic screen villain. Perhaps this is merely an intuition, but theirs does not resemble a romantic union.
Eleanor Boardman's choice was somehow characteristic of her personality. There is nothing glittering, nothing striking or brilliant, about the charming Eleanor—she is not tinged with the lure of the actress. And her wedding had none of the flamboyant tinsel of many movie marriages. King Vidor is by no means the ardent
lover nor the dashing-hero type. Quiet, both in love with their home and work, they did not seek high romance in their marriage. They live happily in a rambling Mexican hacienda, and in films Eleanor is loved gorgeously by John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, and Edmund Burns.
Phyllis Haver, erstwhile powder puff of screenland, flitting in turn with Don Alvarado, Victor Varconi, and James Murray, falling head over heels in love with handsome lads who blended so well with her blond vivacity, found real romance less juvenile. Her choice was safely over twenty-one, and he would not win a cup in a masculine beauty contest. But he was Phyllis's ideal, and she loved him well enough to give up her career in films. All of which shows that love is not made up entirely of "wonderful faces and chivalrous graces."
And Carmel Myers—whose week-ends are spent loving and luring behind veiled
curtains to the music of muted violins. A woman who would love an apache or a masked dancer. Seductive Carmel, whose slant eyes and crimson lips have enchanted the screen's handsomest men—Valentino, Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, John
Gilbert, William Haines—whose screen life has been a whirlwind of passionate and frivolous escapades, weds Ralph Blum. Distinguished, successful, plainly a man of the financial and business world, who would assuredly plead innocent to any knowledge of boudoirs and
negligees. So strikingly different from Carmel's screen lovers! It is a fair guess that being constantly the temptress in pictures has wearied Carmel of the glamour of love-making. For her husband she chose a man practical of the every-day world.

Eleanor Boardman did not look for a dashing hero in King Vidor.
Florence Vidor's marriage to Jascha Heifetz bears few of the earmarks of glamorous romance or vivid courtship. Rather is it a platonic combination, made up of two highly intelligent people. Jascha is the musician, Florence—always the grand lady of films—is his wife and companion. They travel the world together on his concert tours. Music, society, travel. Such are the ingredients of this marriage, plainly one of distinct cultural quality.

Laura La Plante preferred William Seiter, the director, to all her perfect screen moments with Joseph Schildkraut, Neil Hamilton, and John Boles. Seiter, always the director, carelessly groomed, but with more than the suave polish of the others to Laura.

May McAvoy and Maurice Cleary, Esther Ralston and George Webb—there are numbers of others whose marriages are something besides mere infatuations.

While Marion Davies, who remains Hollywood's most conspicuous bachelor girl, has perhaps too great a sense of humor to succumb to the routine of the perfect little wife!

And, before we end the lesson, there is Norma Shearer. Loved by the worldly Lew Cody, by Basil Rathbone, and practically every leading man in films, including Robert Montgomery, she took seriously only the love-making of a studio executive, Irving Thalberg. It is true that the three mimic suitors mentioned were not eligible, so far as current marriage ties would permit, but their lovemaking on the screen is sufficiently realistic to have inclined Norma to lend an ear to a leading man not already married had she chosen to do so. But no. It was the quiet, self-contained businessman—whose technique in love-making is, to say the least, not practiced—who awoke Norma to the existence of real love.

Consider, too, Dorothy Revier, until recently married to a director with none of the qualities noted in her screen suitors. Nor can we overlook Norma Talmadge, who wed the prosaic and practical Joseph Schenck.
The Last Laugh

Some of the foreign players hastily sacked by the producers because of their accent, are now at home competing with the multilingual films made in Hollywood for European trade.

By Elsi Que

Of course you speak French, Spanish, German, and English—but how is your Russian?

In the not remote future this question may be put to picture aspirants along with the customary queries as to wardrobe, dancing ability, and so on. It is beginning to dawn on American producers, with something of that heavy morning-after feeling, that the price of their talkie spree will be considerably more than the industry can afford, unless something is done promptly to meet the problem of supplying the foreign market with multilingual films. This Metro-Goldwyn and Paramount are doing to some extent.

Europe and South America, whose trade provides more than twenty per cent of film revenue, have seized upon talking pictures with avid interest. At first the foreign fan went to the talkies to marvel at the novelty of them. Now the novelty has worn off, and he wants the film drama in his own language, and in the voices of his favorite stars. Nor will he again be satisfied with silent versions, retitled for foreign consumption, in the old manner.

It looks as though the

Arlette Marchal's exquisite French is appreciated at home.

Photo by Bache

who were turned away from Hollywood, because they couldn't manage English vowels and consonants, and who, judging by the sadness of their departure, felt that they were leaving their brightest hopes and dreams behind them, are finding themselves unexpectedly up to their knees in clover in the homelands. Jannings is to return, however, for talkies in English and German.

But for that precipitous and ill-judged dismissal, they might all have been making pictures in their respective languages on the Hollywood lot right now. And the foreign-trade problem wouldn't be looming quite so large on the horizon of our harassed producers.

There is no question but that Europe is in deadly earnest about getting her share of the talkie pie. At present the fight is being waged over technicalities involving patent rights to sound-recording apparatus, but with the settlement of these confused issues—and there will eventually be a workable settlement—the quality of output will once more become the deciding factor.

It will be squarely up to us, if we wish to keep our leadership, to provide pictures in several languages, and more of them than have so far been produced. In a few instances, after the English
The Last Laugh

Vera Voronina came here from success abroad—and went back to it.

version of a film was completed, Spanish, French, and German casts used the sets to make copies of it for the foreign trade. "One Glorious Night" was filmed in three languages, and Greta Garbo performed "Anna Christie" in German.

This opens up an interesting vista. It suggests a decided check to the so-called Americanization of the world with which the silent movie was credited. It will mean that foreign versions will receive individual treatment in the hands of the different directors who make them. The plot will remain the same, but the handling will show decided variations.

Foreign directors in Hollywood, heretofore baffled and handicapped by the American viewpoint, will now be encouraged to present their product in the form most likely to appeal to the country for which it is designed—brittle sophistication for France, gooey sentimentality for Germany, stark realism for Russia. The glittering optimism and rampant materialism of America carried to the far corners of the earth by the silent screen, will now be shaded and colored with the somber reflections of older civilizations. Does it mean the end of our supremacy as missionaries?

And what of the stars of to-day who must meet this startling new competition? A very few are gifted linguistically, but most of them have been frantically "boning up" on the one language at their command, in order to meet the requirements of the talking screen. One or two find themselves in unexpectedly favorable positions, and likely to be even better off in the immediate future. Bebe Daniels is one.

Credited with being one of the best troupers in the game, Bebe plugged along for years with Paramount, in a series of slap-dash dramas which netted her more broken bones and bruises than com-

mendation. Her contract with that company was not renewed last year, and some of her fans felt that it was a step down for her when she signed with RKO. Then came the discovery of her fine singing voice and her smashing hit in "Rio Rita." She speaks Spanish fluently. With the South American market demanding films in that language, and with Bebe already firmly established as a star, the future looks bright for her, even should she make nothing but Spanish films, or Spanish versions of American films.

Of course this is not likely to happen, at least for some time. But think of pictures that might be made with Spanish-speaking stars now in Hollywood, which would go like wildfire below the Rio Grande. There is Barry Norton, a native of the Argentine, Donald Reed, of Mexico, Lupe Velez and Dolores del Rio, also of Mexico, Raquel Torres and Armida, Ramon Novarro, Gilbert Roland, Antonio Moreno, and Don Alvarado, to mention a few of the outstanding ones. Some of these have already made the experiment, notably Moreno and Roland.

After a brief but spectacular flare-up, Baclanova, the beautiful Russian with the Persian-cat eyes, seems to have nearly faded from view for the time being. For some reason not made public, Paramount did not take up their option on her services. Perhaps they found her supercharged personality too overpowering to suit the stories then on hand, or maybe they couldn't find stories in which her accent would be acceptable. We do not know if Baclanova speaks French and German, but probably she does, since she was trained for opera. The Soviet Republic probably would snap up any films in which she appeared, and the Russian colony in Los Angeles would supply all the atmosphere necessary for some far-seeing producer who chose to specialize in Russian films. An added attraction—from the Soviet point of view—would be the appear-

Continued on page 115

Renée Adorée, teamed with Chevalier, would be a riot in France.
IMAGINE THEM TOGETHER IN ONE PICTURE! The most amazing combination of world famous stars ever brought to the screen!

Lawrence TIBBETT and Grace MOORE

In the year's towering talkie achievement

"NEW MOON"

with ADOLPH MENJOU and Roland Young

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.

...She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
Out of a Paris Studio She Came—

Caprice, in love with an American artist, but giving up everything to help her father, went on her great adventure from the Latin Quarter of Paris to a wealthy home in New York. There she hoped to receive from her dying grandfather funds that would carry her father artist through his difficulties.

But there were relatives who had other plans in view, and soon Caprice found herself facing alone a little world of designing people. One climax follows another as Caprice overcomes odds that seem insuperable. Her dramatic story is beautifully told in

GAY CAPRICE

By Beulah Poynter

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Price, 75 Cents
Richard Cromwell first! For when a twenty-year-old amateur comes across with a performance such as he gives in "Tol'able David," it is the duty of every conscientious fan to inspect the phenomenon, to check and double check the feat and compare it with what a more experienced player would have done in the same role. The comparison will leave young Cromwell victorious.

Born Roy Radabaugh, the son of a stenographer, he was an art student when he was picked for the part of the mountain boy in the revival of the famous story. He is five feet ten, weighs one hundred and forty-eight, has light-brown hair and blue-green eyes.
two secretaries and the office boy, as she crossed the outer room, and scraps of their comments added to her fear of what was to come.

"She won't be wearin' that sable scarf long," one girl whispered, and the other added, "or buying any more pearls."

Jane longed to turn on them and explain that her scarf wasn't really sable, and that her pearls had come from the ten-cent store; she'd bought them one day when she slipped away on a shopping excursion all by herself. But they wouldn't believe her, of course. In this mid place called Hollywood they accepted a person according to the bluff that was put up.

"Larry said they were all babes in Hollywood," she reflected as she opened G.'s door; "and he was right. Only J. G. isn't one of the babes. Well, here's for the worst!"

J. G. was pacing the floor of his elaborate office, smoking a huge cigar when she entered. He paused and gazed at her admiringly.

"Say!" he exclaimed, hurrying toward her, "you're the smart one, aren't you? You took me in, along with the rest! I never caught on once."

Jane said not a word, undecided whether to deny that she had been clever, or admit that she was not Spanish.

"Well, I needn't have worried for fear you'd high-hat us," he went on, sitting down beside her. "I ain't got any resentment. I can laugh at a joke as well as anybody can, even when it's on me. But listen, you ain't told anybody anything, have you? What about the reporters? Didn't break down and admit anything, did you?"

Jane shook her head.

"Fine!" He leaned back and slapped his knee. "Then we're set. Now, first of all, let this story about the elopement with the millionaire stand. You didn't have any past, see, except that bull about the bullfighter, and a girl like you needs just a little scandal to make her interesting."

"He was my uncle!" Jane exclaimed furiously.

"Sure, stick to it with me, but not with anybody else," he answered.

"But you stay Spanish, understand? From now on you're going to be so Spanish the king himself would think there was something wrong with him."

"We got your next picture lined up—the Old Man signed up a Spanish song writer in New York, when he wasn't thinking, and the guy's on his way out here. So I told the boys to throw a story together, and we'll shoot days and nights, too, and grind it out in a hurry.

"Then we'll throw some parties. I'll give some dinners for you, get some big Spaniards to come, make 'em classy. I'll round up the girls here in the studio, too—not one of 'em's given a bridge luncheon for you since you've been here! I'll tell Wilding a few things, and make her give the first one right away.

"And then we'll send you down to Mexico—sort of a good will tour or something. I'll give a statue, maybe, and you can christen it. After that you can go to South America, or Spain—yes, Spain's better. We'll make up big occasions when you can be on hand to give somebody a bunch of flowers and make a speech. Say, you're goin' to be Spanish—"

Jane leaned back exhausted. Would he never cease thinking up new horrors for her? All too vividly she remembered that dinner party of his at which she had been present. And a luncheon given by Paula Wilding—could anything be more terrible to contemplate?

"I'll show the world whether you're Spanish or not!" J. G. concluded, rising. "Now you better clear out of town for a few days: we'll announce that you're taking a rest somewhere, and I'll get the new picture fixed, so's we can begin shooting Monday."

As Jane rose to go, she summoned courage enough to ask a question.

"Larry Bishop—did he come to see you this morning?" she asked.

"Oh, that guy that sent you over here in the first place?" J. G. frowned and threw out his hands, disgusted.

"Sure! I fired him before he had a chance to get a word out. Thought he could fool me!"

Jane gasped. One moment he was telling her admiringly how clever she was to have deceived him, and planning to deceive every one else. And the next moment he was saying he'd fired the man who thought of the plan in the first place!

Gloomily she went out into the reception room, and on into the corridor. How could she ever carry out J. G.'s plans? She'd never have any peace now, never! Banquets, and bouquets with thorns that stuck into her, and a lot of dull people, or catty ones—what a future! And always there'd be Tilly Markham—she must never forget Tilly!

And Larry'd be through with her now, since he'd lost his job because of her.

Just then she saw him loitering in the hall, apparently waiting for her. He hurried forward as she called to him.

He gave her one keen glance, and took her arm.

"Gave you the works, didn't he?" he said sympathetically. "Too bad, when you had that new contract and everything. I knew he was going to fire you, when he tied the can to me. Swell guy, after all we did for him!"

Jane looked up quickly, and then looked away. His sympathy was too sweet to lose immediately by telling him the truth.

"Don't you care, honey," he went on. "You've still got me—that is, if you want me."

"Want you?" she exclaimed so emphatically that he kissed her, to the great interest of a passing stenographer.

"Do you, honestly?" he demanded. "I thought you didn't for a while, when you gave me the cold shoulder every time we met."

"You turned me down for Paula Wilding," she reminded him.

"I only went around with her to help you," he retorted. "Kept her from getting her claws into you, and through the people I met with her I got a chance to help you. But honey—you do love me?"

"I certainly do!" she answered adoringly.

"All right, then we're set. I haven't any job, but I can always go back to grinding camera. And maybe some day I can pull off a deal like the one I went to San Francisco on. Gee, if I could have swung that! Big expedition going to Africa for animal stuff. They admitted that I was the man they wanted, but they had to have somebody who'd put up money, buy an interest in the picture. So I was out. We'd have had a swell time, you and I, and I might have made a name for myself—but that's out, for the present, at least."

He seemed so downcast that she had to cheer him up.

"But, darling, J. G. didn't fire me," she told him. "He wants me to stay—only I've got to be more Spanish than ever—and go to Mexico, and Spain—"

Drearily he shook his head.

"That fixes our marriage," he said.

"I've seen too many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks, because folks didn't stick together. Even a ten-day location trip can throw a monkey wrench into the machinery."

"Then I'll resign!" promptly declared Jane. "I don't want the money, and I certainly don't want to go to Spain. I'm so sick of Spanish things I don't even want us to have a house with a patio."

"You'll be darned lucky if you have a two-room apartment, with me," Larry laughed. "Come along.

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Maureen

Little Miss O'Sullivan is being groomed for stardom, aided and abetted by Charles Farrell.

You first saw Maureen O'Sullivan as a charming newcomer with an Irish-English accent in John McCormack's "Song of My Heart." So appealing did she prove that Fox renewed her contract, concentrated on her make-up and gave her some more good roles, all with the end in view of one day starring her.

Now she is paired with popular Charles Farrell, in "The Princess and the Plumber," a whimsical romance which should ideally display their respective talent for light comedy.
let's chase over to Los Angeles and start getting married; it takes five days to drive this State.

A familiar voice came to Jane's ears just then, and she turned to see Tilly Markham at the door of J. G.'s reception room, arguing violently with one of the secretaries.

"But I got important information for him!" Tilly was sputtering. "He'll be sorry if he don't see me! He'll regret it to his dyin' day! I tell you——"

Chuckling, Jane turned and ran.

Let Tilly do her worst, now! Mrs. Larry Bishop wouldn't have to try to make the world think she was Spanish.

As they drove away from the studio, Jane, fumbling in her bag for a handkerchief, came across the letter Tilly had given her. She glanced through it, and handed it to Larry.

"Could we stop at this lawyer's office today?" she asked. "I know what he wants me to come in for—my uncle told me that he was going to leave me his money. Of course, it won't be much, probably not more than a thousand dollars or so, but that'll buy us some furniture, at least."

"It might be more," Larry suggested, but without hope.

"It's the old codgers like that who have money these days: the ones who put up big fronts just have bills."

"Well, Uncle Toots didn't have much, I know," Jane assured him.

"The relatives all thought he did, of course, but back in the town where they live even a little money looks like a lot. However, we can use it, and I'm grateful to him for wanting me to have what he left, even if it's only fifteen cents. Darling, say you love me!"

"Love's too mild a word," Larry replied.

Larry remained in the car while Jane went into the lawyer's office. He said he wanted time to make out a list of the men who owed him money, and try to figure out how he was going to collect it. Jane was gone about twenty minutes, and he was just borrowing one more cigarette from the chauffeur when she returned, her eyes blazing with excitement, her breath coming so jerkily that she could hardly talk.

"Larry!" she cried. "Larry! I can't believe it, but he says it's true. He says——"

He laughed as he helped her into the car.

"Uncle didn't leave a dime, eh?" he remarked. "Well, who cares? I'd rather support my girl myself, anyway. What's money to us?"

"But Larry——"

"Take a long breath and count ten," he advised.

She laughed happily.

"You're all wrong," she told him, her voice still trembling. "Uncle Toots left lots of money; lots! Two hundred thousand dollars! And all for me! I've been in there, signing papers and things, proving who I am——"

"And you're going to take that money and pay your bills, and invest the rest of it in government bonds," he told her.

"I am not! I'm going to invest it in that expedition, and we're going to Africa, and I'll never have to face a camera again as long as I live."

"Oh, won't you? That's just what you'll be doing the rest of your days. Who wants to see a hippopotamus unless there's a pretty girl in the offing? Look at the way Martin Johnson shoots his wife right along with the baby elephants and the lions and what not! If you think your face is going to get a vacation, you're mistaken!"

"Well, I—oh, what's that? as some one signaled to them from a car that was parking just ahead of them. "Oh, Larry, it's J. G. I come along with me while I resign."

J. G. leaned forward eagerly as Larry opened the door of his car.

"Why did you go off so quick?" he demanded. "The studio wants you right away—our man in China is sick—you're going as soon as you can get a boat."

"I am not!" Larry told him flatly. "I'm not working for you any more, not since eleven o'clock this morning, when you fired me.

"Oh, but that didn't mean anything," J. G. protested. "I'll give you a raise. You'd better hurry."

"That's what I am doing," Larry retorted carelessly. "I'm hurrying to get married, to Miss Haggerty."

"But she—she can't get married," stuttered J. G. "She's under contract to me. And say, young lady, you come in here with me now—I'm going to see a fellow that's just come from Spain——"

Jane drew back.

"I'm not going anywhere except with Larry," she told him. "And I'm resigning, right now. I'm not going to be a picture actress, or a Spaniard, or anything but just Larry's wife. I'm not going to act any more, except in animal pictures."

"Animal pictures?" J. G. leaned forward eagerly. "What animal pictures? You can't work for anybody else, not till you finish your contract with me. But that's an idea—we ain't got any animal pictures, and our program needs 'em; they're making money now. Say—to Larry—'how'd you like it if I had you make one? Where's the best animals now? Any new ones in Africa that got away from Johnson? Say, you two get in here and we'll talk it over."

"We'll talk it over to-morrow," Larry answered, drawing Jane away from J. G.'s restraining hand. "We might do it, at that."

"I just can't understand the way they do things out here!" sighed Jane, as she and Larry drove away. "First he fires you, then he wants you back. And right off the bat he decided to do an animal picture——"

"Oh, he's like every one out here," Larry answered. "As soon as one person has anything, or does anything, that's just what everybody else wants, like children who want each other's toys. Why, if Greta Garbo began wearing a nose ring, every girl in town would weep her eyes out till she got one. Let one man make a war picture and everybody else stays up nights turning one out. Like a lot of kids, all the time. Treat 'em that way and you get along fine; treat 'em as grown-ups, and they run you ragged."

"I know," laughed Jane, moving closer to him, "just babes in Hollywood."

THE END.

STAR GAZERS

"I love the stars!" he said to me,
"They're really very fascinating."
"I'm crazy 'bout them, too," said I.
"I think John Gilbert's devastating!"
FROM the pictures on this page you will see what the spirit is of Douglas Fairbanks's new film, "Reaching For the Moon." A welcome return, say we, to the earlier form of entertainment that brought him fame.

Minus the sword of *Aristagoras* and the buskin of *Petruchio*, Mr. Fairbanks plays a lively Wall Street broker more interested in stock quotations than in cloquation—or girls.

Then along comes the one girl in the person of Bebe Daniels, who succeeds in crashing the gate that leads into his sanctum, where Doug's indifference soon flares into fascination.

Doug follows Bebe to Europe on a steamer leaving that night—anything to prevent her marriage to a titled Englishman. The picture's a gay adventure all the way through—and don't you like Bebe a bit blonde?
The Myth of Their Millions

charged with possessing colossal fortunes, as the millionaire class of the United States goes. Nevertheless, the few who have persisted toward fame over the years have been liberally rewarded. Those who have recognized the signal moment to leave the screen have also sometimes enjoyed excellent benefits. Ill health, bad investments, the struggle to keep in the limelight, which is always an expensive game, have made the road rocky for others.

Again, one of the things that has demolished many a movie fortune and much success is domestic trouble. Some of the very brightest careers have been spoiled by it. When stars take their troubles to court, there is generally plenty of disaster. Perhaps the most severe catastrophes, especially in the case of the male group, have hinged on alimony. A few have even gone to jail on that account.

The stars are the target, too, of the racketeering gang of all kinds. Sometimes they themselves lay the groundwork to be in their own family—relatives who bob up from nowhere to ask for financial aid, or perhaps even a steady living. A court of hangers-on seems to go with film celebrity, and not always are they members of the family, either. Indeed, many make a profession of finding jobs for themselves in the movie king's or queen's entourage.

At present, several stars are arranging to have their affairs taken care of by agents or investment concerns. Actors are not supposed to be gifted with great business acumen, and it is often easier to leave the entire management of a growing estate to others.

Some of these agents and investment concerns take their work so seriously that the star ranges about virtually poverty-stricken.

Worse still is the experience of that star who early in his career binds himself by contract to some one helping him to break into the movies. There have been players who have enjoyed nothing but regrets over their success because of this. The agent received more money—without effort—than the star did. Sometimes, therefore, Hollywood bears the aspect of a slave mart.

The Screen in Review

right a monarch as could be expected under the circumstances, and the cast is further ornamented by Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, and Alison Skipworth, all of whom uphold the art of speech, but to no avail.

The Will Is Read at Midnight.

If your memory is three years old you will recall "The Cat and the Canary," one of the better mystery melodramas, if not the best of all. Silence added to its eeriness, that and imaginative lighting and settings superbly managed by the late Paul Leni, the German director whose first Hollywood effort it was. Well, the same story comes again to the screen. In fact, the time is coming when no old picture will be overlooked as promising contemporary material.

This is all right, considering the feeble efforts of playwrights brought to Hollywood to write "originals" for the talksies. But I'm getting away from my subject, aren't I? The new incarnation of the old picture is called "The Cat Creeps" and very good it is, too. For one thing it boasts a real cast—Helen Twelvetrees, Raymond Hackett, Neil Hamilton, Lillian Tashman, Jean Hersholt, Montagu Love, Lawrence Grant, Theodor von Eltz, Blanche Friderici, and Elizabeth Patterson, the latter a most accomplished character actress.

Granting that melodrama in the

haunted house, where all the relatives assemble to hear the old man's will, is pretty old stuff, the skill of the assembled company makes the revelations interesting, if neither thrilling nor novel. There have been many stencils of the story, you see. But it is well told, more by the players than the director, who suffers by comparison with the sensitive Leni. Of course—in case you are in doubt—the heroine who inherits all the eccentric's wealth emerges triumphantly and presumably marries the youth she loves, in spite of all her frightening experiences.

No single performance can be picked out as being better than the others. All are expert, satisfying.

Pioneers of the Plains.

More covered wagons, more buffaloes, cows, and Indians than you've ever seen at one time before, and a wider panorama to boot, but "The Big Trail" is dull and, in the last analysis, is just another Western. A noisy "Covered Wagon," as some one has said. This is too bad, because a trifle of $2,000,000 is reported to have been expended. However, one should not shed tears over the refusal of producers to recognize that fans aren't interested in scenery so much as in people and acting. There's no one in "The Big Trail" that engages

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It's Mary!

Miss Pickford gives an inkling of what you will see in "Kiki."

Perhaps the most daring characterization ever attempted by Mary Pickford is Kiki, the impudent, playful gamín who forces her way into the office of a theatrical producer, lands a big part in his musical show and makes him fall in love with her.

The rôle was played on the stage by the fiery Lenore Ulric, and was later brought to the screen by Norma Talmadge, with Ronald Colman in the part played in the talking version by Reginald Denny.
The Screen in Review

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one's interest or sympathy and the number of bearded pioneers is appalling. They succeed in overwhelming the youthful hero and heroine, who, given a chance, might have been appealing. As it is, they are incidental figures in a grand parade from Mississippi to Oregon in the days when there were no railroads and Pullmans. Hardships are graphically pictured, together with magnificent vistas of mountain and plain, but it doesn't matter much, because one cares little whether the pioneers reach their destination or not.

The feeble love interest is sustained by Marguerite Churchill and John Wayne, a newcomer discovered in the cutting room or property department as being the only living person for the role. Mr. Wayne presents a muscular figure of young manhood, but he shouts of empire building and all the rest of the stenches in much the same manner that old-fashioned schoolboys used to recite "Casabianca," better known as "The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." Miss Churchill, most agreeable of actresses, is lost, and David Rollins, as her brother, means nothing in his Daniel Boone make-up. El Brendel, elevated to stardom on the strength of this, is funny in contrast to the dullness of his surroundings. The long cast includes Tully Marshall, Ian Keith, and Tyrone Power, to mention a few.

An Arabian Night and Day.

"Kismet" is tawdry and dull, a poor excuse for the reappearance of the veteran Otis Skinner, who starred in the play years ago and who contributed an excellent silent version to the screen some years back. But the present incarnation is unworthy both of the distinguished player as well as the modern screen. Gaudily spectacular, the production is rich enough in musical-comedy values, but it does not capture the Orient it attempts to portray. Nor is the acting otherwise. Mr. Skinner is, of course, eloquent, but time has made his portrayal shrill rather than mellow, strained rather than poised. True, he gives his utmost to Hajji, the beggar of Bagdad, whose life for twenty-four hours is followed.

In that short span he marries off his daughter to the caliph, cuts a showy figure in Bagdad social life and returns to the post of beggar before the mosque. It is fantastic, rococo, an Arabian night's dream. All very well, if one expects nothing else, but the screen has a way of showing up the flimsiness of plays that were thought poetic masterpieces years ago. And so it is with "Kismet." The cruel searchlight of the talkies shows that "Kismet" was, in its day, just so much holkin, no nearer reality and sincerity than most of the stuff that comes out of Hollywood.

Mr. Skinner is entirely expert as the beggar, but the character belongs to a vanished day. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, and Mary Duncan, ask us to accept them as talented high-school amateurs intent on excelling themselves in the annual show. Some of the lesser characters do not aim so high, being content to remain the most awkward bit players the season has disclosed. However, there stands out Edmund Breeze, in the small though significant role of Hajji's enemy. In the opinion of many, Mr. Breeze gives the most believable performance in the whole show.

Amos 'n Andy.

"Check and Double Check" is just one of those things. In no sense a picture worth considering, it becomes a big event by reason of the screen debut of the radio stars, Amos 'n Andy, who are, respectively, Freeman G. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. It stands as a freak attraction in every sense of the word. If you don't know what that is, ask Rudy Vallée. But this need not lessen your enjoyment of it, if you are Amos 'n Andy fans, as I suspect some of you are, excluding myself, are.

However, I am constrained to ask why the picture isn't better. An excellent cast, including Sue Carol, Charles Morton, Ralf Harolde, Irene Rich, and Rita La Roy, not to mention Duke Ellington and his orchestra, labor vainly to make of it anything but an excuse for the appearance of the two comedians on the screen. Considering also the collaboration of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, experts in fabricating musical comedy, the flat result is all the more incredible.

Nevertheless, Amos 'n Andy are all over the place in a juvenile story that, among other things, sends them to Harlem to spend a night in a haunted house, where they surprisingly recover papers urgently needed by the hero of the story. Their session in the house is funny as is the collapsible car that serves as the vehicle of the famous Fresh Air Taxi Company. All of which notwithstanding, Amos 'n Andy have had their one and only adventure on the screen, unless these rheumy eyes are mistaken.

Where Salmon Sport.

Without a great deal to recommend it, "The Silver Horde" is interesting to those who like melodrama in the raw. It is often confused and unconvincing in the telling. But it has magnificent shots of silver salmon whirling down the foaming river—it was photographed at the fisheries—and there are excellent performances by Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur, Blanche Sweet, Louis Wolheim and Raymond Hatton, who are the comedy team, together with Joel McCrea, a likable hero.

The most exciting episode in the life of Cherry Malotte, recently seen in "The Spillers." This time she is portrayed by Evelyn Brent and is the central figure instead of an incidental one. Whether Cherry is a realistic and sympathetic character depends on your relative evaluation of Miss Brent and Betty Compson, who played the same role in "The Spillers." In the present story she is a lady of doubtful reputation, whose heart is, just the same, pure gold. In love with Boyd Emerson, she secretly sets him up in the fishing business, only to discover that he prefers the love of a society girl. In the final showdown Cherry is disclosed as being far worthier than the other girl, and convinces Boyd that a woman may love often without being the less prepared for the big passion of a lifetime.

Miss Brent is admirable as Cherry. So is Miss Arthur, as her rival. So, indeed, are all concerned, and I think you will agree that Mr. McCrea, though lacking experience, is a most agreeable hero to look for in future pictures.

Twins Separated in Infancy.

Bert Lytell brings to the screen "Brothers," the dramatic chef-d'oeuvre which occupied him profitably for nearly a year on Broadway. The gift demonstrates two points. First, that considerable time has passed since Mr. Lytell acted in silent films and, second, that present standards make the screen, as a whole, more knowing and true to life than the stage. For "Brothers" is of the stage stage, a yarn that begins when twins are adopted, one by a rich couple, the other by a poor woman, the first to become a profligate, the other a compound of all the virtues. The rich brother, a lawyer, commits murder and the poor twin is accused, to be defended in court by the attorney whose resemblance to him no one noticed until the lawyer dramatically calls attention to it and wins his acquittal.

Then, grateful for his freedom, the good brother is persuaded to step into the shoes of the bad one while...
The Last Geste

The only surviving brother in "Beau Geste" reappears in the sequel entitled "Beau Ideal," which promises to be equally exciting, colorful, and touching.

Played by Ralph Forbes, below, John Geste is a prisoner for avenging the death of his brothers by the brutal sergeant. A fellow prisoner is Otis Madison, an American, played by Lester Vail, right.

They are discovered by the Emir, who rescues them from death only to imprison them himself. The Emir's wife, known as The Angel of Death, betrays her husband and liberates the men because she is infatuated with Otis.

Now go on with the story that the film narrates.
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has been meteoric—but life leaves the child with nothing to talk about.

Raymond Hackett's admiration of the Barrymores is all right—but his imitation of them leaves much to be desired.

William Bakewell's enthusiasm is refreshing—but his constant punning is too juvenile.

June Collyer's charm is indisputable—but her efforts to show her dimples become extremely tiresome.

Edmund Lowe is an admirable actor—but he continues acting long after he has left the studio.

Norma Shearer's clothes are ne plus ultra—but her singleness where

The Stroller Calls the Roll

others are concerned is common gossip.

George O'Brien not only acts in pictures—but tells you that he also writes most of his dialogue.

Lupe Velez has a stimulating personality—but it would be quite a relief if she would change her diet to something other than raw meat.

John Barrymore's position is well established—but the public does not always share his belief that "a Barrymore can do no wrong."

Gloria Swanson's popularity is enormous—but it would be greater if she were less abrupt in speaking to strangers.

Charles Farrell's manner is pleasantly boyish—but not dangerous enough for his father to act as bodyguard on his personal-appearance tour.

Lois Moran is extremely intelligent and well educated—but she has a passion for pinching people.

John Gillett's flip in talkies would have commanded sympathy—but he made himself ridiculous by refusing to see interviewers.

Fay Wray's beauty is great—but her heart is as cold as a landlord's where those who "knew her when" are concerned.

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the latter has a nervous breakdown. The old, old situation of an unwilling imposter deceiving parents, facing impending marriage with the fiancée of the absentee and chivalrously denying himself a kiss; then the "punch" when the girl laughingly admits her awareness of the deception all along. With, of course, a big church wedding, though one isn't told how a piano player in a dive will earn enough to satisfy a movie bride.

The picture has a certain fascination as a glimpse of old-fashioned direction, acting, and such details of furnishing as a bronze group in a lace-curtained window. Dorothy Sebastian is the optimistic heroine. Oh—and, of course, Mr. Lytell is twins.

The Bat Flaps.

Adapted from the mystery thriller of a decade ago, "The Bat Whispers" comes to the talkies minus most of the suspense which characterized the silent version. As the story stands, it is really an exhibition of endurance on the part of a middle-aged woman and the hysterical reactions of an early Mack Sennett maid to the mysterious noise caused by The Bat and a couple of other crooks in a house leased by the lady. In the play the middle-aged lady was a very elderly woman who spoke her lines much more crisply and with much more feeling than is portrayed by Gaye Hampton in the picture.

A series of early robberies by The Bat detract from, rather than heighten, the suspense.

Chester Morris wears a mask during most of the picture, thank Heaven. For when he isn't masked he mugs as even he has never been known to do before.

Una Merkel is pleasing as the niece and William Bakewell performs creditably the very little left him to do.

Maude Eburne, the maid, garners

what laughs there are, but it's horseplay, pure and simple.

The picture itself is tedious and might much better have been left wherever it has lain during these past ten years.

A Broken Pledge.

Nice people make "The Dancers" tolerable, without being interesting. The burden bearers are Lois Moran, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and Walter Byron. It is a very sentimental tale they tell. There is the gentle dance-hall girl of the Northwest in love with the young Englishman pledged to a girl back home. But when he inherits a title and returns to London he finds that the girl has forgotten her promise and is the gayest of the gay, with a Rolls-Royce, an airplane, and a thirst for night life. The dance-hall girl makes the trip, too, ostensibly to fill a professional engagement but really to go on concealing a tear behind a brave smile. Well, the youth persuades the girl of his dreams to marry him, but at the last minute she leaps into her plane and flies across the Channel. There he finds her, a year later, teaching a village school in expiation of her sins, which never went beyond late hours after all.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, once a great actress on the stage, plays a small rôle elaborately.

Backdrops Dramatized.

Once a sensation on the stage of enough dramatic importance to serve as an opera libretto for Puccini, "The Girl of the Golden West" isn't even operatic drama on the screen. Instead, it is a rather funny antique which some one thought worth filming exactly as for the stage, artificial scenery and all. Because of the stiltedness of the whole thing, dialogue, acting, and settings, it rates as

a smart burlesque on an old-fashioned melodrama of the West. There's Minnie, barmained and proprietress of a place that combines a saloon, school, and social rendezvous for the miners. A regular Pollyanna, she is a little mother to all the desperate characters who respect her innocence and purity. She is sought in marriage by Jack Roper, the sheriff, as bad a man as there ever was, but woman's intuition guides Minnie right. When Dick Johnson, a desperado, comes into her life, it is Minnie's determination to see only good in him that causes him to refrain from robbing her of the money she is keeping for her pupils. Her insistence on his goodness finally accomplishes his reform, brings to an end the sheriff's bloodthirsty pursuit of the outlaw and the renunciation of his love for Minnie in favor of the better man.

Ann Harding is miscast as Minnie in spite of the earnestness of her performance, Harry Bannister is unbelievable as the sheriff, and James Rennie's high place on the stage is nullified by a listless, often indistinct performance as the supposedly dashing bandit.

When Music Is Missed.

The popularity of Maurice Chevalier puts over "Playboy of Paris" as pleasing, though inconsequential entertainment that falls short of being the brilliant affair it should have been. This is not the fault of the cast, nor even of the story which, though taken from a musical comedy, has a certain light appeal. It lies more in the unimaginative direction and a literal, not to say heavy, touch that isn't in keeping with the material at hand. And for some reason—probably because the public is fed up with music—Mr. Chevalier sings but two songs. This
THE fans have made William Haines what he is to-day. And evidently they mean to keep him exactly as he is. Though some critics score him for persistent wise-cracking and boisterous clowning, neither Billy nor his friends have cause to take issue with them. Why? For the very good and sufficient reason that Metro-Goldwyn has signed him to a new contract of such proportions that the voice of the box-office quite overwhelms the chirps of those who think he carries things a bit too far.

Picture Play therefore rises to congratulate the Virginian, to wish him a Happy New Year—it's sure to be a prosperous one—and to applaud his fans for getting what they want.
A. B. C.—Not my old friend, alphabet soup; Phillips Holmes is under contract to Paramount; I don’t know whether Frances Dade has a contract or not. Phillips’s new film is “Confessions of a Coed.” In “Romance,” Florence Lake played Susan, the ingénue; in “The Rogue Song,” she was Nejdie, the hero’s sister. All the scolding Janet Gaynor got from critics, and so on, was because she seemed to have become temperamental. Jeanette MacDonald’s next is “Stolen Thunder.” Joan and Doug, Jr., are still honey-mooning, from all accounts, and a great vast silence reigns over Pickfair as to that separation story. You get a photo—presumably—by writing your request, with a quarter, to the star whose picture you want.

Miss Adeline Nauman.—All I know about Charles Bickford’s age is that he was born on January first, along with a new year. Cliff Edwards doesn’t tell his age, either, but he must be in his late thirties or even later. The reason you never saw Clara Bow’s films, “The Hummingbird” and “Staten S. E. X.,” is that they were never made. Announced for her, yes—but not made.

Greta.—If all questions were as simple to answer as yours, lie wouldn’t be hard at all. Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis in 1910. He has dark hair and blue eyes, is five feet eleven and weighs 155. He was formerly a banjoist and now has a contract with Universal, where you can reach him. He is single. Ginger Rogers is a New York girl who made good on the stage and played in three pictures. She is now the ingénue in “Girl Crazy,” a Broadway musical comedy. She is divorced from Jack Pepper.

V. I. O.—I’m sorry, but I know nothing about Don Jose Mejica, except that he is a Spanish actor who plays in Spanish versions of films, as a rule.

Judy.—Where’s your friend Punch? Ramon Novarro is thirty-two, and that’s authentic. However, he thinks he is shorter than his official height of five feet ten. He has several fan clubs; the one nearest you is in the hands of Marguerite B. Steins, 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo, New York. See Greta. Lew Ayres did not play in “Glorying the American Girl.” Owen Davis, Jr., played in “They Had to See Paris.” I suppose he will continue to appear on the screen from time to time; he is now on the stage in “Soldiers South.”

T. M. H.—Though Lillian Roth played in “Madam Satan,” the cast does not mention Ann Roth. Lillian’s first film was “The Love Parade,” and you can reach her at the Paramount studio.

A Sally O’Neil Fan.—Your favorite doesn’t seem to play in many pictures these days—not since “Hold Everything” and “Girl of the Port.” The latter was an RKO picture and I can only suggest that studio address for Sally, unless just Hollywood, California, would reach her. I’ll speak sharply to the editor for not publishing any late pictures of her—but maybe she hasn’t been photographed recently. Molly O’Day is Sally’s only sister, so far as I know, and they have a brother Jack.

M. G. S.—David Newell says only that he was born on January 23rd. While still attending the University of Missouri, he established a community playhouse, and after graduation went on the stage. It was while he was appearing opposite Ethel Barrymore that Paramount signed him for his first screen role in “The Hole in the Wall.” I don’t think he is married.

Joan Crawford Fan.—Listing all Joan Crawford’s pictures would keep me up all night. Surely you wouldn’t want to do that! Her first film, in 1926, was “I’ll Tell the World.” Her first starring film was “Our Dancing Daughters.” Joan was born May 23, 1906. She is five feet four and weighs 120. To join Joan’s fan club, write to Helen Cohn, 3628 First Street, Long Beach, California.

Irving Hamilton.—Glad to welcome you in the ranks of Picture Play readers, and by all means write me again. The “Four Sons” were Joseph, James Hall, Frank, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Johann, Charles Morton; Andreas; George Meeker. Margaret Mann was the mother. Besides Billie Dove, the cast of “Careers” included Antonio Moreno, Thelma Todd, Noah Beery, Holmes Herbert, Carmel Myers, Robert Fraser, and Sojin. Supporting Polo Negro, in “Loves of an Actress,” were Nils Asther, Mary McCAllister, Richard Tucker, Philip Strange, Paul Lukas.

A. S. N. Scott.—Questions coming all the way from Singapore must, of course, be answered. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1906. She has auburn hair with brown eyes, is five feet tall and weighs 100. I believe she learned to play the ukulele for her talking-singing career. Charlie Farrell was born in Watpole, Massachusetts, in 1905. He is brown, six feet and weighs 175. After Janet’s divorce over roles and salary with Fox, she has returned to that studio and will be seen with Charlie again in “The Man Who Came Back.”

Wendell Gulden.—When I finish your questions, I’m going to ask for a vacation—but it’s the wrong time of year for that. Hedda Hopper was born in Altoona, Pennsylvania, but don’t say when. Her name was Purry until she became one of De Wolf Hopper’s many wives. Her latest pictures are “Our Blushing Brides,” “Let Us Be Gay,” “High Society Blues,” “Holiday,” and “War Nurse.” Julia Faye has played in nothing since “Not So Dumb” a year ago. She is unmarried. Dorothy Gulliver and Donald Keith have birthdays on September 6th. Henry B. Walthall plays the “Temple Tower” last May and in “Abraham Lincoln” more recently. Most of the others whose addresses you ask for have long since left films, and I’ve no idea where they could be reached. Helen Jerome Eddy’s newest picture is “War Nurse.” Antonio Moreno’s “One Mad Kiss”—besides lots of Spanish versions—Ivan Lebedeff’s “Conspiracy.” But I have no record of all the pictures of any but featured players. There are no fan clubs for any of those you ask about.

Lucille Hutsell, 7103 Lakewood Boulevard, Dallas, Texas, would like to hear from other Joan Crawford fans. See Joan Crawford Map.

A. O. B.—You’ll be glad to know that your favorite, Margaret Livingston, reappeared on the screen in “In a Widow” and “Jacqueline.” Jacqueline Logan has done nothing here since “General Crack,” and is now appearing in English films. I think just Hollywood, California, would reach them both. Louise Brooks recently returned from Germany, where she made several films. Laura La Plante is to make “Song of Fire” for Universal; Kathryn Crawford still plays opposite Western heroes from time to time. Betty Bronson’s last was “The Locked Door,” a year ago.

William Collier Fan.—But it seems you mean William, Jr. He was born Feb...
Outcasts

An honored screen tradition is that gentlemen eat with forks and dose odder guys feed wit' knives.

Ben Lyon, center, has a way with silverware that Marian Nixon simply loves.

Joe E. Brown, below, although disguised as a gentleman, reveals himself to Frank McHugh when he fails to hurdle the silver barrier.

"In my contree," says "Bad Man" Walter Huston to Dorothy Revier, "we eat lak thees."
Continued from page 53

evidently has to pay for the Malibu Beach fracas involving Vivian Duncan last spring.

In the newest row he seems to have been just an innocent victim. He was entertaining friends at a restaurant. One of them, Ralph Ince, became involved in a joust of some kind. Because of his previous pugilistic activities, Lease's name appeared in the headlines reporting on the battle as much as anybody's.

The facts are that Lease has only had two combats to date, one with Miss Duncan, and the other on a subsequent occasion with her brother.

Sun in Eclipse; Satellite Fades; Miss Negri. Once she shone by reflected light; now she shines no longer.

Briefly that is the theme of a pathetic experience of a certain Gladys White, who used to double for Pola Negri. The story came out when Miss White unsuccessfully tried suicide to end a bitter struggle.

When her life had been saved she related the tale of curious significance. She had been an extra in the movies before Pola arrived in this country, and then after the star's advent it was found that she looked so much like Pola that she could "stand" for her while the cameras were being set up, and occasionally even appear in a long shot.

When Pola left over two years ago, this work automatically ceased, and the studios yielded no other employment. Finally, she took a job as a waitress, and after a considerable struggle despaired of providing enough money for herself and her eleven-year-old son. So, depressed, she attempted to take her life.

Mrs. White believes that she and Pola are linked fatefully, because about the same time that her depression reached its climax, Pola was going through her divorce difficulties in Paris.

Time, the Tragedian.

Another case of sad discouragement. We learn that a film director, once successful, is now a janitor at one of the studios.

Rogers Aids Charity.

Will Rogers recently showed his spirit of generosity. Serving the Community Chest in its campaign in Los Angeles, he appeared on the stage for a week at one of the movie theaters. A portion of the proceeds amounting to $12,000, was donated to the cause.

Quite a contrast to this is a story they tell of Will—namely, that he was invited as a guest at dinner, and

Hollywood High Lights

Mrs. Rogers was not included. It is said that Will sent the host a bill. When the charge was amazedly questioned, Will said that since his wife hadn't been asked to the party, he imagined that he was present as a professional entertainer.

Rogers has an acute sense of the fitness of things.

Another Dirge for Musicals.

One more blow isn't likely to hurt the musical pictures. They have been wallowed right and left already, with almost every kind of knock-out punch.

The latest "Marche Funèbre" is being played for the dissolution of the studio music departments. All the bright boys with song ideas, who were left after the first raid or two, will now do their tuning up elsewhere than in Hollywood, and even the men who helped to bring the warblings and the accompaniments to life will take a holiday.

There will be musical pictures from time to time, but no special department will have supervision over them. A lot of people therefore lose nice jobs.

Mary Garden Prophecies.

Just about the time all this was happening, Mary Garden breezed into town, and presented a new type of opera via the screen. She also declared that she thought most musical pictures thus far filmed were a lot of trash.

"I do believe that something extraordinarily new is to arise from all this," she said. "It will hardly be the old-type opera, where the singer took half an hour to say good-by, but some concise and vibrant musical form that will be the most ideal sort of entertainment. Producers will have to turn their backs on the present trivialities, and call in the finer talent, like Lawrence Tibbett, for example—to interpret, as well as create, the new screen opera."

Rumors are that Mary herself may be identified with such a production.

Clara Bow Sleepless.

Clara Bow suffers from insomnia. This was one of the interesting disclosures of Daisy De Voe, her former secretary, during the row that the two girls recently had.

Miss De Voe asserted that this fact was one of the things that contributed to her grief. She declared that Clara kept her awake all night, and that she therefore worked twenty-four hours a day for her. "If there were forty-eight hours in the day, I would have worked forty-eight," Miss De Voe said.

One of the pithy statements she also made, was that she would put a period to a lot of things in Clara's life that have a question mark behind them now. This was a threat Miss De Voe issued when she accused Clara and the star's friends of indulging in smart cracks about herself.

Clara is keeping in the public eye almost continuously, what with one thing and another. Miss De Voe was her secretary for two years, and was enraged when she said she found herself discharged without proper notice.

Gloria in Feud.

This isn't the only new filmland feud. Gloria Swanson has been having troubles with Maurice Cleary, May McAvoy's husband, formerly her manager. Cleary has sued Gloria for $45,000, claiming this as his share of profit on her pictures, "The Loves of Sunya," "Sadie Thompson," and "The Trespasser." He asserted that he was to receive $7,500 on each, as soon as they had returned more than $200,000. He demanded as due some other money besides this.

Gloria's affairs haven't moved too smoothly aside from that. She has given up "Rockabye," a mother-love story. Production was under way, but it was abandoned.

Gloria probably doesn't want any more such unsatisfactory experiences as she had with "Queen Kelly." It is said that a large part of the profits from "The Trespasser" went to defray the expenses of that shelved feature.

Farewell, Eisenstein.

History continues to repeat itself in Hollywood.

What prompts this assertion is the fact that Sergei Eisenstein is the newest European celebrity to return home without having done a film opus. He spent five or six months in the colony, and at one time was programmed to produce "An American Tragedy."

Differences of viewpoint about the use of talk and sound, and other matters, arose between him and Paramount, where he was under contract. So the agreement was broken off. Reports then were that he might go with Metro-Goldwyn or Universal, but nothing came of it.

Underlying some of the difficulties that interfered with his picture making in this country, lurked, according to popular assumption, the idea of Eisenstein's close identification with Soviet propaganda activities in connection with films. Aside from this, he is regarded as one of the truly original directors to-day in Europe. The Soviet hook-up, as a cause of his troubles, was constantly denied during his American sojourn.
Over the Teacups
Continued from page 33

Marian swept in grandly, with yards and yards of skirt billowing around her, and then Nancy Carroll arrived in a stately gown. They looked rather like boarding-school girls dressed up for a fancy-dress ball in the gay '20s.

"Marian isn't under contract to Warners any more. She's fed up with playing ingenues. She's to try free-lancing for a while and see if she can land some dramatic parts.

"Probably the luckiest girl in town at the moment is Lois Moran. Maybe she is the luckiest girl anywhere. When she isn't signing a new contract and getting big roles, the monotony of her life is broken by inheriting a lot of money. She came East a while ago intending to go to Europe with her mother, but the day after she arrived she was offered the lead in a stage play. And the play is apt to be good, as Arthur Hopkins is producing it.

"So far, players from Hollywood haven't caused any dancing in the streets by their stage performances. Colleen Moore's play is not a success and probably won't come to Broadway.

"It seems almost as important for a girl to have judgment as talent. So long as they have money enough to live on, I cannot understand why some of them will act in anything just to be acting. Imagine Ruth Roland staying out of pictures all those years and then coming back in a stupid story like 'Reno'! It must have been found in some old carpet sweeper or wastebasket. Ruth wasn't bad at all—"

"Not the highest praise," I suggested.

"She sang very well." Fanny went on determinedly. "And you know Ruth! She'll work day and night trying to put anything over. She made personal appearances and dragged celebrities to the theater as her guests, sang over the radio, and went in for all kinds of plain and fancy ballyhoo. But the public stayed away from the picture in droves.

"Maybe they did as I did," I suggested. "After hearing that the picture was dull and that her voice was rather nice, I sat quietly at home one evening and heard her sing over the radio."

"The mere idea was appalling to Fanny. She wouldn't stay away from a picture just because she heard it was poor. She must go and see for herself.

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people back home had written her for autographed photos. There was a great deal of fan worship in Buddy's romance with Claire Windsor. When the glamour of the affair was at its height, a location trip to New York separated them. Buddy stormed up to my apartment—I happened to be in New York at the time, too—almost wringing his hands. He had missed a long-distance call from Claire. The world had stopped. The calamity of calamities had befallen him. "I'm in love," he breathed almost in a whisper. "Honest!"

And I think he was. The same kind of heroine-worshiping love that very young boys give to charming women a little older, a little wiser, and a little more experienced than themselves.

But Hollywood, incapable of mind- ing its own business, made fun of the romance. Their appearances in public were gently kidded by a press that loves to be smart about that sort of thing.

It came to the point where Claire thought it best to break off a friendship that had meant a great deal to both of them, in order to escape these ridiculous quips.

Buddy emerged from this experience with his first coating of sophistication. He later referred to the romance as an infatuation. His phrases sounded vaguely "Hollywood." He began to acquire more self-confidence among the people of his profession. I believe he admired them so completely that he wanted to be like them in the things they did, in their smartly sophisticated outlook.

He took on some of the consciousness of the matinee idol. He permitted himself to be quoted in interviews about his dream girl, and even the young ladies he was about with.

His wardrobe was a startling affair of checks and stripes of exaggerated cut and color.

He acquired a trick car that is beyond my powers of description. It is equipped with everything, including a radio and, I understand, a jewel safe. Mechanically, it is a nightmare of luxury.

Incidentally, he gave up his room at fifteen dollars a week. A new and very smart apartment was more suited to Buddy's altered outlook on life.

A boy who was thrilled by movie people, and who wanted to "belong," had "gone Hollywood."

But the moment did not last long. It couldn't. The foundations of a parentage and training as safe, sane, and American as Buddy's do not fall in the whim of a moment. It is true that he still has the trick car, and the elaborate quarters. He is still seen at dance-and-dining places and premières, along with the rest of the Hollywoodites.

After all, we seldom go back to things in life we have forsaken. It isn't human nature. But all of this is developing in Buddy a tremendous new characteristic—an important one. He is acquiring a sense of humor with which to weigh the values of reality and to separate the wheat from the chaff.

People are becoming important to him not because they are important in Hollywood, but because they are worth while themselves—have something to give. He spends several nights a week in the apartment of a young musician and his wife discussing music and movies. Other evenings he spends at the home of June Collyer in family parties.

His work at the studio is no longer a puzzle and a mystery to him, to be accepted gratefully. He is sure of his field. He is beginning to look behind the veil of Hollywood and find that it is a little bit of a sham, with all its veneer of smartness and sophistication. No longer can Hollywood kid Buddy Rogers. He is acquiring the courage of his convictions.

To-morrow will be another chapter. In the case of Buddy, I believe it will be even more balanced, because he is headed that way.

Continued from page 73 from that of the stage. And yet the actor can't learn by the trial-and-error method, as the extra can. One flop and he's done for, whereas the extra can keep on trying.

"I was pretty discouraged at first. Got out to Hollywood and found I was cast in 'Under a Texas Moon.' First thing I had to do was dye this red hair black, suitable for a romantic Mexican caballero. Barbara,"—he motioned to the photograph—"almost passed out when she saw me transformed into a bode, chile-con-carne hero."

"Then when we started shooting, I was in the dark about it all. I didn't know a camera from a cactus. I was accustomed to acting all over the stage, and camera lines and microphones were the bane of my existence. As for knowing anything Mexican—a sombrero and a tamale were all one to me."

"After a few days I felt like throwing up the sponge and hoofing it back to Broadway. But Barbara made me stick. In 'The Show of Shows' I got along better, because it was more in my line. And by the time I got around to 'The Matrimonial Bed' and 'Bright Lights,' I felt quite at home. Now you couldn't get me away from the movies if you tried. Barbara had the same trouble at first."

Perhaps you've noticed that one of Mr. Fay's favorite topics of conversation is the charming Mrs. Fay.

"Barbara's first picture," he went on, "was 'The Locked Door.' If you saw it, there's no use of my saying more. When we saw it, she felt terrible, poor kid. Just like I did after my Mexican brainstorm."

"She wanted to quit, but it was my time to make her stick. So we agreed to try it a while longer, and then Barbara got a real break in 'Ladies of Leisure.' She's marvelous in that. All the critics said so, too."

"Now she is as sold on the movies as I am. You know, she doesn't go in for this flabby stuff like I do. She is a real actress. That girl could bring tears to glass eyes!"

If you saw the glamorous Barbara in "Ladies of Leisure," you can probably understand Frank's enthusiasm. Several critics have called her one of the most talented of the young dramatic actresses.

Frank Fay comes by his love of the theater naturally. His parents were actors. He was born in San Francisco, and his childhood was spent in a trunk, figuratively speaking, chasing over the country with his parents in vaudeville and stock. The red-haired boy joined the act himself when he was four, and has been treading the boards ever since.

The senior Fays have now retired and are living with their son and daughter-in-law in Hollywood.

The romance of the Fays reads like a story. They were married two years ago, their romance having begun a few weeks before, right on Broadway. Miss Stamey was playing at the Plymouth Theater, with Hal Skelly, in "Burlesque," the play that reached the screen as "The Dance of Life." And right next door at the Shubert Theater was "Revels," in which Fay was featured.

The stage doors opened side by side, and the two players, who had never chanced to meet before, found themselves exchanging friendly greet-
ings as they passed one another at their respective doors. Sometimes they said "Good night" as they left the theaters.

One evening Mr. Fay asked the pretty lady if she would like a little supper after the show. The pretty lady said she would. And that's how it began. A few weeks later they were married.

"Burlesque" was a much bigger success than "Revels," Mr. Fay recalls, "but that show served its purpose, even though it didn't break any records for long runs."

**The Old Master Speaks**

Continued from page 61

I got my picture taken on the television set. Don't ask me how the cameraman accomplished it. I never saw him, but my face was projected on the screen. I still think there was something phony about it. But I am impressed with the idea that we are on the verge of some vast change in modes of entertainment through the development of television. With experts both in Europe and the United States working upon it, ultimate perfection must be accomplished.

Then the slogan, "Stay at home and see the movies!"

I wonder what it all will mean.

**The Screen in Review**

Continued from page 100

from a star whose gift is largely that of a singer. However, I can bear it.

He is a waiter in a little café in Paris who inherits a million francs, but cannot quit his job because he has been tricked into signing a contract that would force him to relinquish half of his legacy if he resigned. Therefore he must carry on, resorting to all sorts of comic means to get himself fired. Incidentally, there's a romance between the waiter and the proprietor's daughter, played by Frances Dee.

Stuart Erwin is unusually successful as a dumb friend of the hero, Eugene Pallette is funny, as usual, and O. P. Heggie, a fine actor if ever there was one, is wasted in a routine part. But if you like Mr. Chevalier you won't be disappointed in his efforts to please.

Sand

With the Foreign Legion coming to the fore again, it is not surprising to find many combinations of the elements that occasionally make such a story entertaining. It would be an exaggeration to say that "Renegades"...
**Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing**

Continued from page 58

REPORTER: Fine. And did you always yearn for the stage?

YOUNG: No, I intended to be an architect. But I was no good at figures.

REPORTER: And how did you happen to begin your theatrical career?

YOUNG: Well, I had a bad cold.

REPORTER (all sympathy): Tskh, tskh!

YOUNG: I was most uncomfortable and my father felt sorry for me. And he knew I'd never make an architect. He suggested the theater, as I had seemed interested in it. So I went on the stage. Will you have a cocktail?

PAUSE.

REPORTER: I think seven or eight more paragraphs should do it, now. YOUNG: How about our Russian wolfhound, our black cat and our eight goldfish? Three of the goldfish are in an interesting condition, for which we paid fifty cents extra when we got them. But that was several weeks ago, and nothing has happened yet. Do you know much about goldfish? (plaintively).

REPORTER: Very little.

YOUNG: The black cat is quite beautiful. He endeared himself to us when we found him having an epileptic fit in the cellar. He was painfully thin, but since we adopted him we have reason to be proud of his physique. He has, too, a handsome coat. He also has a latchkey, being a gentleman cat of varied interests, in which he brooks no interference.

REPORTER: We're doing just dandy—only about five more paragraphs to go.

YOUNG (buckling up, now that end is in sight): Well, I've just had a book come out. Maybe that will be good for another.

REPORTER (screaming with exasperation): Why didn't you say so before! It would have been good for several.

YOUNG: Oh, I really doubt it. It's just a book. Called 'Not For Children,' with sketches and captions of a slightly obscure nature.

In this casual manner is dismissed a talent of considerable proportions.

REPORTER: Speaking of children, we might use your childhood to good advantage. What sort of little boy were you?

YOUNG: I was a horrid little boy. Skinny and peaked, with big spectacles. I wouldn't play and I wouldn't study. I was away at school from eight to eighteen, fortunately for my family.

REPORTER: We can do something with that. The lonely, wistful little lad—

YOUNG: But I wasn't wistful. I was just unpleasant. I snarled at people.

REPORTER: Oh, all right. How May Young, do you like moving pictures?

YOUNG: I don't.

REPORTER: Then why are you in them?

YOUNG: That is a very naive question.

REPORTER: Gives impression of horror of artist who is not thus for art's sake alone.

YOUNG: I think I shall like pictures more, as I become accustomed to the methods. The lack of audience is still a jar. On the stage, you rehearse for three weeks, play out of town for two, then open in New York and your audiences teach you how to play. Without audience actions to be guided by, a stage actor feels sort of gone in the knees. A few minutes' rehearsal, then three or four minutes in front of the camera doing a fragment of a scene, and the die is cast. There's no changing or polishing possible, once it's in the box.

REPORTER: Do you like movies for your own entertainment?

YOUNG: Tremendously. That is, silent pictures. To my mind, they have yet to make a talkie as good as the best of the old silents. But it is a mistake to expect the talkies to reach that standard in one bound. It took silent pictures many years to reach the quality of a year or so ago. For myself, I enjoy individual performances more keenly than the things as a whole. Garbo, I think, is an amazing and powerful actress. Her sense of timing and pantomime is perfect. She has rhythm. Bessie Love is a corkskeg little trouper—corking. And Chevalier is a delight—such an artist and such an electric personality.

REPORTER: Had you ever done any pictures before?

YOUNG (sheepishly): I played Doctor Watson in John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes." Oh (hastily) there's no reason why you should remember it. Who remembers Dr. Watson, the most nebulous character in all fiction?

REPORTER (unable to contain self any longer): Mr. Young, what about all these penguins?

YOUNG (glancing fondly around the room, every corner of which boasts a cluster of penguins—etch
Colleen on the Loose
Continued from page 72

Colleen has no degree, nor is she a

magniﬁ, but she is somebody’s tool. When

one can mingle with the stage folk for one solid month and only once in

an hour’s conversation by slip an

“O.K.” that person is not mad, doit.

She doesn’t like to dress up. Her

clothes are extremely simple, such as

any girl might wear for economy’s

sake. There is absolutely no vanity

about her, and she dismissed with a

shrug the array of costumes which

hang on the wall beside her.

She is moulded in her move-

ments; on the street she would pass

for a schoolgirl. Scores of people

pass her by, never noticing her.

Contrary to the opinion of many

who have reached the top, Colleen

does not disparage the idea of young

girls seeking a theatrical career. “I

think it’s a grand idea,” she told me,

“if a girl really has talent, to de-

velop it. But there are two big considera-

tions. She must be willing to work

harder than she has ever worked be-

fore. And she must have money

enough to last her two years in New

York or Hollywood, and outside of

that a beautiful wardrobe.

Besides the cruise to Tahiti, there’s

one other great ambition in her life.

She wants to play “Madam Butterfly”
on the screen, as a play, not an

opera. With music, but no singing.

“Why should I sing?” she asks.

“If I had a voice like Bebe Daniels’,

then I’d sing all the time, every-

where. But I haven’t. I sing in

‘Footlights and Fools’ and ‘Smiling

Irish Eyes,’ because it was the sad

and people expected me to.”

Colleen’s plans include one great

screen ambition to be realized and

one great off-screen adventure to be

lived. The rest—well, Colleen

doesn’t know herself. When I saw

her, she was at a milestone in her

career—making her first stage bow.

That over, one ambition will be sat-

isﬁed, and then she will turn per-

haps to “Butterfly,” perhaps to the

coral strands of far-off Tahiti. Per-

haps to neither. Pictures may lure

her back; at any rate, she has not

beneﬁt them farewell.

Virginia Valli told me that Col-

leen had received hundreds of tele-

grams from Hollywood, wishing her

luck. “All Hollywood loves Col-

leen,” she said.

And so Colleen plunges in, eager

for a new sensation, a little scared, a

little thrilled, to satisfy a longing for

a real audience.

[Editor’s Note.—Miss Moore’s

play ended its career a few weeks

after she was interviewed for Pic-

ture Play.]

The Screen in Review
Continued from page 107

is entirely that, but it has its moments.

They are contributed by Warner

Baxter and Myrna Loy, among the

players, and the management of some

desert ﬁghting as a feather in the cap

of the director. Just what the story

is actually about, is the real diffi-

culty both in the picture as well as in

this report.

Mr. Baxter, as a soldier of the

legion, is confronted by Miss Loy’s

clothed and manacred as an advent-

uress. The soldier’s agitation is

never explained, nor is the motive for

his attempt to choke her to death

made clear. He deserts the legion,

however, joins and becomes the ruler

of a desert tribe, which is made col-

orful when Miss Loy is brought in

kidnapped at Mr. Baxter’s order.

Whereupon he sets about to punish

her, though for what I cannot tell

you. And so on, with quite a few

defaths at the end.

Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George

Cooper, and others supply diversion

in spots, but the intervals are infre-

quent.

Sheep Are Dull Animals.

“The Santa Fe Trail” leads no-


der, but it gives glimpses of Rich-

ard Arlen, Mitzi Green, Eugene Pal-

lette, and Rosita Moreno, a Spanish

stranger, who is charming. She has

a slight accent that reminds one of

Novarro’s. But this is not enough to

relieve the dullness of the proceed-

ings, or to raise the picture above a

routine Western, except in the care

taken to achieve beautiful pho-

tography. Sheep, even when seen in

misty light, are dull animals at best,

and the picture is mostly about them,

with their herder the hero. Natur-

ally there’s a feud and the irascible

Spanish father of the heroine op-

poses the hero, until he rehabilitates

the former’s estate and puts it on a

paying basis with the help of his

sheep.

Richard Arlen grows in natural-

ness and likableness, even though

there is no opportunity in this pic-

ture to draw upon his skill as an

actor. “The Santa Fe Trail” is a

blind alley.

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Pepa Knows Best
Continued from page 57

had dreaded that he would talk career, and thank him for not doing so. You argue with him over roulet—of course, he would devise a system, wouldn't he? You flog sarcastic remarks across to the blonde whose delicate diarrhea has drawn them. You are susceptible to Marxism's infectious giggle. You laugh over nonsensical nothings. 'Nita's voice a bit high, is lashed with fluffy verbal ribbons, skipping and bounding. She can trill a cadenza and beguile a mean tune from her uke.

Conversation is speedy. They all talk fast, culminating in the rapid motion attained by the seven-year-old Marino when he gets a good start and shifts into high. Constantly admonished to slow down, instead he gathers momentum and, suddenly, with a sigh like an exhaust, plunges into a high-pitched race. No one ever has been able to hear him through whatever he wants to say.

During her mother's recent illness, 'Nita presided over the dinner table with sang-froid—and trepidation. In fear of a faux pas she had at hand an imposing book on etiquette, which was consulted dramatically.

Still nobody considers dignity really necessary there, not even when they're sick. Maudie was supposed to lie quietly and meditate upon the operation she was to undergo.

The other girls followed my peep in. Soon the boys were lounging in the doorway, while 'Nita twanged her uke and murmured, "How'd it go, mother? Aw, come on, throw me a line! Hum-in-in, boop-a-humph! Your error, mater, it's humpa-doop!"

Books ranging from "The Growth of the Soil" to "Queer People" came up for discussion. Thus did Mater Maudie meditate.

An astigmatic person couldn't miss 'Nita's leissure of feature and personality, with a certain translucent quality. She walks in light, somehow, as though a luminous ring surrounded her. It's shafts in the presence of her vibrant boveness.

Dieting has been the avoirdupois which a year ago began to proclaim dangerous curves ahead: her early impetuity of movement has melted into a slower grace. While acquiring more poise, she has retained the freshness of a June morning, lavish in its golden beauty. Her naturalness is her greatest charm.

"In another year, I'll start having dates. I am glad I didn't go running around at first." She has emphatic views. "I expect rather fine qualities in a boy, of character and mind; most of the men I know enjoy being with
the folks, because they like a good
time, and not just necking contests.
I won't cheapen myself to please
some people who don't understand.
"I don't believe in divorce, and I
hope to have children. I want to
marry, but not until I'm ready to
stop working. Meantime, acting is
a pleasant occupation, in which I wish
to do well without letting it become
my sole objective, until," she tacks
on with a flip of humor, "my hero-
prances along in his midget car and
kidnaps me."

With mental agility, she will flash
from the ridiculous to the sublime,
hers method of reasoning naïve, but
not without a peculiar charm. A

girl whose faculties lead her to
thought and discussion of one's in-
dividual manner of achieving the
grace of contrition, and kindred
spiritual subjects, and to apply her
conclusions to her daily associations
and personal life, cannot be shrugged
aside as distraught.

Those who have noted her increas-
ing depth, particularly the realistic
restraint of her tragic portrayals, be-
lieve her capable of finer interpreta-
tions than the dizzy dancing dramas
with Joan Crawford provided.

Anita and Joan, both young and
talented, have been cast together
frequently as perfect foils. Only one
Continued on page 114

Of Private Life and Habits—Nothing
Continued from page 108
ings, paintings, lithographs, pottery,
statuettes, ash 'trays—an orgy of
penguins): Oh, I like them.
REPORTER: A penguin complex.
We might analyze it.

YOUNG: Nothing to analyze.
Have you ever seen a penguin?
REPORTER: The one in the Bronx
zoo in New York.

YOUNG: Oh, that fellow. I know
him well. He is charming. But it's
when you see a lot of them together
that they're most devastating.

Interview ends. What facts I
chanced upon, I lay gladly at your
feet. He has appeared on the stage
in, among other things, "Beggar on
Horseback," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "The
Devil's Disciple," "The Last of
Mrs. Cheynel," and "The Queen's
Husband." His new pictures are
"The New Moon" and "The South-
crner" and his current one is called
"Madam Satan."

He has one of the most ingratia-
ting smiles extant—not a dental
smile, not premeditated. He was in
the American army during the War.

So few facts, I suppose, as to con-
stitute a very poor interview. But
that's for you to worry about. Me,
I'm an awfully nice time.

Take a Look at Baby
Continued from page 34

"In a way you can't blame him," said
Jean generously. "Comedies
wouldn't exactly dignify the good old
family name. And something ap-
proaching a quarter of a million was
being held in trust for me. So I
promised not to play in pictures any
more. Mr. Roach was darling about
it, tearing up my contract and letting
me go back to calm domesticity for a
while.

"When you've tasted success,
thought, you know what happens, ac-
cording to the psychologists. You
won't be happy till you get it again.

That was my case. Bridges and din-
ers seemed awfully flat compared to
the glamour of the studio. I didn't
interrupt, but this was the first time
I had ever heard of a two-reel factor-
ny possessing glamour.

So before she knew it, Jean Har-
low was again back in front of the
Bell and Howell, doing a bit in "The
Saturday Night Kid." And support-
ing Richard Dix, in "Morman of the
Marines." And taking a day here and
day there.

"It wasn't much, but I knew that
I was in pictures for keeps," she said.
"And grandfather in Kansas City
simply had to reconcile himself to
the fact."

When she met Jimmy Hall at the
Montmartre one day he asked her
what she was doing, which was pre-
cisely nothing.

"Well, why don't you come and do
the lead in the picture Ben Lyon and
I am making?" he asked. "It's called
'Hell's Angels' and looks like big
news.

With nothing to lose, the blond
Harlow went to meet Howard
Hughes, impressed him sufficiently
to warrant a test, and found herself
silled for the part that had eluded
Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, and
twoscore other established Hollywood
belles.

Mr. Hughes probably felt that he
Continued on page 114

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What's All the Shouting For?

She smiled and gazed speculatively out into the street. Still, I believe that she is sincere in her assertion that she does not care for stardom. Certainly her fling at it brought her money, but very little happiness.

"I like to read the letters in 'What the Fans Think,'" said Alice. "Some of the fans have said harsh things about me, but I believe I have won several of them over. A few who used to criticize my work very severely are writing unpleasant things now."

The glob charge that Alice White is dumb—overworked word—is sheer nonsense. She reads a great deal and discusses current books intelligently. She has sense enough to save and invest her money. She sees through shams and hypocrisies. She does her own thinking, and when she doesn't agree with you she remains politely silent.

Some time ago Alice and her fiancé, Syd Bartlett, attended a social gathering at which Harry Carey and other film luminaries were present. There were also a number of guests from the East. After dinner Alice approached Carey and said in her matter-of-fact way, "Mr. Carey, do you remember me? I used to be a script girl on your set."

Carey said she not only remembered her, but had watched her film progress with pride.

"That," said one of the Easterners, "is the most human incident I have seen since coming to California."

Alice's last year in the Los Angeles high school brought about an acquaintance with Lina Basquette. Several years later, after Lina had reached rather dazzling heights in the world of films, she came to the First National studio where Alice was plugging along. Lina, from her perch on top of the wave, paid scant attention to her former schoolmate. Alice made no overtures at friendship, but wondered when Basquette would get next to herself.

When Miss Basquette attempted suicide recently, not one of the people who had fawned on her in her day of glory, and had accepted her hospitality, came near. Alice, however, on reading of it in the newspapers, inquired where Lina could be reached by telephone, and promptly called to ask if she might be of assistance. Naturally, Alice did not tell the story; it came from Lina herself.

So there you have her, boys and girls. Not a very brilliant defense, I'm afraid, but perhaps it will throw some light on the character of the girl who started all the shouting. Although not a Garbo or a Chatterton, I imagine there will be a place for her on the screen for some time to come.

Lupe—as She Is

Lupe was not worried. She knew something would happen. She believed that if she were meant to survive, God would look after her. The station is on the outskirts of the Mexican and Spanish quarter of Los Angeles. A compatriot noticing her, spoke to her in her native tongue. There were kindly countrywomen. Lupe was destined to survive.

After an interval of poverty, brief but acute, she secured work in a Fanchon and Marco prologue at a picture house. Thence to Hal Roach comedies. It was there that she was discovered by Douglas Fairbanks and engaged for "The Gaucho." With the release of this picture, Lupe was established.

Success has not particularly turned Lupe's head. What she has attained matters less to her than what she is. And with that she is satisfied. Not conceited, she is, nevertheless, a complete egotist. In a mental type, her supreme self-confidence would be offensive. In Lupe it is the comeliness of a puppy and almost as ingratiating as it is irritating.

It is easy to hurt Lupe. It is impossible to disconcert her. She is able to laugh at the tears when people don't like her—wounded and puzzled. It is hard to dislike her, when it is obvious that unanimous approval means so much to her. If you have ever slapped, a frolicsome spaniel, you know what it is like to rebuke or criticize Lupe.

Her introduction to Hollywood,
after her triumph in "The Gaucho," was accomplished at dizzy speed. She was cute, mischievous, adorable—and knew it. And was pleased that every one recognized it. She gave prodigiously, and thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure and amusement it occasioned. Quite sincerely, she was glad to be "giving happiness."

It is Lope's theory that the gift of happiness results inevitably in the receipt of it. Proceeding from this basis, she feels fairly secure of a pleasant road. But if there are griefs and troubles, it will mean that God meant her to have them, and Lope would be the last one in the world to argue with God. At the very suggestion of such audacity, she turns pale and crosses herself hastily. Whatever happens to her, good or ill, she accepts meekly and without struggle as His mysterious, sagacious will.

Just in case, however, disagreeable events are imminent, Lope snatches greedily at happiness while it is yet within reach. She lives fervently. She adores living. She adores being young. Age, even middle age, is a distasteful prospect to her. She makes no provision for it. She is living now, and declines to look ahead at the next day or hour.

Generous and eagerly sympathetic, she loves to shower friends and relatives with a share of her good fortune. Yet an anomaly in her unthinking generosity and lavishness, she is, at the same time, an excellent businesswoman. She has no caution with money after she has got it, but in the getting of it—drawing up of contracts, salary stipulations and such—she is shrewd and alert. This financial flair is the one inconsistency in her otherwise heedless nature.

She loves to babble and made much of, and seldom walks beside any one without entwining arms or at least swinging hands. She has a fiery temper which flares violently and subsides quickly. She will forgive any one anything. Between scenes, or in any leisure moment, she is usually to be found curled up in a corner, sound asleep. She likes only such books as have abundant pictures in them. Overreclusively, she believes anything she is told. She has an idea she is getting fat, but cannot curb her healthy appetite. A customary breakfast includes many mushrooms and as many muffins, which she thinks are called "mufflers." She hates cold weather and responds, purring, to hot sunshine. She won't take cold showers and will only swim in heated pools. She is a free creature of the earth and the sun, living ardently, believing confidently in herself and devoutly in God.

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Papa Knows Best

Continued from page 111

quality do they share—ambition. Understanding between them would be practically impossible.

Jean had the advantage of prior experience. But soon they were running parallel courses, neck and neck, a situation bound to breed a certain rivalry.

"Our Blushing Brides" crystallized the competition. It was understood that the one making the better showing was to be slated for special consideration, though technically it was Joan's picture. Anita was included in very few stills; several of her best scenes were cut. The crowning blow came when her make-up was altered—unattractively. Her more becoming long bob was clipped, and the line of her eyebrows was redrawn.

More tears than the blonde ever had shed accompanied that production. In such cases, one merely sorts to a vague generality and blames the studio, though there's no law prohibiting private opinion. The peaceful Page will stand for a lot—because at first it doesn't dawn on her that she is being discriminatively against. Then it is not her nature to become disagreeable over her "rights."

We wondered how long she would remain flaccid. One day, her face

flushed and a couple of thunderstorms brooding around in her eyes, she announced that she was "going in there to fight." The set is the only arena she knows. Ending on a note approaching hysteria, she threatened, "As many scenes as I can take are mine! Place your bets! thanks for all the confidence."

Though Joan's performance was splendid, a number of reviewers practically gave the picture to 'Nita. She could have remarked something about the just being rewarded, but she didn't.

Her talent is most evident in the interpretation of worldly characters. Many people think the screen is merely a mirror of her actual self. Try to tell the Stanford boys that she stays home nights—and get hooted off the campus.

Anita's fan mail maintains an average of four thousand letters a month. Her salary is over the five-hundred mark. She is established.

They are chary of approval at home. Praise is given only when de
ersered by the frankest family I ever have known.

Dumb, the Pomares community, because they haven't gone Holly-

wood?

Well, it's all in the point of view.

Take a Look at Baby

Continued from page 111

had never seen anything quite like Jean Harlow before, and he was un
questionably right. Jean Harlows don't happen often, or what a world this would be! Jean is not a calm spirit. She is not easy to handle, I imagine. She has a knowing face that breathes defiance without exactly frightening you away. She will never lack men to do her bidding.

While she is in New York she has the use of a silver-and-black car. She said that she preferred Ford that was also at her disposal, but this I doubt politely but firmly. In fact, honesty impels me to add that there were several minor points about which I was dubious. But on the other hand no woman could be so gay, and reckless, and abandoned without being slightly indifferent to cold fact.

"I'm under contract to Mr. Hughes," said Jean, "but I haven't any idea what I'm to do for him. Next week I'm to play here in New York, to be made into a picture later. Maybe a picture in Hollywood."

And one gathered that to stave off the gnomes of restlessness and ennui Jean was making the nightly rounds of the town, dining at the Casino per

Mama.

"Tell me, Jean," said Jean.

"I feel all right, now," said Jean.

"Have you the drawing-room for the Louisville express?"

"Yes, baby," said mamma.

"We're going to Louisville over the week-end," explained Jean. "And now I must pack."

As I left I heard mamma saying, "Hurry, baby, or you'll be late."

That baby will never be late. They'll wait for her!
The Kids Get a Break

Continued from page 49

The next Christmas Eve Marion gave Major his tuition at a military school in Los Angeles, where he's studying to be an engineer. He works after school and in the summer with the M.-G.-M. technical crew.

“Yes, Miss Davies has been grand to me,” he told me. “Please don’t say much about it, though, because she doesn’t like it to be known.”

Margaret Livingston, who sails so blithely and nonchalantly through life, has dug deep into her beadbag for the support of not one but five likely young folks. She has been doing this for years. One of the girls recently married. Another is in high school. One of the family has his own bakery business now. They are her mother’s brother’s children. Both parents died almost overnight.

“We just raised them, mother and I, as if they were our own,” said Margaret. “They ask for anything they want and they get it, or don’t get it, as in any family. Their heaux run in and out of the house, and goodness knows I can’t keep track of the way they are growing up.

“I’m particularly proud of Emerson, who is just twelve. I believe he is my real protégé, for I see in him talent that should be developed. He dances very well and made an appearance recently at the Hollywood Music Box. I think he has great possibilities in films.”

Loyalty and friendship are prized dearly in the George Fawcett family. Accordingly, when a University of Virginia classmate wrote Mr. Fawcett to say that his children desired to leave a little Mexican town, where their father was engaged in mining work, to come to Hollywood and go into pictures, George replied, “Certainly, send them right along.”

Two girls and a boy, Mina, Marion, and William Cockrell, arrived. The boy enrolled in Hollywood high school, the girls went to work in pictures. Their home was with the Fawcets.

Well, that was a couple of years ago. William is now working in an aviation field in Burbank, and doing well. Mina married a Spanish lad and went back to Mexico, and Marion is still acting.

Estelle Taylor has a niece, Frances Carter, aged fifteen, who looks to Auntie Estelle for her schooling.

Frank Borzage brought over little Tommy Clifford, the lad with the big Irish brogue, from Ireland and put him in pictures. He thinks Tommy has a great future.

Most every one has heard the story of the boy who hitch-hiked from the Middle-West to Lew Cody's home, perched himself on the front stoop and announced, “Tell Mr. Cody I'm here!” Lew, amused by the boy's persistence, and impressed by his sincerity, helped him along. The lad is now grown up and married.

The story of Lupe Velez's guitar player is not so well-known. It seems that the Mexican tempest became interested in this individual on her trip to Florida for “Hell Harbor.” She thought he was such a swell player that she helped him to come to Hollywood and has paid for some additional music lessons.

And, of course, Buddy Rogers is looking after his brother, Bruce, and Clara Bow is always doing something for her relatives, or her relatives' friends. She is almost pledged to death a large part of the time.

Charles Chaplin discovered Jackie Coogan and he used to tell how much Jackie's fresh, childish mind meant to him in his pantomimic pictures.

Clarence Brown, the director, used to spend thousands of dollars every year on Christmas cards and presents. Now this money goes to the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital for crippled children. Apparatus for the injection of serum in cases of spinal meningitis was purchased with last year's fund.

One of Hollywood's greatest altruists is Paul Bern. His protégés, who shall be nameless, for the most part, are also numberless. His salary, reputed to reach an annual six figures, until his year was completely exhausted by his philanthropy.

Throughout the length and breadth of Hollywood, one is accustomed to hear, “But how does she get along? Why, she hasn’t worked for months and months. She never saved a penny.” Or, “Gee, nobody’d give him a tumble. He hadn’t worked in a year, until he got that part at Sound-so’s studio. Now he’s working steadily again.”

Perhaps the reason is Paul Bern. He helped Barbara La Marr in her last days. He is the patron of young ambition and talent. Mary Doran is a Bern discovery. He has been helpful to many picture personalities.

And there’s Rupert Hughes. He has encouraged virtually every young writer in Hollywood with advice, if not financial aid. His literary discoveries run into the dozens.

Well, all through history there have been protégés. The movie colony has its full quota.
witty. She is typical of thousands of pretty girls between Staten Island and the Golden Gate. The swan dance attendance because of her infinite goodness, rather than the party-girl allure.

If some one wrote a sequel to "Bad Girl" and called it "Good Girl," Mary Brian would inevitably draw the title role. She is the perpetual heroine, with honor to her name, and a sweet smile for every one. Slow to anger, quick to forgive, Mary is one of those ideal girls Buddy Rogers and Rudy Vallée write newspaper articles about.

"I miss the picture people I know on the Coast," said Mary, "You know there are always a dozen or more players at a restaurant, or a movie, or anywhere you go. I mean you see folks you know at every turn. I miss them. New York is so big!"

That covered New York very well. So we turned to other things.

As a matter of fact, what we turned to is of little importance. Besides, I have forgotten. Conversation with Mary Brian is not exactly memorable.

There is nothing that irks her more than being referred to as a model young woman. But what better describes a girl who travels with her mother, retires before midnight, shuns public places, excepting church, eschews the weed as well as the insidious cocktail, and permits herself the haven of manly arms only at private dances heavily chaperoned? What would you call such a girl?

Mary is not only the antithesis of the flapper; she is one of the serenest starlets that ever came out of Hollywood. No company ever has trouble with Brian. No temperament outbursts ever come from her tidy dressing room. Nothing ruffles her; nothing upsets her.

She was probably a model child, too. In fact, she still is. For although she must be at the threshold of the twenties, she has the bright aura of adolescence still clinging to her. Her face is bright, her eyes clear, her brow as free from wrinkles as a baby's.

And if she doesn't like this honest report celebrating her outstanding virtue, her obvious goodness, her unimpeachable purity, she has only herself to blame!

becomes most charmingly Dixie. She is never before introduced to her, but one day when she was having her hair curled, Greta passed by the window. Dorothy severely burned her neck with the curling iron in an effort to get a good look at the great one. She did it again.

Dorothy thrills her, but she doesn't live there. She has a bungalow with her mother down at Del Rey, where she is but a handful of celebrities. She feels that an actress must have background, and that it cannot be picked up at George Olsen's night club, or even at the Embassy, so she spends most of her leisure studying languages, music, and the theater.

Her singing voice is unusually good, but she does not take it seriously. She went into stitches of mirth when I said that I had thought it was Marion Harris doubling for her in the singing sequences of " Devil-May-Care." Doctor Maranfioi has said that her voice is extraordinary, but then, as she points out, he's on the M.-G.-M. pay roll.

The theater is her major delight. Recently she saw Katharine Cornell for the first time. She was disappointed in the performance of "our first actress." Most of the other movie ingenues thought it "simply marvelous"; Dorothy dubbed it "efficient, but uninspired." You have to have a great deal of self-confidence to arrive at an opinion like that.

She spends a great deal of time reading biographies. Her favorites are those of Marcel Proust and Heinrich Heine. She is, you see, quite mental. Perhaps that's why I neglected to ask her what she thought of love. Then, again, that isn't exactly the sort of question one puts to a Tennessee girl who has an older brother.

Dorothy wants to be an actress, not for a year or a decade, but for always. And remembering her as she vowed that her talent would increase as her youth and beauty decreased— one strikes such absurd attitudes at twenty—I am moved to predict that long after most of the current cuts have hooked their millionaires and tired among their first editions and orchids, Dorothy Jordan will still be a name in lights.
The Boulevard Directory
Continued from page 83
entertained through watched the flames and smoke from the street, three well-known masters of ceremonies making impromptu introductory speeches to the crowd for each new development. One posted himself outside the Braxton Gallery, whence several luminaries had fled, and eloquently relayed to them the progress of fire and firemen. Considerable damage was done, but at six o'clock that evening the doors were open and the customary diners ate a customarily good dinner in placid disregard of scorched, smoke-bejeweled, water-soaked walls and ceiling. And later, it being the night of a big premiere, the Derby gladly fulfilled the Warner Brothers' reservation for a party of three hundred after the show.

It was in the Derby, around four in the morning, that the historic Gilbert-Terry battle took place. You have heard of the story of their spectacular battle before, so a repetition is unnecessary.

It was also in the Derby that a girl staggered, late one night, and plaintively begged some one to tell her her name. Her hair in fetching disarray and her manner prettily agonized, she offered a well-constructed amnesia story. Escorted to the police station by Nick, in an effort to help her find her identity, it was not till the next morning that she was proved a fraud trying to crash the movies. It was just her luck that the only director in the Derby at the time was making a picture devoid of women.

To enumerate the Derby patrons would mean listing the cinema blue book. It is more practical to select from today's luncheon guests, if you will.

In a secluded corner, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., still more intrigued by each other than by food. John Barrymore, not especially well-groomed, with a group of studio officials. Nancy Carroll, in studio make-up, her eye on her watch. Lupe Velez, Gary Cooper, and Gary's father, eating the Derby's special tamales. Grant Withers and Loretta Young, his shy, self-contained bride, Josef von Sternberg, with Harry Braxton and the scintillating Viola Brothers Shore. Wallace Beery, ravenous after a flight up the coast in his plane. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister with friends from New York. Richard Dix and an unidentified young lady. Richard Arlen and Jofylna Ralston on their way to tennis.

Introducing, thus, the Brown Derby—or Hollywood at table.

"I Had a Waistline Like His. I Got Rid of It This Easy Way"

"My waistline quickly went from 42 down to 34 inches," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Just wore a Director Belt and got results. Never felt better in my life."

THE Director puts the loose, fallen abdominal muscles back where they belong, and you immediately take on a slender, athletic appearance. Then, its gentle auxiliary action on the glandular system brings results similar to regular massage, stimulating the fat and giving strength to the waist line. The placement of the muscles prevents strain on the digestive organs. This means better assimilation of food and improved elimination. In thousands of cases the improvement has not only been immediate but has become permanent.

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Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Use the coupon NOW!

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Are You Always Excited? Tired? Worried?

Are you nervous? Do you have jitters? Are you irritable? Do your nerves seem to get the better of you?

You probably have the symptoms of NERVE EXHAUSTION.

Nerve exhaustion is the result of overstraining. It is a mental and physical strain. Its symptoms are: Headaches, Bleeding gums, Weakened resistance, Palpitations, Hypochromic Anemia, Debility, Women's troubles, Indigestion, Heartburn, Nervousness.

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FIND 7 FACES

In this picture the silvery moon is shining through the trees and bushes and it makes some funny shadows. Some look like faces of people. Can you find at least 7? Some look straight at you, some are upside down, cut out, lines sharp, and mark each one you find. If you find at least seven, clip the picture and send to me with your name and address.

Send Today

$1,200 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS if you are prompt I'll give you $1,200 extra if you win first prize. You can also get all this in the great unifying distribution. First Prize, Buick Sedan or $1,800 cash if preferred, also $1,200 for Promptness. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you make an active part, you are sure to win something. In either case, you live, if you want to win, send answer today for details. SEND NO MONEY. It costs a cent to win. Promptness pays. Act Now. L. M. Stone, Mgr., 444 W. Adams St., Dept. 38, Chicago.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 63

plays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick fare in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

"Animal Crackers"—Paramount. Bussooney designed to exploit the gay talents of the Marx brothers is one long, penny-pinching watch, without the one-man group of serious little thinkers. Most of stage cast retained, plus, for some obscure reason, Lillian Roth.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Diverting, but not remarkably original, comedy in this amusing gang of outlaws. George O'Laire, Lucile Browne, who suffers by being cast with Myrna Loy. Considerably above the average.

"Spoilers, the"—Paramount. Big, wooden tale of those villainous Easterners doing wrong by the valiant southerns of Alabama, with no new insight on life in those days. Gary Cooper, Kay Johnson, Harry Green, Slim Summerville, James Kirkwood, William (stage) Boyd.

"Let's Go Native"—Paramount. High adventure seeks awesomeness with low humor, but entertainingly. Through back to musical-comedy days. Comedy brilliant in spots. Jeanette MacDonald shows flair for comedy. Jack Oakie, James Hall, William Austin, Kay Franey, Richard Gallagher, the latter king of an island.

"Monte Carlo"—Paramount. The gambling capital is rather dreary, if this catch-all of a top million there are amusing, ironic touches. A countless runs away from a prince, and finds a count posing as a hairdresser. Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Buchanan, Claude Al- lister, Zasu Pitts, Lida Baarova, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jed Prouty, Gale Sondergaard, Wallace Ford, Porter Hall, Gordon Jones.

"Three Faces East"—Warner. Constance Bennett does not manage to be as seerette and mysterious as a World War spy should. Story a bit old-fashioned, but better than many. Erich von Stroheim's performance more effective than his voice. Other players fair.

"Old English"—Warner. George Arliss in character study of old man who has got through with life. He is very charming, with doggy ears and all. This is the message of too many films to the world, and its new version is thinly redressed. Joan Crawford's best performance recently. Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming a very gay miss. Allied with passion, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wife, Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Jordan, Thomas Meighan.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of scene, but strangely realistic and life-like to a fault. Cast includes: Ashley Bushell, Charles Ger- rard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian Mac- laren, David Manners.

IF YOU MUST.

"Lady Surrenders, A"—Universal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage English." Story of wife who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind, and depends upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Geneviève Tobin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

"Love in the Rough"—Metro-Goldwyn. Perhaps no story at all, but that's an open question. Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan nice couple, but there's no hand holding on a golf course when Benny Rubin is around. Shipping clerks given holiday by boss. Dorothy McNutty, J. C. Nu- gent.
The Last Laugh
Continued from page 90
ance of grand dukes and princes
lins in minor roles. Hollywood is
running over with them.

Chevalier and Renee Adoree teamed
together would be a riot in France.
Menjou has worked over here, and
is liked. Arlette Marchal’s beauty
and pure limpid French are probably
lost to us forever. Eva von Bern
is another who might have been re-
tained to advantage. Victor Var
coni, gone for a while, has come back
to play in English with an accent.
A dozen names come to mind as one
reviews a list of deported foreigners
who are competing with their former
employers.

The Orient is about the only for-
eign market that isn’t causing concern
to talkie producers. The large cities
of China buy mostly American films,
because of their English-speaking
colonies. Australia also is a good
market. In Japan it has always been
customary for a native reader to
stand beside the screen and dramatize
the action in a form comprehensible
to the audience. The amount of noise
which this will involve, unless the
sound track is silenced in some way
for talking pictures over there, is
appalling to think of. But the Japa
ese like plenty of noise in the
theater, and it may add to their plea
sure to listen to the reader competing
with the vocal screen. We should
like to hear the reader interpreting
one of Al Jolson’s mummy songs!

Nothing is too fantastic to be pos
sible in the next few years, especially
in the chaotic picture industry. But
unless our sound stages become
multilingual at a rate more rapid
than at present, American producers
are destined to be out some four mil
lion dollars yearly—dollars which will
chink in the pockets of foreign com
petitors. Only one fact stands out
clearly: above the mist of the debacle.
Silence may be golden, but it is now
indubitably passé. We started some
thing. But can we keep our bulldog
grip? Quién sabe?

Information, Please
Continued from page 102
uary 12, 1920. During 1930 he appeared
in "Melody Man," "Roy of Royal Re
mance," "Fox Follics," "She’s My Weak
ness," "Rain or Shine," and "Little Cesar.
Sorry, I don’t know Gary Cooper’s home
address—honest I don’t! David Rollins
was born in Kansas City, Missouri, Sep
tember 2, 1909. He got into movies in
1926 as an extra and worked his way up.

EMILY HANNA—When any one asks
about Fredric March, I march right in to
say he’s a charming fellow! He was born
in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1898.

Qualify for the Opportunity
To Win $650.00

THE hunt is about to start. The hounds
have been unleashed and are impatient to pick
up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two
dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size,
pole, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and
tails. How well developed are your powers of
observation? How quick is your eye? Can you
find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing
to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded
according to the contestants’ standings when the
final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers
together with your name and address. Six thou
sand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes,
each one $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet,
2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with
many extra prices of $39.00 each—you can win
one by being prompt—making a total first prize
of $5,000.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the
first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen
prices which will be given to the winners in this
unique "advertising to the public" program.
Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
Solutions will not be accepted from persons living
in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A.
Mail your answer today.

W. C. DILBERT.
Room 12, 262 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, III.
Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, August 10, 1904.

L. G.—Thanks for all your good wishes; the same to you. Barbara Stanwyck was born in Brooklyn, July 16, 1907. She has brown hair and eyes and is about five feet two.

TOOT'S SWEETHEART.—And all this time I didn't know Toot had a sweetheart! Elam Hammerstein married J. Walter Kay four years ago and hasn't appeared on the stage for about a year. She is a movie star with Billie Dove and Jack Mulhall.

TED R. DOMURAT.—As to whether Kay Francis is the best-dressed woman in America—to think that I should be called upon as an arbiter of fashion! She is very chic. Recently she went to Oklahoma City, January 13th—but she doesn't say which one! As far as I know that is her real name, except that she was known as Katharine Hargreaves in the world of song. No, Kay is not a star. Her 1930 films were "Behind the Make-up," "Street of Chance," "Notorious Affair," "For the Defense," "Let's Go Native," "Raffles," and "The Vagabond King." Last year that was all, and she asked for her cooperation before starting a club in her honor.

G. W. F.—You're just one of those statistics hounds, aren't you? Leila Hyams is twenty-five, weighs 120, and is five feet four; and a half inches tall. Slim was born in New York City, as was Billie Dove, who is twenty-seven, weighs 115, and is five feet five. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago, weighs 100; Charlie Farnell, of Walpole, Massachusetts, was born twenty-eight years ago. He's six feet two and weighs 175. John Boles is an inch shorter and weighs five pounds more. He was born in Greenville, Texas, thirty-one years ago.

JACKSON DALE.—There's no fake about Buddy and his music—he had an orchestra of his own in Kansas University. You were right and I am glad! Nancy Carroll, who is Mrs. Jack Kirkland and has a daughter! Buddy goes around a little with June Collyer. See William Collier Fans. David Niven and Slim is born in Hermosillo, Mexico, November 11, 1908. She is now playing in "Alohae" for Tiffany, and she frequently plays in Spanish versions. The average Hollywood actress makes about $1,500 a week. Lillian Roth, 19; Lupe Velez, Bernice Claire, 21; Damita, 24; Lila Lee, 28; Lois Wilson, 34. Lila Lee was recently divorced from James Kirkwood, Claudia Dell from Phil Ophir. Dorothy Pepe was christened Dorothy Penelope Jones.

MARY BAYE.—I'm very sorry none of your letters to "What the Fans Think" was published; no, the subscription list is not consulted when deciding what to publish. General interest is the test. The vail in "Grumpy" was played by Paul Cavanagh, who is from the British stage.

FAN.—Mabel Coleman was just one of the hundreds of players who stood by but was a future thought, passed her by. She hasn't been heard of in several years.

FOSSEY.—You must be running a marriage bureau with requests for all those marriage dates. I don't know them all but you can get the others. Constance Bennett married Philip Phil, November 3, 1925. Mary Pickford married Owen Moore in 1910 and was divorced ten years later. Doug was divorced from Dolores Del Rio, 1930. Doug has brown hair and eyes, is five feet ten, and weighs 165. Grant Withers' first wife was Inez, but I don't know her maiden name. They were married in England, were divorced in 1932. Sue Carol became Mrs. Allan Kiefer in 1925 and was divorced three years later. Dick Arlen's first marriage and Nancy Carroll's marriage to Jack Kirkland occurred before their screen fame, so I have no record of the dates.

R. F. M.—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He was a member of the Jaffe family; three of his sisters are nuns. Ramon was formerly on the stage as a dancer and he also taught music. Rex Ingram discovered him and gave him a role in "The Bitter Fruit of Kenda." Ramon is a bachelor and plans to go on the concert and operatic stage some day. "The Pagan" was released in America in May, 1929.

MAX M. II.—You're quite right; how do you know? But I don't ask questions! Dorothy Lee was born in Hollywood in 1910, and came to public notice with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, a well-known orchestra, with whom she sang for a while. She is now playing with James Diller, a Hollywood press agent. Her real name is Marjorie Millsap. Write her at KKO studio.

GWENETH JOYCE.—Yours was a delightfully chatty letter which I enjoyed very much. Anders Randolph played Hugo, in "Son of the Gods." Yes, he died last July after an operation. I fancy your Canadian censorship is responsible for some of your lines. I'm writing this from a rather small theaters, giving continuous shows, cut out parts to shorten the running time of pictures. Victor Varconi was the child star in "Father of the Bride." Irene Hervey Mille and played in "The Volga Boatman," "King of Kings," "Fighting Love," "The Angel of Broadway," "Forbidden Woman," "Chicago," "Out of the Ninth Avenue." She also plays in "Eternal Love" and spent a year abroad in foreign pictures. Now he's back in Warners' "Captain Thunder." Betty Bronson was in "Blackmail." J. Arthur Rank, the famous producer, Lillian Gish, in "Romola," were Dorothy Dí Tea, Ronald Colman, William Powell; in "La Bohème," John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. When I refused to answer questions about star religious faiths, it is not that they are ashamed of their beliefs, but merely that there is prejudice among the public against religions not of their own, and so on. Your nearest Novarro club is with Margarette B. Steins, 101 Rich-awn Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

POLA'S FAN FOREVER.—As to what Pola is doing, she has been living in France and getting a divorce from her prince. Her trial is before the new court, Par Moulan, Seine et Oise. It wasn't the producers who scorched Pola—it was merely that her salary demands, when her contract came up for renewal, were in excess of what her box-office returns justified. She made "The Queen of the North," in France and "The Woman He Scorned" in England—neither shown in America, I believe.

FAN FROM MISSOURI.—Missouri can own and take credit for many stars: Patsy Ruth Miller, Laura La Plante from St. Louis; the Beery brothers. Alice Joyce, Harrison Ford, David Rollins from St. Louis; Jack Oakie, in Ontario, Selah; Pauline Starke from Joplin. Gilda Gray, no longer on the green, was born on October 24th. The "Sinners in Heaven" were the Davis, B. Rice, and Xaviers Herbert. Florence Bilgins, Montague Loven, Betty Hilburn, Elfie Shannon, and Marcia Harris.

AN ABDENT FAN.—Ah-ha, you like 'em young! Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids in 1895 and is a member of the Taggart family, well-known stage star. He was attending Princeton when "Vari-" was filmed there, and Phillips was discovered for pictures. Doris Hill and Marion Byron are not related.
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By VIOLET GORDON

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Juicy...brimming with refreshing flavor...Orange Life Savers have become popular with millions overnight.

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THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in Seventh Heaven and Sunny Side Up, they're more marvelous than ever in THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by JOSEPH URBAN
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and
FREDRIC MARCH
in

The Royal Family
OF BROADWAY

with
MARY BRIAN and HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. Based on "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.

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A WORD TO THE WISE

Make a Note to Get Next Month’s PICTURE PLAY Early, For Then You Will Be Among the First to Read About

Slaves of Hollywood
By Edwin Schallert

Who Are They? What Holds Them in Bondage that Galls?
They Are Persons You Know. Learn Their Strange Stories.

Now That the Talkie Storm Is Over

The Crowded Hour
By Samuel Richard Mook

Will Tell You Just What Stage Players Have Made Good on the Screen. It Will Remind You of Those Who Are Still Struggling for a Foothold. And You Will Learn Why Some Big Shots of Broadway Failed To Get Over With the Fans. The Only Complete Catalogue of the Stage Invasion. Don’t Miss April PICTURE PLAY.

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JOE E. BROWN and WINNIE LIGHTNER

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in Hold Everything and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in The Life of the Party are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when Sit Tight is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory, Lotti Loder, Hobart Bosworth, Frank Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George

Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corp.
What the FANS Think

Is Kay Hard and Glittering?

IT was with mingled amusement and indignation that I took note of what Elsi Que had to say regarding Kay Francis in her article, "Who Are the Sophisticates?" in December Picture Play.

Her statements to the effect that Miss Francis is a sort of brunt edition of Lilian Tashman; that she strives so hard for sartorial perfection that the effort defeats its purpose; that she is hard and glittering as a synthetic jewel, and is a noteworthy example of the butter-and-egg man's dream of sophisticated femininity, will arouse the wrath of the Kay Francis fans. Any one of these statements would indicate that the one who made them has not seen Miss Francis in "For the Defense," "Raffles," and "The Virtuous Sin," or else is deplorably lacking in discernment.

Miss Francis is certainly not a brunt edition of Lilian Tashman or, in fact, of any one else. Kay Francis is Kay Francis, and that's that! When on the Broadway stage Kay was known as New York's best-dressed woman and now the cinema theaters feature her as "the best-dressed woman on the screen." She knows what to wear and when, where, and how to wear it—yet I have never seen any one less conscious of her clothes.

Kay is well-groomed, well-mannered, and perfectly poised—sophisticated in the best sense of the word—but never hard and glittering. She has lovely, expressive hands, the type of figure that goes well with sophisticated clothes, a lovely and interesting face, a husky, fascinating voice, and a laugh you just love to hear—an altogether charming person.

N. L. GRAHAM.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Of course there is that disturbing account of Nancy's temperament that makes her fans stop and wonder if she is all they believe her to be—want her to be. I don't doubt that Nancy is a bit temperamental—in fact, I like her for it. But I do think that the stories circulated about her are exaggerated. From her moments of anger on the screen, one can easily see that she has plenty of spirit. Nancy has a keen mind. She can think clearly. She knows her wares and how to display them.

If you don't believe that she is fast becoming the outstanding star on the screen, you should have seen the crowds that stormed the Brooklyn and New York Paramount theaters when she made her personal appearances there. She is the most bewilderingly lovely girl I have ever seen. And her hair—I wonder if there is another head of hair like hers anywhere in the world! It is vivid, flaming like her personality. She can dance with the very best and stand out as even better.

I saw her four times and liked her more each time. I hope she will always enjoy the success that was hers during her personal appearances—and she will if she continues to be so admirable and smile that million-dollar smile.

GERTRUDE CONNELL.

186 Congress Street, Troy, New York.

That Accent Wah Again.

MARY PICKFORD'S idea of being versatile led her astray. Grown-up parts are not for her. She was nothing short of ridiculous in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Coquette." Why did she do it?

If movie directors and players only knew how incorrect their idea of Southern life and Southern speech is they would never attempt to film it. A Westerner or Northerner may learn to speak any language in the world, but never can he acquire a natural Southern accent. My blood simply boils every time I have to listen to such farce. I have been told that Gary Cooper is a Southerner. I do not believe it. Never in all my life have I heard a Southern voice like his. Mary Brian was simply

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HELP!! HELP!!
WHO CAN GET ME OUT?

I'LL PAY $8000.00

Come to my rescue—QUICK! I'm HOPELESSLY LOST in these treacherous, trackless catacombes. I've tried for hours to find the right path to freedom but here I am right back in the middle again.

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Will you try? A THOUSAND THANKS!—I knew you would. But first, let me warn you that THERE IS ONLY ONE PATH to freedom and it's,—Oh! so hard to find. It starts in the middle where I am and WITHOUT CROSSING ANY OF THE WALLS, it ends somewhere on the outside of these terrible catacombes. I hope YOU can find THE RIGHT PATH to get me out. If you do, mark it plainly with pen or pencil and send it to me quick. IF CORRECT, I'll see that you are qualified at once for an opportunity to win as much as $2320.00 cash out of the $8,000.00 IN REWARDS that I'm going to give away.

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Yes, I'll positively pay ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS cash to someone, just for being prompt and duplicate prizes in case of ties. IT'S ALL FREE! Anyone may try for nothing, so send YOUR answer today. Rush it!

L. SHULMAN, 37 West Van Buren Street, Dept. 709, CHICAGO, ILL.
The Prize Fan of the Year.

I makes me very angry when I hear people say that the movies exert a bad influence. Of course, there are a few exceptions, but for the most part the movies have no trace of immorality and I think they are on the whole, productive of good taste; indeed, if taken in the right spirit, they can cause their audiences to lead nobler and more virtuous lives.

Claudia Dell has a Fan.

I cannot pass over some assertions made in December Picture Play. Have Roy B. McAloney and Ralph Porter seen "Romancé"? Although I had always admired Greta Garbo, I was not so enthusiastic about her ability as an actress until I saw this picture. I saw nothing lacking in Garbo's beauty, and her poise I consider one of her chief attractions. I wish to congratulate Richard E. Passmore on his excellent tribute to "Romancé."

I have a letter from Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri and sympathize with Mr. Porter's leaning toward Buddy Rogers.

When Is an Actor to Act?

Hurrah for Ralph Porter and Eileen Margot Draper for boosting Rudy Valée in December Picture Play. That line of Miss Draper's about "unfair criticism" is the truest statement I have heard in a long time. Rudy certainly does not deserve the publicity he is getting at the present time. True he did not display any outstanding acting ability in "The Vagabond Lover," but his rôle did not necessitate any real acting.

And as for those folk who think he has a grab for the stage and say that they have only to speak to him to realize what a wonderfully strong personality he has. Regarding the proposition that he is detested by other men, one will readily close his eyes to the fact, when he realizes that one of the numerous Valée fan clubs throughout the country has three hundred male members. I rec- endered the Valée bonds, which has enlarged considerably in its two-month existence.

Chatterton and Garbo Are There.

In Chatterton and Garbo one finds the essentials of which are greatness: the ability to become the person portrayed; to be able to give the idea to the public; to instill into the minds of the public a thought that will assert itself after the picture has been done. In such a case, these are the things necessary, and these are the qualities which both actresses have.

I will say that I have seen Chatterton laugh after he has been in a disagreeable situation; to hear Garbo say "No" when her human side is struggling—that is acting. Both actresses usually have pictures that are human. But that is what I mean pictures which deal with life.

Perhaps some go to the theater to become dreamers, but the average person who goes to the show for ideas and ideals can do no better than to watch these two.

B. H. Jones.

Greenport, New York.
Who else wants to learn to play....

at home without a teacher, in \( \frac{1}{2} \) the usual time and \( \frac{1}{3} \) the usual cost?

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The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You simply can't go wrong. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

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"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished," writes Turner H. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your easy lessons." You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always practical. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead twice as fast as those who study by old-fashioned plodding methods.

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If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 532 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

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Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you Instrument?

Name

Address

City State

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

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What the Fans Think

And Now This Is Settled.

I WISH to suggest that certain players belong in the hall of motion-picture fame, and certain others should be nominated for oblivion. I suggest the following for the hall of fame:

Ruth Chatterton, because she is thoroughly versed as an actress, because I can’t think of any really worth-while part that she has not admirably played, because she has intelligence and poise, and because she has a delightful sense of humor.

Gary Cooper, because he is so natural, and, though lacking the polish and finish of stage actors, he is at all times compelling in his roles; he is oblivious to the nastiness in nastiness, and he spells clean entertainment plus.

Constance Bennett, because she is a really smart, well-groomed woman, because she is versatile for the extremes in dresses and personal demeanor affected by some actresses, and, though mechanical in emotional scenes, she is so sincere that you sit on the edge of your seat.

Ann Harding, because of her acting in “Holiday,” because she is simple and compels personal admiration.

Barbara Stanwyck, because she was popular in the silent films and has emerged into a finished talking player, losing no appeal; because he is straightforward and unpretentious.

Fredric March, because he came to the screen and did not try to impress us that he was a stage success, because he thoroughly overcame his handicap of talk, and because he is a far cry from the type of man that used to be popular in movies, such as Valentino.

Hedda Hopper, because she is often the most touching person in a picture, though seldom gets the big parts, because she can get away with being “theatrical” and make you like it, because she is smart-looking, and because she has such a delightful way of shaping her mouth when she says certain words.

Harold Lloyd, because his amusement is clean, intelligent, and distinctive; because he is the first actor, does not unnecessarily exploit himself, and because he has made us almost forget Charlie Chaplin.

Greta Garbo, because she has successfully overcome her handicap of diction, that thick accent, because in “Romance” she proved that she is a finished player and does not have to appeal to people of low intelligence, and because her technique improves with each picture.

Robert Montgomery, because of his superior acting in everything he does, because he does not know he is a success, and because he never plays any type role and make you like him.

Now for the following I wish to suggest complete oblivion:

Clara Bow, because she represents those qualities as an actress that went out with dime vaudeville, because such splendid actors as Fredric March and Ralph Forbes have to play with her, because she has not gowned herself to the responsibilities of success and age bring, and because she is the worst actress on the screen.

Alice White, because she is impossible in any and everything, and because she is such a pretty package she utterly fails to move me, and because she ranks next to Clara Bow as a poor actress, and because intelligent people have to serve her when they could not help themselves.

Charles Farrell, because of his interpretation of his role in “Lilom,” because he has a point speckling voice, and because he always seems conscious that he is favoring us by acting for us—heaven.

Jack Oakie, because he left the chorus, because he is unsuited to leads and fits better into the background as jester; because “The Social Lion” was the most disgusting picture I ever saw, and, lastly, I want him to be Clara Bow’s escort out of pictures.

Arthur Lake, because I once spent an hour or so looking at him, because he always looks so well pleased with himself, and because he bores me more than any man I have ever seen.

John Gilbert, because I think he is the most overrated of the “Lilom” types, because he is hopelessly conceited, because he fails to touch my emotions, because his love scenes are revolting to me, and because I never see a certain theater I like when he plays there.

Ramon Novarro, because he never gives his supporting players a break, because he seems to be so sure that people will like him, because he is a bully when we could struggle along without him, because his pictures show at the best theater here, and deprive me of even enjoying the orchestra.

Bennett, because she was select and sharp, and because she had a date once when a picture of his was showing and I got Hail Columbia from the girl.

Janet Gaynor, because she decided to make movies with Fox—she had a grand chance for a graceful exit—because she reeks with theatrical appeal, and because she terms herself a real artist who should get what she wants when she wants it. She should be glad to get any part.

Charles Chaplin, because I am bored to tears when it is my misfortune to see his pictures, because his pictures are termed artworks by those critics and friends who feel it their duty to stand by him; because he refuses to talk.

Of course, every one knows why George Arliss desea the vogue of the screen and why Norma Talmadge should be there right next to him.

C. B. V.
165 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

If You Were Lupe.

I CAN’T imagine how people can be so conceited as to think the stars care what the fans think. If you like—or adore—Garbo, who is so seen to be “better” than the fans, if you like. If you don’t stay away. There are enough stars and types of pictures to go around. You know producers aren’t just trying to satisfy you, Johnny, get over those ones, and you don’t have to like a certain star—Alice White, for instance—then tell yourself: “I don’t like Alice White, but there are a thousand of fans that are not so important that my not liking her will end her career. I’ll just stay away from her pictures.”

I go to five shows a week, perhaps more. I am a girl of twenty-two, all alone, and the movies are my only enjoyment.

Ruth Warner states she does not want Lupe and Gary to marry. Who cares what she wants? Let the stars have their own life to live, just as we do. How would you like it, Ruth Warner, if you loved some one dearly and folks just couldn’t seem to let you be? If some of these stars had been a bit more human, and weren’t suited to each other, if a young lady said she didn’t want you to marry the one you love, you’d say, as any right-minded person would, “Then, just go and marry her.” Just because the fans go to the movies and pay their admission price seems to make them think they have a mortgage on the stars.”

COLETTE DUMAS.
Chicago, Illinois.

Stop Razzing Our Girls.

DON Ross had nerve to say that the people who knocked Alice White were catty. I didn’t happen to be one of those who said anything about his precious Alice, because I like her all right and enjoy seeing her sometimes. But it seems to me that Don Ross is the one who is catty.

Just because Miss Gaynor hasn’t a thing about Alice White, he had to pick on her. For instance, the fact that there are 1,495,846 people in the United States in general. I think Anita Page is one of the screen’s most beautiful blondes and best actresses, and in my opinion, you should say that Miss Gaynor doesn’t have a thing about Alice White even be compared with her.

But the girl I’d like to see given a chance to act in a good picture is Dorothy Sebastian. I think she has ability, talent, personality, and looks, and if she were given a chance, she would prove a real success.

ANNA L. GRASS.
Linton, Indiana.

Now Mook Will Be Good.

I SUPPOSE it is not right to talk against the staff writers, but the article “While Talent Goes Begging,” by Samuel Richard Mook, enraged me so much I felt I had to tell you about it. I had never thought you would publish an article as ignorant and the way it is. It is what Mr. Mook says against Gaynor and Farrell that angers me most, and I wish I had Mr. Mook here to shake him. Is it that Miss Gaynor has a prima-donna voice, just a sweet little, soft, melodious one that carries a tune perfectly well, and she isn’t trained in dancing, you say she made a spectacle of herself. I am positive you are mistaken, and as she and Charlie Farrell were made queen and king of the movies, it looks as if thousands of other people disagree with you. Evidently they, too, think Janet can act.

Furthermore, if you think any one could have played the blind scene in “Seventh Heaven” more convincingly than did Far-rell, please name the man. Certainly never Charles Morton! What has he to his credit? “Christina” played only in third-rate houses in Los Angeles. “Caught” to set the feet of “the Four Fol- kils.” Farrell could have put over the role better by far. So, as far as I can see, you are mistaken again. Also, don’t think because he is a good director it wasn’t good enough for her. If you think that, you are still more wrong. So here’s to sweet Gaynor and stalwart Far-rell, the two outstanding personalities who have broken they have worked so long for and so richly deserve.

E. ALLEN.
Los Angeles, California.

Full of Cheek and Bounce.

AFTER reading the letters praising William Haines, I went to see “The Girl Said No,” and I can honestly say I have never spent a more enjoyable evening. He is a great favorite in London. But behind the Haines style is an idea, the idea
of self-enjoyment. He enjoys innocently and naturally kidding other folks along, and enjoys equally being kicked for the kidding. Haines is always Haines, full of cheek and bounce, he is the spirit of youth that laughs at life.

Some fans dislike him because he depicts the wise guy, the smart Allee full of conceit and bombast. I like him for it. He has created a screen type of which he is the only example. Hurrah for William Haines, and may his star never set.


When a Fella Needs a Friend.

HERE is a great big bouquet for Norbert Lusk—the only intelligent movie critic in the world! I read all kinds of reviews by all kinds of critics in magazines and papers, but none of them can compare with his for intelligence and fairness. I don’t always agree with him, but I read the reviews of his which I don’t like don’t make my mail, and that’s a real test of a writer’s ability.

And while I’m talking about Mr. Lusk, I just want to say that I’m certainly glad somebody agreed with me about Constance Bennett and “Common Clay.” Boy, how about good old Hollywood! That was it! Every situation in the picture was hoary with age. Of course, that isn’t uncommon, but it usually isn’t quite so evident.

And the snazzy, sophisticated Constance Bennett was as much out of place in the picture as Kay Francis would have been. It just wasn’t the thing. Now, if they had to film that story, there is one actress who could have played the part and really made it seem believable, and that is Janet Gaynor. I have heard that she wanted to play it. Well, she could have done it beautifully, but Constance Bennett of all people! It is to laugh. I am not disparaging Miss Bennett’s talent at all. She is all right in her way, although I don’t happen to like her.

All in all, I thought the picture only passable. If indeed that, and, like Mr. Lusk, my eyes remained dry through the performance. In fact, many times I was almost overcome by a desire to laugh. However, I suppose the average person enjoys that sort of Hollywood, or it wouldn’t be so successful, and if Mr. Lusk and I can’t share their viewpoint, perhaps there’s something wrong with us. Anyway, we agree on “Common Clay,” and I’m so glad I’m not the only one who wasn’t impressed by it or by Constance Bennett.

Casper, Wyoming.

Oh, Andy, Be Yourself!

PICTURE PLAY always supplies good reading and entertainment. However, “The Fans Think” must be very embarrassing to the different stars who draw most of the public’s attention and criticism.

Lupe Velez gets her share of good-natured bantering about that sentence, I love you, Garcia.” But it’s a privilege the lady has, and she is a lady. I like her frankness. I couldn’t say I liked her beauty, because I’m married, and I could not be quite frank. I do think Lupe was bluffing when she remarked that she could kiss those who said nice things about her.

My son Bob, two years old, will collect that kiss, if Lupe wasn’t bluffing, when we attend the American Legion convention in Los Angeles next year.

Andy Burns.

Mechanical Inspector.

A GREAT STORY COMES THROUGH!

Earth-shaking in its Grandeur! A Titanic Canvas Sprung to Life! When it sweeps to the screen a new day dawns in motion picture history!

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" 
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

And Now Comes

EDNA FERBER'S
Epic of Empire

CIMARRON

Down a Hundred Miles of Raw Frontier
Swept a Human Avalanche!

Fifty thousand land hungry souls seeking a handful of Earth they could call their own! The weak faltered... the sick died... the strong swept on to transform a wilderness into an Empire in a day! History has never written a more dramatic chapter than the Oklahoma land rush of '89! Glamour and splendor! Courage and valor! Romance and tragedy crowded into blazing days of battle and nights of love and adventure! A panorama of days when Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskins, roamed the West... a Titan of Empire while around him whirled the giant forces that shook the Earth as Civilization was born from a Wanton Frontier!

RKO RADIO PICTURE with RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE, ESTELLE TAYLOR, WM. COLIER, Jr.,
NANCE O'NEILL and Thousands of Others. Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES
She stands on the threshold of greater success, her radiant, girlish loveliness opening door after door to her, her sympathetic voice warming into life every rôle she plays. Her next, in "Three Girls Lost."
OOH, daddy, buy me that," whispers the little chorus girl to her heavy "sugar," as they saunter past a diamond anklet in a jeweler's window.
And if daddy likes the little dear, he buys it, because if he doesn't, she probably will find a new sugar.
But in Hollywood it's very, very different. As Robert Benchley so quaintly puts it, "Love Conquers All." And actors who are notoriously prodigal in their spending, simply throw discretion to the winds when their affections are involved, and seldom wait to be asked to "put out."

Nick Stuart's top salary in the halcyon days of his Fox contract was $300 a week. Yet when he and Sue Carol announced their engagement, a ring in proportion to his salary was out of the question.

Only the best was good enough for Sue, and he promptly bought her a square-cut diamond, which weighs only a fraction less than four carats. Nor was this enough. It was accompanied by a diamond necklace studded with emeralds.
The two combined probably ate up the major portion of a year's salary, yet Nick manfully pays, and pays, and pays, nor does he begrudge the amount he spent on tokens of his affection.

Sue's presents to Nick have been in keeping, although possibly not so showy. First came a star ruby set in platinum, with baguette diamonds on the sides, a platinum locket, chain, and watch for evening wear, dress studs, a genuine black pearl, and Heaven only knows what else.
The stars give automobiles to the objects of their affections as if they were merely new dimes.

Fords, of course, are the most common. Robert Montgomery gave his wife one for Christmas last year. She had driven it only a few months when a smaller car appeared. Its diminutive size intrigued the lanky Bob, and he promptly traded in the Ford for one. But his wife has never got much use out of it. He is so entranced with it he drives it himself most of the time, leaving the larger car for her.

If memory serves me correctly, the day he got it he parked it outside the hall where the company was rehearsing "War Nurse." In one sequence he had to ride a motor cycle, and he was outside practicing. Losing control of the

Sue Carol's diamond necklace, as well as a square-cut diamond ring of nearly four carats, were tokens of Nick Stuart's joy in their engagement.

Marian Nixon gave her husband a car she thought too expensive for herself.
cycle, it crashed into Martha Sleeper's big motor which she had just taken out of the paint shop, smashed in the rear end, and threw Bob heels over head into the lap of the baby car, which seemed very little larger than the motor cycle.

Ben Lyon presented Bebe Daniels with a Ford closed car for Christmas last year, and for a wedding present Bebe had a tennis court built for Ben on their grounds.

Doug, Jr., gave Joan Crawford a Ford for Christmas, and many and many a day the big car stands idle in their garage while Joan whizzes herself about in her flivver.

One of the presents most talked of in Hollywood last year was the $45,000 chinchilla coat Edmund Lowe gave Lilian Tashman when she was in New York. I don't recall that there was any special occasion—except that Lil happened to want it. Maybe it was to celebrate his elevation to stardom, or the signing of his new contract.

At any rate, it was a seven-day wonder, and furnished gossip at many a dinner table, until Howard Hughes completely eclipsed it by presenting Billie Dove with a sable mantle valued at about $75,000 as evidence of his admiration.

So much has been written of the practicality of Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen and their rigid adherence to their budget, one is rather surprised to learn that Joby recently kicked over the traces and gave Dick a high-priced sedan.

Nor was the present bought with Dick's money. At the time of her retirement from the screen, Joby was drawing down about $1,750 a week, and if you think that girl spent all her money, you're cull-razy.

You might think from the foregoing that only the married people indulge in expensive presents, but 'tain't so, sister, 'tain't so.

One of the least publicized gifts in Hollywood is the diamond bracelet which Gary Cooper presented to Lupe Velez to celebrate their discovery of each other and of love in its most refined strain. It's a pretty swell article, and Lupe is justly proud of it.

During the days when Hugh Trevor and Aileen Pringle were all in all to each other, Aileen presented Hugh with a beautiful wrist watch. And on the catch is inscribed "H. T. from A. P."

So now, although each has turned to other interests, every time Hugh raises his hand to learn the time, he sees the "A. P.," and is reminded, no doubt, of the time when he did not need a watch to recall the existence of the charming domino player.

"I've been accused of buying many automobiles," Betty Compson laughed, "but, honestly, I prefer to give something more personal when I give presents. Handkerchiefs and homely little things like that. When Jim Cruze and I were married, I used to give him all the shirts he wore, and things of that kind."

Neil Hamilton is one of the most generous husbands in Hollywood. Any occasion is seized upon as a pretext for giving Elsa, his wife, a present. Birthday, wedding anniversary, Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Easter, St. Valentine's Day, an engagement for a new picture which promises to turn out better than usual—anything and everything.

The presents he has given her are too numerous to catalogue, but, besides a diamond bracelet, diamond wrist watch, and a roadster, the thing that gave them both the biggest thrill was the ermine coat he gave her on their seventh wedding anniversary. It was symbolic to them of the success for which they had been striving these many years.

There are many things that distinguish Alice White from the ordinary girl, but not the least of them is her
Marian, although "up in the dough" herself, has always been a thrifty little girl, and never lost her head, because she happened to succeed. She had always wanted a big car, but felt it would be extravagance for her to buy one, so she drove an inexpensive machine. Shortly after her marriage, Eddie gave her the closed car she liked.

And then Marian proved how very genuine her love for her husband is, because when he looked out of his bedroom window on his birthday he saw an orchid phone which he had admired in the showroom of the same agency.

"Whose car is that?" he asked.

"Yours," Marian replied.

The thing she had wanted and denied herself, she did not hesitate to buy for her husband.

Genevieve Tobin, who recently came to the Universal lot and was hopefully hailed as a second Chatterton, has not yet learned that a player can't hold out on her public. Or maybe it's only that she hasn't found her public and feels her private affairs are none of a snoopy reporter's business. I guess she's right, at that.

At any rate, she sports a diamond wrist watch like which has never before been seen in Hollywood. Of course, there are diamond wrist watches and diamond wrist watches, but this one is really a diamond wrist watch.

It is less than a half inch in width, and about three-eighths of an inch long. The case is platinum set with carved rubies and baguette diamonds, with the strap carrying out the same design in the same stones.

The watch was accompanied by a platinum ring set with twin carved rubies to match. In addition to these, a little platinum bangle studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds which spell "My Dearest" dangles from a wristlet of gold and onyx.

Asked who gave her such lavish presents, all Miss Tobin would say was, "Cartier's in Paris sent them to me."

Well, all I can say is Cartier's certainly are generous. Robert Ellis is nothing, if not practical. His Christmas present last year to Vera Reynolds (Mrs. Ellis) was a three-story apartment house.

The gifts with which Harry Edwards showers Dame Evelyn Brent, his wife, are impressive, to say the least. A few months ago, on his return to New York from a European trip, he visited auto row and picked out $5,000 worth of glistening metal on wheels, arranging by long distance for its delivery in Hollywood. It was his home-coming gift for Evelyn.

Glenn Tryon has one of the most contagious grins in pictures. And his wife was not long in discovering a gift that stretches it to the breaking point. Although he seldom smokes, he has a passion for collecting pipes, and takes great pride in his assortment of them.

So constant has Mrs. Tryon's patronage of a certain pipe shop in Los Angeles been that they never hesitate to call her upon the arrival of anything new, antique, or novel.

Although the price of any particular pipe is small compared to most of the gifts I have mentioned, the value of the collection runs into thousands.
Blanche Sweet is one of those rare souls who values a gift for its sentiment, rather than its intrinsic value. One of her most prized possessions is a "lucky bracelet"—a simple little platinum chain from which are appended more than a score of miniature figures of platinum, gold, and jewels. Each is a memento of some particularly warm friendship.

Blanche's gifts from her ex-husband, Marshall Neilan, are interesting. Mickey's tactlessness is well-known, and his gifts are quite in keeping with this trait. One, for example, is a miniature piano complete in all details, yet built upon such a small scale it has no practical value. Another is a toy whale which, when put in the bathtub, spouts prodigiously while propelling itself about in some mysterious manner. This latter Mr. Neilan brought all the way from England.

Since he became an established success, Conrad Nagel has given his wife many lovely presents, but none of them has ever had the same meaning that his first sizable one had.

He had just finished an engagement on the stage with Alice Brady, in "Forever After," and was at liberty. A friend suggested that he call at the old Famous Players office to apply for the lead in "The Fighting Chance," and advised him to be sure to ask for $500 a week—they'd pay it in a minute.

Conrad called, but when they asked how much he wanted, the $500 just wouldn't come out. He had never got more than $250 a week on the stage, and the idea of nonchalantly asking for a one hundred per cent increase in salary seriously impaired his usually faultless diction.

He finally gasped out $400, and when they gave it to him, he took Mrs. Nagel out and bought her a sealskin coat that more than took up the surplus in his salary for the next six months.

Claire Luce has been presented by her admiring husband, Clifford Smith, with many a bauble that would take the breath away from the average person. Yet the one that pleased Claire most is an inquisitive-looking little terrier.

A rather amusing anecdote is related of Cedric Gibbons and two of his loves. Mr. Gibbons is an ardent devotee of the fine arts, sculpture in particular. He is frequently to be found in a certain Hollywood art gallery. On one visit he discovered a bronze which literally made his mouth water. But he did not feel in a position to buy it at the time.

Then he met Lola Lane and they discovered that for the nonce, anyhow, life held little for them beyond each other's company. Naturally, Mr. Gib-
Have you ever had a sudden impulse to dine with a strange man because of the haunting loneliness of a big city? Then you will sympathize with the heroine of our exciting new serial of film life and be doubly thrilled by her adventure in a New York night club, and its consequences.

The

Movie Runaround

By Helen Klumph

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

PART I.

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN walked up Fifth Avenue through the blue dusk, trying hard to bolster up her courage. Here she was in New York, at last—she simply mustn't feel unhappy, just because a week's job hunting had brought only failure!

What if she did have only ten dollars left? What if she were so lonely that it was a relief to have a policeman shout, "Hey, where do you think you're going?" when she almost walked in front of a taxi?

Something would turn up soon. And thank goodness she wasn't in Chambersville! She glanced at her reflection in a window. If she'd been home right now, people would have stopped her to say disagreeably, "A new dress, Annabelle? Your aunt must have got a raise. Isn't she getting pretty tired of teaching and supporting you, after all these years?"

Mr. Chambers, of the school board, wanted to get rid of Aunt Ellen to give her place to his cousin. He'd almost succeeded in doing it when Annabelle announced that she was going to New York.

"But you go right ahead," Aunt Ellen had said valiantly. "You go down there and buy some clothes and get work—you'll be at the top in no time."

Aunt Ellen read the success stories about business women as avidly as Annabelle read the movie magazines.

Aunt Ellen having taken out her savings, Annabelle started off feeling quite adventurous, and quite sure of success.

Now here she was in New York, almost broke, lonesome, discouraged, with nothing ahead of her, on this gorgeous evening, but the prospect of going home and sitting in her dingy room that looked out on a brick wall.

The landlady would be prowling suspiciously about the grimy halls. The woman in the next room would be quarreling with her husband.

Annabelle drew a long breath and clinched her hands. She couldn't go home, she couldn't!

A girl drifting by remarked to her companion, "Come on, Charlotte, let's go to the Roxy. There's always a good stage show there, and it's a Constance Bennett picture. I'm crazy about her."

Annabelle turned to stare after them as they disappeared in the crowd. She wanted to go, too. One of the girls back home had always insisted that, if her hair were light, she could have passed for Constance Bennett's sister.

"You've got features like hers, and your figure is grand!" Beth had said. "Too bad you can't go to Hollywood!"

Annabelle had just laughed. She was as likely to go to Hollywood as she was to inherit a million dollars!
She turned now and walked back up the Avenue. If she sat in the balcony, and didn’t eat lunch to-morrow, she could go to the Roxy, too. For just one evening she could forget her troubles.

Several people glanced at her as she walked on—even in that street of beautiful girls she was noticeable. Her dark-blue eyes were sparkling with anticipation; against the soft waves of her dark hair, her skin was very white. And her cheap little dress, with its white collar and cuffs, was smart despite its cheapness.

She sat in the very top of the balcony, from where the dancing looked tiny. But she enjoyed everything tremendously, from the blues singer to the acrobatic dancers. While watching the picture she forgot herself completely. She was the lovely girl who moved across the screen, wearing the exquisite clothes, adored by Annabelle’s favorite leading man.

It was a shock to go out into the street again, and it was harder than ever to go to her room. Annabelle stood looking about her, still feeling not quite herself.

Her aunt had said, lowering her voice lest some one hear, “If anybody asks you to go to a night club, you go, and write me all about it!”

Annabelle smiled ruefully. As if any one had even spoken to her, much less asked her to go anywhere.

Well, she could do one more thing that would be fun. She had read about the miniature golf course behind the Roxy, where famous stage folk often stopped for a round or two after the nightly grind.

Annabelle joined the throng of watchers on the outside. There was a slender blond girl that looked like Marilyn Miller, but she had on a dark suit and a tiny hat, and was so quiet that it hardly seemed as if she could be a celebrity. One man was a dead ringer for William Powell.

A girl was standing beside Annabelle, talking with two men. She was bored and wanted to leave. Finally one of the men said impatiently, “All right, where do you want to go?”

“Oh, to a night club—any night club,” the girl answered. “How about wandering over to Fifty-fourth Street? They close two and open three every evening there.”

They turned and walked away. Annabelle, driven by a sudden impulse, walked after them. She couldn’t go to a night club, but she could at least see what one looked like from the outside.

The girl continued talking loudly enough for Annabelle to hear.

“I went into the Club Noisette last night at twelve, and sat around there alone for two hours waiting for Morton,” she said, disgusted. “He’ll never stand me up again! He said he was tied up with a business engagement—that same old story!”

Annabelle’s eyes opened wide. She hadn’t known that a girl could go into a night club alone. Of course, she couldn’t do it, but wouldn’t it be possible for her to walk into this one, following these people as if she were one of the party?

Thought of the loneliness of the past week urged her on. She could nonchalantly walk in, go into the ladies’ room, and then, after a little while, come out again and leave. Nobody would even notice that she was there. This wasn’t like Chambersville, where the whole town knew everything you did.

The others paused, turned in at an entrance that looked quite dark, though a small sign overhead announced that it was the Club D’Armand. Annabelle set her jaw and followed them. The doorman hardly glanced at her. She realized that he thought she was with them.

She glanced around, suddenly frightened. The other
The Movie Runaround

girl said, "Wait for me here while I powder my nose," as she turned to the left. Annabelle blindly followed her.

Drawing a long breath of relief when she found herself in the small mirror-lined room, Annabelle sat down on a chair in a corner. A girl sat in another corner, smoking and talking to the woman who seemed to be in charge.

Annabelle pretended to hunt in her bag for her vanity case. Now that she was actually here, she didn't know how she had dared to come in. She was always doing that, rushing into things on the spur of the moment, and then wondering how she'd get out!

The girl in the corner rose. Remarkling that she might as well return to her prize dumb-bell or he'd get tired of waiting, she drifted out. The girl Annabelle had followed in hurried away. Annabelle went over to the mirror, straightened her hat, and sat down again.

"Waiting for somebody?" the maid asked sympathetically. Annabelle nodded. "Well, it's early yet. We've just opened. Seems like the crowd comes later every night."

Through the open door came dance music, soft, insistent. Two girls in evening gowns drifted by, then another one passed dressed as plainly as either Annabelle or the girl she had followed.

"Seems like hardly anybody dresses any more," the maid remarked, glancing at Annabelle's simple black dress suit. "Peggy Joyce come in here the other night in a blue dress like the kids wear to high school. And not a diamond on her!"

"Ma-ma!" A girl stumbled into the room, slumped into a chair. The maid jumped up. Turning quickly, Annabelle heard her gasp "Lola!"

The girl bent forward, with a little moan. The tray of cigarettes that she had been carrying fell to the floor.

"Ma, I can't go on," she cried. "I nearly fainted a minute ago—it's so hot—"

"Get those smelling salts on the table!" the woman exclaimed to Annabelle. "And some water, quick!"

Annabelle ran to obey. Dashing back, she knelt down and rubbed the girl's cold hands. Finally, when she opened her eyes again and sat up, Annabelle began picking up the scattered cigarettes. The woman explained.

"My daughter," she said tenderly, "just got over pneumonia. She did. I begged her not to work to-night, but she was bound to hang onto her job. There, honey—I'll telephone Sue—"

The girl tried to rise.

"Sue can't get here for an hour," she said wearily. "I'll have to go out again. If Henry sees I'm not around, and somebody wants something—"

Annabelle swallowed hard.

"Could I—I mean, if I could go out for her—" she faltered, her eyes on the girl's ashen face. "If it's just to sell cigarettes—"

The woman turned to her gratefully.

"Say, would you?" she asked. "Just walk around between the tables, you know, and when anybody wants cigarettes, sell 'em. The price list's pasted inside the tray. That dress you got on is all right. I'll have the other girl here inside an hour. It means Lola's job—"

She felt as if she had stepped into a movie. This was the kind of thing that was always happening to girls in pictures!

She went out of the little room, feeling as if she were floating through the air. Her knees shook, and her throat was dry, but she went on, walking in time to the music, feeling as if she had won the leading role in the school play back home.

The faces on either side of her were mere white blurs. When a man said, "Cigarettes here, please!" she did not hear him until he spoke again.

She forgot to look at the price list, but he gave her a two-dollar bill and said, "That's all right," and when

"She must be a bad lot running around with a man like that."
Nobody paid any attention to her, except when they wanted something. She tried to keep out of the waiters' way, and to see something of the dancing.

The show was on now. Two girls, dressed just alike, were doing a dog. The lights were very low, save for a spot turned on the dancers. Annabelle could hardly see her way about.

A fat man who was inclined to be boisterous caught her by the sleeve, demanding something to smoke.

"Just anything—anything!" he exclaimed, thrusting a ten-dollar bill into her hand. She began counting out change, but he pushed her away.

"Don't bother—keep it!" he urged.

Annabelle's lips straightened into a thin line.

"It's too much," she protested, and bent over to lay the money on the table. Laughing, the man slipped a bill into her pocket without her realizing it. She turned and walked away, hoping that he wouldn't call her again.

The head waiter had questioned her when she first came out. She was afraid that he would refuse to let her work, but now he nodded at her affably.

"Take all you can get from suckers like that," he told her, "and look—that man over against the wall wants you!"

Annabelle stared as she made her way along the narrow aisle. She had seen that face before somewhere; in the newspapers, probably. She'd been reading them thoroughly, after she clipped the want ads.

He had iron-gray hair, and keen, dark eyes, oddly set. She couldn't see much of his face; he was resting it on his hand. He glanced up at her and smiled as she stopped beside him.

"You're a new girl here, aren't you?" he asked.

"Where's Lola?"

"She's sick. I'm only taking her place for a little while," Annabelle answered.

"That's too bad. He studied her for a moment. "Like working here?"

"I don't know," she answered, involuntarily glancing back across the room.

She faced him again. Realizing that he was watching her intently, she felt suddenly uncomfortable.

"Did you want cigarettes?" she asked shilly.

He smiled. "What I really wanted was to talk to you," he said. "I was curious about you. Tell me—you're out of a job, aren't you?"

Surprised, Annabelle nodded.

"I thought so. Not that I'm a mind reader, but—I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you?"

She nodded again reluctantly. He turned to the head waiter, who was hovering about.

"I'd like to have this young lady have a bite of supper with me, Henry," he said. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"I can't!" Annabelle exclaimed, stepping back.

"But you will eat!" announced Henry, grasping her arm so tightly that she winced. "You cannot step in here and work a little and say what you will do! Go back and see if Sue has come, and when she does, you will join this gentleman."

"It won't be so bad," the man urged, with a smile. "Please come back!"

Annabelle hastened away, telling herself that she'd manage to slip out of the door, somehow. She dumped the tray down, and turned to look for her things, when the maid hurried out of an inner room to ask what was the matter. Annabelle told her. The woman went to the door, stared across the room, and came back beaming.

"Listen, you go out there and get a good meal," she said. "I've seen half a dozen girls make a play for that man, and he's never given one of them a tumble before. He's on the square—won't do nothing but buy you supper.

Have some sense!"

Annabelle slowly prepared to leave. "Go on!" the woman urged.

"Henry's waiting right outside," she added, "and he'll make a fuss if you don't. Besides, it might get Lola into trouble; you're in her place, you see.

"I couldn't do that."

Annabelle said thoughtfully. She couldn't help being rather pleased, somehow, at having to stay; she hated to leave this enchanted place now.

She went back to the table, to find hot soup waiting for her, soup that smelled so good that she realized suddenly how long it was since she had had a really good meal.

"Please don't be angry with me," the man said, with a smile that made her smile in return. "I was lonely and wanted to talk to some one, and—well, when I see a little country girl tackling New York, I'm always tempted to give her some advice.

"How did you know I was a country girl?"

Annabelle demanded.

"Because you haven't the hard look that the city will give you," he answered. "And because I saw you refuse that tip a few moments ago. Now tell me about yourself, won't you?"

[Continued on page 91]
The Happiest Woman

By MYRTLE GEBHART

WHEN you look back on your life from your deathbed, by what facts will you determine whether you have succeeded or failed?

A group gathered in the Bannister living room discussed this question from the Edison intelligence test. The obvious answer, some one suggested, would be a consideration of one's service to humanity.

"Boloney," Ann Harding Bannister remarked in her throaty, pulsing voice. "With me, it would be whether or not I had achieved personal happiness."

Her reply unwittingly conveyed much of this woman who is intuitive enough to sense the lasting things of life, and startlingly frank in shearing off the false tissue which many mistake for reality—the sentimental mazes.

Only a clear-thinking and an honest person would admit such selfishness of motive. And only one thoroughly schooled in evaluating experience would know that this goal of and for self is achieved most solidly by building contentment for others. Rarely is such mellow knowledge found in a woman as young as Ann.

One could scarcely find a happier actress. With a husband who shares her professional and personal interests, an adored child, and a stone castle embedded in a mountaintop up under the stars, herself a success, all worth-while things are hers and are cherished dearly. Her life is busy, yet leisurely; orderly, but never monotonous; varied, without diverging from a pattern basically simple.

Dressed in knickers and shirt, or a loose jersey suit, she tramps their own all-paid-for mountain. She is gloriously free, because she is so gloriously bound. Spare hours are spent out of doors, on the tennis courts, from which steps descend to a projection room, or in the swimming pool, or landscaping, or luring the wild quail to become friendly, or on the roof acquiring sun tan.

Guests ramble over the place, doing as they please. Friends are treated like family.

"My memories of the theater are not pleasant: hard work, constant struggle and study, stuffy hotels, cold, ill health. Life holds so much more out here. I am grateful. I'm happy because I have what I want, I suppose. My needs and desires are very simple."

"In your boarding-house days, your life had few frivolities."

"Simple, but good and substantial," she qualified. "Though not actively discontented then, I felt no firm ground. Crudity and impermanence surrounded me, and too many cross currents of vague dissatisfaction. Now my environment is fundamentally wholesome, calm, and beautiful."

Her need of stability grows from her early life as the daughter of an army officer whose family followed the roving course of his duties. The soldierly qualities of courage, honesty, directness, and simplicity form the cornerstone of her character, and explain her self-discipline and poise.

"I have almost too much discipline," she laughed. "I regard obedience to those in command of my pictures as a matter of course. I call them 'Sir,' the salute of one's officers to which I am accustomed. They look bewildered at first, but I think they like it!"

Ann Harding calls those in charge of her films "Sir," because she believes in discipline and obedience as a result of her training as an army officer's daughter.
in Hollywood

Ann Harding's contentment is built on marriage, child, and home. Added to these essentials is an active and successful career. How she combines all her activities without excitement or confusion will be fully understood when you meet her on the intimate terms of this article.

It takes an Ann Harding, the way she stands—straight and slim with head thrown back and level, questioning gaze—to toss off such a buoyantly crisp and yet respectful acceptance of instructions in picture circles, without a touch of the theatrical.

To her work she brings a soldier's zeal in its dramatic thrills, and her precise attention to petty duties likewise. While she guards her health with considerable care, she submits to discomfort without complaint when good sportsmanship demands it. Behind schedule, and unwilling to cause even a few hours' delay, she once stood all morning in slippers painfully tight, the wrong size having been sent with a certain costume.

She knows the first name of every studio worker—and his children's as well—though this contact of hers does not smack of camaraderie. A rare talent, that, to inspire a limited friendliness which no one has ever abused. You should have heard the Pathé publicity department rooting for her last Christmas Eve.

They were busily wrapping gifts for members of the press when Ann dropped in with her own remembrances for the staff. A dozen last-minute duties at home awaited her, but she just pitched in and assisted, to enable them to leave for their own homes on time.

But if you picture a Pollyanna, your mental canvas needs a few bolder strokes of color. Her fine honesty makes her intolerant of weakness in screen character. Employing her own sure logic, she adds detail to her scripts. Her studio battles are patiently fought, by quiet, decisive argument; if the case seems hopeless, she murmurs an apology and walks out. And stays out, in so far as that matter is concerned.

Several stories which she thought unbelievable have been shelved. Much of the scintillant "Holiday" dialogue was to be cut from the play, because it had no direct bearing on the plot; she knew its value in stamping the characters' reaction to environment, and, one point at a time, won her stand.

"I have rolled into things. Opportunities have come to me uninvited." Thus she disposes of her career. "I have demanded little of life—the most sure way to placate it, incidentally. By relaxing that tense vigil of waiting which harasses so many, I conserved my energies; when my chance arrived I plunged into the work with a determination to make good.

"Ridiculously patient," she analyzed herself. "A fault, not a virtue. I'll stand for too much. Never do I attempt to reform people; I've no missionary spirit at all. I hear with something distasteful, until I no longer can endure it; on a sudden decision, I step out, cutting the association abruptly"—she made a sharp gesture—"and forever."

Her thoughtful acts for others are legion, services inconspicuously rendered. A common friend of ours.

Continued on page 10
By far the gentlest and most appealing picture ever taken of Constance Bennett is here for your delectation. In pensive mood she is seen without the trappings of luxury that have earned for her the name of a devotee of fashion, an exponent of sophistication more than sympathy, the quintessence of worldly appeal.

In reality she is a girl as eager as a beginner to succeed in her profession. What matter if she has more money than she needs, a position second to none, and a string of popular films behind her? She knows that all these advantages count for nothing if she lessens her effort to please those whose favor decides the fate of a star—the fans.

In the small picture, left, Miss Bennett is seen as Laura Murdock, heroine of the stage play, "The Easiest Way," which will come to the screen with a new title.
More than Tol'able

Richard Cromwell, an amateur who puts aside his brushes and paints for a fling in movies, is having a swell but bewildering time trying to get used to all that goes with sudden stardom.

By James Roy Fuller

Every time the younger generation is almost convinced that fresh young faces and win-some personalities should be kept at home to brighten offices and sales campaigns, leaving the screen to struggle along with the talent at hand, an amateur comes across with a really fine performance. Then every hamlet has again to put up with all its Dots and Bills who are bitten anew by dat ol’ devil, the acting bug.

Now it is Richard Cromwell who upsets the cinematic law of gravity by stepping right out from nowhere to stardom.

Richard’s Tol’able David is as fine a characterization as you are likely to see on the screen for some time, yet it is his first effort. He acts and talks with feeling and animation, and with that much rarer something, convincing restraint. These are the marks of the master actor.

How did Cromwell, an inexperienced boy, do it? Perhaps it is more to the point to ask, Can he do it again? But leaving such questions in the hands of those eccentric muses that watch over the casting offices and scenario departments, let’s see what Richard has to say for himself.

"Hello—I’ll be out in a minute."

He wasn’t even halfway presentable when he peeped out from his bedroom and greeted the publicity woman who was with me, although it was every bit of twelve o’clock. Half an hour before I had banged on his door without arousing so much as a sleepy grunt within. A pretty reception, this, from the star who had a while ago glorified the Southern highland folk, who are terribly hospitable if you are on their side. I went down to the hotel office to phone him.

The Eastern office had lent a “big brother” to Cromwell, upon his arrival in New York, to keep him from being mobbed by those timid young blondes on Broadway. Big Brother answered, after a moment’s ringing.

A few minutes after the publicity lady and I went up, Richard bounced in, wearing the Kansas City edition of Hollywood trousers—more about these later—his shirt very much open at the neck and sleeves rolled above the elbows. He jerked his blond hair back out of his eyes and grinned, just Tol’able David himself.

Pulling down his eyelids, he bowed to the lady, “I can’t get them open!” He explained. “All these personal appearances and things, and the dance last night—gee, I’m glad I don’t have to work to-day—I’m glad I’m going back to Hollywood next week.”

At that his was the most untired face I’d seen for a long time. “It’s great—all this that’s happened to me. I still think it must be a sort of dream. It must be like being drunk—although I never was drunk—you know what’s going on, but things seem hazy and unreal.”

He grinned in the wholehearted, boyish manner of a lad having the most thrilling, but the most tiring, time of his life. Richard is just himself; he has no pose. He is naively enjoying every bit of his sudden stardom, even though personal appearances scare him half to death. You like him at once, and feel glad, too, just as if your own kid brother had come into a dazzling bit of luck.

Breakfast was brought in—toast and coffee—and only two cups.

“Take my cup—I’ll call for another,” offered Richard.

“No, take mine,” said Big Brother. “Dick—they didn’t bring your whole-wheat toast!”

I couldn’t think of cheating them out of their coffee, since I had had breakfast long before “professional” hours. Finally I was forced to take Big Brother’s cup. While I drank my coffee, Big Brother nibbled the white toast, with no coffee, and Richard sipped coffee without his toast. The lady phoned for another cup.

The waiter popped in, bearing the whole-wheat toast
"We went to the Columbia jubilee disguised as gentlemen," put in Big Brother. "Dick got a big rush. I had him to change partners at each break in the music, in order to get around. And at one thirty I kidnapped him away and sent him to bed."

"It's funny," Richard observed, "people always expect me to be like an actor, and I don't know how to act like a movie actor. It makes me feel silly when people stop me at the stage door, look me up and down, and say, 'Why, you look just like you do on the screen.' Honest, I don't know what to do or say—but I like it!

"A chap stopped us on the street. 'Aren't you Richard Cromwell? I've just seen your picture. It's fine.' That was great!"

He turned to Big Brother. "Wasn't he a nice fellow?"

Big Brother agreed that he was a nice chap.

"But personal appearances"—Richard shuddered—"you step right out on the stage, with your face out over the front row, and people staring up at you so hard—you just stand there and shake like this."

He jumped up to impersonate a star reacting to the much talked of personal contact with an audience.

"Had you done any film work before 'Tol'able David'?

"Only two days of extra work. I was a cowboy in a scene in 'The King of Jazz.' I did a sort of setting-up exercise 'way in the background while John Boles up front was singing."

I asked how he came to step into Richard Barthelmess's old hill-billy brogans.

"They'd tested everybody at the studio and were giving almost anybody a try-out. I heard about it and applied. I'd always wanted to be an actor, but people had kidded me so much I'd quit talking about it. I didn't dare to expect the part—but I sort of expected it, too. Yet getting it was a big surprise."

Prior to his extra work in Paul Whiteman's film, Cromwell had had a little stage experience. He was the leading man in "Ivanhoe" as brought to the boards by the Long Beach eighth grade.

Young Ivanhoe galloped home and called for his armor true. The best that Radabaugh Hall could muster was an old suit of underclothes. Good enough.

The young knight then besought from Dame Radabaugh, his mother, the honor of having her sew on, with her own fingers, a thousand or two of those metal things used to clamp around chickens' ankles. His mother had the armor plates, but no time for such chivalrous pastimes.

"I began to sew them on myself. When I finished five tags, I quit and painted on the plates. It made a swell coat of mail."

"I got along fine, except about the middle of the play I got a line wrong. I said, 'No, damn it!' and went back and said it right. They got sore at me for saying 'damn' right out before all the kids and mothers."

"A player who tells you all these things would doubtless tell all, but if you're expecting a snappy confession or two, or a personality chart of 'The-kind-of-girl-I-want-to-marry,' calm yourself," Richard says he hasn't had time to fall in love. He just has pals like Anna Q. Nilsson and Dave Rollins's kid sister.

It's great but terribly tiring to be a star on tour, says Richard Cromwell.

and another pot of coffee, instead of the cup. Big Brother, knowing New York waiters, gave up and took his in a water glass. His coffee, you know. The waiter seemed frightfully calm about his blunders. I do hope his boss turns out to be Picture Play's old pen pal. Constant Reader.

Breakfast started, we are all set for the interview.

"Look at the pretty flowers," said Richard, beaming. "They gave them to me at the party last night. I didn't know it was to be a masquerade, so I barged in——"

until a short while ago, Richard was only Roy Radabaugh, a young artist of Los Angeles about to make a go of it. He had begun to sell his stuff, had done some mural work in a theater, and was specializing in portrait masks.

"Then—this came along," he chuckled. "Now I can paint what I want to in my spare time, instead of making the stuff that sells. And mother can now write her impossible stories all the time. They sound like newspaper stories, so matter of fact, but they are fiction. I've put crazy books around for her to pick up, but she didn't take the hint."

This slim David—five feet ten, weight one hundred and forty-eight—was called "Fatty" all through his childhood.

[Continued on page 104]
JOAN MARSH, one of the prettiest of the newcomers who are forever cropping up only to disappear from the horizon after a season in photographs, is meeting with no such fate.

True, her photographs are here—and they leave nothing to be desired—but she has a leading rôle in a film, too—"Three Girls Lost."

Her father is Charles Rosher, a cameraman whose name you have seen on the best that the screen has offered for years, so it's no wonder that his daughter is photographically perfect.
ALTHOUGH Norma Talmadge may not be superstitious—
A numerologist informed her that she must do nothing during the weeks around the New Year, because it would be unlucky.
Therefore Norma hid herself to New York on a pleasure jaunt.
The trip also had another objective. Norma is planning to star on the road in the stage play, "The Greeks Had a Word For It." She has to do this in order to obtain the screen rights. She's planning to make it as her next picture.

Veritable Turtle Doves.
Are Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon happy?
We'll venture to say they are. We sat next to them at a buffet supper at Bess Meredith's, and they grace fully explained away all the rumors of differences between them. They are happier now than when they were first married; they have a better mutual understanding of each other.

"Why," exclaimed Ben, "we don't quarrel now even when we're playing bridge, and we used to all the time before our wedding."

Bebe lavishes such endearing words as "precious" and "honey" on her husband, and Ben is all admiration for his wife's talents and accomplishments.

Duke Dallies a While.
Mary and Doug have taken to entertaining royalty again. And here everybody thought that they had relinquished that pet pastime.
But then up bobs the Duke of Sutherland, all of a sudden. Serious thoughts of the continuance of picture careers are abandoned, and Doug, Mary, and the duke go on a fishing trip.
The Duke of Sutherland emulates movie celebrities by having his own private picture theater on his estate, and he is an ardent fan of Doug and Mary's.

Unlucky.
What on earth is to be done about Pauline Frederick?
Here she is again with another smashed-up romance. The shortest, too, of her four marriages.
Pauline has always managed to stay married for about three years heretofore, but the match with Hugh C. Leighton, wealthy hotel owner, has lasted scarcely six months. He is called the "kissless husband," because, as he himself had asserted, Pauline was not a very affectionate wife.
Pauline is one of the few four-timers in the marital list. Her best rival is Robert Ames, who has been married and divorced four times. Then there is De Wolf Hopper who has a six-time record, but he is more of the stage than pictures.

That Canary Appetite.
We marvel at Gloria Swanson's dietary restraint, and at the tunefulness of her gowns. The former was demonstrated recently at the Embassy Club, where Gloria confined her luncheon to three asparagus tips and a cup of tea.
The sartorial melodiousness was evidenced when she came into a theater to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in "Ghosts," and was adorned with a gown that literally jingled with beads and sequins. It was audible enough to register in any microphone, had there been one, and attracted no end of attention.

Au Revoir, My Whale!
If you have seen "New Moon" and heard that favored song "Lover Come Back to Me," you will appreciate this one.
A picture titler in one of the studios wanted to call a whaling feature made in Labrador, "Blubber, Come Back to Me."

Hot-blooded Romancing.
Ramon Novarro—murderer! Harold Lloyd—shot and killed!
That's a Guatemala press agent's idea of swell publicity for a picture. The story was published during the run of "Call of the Flesh" in the Central American republic.
The fantastic tale declared that Lloyd had trampled on the Mexican flag, and that Novarro, in a fit of rage, had fired upon the comedian, and killed him.
It is unbelievable that such a cock-and-bull yarn could ever be printed, but it actually was.

Ritz to Marlene.
Stars of Hollywood turned thumbs down on Marlene Dietrich. They admitted she had beauty and personality, but declined to see her as a Greta Garbo rival.
"She hasn't the subtlety of Garbo," was the remark we heard most frequently at her premiere, a flashy affair at the Chinese Theater.
The stars didn't like the picture "Morocco," either. They said it moved too slowly. Generally it seemed a washout at the grand opening, but we have a lot of
High Lights

cast from the central station of filmland.

Elza Schallert

friends outside the movies, who think it is a fine example of the picture art.

A Western Culmination.

First, last, and all the time—a Westerner! That's Tom Mix.

He even finished up his marital life with a horse-opera climax. In her divorce complaint, his wife accused him of brandishing a revolver, and frightening her almost to death with it.

Tom and Victoria Mix have been at the parting point for months, and have long maintained separate homes.

Tom would come to his wife's residence for a day or two, she declared in her suit, but would dash away again in a hurry. Much of the past year he has been with a circus.

Outside of the revolver threat mentioned, there isn't anything sensational about the separation of the Mixes. Mrs. Mix wants to keep Thomasina.

Ingénue Learns Language.

"'Slong; see yuh soon!"

Yes, this is English—movieland English. It's about the first set of words one learns to say in bidding adieu to a friend in Hollywood, according to a bright little player, Sidney Fox, who has just been signed by Universal.

"Nearly every one around the sets uses this expression in saying good-by," she declared. "It sounds funny to an Easterner, but there is something friendly about it that I like."

Miss Fox stands out in the galaxy of new arrivals, because she is a brunet ingénue. Most ingénues are blondes or redheads, either by nature, or by preference.

We don't expect to see Miss Fox succumb to the peroxide or henna convention.

Sidney comes from the New York stage, where she played in "Lost Sheep." "I'm not one of them, though, even if I have come to Hollywood," she said.

Boss Complex Hits Dix.

Another dream fulfilled! Richard Dix will direct "Big Brother" for RKO. Every actor seems to want to be the head man on the set at some time or other. The anticipation is sometimes much better than the realization, however.

Louis Wolheim feels that way about it now. Since "The Sin Ship," he has about made up his mind to stick to acting.

Lowell Sherman and Ramon Novarro, on the other hand, are going on. Ramon's first Spanish effort is a big hit. He was just about mobbed by the enthusiastic crowd at the première of "Sevilla de mis Amores," "Call of the Flesh," Spanish version. Ramon made a personal appearance in connection with the first showing at a theater in Los Angeles.

Everybody says that Ramon has done an intelligent and clever piece of direction in the picture. What a pity that it cannot be seen and enjoyed by his American admirers!

Sweet-sounding Names.

They are now called Juan and Lolita! What poetic names these, for the John Barrymores!

John and Dolores were so christened when they visited San Salvador, where the inhabitants were quite mad about the duo.

Indeed, that entire yachting cruise in Pacific waters was a great success, according to the returning voyagers. The only marring experience was that John suffered an attack of fever, which recurred after he got back to Hollywood. Otherwise he had a great time, and caught some of the biggest fish that roam the seas.

Dolores looks more slender than when we saw her a few months ago at a preview of "Moby Dick."

They seem very happy together, and there was some talk of Dolores appearing with Barrymore in a revival of "Trilby." It has since been decided she will do another film, now that she is back at Warner's.

Lewis Now Lew.

Lewis Ayres had to give it up. He will now be known as Lew Ayres.

What's the use of trying to be known by a formal name when the public prefers to treat you informally? Everybody persisted in calling the hero of "All Quiet" Lew, and so Lew has been officially adopted by the studio.

Wouldn't it be interesting, in this connection, if some of the stars were called by their nicknames on the screen? For instance: "Speedy" Lloyd, "Buck" Arlen: Gary, "Coop," "Texas" Brian, Jeanette "Mac," Ernst "Lu," and "Bucket" Okie?

Gary Love Lupe?

Gary Cooper is right there with frankness and brevity.

"Who's your girl friend?" some one asked him recently while visiting in San Francisco; "Lupe Velez?"

"You bet," replied Gary. "Same girl friend as before."

"Are you married?" inquired the curious one.

"Nope."

And that was that.

Rest Cures Prolonged.

Send a word of encouragement to Lila Lee and Renée Adorée. They are both at a sanitarium in Prescott, Arizona, and neither can return to Hollywood until the
Hollywood High Lights

No star in the firmament looked a whit brighter than he at the time “The Singing Fool” was running. Al was the superking.

The past twelve months have been slow ones for Al in picture making. He hasn’t got going on his United Artists contract, either. And just recently he had to sell a block of stock at a loss of $720,000. Add to this the fact that his appendix recently kicked up trouble.

It’s a hell of a life.

Wally Takes a Rap.

Wallace Beery is another star who is reported to have taken a bad financial rap. Wally had $100,000 in a concern that was recently rifled of its funds by one of the officers. Wally hopes to get some of his money back, but then you never can tell.

This is one of the few times that the comical character actor has ever been hit very hard in the pocketbook. He is pretty shrewd most of the time. He was once robbed of a large amount of securities, but was fortunate enough to recover this.

Victor Diligent Student.

Victor Varconi deserves a few good rousing cheers. He’s fighting to stay on in Hollywood, and the odds aren’t a bit favorable to the foreign actor with an accent, such as most foreign actors have.

Victor has been studying virtually night and day to overcome any faults in his English inflection. He is determined that he will speak like a native.

You remember what an excellent actor he was in the silents. He merits a chance to come back.

“Cimarron” Must be Good!

We hope all we hear about “Cimarron” is true. Richard Dix really needs a good picture.

From the way the talk is going, this is one of the epics of all time. Indians, wagons, cattle, bad men, gay women—not to say naughty—and everything that spells a high time on the old frontier. The land rush scenes, wherein a hurly-burly of vehicles are seen racing each other across a prairie, are said to be one of the big thrills of the year. Estelle Taylor, Irene Dunne, and William Collier, Jr., are in the cast.

RKO spent a lot of money on the land rush. They had bad luck. Rain spoiled the first attempts to photograph the wild dash, and the whole business had to be undertaken a second time.

Jackie Gives Up Game.

Whoever said Jackie Coogan wasn’t an exceptional boy! He has an admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, too. His mother proudly told us an incident that illustrates it.

Jackie wanted very much to go to the Notre Dame-U. S. C. football game, but tickets were at a premium. Jackie heard that he could get one for $20, the regular price being $5, and he told his mother about it.

end of spring, at the earliest. Miss Adorée may not be able to go back to the colony until July.

John Farrow, scenario writer, to whom Lila was recently reported engaged, often visits her at the sanitarium, flying a portion of the way in order to make the trip.

Renée may occasionally be lonely, but she has a strong philosophy of life to fall back on. She went through many struggles and much unhappiness, especially in her youth.

Renée shares her quarters at the hospital with six other patients, and the companionship helps. Lila Lee occupies a bungalow, where she is attended by a maid. She is reported the more lonely.

Trinkel Far Too Small.

An executive at one of the studios was very much impressed with the success made by one of his stars. So, too, was the star. The executive wanted to do something nice for Christmas, so he bethought himself of presenting a midget car just as a sort of trinkel. He didn’t realize that success had really gone to the star’s head.

“Huh,” exclaimed one of the executive assistants, “a lot of good that’ll do him now. Why, he’ll never even get his head inside.”

Jolson, the Ill-starred.

Al Jolson has had a terrible year! And, just think, he was on top of the world when the talkies first came in! We hope all we hear about “Cimarron” is true. Richard Dix really needs a good picture.

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That seems like an awful lot to pay for a ticket,” she told him; "after all, there are so many poor boys to whom $20 would mean much—”

“I guess that’s right, mother,” Jackie answered right away. “I guess I’ll listen over the radio.”

And he did.

And that’s going some for a youngster who is reputed to have considerably more than $1,000,000 in his own right!

**Luck of a Colleen.**

Stage show quits on the road; star goes to hospital; former husband is reported engaged to another girl.

So goes the sad saga of Colleen Moore, who ruled as one of the most popular stars of the movies just a few years ago.

It is no news that Colleen’s stage venture didn’t come out as well as she had hoped. The strain of the experience, and the fact that she wasn’t used to the unearthly hours that footlight folk have to keep, sent her to Battle Creek Sanitarium for a rest.

Then just about that time came the announcement that John McCormick had fallen in love with Mae Clark, and that they expect to wed as soon as divorce requirements permit.

Colleen is home again, and happy to be in Hollywood.

**Virginia Goes English.**

Hurray for Virginia Lee Corbin! She announces that she is returning from abroad with an English accent. She thinks it will help her career.

Virginia really went across the seas on a honeymoon trip with her husband, Ted Krol, but she decided to turn the jaunt to profit, and took up elocution while she was in England.

Her efforts should help her to knock the colony cold.

**Photographer Stalks Greta.**

The day of reckoning has come for Greta Garbo. She has shunned publicity so much that even the cameramen are out to capture her, dead or alive. And Greta almost died, too, when one of them concealed his photographic apparatus in a hedge surrounding her house at the beach, and shot a picture of her while she was taking a sun bath. The reports are that Greta was not very heavily clad at the time. One generally isn’t when a sun bath is under way.

Now the question is, Where are those pictures?

**Eagle Eye on Warner.**

The light now shines on Warner Baxter. The “light” is the gleam in the eye of Cecil DeMille when he has found a new star. Baxter is to play the title role in “The Squaw Man.”

In the old days Baxter would have been called a DeMille discovery, but times are changing. Baxter has been a discovery ever since he appeared in the bandit role of “In Old Arizona.”

If there is any star who leads a quiet, unobtrusive life around the colony it is Warner. He tends to business, wins medals from the Motion Picture Academy, and is apparently very much in love with his wife, Winifred Bryson. Added to all this, he is a very competent and experienced actor.

**Maureen’s Fall from Grace.**

Maureen O’Sullivan is shocking some of her fans around Hollywood by taking up smoking. They regard it as a sign that the little Irish girl has suddenly gone in for the gay life. Maureen is such a youngster, they say, she shouldn’t be doing anything like that. And she was so idealistic before she came to America. But so it goes!

The fact is, Maureen used to smoke in her native land. She quit it when she came to the colony, for fear it might impair her voice. She tried it lately and found it didn’t do any damage. So she just resumed the habit.

**A Valiant Fire Fighter.**

Buster Collier, Jr., now holds the title of Fire Chief of Malibu Beach. He was the hero of a recent conflagration that burned a number of the homes at the film seaside resort. He organized the dwellers as assistants to the regular firemen, and they did valiant work. So if he wants it Buster now has an official post awaiting him.

Stars who lost their homes in the fire included Louise Fazenda, Marie Prevost, and Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. The destruction to property, including automobiles and jewelry, was estimated at nearly $1,000,000.

**A Beneficial Husband.**

Rita La Roy is to be married. She’s the smart-looking vampish girl who often appears in RKO pictures. Rita will not only acquire a husband in the much, but also a daughter. Her intended is Ben Hershfield, an agent for players. Their marriage awaits the final decree in a divorce suit which he won a few months ago, securing the custody of his child.

Rita’s future will be well taken care of, no doubt, by her husband, since if he can get engagements for others, he can surely do as much for his wife.

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ENGLISH Girl—AMERICAN Style

Combining traditional British logic and American "push," Dorothy Mackaill achieved the unusual in coming through a studio rebellion with a handsome contract, instead of a long vacation.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

TWISTING the lion's tail is risky business at best, and it becomes acutely ticklish when the lion is a motion-picture mogul.

The stars who have essayed Oliver Twist, asking for more opportunity or more salary, have been notoriously unsuccessful.

Raymond Griffith was turning out hilarious comedies when his differences with Paramount put him on the outside looking in. Adolphe Menjou was at the top of his elegant stride when he requested a three-thousand-dollar raise in his weekly stipend, and sought solace in Europe upon being turned down. A year's absence was enough to bring him back with altered ideas.

Wallace Beery and Conway Tearle are two other excellent actors whose ambition closed the studio doors to them for terms varying from a year to indefinite. Beery is now profitably engaged at Culver City, where one of his duties is to tutor the burly Tully in camera deportment.

Discipline is severe in Hollywood. Among the ladies perhaps there is less avarice, and so less clashing with the front office. However, Janet Gaynor, Jetta Goudal, and Dorothy Mackaill are outstanding maidens militant, who decided what they wanted and proceeded to let the world know.

Goudal was less than sensationally successful. After winning a lawsuit against the tinsel wizard, DeMille, she found it impossible to get work, because of that relatively barren victory. The little Gaynor girl broke off with the Fox field marshals for months, but finally returned on their terms.

Mackaill is different.

Dorothy Mackaill has been playing leads in standard pictures for a full decade, which is a milder way of saying eleven years. Arriving here from Hull, England, she found a place in the "Follies" ranks, 1919 series. Soon after that, she served as Barthelmess's leading lady in several amusing films, later achieving stardom on the First National roster.

As a stellar body her course has been steady, rarely brilliant, but never doubtful. She has had her share of routine program pictures, but she has also had such things as "The Barker," "Man Trouble," and light comedies with Jack Mulhall. She has had her ups as well as her downs. And she has accumulated a devoted public to which she does not refer.

But for all her security, she has not been satisfied with her pictures. She felt that fewer and better Mackaill features would do her no end of good, mentally, physically, and spiritually. So she said as much to the gods of the lot, and they heard her not.

Then there followed one of those sturdy studio combats that are usually skimmed over by the publicity department, and omitted altogether in the glowing annual reports on the condition of the company.

Upon completing the last picture under her five-year contract, Dorothy Mackaill did a daring thing. From time to time during her term of stardom, Mackaill had raised her voice in protest against the shoddy stories, or the hurried production, or the lack of time between pictures. One release after another is wearing

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FOR years Dorothy Mackaill has been in pictures, with the ups and downs of poor roles in weak films, as well as stardom and admirable performances. Malcolm H. Oettinger, on the opposite page, sums up her career and cites her greatest victory.
JEAN HARLOW, whose luscious beauty was first seen in "Hell's Angels," is not to wait another two years for her next appearance. Far from it! Right now she is spreading her lure all over "The Secret Six," starring Wallace Beery.
Less is published about William Boyd than any other long-established star, including his marriage to Dorothy Sebastian; and a new photograph of him is as rarely seen as Colonel Lindbergh’s smile. But you’ll agree he’s as likable as ever in this one.
WE single out Joel McCrea for applause, because he hasn't let being a college athlete stand in the way of his becoming an actor who can speak as well as look a part. You saw "Lightnin'? Then watch for "Once a Sinner."
If here isn't Clara Bow sublimated by a wedding veil and a bit of lace both rare and old—because that's what lace usually is, isn't it? Her melting eyes on the organist, she goes through the marriage ceremony in ''No Limit.'
COURAGEOUSLY battling troubles and bravely rising above a great sorrow, Mary Astor emerges triumphantly as an individual and an actress, for her performances now have depth and warm sympathy, where formerly she was as unexciting as a perfect cameo.
CLIVE BROOK goes steadily on, as much a staple in the cinematic grocery as the orange marmalade of his native England, his performances as correct, balanced, zestful and welcome to fans as jam is to toast.
WHAT are we coming to? Lawrence Tibbett confides, opposite, that he doesn't want privacy, but gets a thrill out of being recognized and mobbed—that the more attention he receives from the public, the better he likes it. Read what he says!
Tickled All Over

That's how Lawrence Tibbett feels about life and people, smirking like the cat that swallowed the canary when he's recognized in public and confessing that he'd be annoyed if he were ignored.

ORANGE picker, oil driller, sailor—down to the depths, and he comes up smiling. He laughs at life, for life can't hurt him. He isn't disillusioned, for he has no illusions.

Life to Lawrence Tibbett is a pretty swell dish, and each to-day is a little more wonderful than yesterday. Had he lived hundreds of years ago, he would probably have been the inspiration for the French phrase, joi de vivre.

Blessed with a great voice, he turned naturally to the stage when he finished school. He played in musical stock companies all up and down the West Coast—"The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Robin Hood," the whole works.

When he had played them all, he realized that if he were ever to amount to anything, he would have to go to New York. He might have the greatest baritone voice in the world, but unless he sang in New York no one that mattered would ever hear about it.

He had a boyhood sweetheart. Grace, I think, was her name. Hardly had he finished school when they up and married. Scarcely more than children themselves, twins greeted them on their first wedding anniversary.

If it had been hard to make ends meet before, it was actual labor now. What future for a father and husband singing in third-rate stock companies in the West?

On to New York! But how? Meetings—many meetings—of the ways-and-means committee, consisting of L. Tibbett and wife. Nights spent in long discussions which ended when Mrs. Tibbett took a job and supported herself and the children while he went East in search of a break—and the end of the rainbow.

Tiny bits with the Metropolitan Opera Company, while he struggled and studied. And then one memorable day when they asked if he could sing Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," three evenings later.

Many operatic stars take a year to learn a single role. Tibbett learned his in three days and awoke four days later to find himself famous—the operatic find of the decade.

Many of these finds prove to be flashes in the pan—meteors that dazzle for a moment or two and fade, leaving only a memory of lost brilliance. But each new role has carried Tibbett on to greater glory.

Then the talkies and "The Rogue Song" carried his name and voice into those remote corners of the earth that Metropolitan Opera music never reaches.

"Lord, the fun we've had along the way," he said, in speaking of the hardships he and Mrs. Tibbett have faced. "There have been times when we hardly knew where our next meal was coming from. That was fun, too, in a way.

"We didn't feel that the world owed us a living, but we did feel that a living was there for us, if we knew how to get it. It was our wits against the world's, and there was joyous satisfaction in obtaining it."

Success has left him singularly unspoiled. He is described at the studio as being plain as an old shoe. Gradually you learn to take these studio ravings as so much blurb, and swallow a spoonful of salt with them—if you swallow them at all.

One morning I saw him walk onto the set of "New Moon." There were perhaps fifty extras there waiting for him to show up, in order that they might start the day's work. And on his appearance a cheer went up—as spontaneous as the yells at a football game.

There is none of the glamour of the operatic star about him. He's "Larry" or Lawrence to half the prop boys and electricians on the set.

"Why, I went to school with a lot of these chaps around here," he explained. "How in hell could I start ritzing them and acting stand-offish now?"

"You wrote an article some time ago about Novarro, in which you showed how disillusioning success has proved to him. Well, that's Ramon as he is. Sensitive and retiring. Small things cut him and he shrinks every time a person in whom he has pinned faith proves a disappointment. He withdraws into himself and away from the world. Ramon is made that way. I'm not."

"Most of the people who have succeeded in this business tell you you don't have friends—you have hangers-on. Well, that's true.

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just went over to the studio, stopped the first executive you met and said, 'Mr. Gimmick, as the representative of an enormous group of fans comprising one and one-half members, I want to congratulate you on your recent acquisitions,' you undoubtedly would pick a man who hadn't wanted them signed up in the first place, or who thought 'acquisition' a dirty word. Just let well enough alone. Keep on buying tickets to 'The Blue Angel' and if you want to be really big-hearted, don't groan the next time you see Buddy Rogers simpering his way through something on the screen.'

I could see that Fanny thought that was asking too much, so I sought to distract her attention.

"If memory doesn't fail me," I said, "and it rarely does when it comes to remembering something annoying, didn't you once remark that Miss Dietrich had little individuality?" That she was an imitation—"

Fanny smiled guiltily.

"Not exactly. You'll admit that it would have been much better if audiences had seen 'The Blue Angel' first. In that film she is like no one else on the screen. But in 'Morocco,' you know, the cameraman, or director, or some one stressed the Garbo resemblance as much as possible. Every time she strikes a pose that looks a bit Garbo, she holds it almost to the stiff-neck stage.

"I'm second to no one in admiring Garbo, but after seeing 'The Blue Angel' I'm thoroughly convinced there is room for both Garbo and Dietrich on the screen. She acted as if she were intelligently directed in that picture, but in 'Morocco' it was as if the director just sat back and watched her, so fascinated that he couldn't call a halt.

Marlene Dietrich is the first real sensation in pictures in years.
TEACUPS

bouquets as she recounts happen-
motion-picture circles.

Bystander

"For once I'm not in the mi-
ority. Every one is crazy about
Marlene Dietrich. Just look at
the business her pictures do!

Variety, the showman's Bible, encyclopedia, and court of last re-
sort, said that 'The Lottery Bride' took in only twenty thousand
dollars in a whole week, and 'The Blue Angel' played to twenty-
four thousand dollars in the same theater in three days!"

Imagine getting to the point where you go around memorizing
statistics about a star! Maybe it is just as well that the famous
Tallulah is coming over to offer Miss Dietrich a little competition.

"Do you remember?" Fanny and I said in chorus.

We were thinking of the days a few years ago when Tallulah
was rated among the most promising young actresses on
the American stage. Almost every day she lunched at
the Algonquin, and if she wasn't the most dazzling crea-
ture there, she was at least the most unusual and sinister.

Motion-picture producers urged her to go into pic-
tures, but she would just say, 'No, thanks, I've been.'

I don't remember ever seeing her in
a film, but she made several with
Madge Kennedy
back in 1918 and
she thought she
was terrible.

Tallulah was
one of those un-
fortunate people
who got herself
talked about. In
no time at all she
became a legend
of all that was
wrong with the
younger gener-
ation. Figure out
for yourself how
much of it was
the work of other
less-fortunate
players who were
jealous. Anyway,
she got so fed up
with Broadway
that she went to
London. I won't
describe what a
sensation she has
been there.

You may get a
taste idea from the
fact that on the

Jeanette MacDon-
ald proved to be
a many-sided per-
sanality during her
New York visit.

Lily Damita is tem-
porarily devoting
herself to foreign
versions.
Over the Teacups

Many will rejoice at Eleanor Boardman's return to the screen.

And just imagine a whole boarding school of girls trying to imitate her!

Fanny and I know some girls who go to a finishing school and every once in a while we take them to the movies on a Saturday afternoon. Their verdicts on pictures and players delight us.

They adore Janet Gaynor and think Charlie Farrell is stupid because it often takes him several reels to start trying to win her. They think Maureen O'Sullivan is cute, and a large part of the school is divided over whether they would rather be like Helen Twelvetrees or Myrna Loy. Before they had ever seen Helen Twelvetrees in a picture, the nice quiet ones had selected her from photographs in magazines as a model of propriety and sweetness. And then a few of them saw "Her Man." There's been a notable lack of appreciation for sweetness and simplicity since then, but the furor over Miss Twelvetrees has increased.

"Wait until they see her as Millie!" Fanny gasped.

"What, you don't know who Millie is?" she asked in amazement. "She's the heroine of one of the most sensational novels of the year. She is described as 'the right girl who met the wrong man.' If the picture is even remotely like the book, and I don't see how it could be done without chloroforming all the censors, it will make all other lost heroines in the movies seem like Elsie Dinsmore."

"If the book's that bad, probably all the girls of boarding-school age have already smuggled it

in under the wrapper of Henry van Dyke's sermons and read it, so the picture won't hurt them. What's Myrna Loy doing?"

"Just splendidly, thank you," Fanny retorted, gazing around Rumpelmayer's to see who was there. Visiting picture stars have not discovered Rumpelmayer's yet, but they will any day now because all the young Broadway actresses gather there for tea and it is as gay and decorative as a fashion show.

Dorothy Hall, who plays in Paramount pictures occasionally, and who is doing 'The Greeks Had a Word For It' on the stage comes there often, and you couldn't find a prettier girl anywhere. Sometimes I suspect Fanny of going there just to see what new gadget in the way of a tiny pocketbook muff, or a fur-coated suit Dorothy is displaying.

"But what about Myrna Loy?" I repeated, as Fanny continued to stare at Dorothy Hall as if she were trying to memorize her costume.

"Oh, she's just finished the part of the Queen in 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court' and she has the toughest, and yet the most interesting, assignment ahead of her you ever heard of. She is to be in 'Squadrons' and the other feminine lead is played by Elissa Landi. And even if Miss Landi never has made a picture, she will give Myrna a lot of competition.

"She's played in 'A Farewell to Arms' on the stage," Fanny explained as I looked a little bewildered. "She's the most exquisite and appealing person. The play ran only a few nights, but when it closed there was a chorus of film producers shouting, 'I want her!'

"Fox got her. She speaks several languages and they figured that if she didn't make a hit in English, they could use her in foreign..."
versions. But her tests look so marvelous that now they see they won't be able to spare her for any foreign versions after all."

"Is everybody still studying French and Spanish so frantically?" I asked. "It strikes me it's a disadvantage sometimes for a girl to be too much of a linguist. She might spend years in foreign versions and never be seen over here."

"Oh I know," Fanny agreed. "You're thinking of Lily Damita. I think it's a shame they've stuck her in foreign versions. She's doing the pictures Norma Shearer played in English and those are the best stories that Metro-Goldwyn could buy, but she might as well have stayed in France if she is to be in pictures that will only be seen there. She wasn't awfully keen about doing 'Sons o' Guns' in pictures, so it wasn't a blow when Al Jolson postponed making it, but she probably would like to play in the language she struggled so hard to learn.

"There's still a rush in Hollywood to learn French and Spanish, when a lot of them might put in a little time improving their American—or English, if you insist. But at least they're spared continual singing and dancing lessons, now that screen musicals have almost passed out.

"I don't want to see musicals discarded," Fanny objected. "But I'd like to pass a law compelling Ernst Lubitsch to direct them all. And I'm so fond of Irving Berlin's songs that I know I shall resent the big open spaces in 'Reaching For the Moon' where they've been removed."

While Fanny deliberated over the bewildering array of pastries that the waiter displayed before her, she paused now and then to cast a bit of news my way.

"Joan Crawford and Douglas, Jr., are here for a holiday. Joan's been working and dieting so strenuously that every one is worried about her health. She is terribly thin and her complexion looks like something thought up in a morbid moment by a Paris dressmaker."

The mere thought of Joan's starving prompted her to take another trifle of chocolate.

"Virginia Sale is in town," she went on, still pausing reflectively over the tray. "She can stay only a week or so, because she's just getting into her stride in pictures. She's falling heir to a lot of rôles intended for Zasu Pitts and doing awfully well in them. After all, Zasu can't be in every picture, and that's what producers as well as audiences want. Oh, well, it was inevitable that some day the two would agree on something."

She selected one last bit of sugary confection and waved the waiter away, even though he did relish her extravagant use of names. I think he really wanted to ask her about Clara Bow.

"Even if people compare Virginia to Zasu Pitts, she shouldn't mind. A girl might mind being a second anybody else, but not a second Zasu. I've seen lots of pictures that could have been vastly improved with just one speech from a voice half as plaintive as hers."

While Fanny was mentioning various visitors to Broadway, I wondered that she didn't speak of Jeanette MacDonald, and I tried to think of a tactful way to bring up her name. There probably was, but I couldn't think of it. I just asked her bluntly.

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LUPE VELEZ was mad. Not angry, just plain mad. And when she gets mad, some sort of a hurricane starts.

Five times she had rehearsed a scene in “Resurrection,” and five times Director Edwin Carewe had ordered her to do it again.


A cold, withering smile overspread the director’s features. He leveled his gaze at the fiery little Mexican actress, surveyed her slowly and serenely, and replied with words which burned through her pride as though they were acid.

“So that’s the best you can do, is it?” Then he added, “Humph!”

That “humph” was what blew off the cap and loosed Lupe’s vocabulary. A tornado of words started. Lupe hurled at him everything she could think of that wasn’t nice.

Then she went back and hurled them all over again with some fancy trimmings. Her eyes blazed in wrath. She stormed and stamped, and put on an impromptu scene which was a marvel of Latin emotion. Following which she went back on the set and gave a magnificent performance.

When the cameramen were ordered to “cut,” Carewe turned to Lupe with a twinkle in his eye and said, “Thank you, my dear. I knew you could do it. You just needed a little stirring up.”

Lupe understood immediately. The director had brought on the tantrum to get some of Lupe’s dormant fire into the scene. When she realized it, she smiled, almost through tears, and exclaimed, “You terrible!”

Back of countless emotional scenes in pictures are hidden some amazing efforts of directors to bring out dormant talent and to get action. The play’s the thing always, and the actors are mere manikins selected because of their aptitude for certain kinds of roles. Directors know that talent and ability are there, but drastic measures sometimes must be used to draw them out to the surface.

Cecil DeMille called Leatrice Joy into his office during the making of “Saturday Night” years ago. With ice in his voice he informed her that she was through, and that he was utterly disgusted with her work.

“You’d best take your things and go,” he said. “We’ll have another leading lady on the set in your place in the morning.”

DeMille went on looking over and shuffling some correspondence on his desk, apparently oblivious to the sobs he heard. Before long, Leatrice was on the floor at his
When a player fails to give her emotional all to a big scene, the director may verbally lash her to a tearful rage or dejection. Lagging careers have been spurred on in the same manner. Here is a strange story of literal suffering for art's sake.

By A. L. Wooldridge

Winifred Westover felt like a scrub woman in "Lummox" when Herbert Brenon threw mops at her.

feet, crying that her career would be ruined, pleading for one more chance.

“I can do it, Mr. DeMille,” she sobbed. “I can do it!”

Cecil B. let her cry out her misery there alone, offering no word of encouragement, sympathy, or even interest. When he believed the scene had gone far enough, he turned and said,

"Now, Leatrice, that is just what we want in your pictures. We want your heart, your soul, your all. We want you to give and give—everything you have in ability. You need to wake up in your scenes, concentrate, think, work. Now you drop everything for the rest of the day. Come back to-morrow morning, and let’s see if things will not be different.”

That interview made Leatrice a star. It gave her a new outlook on screen work, and in her heart she probably thanked DeMille a thousand times. Drastic, perhaps, but efficient.

Even more terrifying was the experience of little Mary Philbin during the making of "The Phantom of the Opera." Rupert Julian, director, seemed unable to arouse Mary to dramatic heights in one of the final scenes, although he worked and worked until weary.

Suddenly he turned upon the frail actress and, in the presence of the entire company, gave her a berating which brought tears gushing. He told her she could not

act, wondered how she ever got into pictures, called her dramatic efforts pitiful, and thought up a few more things which he knew would hurt.

After he had proceeded for some time with his tirade, Lon Chaney went to Mary’s side.

"Now hold on, Mr. Julian," Lon said. “You’ve gone far enough with that mauling. This girl can act and act well, when you treat her right. That kind of black-jacking will not get you anywhere.”

He put a kindly arm about Mary and she, drooping with self-pity, laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed.

Chaney looked at Julian and winked. And Julian nodded his head understandingly.

Every one who saw Mary Philbin creeping down those dark steps in the Paris Opera House with awe and fear written upon her features, now know why the scene was so magnificent.

I doubt if these two incidents set any example to be followed by directors in more recent pictures, but assuredly the same methods are in use to-day, if the occasion requires them.

When Winifred Westover was playing in "Lummox" last year, she had trouble in getting realism into her scrubbing scenes. Somehow she just couldn’t get the dejected, hang-dog expression to the complete satis-
Constance Bennett was made to run till exhausted for a scene with Regis Toomey, in "Rich People."

faction of Herbert Brenon, the director.

"Remember," Brenon urged, "that you must appear as though you have lost all hope and are thoroughly miserable. You are a slavey—a menial. You resent it bitterly."

The scene was shot again and again. Same result.

"Once more!" Brenon would call.

Finally, in desperation, he grabbed a handful of the soppy scrub rags and began hurling them at her. "Slap!" one sounded against the wall and "Slap!" went another.

"Why don't you do as I tell you?" he yelled.

The atmosphere on the set became tense. Members of the company withdrew to the sides. No one spoke. Miss Westover looked appealingly at all and the tears appeared ready to flow. She was ready.

"Try it again!" snapped Brenon.

Already down in spirits, Helen Twelvetrees had to be boosted sky-high for the latter part of "The Grand Parade."

A dejected, pitiful-looking Miss Westover bent to her work and did a portrayal which was almost a masterpiece.

"There is a certain time when an actress making a scene reaches what is called the 'mounting point,'" explains Director Al Santell. "By this I mean a definite moment when her dramatic emotion has been worked up to the point when she feels the scene she is about to play, and is eager to get into it."

"Possibly the best example of this I know was with Molly O'Day when we were making 'The Patent Leather Kid,' starring Richard Barthelmess. You will remember the scene where the soldier boys were being brought in from the trenches, mud-besmeared, mangled, dying, or crying from shell shock and delirium.

"Among them, Molly, as a nurse, discovers The Patent Leather Kid, her sweetheart, almost unrecognizable through the mud covering his entire body. She screams and begins clawing the mud away, calling on the surgeons to help him.

"We shot the scene several times, but Molly was not getting enough action into her rôle. Then it was that I led her up to the stretcher where Barthelmess lay. I ordered all the lights on and taking her hand began talking in a low voice.

"I painted in words the tragedy which was being enacted, the pitifulness of the young man lying before her, mangled and suffering, and the awfulness of his sacrifice. I clutched her hand harder and harder and poured the tale into her ears. Presently I could see Molly's muscles stiffening and sense her concentration. The mounting point had arrived.

"'Now go!' I said, stepping quickly away.

"'And Molly went! Do you remember her work in that magnificent scene? It was one of the greatest bits of emotional acting I've ever seen in a film. I knew she had the spark in her, if once it could be aroused.'"

I noticed Mr. Santell using a different plan one afternoon to get results from pretty Mona Maris during the filming of "R-Continued on page 104.
Edwina Booth undergoes an experience that could happen only in Hollywood to a girl eager to make a name for herself on the screen and, given an opportunity to do so, is denied an appearance.

Tricks of fate are many and various in the film colony, where no one is quite satisfied with what is dealt out to him, but it is Edwina Booth who has just cause for complaint. Yet she, too, finds compensation, if only for the amazing amount of patience she has had to cultivate.

Chosen with a blare of publicity two years ago for the leading rôle in the "Trader Horn" expedition to Africa, she underwent hardship and illness during her work on the picture. On her return to the studio all of a year ago it became necessary to refilm many of the scenes, thus delaying release of the film that she hoped would make her well known.

Still uncompleted, it is becoming a tradition more than a reality. Meanwhile Edwina Booth is without a part to play except that of patience on a monument, a vigil lasting more than two years. Ah, shed a tear for the pretty starlet!

Photo by Horrell
WHEN I crowed up and down the Boulevard that I had an assignment to interview David Manners, my colleagues offered condolences, instead of the expected congratulations.

"Manners is very tough copy," they warned. "If you ask him anything so personal as whether he enjoyed playing opposite Alice White, he'll freeze up and make you feel like a social error."

They proceeded to regale me with the sad, strange tale of a woman writer who emerged from an interview with David, not only without a story, but with an inferiority complex so serious that she hasn't yet got rid of it. I was incredulous, so they referred me to the young woman in question.

"What didn't you like about David Manners?" I asked her.

"David's manners," she snapped. So it was with heavy heels that I dragged myself up to Manners's apartment one afternoon, fashioning on the way caustic phrases with which to describe an actor's indifference to the press.

But I might have spared myself that effort, because Manners turned out to be one of the most gracious and ingratiating persons I've met in Hollywood. True, Mr. Manners—Dave to his mother, perhaps—possesses a dignity that confounds one's reportorial diligence, but, because this quality is genuinely a part of his character, and not merely a pose, one is forced to respect it.

Upon meeting him, one appreciates more fully his characterization of Raleigh, in "Journey's End." In his late twenties, there is about him a definite air of maturity, of having spent most of his illusions and enthusiasms, yet no one will deny—that he portrayed the idealistic young Raleigh so well that the rôle might have been written especially for him.

"I'm afraid you won't find me very profound," he began. "I had my wisdom teeth extracted this morning. My nerves are on edge, and, in consequence, my mind is not functioning.
very well. Besides, these interviews are ordeals to me. At first I couldn’t bear them.

“Before I entered pictures, I had never read a fan magazine, and I had no idea to what extent a player is expected to reveal himself. I thought the reporters were merely being rude when they asked for intimate details.

“My first interview was with a young chap from a newspaper. We were having lunch together, and everything progressed beautifully, until he insisted that I tell him my father’s name—Manners, you know, is my mother’s—as if he had a strong hunch that I was an illegitimate child, and intended to follow it up. Well, I became terribly indignant and stalked out of the restaurant, leaving him to finish his lunch alone.”

“And what did he write about you?” I asked.

“He was frightfully unpleasant.”

I can well believe that. Hell hath no fury like a reporter stuck with the check.

“But I’ve learned better,” Manners went on. “I can now, by gritting my teeth and closing my eyes, rattle off my life story, recite my philosophy, and catalogue my neuroses with the best of them.

“I was born in Nova Scotia. My father was headmaster of a boys’ school where young Canadians were prepared for English universities. It was in the best English tradition—called Harrow, in fact. When I was seven, we moved to New York, I was educated in private schools there.

“About the time I was sixteen, I developed a passion for the theater. This alarmed the family, naturally, and my father shipped me off to the University of Toronto to become a forest engineer. I majored in forest engineering, and really believed that was to be my life work.”

I chuckled rather rudely at that. I couldn’t imagine this young supercivilized person laboring with anything so rugged as trees. I explained this to him.

“I’m afraid,” he said, “that you confuse a forest engineer with a lumberjack.”

I admitted that I probably did.

“There was a semiprofessional theater in connection with the university. Here my thwarted histrionic leanings found outlet. Acting absorbed me, and I soon became the leading player. When my father heard this, he cut off my allowance, hoping that I’d give up acting. Instead, I found a part-time job which paid eighteen dollars a week.

“I lived for three years on this amount, often nearly starving to death, because I spent most of my wages on rent and clothes. When I graduated, I thought I’d have a try at acting in New York, before settling down to forest work.

“I found a job almost immediately. It was my misfortune to get parts in two long-run plays. The second one, ‘Dancing Mothers,’ ran for nearly a year, and I was frantic with the monotony of having to repeat the same lines night after night. That’s why I left the stage.

“I found a job with an art dealer. My family thought Cézannes and Picassos more respectable than pounding one’s chest and bellowing behind the footlights, so they accepted me again.

“In my new job I spent six months of every year in London. I love the city, but every time I went there I contracted pneumonia. That, too, became monotonous in time. The last time it happened the doctors ordered me to Arizona, and cautioned me to spend the rest of my life in a warm climate. So I came on to Phoenix, Arizona.

“I had a delightful time there, but the illness annoyed me. I got a job with a sugar firm in Honolulu. I was on my way there when I decided to look up some friends in Los Angeles.

“I went to a party with them, and Jimmy Whale was there. He asked me if I had ever been on the stage. When I told him I had, he invited me to the studio to take a test for Raleigh, in ‘Journey’s End.’ I hadn’t seen or read the play, and I had no idea how important the part was. But the producers being pleased with the test, I was chosen.”

First National put him under contract upon the release of “Journey’s End,” and he has been busy since then. Universal borrowed him for “Dracula,” and Paramount for one of the leads in Ruth Chatterton’s ‘The Right to Love.

He feels that his role in “The Right to Love,” although it is only little more than a bit, is the first real break he has had since “Journey’s End.” He disliked the parts he played in “Sweet Mamma,” “He Knew About Women,” “Mother’s Cry,” “Truth About Youth,” and the badly directed “Kismet.”

He walked through his scenes in these films with a feeling of indifference and disdain, and, to his complete chagrin, the camera captured these attitudes. As a result the critics have put him on the pan. But all will be forgiven, he believes, when “The Right to Love” is released.

Every one finds Hollywood lonely at first. Even after the release of “Journey’s End,” the movie colony didn’t embrace David Manners to its bosom, but now that Ruth Chatterton has taken him up, his social success is assured.

To have enlisted the enthusiasm of Miss Chatterton is a testimonial to the young man’s charm. He greatly admires Chatterton, and his apartment is plastered with photographs of her.

While I was there, Louise McKintosh, the lovely actress who plays his mother in “The Right to Love,” came in. She had heard of his dental loss and had brought him some soup so he wouldn’t have to go out in the bad weather—most unusual weather—in quest of nourishment.

Her arrival put an end to his confessions, and we had a delightful time gossiping about acquaintances, making solemn promises not to quote one another.

Tea and cocktails were served. Manners drank tea. “Alas,” he explained, “I have Methodist tonsils.”

How many other juveniles, I ask you, would have resisted such an opportunity to explain lengthily that

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Look Out, Here Comes

The movie colony, leading the revolt against styles bands and memories of girlish lines, some time ago and now she is openly taking hints from

By Adele

Let us be quite specific about this.
A hat Adrian designed for Joan Crawford revived the off-the-face beret worn in old Italy by the page boys. This hat was a boon to the cameraman, because it cast no shadows. Joan wore copies of it in several successive pictures. It was gay and it was youthful, and Paris did not scorn to include it in the next style showing.

Last summer at Antibes nothing was more popular than shorts. To quote from the impeccable Harpers Bazaar, "A rumor from Monte Carlo, very smart this summer, has it that the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is "running round in shorts."

Shorts were erroneously hailed as something new over there. The summer before last dozens of players wore shorts at Malibu and Coronado.

In "Sunny Side Up," all of a year and a half ago, Sharon Lynn wore a hydrangea-blue taffeta gown, with a big bow at the back, just above the hips. That bow, according to Sophie Wachner, designer for Fox, was the mother of all the bows and similar effects we have been admiring and wearing ever since.

We could go on and on.

Consider the now very important matter of the bell silhouette. Way back in 1928, which is ancient history, as far as the current mode is concerned, Travis Banton, costume designer for Paramount, ordered a wholesale quantity of horsehair which made style history. It enabled him to stiffen even net frocks to a bell-like effect.

The clothes that come out of Hollywood are no longer the circus trappings they were when Cecil DeMille made a fortune showing us how the Four Hundred do not live, and how "ladies" do not dress.

Hollywood has grown older and learned restraint. The stars no longer have their clothes designed and executed by Paris houses, no matter how discriminating they are. They wear clothes created for them in the studios. And very smart they are, too.

After all, what is style? Three years ago if a girl had appeared in a long-skirted, high-waisted, collared-and-cuffed dress, all of which comprise the essence of chic to-day—she would have seemed hopelessly dowdy. At that time we were not prepared to accept the ensemble of such effects as smart.
PARIS!

Hollywood

created in France for dowagers with rich hus-
caused Dame Fashion to lift a trembling lorgnette
the land of prolonged girlishness.

Whitely Fletcher

self taken in your new off-the-forehead hat and your long
skirt, you'll be a little self-conscious about it, and wonder
how you ever could have thought such a costume smart.

By that time you will have conceived a different image as
the smart one. In this constant suggestion of new style
images, what under the sun is more influential than the screen?
No medium of presentation is as far-reaching as the movies.
A gown, or wrap, or hat worn by a star as glamorous as
Swanson, or as smart as Constance Bennett, or as individual
as Norma Shearer, certainly will stir the feminine imagina-
tion, making the effect achieved seem most desirable.

Dame Fashion usually is a thorough worker. She is now
in an intensely feminine mood, absorbed in flowers, flowing
skirts, and dainty Kate Greenaway effects.

There is one exception that proves beyond question the
power of the screen in popularizing a style. Ignoring the
pretty pretties of the mode, Greta Garbo walks across the
screen and sits for portraits in a rough polo coat, with a beret
stuck lightly on the back of her casual head, her hands in
her pockets. And in amazing defiance to fashion's trend,
we have Greta Garbos everywhere.

From fourteen up to an age where she might be expected
to know better, young Miss America swaggers about in a
polo coat, a beret on the back of the head which she hopes
is sufficiently casual, her hands stuck in her pockets.

Wouldn't Paris be dull not to take advantage of such a
tremendous shaper of modern fash-
ion? And Paris is not dull: she
gives ample evidence of faithfully
attending the style show of the screen.

Looking back a decade or two,
you'll see how the movies have forced
Paris's old jeweled hand. The mode
used to cater almost exclusively to the older woman.
After all, why not? Her husband was well enough
established to permit her extravagant accounts with the
smart shops.

Year in, year out, we had the straight gown that did
not expose lost waistlines. Everything was beaded.
Hats were heavy. Fashion confined herself almost ex-
clusively to things the older woman might be expected
to wear with regal dignity. The young woman had to
make the best of the unflattering gowns.

Then Hollywood threw a monkey wrench into things.
The studio designers realized that the stars would be
lovelier, much more provocative, and infinitely smarter,
if they turned their backs on the Paris styles. Then the
designers began to make clothes that would enhance
slender youth.

Immediately Paris proceeded not only to accept some of
the Hollywood designs and to include them in her show-
ings, but to consider youth in new designs of her own.
That was the beginning of the present styles.

Is it any mystery now that thousands of women look
younger to-day at forty than they looked fifteen years
ago at twenty-five? It is not! Seventy per cent of the
American women are not over five feet five inches tall.
Of course they look better in youthful modes. It takes
height to carry effects designed for dowagers.

However, there's even more than this to be said in
enthusiastic approval of the new styles that Hollywood
has set and sponsored. They are less expensive. The
new evening gown, with practically no back, depending
upon the roundly turned figure in it for its decoration,
doesn't cost half what gowns did when the inevitable
beaded pattern had to be embroidered entirely by hand.

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THORNS in a

Though favored players of Hollywood live in the lap of luxury and are young and and undergo tortures of the flesh that recall the

DROP the eyebrow lifted at my choice of reading,” Estelle Taylor counseled. “Remember that I used to teach Sunday school in my antique youth. I retain occasional hangovers of serious thought.”

I had found her comfortably ensconced in a garden chair, her gaze fixed abstractedly on the sky, Papini’s “Life of St. Augustine” in her lap.

“Austerity is dead! Long live austerity! Mortification of the flesh is old-fashioned, but its banner still waves over the town of the bound and the home of the stayed!

“Has it occurred to you how similar we players are to the saints in that, although we berate their self-denial and torture, we follow a program at times equally severe?”

We pondered the thought, there in her restful garden, while a few blocks away Hollywood was at the services of homage rendered to its idol, Career.

The names of the saints are inscribed in the archives of time; the stars’ names are swallowed up by swiftly flitting sensons.

Surely there is an analogy between the rigor to which both groups have subjected their lives in the zeal of dominant purpose?

The one toiled and endured deprivation for their religion, and for their endless to-morrows; the other works and suffers for fleeting fame, for the luxury which they cannot enjoy, because of the strain of its maintenance.

Their expensive motors, carrying bodies strained to the breaking point and minds aching in ceaseless vigil of alertness, glide easily over El Camino Real, trod out of brambles, and mesquite, and green buckthorn by the patient, bleeding feet of the brown-robed friars, into the smoothly pressed highway of the king.

Do they see, I sometimes wonder, the banks of palo manzantas, perennial and silent guards, the cool yuccas that bend their plumes of waxen bells, as though in sorrowful salute, from the hillsides? Their life is too swift to contemplate beauty!

Sixteen centuries have thundered their dramas across the footlights of time, yet the Bishop of Hippo stands as stalwart in the minds of thousands as though he had but yesterday inscribed the name of Augustine in pain-etched letters of reparation for himself and a careless world.

To-day movie names are streamers around the civilized world, engraved on the gauzy tissue of option paper.

Temporary applause their halos; a golden April shower their reward; pictures in the fan magazines their statues; a sheaf of yellowing newspaper clippings their litanies—their fame is soon forgotten by all save themselves.

That a Joan’s fair loveliness be made a prey of the flames evokes a casual gesture of pity. But how willingly the players subject their pink flesh to torture reminiscent of the racks and wheels of an Inquisition.

Costumers’ tiresome fittings, beauticians’ rites, vocal calisthenics, the plastic surgeon’s scalpel—a ceaseless round of devotions consumes energy, nerves, and patience.
BED of ROSES

healthy enough to enjoy all that money can buy, they are forced to practice self-denials saints of old. And all for the great god, Career!

They scoff at the martyrs whom they imitate—in another cause. They adhere to more barren diets than those to which the desert hermits were vowed. They starve themselves into saplings that easily sway before the storm of illness. The term "penance" belongs, surely, to the mysticism of the Dark Ages, but in daily, hourly duty they practice its equivalent. 

Only a Rose of Lima would sleep on a bed of nails as penance. An actress accepts as a matter of course acid face peeling, iron braces and leather straps binding aching flesh, that an imperfection may be eliminated.

Their vigils are tedious watches before the shrine of evanescent beauty. Excess fat is literally pounded and pinched off, or electrically rasped away, or even cut off. Many a stellar chassis is rebuilt into the seasonal streamlines, sandpapered, upholstered and redecorated.

When clamps worn at night fall, teeth good enough for the average person are extracted, because of slight imperfections, and false ones are riveted into the gums.

The saints longed to be unknown in life, "pressed underfoot as a little grain of sand." The actors strive as loyally for the glow of man's approval.

Never did the saints deny the legitimate needs of the body for health. They knew that strong souls cannot rest peacefully in frames driven beyond human endurance—and the lack of that balance explains the relatively large number of deaths in the film colony, the frazzled nerves to be soothed by drugs, the cases of hysterical collapse—the toll taken of fine talents that should have been nurtured into full flower.

Chaney and Sills died of other ailments, but unquestionably, the physical discomfort to which the former subjected himself for his roles, and the second's state of worry amid financial disorders, aggravated their illnesses.

Wallace Reid died a victim, in a sense, of syphilitics, to that perpetual camaraderie expected of a public character. Rich food and drink undermined Rudolph Valentino's strength.

In the twilight of bare, cloistered cells, their stone walls lost in gloom beyond the flickering candlelight, the monks spent their lives over old manuscripts.

In homes of a rococo splendor, stars spend evenings conning "sides," studying characterization, and costuming, when they would prefer to be at parties or shows. Those who maintain topnotch positions practice a hermitlike denial of pleasure's whims, that youth and looks may not be dimmed.

A Patrick hedged not his mileage of pain, for it purchased a green island dear with the poetry of a rare race. Teresa of Avila traveled, ill and weary, through the dangers of sixteenth-century roads, to establish the order of the cloistered white-and-brown habit.

Players have no complaint at injury, when dangerous scenes fracture limbs, even take lives of comrades. They minimize fear and challenge death for an ecstatic hour of fame. Aerial accidents are becoming commonplace occurrences.

In five years about thirty-five fatalities have shrouded these thrilling stunts. More than fifty were permanently crippled, and almost thirty-five hundred have been hurt.
in order that some star might shine more brightly. "Wings" took three lives, "Hell's Angels" four, "Such Men Are Dangerous" ten, including its director, Kenneth Hawks.  

With a grit bred by that axiom of the theater, "The show must go on," the players clinch their teeth against pain and register gayety, love, enthusiasm. George O'Brien worked through a picture with his back in a plaster cast; Tom Mix and Lincoln Stedman managed close-ups with legs broken; Walter McGrail acted with broken ribs. 

Thrown by a fractious horse against a fence, Marjorie Daw was helped to remount, and completed the day's location work in the saddle—with a broken leg. Lina Basquette made the pastoral scenes of "The Godless Girl" with two broken ribs.  


Gallant Mabel Normand made her last comedy while a tube drained her lung. For three months a plaster cast held Colleen Moore's shoulder and neck. Years-old back strain still causes Louise Fazenda excruciating pain. Richard Dix got his nose broken and three ribs cracked in a stunt. 

Emil Jannings cut his wrist badly in striving for realism. A fight scene sent Richard Arlen to the hospital. To Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and George O'Brien, broken ribs and strained ligaments are mere incidents, while Bebe Daniels is our champion calamity gal. Accidents have left her mementos of many pictures. 

Martha Mansfield was burned to death when her frilly crinoline costume caught fire from a discarded match. Anna Q. Nilsson suffered severe burns when she drove an engine through a flaming forest, and Claire Windsor and Betty Blythe were scorched in fire scenes. Harriett Hammond was ill for two years after a dynamite explosion. A bomb that misbehaved cost Harold Lloyd a finger. 

Nor do disagreeable water sequences quench dogged ambitions. Inability to swim did not restrain Gloria Swanson, Kathryn McGuire, or Mary Philbin from leaping into the ocean when so required by plot action. Monte Blue and Matt Moore are but two of a number hurt when raft or barge catapulted them into the rough sea. Bebe Daniels and her company were rescued after hours adrift when the engine of a small boat on which shots were being taken failed. 

"We're a silly lot, though—when you analyze us," said Estelle, as we talked in her sunny garden. "It's all that we may clasp that intangible bubble called fame. But we really don't think of it that way at the moment. The drama of what we're doing keeps us going."

In the tropics they burn, are nauseated by unfamiliar food, and are harassed by swarms of mosquitoes, as Ramon Novarro has been, and Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, and others. In the wintry mountains ears and feet are frozen; the altitude causes constant nosebleed, as during "The Trail of '98."

Nine months in the African jungles left Edwina Booth a pale wraith of a girl. 

A Cecil DeMille troupe once was caught in a blizzard on the Nisqually Glacier of Mount Rainier. A torrent of cutting sleet drove them through drifts. Forest rangers found them and carried Lillian Rich down unconscious. But, after such experiences, do they use salt and cotton batting to simulate realism? They climb higher!  

"The Big Trail" company suffered hardships through heat and cold, in almost inaccessible spots. Forest fires and buffalo stampedes were but temporary hindrances. Marguerite Churchill hung halfway down a cliff, clinging to a rope, and awaited the sun while her head swam with giddiness, and her fingers bled. 

From desert locations they bring burned faces and swollen lips. Though expertly managed, these trips are days of discomfort. Supply trucks break down: water is scarce; the menu of canned food revolts stomachs accustomed to finer fare. Often the ice must be broken in the water pitchers each morning, yet soon the sun blazes its scorching rays.
The one hundred and twenty-five beauty parlors of Hollywood take six hundred dollars annually from each actress for upkeep of looks, exclusive of specials, weight reduction, and massages. Each averages three hours a day on the routine that prevents the etched lines from becoming engravings. It is an arduous program of minute duties, tiring rather than painful.

Ridiculous diets have ended their tyrannical despotism. They left acidosis and anemia, cadaverous bodies lacking necessary minerals, and drawn faces. While only one death, Marietta Milner's, was attributed directly to insufficient food, there is no doubt that starvation has contributed to the many illnesses.

But the battle knows no armistice. Massage remodels figures. Badly formed bones are covered, and bowlegs are made less obvious; avoid lupoid is removed or added as desired for a symmetrical silhouette. Winnie Lightner reduced twenty-eight pounds on order, Mary Lewis twenty-three in three weeks, Clara Bow twenty-five, through exercise and an electrical vibrator, Helen Kane hoop-ba-booed twenty away. A character actress had sixty pounds sliced off. The anatomy cut away from Mollie O'Tay returned, but she lost twenty pounds of it by massage.

"In self-sacrifice and determination, at any rate," Estelle commented, "the saints have nothing on us."

Nor are the men immune from this guard against age and fat that steal up so silently. Bancroft and others approaching the shadier years, play golf and have daily work-outs when they'd rather sprawl in a chair and read. All skimp at their meals.

Even directors break under the strain. King Vidor's health was impaired; a trainer accompanied Raoul Walsh on "The Big Trail" locations, keeping him fit.

A doctor explains that the sudden death of athletes, like Fred Thomson and William Russell, is caused by the inability of their hearts, accustomed to an accelerated speed, to slow down and cope with idleness enforced by some minor ailment. Once the pace is set, they dare not slacken it!

The men do not escape the beauty-parlor vows, either. Barrymore sat for hours for a "permanent," Phillips Holmes once got a noxious peroxide and Gary Cooper a daily Marcel for certain roles.

Two thousand film faces have been made over. One facial sculptor rearranged six hundred in five years. Sail ears, worn habitually at half-mast, are trimmed—their flaps put back. Noses are bridged with paraffin, weak chins strengthened with wax. The face lift jerks up that paper tissue around the eyes. Tucks are taken in jowlish cheeks, yellowish skin is peeled into freshness.

Nasal trims predominate. Cameramen agree with Ziegfeld that the nose is the most important feature. If light is caught and slides indiscriminately off a prominent ridge, cartilage must be removed. Paul Lukas's was narrowed. Vivienne Segal had a bit of her ear taken off and attached to her nose, winning a temporary contract.

Richard Dix's nose was repaired. Fannie Brice's was declumped, something was done to Harry Richman's; the latter made one film, the former two.

Bebe Daniels, Helen Ferguson, Adamac Vaughan, Virginia Brown Faire, LeRoy Mason, Lola Todd, Ruth Taylor, Duane Thompson, and others had nose corrections. Few of them are still on the screen.

"If the time spent on grooming were given to perfecting talent alone, our careers might last longer," Estelle said when we discussed this point. "On the brink of attaining a goal paved by sacrifice, many an ability goes down before the cost of what it has held most precious, beaten by its very earnestness."

May Allison, who retired into a gracious semipublic life as wife and writer, recently remarked with regret the ludicrous strain to halt the years' encroachments. Because she has given life its own sweet way with her. Miss Allison looks the junior of her former conférences who continue to grasp at fading, papier-mâché crowns. Follywood!

Speaking of a certain actress now on the crest, Marie Dressler said. "She will be great—if she lives." In her hint both sorrow and tear lurked. Drink, dope? My eyebrows shot up, for the star's reputation is blameless. "Nerves," the woman who has managed more than forty

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EVEN New Yorkers will admit that California is an ideal place for children. The sunshine, warm air, and expansive gardens that bring roses to human cheeks are also conducive to the health and good spirits of that other adjunct of any family group worth its salt—the household menagerie.

Just as in any community the world over, tastes in Hollywood are catholic concerning pets. There are canine preferences and feline, and land, and marine.

The difference is that, in many cases, the indulgence of these fancies is on a more generous scale. For Hollywood gardens are spacious, and in them even the most delicate and aristocratic animals will thrive. And there is always room for one more.

At the home of Kay Francis, at any rate, this last rule prevails. The delectable brunette from Fifth Avenue would have none of apartments when she came West. For the gratification of a desire long suppressed, she took a house. Not a big house, but one surrounded by extensive grounds.

On her arrival, the Francis household consisted of two, Kay and her maid. Since then there have been exactly thirteen additions, twelve of them belonging to the animal kingdom. The exception is mechanical—a Ford coupé which is, however, named Rabbit, to put it at ease among the rest of the cortège.

The pride of Kay's heart is a Scotch terrier named Sniffer because, being small, he is just a sniffer of Scotch. Sniffer is a minute black shadow of excitement. His energy is boundless, his curiosity chronic, and his affection demonstrative. There is never a dull moment in his company. For which reason, there is required constant diplomacy, lest he be in the garden at the same time Peter is there.

Peter is a white rabbit who was found—a snowy baby with ravishing pink eyes and long ears—sitting on Kay's doorstep last Easter morning. Exhaustive inquiries failed to reveal the source of Peter and, after making sure that he was not intended for one of the neighborhood children, Kay welcomed him in.

He has grown large and very beautiful. Sniffer admires him and makes enthusiastic attempts to frolic with him. It is due to the violence of these attempts that Peter and Sniffer are kept apart as much as possible.

Then there are seven goldfish. They live in the lily pond and are called the Seven Vestal Virgins, because no amount of cajoling has induced them to found families. Also residing in the lily pond is a bullfrog named Caesar, who comes out and sits in front of any one who happens to be in the garden, blinking amably and occasionally croaking.

Sniffer, whose love encompasses every living thing, is devoted to Caesar and likes to carry him around the garden in his mouth, always careful not to hurt him.

There is a canary named Napoleon, who is completely self-sufficient. When a Josephine was provided for him, his cold indifference caused that feathered lady to waste away and die of wounded pride.

Publix, the cat, enchanted Kay into adopting him when he was one of a litter of alley kittens at the studio. Publix is now at the awkward age, long-legged and skittish, and is the only playmate whom Sniffer will acknowledge his superior.

Not all Hollywood menageries, of course, are quite so extensive. Clara Bow's, for instance, consists of one dog. Yet you might still say it was large, even if not numerous. For Duke takes up most of the available space wherever he is.

Duke is a great Dane, a gift from Harry Richman. Duke is a canine Titan. Clara calls him her big horse. She only can manage him, since he is not a good mixer and is skeptical of all but the closest friends. His dignity is menacing, but Clara yanks him around by the neck, and he loves it.

His devotion to Clara is stubborn...
ONE MORE

all the sunny grounds to romp in, the lavish ranging from bullfrogs to monkeys, that are agerings from time to time.

Ellsworth Fitch

and faithful. He is constantly with her and in everybody’s way. It is a little like having a big truck underfoot. When Clara is having portraits or stills made, Duke is inevitably in the way and, unless he takes a fancy to move, he stays there, for he is too heavy to be lifted or pushed away.

Wherever Clara is standing or sitting, Duke trots up and leans heavily against her. Frequently, however, in a moment of idealizing himself, he attempts to climb into her lap, overcome by a desire to be a Pekingese.

Lou Chaney was proud of his talking crow. Gleaned black, this bird flew about the Chaney garden, but never left the boundaries of its master’s home. It came when it was called and said quite a few words in a harsh voice that would shatter any microphone.

Kay Johnson’s parrot, on the other hand, is noted for its excellent diction and large vocabulary. Wandering at will through the Cromwell-Johnson home, it jabbers with any one who happens to be about. Or, just as contentedly, talks to itself.

Rex Bell owns one of the finest police dogs in the film colony. Boco—Boco von Karlsruhe to you—comes of a long line of champions, the famous Matern stock of German dogs.

Despite Boco’s twelve years, he still learns new tricks. He doesn’t like other dogs, but is devoted to horses. Fully police trained, he has worked in several pictures. He is an expert swim-

mer. When Rex goes swimming he does it furtively, lest Boco spy him and streak out through the water in a fever of anxiety for fear his troublesome young master may drown.

His teeth in Rex’s bathing suit. Boco tows him back to shore, brooking no argument. The one indication of Boco’s advancing age is in his bad hearing. Rex communicates with him by pantomime, which Boco, who is surpassing wise and alert, seems to understand perfectly.

Jean Arthur’s home is presided over by three dogs and a cat. David is a St. Bernard of vast proportions and unfailing good humor. Stubby is a wire-haired terrier with a proclivity for getting into trouble. Teddy is a chow who was dying in a hospital when Jean found him and nursed him back to health, and Virginia is the result of a mésalliance between a Maltese and an alley cat.

They all play together in the best of good-fellowship, but it is tacitly understood that Virginia is the boss, since her claws are sharpest.

The Arthur domicile is in a canyon, and every morning at six thirty, Jean’s father sets out with the dogs. The routine never varies, and if Mr. Arthur should be a trifle late, the dogs make no attempt to conceal their displeasure.

A mile and a half up the canyon is a little pool, formed by a spring, which is a grand swimming hole for the three pals. Stubby, the reckless one, dives from a tree stump at the edge, making a terrible commotion.

David is so big that he can only sit in the pool, sending an everflow upon the banks where Stubby and Teddy bark impatiently for him to come out so there will be room for them.

Once Stubby sneaked up to the swimming pool alone—and returned with one eye missing. Jean was frantic, but Stubby was blandly undisturbed by the disaster. Jean is sure he is a trifle crazy, and could have his head knocked off and not notice it.

Appropriately enough, Lawrence Tibbett has a hind thrush, whose clear caroling is sweeter than that of a canary. It is allowed the freedom of the house and gardens, but never leaves its own yard. When Tibbett whistles, it obediently flies and perches on his hand.

Bessie Love’s preference is also for birds. Two love birds which were sent Continued on page 98

A cub timber wolf is the temporary favorite of Ruth Chatterton.

Skipper and Boots are the aristocratic pets of Charles Farrell.

David, Jean Arthur’s favorite, has but one worry: he can only sit down in the dogs’ swimming pool.
The SCREEN in REVIEW

Comedies of manners and sophistication come to the fore in this month's new films, with brilliant performances to enliven them. And there are enough staple plots and reliable portrayals to please those who like old stories well told.

The one and only picture of its kind, "The Royal Family of Broadway" is distinctly suited to those who enjoy satire, burlesque, and a devastating insight into the private lives of actors. By turns ridiculous, touching, and always charming, the profession of acting is shown to be a state of mind possessed by none but those who are born and bred in the glow of the footlights. It is an engaging sort of madness to watch, but is shown to be terrible to live with!

Mercilessly the picture reveals this, which causes me to ask if any spectators except those in the know will relish it? One may go so far as to ask if its penetrating disclosures will be enjoyed or even appreciated by the fan who has never seen a star in person and longs to do so?

Be that as it may, it is entertainment of the highest order—gay, briskly set forth, a study of character that is not sacrificed to movement for one instant. There's not a slow scene, nor one that is not superlatively interesting. The end of the picture came all too unexpectedly and left me asking if there wasn't any more.

The story is a searchlight that illumines every corner of the Caversfield home presided over by Fanny, the dowager queen of the clan whose stage memories are a favorite topic of conversation. The household, further consists of Julia, the reigning star of the family, her ingénue daughter Gwen, who is just beginning to taste success, and Anthony, the madcap brother whose return from Hollywood puts the household in an uproar.

In this fermenting brew of temperaments things are always happening to reveal the absurdity of acting, as well as the nobility of the calling and its inescapable fascination once it is in the blood. For the Caversfieldes are aristocrats of the stage, with a long line of ancestors who have made history behind the footlights.

Fredric March is magnificent as Anthony, an astonishing example of what an intelligent actor can do to create a character utterly unlike himself. Ina Claire is superb as Julia, a brilliant comédienne with the gift of pathos; and Henrietta Crosman, a stage veteran, plays the dowager with loving understanding, while Mary Brian is surprisingly dramatic as Gwen. All in all, this is a daring picture—and there are too few producers who dare anything except safe routine.

A Tidy Scapegrace.

Drawing-room comedy is perfectly served by Ronald Colman, in "The Devil to Pay," a picture that has the exact quality one finds in plays at St. James's or the Haymarket theaters in London. And good reason there is, too, for Mr. Colman, as we know, is adept in this form of acting; the piece was written by Frederick Lonsdale, the British playwright, directed by George Fitzmaurice, whose happiest efforts have ever been those that dealt with society, and produced by the tasteful Samuel Goldwyn. The result is smooth, intelligent, amusing, and wholly unexciting.

Mr. Colman is supposed to be the irresponsible younger son of a rich family, who returns to London after making a failure of farming in the colonies. Resuming his well-bred liaison with an actress, he falls in love with a friend of his sister, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer of linoleum. Suspicious of the scapegrace who has turned the girl from her titled fiancé, he traps Mr. Colman in the act of bidding a fond farewell.
to the actress while his disillusioned daughter gives him $25,000 in payment of her ‘experience,’ which he deftly presents to the disgruntled fiancé. Then the fair penitent comes to him while he is packing to go away and changes his plans.

As you see, there isn’t much plot. Nor is more needed. Dialogue and characterization make or mar drawing-room comedy. In this both are brightly, gayly, if not brilliantly, put forth and the picture is entirely pleasing. Suspense comes from one’s doubt of what the players will say next, rather than what one will feel about their pleasant traffic in minor emotion.

Loretta Young is girlishly lovely and charming as the heroine, Myrna Loy distinctly declares as the actress, and the voice of Florence Britton, a newcomer, is unusual. Frederick Kerr, Craufurd Kent, David Torrence, and Paul Cavanagh are other satisfactory members of the cast.

Jannings and Dietrich Together!

Emil Jannings is back on the screen he never should have left, proving with ease that he is the king of actors silent or audible. And Marlene Dietrich gives us another revelation of her amazing skill and personal lure. This exciting conjunction of talent occurs in “The Blue Angel.” You will surmise that it is a major attraction. Not because it is a great picture of itself, but it is important because of the magnificent performances of the principals.

Filmed in Germany, it enables Mr. Jannings to be heard for the first time in a combination of English and German, the former often unintelligible, though it doesn’t matter in the least whether he speaks or not. His acting is as eloquent as a trumpet blast, as poignant as a violin chord, as pitiful as human nature.

The story is reminiscent of “The Way of All Flesh,” “Sins of the Fathers,” and “Variety.” Which is another way of telling you that Mr. Jannings is a middle-aged, high-school professor who falls under the spell of a cabaret girl, is dismissed from his position, sinks to the degradation of acting as the dummy assistant of a musician in her troupe, and is hooted when he appears on the stage before his former townspeople. His mind gone, he stumbles back to the schoolroom where he dies a wreck on what once was his throne.

There are too many moments of surpassing brilliance in the picture to attempt a description of a single one. Nor must the reviewer dwell on either Mr. Jannings or Miss Dietrich at the expense of the other. The only way out, then, is to urge you who enjoy mature art on the screen to see this splendid exhibit.

Musical Heartbreak in Vienna.

It’s really too bad that operetta, musical comedy, and other forms of song on the screen are no longer palatable to the majority, for “Viennese Nights” has much to recommend it. True, it’s operetta pure and simple, not to say artificial, and therein lies the rub. But loads of money have been spent on it: it’s tasteful, tuneful, and charming, yet it’s unreal, incredible, a pleasant pastime.

Deplore the fickleness of public taste if you will, the fact remains that producers, casting aside their vaunted shrewdness, go on giving us what we have shown we don’t want. For I doubt if many will go into ecstasies over “Viennese Nights,” though a short time ago it would have been a nine-day wonder.

So far as I can see, the fans reject musicals because they do not stir the emotions. They appeal to sight and hearing, but they do not cause the spectator to share the mimic joys and sorrows depicted on the screen. Who ever shed tears over an operetta? And laughs at the comic relief are none too frequent. It’s all rather curious and indicates the difference between the stage and screen. For “Viennese Nights” would be rated as an excellent show in the glow of the footlights, whatever you may think of it on the screen.

You see a tale of lovers separated by an ambitious father, the happy ending achieved by the granddaughter of the unhappy heroine finding her mate in the grandson of the hero. It begins in that mythical Vienna, where every one is bent on finding love and singing and dancing about it under the stars. Where voices always blend, where daughters of cobbler fathers wear daintily expensive costumes, and where heroes are always in the uniform of a hussar regiment. Our particular hero is also a musician, so the separation itself is to America and symphonic fame.

Alexander Gray sings well the gently sentimental numbers in a voice that I consider one of the best. Viiviene Segal is the heroine whose three phases consist of ingénue, matron, and grandmother. She is best as the latter. Walter Pidgeon, with not much to do, is thoroughly at home as the pseudo-villain, and Jean Hersholt, Louise Fazenda, and Alice Day are seen in lesser parts. The picture is entirely in Technicolor, the music carefully composed for wistful pleasantness.
Sinless Sinners.

There’s nothing to get excited over the tidings that “Sin Takes a Holiday.” It’s a tale that means nothing, but may pique the gullible even as the picture is pleasing to those for whom it is intended. Frankly, I am not interested in fables that have their heroine a stenographer who achieves wealthy marriage, satir, and sables in modernistic settings, bored worldliness, an insistent suitor and the adulation of a prima donna with bird-of-paradise trimmings, just by being her languid self. How many stenographers have you known who met with this success? Or, for that matter, any girl at all?

So far as I can see Sylvia, as played by Constance Bennett, does nothing to make herself attractive, except to wear extreme clothes and speak the attemptly bright lines provided for her. Ah, but the secret is that she realizes the dream of Tillie the Toiler who sees herself the bride of the boss, with all that his money can give her for nothing in return. So this one joins the army of wives in name only for the purpose of rescuing him from an adventuress, and is promptly sent to Paris as a reward for favor. There she becomes a stellar light in the gay set, returns to her husband with an amorous beau, and in order that the proprieties of the screen may be observed, he and she discover that they love each other and the suitor is sacked.

All this holds the promise of a comedy of the sort called sophisticated. But it falls in gaiety, the light touch, or anything approaching high comedy. It is self-conscious, smirking, a faintly amusing example of Hollywood’s idea of the smart set. But if you like Constance Bennett you will enjoy her in this, and you will find fault with neither Mr. MacKenna nor Basil Rathbone, who is the disappointed swain. But if you ask me which is more annoying, actors being grand or actors being tough, I cannot tell you.

A Beautiful Performance.

“Scarlet Pages” is doubly worth while for the finely persuasive performance of Elsie Ferguson, whose return to the screen after ten years is altogether a happy event. Though we may call the piece just another courtroom melodrama and let it go at that, excellent acting, intelligent dialogue, and good craftsmanship make it entertaining, even though it moves slowly. There is much to hold the attention, however, and interest never flags, with Miss Ferguson always the center of attraction.

Her slim elegance, her tasteful clothes, her modern womanliness, her high-bred face and curling, slightly contemptuous lips make her a far more eloquent figure than many a star born to the screen. And there is the Ferguson voice. It is keyed low, but it is clear, unclouded by huskiness, and beautifully distinct. Until you have heard her you have missed a post-graduate lesson in dramatic speech. For the good of your ears and mind avail yourself of the opportunity.

The story has Miss Ferguson a lawyer defending a night-club girl charged with the murder of her supposed father. Unexpected developments in the courtroom bring about surprises in the relationships of the characters and the motive for the crime, with the romance of the prosecuting attorney and the woman lawyer brought to a conventional culmination. Never mind if it is all typical of the stage.

Marian Nixon gives, in my opinion, her best performance as the sullen dancer, John Halliday, of the stage, is admirable as the attorney, and Grant Withers makes much of an ordinary part. Incidentally, Helen Ferguson plays well a small rôle.

Jackie Coogan Triumphs.

“Tom Sawyer” is a little masterpiece, a picture so warmly and thoroughly enjoyable that it is best reviewed briefly in glowing terms. Mark Twain’s immortal character comes to the screen clean of movie sentimentality, self-conscious boyishness, or any of the irritating traits of the juvenile actor. And the cast is, of course, made up almost entirely of Hollywood’s youth. Jackie Coogan, in the title rôle, returns to the screen after a considerable absence and proves that he has lost none of his personal appeal or his skill as an actor in the process of growing up. There is apparently no “awkward age” in Jackie’s life. And Mitzi Green, spiritualized
by a blond wig is gentle and demure, never once suggesting the precocious actress and amazing mimic that she is. But for that matter all the youngsters are perfect—Jackie Searl, Junior Durkin, and Dick Winslow. This is a film that cannot be recommended too highly, if you enjoy a flawless reflection of small-town life as it used to be lived by old-fashioned children.

John Gilbert At Sea.

It's getting so that reviewing a John Gilbert picture is embarrassing. One wants to be considerate of him and fair to one's readers. Also a certain reportorial instinct must be served. Amidst three fires, it is nevertheless true that "Way For a Sailor" is an indifferent picture and Mr. Gilbert is the same, more interesting as a reminder of the past than a present joy. Why this is so is just another proof of the microphone's capriciousness. It isn't that Mr. Gilbert's voice is insufficient; it's that his use of it robs him of magnetism, individuality and, strangest of all, skill. He becomes an uninteresting and inexpert performer whose work could be bettered by hundreds of lesser-known players. True, he hasn't much of a picture to improve, but it often happens that a star is better than his vehicle. Mr. Gilbert isn't.

He asks us to believe that he is a seaman of the merchant marine, with a girl in every port, and interested in the stubborn resistance of one in London. She yields, he marries her, she discovers that he must sail that night and they meet on the same steamer, he a sudden officer, she a passenger. There's a wreck, a rescue, reconciliation, and the memory of a boring hour or so.

Wallace Beery shines as a pal of the hero, Jim Tully, the writer, is in the picture for no visible reason, and Leila Hyams is exquisitely gowned, Marcelled, shod, and groomed as a working girl, a marvelous example of budgeting her salary as an employee in the pay office of a shipping concern. Polly Moran and Doris Lloyd are great in fleeting bits.

Hag o' My Heart.

Marie Dressler shines as the star of "Min and Bill," in a rôle which enables her to throw the works and act to the limit. There is still much else that she can do, but it cannot be denied that she has full opportunity in this to do quite as much as is good for any star. And how audiences respond to her! The more critical note her exaggerations and are grieved, but that doesn't lessen the smiles, laughs, and tears of the majority. Her vitality and sincerity are irresistible. Miss Dressler is an actress to the manner born, not assumed.

Vastly entertaining, "Min and Bill" is not a distinguished or even an important picture save for the acting of Miss Dressler. Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau and, surprisingly, Dorothy Jordan, who gives by far her best performance as the girl weather-beaten old Min, of a water-front saloon, raises as her own, concealing beneath her gruff exterior a boundless love. The adventure-seeker of the girl reappears after years of indifference and neglect on the day the girl is marrying a wealthy man. To save the girl from the disgrace of her parent's threatened demand for money, Min shoots the woman and is led away to jail while the bride remains unaware of it all.

Too much cannot be said of Mr. Beery's racy, vigorous performance as Min's paramour, nor of Miss Rambeau's sharp effectiveness as the mother, whose final scene is charged with high suspense. A picture to be seen, if you like sordid melodrama.

Mr. Bancroft Rings the Bell.

George Bancroft in his best picture in years. "Derelict" is the name. Make a note of it, if you've not already heard of its excellence. Not only the star, but direction and supporting players make it one of the month's outstanding films. In character it is quite what you expect a Bancroft picture to be, but in the telling it is more logical and absorbing than many. And the acting is nothing less than superlatively, perfect. For once the critic is disarmed.

The story deals with a couple of merchant-marine officers and their long-standing battle over position and women, the momentary victory of one, the defeat of the other, and the final acknowledg-

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A CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO CURRENT RELEASES

What Every Fan Should See

"Morocco"—Paramount. Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tarnished by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper goes strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that medicine is not fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without a hint of "sophistication", no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich play boy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Anne Francis, Lilliane Leigh.

"Tol'able David"—Columbia. Amazing first performance by Richard Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream of greatness is to drive the mail hack. Three bad men of the hills and a sweet little girl friend are involved. Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.


"Whooppee"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story parade, on top form, for imaginary hills and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethel Shutta, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.


"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling registered. Lewis Stone capital, Gavin Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful. 


"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-played, with good cast. Poor rich girl moves over having too much money; finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no empty-ending or girl appeal. Strongest film done by Lewis Aryer, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Sumnerville, Russell Gleason, William Bake- well, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"Cat Creeps, The"—Universal. Yes, it's only "The Cat and the Canary" done in talkies, but well done by Helene Costello, Raymond Hatkett, Neil Hamilton, Lilian Tashman, Elizabeth Patterson, and others. You know the story of the will and the haunted house.

"Kismet"—Warners. Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cools slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackman, Mary Duncan.

"Check and Double Check"—RKO. As to movies, also check out for Amos 'n' Andy—Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll who, like other radio hits, are good for ear appeal only, in their husky arguments about nothing. Good support, including Sue Carol, Charles Morton, Irene Rich, Rita La Roy.


"Silver Horde, The"—RKO. Melodrama in the raw. Shady lady sells her man up in the fishing business. He loves a society girl, and has bad luck; is really pure gold, something the films are always proving. Evelyn Brent, Joel Macrea, Jean Arthur, Blanche Sweet, Louis Wolheim.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses. Jane Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts this film, although it is conventional screen stuff, not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richmond, Kay Johnson. "Realistic" film—good for Westerns. Five mountains instead of three.

"Scotland Yard"—Fox. Quaint plot and character names indicate old vintage of this film. Crook takes man's place at head of bank and household, if you can believe that. Edmund Lowe

For Second Choice

"Laughter"—Paramount. The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.
WITH that rare feeling which makes her kin with the whole world, Marie Dressler in a simple, though eloquent, pose, says to every person—man and woman—everywhere, that she knows the anguish that they feel when that extra pound of flesh is revealed by the tell-tale mirror. And she knows, too, the acute distress that follows the discovery of an extra pound in the wrong place.

So in her new picture, "Reducing," she and Polly Moran will depict the joys and sorrows of shedding fat, the efforts required to do it, the deep and abiding joy of those who succeed. And this, mind you, after her tragic portrayal in "Min and Bill." There's no getting away from it, the little girl is versatile.
Florence Vidor is content to remain in the background as the wife of a great musician, Jascha Heifetz.

Phyllis Haver says that she hasn't a remnant of ambition beyond being just Mrs. William Seeman.

THEY mean it—they're through.

They've quit for keeps, these girls who traded their make-up boxes for cookbooks. No more lights, and cameras, and dramatics for them. Henceforth they'll take their romance straight—in real life instead of by the vicarious route of a scenario and a length of film.

Seriously, it is rare when the retirement of an actress is on the level. Look at Patti's prolonged farewell appearances. The movie girls are much the same. Occasionally they retire with the best intentions, but before long they're back again to pick up the interrupted "kay-reer" where they left it flat.

That is why it is interesting to contemplate the little group of actresses in New York who have gone domestic in a big big way. Hollywood always accepts news of a retirement with a grain of salt. But these, after a reasonable test, seem really lasting.

And how do they like being away from the screen? And how does it feel to be a lady of leisure? The answers, reading left to right, are "Fine" and "Dandy." They told me so.

But what do they do with all this unfamiliar leisure? And back comes the answer—"Keeping house."

For instance, there's Mrs. Billy Seeman. Never heard of her? Don't be silly. She's Phyllis Haver. Phyllis's case is unusually interesting. For about fifteen years she struggled along in pictures, romping around in a bathing suit for Mack Sennett, then becoming serious and trying to make directors realize she had a brain beneath that yellow hair. But Phyllis never got a real break until she played the merry murderess in "Chicago," and was so good they offered her stardom. But did she take it?

"I suppose it's just a case of when you get what you want, you don't want it." Mrs. Seeman explained to me one afternoon in her penthouse apartment in Greenwich Village. "For years I dreamed of being a star and then just as I was actually realizing that ambition, I met Billy and we fell in love and somehow stardom didn't mean anything any more. When Billy asked me to give up for good, I didn't mind a bit."

However, Phyllis admits it was difficult to break the habit of working. The Seemans went to Europe for a honeymoon and then returned to New York to live. And for the next few weeks Phyllis found herself, at odd moments, longing for the studios.

"I couldn't become accustomed to so much leisure and I knew nothing about managing a house," she said. "Besides, Billy had lived here in the apartment for a long time before we were married and he had very efficient servants.

"They were accustomed to managing everything completely and they resented a woman attempting to dictate to them—especially when they realized the extent of my ignorance about such matters.

"Finally in exasperation I fired them all one day and went to an agency to pick out a good cook. And from that day on I have never really missed the studios. I haven't had time to be homesick!"

Phyllis had difficulty at first in getting servants she liked. What with the servant problem as it is. But her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ruhe Goldberg, wife of the cartoonist, came to her aid in putting her house in order.

The beautifully appointed apartment is on the eighteenth floor of a building in Waverly Place. As you step
of the Kitchen

make-up boxes for wedding rings and cookbooks, they will keeps and—but let them speak for themselves.

Duke

off the elevator, your eyes meet a decorative panel proclaiming the domain of "Sky Hye Farme."

The spacious drawing-room gives onto balconies overlooking the narrow streets of the Village, with a view of North River. Mrs. Seeman is very proud of her view and also of her new handball court. As for hobbies, she is taking up golf and tennis, but most of her time is engaged in planning menus and managing her home. Although the apartment was completely furnished before her arrival, she amuses herself with a little rearranging to carry out her own ideas.

One of her most prized possessions is a pencil sketch of Mr. Seeman which their friend, James Montgomery Flagg, dashed off one evening after dinner.

"And don't you ever have the faintest desire to resume your career?"

"None," she answered emphatically. "You see, I made a solemn promise to Billy when we were married that I would give up the screen. And I'm so glad I have no desire for it any longer, for I can imagine how unhappy one would be in keeping a promise and yet nursing a secret yearning for self-expression." She made a grimace and laughed. "Frankly, I haven't a remnant of ambition beyond being just Mrs. William Seeman."

There's another young matron with a studio "past." Although she hasn't made any rash promises, her career is of secondary importance to Mrs. Horace Gumbel, otherwise Jane Winton. Of first importance is her lovely apartment in East Sixty-eighth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. It is charming—and she did it all herself.

Interior decorating has long been a hobby of Jane's. She supervised in a casual way the decorating of her Spanish home in California a few years ago, although her picture work prevented her devoting much time to it. And that's why she has enjoyed decorating her new home in New York so much. With nothing else demanding her attention, she has reveled in period furniture and gay draperies and what not.

"It's all finished except the eighth room and we can't decide whether to make that a cardroom or a guest room," Jane declared as she proudly displayed the drawing-room with its colorful chintzes and wide, low windows, the dignified dining room, Mr. Gumbel's English chamber and her own French boudoir, with its peach-and-blue taffetas and frilly draperies.

Miss Winton has truly planned the furnishing to the tiniest detail, without the aid of a professional decorator. Some of the furniture, including the bow-end bed in her boudoir, of walnut decorated in gold carving, she designed, and she also designed the luxurious blue taffeta bedspread.

There are several lovely antiques, including a Cashmere shawl which can be traced through ten generations, and a number of jade pieces, many of them wedding presents. But one of the treasures Jane displays with most pride is a mounted fish that hangs above the dining-room door—the Gumbel's first catch on their honeymoon in Maine last July.

Mrs. Gumbel has several interesting hobbies. Something more than a hobby is her enjoyment in planning menus. While she confesses complete ignorance as to actual cooking, she enjoys finding new recipes for the cook to prepare. She and her husband have two dinner parties a week and hold open house for their friends on Sunday nights. And every Wednesday evening is a

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CONCHITA MONTENEGRO! There’s zip and fire, lure and languor in that name. And well there may be, for its owner is a beauty from San Sebastian who played opposite Ramon Novarro in the Spanish version of “Call of the Flesh.”

Because she speaks English and French as fluently as her native language, it is more than likely that she will graduate from foreign versions and make her bow to American fans.
This is John Gilbert, in "The Big Parade"—vital, flashing, a brilliant actor in a great performance.

HIS BIGGEST FIGHT

John Gilbert's back is to the wall in a terrific struggle to regain his place on the screen as an idol of the fans. His contract gives him four more chances. Meanwhile he feels keenly the hurt of his drop from the heights, and is a changed man.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

John Gilbert, great lover of the screen in the days of silent films, gazed abstractedly out at sea. All afternoon he and Raquel Torres had played on the sands at Malibu Beach—romped, plunged in the surf, and laughed like children. The studio was forgotten. Griefs were dropped like a shabby old coat—at least for the time. Once more John Gilbert was a carefree boy. For Jack has had his back to the wall, fighting. He's fighting still. He's taking punches on the chin. He has four more pictures to make for Metro-Goldwyn. If any of them make a big hit, he may recapture his place as an idol. If not, he bids adieu. He knows it.
His Biggest Fight

While Jack and Raquel, his next-door neighbor, were whiling away that afternoon, huge posters throughout Los Angeles read: "Wallace Beery, John Gilbert, Polly Moran, in "Way For a Sailor.""

The film had been produced with John Gilbert as the star. The story had been written specially for him, giving him the role of a rugged be-man of the merchant marine. It had been filmed with microphones carefully placed to record his voice better than had been done before.

Yet, when the picture was finished, it did not make John Gilbert stand out with the dominating personality which had brought him fame.

Jack Gilbert probably laughed when he saw the billing—a forced, ironical laugh. It was just another punch on the chin. What if they did bill Wallace Beery’s name over his? He wasn’t proud of the picture. He wasn’t satisfied with it. It wasn’t the story for which he had waited. But he had four more chances, he remembered, before his contract would expire. And then?

The afternoon waned. Raquel and John, stretched on the sand, watched the fishing boats coming in with their catch. A big tanker, black smoke floating from its funnel, headed off toward the Orient. A small freighter rancid with the smell of coconut oil heeled in toward the docks. The gulls making their final forage before the coming of night.

"I’ve made a lot of mistakes, Raquel," said Jack. "I made one big one."

The little Mexican girl made no reply. She did not ask what that big one was. He would tell her if he wished.

"Watch your step, Raquel," he continued. "You have a splendid chance before you. Listen to the advice of friends. Sometimes it’s invaluable."

What was Jack Gilbert’s one big mistake? Was it one of his marriages? Every one makes mistakes and almost everybody makes a big one that stands in the forefront for the remainder of life. What was Jack Gilbert’s?

Could it have been his marriage to Olivia Burwell, the Southern girl he met in camp when men were being mobilized for the World War? Olivia, an entertainer, smiled at him when he was lonely and talked to him because she was lonely, too, in that camp bristling with guns and bayonets. They were married in the chaplain’s quarters three days before the armistice was signed. For weeks Jack could find no work at the studios and before long he borrowed the money to send his girl wife back to her home. They never saw each other again.

Was his big mistake in not standing by Olivia and fighting the game till success was won?

His marriage to Leatrice Joy was next. He believed that he was in love—really in love. When he learned that a baby was coming, he seemed in ecstasies. At last he had a home, something he never had known before. But half a dozen times in the next two years he and Leatrice quarreled and separated only to make up again.

When Leatrice finally bade him good-by and took their baby away, he knew that the romance was ended. Leatrice got $15,000 payable at the rate of $300 a week and their daughter will get $50 a week until she is eighteen.

Was his consent to the departure of his wife and baby that one big mistake? He went to the heights soon after the separation, when he starred in "The Big Parade." But it wasn’t long before the road became rough and stormy. Now the time has come when his name is billed beneath that of Wallace Beery by one of the big Hollywood theaters. Jack likes Wally and does not blame him for what happened.

There was his marriage to Ina Claire in Las Vegas, New Mexico, in May, 1929. Many times since then both have told how happy they were. Yet they lived apart for several weeks while Jack’s bachelor home was being remodeled to accommodate a bride, so it was announced. They honeymooned in Europe and from Paris came the report of a rift between them, but this was denied. Last fall, Ina went to New York to film "The Royal Family," leaving Jack alone with his thoughts.

Could it be that his marriage to the blond Ina was his one big mistake?

Or was it the ending of his romance with Garbo which shadowed the course of his life? They meet on the lot occasionally and exchange formal greetings as they pass. But there are no more rides in the moonlight by the sea. No lunching at a sequestered table in some restaurant. No lovers’ talks between scenes at the studio. He has not even had Greta in his arms in a picture since "Flesh and the Devil."

Once they almost married, according to a report circulated in Hollywood. In 1927 they motored to a near-by town, the story said, with the intention of becoming man and wife. But Greta halted before the license bureau and asked to wait a while longer. She is not the kind to rush headlong into anything. Not Garbo!

Was John’s failure to press that romance his big mistake? Does the memory of those wonderful days and nights with Greta haunt him continuously as time goes on? Returning from Europe two years ago, Greta telephoned Jack immediately she arrived in New York. To-day they scarcely speak.

Something has happened to make John Gilbert change; some—

Continued on page 98
Going Strong

Janet Gaynor is making up for her regrettable absence from the screen by giving her best to one film after another, that her fans may know she is as appreciative of their loyalty as they are of her appealing talent.

Every one knows the name of the picture that reunited Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—"The Man Who Came Back." Now, instead of going their separate ways, they are to repeat that happiest of all star-combinations. Their next picture will be the charming, touching "Merely Mary Ann," which old theatergoers remember but which youthful fans don't. Miss Gaynor's rôle is that of a downtrodden slavey in a London lodging house, to whom a turn of fortune brings sudden wealth—and the loss of love. Let's hope it will be another "Seventh Heaven."
LADY Luck’s STEPCILD

Perhaps you will tell Dorothy Sebastian why this negative distinction is hers. She, poor girl, doesn’t know.

By Madeline Glass

Recently Picture Play carried an excellent article entitled, “While Talent Goes Begging,” in which are cited many instances of neglected talent in Hollywood. The name of Dorothy Sebastian did not, however, appear in the list of these less fortunate players, although that seems to be her position. I’ll speak to somebody about that!

It is not merely a personal opinion, but the opinion of many others, that Dorothy is seldom given roles in proportion to her talents or deserts. She herself feels that something is wrong, and talks about her situation frankly, though not in a spirit of complaint.

She is simply bewildered by the fact that after five years of earnest effort in Hollywood she is still playing no more important roles than when she began. Lady Luck hasn’t done right by our Dorothy.

There are many who consider her work in “Our Blushing Brides” superior to that of either Joan Crawford or Anita Page. When she appeared with Buster Keaton in “Spite Marriage,” the critics praised her as highly as the star himself. In “The Unholy Night” she essayed a Jetta Goudal rôle and came through with honors.

In many other pictures her gentle beauty and thoughtful characterizations, even in parts of no consequence, have won commendation, yet she was dismissed from the Metro-Goldwyn studio, while the comparatively colorless Dorothy Jordan is not only retained, but is given excellent parts, including the complex heroine of “Min and Bill.”

Miss Sebastian, not Miss Jordan, should have been awarded that plum. The rôle suits her right down to the ground.

“The electricians on the set,” relates Miss Sebastian, “used to say to me, ‘Dorothy, why is it you are not given better parts?’ And I would say, ‘Honey, if I only knew I’d be happy.’”

That Dorothy is willing and courageous is proved by a glimpse at her past life. She was born in the heart of the South, a land of charming hospitality and caste-conventions. Birmingham, Alabama, to be exact. Her soft speech recalls bayous, muscadines, fields of cotton, yams, and men who say to a lady, “Do you mind if I smoke?”

In this languid region the stage is not considered a suitable vocation for a lady. Dorothy early understood this, and, although she was determined to be an actress, she did not announce the intention. She did, however, play at acting with her small friends, a peculiarity that was looked upon with tolerant amusement by the folks.

As she grew older, her talent for drawing stood her in good stead. After the War there sprang up a vogue for hand-painted scarfs, calendars, photos, and various knicknacks. Dorothy took up novelty painting and from a modest beginning her trade grew until she had a small shop. Carefully banking her money, Dorothy was able to go to New York to study art.

Her real purpose, however, was to get in contact with the motion-picture studios. Since she had won some small success in painting and drawing, her parents gave their consent, particularly as an aunt lived in that city.

Wishing to be free of auntie’s supervision, Dorothy went to what she had been told was an inexpensive hotel. It was night when she arrived and still night when she awoke hours later. All being well, she went to sleep again, and wakened to find it still dark. Wondering at the exceedingly long night, she called the office and was informed that it was noon.

“You have an inside room,” explained the clerk tersely. “That’s why it’s dark.”

On finding that her room cost seventeen dollars a week, she gave it up and found one for twelve. Re-establishing herself, she began to haunt the studios.

Dorothy Sebastian’s ill luck is not financial, but lies in the fact that her career has been without high lights.

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What's wrong with Dorothy Sebastian? "Why, nothing!" you exclaim. Nor is there. But her lack of a conspicuous position after five years in Hollywood is one of the mysteries that puzzle her friends. Her story, opposite, is one you shouldn't overlook.
The Heart Bowed Down

It belongs to Greta Garbo, in "Inspiration," a modern version of "Sapho," in which a woman renounces the love of her life to safeguard the future of her adored.

Greta Garbo, above, decides to leave Robert Montgomery though he has no inkling of the blow about to fall.

The unusual picture, left, shows Garbo in a rare moment of light-hearted banter.

At the bottom of the page are seen Garbo, with John Miljan and Judith Voselli, who play important rôles.
Off Guard

The popularity of Kay Francis keeps her on the set most of the time in one film after another, but she smilingly welcomes you to her dressing room when she's there.

Accustomed to the austere dressing rooms of stage folk, Miss Francis insists on the same simplicity for her make-up table at the studio. Practicality is her guiding thought—let the chintzes and cushions keep out of her way.

Kay's spontaneous smile is a passport to her presence for all who catch sight of it from afar. Her next picture is George Bancroft's "Scandal Sheet."
It comes again to Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in appearing together in "Stolen Heaven."

The new picture promises to the young stars opportunities as great as "The Devil's Holiday." Miss Carroll is a night-club performer who takes Mr. Holmes to her room, only to discover that he is sought by detectives.

Miss Carroll, right, undergoes a radical change of expression when she plays a dramatic rôle.
A Lover's Sacrifice

"Youth must be served," says the middle-aged swain in "Ex-mistress," so he bravely turns his back on the girl who prefers his young friend.

Lewis Stone, at top of page, tries to make Bebe Daniels forget the man she loves on a long yachting trip.

Miss Daniels, above, as Doree Macy, plays the heroine of the widely read novel.

Ben Lyon and Natalie Moorhead, right, are the couple whose marriage conveniently breaks up that Mr. Lyon may claim Miss Daniels from her free-and-easy life.
"Dance, Fools, Dance!"

The title of Joan Crawford's new picture indicates a return to the form of entertainment that made her the premier modern maiden of the screen.

The negligee party aboard a yacht shown at the top of the page, with Joan Crawford and Lester Vail, speaks louder than words.

Miss Crawford, right, wears the choicest creations of Adrian, the designer.

Dancing with Lester Vail, below, Miss Crawford is in her element.
Sables and Spangles

Ona Munson, First National's musical star, displays some of her sumptuous frocks and furs.

Miss Munson wears, above, a black-and-white velvet tunic frock in the frankly Russian manner which permits of full-shirred sleeves drawn into tight cuffs.

Spangled net, above, is gracefully effective when fashioned, like the Russian ensemble, by Milgrim.

Parchment satin banded with Russian sable, center, is Samuel Lang's striking design to harmonize with Miss Munson's sable wrap.
Russell Ball finds in Gloria Swanson an almost perfect sitter.

The Boulevard Directory

This article of the series that takes you through the shops favored by the players introduces Russell Ball, one of Hollywood’s finest portrait photographers, and tells of the visits of a star or two.

By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD'S most successful photographer has yet to discover the perfect face. Which implies that if such a paragon cannot be found in the cinema colony, it just doesn’t exist. But, at the same time, a perfect face is not essential to an interesting photograph. The real requirements are a dash of gray matter in the subject’s head—and a good photographer, although Russell Ball discounts the last.

Mr. Ball conducts a trade whose magnitude would frighten any photographer with a nonprofessional clientele. Supplying the constant demand of magazines, newspapers, and fans for new pictures is a very important element in a star’s business. Once a picture has appeared in print, it is immediately old, useless, because no longer exclusive. And editors insist upon exclusive pictures.

In the unpretentious, untidy little studio where Mr. Ball makes homely ladies look pretty and pretty ladies look intelligent, a sitting means from seventy-five to two hundred poses, and an order from five hundred to five thousand prints. Since few stars let three months go by without supplying press agents with new portraits, you can readily see that, although it be less remunerative, it is also less work to photograph débutantes and bankers.

“There are,” Mr. Ball claims, “no two people alike in the world. That is why I don’t believe in the time-honored custom of displaying samples in the reception room. What is the point in showing Mrs. Gilblatz a picture I made of Greta Garbo? It couldn’t possibly give Mrs. Gilblatz the remotest idea of the sort of picture I’d make of her.

“Sometimes girls starting out in pictures are obsessed with the idea of their resemblance to certain stars. It is only humane to blast that notion with a good photographer. There is no place on the screen for imitations. Because every one has eyes, nose, and mouth in approximately the same positions, we are limited as to externals. But underneath no two people in the world are alike, and the goal of photography is to coax out and reveal the inner person.”

The term “photographically perfect” is loosely intended to mean beauty from the standpoint of measurements. But few technically beautiful people make interesting portraits. Whereas—

“Lawrence Tibbett’s face would not appear to be photographic. Yet its swashbuckling strength and abundant humor make an arresting picture always.”

This lens expert, who is good-looking enough to be an actor himself, but who has lived only to take pictures since he was a twelve-year-old amateur, has made some of the few existing portraits of Gloria Swanson’s children. One photographer was put on a ten-thousand-dollar bond to destroy the negatives he made of them, but not Mr. Ball, who has been photographing Miss Swanson for nearly ten years. Several of the stars will permit no one but Russell Ball to photograph them.

There is no complicated posing here. Only as much light as is necessary to make an exposure is used. Clothes are unimportant—except for comfort. The subject must be at ease, a state arrived at after half an hour or so of casual conversation, and the camera is clicked to record spontaneous moments.

“In men,” he says, “I am always looking photographically, for virility, decisiveness. In women, for the duchess—the dignity and sweetness that underlies all feminine charm. And Gloria Swanson is purely ‘lady.’

Continued on page 113
Talkies Rule the Waves

Film romance entertains the sailor boy while he is away on those long trips, far from his one and only sweetie who sits waiting in Brooklyn or San Francisco.

By H. A. Woodmansee

THERE is no more enthusiastic group of picture fans than the enlisted men and officers of the U. S. navy. Every vessel of any size, with the coming of darkness, is converted into a floating theater. To-night, last night, and to-morrow night, anywhere on the ocean's watery waste, "from Crabtown (Annapolis) to Timbuktu," men are sitting on decks with their eyes glued on screens that now bring them the world's sights and sounds. The real navy fan goes to the talkies practically every night, week after week, month after month.

Silent pictures have been entertaining the navy for a good many years, but the talkies were bound to come. At first the navy used silent versions of talkie hits, but they proved a disappointment. The men yearned for the audible films they occasionally saw while on shore leave. So in January a year ago the battleship Texas took along talkie apparatus on its southern cruise. Once a week, for four months, it gave exhibitions. On these gala nights sailors from other naval ships anchored off the Cuba station came aboard the Texas by the boatload. It was like fair week in the old home town, with as many as two thousand eager gobs swarming the decks to witness the newest miracle of the entertainment world.

The talkie tests were a whooping success. Consequently, by summer the navy was busy outfitting itself for talkie exhibitions, with the objective of bringing sound entertainment to every ship of the destroyer class and larger, as well as to land stations, by the end of the year. Quite a sizable undertaking, with three hundred and ten stations to be taken care of.

Supplying film entertainment to approximately one hundred thousand men and officers, in three hundred and ten scattered stations, many of them afloat and out of touch with film supply for long periods, giving the men what they want, and giving it to them steadily, is obviously something of a problem. The navy does it through the central Navy Film Exchange, located in the Brooklyn navy yard, and other smaller exchanges scattered from San Pedro, California, to the Philippine Islands.

In fact, the navy film service keeps its fingers right on the pulse of the entertainment-seeking sailor by a system of reports on all pictures, which rates them from zero to four. Lieutenant F. O. Willenbacher, in charge of the Brooklyn exchange, has a pretty definite idea of just what and who the navy wants to see and hear.

The navy's taste in both stars and pictures is broad. It is heartily in favor of he-men. Such men as George Bancroft and Victor McLaglen get a big hand from the boys on board, not only because they enact the tough guy par excellence, but because they themselves are former sailors. Bancroft, at the age of nineteen, organized the first company of battleship actors and put on skits and minstrel shows which were repeated again and again.

Western stars, such as Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, and Tom Mix, are also very popular. All good comedians rank very highly, with Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, and Laurel and Hardy right at the top. The funny ladies get a hand, too, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran especially in demand.

And the girls! How the sailor, deprived altogether of feminine company the greater part of his time, worships his screen heroines! Give him Clara Bow, and Greta Garbo, and Mary Brian, and Evelyn Brent, and Kay Johnson! Unlike as these stars are, the navy wants them all. What glamour the sailor builds up around their personalities!

Fully sixty per cent of the enlisted men of the navy are from eighteen to twenty. They are at that age when the opposite sex is most fascinating, and all their flesh-and-blood girl friends are far away, back in port. But every night they can sit and watch and listen to shadow Loreleis and Venuses, to sweet innocent young things, and the women of the world, to party girls, and aloof, mysterious ones.

They're eager for adventure, eager to learn about life and love, eager for practically everything. In other words, they're eighteen and twenty. And the talkies are there to teach them as well as to entertain them.

The sailor's appetite for travel pictures is much keener than that of the man ashore. Perhaps it is because the world is his home, and fishing off the coast of Scotland, or elephant hunting in the wilds of Africa,
talkies Rule the Waves

seems to have as much bearing on his life as the activities of the landsman's vacation. Anyway, he not only craves such pictures as "Simbi" and "Africa Speaks," but others which are not of sufficient interest to stay-at-home Americans to get a general showing in this country. Among his favorites are the English "Secrets of Nature" and the German "Oddities of Nature." And, of course, such generally popular subjects as the Grantland Rice "Sportlights.

An exclusive masculine audience ashore probably would demand a fairly steady diet of Westerns, comedies, and adventure films. But variety is the spice of life to the seafaring movie fan who sits in front of a screen five to seven nights a week. Such films as "Applause," "Disraeli" "Hallelujah," "The Case of Lena Smith," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" have been generally liked in the navy.

One in every ten features shown is a Western, and one in every fifty a wild-animal picture.

Time was when the films shown in the navy were old and outworn, and such miserable entertainment that the amateur operators would run the picture backward in an effort to squeeze out a little amusement. Since the war, donations of various organizations, however, have made it possible for the service man to be royally entertained. The navy now books all the important pictures as soon as they are released.

A ship going on a long cruise may carry as many as fifty complete programs, and all hands are mighty glad to see those consignments of tin cans come aboard, with their promise of entertainment for the evenings at sea. Only those who have experienced long confinement in a seagoing vessel can realize the way Hollywood's productions drive out monotony from the sailor's life and keep up his spirits.

Very nearly every evening, when supper is out of the way, the sailors off duty gather on deck to wait for darkness and the talkies. Though it may be three hours before the show, there are loud calls for the watch to rig the screen. The men want visible signs of what's coming. They bring up mess benches and ditto boxes to sit upon; while some sprawl on the deck, or seat themselves on the gun turrets, which have been trained out for that purpose. The officers have chairs.

The sun dips below the horizon, and darkness settles down over the ocean. Then on the lonely sea the voice of Hollywood is heard. A million-dollar Broadway revue sings and dances its way across the screen.

Sometimes, when a screen beauty radiates too much sex appeal, there are excited comments. Then an officer stops the show and issues a solemn warning to the men that there will be no more pictures if they are not more orderly. Laughter, applause, and reasonable talk are permitted, however.

Sometimes it starts to rain and some of the men will retreat below to play a game of "ace- denn," but the most interested spectators may stick it out, sitting in the darkness with the rain whipping in their faces. Sometimes the audience is washed with salt spray. But what's a little like that to a sailor?

There's a ship's band, too, which plays an overture to the picture program, but even in the silent era of the navy screen the band was silent through the picture. The reason was that the musicians were as much entitled to be entertained as the rest of the men.

Occasionally it is too stormy for deck exhibitions. Then the pictures are shown below in the gun room. Now and then night work interferes. But the navy film service counts on twenty-five new programs a month, which one must admit is a quota large enough to satisfy the most rabid fan.

There is close cooperation and good will between the navy and the film producers. Most pictures which bear on naval or military service are made under the supervision of officers, and are popular with both sea and land forces. Pictures such as "Salute," "West Point," "The Midshipman," and "Dress Parade" were received with interest in the navy. The sailor is especially fond of seeing himself on the screen, and therefore "The Fleet's In," "True to the Navy," the Beery-Hatton burlesque, "We're in the Navy Now" and others of the sort, were favorites aboard ship.

All the navy's films are passed upon by the navy film service. There is censorship, but it is of a much broader sort than that which exists in many places ashore. Usually the navy is content to accept pictures made under the Will Hays regulations. Those rejected are most often turned down for the following reasons:

(a) They unduly criticize the government.

(b) They throw the military service into discredit.

(c) They are objectionable for military reasons.

Russian films filled with Soviet propaganda are barred.

The navy itself has gone into picture-making to some extent. It has made various tech-

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Home Life in

Gossips watch the married couples in the scientists watching a colony of strange with a hundred times more gusto than

By Helen

that they are about to be married—any minute. Or that they are already married, secretly, and have been in that state for months. Or maybe years. As likely as not, they credit them with a set of twins or something.

You might imagine that these anxious supervisors of young actors’ lives would settle back with a sigh of relief when one of their subjects—for-discussion actually does take the step and enter the wedded state. But not at all. The wedding bells have scarcely ceased ringing, the honeymoon is hardly under way—and certainly the wedding gifts are not all in—when the rumorers get right to work on the separation and divorce of the young couple.

They aren’t living together. They never have lived together. Why, they never even intended to live together, anyhow! The marriage was a publicity stunt. Or one of them married in a fit of pique on account of an unfortunate love affair with another. They quarreled on the way down the church aisle after the ceremony. "Mercy! Haven’t you heard? I have the greatest sympathy for poor John Gilbert who cabled from Paris on the occasion of the first published rumors of his separation from Ina Claire, "Why can’t they let us alone? Why do we have to be treated like goldfish in cages?"

Now I never saw a goldfish in a cage. But if Jack felt like one, then he must have been most uncomfortable!

You see, what Jack and Ina, as well as Janet and Lydell, needed was some good advice. Then they would have known how to act like happily married couples, and there wouldn’t have been all this uproar in the papers.

When Janet and Lydell had been married only a few days, they attended a première at the Chinese Theater with another couple. At intermission, when they strolled outside for a breath of air, Janet made the tremendous mistake of walking up the aisle with the other man in the party.

Heavens! The rumorers were all there. They always are at premières. They all leaned forward, gasping and peering. And, of course, rumorizing. Rumorizing all over the place.

By midnight the papers all had the news.
a Glass Cage

movie world with all the minute attention of moths, and reveal their smallest discoveries any research worker could ever muster up.

Louise Walker

Janet and her new husband were separated. Divorce proceedings were well under way. And the other man in the case was—well, whoever it was who accompanied Janet up the aisle. I forget, at the moment. But it doesn't matter.

Anyhow, reporters were on the doorstep when Janet left for the studio the next morning.

You see? If Janet had just known the rules, she would have known better than to walk up any aisle, or through any door, or, for that matter, better to walk at all—with any other man than Lydell!

There was another terrific sensation, shortly afterward, which might have been avoided if some one had just told this young couple how to behave. Lydell was called out of the city on business, and Janet and her mother planned to go to the theater on the night of his departure. Since he was not to be gone more than twenty-four hours or so, and since the time of his departure conflicted with the rising of the curtain at the theater, Janet, in her innocence, kissed him good-by in the privacy of their own home and proceeded to the theater with her mother.

But she reckoned without the rumorists. Horrors! A bride of a month to allow her husband to get right on a great big old chugging train without her? Well, of course! They had quarreled. They were separated. Everything was the matter. And again the reporters were on her doorstep, eager for news of the rift. Oh, dear!

So, wives must always accompany their husbands to trains. You can see how important it is.

Doug and Mary could tell them. They have been acting like a happily married couple for years and years and years. Working at it. Giving it thought and concentration. For all I know, they may have had the advice of experts in publicity upon the matter.

They know better than to go walking around with other people. Neither of them will even dance with any one else. And certainly no one ever heard of either of them lunching with a member of the opposite sex—outside the family.

They seldom go to parties, or the theater, or make any sort of public appearance. Mostly, so far as I am able to see, they just sit up there at Pickfair, quietly acting the part of a happily married couple. It may sound like a dull life to you. But, I'm telling you, they know all the rules. Recently, however, they've been going about a bit and promptly all sorts of rumors began to circulate.

Their marriage has become a legend and an institution in Hollywood and if anything should ever happen to it, the entire film colony would be devastated.

Poor Gloria Swanson never quite solved the problem of how to appear happily married. The result was that whenever she got off a train or whenever, in fact, she saw a reporter anywhere in the dim distance, she automatically muttered, "No, we are not getting a divorce. No, Hank and I are not separated. No, we do not intend to get a divorce—"

Just like that, without waiting to be asked. For some reason, de-

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Don't Write—Whisper

Gossip travels faster when its labeled a secret.

They say Joe E. Brown, above, can tune down to a whisper when he's with Laura Lee, in "Maybe It's Love."

Benny Rubin, above, hears all and more when Louise Fazenda gets the loan of his ear in "Leathernecking."

Mitzi Green and Jackie Coogan, left, have little secrets in "Tom Sawyer."

Loretta Young, above, is telling Frank McHugh something that threatens to get a laugh.

Ralph Forbes and Clara Bow, left, hold the first family conference in "Her Wedding Night."
The Pulpit Called—the Screen Tempted

Five well-known actors were drawn to the church early in life, but yielded to the siren call of Hollywood. Have they lost or gained?

By William H. McKegg

ST. ANTHONY, as most people probably know, had his moments of temptation, but escaped them and became a holy man.

Quite a few young bloods in Hollywood were tempted, strayed, and became actors—Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Richard Arlen, Neil Hamilton, and Rex Lease.

How to account for the lapse from their first holy intentions is hard to explain. I doubt if they could tell you themselves. It all came about in a strange way. What we need wonder about is whether the success each has achieved in acting makes up for what he put aside in a more austere vocation.

Take Richard Dix, for example. Richard was imbued with heavenly thoughts at an early age. During childhood he used to preach to his mother and any one else within hearing. Believing that they needed spiritual comfort, he tried to turn their thoughts from earthly things to celestial peace.

This urge to preach obsessed Richard.

Neil Hamilton saw himself a priest, the center of attraction.

Ramon Novarro ardently desired to take holy orders, but became a dancer.

When Richard Arlen renounced his desire to be a preacher, he stole milk to keep from starving.

until early manhood. Instead of putting it into effect, however, he joined a stock company and began to act. People heard him from the stage. The pulpit survives without his presence, and to-day fans hear him from the screen.

Dix is one of the leading stars of the screen. He is a merry soul. From his early Goldwyn days of ten years ago, he rose to the heights. Any one rising to such an elevation is not likely to be without a few adventures. And Richard has encountered his.

Love came his way very early and often. He was always being smitten with some young, beautiful thing.

As he was a good-looking star, he appealed greatly to the attractive sprites. But did he gain the end of his love quest? He did not. Soon, very soon, he became disillusioned after each attack. His own true love was not among those he courted.

Financially, Richard is well fixed. Until recently he was not so secure as a star. A series of mediocre stories did not help him keep his stellar standing. And while with Paramount, his late abode, Gary Cooper and Charles Rogers soared above him in popularity. To-day as a star for RKO Richard is facing better fortune. He has one of the favored roles of the year—that of Vance Henry, in Edna Ferber’s “Cimarron.”
The Pulpit Called—the Screen Tempted

Had Rex Lease become a clergyman he would have been known as "the parson with a punch."

Dix is a jolly decent chap. One of the best. Yet now, as he looks back on the past ten years, does he consider that he has accomplished more in acting than he would have in following his earlier desire to preach?

There is Ramon Novarro, too. Even now, they say, Ramon is inclined to throw up his screen career and enter a holy retreat. In boyhood, like most Latins, he ardently desired to become a priest. With all the fervor of adolescence, he flung himself into his religion. Yet Ramon became—a dancer. And see where he is to-day. Acting is a far cry from the church. One wonders why these young men were drawn to it from preaching.

Upheavals have come and gone, but Novarro seems to go on placidly enough. But according to gossip, Ramon is always worrying about something. He gains no spiritual satisfaction from acting.

As a young boy he came to Los Angeles and, with religion and acting in his youthful mind, he chose the latter. Of course he couldn't get it right away, but eventually, after starving and struggling, he got extra work. And the rest is known.

In a recent article in Picture Play, Ramon spoke of the futility of all material gains. Yet one would imagine his success to have brought satisfaction and contentment.

What sudden decision caused Ramon to desert his religious intentions for acting? Wealth he has, position, success. Yet it is evident Ramon sees little in any of these.

One never hears any surprising stories about Novarro. Where other players flaunt themselves before the public, he remains in seclusion. Applause has never turned his head.

Airing their love affairs in public is another favorite pastime of many of the players. From Ramon one never hears so much as a sigh. His name has never been sentimentally connected with that of any girl. He keeps to himself.

Does this silence mean that Ramon regrets having deserted the church for the screen? Only he knows.

Richard Arlen also felt the urge to preach when a boy. As a lad he always wanted to sway others with sermons, pointing out to them the pitfalls of sin they were nearing in their ignorance. To-day Dix is a star for Paramount.

Dick's acting career has been a hard, severe one. For ten years he fought his way in Hollywood. Now he is one of the most popular players. He has nothing to worry him that I know of. Yet seven of those ten years were full of difficulties. Where another chap gave up, Dick continued plodding on.

Don't imagine Mr. Arlen permitted himself to starve with no money on hand. He told me that on one occasion he took a job as a gardener and mowed lawns and tended the gardens of various homes. Later, while in similar circumstances, but with not so much as a gardener's job in sight, Dick took a bottle of milk he found one morning on an unguarded doorstep.

One can readily see how far he had put behind him his early urge for the church. But since achieving fame, Dick Arlen—conscience-stricken, perhaps—has made up for that one lapse from grace by giving a helping hand to others.

Oh, yes, Mr. Arlen is well fixed. He has a nice home, a charming, clever wife in Jolyna Ralston, and a lucrative job.

But we must ask it—is Richard happy in his acting? I recollect hearing him say that it seemed to him as if there was always something more to fight for in maintaining a career. While aware of what he has attained as a player, he feels, as soon as he has mounted a new step, that there are at least a dozen more to climb.

Continued on page 115
IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES PRODUCTION

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

With Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith
Based on the play by Edward Childs Carpenter
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The Belasco Theatre, New York, where "The Bachelor Father" first scored its sensational triumph.

She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!

He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

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"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
"More Power To You, Angel Face"

That was the message that the folks back in the hills of West Virginia sent to Jo, the beautiful girl dancer who was taking Broadway by storm. Very justly they were proud of Jo's sensational success, but there were sorrow and bitter tragedy as well beneath the gay surface of Jo's existence. And even while she danced her way to triumph, she was under the spell of a great love.

Here is a story which takes you behind the scenes of New York's night life and gives you a true insight into the colorful characters of those who live it. You will enjoy every page of

**Angel Face**

By Vivian Grey

This is one of a list of magnificently written love stories published by CHELSEA HOUSE, one of the oldest and best-established concerns in America. It has never before appeared between book covers, and it belongs to-day upon your library shelf. Ask your dealer for "ANGEL FACE," or for the full list of CHELSEA HOUSE love stories, write to

CHELSEA HOUSE

79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Price, 75 Cents
"There's nothing to tell, except that I'm looking for a job," Annabelle replied, beginning to eat the soup.

"The man leaned forward, interested.

"What kind of work?" he asked.

"Typing? Stenography? I can give you the name of an excellent agency to which I sent for some one to do a little work for me a while ago."

He scribbled it on a card, and then began to talk of other things, telling her about New York, urging her to go to the zoo, and the Aquarium, and to the top of the Chrysler Building, "because if you don't go sightseeing now, you'll never have time again; New Yorkers never do!"

He pointed out prominent people—two well-known actresses with their husbands, a judge, a diplomat, some prominent business men.

"New Yorkers don't come to places like this just for a good time," he told her. "These clubs are the center of the city's life. More business goes on here than in a third of the office buildings of the city."

Annabelle listened, wide-eyed, and ate such food as she had never seen before. Breast of guinea hen, served under glass; potatoes that she knew must be potatoes, though they bore no likeness to any she had ever seen before; a salad so pretty that she hated to spoil it, and a marvelous concoction of ice cream shaped like a little doll.

"Everybody comes to this club now," the man was saying, "the worst of the best people and the best of the worst all show up here. Next week they'll go somewhere else. Same crowd, practically the same entertainment. It's a great place to watch people.

"You haven't told me your name," he said a little later. "Not that it matters. Listen." An entertainer was singing "Chérie—just for tonight—Chérie." Her companion smiled across the table at Annabelle. "That's it—Chérie," he said. "That is name enough."

"And what shall I call you?" Annabelle asked.


Then, shrugging his shoulders as if to shake off a burden, he summoned the head waiter, to whom he gave lengthy instructions. The man scurried away, returning presently carrying a spray of orchids and a bottle of perfume.

Annabelle had noticed the little counter near the door, where flowers, and French dolls, and perfumes were displayed. Pinning the orchids to her shoulder, she couldn't help wondering what they had cost in this place—where even the cheapest cigarettes were expensive!

And the perfume, "Flowers of the Night," it was called. She had seen it advertised at forty dollars the bottle. She could live for two weeks on forty dollars!

She opened the flask, scented her finger tips and the little hollow at the base of her throat. It was a heavy, exotic scent. She didn't quite like it, but she was thrilled at having it. Never before had she owned anything but the mildest violet toilet water.

She tried to express her thanks, but John waved her to silence, and brought up the subject of the drawings on the walls.

"All done by an artist who hangs around here," John explained. "It's quite the thing to have your picture on these walls."

"What makes people famous in New York?" Annabelle asked.

John laughed.

"Usually it depends on the people you're associating with," he answered. "Hang around with the right crowd and the first thing you know, you're somebody."

Then, glancing over his shoulder, he added, "There's the artist now, headed this way."

He came straight over to them, sketch pad in hand.

"Mind if I do you, chief?" he asked hopefully, John shook his head. He was sitting now, as he had most of the evening, with one hand hiding his face from the eyes down.

"Have to give in sometime," the man added jovially, "May I do the young lady, then?"

Annabelle's companion glanced at her, saw that her eyes were wide with excitement and pleasure, and nodded.

She sat very still, almost holding her breath. If only some of the girls who had been disagreeable to her back home could see her now! Exhilarated by the lights and the music, she lifted one shoulder a little, tilted her head back, smiled. She felt as if she looked more than ever like Constance Bennett.

The artist, having finished his sketch, was asking her to sign it, when a tall, heavy-jowled man approached and stood glaring belligerently down at John for a moment before speaking.

As Annabelle scrawled "Chérie" across the bottom of the picture, she heard the newcomer growl. "What's the big idea coming here to-night, when you know—"

John lifted his hand peremptorily. The man scowled and walked away. John beckoned to the waiter and asked for his check a moment later.

"Time we were leaving, Chérie," he said. "Run along and get your coat, and I'll put you into a cab."

Annabelle was glad to go, despite her reluctance to leave the lights and music. The big man had frightened her. She insisted on turning his tips over to Lola's mother, but finally took five dollars to stop what promised to be an endless argument.

John was waiting for her near the door, but drawn down over his eye, coat collar turned up. He nodded to the doorman, gave him a bill, and walked over to a taxi that stood at the curb.

"What's your address?" he asked Annabelle, repeating it to the driver. Then, taking her hand, "I hope you have enjoyed this evening one half as much as I have," he said. "Probably we'll never meet again, but I shall think of you often. Good luck."

Annabelle leaned back in a corner of the cab, staring down at her flowers and perfume. Without them, she could hardly have believed that the evening's events had been real; it seemed impossible that they could have happened to her.

Well, to-morrow she'd go out looking for work again; somehow she now felt more encouraged about finding it. Soon she'd get a job, and move. She'd get away from the hideous house, and the awful old landlady who was so horrid, even when she was engaging a room.

"What's yer name?" the woman had demanded.

"Annabelle St. John," Annabelle gasped, so frightened that she could hardly speak. She pronounced her last name "Sinjun," as she always had.

"Belle Simpson," the old woman repeated, and Annabelle let it go at that, not sorry to be misunderstood. When she was rich and famous, she told herself, she wouldn't want any one to know that she had ever had to live in a place like this.

The cab stopped at a cross street, held up by a change in traffic lights. The driver turned around and spoke through the open window.

"Do you really live in that dump you gave the address of?" he inquired, "or was you just tryin' to get rid of that guy?"

Annabelle's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"I really live there," she answered curtly.

"Well, say—are you a stranger here?" the man went on companionably. "What are you doin' in a joint like that? Did you go there because it was cheap? I got a daughter about your age, and I wouldn't let her walk past that hole. Say, I'd be afraid to stay there myself—I'd be afraid of hein' bumped off."
"Why—why—"

"Take it from me, lady, that's no place for a skirt like you," he said, casually shifting gears and starting up again. "It's got a bad name, that neighborhood has. You better move."

"But I don't know where to go—I haven't much money—"

"Why don't you try the Y. W.? You grab your duds to-morrow and go over there. That's the place for a girl like you."

Bewildered, Annabelle thanked him, and got out of the cab more frightened than ever.

She sat up the rest of that night, after she had packed her few belongings, waiting anxiously for the first ray of dawn. When it came she caught up her suitcase and tiptoed down the stairs and out to the street, treasuring the feeling of meeting the huge, bewhiskered landlady. She had paid a week's rent in advance, but still she feared trouble if she were caught.

Early-morning New York was thrilling. She walked down Broadway, now strangely empty and dingly-looking. A lovely girl in evening clothes, such as Annabelle had dreamed of wearing, came out of an all-night restaurant, saying to her escort, "Those were the best wheat cakes I've eaten in ages."

Two girls, evidently telephone operators, hurried past Annabelle, discussing their jobs. She went into the all-night restaurant and ate a hearty breakfast, buoyed up by the feeling that surely she'd get work to-day, and then went out in search of a new home.

The new room was sanctuarian. After taking a bath and dressing, she started out once more to look for work. She went to the agency recommended by her friend of the night before, to find the outer office filled with girls.

She waited there only a moment.

The woman at the desk told one girl that she had openings only for highly trained girls, with plenty of experience. Annabelle, her heart sinking, made her way out to the elevator. Three months' work in Johnson's Hardware Emporium back home would hardly make an impression here!

Wearily she went into the street, to start once again on a round of the offices whose ads looked most promising. As usual, she found other girls ahead of her, and got no encouragement.

She started home at last, stopping on the way for dinner at a cafeteria. Although she had nothing to eat since early breakfast, a big plate of beef stew was all she could afford.

There was a newspaper on the chair beside her. She picked it up. The evening papers weren't as good as the morning ones for want ads, but she might find something.

And then she saw a headline, "Stewart Hill Disappears." She glanced down the page. There, staring straight at her, was a picture of the man with whom she had had supper the night before.

For an instant her heart seemed to stop beating; then it began to thump so hard that she felt as if it were shaking her whole body. She turned cold all over. Ignoring her meager supper, she eagerly read the story.

Hill, she learned, was a politician who had been defrauding the government on some big building contracts, and had been summoned to appear the next day to explain his activities. He had vanished the night before, after having been seen in "a popular Fifty-fourth Street night club," taking with him most of his firm's capital.

Foul play was suspected, but the Federal authorities and his former partners were convinced that he was hiding somewhere.

He had gone to the night club the evening before. He was well-known there, as he usually came in for supper. Clenching her hands, as if to defend herself against the shock that was coming, Annabelle read on.

A new girl had pursued the regular cigarette girl, Lola Marsh, to go home and let her act as substitute, she read. This new girl went straight to Hill's. When he came in, talked with him, and later joined him for supper. No one knew her name, but the head waiter and the artist who had drawn her picture had heard him call her "Chérie."

The sketch of Annabelle appeared on the second page. She gave a little gasp of relief when she saw how little it really looked like her. The hair was too light, the eyes too large: the whole effect of it—the way her head was held, the orchids pinned to her shoulder—made it seem that she was a far different type.

"They'd never know me from that," she told herself. "Never. Oh, but what shall I do if they find me! Poor Aunt Ellen!"

They had driven away in a taxi, she read. The police were looking for the driver, who might be able to give them some hint of where she was now, unless, as was believed, she had gone away with Hill.

Annabelle never knew just how she got back to her room. She remembered getting on a subway and riding, feeling safe because the crowds were so huge, and then, when she reached the end of the line, getting off and riding back downtown again.

Then, suddenly frightened by hearing what the man said the Hill case to some one else, she went stumbling through the streets, and back to the little room that had seemed so comfortable so short time before.

There was another girl in the room, sitting in a rocking-chair by the window, mending a stocking.

"Hullo," she said cheerily, as Annabelle came in. "Are you Anna belle St. John? I'm Carrie Hildreth. You'll be my roommate—they put me in here to-day. Hope we get along together."

"So do I," said Annabelle in a choked voice, throwing herself on the bed. This was awful, having to keep up before some one else when she had thought she would be alone here. "Are you Mrs. Hill's daughter?"

Annabelle said she wished she did.

"Well, poor kid, she's probably trying to hide somewhere," Carrie went on. "Probably hoping she won't be caught, but she will be, of course. Now, tell me what kind of work you want. I know of a job, but you might not like it. You'd have to leave New York."

Annabelle sat up suddenly.

"What kind of job?" she demanded. "Where is it?"

"Well, it isn't much good—doesn't pay much," Carrie went on. "A girl who's a friend of my boy friend had it, but she gave it up to-day. Ever hear of Caroline Wakefield, in movies?"

"Sure. I have seen her in her last two."

"Well, this girl I know was her secretary: came here from Hollywood with her. But they kept fussing—Wakefield's a regular old Tartar, thinks she's the only actress in pictures, even if she is fifty or sixty years old. She's going back to-morrow, and this girl quit to-day. Wakefield's crazy. It was too late to phone an agency, or advertise for anybody, and she—".

Annabelle jumped up and reached for her hat.

"Where is she?" she asked.

Carrie laughed.

"Say, don't be in such a hurry. This means going to Hollywood, and Continued on page
"The Royal Bed" is the alias under which the stage play, "The Queen's Husband," comes to the screen, with Anthony Bushell and Mary Astor intent on living up to the new title. In case you didn't see the amusing comedy behind the footlights, you will want to know what it is about. A Balkan kingdom is the scene, but the events pictured are quite unlike the usual saccharine romances involving fictional royalties.

Here we have a queen about to embark on a trip to the United States to borrow money. The king, overruled and ignored by her when she is at home, is forced by circumstances to become every inch a sovereign and a father, too. For he discovers that his daughter, betrothed to a foreign prince, is really in love with his secretary. A revolution also crops up and is quashed by the king who, when the queen returns and is about to sweep the princess into unwelcome marriage, performs himself the ceremony that unites her to the man she loves, and sends the happy pair off to South America.
Continued from page 92

you’d get twenty-five a week and have to dress on it. Your other bills would be paid. ‘Say, I wouldn’t take it on a bet!’ said Mr. Wakefield.’ Annabelle answered, ‘if I can get it.’

‘Well, then, fix yourself up a little—not too much; one reason Wakefield fought with this girl was because she didn’t want a secretary—who’d look so nice the news photographers would include her in pictures. But you look pretty ratsy. Take that hat of mine—red ought to be becoming to you. And you’d better borrow my coat, too; it’s cold out.’

Annabelle gratefully took the red hat and coat; she realized that in them she looked quite different than she had the night before, in her black suit. She’d have to try to change her appearance, now, and her whole persona. But her, she mustn’t get caught, mustn’t be involved in this shameful affair!

She tried to go back over everything, to see if she had left anything behind her, any clew that could be followed. In the subway, on the way uptown, she read a later paper and found that the taxi driver had come forward to tell what he knew.

He had given the address to which he had taken her, and the landlady at the rooming house had added her bit. The girl was named Belle Simpson, she said, and had come from out of town—‘That’s what she claimed, but I don’t believe it. She was a slick one, getting out of my house the way she did, owing me rent!’

‘The old liar!’ Annabelle commented to herself at that revelation. Every one at the night club apparently had tried to describe her, but none of them really knew what she looked like. They all agreed that she was very beautiful, and seemed to know Stewart Hill very well.

Leaving the subway, Annabelle caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of a slot machine, and reflected that nobody would think her beautiful now. She was very pale, the lids drooped over her tired eyes, and her shoulders sagged. The last girl to be suspected of being the dangerous confidante of an embezzler!

She had thought that talking to Caroline Wakefield would be a difficult task, but it proved to be just the opposite, for Miss Wakefield did all the talking.

She was tall and thin, her dyed hair elaborately dressed, her purple dressing gown very ornate. She sat in the midst of open trunks and suitcases, firing orders at a harassed maid, and looked Annabelle over.

‘What’s your name?’ she demanded. ‘Annabelle St. John.

Sounds like a chorus girl, but you certainly don’t look like one. I’ll call you Anna Johns—much better! Can you cook? My cook goes home at nine, and I like a snack late at night.’

‘Can you answer the telephone, and give messages, and cut out my notices from the newspapers and paste them in a book? Can you give a dog a bath? Oh, and can you run a typewriter?’

Annabelle nodded in reply to all the questions.

‘And see here!’ the great Wakefield went on. ‘When newspapermen take pictures of me, when I’m getting off a train, do you know enough to keep in the background?’

‘I certainly do!’ Annabelle answered fervently.

‘All right, I’ll take you. I’ll give you twenty-five a week, and don’t keep striking make a raise, because you wouldn’t get it. And don’t think you’re going to get into pictures when you get to Hollywood, because you won’t. Can you read aloud? I like detective stories.

“All right”—she rose majestically—“I’m going to take a cabinet bath and have a massage, and you can read to me. While I’m getting ready, send a telegram to John Gilbert, congratulating him on his new picture—it opens to-night. I haven’t seen it, but that won’t matter. You’ll find his address in the little red book on my desk.”

Annabelle almost forgot her terror. She was to send a telegram to John Gilbert! She hunted for the little red book, and finally reported that she couldn’t find it.

“It’s right there!” Miss Wakefield shouted at her. “I know it is! Use your eyes! Well, I know it’s there; put it there myself. What?”—as the maid came forward with the book in her hand.

“Oh, on the chair. Well, I knew it was right there somewhere. And you’ll find a bar pin some man sent me, asking if I’d buy it. Send it back to him. Write him a nice letter, and sign my name. You’ll find something around there that I’ve signed.”

Annabelle wondered if the new job was going to be all roses, after all.

“And did you send that wire to Betty Compton?” Miss Wakefield went on, after a moment. “I didn’t tell you to? I certainly didn’t! I hope you aren’t going to be dumb. You’ll have to learn to pay attention to what I say, or we’ll never get along. I hope you don’t snore. I can hear a person snoring three rooms away from me.”

“No, I don’t,” Annabelle answered.

She scurried about, trying frantically to carry out all Miss Wakefield’s orders. She must hold this job, she must! It would mean getting out of New York, being safe from discovery—it was just what she wanted. And to go to Hollywood!

“Hope you have some better-looking clothes than those,” Miss Wakefield was continuing. “You haven’t? Well, Suzanne can make over something of mine to-night”—the overworked maid cast a disgusted glance at Annabelle.

“I can’t have you looking shabby when we leave. Get out that black suit that I don’t like,” she went on, “and fit it down to her. That’ll have to do! Now, come along and read to me.” Suzanne picked up a book.

“Oh, not that. The late editions of the papers are on that chair. Bring them along.”

Annabelle went into the huge bathroom, with all its paraphernalia of scales, special towels and brushes, creams and powders, all heavily monogrammed in purple. Miss Wakefield was sitting in the big square cabinet, only her head protruding.

“Sit on that chair,” she ordered, “and read me all about Stewart Hill’s disappearance. They should have found that girl by now.”

Annabelle felt giddy. But she sat down, and forced her shaking hands to separate a paper from the pile.

Once again, in a trembling voice, she read the story of Hill’s disappearance. Once again she read about her own appearance at the night club, and of how suspicious Lola and her mother had been of her. The head nurse, too, had thought something was wrong.

Some one had seen Hill write on a card and give it to her—doubtless that was the address of the place to which she had fled! The police were more determined than ever to find “The mystery girl.”

Hill had bought orchids for her. And perfume—“Flowers of the Night.” Annabelle shuddered. Her hairdresser had some of the scent on it—would Miss Wakefield notice?

“Let’s see that picture of the girl,” she ordered, and Annabelle obediently held it up for her. “Looks familiar, somehow. I’ll bet I’ve seen her somewhere recently. Well, she must be a bad lot, running around with a man like that. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes,” Annabelle gulped. “But they’ll get her soon!” amiably predicted the tyrant, nodding Annabelle back to her chair. “What’s that perfume you have on?”

“It’s called—called ‘New York,’” Annabelle exclaimed desparately.

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"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

For Ann Harding is coming to town in "East Lynne."
The famous old melodrama, costumed in the period of 1875, with settings by the great Joseph Urban, has a trio of unusually interesting players in the leading roles.

Conrad Nagel is Carlyle. Clive Brook is Captain Levi-son, the first villain he has ever portrayed, by the way, and of course Miss Harding is Lady Isabel, the wife who deserts her husband for a spurious love and returns years later as governess of her own children.

Unable to make known her identity, she does penance for her indiscretion by seeing the man she loves happily married to another, her children calling the new wife mother.

This is the heartbreak of "East Lynne" and it is quite safe to say that Miss Harding's beautiful voice and gracious presence will give Lady Isabel's sorrows new poignancy.
The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

ment of mutual friendship. I know this reads like the pattern of a good many other films, including "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-eyed World," but the new version is different, largely because it is more serious and dramatic than either of the old ones. Bill is well worth seeing for the reasons I have mentioned.

Mr. Bancroft is fine, William (Stage) Boyd is equally so in a different way, and a newcomer, Jessie Royce Landis, as the girl who starts the last feud, has one of the most agreeable voices expertly used that I have yet heard. Just listen to her changing inflections in her first scene with Mr. Bancroft in the Havana dive.

The Redemption of Genevieve.

A lighter touch, gayer dialogue, and a more knowing viewpoint have entered into "Free Love" than in most of the pictures that Hollywood calls sophisticated comedies. Though no great shakes as a story and proving nothing way one or another in spots between husband and wife, it is constantly diverting.

This is because it is admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin who, by the way, nicely erases the smudge left by her affected performance in "A Lady Surrenders." She has acquired what we call a "new" personality, blond hair having much to do with it, and her speech only seldom recalls the stage English used in her début. She is fluent, graceful, pleasing. Quite a feat this, because the rôle is a mean one—an irresponsible, petulant wife who leaves her husband after lots of bickering and is socked in the jaw by him with the remark, "You've had this coming to you for a long time, darling."

Conrad Nagel is convincing as the harried husband, Zasu Pitts stands out like a beacon in one of her wistful-maid rôles, Monroe Owsley is attractive as the pseudo-villain, and Ilka Chase is always interesting.

A Crooked Broadcast.

Though William Haines carries his wisecracking and freshness just a bit too far for the comfort of at least one admirer, he manages to turn out a good picture when once he settles down to serious business in "Remote Control." But said admirer here-with takes him to task for repeating himself rather grievously in the early sequences when he is pressing his attentions upon the girl who repulses him. This time, the girl is new—Mary Doran—but his attitude toward her recalls Leila Hyams, Anita Page, Alice Day, Eleanor Boardman, and others who have been victims of waggishness carried so far that one wonders how any girl—There is no need to complete the thought.

It is a fact, though, that Billy never ceases to be likable and there is in him an inborn gentleness, to use an old-fashioned word, that somehow survives his boisterousness.

He forces himself into a radio studio as announcer, builds up the station with his personality and the talent he provides, and gets mixed up with a fake clairvoyant who broadcasts instructions to his band of crooks while pretending to answer questions of listeners in. John Miljan is capital in this rôle, which he plays with just the right amount of spuriousness masked by poise and smoothness. Miss Doran is attractive as the heroine and her simple dresses seem, to one surfeited with costumes, just about the last word in smartness. Outstanding hits are contributed by Polly Moran, Charles King, Cliff Edwards, J. C. Nugent, and the stuttering Roscoe Ates. The conclusion reaches a pitch of excitement unusual in a Haines picture.

An Unenviable Career.

If you are raising your boy to be a boudoir diplomat, don't! A less satisfactory career I cannot think of after seeing the amusing play called "The Command to Love" become the dull and pretentious "Boudoir Diplomat" on the screen.

In case you are in doubt, a bedroom statesman is a young man who wins favors for his government by making love to complaisant wives of big shots in other countries. He is given this assignment by the minister whose attaché is, a bit of drollery coming from the fact that the ambassodor's wife is really his heroine with him. And in the background there is a sweet young thing who knows naught of her fiancé's philandering.

It is not on the score of impropriety that your critic frowns on "The Boudoir Diplomat." The story is legitimate material for a light, amusing piece, but it is treated with a heavy hand and a literal touch that rob it of its reason for being. Lubitsch would have reviled in it and Menjou might have prayed for it when in anguished search for a congenial rôle. But neither would have interpreted the comedy as we see it.

Nor do the players rise above the occasion. Ian Keith is miscast as the hero, his deliberation in action and speech creating no illusion of a dashing Continental. On inspecting Mary Duncan and Betty Compson one makes the discovery that European diplomats marry show girls and manage to hold their jobs.

A Likable Cuss.

"Lightnin'" is the best picture Will Rogers has made since he found his voice, though fond memories cling to "One Glorious Day" in silence. But that is another matter entirely, isn't it?

The chief excellence of the new film lies in the fact that Mr. Rogers finds himself, for the first time, with a real character to portray and not a caricature, as in "So This Is Paris" and the pendant "So This Is London."

As the tippling, likable scalawag, Bill Jones, he is entirely convincing, irresistible. Bill, you remember, is the proprietor of a hotel situated on the California-Nevada border called "Calivada," a haven for those seeking divorce. Their problems are amusingly presented. More important is the serious business of the piece, which consists of the dishonest efforts of a lawyer to get the hotel away from Bill and his ambitious wife, and Bill's frustration of the plan.

Louise Dresser is the wife and good enough she is. But it is Jason Robards who surprises with his best performance and, too, Joel McCrea is straightforward and intelligent in the reading of his lines, as the young fellow in love with Bill's daughter. The picture is much too long, in spite of excellent performances, but that is a fault of many films photographed from stage plays.

Strong Emotions Refined.

Although one is conscious of the deliberate pace with which "The Passion Flower" unfolds, the spectator is held by smooth direction, admirable acting, and humanness of characterization. These qualities are a picture directed by William de Mille. Stripped of these distinctions, the story is neither new nor important and could be passed over with a yawn. But I venture to say that no one will so dismiss the piece in its present guise. It depicts crises in the life of a rich girl who marries a chauffer and whose wealthy cousin falls in love with the husband she at first despises. They go away, leaving the wife with her two children. When the rich woman is free to marry the erring husband he turns her down to go back to his wife.

Don't let the trite story keep you away, especially if you like Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, and Kay Johnson. Miss Francis shines as a really distinguished actress, giving a performance that surpasses anything she has done, and she makes the pseudo-villainess a charming and sympathetic person. Likewise Miss

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George O'Brien is becoming a pillar of the movies. That means he is reliable rather than sensational, steady rather than variable and, by the same token, always interesting.

His films nearly always picture the great outdoors, though time was when he offered great variety of subjects. But instead of being conventional or dull, they are likely to have beauty and even glamour, as well as intelligence and humor. This is because the star is no mere puppet content to do the bidding of a director, but an actor of experience, enthusiasm, and good sense, these qualities communicating themselves to everything he does.

Enough has already been written about Mr. O'Brien's physical development to make further comment unnecessary. It is significant, though, to compare old photographs with present ones and to discover that his physical condition is the same to-day that it was five years ago.

The picture on the right is from "Fair Warning," with Louise Huntington.
thing deeper than loss of prestige. The charming, debonair, smiling Jack, one of the most beloved and admired of Hollywood’s great, has gone into a shell.

“No more interviews with any one!” he snapped, recently. “Just let me alone, please!”

No public appearances. No talks over the radio. No acting as master of ceremonies at premieres. Instead, he goes through his daily work, then quickly enters his car and drives to the beach. There, with Raquel or some other companion, he remains.

I had occasion recently to want a paragraph quoting him on a magazine topic and was told by the studio publicity men, “There’s absolutely no use asking him for it. He turns down old friends—writers—flat. He won’t be bothered.”

And this the genial, good-natured, brilliant man whose fan mail once was delivered in a truck! What has happened?

One of his friends gives this explanation:

“Sensitive, oh, so sensitive, Jack has been stabbed to the heart by criticism of his pictures. When his first talkie was previewed, persons in the audience laughed outright at his voice which had been terribly recorded. All the glamour that surrounded the great lover faded away as very unromantic sounds came from his lips in ‘His Glorious Night.’ To be laughed at by an audience, hurt—and hurt deep.

“Right at the peak of success when the talkies arrived, Jack felt himself bowled over and almost trampled upon. And even laughed at! It left him stunned.

“If the studio had shelved that production and had seen to it that Jack took a course in voice culture, it would have been better for his future. But the picture went out and was razzed mercilessly. The fame of the great lover, built up through years of work, was shattered almost overnight. Instead of speaking in a romantic lover’s voice, he seemed to be speaking from a phonograph record which had been used to pound steak.

“Of course that fault has been corrected now, but the big hurt is still in Jack’s heart. Yet, with his back to the wall, he’s determined to give everything he has until he wins. He isn’t licked yet. He remembers that Norma Shearer was about washed up when she made ‘The Last of Mrs. Cheyneey,’ then followed that with ‘The Divorcee’ and not only regained her position, but won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of the year. Watch Jack Gilbert! You’ll see him do it, too. All he needs is the right story.”

There have been many clouds to take the sunshine out of the path of John Gilbert. As a child he traveled from town to town with his mother, who played local small repertoires. He never had a home. When not with her, he was boarded out. After her death he had to shift for himself.

He used to believe that his father’s name was O’Hara, but one day after he had achieved success, John Pringle appeared in Hollywood with papers to prove that he was his parent. To Jack the man was a stranger, absent for more than twenty-five years.

John Pringle got extra work thereafter and eventually was employed as a studio gatemen. He died in the California Lutheran Hospital, August 12, 1929.

Jack has a beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood, a cottage at the beach, a yacht at anchor in the harbor. There are loyal souls ready to join him in hours of recreation when he wants them. In the meantime, he keeps in seclusion and will remain there until the world once more applauds some fine picture he has made—or until he quits the screen.

His back is to the wall.

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her years ago by a fan are still the pride of Bessie’s household.

Gary Cooper likes birds, too. His particular little feathered friends were eagles. There were two of them and Gary had had them since they were fledglings. Hating to deprive them of their birthright when they were full-grown, Gary recently took them back to their native mountaintops, although they were tame and tractable.

Bozo is a marmoset belonging to Joan Crawford. A fan sent him to her some time ago, and Joan is greatly attached to him. Bozo roams agilely around the house and particularly enjoys teasing the patient great Dane which Joan gave Douglas for Christmas.

In the Forbes-Chatterton household, Belinda, of course, reigns supreme. Belinda is an Aberdeen terrier of great charm. But even Belinda cannot compete with the novel appeal of the newest addition to the menagerie.

The new addition is a wolf—only a cub, but still a wolf. When Ralph Forbes was on a recent hunting trip in the High Sierras, he shot a timber wolf which showed too keen an interest in him. Afterward he found its cub under a tree.

Refusing to leave it to starve, he captured it, despite its snarling and display of a full set of sharp teeth. Carrying it in a large bag on the five-day trip back to civilization, he fed it by dipping a cloth in milk.

Housed now in a box in the garden, it frolics like a dog and looks rather like a fawn. Its present sweet disposition is not permanent, according to a veterinarian, who says that six months will be the duration of its term as a domestic pet.

A source of widespread mourning was the death of Angel Face. He was a British bulldog whom Cecil DeMille owned for many years. Angel Face was a local character. He went to all DeMille previews with the family, during which he slept, snoring loudly. There was deep grief when old age and avoidupois necessitated his demise.

Two unusually beautiful and valuable setters, one English and one Llewellyn, were gifts to Charles Farrell from Winfield Sheehan. Skipper and Boots, bred in the Sheehan kennels, are rare specimens of canine intelligence and sweetness.

Charles Bickford has wire-haired terrier twins identical in size and marking. They answer to Dyna-mite and Anna Christie.

Anita Page’s Lady is a huge, cream-colored Persian cat who curls up on a window seat every afternoon, waiting for Anita to come home.

Richard Arlen and Jobjay Ralston have a Dutch canal dog, Jill, who is very black and shiny and appealing. June Collyer’s majestic police dog is famous for his good manners. He never barks above a whisper when he is in the house.

José Mojica’s little dog, a present from Mona Maris, is called Chato, which is Spanish for “flat nose.” He already does several tricks, despite his extreme youth.

Claire Luise’s wire-haired terrier is a prize winner, known as Morrigan Doogle. John Miljan, who raises goldfish in a large pool at his Beverly Hills home, has one special pet who has been king of the pond for six years, and is very large and handsome, with unusual markings of red gold.

They are all remarkable and unique. You know—you’ve had pets of your own.
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Johnson is never a wife indulging in self-pity, but an intelligent woman who faces facts cheerfully. Zasu Pitts also scores in a clear-cut characterization and Lewis Stone is effectively cast.

**Hard Work.**

The title "Hook, Line, and Sinker" has little to do with the plot of the picture starring Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, and featuring Dorothy Lee. Miss Lee is an heiress who runs away from home to operate a hotel left to her. En route she encounters the two comedians who appoint themselves her advisers and the three launch their enterprise. Publicizing it as the rendezvous of the elite, they succeed in attracting rival gangs of crooks to the hostelry, each with designs on the jewels of the guests.

The whole thing is pretty dull and boring, with Mr. Woolsey cracking what he believes to be an irresistible gag every time he is introduced to any one. As he extends his hand he accompanies it with "Fidget the digits, kid, fidget the digits." What laugh there are are contributed by Johny Howard as Miss Lee's mother.

A critic after reviewing the work of the two stars and the featured player, remarked "If those three hands are stars, I'm the four Hawaiians Joe Cook is always imitating." That sums it up about as well as anything.

**Among the Idle Rich.**

Without being more than moderately interesting, "Fast and Loose" is well played by a cast of actors recruited, with few exceptions, from Broadway. They give an excellent account of themselves, though hampered by a play that was a big hit in its day, but is now a little shopworn. The piece is "The Best People," in which a rich girl prefers the nobler virtues of an automobile mechanic to the men of her own set, and her brother finds loveliness of character in a chorus girl. There is also the less-starring situation of a father who arranges a meeting with the chorus for the purpose of buying her off and is disarmed by her gentle virtuousness.

Trite as all this reads, it is related intelligently by players who know how. Consequently every character is interesting. It is just that their doings seem not worth while to the veteran film inspector.

Miriam Hopkins, who makes her screen début, is highly regarded on the stage and she shows why. Her comedy scenes with Charles Starrett, also new, are delightful, and Henry Wadsworth again is a most believable juvenile. Frank Morgan and Ida Chase labor expertly in their respective ways, but the glamorous Carol Lombard is miscast as the chorus vestal.

**A Losing Gamble.**

There are no two ways to express an opinion of "The Lottery Bride." It is a downright fiasco. One watches it in a state of horrid fascination, wondering what further mistakes will be unredeemed. For that reason it is not exactly a bore to the critic, though I'm afraid its true classification is just that.

It is an operetta from which much of the music has been extracted in a frantic effort to disguise that unwanted form of screen play, but the true intent of the piece is never camouflaged and there's enough music in the wrong places to make one squirm. The tunes are pleasant enough and the voices of Jeanette MacDonald, John Garrick, and Robert Chisholm—the latter's screen début—are superior. But the hodgepodge of operatic drama and laborous comic relief gives the singers no chance to rise above their surroundings.

It begins in Norway, moves to the north pole, and includes a marathon dance, a comedian from New York, a heroine who is drawn in a lottery for money to pay for her brother's theft, a hero who misunderstands, a dirigible crashing against an iceberg and a vision of heaven in the snowy wastes. All this is punctuated by songs that break out surprisingly with organ strains accompanying the struggles of men lost in the ice and snow. The ice, incidentally, is yellow, like frozen Chartreuse. But it all ends happily.

Besides those already mentioned, there are Joe E. Brown, Zasu Pitts, and Carroll Nye.

**An Ace Comedian.**

Ed Wynn, a topnotch comedian in musical comedy, makes his talkie début in "Follow the Leader," which served him a couple of years ago on the stage as "Manhattan Mary." And right good it was too, and for that matter still is, if you like musical comedy plots and characters, even though there is only a minimum of singing in the present agglomeration. It is Mr. Wynn's antics, however, that excite the picture—his surprised stare, his bewildered gestures, his skipping walk, his lunate inventions.

He delivers it all in good measure, including even that greatest of all his inventions that has stood the test of laughter for almost ten years, a contrivance for eating corn on the ear in the manner of a typewriter carriage. All you do is to fasten the ear and it clicks from left to right, revolving all the while, a bell ringing to remind you to shift the carriage or, rather, the corn!

Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith are familiar in a cast drafted from musical comedy, including Ethel Mer- man, a blues singer of prima donna importance on Broadway.

**Fifty Years From Now.**

The trouble with "Just Imagine" is that not enough imagination and too much musical comedy went into it. Lack of the former quality is proved by one detail, typical of many: that of naming inhabitants of Mars Loo-too, Roo-boo, and Lokoboko. While the presence of El Brendel and Marjorie White deprives the film of any claim to the fantasy it purports to be.

Though one is transported to a mechanical age fifty years hence, these players loudly proclaim that vaudeville humor is the same as it always was. Why this should be so in 1930 is just another proof why the picture disappoints. And there are others.

But there are good points too, chiefly scenic. Views of a city of skyscrapers, with airplanes taking the place of automobiles, are impressive and convincing, and the many mechanical devices are well constructed and managed. The story, too, is good enough for the purpose. It is just that the whole thing is permeated with musical comedy atmosphere and its spectacle instead of a play.

Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, and Frank Albertson have the leading roles, though Mr. Brendel and Miss White have most to do.

**Harking Back Too Far.**

"The Truth About Youth" is a misleading title, for the youth is that which existed thirty years ago and there is no more truth to the fiction than is found in the average routine film. This is really one of them.

All about a girl's concealed love for her middle-aged guardian, with the latter trying to make her with a twenty-one-year-old who has been placed in the care of three bachelor friends of his deceased father. The young man is known by the distressing nickname of "The Imp." David Manners, who plays him, is about as exciting as the professor's favorite undergraduate. The Imp falls for a night-club houri, marries her, is sacked when she discovers he isn't rich, and inevitably middle-aged guardly and sweet ingenue decide that fate shall never part December and May.
Loretta Young is girlish, and charming she is; Conway Tearle makes another of his understandably infrequent appearances as guardly, and Myrna Loy proves herself to be one of the most arresting persons on the screen, as The Firefly. But it's all so old-fashioned.

Easily Enjoyed, Easily Forgotten.

Of course you remember Richard Dix's "Easy Come, Easy Go" a couple of years ago. You have reason, for it was an amusing film of pleasant lightness. It told of a likable ne'er-do-well who became involved in the light-fingered business of a crook, the piece turning out to be a farce that depended on mistaken identities at a health farm.

The story is all there in the new version, but the treatment is entirely different and so are the players. The star rôle is that of the crook, whereas formerly he was subordinated to Mr.

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Dix as the hero. It doesn't much matter, except that the new version is pleasant, amiably amusing, and stars Leon Errol as the crook with musical comedy technique—collapsible legs, an occasional song, and so forth. Richard Arlen plays the rôle associated with Mr. Dix, Mary Brian is the heroine instead of Nancy Carroll, and there are Stuart Erwin, Anderson Lawler—better known as Gary Cooper's buddy than an actor—and other capable people.

Virtue Minus.

Oh, tut, tut. It's painful to see good actors go wrong. It is a minor torture of the critic. When he sees the total of their exertions result in a bad picture his anguish becomes acute. Thus he records sorrowfully his disappointment in Walter Huston, Kay Francis, and Kenneth MacKenna, all of whom do their share in making "The Virtuous Sin" a clinical experience instead of a joy, aided and abetted by those invisible forces, the scenario writer, director, the composers of dialogue, et cetera.

All seem to have conspired in turning out a dreadful exhibit. Its locale is supposedly Russia. Miss Francis is the wife of a lieutenant who is condemned to death. She sets about to fascinate the all-powerful general and win a pardon for her husband. But in the process of the seduction she learns to love the gruff autocrat. After misunderstandings, recriminations, bridelings, and what not, the story ends with the hope that a great love will find its just reward in God's elimination of the husband.

Thousands of words could be written in ridicule of the whole thing, but none of them would convey the embarrassment of the unhappy spectator whose duty it is to report. Let us, then, forgive and forget.

Tickled All Over

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But analyze the people in any field who have not succeeded.

"Consciously or unconsciously they cultivate friends for what those friends can do for them. Get one of them into a corner and start talking confidentially. See if he doesn't tell you all he's done for Tom, and how Tom had a chance to reciprocate, but threw him down instead.

"And, in order to prove that he's the original hard-luck guy, he'll relate how he and Harry went to school together—how Harry's had succeeded, and could so easily give him a lift, but doesn't.

"Successful people in this business have no more to put up with than any one else and they have a devil of a lot of good things that other people haven't.

"If it weren't for the movies, half these people who are drawing down thousands of dollars a week couldn't earn a thousand dollars a year. And yet they complain."

The referee called time out while they brought me to. Honest confessions may be good for the soul, but they're very bad for interviewers' weak hearts.

"Some people get spiritual warmth from religion," he continued. "I get it from contact with other people. I love to have people around me and to talk and play with them."

"I have few inhibitions. When I want to do a thing, I try to do it, and that's the end of it. If I didn't do it, it would be bad for me, because I would become repressed and inhibited. I have been criticized for not being more aloof and maintaining what people call the dignity of my position."

"But it isn't natural for me to be that way. Why, great Scott! I'm doing the thing I love most in the world and why, because I happen to have hit it lucky, should I set myself apart—make myself inaccessible, and demand that a red carpet be spread from my car to the door?"

"Pardon me," I interjected. "Perhaps we had better have this interview in installments. The lunch is very good, and I can't assimilate too many of these radical ideas in one day. Shall we continue to-morrow?"

But Mr. Tibbett was off on a favorite subject, and there was no stopping him.

"When I go out on the street, or in a crowd, and people happen to recognize me and whisper, 'That's Lawrence Tibbett,' I beam and smirk like the cat that swallowed the canary. It tickles me all over."

"I can't go up and shake hands with everybody who recognizes me, but I'd like to. At times, when you're at a night club, or at a dance, or restaurant, and people eye every mouthful you eat, or continually interrupt you asking for autographs, it does become a little annoying. But even while I'm annoyed, I know down in my heart that I love it, and that I'd be much more annoyed if they didn't notice me."

It was becoming increasingly difficult for me to digest all this revolutionary talk, what with the shock of it and frequent recourse to stimulants—smelling salts and one thing and another necessary to keep me going during our conversation, but I managed one more question.

"A short time ago," I marveled, "yours was an outstanding success of the season in opera. I thought the summit had been reached then. Now, you've scored the success of the year in pictures. What else is there for you—what's left for you to go on to?"

It's customary in speaking of operatic stars to say, "He bestowed a slow, grave smile upon me," but Mr. Tibbett didn't—he grinned.

"All of us have some ambition—idiotic, I suppose it might be called. Your clown always wants to play tragedy, the light-opera singer yearns for grand opera, the tragedian wants comedy."

"Well, I'd like to play a straight dramatic part just to see whether I could succeed on pure histrionic ability. Any songs would have to be incidental."

"I had an offer from the Theater Guild in New York this year, so that ambition doesn't seem impossible of fulfillment."

"And after that—then what?"

"Oh, there'll be something else. There always is. I'm always satisfied with what I have, but never with what I am—or do. That's the wonderful part of success—there are always new goals beckoning to you. If you've a sense of humor, the fun of striving for and reaching them is half the pleasure of living."

"I haven't found success to be a hollow bubble. Fulfillment—even the outer rim of it—is carpeted in star dust and cheap at any price."
Picture Play is not given to idle predictions, nor are we committing ourselves to one now in introducing Lester Vail. However, if one considers what his photograph tells, adds to it stage experience and leading rôles in two films, "Beau Ideal" and "Dance, Fools, Dance!" then we may reasonably look forward to Mr. Vail's future.
Information, PLEASE

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

JOSIEF A. HESTHAGEN.—You need not worry about your English! It's better than many people speak who have been here all their lives. Ricardo Cortez is 31. His latest picture is "Her Man." Jack Gable is coming on strong at present.—now that she has made up with Fox. Lily Damita is 24, Lola Lane about 21, Frank Albertson 20, Dorothy Mackaill 26. Dorothy will soon be seen in "The Green Cat." Kenneth MacKenna is about 30 and is, I believe, unmarried.

BLOODY FROM MILWAUKEE.—Of course curiosity will be satisfied. My job in life is being a curiosity satisier. Laura La Plante was born November 1, 1904; she has very blond hair. She is married to William A. Seiter, a director. Laura is not making any pictures at present. Blythe, in "The Dawn Patrol," is not credited in the cast. Charlie Farrell's latest picture is "Squadrons," Lupe Velez is "Resurrection," Chester Morris' "The Bat Whispers." Chester was born in New York on September 16, 1902; he is being married to Suzanne Kilborn, and they have a son and a daughter, Loretta Young, Stanley Smith, Tom Mix, and Phyllis Haver were all born on January 6, so you have lots of good company on your birthday.

VONRUTH.—Here you are all ready to appreciate reading what I know about Frank Lyon—and I don't know anything about him at all! The chances are he is a stage player who was cast in "The Big Pond." Fredric March is again playing opposite Claudette Colbert, in "Sex in Business." As for Freddy's being tempamental, you must have him confused with his role in "The Royal Family." Bebe Daniels is American of Spanish ancestry; she was born January 14, 1901.

PICTURE PLAY ABUSER.—No, Dolores del Rio has not done any film work since "The Bad One," but that doesn't necessarily mean that she is through. She has been quite ill. John Gilbert recently played in "Way For a Sailor"; he is being coached constantly for talking, and since his contract is expensive and has several years to run, he will probably continue on the screen. "The Trespasser" was made on the RCA photophone process; other United Artists pictures use Western Electric sound. I believe Movietone is now more widely used than Vitaphone.

TRIXIE.—Sorry, Trixie, that I didn't have your address when some one asked for it, but I have to throw letters away after they're answered, as it would take a large secretarial force and space to file them all—particularly as there is almost never reason to refer to them later. Richard Arlen married JobynaRalston, January 28, 1927. Yes, a letter addressed to him at Toledo Lake would reach him. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on Friday the 13th of January, but doesn't say which year. She is not married. Her 1930 films were "Behind the Make-Up," "Street of Chance," "Notorious Affairs," "For the Defense," "Let's Go Native," "Raftles," "Virtuous Sin," and "Untit to Print." Bert Wheeler used to team in vaudeville with his wife, Betty Wheeler. They have two sons and broke up when they were divorced. I don't know whether that's his real name. There are various reasons why stars change their names: sometimes their real names are ugly; sometimes they change names because of numerology, which many stars believe in, and so on. Nothing has been said about a talkie version of "Ben-Hur." Yes, Novarro's "Call of the Flesh" was originally "The Singer of Seville," but the name was changed before the picture was released. Perhaps your Canadian censors were responsible for changing the title of "The Divorcee."

BILLIE O.—Do not take you seriously! One of the things I've had to learn is never to take any one seriously. Yes, I've met Ramon Novarro, who is a very shy young man, with eyelashes any girl would envy. It may be true that Ramon and John Gilbert shared the salary of a make-up artist from Europe several years ago, but, begging your pardon, does it matter? Do write me again. I like people who don't wish to be taken seriously.

JACK SEYFORD.—We had to stop announcing fan clubs, but I'll gladly keep a record of your Vaileebond Club for Rudy.

A JEAN ARTHUR FAN.—Of course I'll try to answer your questions; I may even succeed! Jean Arthur, born Gladys Smith, began life as a New York Chorus girl on October 17th. She was married to Julian Ancker in 1927, but the marriage was annulled. Her next film is Jack Oakie's "The Gang Buster." Robert Armstrong will next be seen in "Pride" starring Joan Crawford. Larry Kent is now cast in a Fox picture, "The Seas Beneath."; Donald Reed has not appeared on the screen since "The Texan" last spring. Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, August 9, 1910. She is five feet two, weighs 100, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her current film is "Min and Bill." Margaret Morris has evidently been talked out of movies.

THELLA FROM TOLUCA.—Lilyan Tashman was Mrs. Al Lee before she married Edmund Lowe, and he was formerly married to Esther Miller. Ramon Novarro's brother Mario played very minor roles in one or two pictures, but I don't know what they were. It is most unlikely that Novarro and Evelyn Laye will appear together, as they work for different companies. I'll tell the editor you would like him to publish Joan Crawford's life story.

CECILIA MCKEAN.—Lend you an ear? Dear me, where did I leave that extra ear of mine? Joseph Schildkrut is getting divorced from his wife, Elise Bartlett. As to Joseph's having a grown son—you must have him confused with his father, Rudolph Schildkrut. also an actor, who died recently. Joseph is five feet ten, weighs 146, and has black hair and eyes. Milton Sills fell dead of heart trouble while playing tennis. Edmund Lowe is blue-eyed, blond, six feet tall and weighs 170. There are no fan clubs in his honor. Any one can organize as many fan clubs as he likes. Robert Ames was the leading man in "The Trespasser." No, there are no fan clubs in his name.

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Gags

Bigger and better is the watchword of the studio prop rooms and the stars lend a helping hand.

Jauntily carrying the hugest golf bag, Maurice Chevalier, right, is prepared to adopt a caddy or two when he reaches the links. Or maybe he only wants to be sure of enough clubs.

"The better to see you, my dear," says William Austin, above, when he is asked why he wears the largest glasses in Hollywood.

Lillian Roth, below, packs a mean wallop when she goes in for baseball with the other girls.

Mitzie Green, above, never misses anything that’s said or done in her vicinity, and she wants to make doubly sure of a whispered telephone conversation.

Stuart Erwin, left, and Leon Errol, are literally staggered by so much time on their hands.
"I was really fat, too, and lazy—why, I must have been the laziest boy you ever saw. I'm still lazy. I didn't like to work or study.

"I drew pictures when I was supposed to study. I did like literature, though. I quit high school to study art. I had to leave home and support myself for that, working at almost everything. I was an expert at soda- jerking.

"And I dreamed of being an actor. People laughed at me. I used to read aloud a great deal, as if I were reading lines in a play. I managed to get my squeaky voice down."

Cromwell's voice sounded Southern enough for the story requirements in "Tol'able David," without going Carolina. "I don't even have an old Southern grandmother," he confessed. He was born in California twenty years ago.

"I thought I'd be afraid of the camera," Richard recalled, "but I wasn't. John Blystone is a swell director. He made me feel easy right away. If he'd given me the razzberry, I don't believe I could have gone through with it.

"It was just the sort of rôle I wanted. I remember liking the old film."

Barthelness, the first screen David, congratulated Cromwell on his performance. It made him feel like a million. It was explained that Cromwell had objected to being called Richard, because Barthelness's old rôle was enough, without lifting his first name, too.

When he was told that he would be Tol'able David—and a regular movie player—Richard immediately telephoned his mother. His big ambition was to be realized. He asked her to hurry out to the studio and sign his contract. His mother answered that she was taking dictation and could not leave her office then.

"Never mind your job there," Richard answered. "You won't have to work now."

His mother, two sisters, and eighteen-year-old brother have moved to Los Angeles to be with him. His father died when Richard was eight, and an older sister is married.

"Boy, how they can bring me down to earth, especially my kid sister, who's just twelve. 'Aw, you're not an actor,' she'll say, giving me the razzberry."

He thinks his seventeen-year-old sister should train for the stage, but does not believe in trying to drag one's family into the studio.

He wants nothing from stardom Continued on page 116

More than Tol'able

and the scene was filmed in which Regis Toomey, as her impoverished sweetheart, packs his bags, surrenders her to the rich suitor, and says good-by. Constance registered hopelessness and physical fatigue. That race around the set after a day's work put her in condition to present the scene admirably.

Later I mentioned the incident to Mr. Griffith who told me that in a retake of the scene Miss Bennett did it better than ever. "She had the talent and genius," he continued, "but for the moment she failed to give her best."

Mr. Griffith applies the third degree in a limited way when he believes it justified. I know that in making "Unseeing Eyes" with Seena Owen, he hurled snowballs at her as she clung to a cliff in the mountains, calling to her, "Seena, you're going blind! You're going blind!"

And Miss Owen registered all she could with the make-up on her face almost frozen.

Paradoxical with these incidents I have mentioned was the case of Helen Twelvetrees. Helen had been under contract to Fox, had encountered tough breaks, had got but few opportunities, and then was dismissed when option-renewing time came around last year. The little blonde was in the depths when she started out to hunt for another job.

"Nobody wants me!" she said plaintively.

It was while she was seated with a string of girls on the waiting bench at the Pathé studio that Charles Richards, casting director, saw her—the saddest, bluest, most disconsolate-looking girl imaginable. Richards called Edmund Goulding, who was to direct "The Grand Parade," and pointed her out. Both studied her unobserved.

"Get her in here," suggested Goulding.

They wanted a girl to appear as a slavey in the first part of the picture, then take a dominating position in the last.

Helen got the rôle. She did the first impersonation well, because she was disheartened. Then came Director Goulding's task. He called Miss Twelvetrees to him and sent her spirits soaring into the clouds, then to the moon, and eventually into infinity, by telling her what a wonderful, exquisite piece of artistry she had shown in such a difficult rôle in the forepart of the picture.

"No one," said Goulding, "no one could have done better. It was deñt, magnificent, inspiring. Now, in the next scenes, you're to show strength of character, and I want you to go through them as though you were a queen. I want you to be splendid, and I know you can."

Did she do it? Helen Twelvetrees did so well that she is being starred to-day, and the company has a good program outlined for her.

Two actresses stand out definitely in Hollywood as taking direction with the utmost ease. These are Greta Garbo and Clara Bow. For neither of these are there long rehearsals or retakes.

On the sound stage when the red light signals that all is ready to go, Clara stands like the queen of racing thoroughbreds facing the tape. Every thought is on the task before her.
She knows precisely what she has to do and is eager to be off.

When making "The Saturday Night Kid," Jean Arthur was having trouble in putting over one of her scenes. Clara went to her side.

"You've got it there"—pointing to Jean's heart—"but get it up here," she added, pointing to her brain.

"Think it over a minute."

"You'd better be careful," Clara was warned. "She'll steal your picture."

"No one can steal a Bow picture," she replied confidently but not arrogantly. "What I want is a good production, one that will click at the box office. If there's anything I can do to help it along, watch me do it."

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, studies and analyzes her roles, visualizes her scenes. When a story has been selected, she sits down with Clarence Brown, who usually directs her, and goes over the play scene by scene, analyzing the situations. So by the time shooting is ready to begin, she has the whole picture in her mind, and knows just how she is going to do everything, from the smallest bit to the most emotional parts.

"There is no temperament in her when she works," Brown says. "Making a picture is business to her, and she gives her all. You never hear of a Garbo picture being behind schedule, because there are few rehearsals and fewer retakes. To the studio workers she is amazing."

George Archainbaud, director for RKO, used a bit of psychology on an actress recently which was so effective it was amusing. He wanted the young woman to cry. He spoke of her father and she seemed interested, because, she said, he beat her. Her mother she never knew.

"Well, haven't you ever had a baby that you loved dearly, that tore your heartstrings—"

The director was throwing himself into the spirit of the thing. He had tears in his voice.

"Oh, bosh!" said the young woman.

Archainbaud said that she was very, very cold and there was no chance to play upon her emotions. In time he remarked that he guessed she couldn't cry. She insisted she could. Archainbaud said he didn't believe it, but offered her one more chance. She didn't cry—her eyes were as dry as the Sahara.

"You see, you can't do it!" the director exclaimed.

"I e-can t-t-too," she began sniffing. Then she burst into tears. She cried because she thought she couldn't. That hurt her vanity. She shed enough tears for six scenes.

---

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**KOTEX**

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an associate of her stock years, owes her recovery of health after a long illness, and her comeback in the theater, to Ann’s consideration, tendered always with a careful protection of her pride.

The efficient wheels of home management never are heard. Shop talk does not obtrude unpleasantly. “Teach your mind to keep office hours,” is her personal axiom, “and your dual roles of wife and actress will blend harmoniously without any shouting and slang.” Tuesday, the cook’s day out, means broiled steak and fluffy biscuits—Ann’s specialties and Harry’s favorites. She is as competent in the kitchen, going about things in her direct and systematic way, as on the set—despite her own contention that she is phlegmatic.

“Naturally, my happiness is built on my marriage, child, and home.” When she speaks of them, an expression almost of awe hovers around her matter-of-fact tone. “Sacrifice? Please! I loathe that word. It implies a denial of one’s own wishes, and any one is happier when pleasing loved ones. Service? A craven term, a false humility. Just call it finding one’s contentment in others.”

My secret is serene and natural. I cannot abide artificiality or anything hectic. This morning, down my mountainside, I came across a section of tangle, rough beauty—ferns and wild flowers. I determined to clear out only the weeds, cared for it and let it develop, adding nothing unless it is necessary to fill in a vacant spot or two, in which case I shall select simple plants in conformity. In life, we should cultivate the qualities native to us, and place ourselves in a setting where our every action, altruism, and keeping.

She considers fame inconsequential, but financial ease important in providing protection for a woman, an independence behind which to fight when her ideals or convictions are at stake, and her home.

Ann’s face, guiltless of make-up except a dusting of powder through which her skin, of a rosy tinge, flushes red with the least exertion, and her pale eyebrows and lashes so light that only close scrutiny reveals them at all, form a vague background from which blaze startling blue eyes. They hold you, with their electric intensity. Her long, corn-colored hair, that never has been curled or bobbed, is loosely coiled at the back, forever threatening to spill its escaping tendrils. Through a passive outward shell there runs a current of enormous mental vitality, expressed, too, in that husky, vibrant voice.

There is so much of her favorite color, yellow, in her quietly shining personality. A negative hue for the average blonde, it borrows from her definite radiance. Yellow diamonds are her preference, instead of the blue-white perfection; a necklace of these stones is confidently awaiting next option-bonus to provide a bracelet. In her collection of amber, some pieces are carved, though the majority are quite plain. A set of chain, ring, and bracelet in antique gold is another.”

Do not gather the mistaken notion that the vital Ann and Harry, who have flavored the interests of the modern mind with the old-fashioned and homely ideals, live monotonous stretches of life secluded on their mountain peak. They are too distinctively of to-day to hibernate there into stagnation. They descend not only for the work of which both are such devotees, but also to take an active part in such events and pastimes of the mode as appeal to their eager minds—the theaters, civic affairs, concerts.

They saved enough to pay cash for their mountain, with cups between the hills spreading fanwise valley in every side. The economy preceded building of the house, a of a rough-and-sturdy aspect with the rock itself and the natural charms cleverly utilized. Decorators raved over their stone fireplace, hewn according to their own rambling design. Everything blends into the homy air. Whooppee, the Scotch terrier, occupied the couch covered in dull gold cloth, and was not repriemanded.

The establishment suggested the need of a butler. He was a perfect specimen, horrified if they poured themselves a drink of water. Cut-glass accompanied the most trivial service. But such dignity was too much for the Bannisters, so “Cutglass Gus” was replaced by a more democratic Chinese house boy.

“This entrance corridor is cold,” Ann, who never seems able to absorb enough sunshine herself, shivered one day. Her mind, yearning so long for a home, is constantly seeing slight imperfections; she wants every nook and corner perfect. “Costs too much to keep a fire in the grate, yet we want warmth to greet our guests. Tall vases of chrysanthemums? When did the Bannisters rob a bank? Your idea’s not so hot.”

“Pink,” otherwise two-year-old Jane, who draws her welcome to “My very deareem mother” into a lingering caress, inhabits a storybook nursery, with tiny, cerulean bath, and a balcony all her own.

“Making early provision for any Juliet tendencies she may develop,” Ann explains, “but her Romeo will have to be an Alpine climber to get up here.”

In Ann’s own childhood the army spoiled her outrageously. She had her uniform and her pony and rode with them to maneuvers. To miss reveille was a disgrace for which she expected to be shot at sunrise, or at least to be put on k. p. duty for a month.

At sixteen considerable responsibilities rested upon her young but square shoulders. Due to her mother’s ill health, she had to supervise the home.

Her nomadic girlhood—she attended thirteen schools before she was graduated, though she sailed through high school in two years—taught her a superficial adaptability, and the value of friendships and the necessity for making them quickly. Miserable over an adverse feeling, of which she becomes conscious instantly, she cultivates such friendships as appeal to her in a deliberate, though outwardly passive, manner. Her closest women friends now are Joan Crawford and Kay Hammond. She understands men’s minds and interests better than women’s, involved in petty issues.

“I’ve had good, tough jobs, large doses of responsibility, a few slaps. Experiences that bring one down to brass tacks.”

A young woman executive of Paramount was kind to her when Ann was doing “home reading” for the scenario department. The girl retired and married. Unhappy domestic affairs and ill health became her lot. Some years later they met in Hollywood. That this reversal of positions might make the slightest difference never would occur to Ann. She frequently visits the simple apartment of her friend, who is often a guest at the Bannister home.

For eight years she had scarcely a day’s vacation, with summer stock interluding Broadway seasons. The detailed application and humility of those days still persist; she is a thorough worker. The trepidation with which she commenced a picture career turned into an honest amazement at her quick success.

Romance came to her as simply and naturally as all of life’s blessings have fallen into her quietly receptive hands. A summer of stock at Lake Orion—a three-month stretch of hard work, books, country walks and dreams. One sudden glance, which seemed to withdraw a veil. A four-day engagement.

“Companionship is the finest blessing; with that, you have all.”

The happiest woman in Hollywood ought to know.
while they didn’t disapprove of liquor
for others, they never touched the
vile stuff themselves?
When Miss McKintosh went into
the kitchen to heat the soup, I asked
Manners, if, as a young man who
had learned to live in New York and
London, he didn’t find the Fantastic
Suburb a little—er—insular.
“Not at all,” he said. “One
opinion of any place depends upon
one’s entrée. Bores and boors there
are aplenty, but one can avoid them.”
Although Manners enjoys picture
work and the atmosphere of the stu-
dios, he likes better the periods be-
tween pictures when he can stay at
home and write.
Oh, yes, he “writes.” Some day I
hope to meet an actor who doesn’t.
He’s written for all the best maga-
zines. He has the rejection slips to
prove it.
David is tall, dark, young, hand-
some, and happily divorced. He pos-
sesses, in short, all the qualifications
of a flapper, crush. He encourages
the dreams he inspires in the fans.
At first he answered all his mail
himself. Now he has a secretary, and
no request for a photo goes un-
heeded. He has spent nearly a thou-
sand dollars on his fan mail.
“What about the quarters the fans
in those of their letters? Don’t they
pay for the photos?” I asked.
“What quarters?” said he.
About this time Miss McKintosh
called him to his soup. I rose to
leave. He walked with me to the
door. I stood on the threshold wait-
 Ing for him to hope that he’d see me
again—sometimes. Instead, he asked
me if I had everything I needed
for a story.
“Well, you might tell me your fa-
vorite flower,” I suggested.
“Dahlias. Because of their gen-
Uineness, a quality I admire in flow-
ers, but cannot abide in men and
women.”
A provocative statement, surely,
and one I should like to have fol-
lowed up, but his soup was growing
cold, and I had a heavy dinner en-
 gagement which I realized I’d never
keep, if I hung around feeding lines
to a clever Thespian. So I beat it.
It is rather difficult to determine
the full measure of a man in a couple
of hours. Later, when this charming
chap is a more familiar figure on the
screen and in Hollywood, some one
will get him on paper more success-
fully for you.
Meanwhile let the records read that
I was delighted with David Manners—
and with David’s manners.

Colds
flill handkerchefs
WITH
GERMS
boiling water fails
to kill them!

A handkerchief used during colds is unfit
to be used again.

Avoid Reinfection
Use Kleenex disposable
handkerchefs

NOW comes dramatic proof of the
importance of Kleenex during
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delicate tissue handkerchefs may ma-
terially check the number of colds, and
their duration.

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the organisms associated with colds.
This means your handkerchief may be
a source of danger. Even after washing,
it may hold the organisms Streptococcus,
Staphylococcus, the deadly Pneumococcus
and Micrococcus Catarrhalis.

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possible danger of reinfection from
handkerchefs. You use Kleenex just
once. Then you discard it forever.
Germ are discarded, too.
You’ll value the greater comfort of
Kleenex. The tissues are exquisitely
fine and soft. They are marvelously ab-
sorbent—seeming actually to soothe the
tender, inflamed skin. There’s no chance
of irritation, as from the damp, soiled
handkerchief. Kleenex is an economy,
too—the cost is less than that of
laundring.

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experts to be the only safe and sanitary
way to remove creams and cosmetics.
They lift every trace of dirt along with
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from cosmetic stains and grease.
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goods or department store— or send
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English Girl—American Style

Continued from page 34

on the player, and never particularly felicitous for the box office. Her complaints went unheeded; temperament was blamed, and the schedule was carried out, regardless of friction.

As long as her contract endured, the blonde had no redress. With cold British logic she decided to hide her time. She would wait. And eventually she would have her way. She would—and she did.

When the five years were ended, the office sent word to Miss Mackaill that she should call to discuss future arrangements. Fancy the official amazement when word was returned to them that Miss Mackaill had left for Europe two days before!

"Actresses aren't very good business women, as a rule," Dot told me. "So I left everything in the hands of my attorney. I told him what I wanted, and under what terms I wanted to sign again. Then I left for my first real vacation in six years!"

This was distinctly a daring move. Other stars, as we have seen, have staged elaborate rebellions with no luck whatsoever; other stars have departed for Europe, only to wait in vain for the request to come back.

But Mackaill is a reliant soul. Cannily she had considered the box-office returns of her last few pictures. "The Office Wife" created something of a financial furor. "Bright Lights" was previewed with no little acclaim. Noting that her pictures were clicking merrily, she let them speak for her. Her attorney supplied the missing links in the negotiations. Thus the new contract was arranged.

The first time I met Dot Mackaill she was a flibbertigibbet, giggling young thing, fresh and bright, acting in a Barthelmess misadventure, called "The Fighting Blade," in which we learned that Cromwell's army numbered eight men. But the girl was effervescent, gay, and full of spirit.

Then I saw her a few years later, shortly after her name had gone into the lights. She was employed in a war picture called "Convoy," and very poor, too. Lothar Mendes, dark and stocky, was directing, and Dot told me how wonderful he was. It was easier to understand her unbounded enthusiasm when I read a few days later that she had married him.

Two years later, in Hollywood, I met Mackaill again. Now a full-fledged star, she was a woman of exceptionally vital beauty, with a smart mind and a quick wit. She was in the midst of her starring contract, and at the end of her matrimonial one.

Not long ago, when Dot returned from Europe with a cabled confirmation of her new contract, I saw her in New York. She was full of her European vacation—a vacuous, enthusiastic, magnetic as only an attractive woman can be.

"You have no idea what sport it was to be on my own for three whole months," she said, with a grin.

The salary involved wasn't mentioned. Money is vulgar, and artists rarely speak of it, which is fitting and proper. But it is my understanding that the blond English girl injected just enough American push into her negotiations to bring her income to approximately $200,000 a year, which is not bad, however astigmatically one looks at it.

"I'm to do three or four pictures a year, with breathing spaces between," she said. "And they are giving me say in the choice of stories, which is something I've always wanted. There is a corking English play I've brought back with me."

Mackaill has a very sane idea of what constitutes a good picture, and what makes a good rôle. She is not concerned whether she portrays good women or bad, so long as they are vivid, human, and appealing.

"If the audience is pulling for the character I play, I know it's a good part. Sadie Thompson won sympathy without being a Sunday-school girl. Human heroines are becoming more and more the vogue. That's another thing we can thank talkies for. It seems to me they have brought a decidedly grown-up touch to the screen."

Another thing they bring is the Mackaill voice, warm and throaty, which is also effective when lifted in song. The torchy melodies in "Man Trouble" still may linger in the hearer's memory.

Add to the voice the ability to dance with grace and, if the script pleases, abandon, and—yes, you have two outstanding Mackaill virtues. In addition to these she is given to straightforward acting that deceives, because of its naturalness. Her comedy touch is disarming in its facility, sure in its deftness.

If you think that all this implies a high opinion of Dorothy Mackaill's ability, my point has been made. She is one of the limited group whose presence in a picture insures something interesting.
"I didn't meet her," Fanny explained, "but don't jump to conclusions and think that she avoided me. I know she broke appointments right and left, because she was on vacation and didn't see why she should bother with interviews when she wasn't on salary. She was really very sweet and asked one or two people to bring me over to see her. I was busy or something at the time. It was more fun just to piece out impressions of her from what I heard. Maybe I was afraid that if I met her I would like her awfully well, and that would be a pity. Every one ought to cling to one prejudice."

"And did you succeed in clinging to yours?" I said, hoping for the best, or the worst, whichever way you figure it.

"Un—" Fanny muttered non-committally. "She seems to be a contradictory person and therefore probably interesting."

"Some of the Paramount employees passed the word along to Fox that she was inclined to be high and mighty and a bit disagreeable. And then she was so affable to the representative Fox sent to the train to meet her that he was completely disarmed.

"She demanded a terrific price to sing over the radio on a commercial hour, and flatly refused to do anything to exploit her pictures until she went on salary. But on the other hand, she got out of bed in spite of chills, and fever, and laryngitis to appear at a benefit for the unemployed. She couldn't sing, of course, and some of the galleryites were unpleasant about it, but she took it well.

"The only person in New York that she really wanted to meet, and did, was a reviewer who said that she had a lot to learn from cameramen. It seems that when she made her first picture, she felt that she knew her own face better than any one else and proceeded to display it as she saw fit."

"After she read that criticism, she went to Victor Miller, Paramount's chief cameraman, and humbly asked him to advise her. He put her through a very stiff work-out; made her report at the studio every morning and try different kinds of make-up hour after hour. Maybe you noticed the improvement in her later pictures."

It didn't seem hardly worth arguing about.

"Speaking of benefits," Fanny grew enthusiastic. "Fifi d'Orsay and Nancy Carroll win the month's award for good sportsmanship. They've appeared at innumerable benefits for the unemployed, midnight matinees and all. How that Orsay girl works! If any ten performers fail to show up, or haven't on act ready when they do, she sings and dances through the time allotted to them all and has the audience begging for more. She's developing into a marvelous entertainer."

"Why doesn't Mary Pickford have her play the French version of 'Kiki'?" I asked, not without malice, "and then show us the French version instead of the American?"

"I'll tell you what that," Fanny assured me. "I believe that Mary Pickford is coming to town soon, and I'll arrange for you to meet her if you have any more bright ideas. She is much too formidable for me to trifle with."

"But you agree with me," I insisted, "that the advance stills showing her as Kiki look like just one more mistake, don't you?" I asked seriously.

"Oh, dear, dear," Fanny pondered, "don't let me started passing judgments on future pictures. I'd rather wait and see them and not have you reminding me that I was wrong. There's one picture, or at least one performance, that I feel absolutely sure about. That's Eleanor Boardman's in 'The Great Meadow.'"

"I feel so absolutely sure of Eleanor's good judgment, and I don't believe she would have returned to the screen except for a part and a story that was big and vital. There's something simple, and true, and elemental, about Eleanor—oh, stop me if I'm getting maudlin, but that's the way I've felt about her ever since she made 'The Crowd.'"

"And how do you feel about Norma Talmadge's return to the screen?" I asked politely, quite as if I were interviewing Fanny.

"Wouldn't you have thought that after 'Du Barry' she would quit, at least until every one had forgotten that picture? But no. She's to take a fling at sophisticated comedy. She's bought 'The Greeks Had a Word For It.'"

"Don't ask me what the Greeks had a word for, because I don't want the news to get around to the Hays office. They might do one of their bungling bits of title cleaning, like changing 'The Command to Love' to 'The Boudoir Diplomat.' Anyway, Norma is to make it. She may do it on the stage first out West. In any case, comparison with the New York Institute of Cinematic Arts will be unavoidable."

---

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Help Wanted—Instructions


cast will be a little trying for her, because the girls who play it are all radiantly young. Billie Dove wanted awfully to get the film rights to 'The Greeks—'

"And you think she would have been any better?" I asked, maybe a bit defiantly.

"No," Fanny retired from that promised argument in defeat. "Prettier, you'll admit, and, after all, who can say whether Billie Dove can really act or not? She's never had much of a chance."

Maybe not, but it seems to me that the best description of the type of performance given by Billie Dove and a good many other untrained actresses was written years ago by a London critic who had never seen any of them. Speaking of players of any own time, he said that most of the girls didn't act, they just behaved.

Love Goes Buy-buy

Continued from page 19

bons wanted to acquire Lola with the things that interested him most in life, so he took her for a visit to the art gallery. "Lo and behold! There, in full view, was the bronze he coveted.

Lola is one of the most soft-hearted girls in pictures—or out—and money is no object to her where any one she likes is concerned. She said nothing at the time, but the very next day she returned and priced the bronze. It was beyond her means, but she was determined that Mr. Gibbons should have it, so she arranged to buy it on time. His rapture knew no bounds. But the rapture of their feelings for each other bloomed and faded, and they went their separate ways. Mr. Gibbons gallantly returned the expensive bronze and, since Lola had no use for it, she returned it to the gallery, explaining that she would forfeit the money she had paid on it. It was put back in stock.

And presently Mr. Gibbons and Dolores del Rio discovered fate had ordained them for each other. So Mr. Gibbons took Miss del Rio on a visit to the art gallery to show her the things that helped make life worth while for him.

Believe it or not, the first thing that caught his eye was the same bronze he had once owned and lost. Miss del Rio, determined that her loved one should want for nothing here below, returned to the gallery a little later, bought the bronze, and had it delivered to "Gibby" once more.

Which just goes to prove that in this town, although Cupid may go by-by, love goes buy-buy.
Lady Luck's Stepchild

Continued from page 74

Having no success in her efforts, she temporarily abandoned her movie ambitions, and sought the theatrical agencies, naively unaware that she was intrusted for such work.

When agents found that her only qualifications were youth, beauty, and willingness, she was sent on her way. Finally one man took the time to tell her that she must be skilled in some line of stage work, preferably acrobatic dancing. He referred her to a studio where stage dancing was taught. Dorothy paid thirty dollars, which she could ill afford, for a course of training.

"I want to learn acrobatic dancing in a hurry," she informed the instructor.

He looked at her meditatively. "So you want to learn acrobatic dancing in a hurry," she mused.

Then the clever offspring of Simon Leprec stood Dorothy against the wall, told her to hold her left knee stiff, and, starting the right foot in his hand, raised it straight up until her toe touched the wall above her head.

In agony as the joints and muscles seemed to give way, the beauty from Birmingham burst into tears, but her tormentor continued. After the second lesson Dorothy was unable to get out of bed, but on the next day, which was her birthday, she resolutely got up and crept out of the hotel by way of celebration.

While mastering the intricacies of acrobatic dancing—in a hurry—she saw an advertisement for girls to appear in a fashion show. Going where she believed she was to apply, she met a man who asked her rather stiffly why she had not gone to the studio in another part of the city, as that was where the girls were to be chosen.

Then noting her interesting face, as fresh and pretty as the cotton blossoms of her native Dixie, he asked her name. Writing it down, he said that he would see her at the studio.

When Dorothy arrived, the place was crowded with pretty girls. Presently the man to whom she had talked strode into the room with a retinue of clerks and secretaries. Dorothy was so impressed that she wanted to slip out of the place, but suddenly above the hum of activity he called her name. Not until he had called a second time did she squeak a reply.

"I thought," said Dorothy, "here is where I get thrown out right on my ear. But he told me that I was chosen, and to go home and wait until he had made the other selections."

Dorothy was appearing in George White's "Scandals," doing her acrobatic dancing, when she decided to go to California and again tackle the movies. At that time she was amplying her income by writing her back-stage experiences for a newspaper syndicate.

"I am not really a writer," she explained, when I commented on her diversified abilities. "Sometimes they used the material as I wrote it, but often it was revised."

Her first part in pictures was as the sister of Alice Terry, in "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

"When I first saw my picture on a billboard," said she, "I stood and looked at it for nearly an hour. I went to see the movie over and over. I thought that at last my future was secure. Well, one's future is never secure in this business."

"I live about like any other working girl, and have much the same problems. But it is hard for people to understand that. Even one's own family think we can go out and pick hundred-dollar bills off trees. Do you know where I can go for a week to rest and get fat?"

Having no time for the former, and no need for the latter, I couldn't make any suggestions.

Dorothy has been working steadily since leaving M.G.M., and freelancing gives her a sense of freedom that a contract player does not have. Yet there is no denying that the talents of this unassuming young lady are not at present, nor have they often been, utilized to the best advantage.

Certainly she has every qualification for outstanding roles, and is docile to work with—perhaps too docile. Dorothy is not a fighter in the Hollywood sense of the word. Determined, yes, but not aggressive.

"I want the play desperate women," says she. "Women who kill people, lots of people."

Her expression was as diabolical as that of a cooing dove. Nevertheless, if you saw "The Unholy Night" you know that she can play seductive ladies of extreme criminal tendencies. Everyone likes Dorothy Sebastian, and she in turn "loves everybody."

It would be extremely interesting to have Dorothy's name and character read by Monica Andrea Shenston. Doubtless we would then understand why the Birmingham beauty is little farther advanced in her screen career than when she started five years ago. Perhaps her troubles originate in her name!
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 33

Florence Inspiring.

Florence Vidor must be proved a great inspiration to her husband, Jascha Heifetz. The talk in Hollywood, among the musical folk, was the warmth and the humanness of his violin playing as compared with the old days. Florence accompanied her virtuoso husband on his Western tour, as she nearly always does. The screen seems to have lost all lure for her.

The new thrill in the music of Heifetz are also attributed to the arrival of a little daughter some months ago, in whom both he and Florence find great delight.

The noted violinist made three concert appearances in Los Angeles. All movieland turned out to hear him, even though some found a highbrow violin repertoire a little steep for appreciation.

When Spouses Convene.

The "ex's" simply will get together. It can't be prevented in Hollywood.

Recently Wallace Beery and Herbert Sbornon were seen in a tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby, and on another day it was reported that the Marquis de la Falaise de la Couraye joined the family gathering. All three have at various times been the husband of Gloria Swanson, but those in the know assert that their huddle was chiefly concerned with business and money-making, and not past romances.

Bickford Travels Alone.

Battling Charlie Bickford has gone his own way. He is a free lance now.

From the time he first came to the movies, Charlie was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, though he was lent out frequently to other companies. And Charlie didn't hesitate to speak his mind about roles and pictures, either. He lived up to the first film in which he appeared being "dynamite." Naturally no studio is very enthusiastic about this sort of thing. Individuality of ideas and criticism by players is a thing much frowned upon.

So Charlie and M.-G.-M. reached the fork in the highway. He's staying on to fight the game in Hollywood. That's the kind of chap Bickford is. In certain roles he's an excellent actor.

A Christening Joy Fest.

Weddings, engagements, and even

Come Out of the Kitchen

Continued from page 69

standing date for dinner at Mr. Gum- bel's parents' home.

Another hobby of Mrs. Gumbel's is collecting perfumes. Her boudoir is filled with elaborate bottles of every size and shape. She also occupies some of her time with music.

Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, is enjoying playing in real life the poised matron she portrayed to such perfection on the screen until her marriage nearly two years ago. All her time now is absorbed in managing her Park Avenue home, entertaining friends, rearing her two children—Suzanne Vidor and the little daughter born last fall—and accompanying her husband on his concert tours.

Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Heifetz, on tour with her violinist-husband, often found herself mobbed by audiences who came to hear Heifetz play but, upon discovering her presence back stage, wanted to see a movie beauty in the flesh.

Such an occurrence is rare now-a-days. Mrs. Heifetz has abandoned all thought of the screen and is content to remain in the background, the wife of a great musician.

There's a fourth young matron who has forsaken her career with a vim—Mrs. Paul Zuckerman, of Park Avenue, formerly Ruth Taylor, of Hollywood.

Can it be possible that the erstwhile Lorelei Lee is taking herself rather too seriously in her new rôle of the wife of a wealthy broker? For she no longer receives humble minions of the press.

"It is unbelievable," she explains via telephone, "how in a few short months one changes from an ambitious actress, with no thought of domesticity, to an all-absorbed wife interested only in wall paper, draperies, and furniture."

Yes, we'll admit it is. However, in the interest of good reporting, we'll add that Mrs. Zuckerman, in addition to furniture, and draperies, and wall paper, is also interested right now in a future blessed event, as the saying goes.
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The Pulpit Called—the Screen Tempted
Continued from page 90

This smack of slight uncasiness. Maybe Dix should not have deserted his first good intention—but they say second thoughts are best.

Neil Hamilton expected to become a religious soul rather than the merry one he is today. But, like the others, Neil deserted the holy path for the Thespian one of self-expression.

Not so long ago, Neil's autobiography appeared in Picture Play. Faithful readers can judge for themselves whether Mr. Hamilton's path has been an easy one in the temporal world. Ups and downs he has had aplenty. But to-day he seems well placed. A free lance, he roams from picture to picture, commanding a good salary. He has a charming wife, a beach house at Malibu, a car, a boat, a dog, and last, but not least, a secretary. I think Neil did well to choose acting as a career.

The same goes for Rex Lease. Rex told me long ago that as a boy he had a great urge to expound the Bible. He wanted to become a clergyman. But he, too, was drawn from the pulpit.

Strange to relate, the first role that brought Rex favorable notice was a clergyman he played in a picture with Mae Busch.

Recently Rex gave Vivian Duncan a black eye. Perhaps he was driving home some sermon, or some definite fact. Vivian got plenty of publicity and married Nils Asther. Rex was fined fifty dollars and started making more pictures.

Had things turned out as Mr. Lease first desired, we might have heard of "Uppercut" Rex, the son with a punch. Perhaps it is best that we see him on the screen.

As far as that goes, it may be best that all these chaps who once harbored holy thoughts are where they are. They say we are invisibly moved to go where we belong. So all is well.

Enter Blossom MacDonald.

Well, even if Paramount allowed Jeanette MacDonald's contract to lapse, they did right nice by her sister, Blossom MacDonald. They gave Blossom an opportunity to play a dance-hall girl in "The Fighting Caravan." Blossom is about two years older than Jeanette. She is a vaudeville comedienne.

Dies In India.

The death of Diane Ellis was a distinct shock to many of her friends in the movie colony. Miss Ellis, recently married to Stephen C. Millet, died in Madras, India, while on her honeymoon trip. Diane is remembered from her appearances in "The Leatherneck," "Is Zat So?" and "Laughing." She was just twenty-one years old, and had a rather promising start on her picture career.

Canards Rampant.

Gloria Swanson is dead! Greta Garbo fights with directors!

The Movie Runaround
Continued from page 94

"I'll-m-m! I like it. Order some for me to-morrow before we leave—don't forget! And try to fix your self up so that you'll look less like a scared rabbit. There'll be photographers at the train, and I don't want to have to be ashamed of you."

Annabelle sank back in her chair, her knees trembling. Maybe she'd better not report to-morrow morning after all. She couldn't face newspapermen! And yet—if she didn't take this job, how could she get away from New York, where she'd be constantly in danger of being found?

To be continued.
Thorns in a Bed of Roses

Continued from page 89

More than Tol’able

Continued from page 104

but some more good film stories, easier life for his family, and a bank account. He has no thought of buying a trick car, or making a splurge with his earnings. He doesn’t think he’ll ever go haywire. He has a saving sense of humor.

When “Tol’able David” was an assured success, the studio phoned him one morning and told him to leave that night for New York for personal appearance with his film. He thought somebody was kidding him.

When Rollins and his pals know a fellow, you know how it is. Richard ignored the call. Late in the afternoon, Richard not having reported at the studio, another call convinced him that he was really to go to New York.

"But I haven’t anything to wear," he answered. "I haven’t a hat, or overcoat, or anything." He never wears a hat.

"We’ll take care of that—catch the eight o’clock train," came back in decisive tones.

So Richard entrained for the Eastern front with virtually no luggage except “Of Human Bondage," which he says is a swell book. Somebody from the studio took his measurements from head to feet. The train stopped for ten minutes in Kansas City. The Columbian representatives there and a group of haberdashers swarmed aboard frantically to try things on Richard right up to the second that the brakemen shouted “Baump!” (railroad for “Aboard”).

Well, here we are back in New York. Big Brother’s coffee is cold. Richard has smoked three of your reporter’s cigarettes. Big Brother refusing the fourth for him, and it is time for Richard to do right by those Kansas City clothes, as he has a one-thirty engagement for Thanksgiving dinner.

“Tol’able David” is a more assured success, the studio phoned him one morning and told him to leave that night for New York for personal appearance with his film. He thought somebody was kidding him.

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“I think New York has the funniest expressions I ever heard,” said Richard, hopping from one thing to another. "’Pinkie,’ for instance, means ‘little finger.’"

We had been looking at a ring given him by his first real art customers in Los Angeles. “And I'm glad to have met up wid ya,” he said out of the side of his mouth.

Home Life in a Glass Cage

Continued from page 87

spite the fact that her marriage to the marquis survived over several years, the public never seemed to be convinced that it was not just about to fall apart. Then, sure enough, divorce proceedings were started.
Talkies Rule the Waves

Continued from page 85

Torial films for the instruction of its
men, and produces a navy news reel.
For the past two years the navy has
been well supplied with motion-pie-
cure cameras and has been training
enlisted men to operate them. The
amateurs have scored such news
beats as the first transportation of a
horse by airplane, and the first hook-
up of a plane to the dirigible Los
Angeles.

Everywhere the sailors go, from
the navy yards to the China station,
the talkies go, too. In many squalid,
obscure ports, where modern stan-
dards are unknown, there is more
comfort and entertainment aboard
than ashore. It is delightful to
dream of knocking coconuts off a
waving palm tree, and of a tête-à-tête
with a languorous hootchy-koochy
dancer, but many ports, on close in-
speection, are apt to shatter the sailor's
illusions.

In a good many ways it's more sa-
factory to stay aboard and get the
charm of obscure tropical lands from
the talking screen. As for the igno-
rant native, he doesn’t quite know
what to make of those mysterious
voices and noises aboard Uncle Sam's
greyhounds of the sea. Just another
invention of the foreign devils, to be
eyed askance at first and then imi-
tated. Before long he'll storm the
bamboo hut of his local exhibitor and
demand some talking films.
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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases
Continued from page 66

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of wives safely bit. Cast includes Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett.


If You Must

"Renegades"—Fox. Foreign Legion story that is pretty bad, except for Warner Baxter and Tyrna Loy. Ex- porer stage in a foreign Leg- ionnaire deserts, becomes ruler of the tribe, and kidnaps the girl. Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George Cooper diverting.

"Santa Fe Trail, The"—Paramount. Western picture with beautiful scenery. big herds of sheep whose herder is the hero. A feud ends when Richard Arlen wins the hand of Rosita Moreno. Mitzi Green and Eugene Patelle do their share.

"Big Trail, The"—Fox. Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big screen. When will producers find fans want interesting people and action, not longer wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with schoolboy dicton.

"Du Barry, Woman of Passion"—United Artists. Bad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of Louis XV's girl friend who escapes government, becomes Fascist, marries, is arrested, and finally is allowed to return to Europe. Poorly played by Patrice Wymore, with Beryl Lindsay, Reginald Denny, Noah Beery, Clive Deden, John Beery, and others.

"Brothers"—Columbia. Bert Lytell brings to screen his stage success, playing his own twin brother, Rich adopted boy commits murder, and brother from seamy edge of town is blamed. Dorothy Sebastian heroine who knew all along that speaking musician was prize twin.

"Bat Whispers, The"—United Artists. Shutter of ten years ago called down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as "The Bat" annoys old lady in leased house. Chester Morris's energy uncured. Una Merkel, William Bakeswell, Maude Ethburn.

"Girl of the Golden West, The"—First National. Antique filmed as for stage, artificial scenery and all. Important as burlesque of old-time West- erns. Cast includes Wallace Beery who does all fine talent can. James Rennie the bandit. Miss Harding as har- maid reforms an outlaw.

"Lady Surrenders, A"—Universal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage" actors, and poor lilt who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind. Hubby thought he could depend upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Genevieve To- bin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

"Lilium"—Fox. Artificial picture, although director had good intentions. Barker in amusement park loved by employer and servant girl. He marries latter, but commits suicide, and you follow back to Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor, H. B. Warner, Lee Tracy, Rose Hobart.

"Those Three French Girls"—Metro- Goldwyn. Gay as musical comedy, but only musical. Englishman helps three dressmakers toss things on mean landlord, and all go to jail. There meet two roughneck Americans and eight girls. Reginald Denny, Fifi Dwyer, Olga Avril, Duvla Ravel, Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy.

"Sinner's Holiday"—Warner, Penny- arcade woman, hard, avaricious, has no scruple, and finally kills a fellow crook. Entertain- ing glimpse of ugly side of life. Lucille La Verne, James Cagney, from stage, Evalyn Clark, John Blondell, Grant Withers, Warner Hymer.

"Up the River"—Fox. Funny story of prison run on coal lines, with varisty show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic next, but mostly humor- ous. Warren Hymer, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappearing on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swank settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good time and escapes to Morocco, where she finds Livingston, Herbert Brazzetti, Gregory Gaye.

"Dough Boys"—Metro-Goldwyn. Di- versing, but not remarkably original, comedy of the army, with Busby Berkeley as the goofy soldier, and Humphrey Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"Sour Grapes"—United Artists. Bad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of Louis XV's girl friend who escapes government, becomes Fascist, marries, is arrested, and finally is allowed to return to Europe. Poorly played by Patrice Wymore, with Beryl Lindsay, Reginald Denny, Noah Beery, Clive Deden, John Beery, and others.

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MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE—She married Fred Mackay in 1916. They were divorced in 1928.

MARGARET GAYNOR—She married Frederick March in 1928. They were divorced in 1931.

Margaret Gaynor, who played "Song of the South," is seventy-six.

Margaret, who was married, Mackaye was the hero in "Girl Overboard," but that seems to be the extent of his screen career. He was born "Bertie" Hackettston and played with a stock company in Carmel, California.

MERCER—After a bit of trouble—for which I hope you are duly grateful—I discovered incidentally that music was something that Fredric March played in "Laughter." In fact, I asked him! The pieces were Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," a symphony especially composed for the picture by Vernon Duke, and "Karin" to go.

LILLY ROBERTS—"Little Bobbi." I'll bet you've been taking a good long nap for months, or you would certainly have seen the answers to all those questions about Buddy Rogers, whom every one has asked about.

She was born in Olhate, Kansas, August 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 and has brown eyes and black hair. He is not married, nor does he intend to marry for some years.

KATHLEEN AERS—4 Chapel Road, Greens, Preston, Lancashire, England, would like to hear from other fans, if any, who feel a corresponding mood. I've never quite got Boles' family straightened out; there was a new daughter, July 1, 1927, and an older daughter, Willie. I didn't know there was a relationship between. I'd like to refer Colin Clive's admiring to his club. Paul Ellis is no longer plays in pictures; his address is Standard Casting Directory, Hollywood.

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Lilacs—So you're sure that I'll deny I'm looking good? Suppose I said, "Yes, I'm very handsome"—how would you feel if I didn't? I can only answer, "Oh, yeah? Who thinks so?" You see, I have to play sale. There are lots of fan clubs for Ramon Novarro, but Marguerite B. Stine, 1913 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo, New York, claims that her's is the official one. As to whether it is true that "no one can stare into the eyes of Bill Powell, I've done it! And I felt none the worse for it either!" Bill was born in Kansas City, Missouri, July 29, 1892. He is six feet tall. I can follow Clara Bow around on the screens to see what she weighs from day to day; I only know her recorded weight is 115. Dorothy Janis was born in Dallas, Texas, February 19, 1910; she is four feet eleven.

W. I.—I should certainly feel very upset if you didn’t come out for Picture Play because of me, as you suggest. Jean Arthur is the quiet type of girl she seems to be on the screen—rather like Mary Brian, but not nearly as garish. I went to school in New York and became a commercial model. She applied for screen work at the Fox Eastern studio, was given a test and her film career began. Wasn’t she lucky? Jean is five feet four, weighs 115, has hazel eyes and brown hair. I wouldn’t guarantee that she answers her fan mail personally. William Powell was born July 29, 1892, in Kansas City. His film career began in 1923, after a few years on the stage. As to whether his name will be remembered thirty years hence, that depends on your memory! Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, May 10, 1887.Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is her son, and that's why they call him Junior.

Montana or Texas.—But why not make up your mind? There are no Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo in Montana; but there you can choose between the club run by Helen Cohn, 3826 East 1st Street, Long Beach, California, and that run by Fernande L. Doherty, 5921 Calro Drive, Quebec City, Quebec, Canada. To join either one, just write to the president and ask to join. I do not know of any clubs for Stanley Smith.

Ch. S. from Broadway.—If Lew Ayres is married, I can’t find out yet—and I did tell fans from the very beginning that Robert Montgomery was married.

Polly.—Frances Dade’s career on the screen has been very brief. Besides her role in "Grumpys", she played a short part in "Raffles".

Alta Galbre.—What a joy to get questions I can answer without having to sack obscure files! Nancy Carroll was born November 19, 1906, and began her screen career in 1927. Alice White is 23. and has been in pictures since 1925. Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Steeber, John Gilmore, Robert Young,producer, John E. Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Charles L. Harrison, Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Jean Crain, and many others are popular leading men and feminine stars. Loretta Young was 14 when her film career started.

Rosamond L’Hullier.—Harold Lloyd’s hand was injured in an explosion some years ago in making a picture, and he has two fingers missing, but it is not an artistic hand. It’s his right hand.

Porv.—And you’re just as bright and snappy as your name, to judge by your picture. If Elmers married Hoot Gibson last June, but he isn’t a lucky man. Her newest film is "Dough Boys." As to whether Basil Rathbone really played the violin in "A Notorious Affair," I just can’t know. I’m not a music critic. I’m not easier to reveal when doubles are used. Now that Dorothy Mackaill has kissed and made up with First National, she again draws her checks from the leading man. Betty Bronson has not appeared on the screen since "The Locked Door." It was "The Golden Princess" in which she was featured. We advised your theatre manager to book the pictures you wish to see—all films are shown for several years after they are made.

A. C.—Does any one ever expect you to attend the clubs with Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis in 1910 and is unmarried. Stanley Smith, also single, was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1907. Helen Doherty is in every picture! She thinks he is married. They are all Americans, and as far as I know they all use their real names. Barry Norton is not cast at present for any English pictures. It is true that Buddy Rogers’s brother, Bruce—also temporarily named Frank—was to enter pictures, but now it isn’t. Buddy is very much unmolested by any English directors. Crawford wrote her at the M.G.M. studio, Culver City, California. Joan was born March 23, 1906. She is five feet four, weighs 120, and has blue eyes and brown hair.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shilling, Margaret Lockwood, Barbara Stanwyx, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, C. "Buddy" Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Robert Montgomery, Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Steeber, John Gilmore, Robert Young, producer, Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone,Charles L. Harrison, Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Lawrence Tibbett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Jean Crain, and many others are popular leading men and feminine stars. Loretta Young was 14 when her film career started.

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In the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

First Vice-Prs.
Paramount Publix Corp.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY
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By Offering Better Entertainment, and More of It, Than You Will Find in Any Other Magazine

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By Ben Maddox

Just What Is Wrong? Why Do They Fail As Big Shots With Feminine Players? Some of the Most Prominent Women in Hollywood Express Themselves Without Reserve. You Will Be Astonished

THE FIBBING CAMERA
By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Brilliantly, Yet Kindly, a Favorite Contributor Who Has Met All the Stars Points Out the Little White Lies Told By the Lenses to Help the Ladies Along

You Can't Get Away From It All
By Katharine Zimmermann

A Leading New York Film Critic Returns From a Trip Around the World to Tell of Her Amusing Experiences in Trying to Escape the Lure of the Movies in Distant Lands

Picture Play Is the Honest Magazine of the Screen—Don't Forget That
The $7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen
— and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty
million Frenchmen can't be wrong about!
Here's your chance to learn the secrets of
la vie Parisien without crossing the ocean
and getting your feet wet.

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is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by
Joseph Jackson, Al Bualberg and
Eddie Welch
Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON
CLAUDIA DEELE WILLIAM GAXTON
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A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
What the FANS Think

All 'Ave Haccents But Me.

On opening December Picture Play the first thing that greeted me was a letter from a Scot—Donald Jolly. This is the second time that this young man has made me almost explode! So now he's for it!

I wasn't aware that there was a civil war in Great Britain over the American accent. Of course there may be in Scotland, but newspapers are so unreliable.

In the early days of the talkies there certainly was some criticism of the American accent, but now we have got over all that and have become more resigned to it, perhaps owing to the better class of film that is being produced at the moment.

Of course some stars still have atrocious voices, but, thank goodness, they are very few.

Nobody can find fault with Ruth Chatterton's glorious voice, which is the finest I've ever heard, both for tone and perfect diction. William Powell, too, has a fine speaking voice, and speaks as English should be spoken. Quite a lot of stars seem to be cultivating quite good speaking voices, but nearly all of them lack tone and refinement.

I also have recently visited London to sample the theater, and found that the abominable "quaitie refined" English was only used by some of our younger actors, mere children who think that it sounds awfully grand, but if Mr. Jolly had heard some of our more mature actors and actresses, I venture to think that he would have altered his opinion about "our peculiar accent."

As he is a Scot, perhaps he found it rather difficult trying to understand good English, just the same as I have never yet been able to understand a Scotsman!

Perhaps he will tell us if he thinks that our actors ought to speak Scottish in the future to be understood?

I think that the Irish brogue is beautiful. So much more music and charm in it. Quite different to the dull Welsh and Scottish accents.

Will some kind person in America please oblige me by throwing a huge apple pie at Crocella Mullen, and do please aim straight. I really think that this young lady left school much too soon.

My very best wishes to Picture Play, still the most popular and the best magazine value for the money.

Joseph J. Drudge.

20 Ash Road, Newport, Isle of Wight, England.

A Trio of Favorites.

HOW delighted I am to see how strongly Picture Play upholds my favorites—Joan Crawford, Billy Haines, and Robert Montgomery.

Joan gave the best performance of her entire career in "Our Blushing Brides." It was her beautiful performance that made "Our Blushing Brides" an outstanding picture. Even though Joan had a brilliant supporting cast, she managed to steal all the honors.

I buy every movie magazine and I have yet to find one that does not root for Robert Montgomery. Picture Play is his most ardent rooter. Bob is a wonder.

There isn't a screen actor, with the exception of Wee Willy Haines, who is as versatile as Bob. He can portray any role to perfection.

Look at his variety of characterizations.

This chap has charm and my hunch is that before the end of 1931 young Mr. Robert Montgomery, actor, husband, and father, will be a shining star under Metro-Goldwyn's banner. A rival to lovable Billy Haines who is now the most popular male star with Metro.

Haines! What a man! An actor of tremendous appeal; a comedian of high ability; a tender, sweet lover; and a real example of perfect manhood.

Dorothy Rogers.

2916 National Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

If Lew Goes On.

THERE is a new actor recently arisen on the movie horizon who gives promise of attaining greater heights than any actor since Baruthelmess first made the movie world sit up and take notice. I refer to Lew Ayres. Unlike many newcomers, this Lew has much more than youth and good looks to offer. His portrayals have depth and sincerity, and are charged with emotional appeal far beyond his years. With proper stories and direction, I expect to see Lew Ayres in a couple of years in the place that Richard Baruthelmess now occupies.

Not that I think Dick Baruthelmess through—not by a long shot. But unless I miss my guess, Baruthelmess will be assuming roles near his own age before so very long.

Continued on page 10.
She Was Swept Into A Magic World

A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

And soon she was head over heels in love with an actor and involved in the strangest mesh of circumstances. For Fate decreed that she must go on impersonating the famous star, and soon she was the reigning beauty in the fantastic world of studio and location.

If you want a book that carries you at breathless pace from start to finish, then here it is, tailor-made for you. It is

The Splendid Folly

By BEULAH POYNTER

Outstanding on the list of the offerings of CHELSEA HOUSE, one of the oldest and best-established publishing concerns in this country, "The SPLENDID FOLLY" has about it the distinctive originality and swift movement that make CHELSEA HOUSE love stories favorites of fiction-lovers from coast to coast. Ask for it at your dealer's to-day, or for a full list of CHELSEA HOUSE offerings write to

CHELSEA HOUSE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Price, 75 Cents
What the Fans Think

Do Producers Willfully Miscast?

READING "What the Fans Think" is a sure cure for the blues. Some of the letters, while void of all humor, give me a big laugh, while others make me feel like pounding out and chewing up a brick. Some are ridiculously funny, to say the least. For instance, a long epistle in the December number about Greta Garbo.

Now I think Garbo is a very good actress and I wouldn't miss any of her pictures, but why any one should go into a trance or something and write such letters as that, is beyond my power of thought.

Neither can I imagine why any one would say that Garbo cannot act. That statement was worn out a long time ago, and its originator doesn't know what he was talking about. Whoever started that about Garbo not being cute, must certainly have been cuckoos, or just wanted to start a fuss. No one would ever take such a statement seriously.

A featured player makes good in a certain picture, then the parts assigned her after that can't be handled by her type at all. Such is the case of Jean Arthur. She did such fine work in "The Saturday Night Kid" and a couple of others, then she was miscast in "Young Eagles" and recently in a mediocre picture for RKO. Why don't producers give players more roles that fit their type? I know they wouldn't think of putting Charles Rogers in a sailor's shoes.

The gag-a-look and the broad smiles that he is forced to overdo in all his pictures, are ruining him in the eyes of thousands of fans. Is Mr. Rogers to blame? Absolutely not. The producers, as usual, are the ones to whom you should write your suggestions. Another thing, who isn't getting tired of this Buddy-pardon Charles-business?

Oil City, Pennsylvania.

The Crusade Against Soul Twaddle.

A FEW months ago I ventured to offer some—ah—sound advice to Ramon Novarro, but the result it does not appear to have taken any notice of it, so I think I shall appeal to his fans instead. Novarro fans, I yield to nobody in my admiration for them. They are enthusiastic Mexican fans—may I be a camel in my next reincarnation if I am ever guilty of announcing in these columns, or in any other public manner, that I love him, think he is beautiful, the most wonderful actor ever born, a successor to Caruso, etc., etc. He may broadcast any of that.

Now, mes enfants, who is prepared to make a similar oath? Come on, let us ask a few tourists of Novarro fans—fans who are sincerely enthusiastic in their devotion to the star, but who draw the line at becoming monomania on the subject.

I don't want it to be an anorexic affair: you can rave about him as much as you like in the privacy of your own boudoir, or on the instant of "de luxe", but not to broadcast it elsewhere.

PICTURE PLAY is kind enough to allow us several pages on which we can voice our opinions, so let us take advantage of the fact, but please let them be contributions that both you and Ramon would be proud to see in print, not something that is likely to make him grow hot under the collar.

"Certainly you don't want to make him the laughstocking of Hollywood?" No! Well, that is where you are heading. Criticize or boost him as much as you like, but do it in your own way, and do not descend to sloppiness. If the latter is all you are capable of writing, let me request you to transfer your devotion to Rin-Tin-Tin; it is its reputation.

If you consider yourself a sensible fan and really want to help Ramon, then tell us all about it via PICTURE PLAY and join my crusade. For Ramon and less twaddle about his soul.

To the writer of the best contribution I will award a photograph of Anna Q. Nilsson taken twenty years ago.

Bert H. King
36 Court Street, Woodville.
Burton-on-Trent, England.

Scientific Moviegoing.

JACK MATTHEWS, I would send you a personal letter if I could be sure it would reach you, because then I could express myself freely. As it is, I shall have to do my thinking through "What the Fans Think."

How dare you say such things about Dorothy Dandridge? She is sweet and dear, without having to try to be so. She may not be beautiful, but she has more charm than many great stars I could mention.

As an experiment, I saw "Call of the Flesh" six times, at intervals of two weeks. Thus I had the opportunity of studying carefully each player's facial and vocal expressions and gestures. I can assure you that Dorothy Jordan laid a wonderful thing when it comes to acting ability.

Norma Saltz
336 Christopher Avenue
Brooklyn, New York.

Enter Miriam Hopkins.

I HAVE read and reread the letters written by the fans. Some have angered me, some have delighted me, and some have greatly amused me. I am writing this, however, for the benefit of those who have been afforded the opportunity of studying carefully each player's facial and vocal expressions and gestures. I can assure you that Dorothy Jordan laid a wonderful thing when it comes to acting ability.

The newcomer is Miriam Hopkins. "Fast and Loose" was playing at my favorite theater. Miriam Hopkins headed the cast, and I, having never heard of her, was undecided whether I should go or not. Finally I went, but merely because I had seen every other picture in town.

In the first few scenes I felt that Miss Hopkins was going to be worth watching. At the end of the picture I knew that she was more than worthy to be called an actress.

Hers wasn't a part that afforded much chance for acting. Like a true actress, however, she made opportunities, and at the right time she made her own wonderful personality, thus giving coloring, depth, and interest to a really impossible plot. To tell the truth, Miriam Hopkins made a characterization of an unesthetic part.

Not only does she possess a charmingly attractive face, a beautiful figure, and the ability to act, but she has a perfect voice; her voice is a harmonization of soft sounds that smoothly changes with the requirements of every mood.

Until Films Do Us Part.

I SHOULD like to thank L. F. W. for writing such a nice letter praising that charming young actress, Mary Brian. L. F. W. described far more aptly her charming disposition than I ever could, and I want him to accept my sincere thanks.

Mary is the only feminine favorite I have, and I don't care what she does, or what her pictures are like. I shall always love her.

Just consider Mary has been on the Paramount lot longer than any one else, and has outlasted her studio such stars as Bebe Daniels, Pat O'Malley, Miss Dix, and Adolf Menjou, and yet she isn't a star! There ought to be a law. But now after all those years of hard work, with insignificant roles, the experience she has gained is shown, and she is becoming a really delightful actress with an added flair for comedy. She appears in more films than anybody else in the studio.

W. E. S.
4 Pevensey Road

Moi Aussi!

I HAVE seen "Morocco" twice and "The Blue Angel" once, and I am still awed by the sheer beauty of Marlene Dietrich's work. She is amazingly different and very fascinating.

Miss Dietrich speaks English which is a delight to the ear and soul. There is not the trace of any accent, but just a faint, subtle suggestion of her European upbringing. She has the softest, and yet most expressive voice I've heard.

No letter of praise for this young beauty would be complete without mention of her lovely eyes and hair. I think she's gorgeous.

I am sorry Marlene has been compared to Garbo. Comparisons are always odious. And this one is particularly so—for there is no real similarity at all. Naturally they have a few mannerisms in common—but these gestures are simply those peculiar to most European women. If Marlene is anything it is the one that has been forgotten Jeanne Eagels. But that is all. Marlene is a soft-eyed, sweet-voiced and utterly charming young woman.

"Try Marlene!" WIZARDF. Evans.
283 W. 83rd St., New York, N. Y.
What the Fans Think

Taken all in all, her voice which pleases the ear, her figure, girlish and slender, her piquant face that is topped by a shining, golden mop of wavy hair—well, I can't understand what the critics and directors are getting at. Perhaps with more observation and appreciation. Yes, now, I feel more than ever, and every one was for her a hundred per cent. I could hardly believe it, which makes me really sad. I know that the critics have replaced the silent pictures here. I don't much worry about Manila being fed up with talking pictures, but I am worried much about the provinces, which have never before one or two theaters in each town, and whose people are not so well versed in the English language. The theaters have some idea of this speech, but when it comes to the screen, no ordinary person can understand what the players are drawing about. In the silents they could read the Spanish words and some of the lines.

They will be robbed of one of their entertainments. They would rather stay at home and listen to phonograph music, or read the newspapers for themselves, in any other way. Is that not a pity? They are music lovers, and I think they can never give any sentiment to American fox trot and blues. It is all right in Manila, but never in some of the provinces.

I hope our small native film companies will produce some talkies, and, in that case, the people who want to hear the songs of the Indian songs will have some happiness.

LUCAS B. ARIGA,
987 Int. 9 Singalong,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

Stop the Razzberries!

WHY do you who call yourselves movie fans constantly ridicule the stars. As you really fans, you must know that fans are people who admire and boost the stars, not criticize or disparage them.

Why write things that hurt? No one is perfect, but is there any one that enjoys being told so? Besides, what satisfaction do you get out of it? You may write and say how much you dislike such and such a person, but are they removed from the screen? Of course not; others like them, if you don't.

DORIS BARRINGER
61 Washington Avenue,
Waterbury, Connecticut.

Kay's Thrilling Voice.

I WANT to thank Picture Play for the article in the December issue about Kay Johnson. I enjoy her voice and have come to the conclusion ever since I first saw her I have been trying to find out something about her. They say she is not a beauty, but to me her thrilling voice, her charm, and her genuine ability to act are much more attractive than mere symmetry of feature. When I saw her in "Billy the Kid" I wondered if M.G.M. did not star her instead of putting her in a picture merely to supply the love interest.

MADE VALENTINE.
Lorain, Ohio.

Follows Like Buddy, Too.

PHYLIS HUSTON in December Picture Play has spoken for me, and if you read this, Phylis, remember that
What the Fans Think

Barry Norton's Existence Doubled!

Have you ever heard the yarn about the farmer who was taken to the zoo? Well, this week arrived at the giraffe's enclosure, he gazped spellbound for a time and then muttered—"That ain't no such animal."

This is the way I feel in regard to Barry Norton. My father never believed in the existence of George Washington, nor do I believe in either Santa Claus or Barry Norton. I doubt his very existence. I hereby challenge Crocella Mullen to present him before me in the flesh, not a motion picture.

No man could act so well in photographs and continue to live. It's beyond the range of things possible. It truly believe it is some hoax that is being perpetrated at the expense of the fans. They say he acts in foreign versions; this explains it. No red-blooded American would seek a place in the amusement world, if it meant he must lose his beautiful face. As some reader suggests, he would take up forest rangeing instead.

But now in all seriousness can't some rule be made to prevent Barry Norton or Crocella's letters be kept out of "What the Fans Think"? I understand she aspires to become a movie star herself. Isn't her case analogous to that of Bill Tilden, the tennis champion, who was barred from writing for the newspapers with the penalty of losing his amateur standing? Is Crocella Mullen a professional or an amateur, and if so, why should she make her decision and abide by it. She can't be both at the same time.

The letters in recent issues by Donald Jolly and others, who all like for you, and have been out for their income, but was written after the song, the words of which I lost, except "I'm just a dream-oah!" Or did she mean "screamer"?

I write of one who is, no doubt, a charming girl in private life, but she cannot act. I now come to my point.

Unless the talkie stars take a tip from their stage rivals and learn to act, casting aside all mannerisms and entire lack of personality shrieked at me for an hour and a half. Her charm was smothered—she has any—her beauty marred by the convention she holds and in the silence of the silent days, they will be doomed to oblivion. They should also cultivate a pleasing voice.

Ann Harding is one of the greatest screen actresses, but she was an artist to her screen acting.

She also possesses beauty, charm, grace, of movement, and a compelling, arresting voice. To my mind, she is the best American player today. Verna Voo, is not a runner-up. Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer fill the space between.

J. P.

British Columbia, Canada.

Boosting Alice and Marjorie.

I'm just another Alice White fan. She certainly draws the crowds in our town, and bow! What's more, she enters in the business, too. You can glance around the theater and see people you'd think didn't know how to smile, laughing uproariously at some of Alice's cutest lines. It is remarkable to see the appearance of enjoying her pictures thoroughly. If you don't like her, stop seeing her pictures, but for goodness sake, don't utter a word and talk about her. She's plenty cute, she's genuine, and she has a delightful figure, and she can act.

Another actress who deserves a big handshakes is little Marjorie White, who scored her third hit in "Sunrise Side Up," and "Just Imagine." She stole "Sunrise Side Up" from Janet Gaynor and "The Golden Calf" from Sue Carol. She's cute without being silly, she's modern without going to the extreme, and in a flapper rôle Marjorie takes the cake.

CHARLOTTE SMITH

Monroe, North Carolina.

Barry Norton's Existence Doubled!

I have my own opinion of Buddy Rogers and let any one try to change it! Perhaps I am a bit hasty, but I've wagered all five dollars to ten for Buddy—for his boyish acting, for his American manliness, and for being himself.

I really don't think he has excessive versatility, but he has virility and pep and that's what we fellows want.

Now don't get the idea that I would disparage any other actor in order to bolster up the enthusiasm for Buddy. I only want Rogers fans to see him as I do. Try.

If Paul Martin of Paris reads this letter, will he please write? Some time ago I noticed his fine list of questions answered by The Oracle, and boy! he's for Buddy, tooth and nail.

RICHARD MACLAUREN.

97 North Street, Halifax,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

Janet Gaynor a Mystery?

SOME of the letters in December Picture Play were excellent, particularly those by "E. P. S.," Roy B. McCullough, and "J. J. Cavanaugh.

I quite disagree with Mark Leader. Janet Gaynor is a mystery to me, ever since I saw her disasterous performance in "Sunny Side Up." Her thin voice, babyish mannerisms, and entire lack of personality shrieked at me for an hour and a half. Her charm was smothered—if she has any. Simply marred by the conventions she held. In the silence of the silent days, they are doomed to oblivion. They should also cultivate a pleasing voice.

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CHARLOTTE SMITH

Monroe, North Carolina.
Lois Moran Causes Trance.

I ALWAYS have admired Lois Moran, and I expected her appearance in "Our Dawn Patrol" to turn me into a fan of hers. But when I saw Miss Moran on the stage in "This Is New York" and "Our Dawn Patrol," I almost lost my heart. She is so exquisitely beautiful that one is almost overwhelmed the first time one sees her on the screen. I had expected to be slightly disillusioned, but when she stepped gracefully onto the stage I gasped at her beauty. She is a marvelous actress! Not one bit theatrical, but perfectly natural and charming—she captivated the audience.

When I went down to the screen I hope she is given a role worthy of her talents. She is a real actress.

BETTY F. DOLAN.

196 Homestead Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

PICKING up a magazine the other day, the first comment that caught my attention was a fan communication which had been printed. The fan was worried because the public was not responding as it should to Buddy Rogers in anything.

This was really interesting. Why should the unknown correspondent dislike the entirely unknown Buddy Rogers? Could there be only one answer—he or she is tired of having Rogers films exhibited at local theaters, with relentless regularity, every one of which has not been a success? I say I share this correspondence's feeling.

Producers obviously have little faith in the loyalty of fans. Stars who are not justifiably stars, having had no adequate training, are thrown to the public in a succession of pictures rushed out at brief intervals. I venture to think that Buddy, having a solid basis of character and personality, would benefit in the long run by being less exploited.

AMY RUSSELL.

1026 Crozier Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Robert Montgomery's Secret.

I ALWAYS read "What the Fans Think" first in Picture Play. I have sixteen successive issues of the magazine and never tire of reading them over and over. I have also just learned, after months of hard thinking, the two words that reveal the secret of Robert Montgomery's popularity—charming impudence. Thanks to the fan who discovered them! I received an autographed photograph of him, of which I am very proud, in return for a fan letter. Who was it that said the stars don't appreciate their fan mail? I have seen him in six pictures and the only fault I can find in any of them is that he is a bit too real. Buddy is not bad, but not bad, this fan slayer from the stage is the handsomest and most delightful person in films, with Stanley Smith and Law there is no second.

I am sadly disappointed to read that Chester Morris may play in "The Sheik." I have waited breathlessly in hopes that Nils Asther would rise to the heights of film glory that role will enable him to reach.

LINDA M. LYNCH.

Virginia Lyons, Texas.

Give Vilma a Break.

THERE is something that puzzles me greatly. The fans and critics have accepted Garbo and her accent with open arms, but Vilma Banky hasn't had a break. She made one part talkie, "This Is Heaven," and then her other, "A Lady to Love." I haven't had the pleasure of seeing the last. A certain it must be very good. Vilma is undoubtedly a star. Now please don't think I'm down on Greta. I admire her immensely, and consider her a marvelous actress. But I do realize she has less screen time and at times is hard to understand. Still I'd hate to see the screen lose her. The same applies to Vilma. It is seldom we have such beautiful women and such an actress combined, as we have in Vilma. I am amazed that the fans didn't protest when they heard Vilma was to retire. My hope is that Vilma will learn to retire, but that the fickle fans haven't been faithful. Well, I am! Please, Vilma, don't leave us!

I would like to remark in answer to Buntce d'Alton's opinion that Neil Hamilton can't act. I hope this person saw "The Dawn Patrol" and realized that Neil did not but the picture from Richard Barthelmess.

Juliette Brown, how I loved your letter! Thanks so much for sending it in. "The Dawn Patrol" is absolutely marvelous. Joan kindly sent me a picture, also, but I wasn't lucky enough to receive a letter. How can we ever get information? But just as I feared is just exactly as I've pictured her. Did you ever see such a young girl with such acting ability? I predict Joan Crawford will be at the top in less than a year.

LESLIE MOORE.

Canada.

Our Answer Girl.

WHEN I read all the splendid letters in "What the Fans Think," I really wish I could sit down and answer every one of them. I can't do that, of course, or my work at college would suffer. May I answer some of the writers here?

Marie Leader, did you know that sweet things give one a tummyache? Well, that's how Janet Gaynor reacts on me!

Richard E. Passmore, your letter was a poem, and could be inspired only by a woman like Garbo. More power to her!

Barbara Traill, you are insulted that another fan classifies Kay Johnson with Jeanette MacDonald. She's not. Well, I am Miss MacDonald is far superior to the mild Miss Johnson.

Theodore T. Cavanaugh, Marie Dressler didn't make fame, but neither was nor any one else could steal anything from Garbo. We agree about Bebe Daniels' voice; I don't see what all the shouting's about.

Phyllis Huston, don't get me sore now. I don't care if Buddy Rogers is nearly thirty; he acts like an adolescent. He does need counterbalancing, and Chevalier does the trick.

J. W., we seem to agree. Lew Ayres is more the typical modern boy than Buddy Rogers. In "Our Dawn Patrol," you are my ideal, my "Love Parade!"

PEARL A. KATZMAN.

601 West 189th Street, New York City.

What Paramount Needs.

I HAVE two grievances against Paramount. Why should they sacrifice such excellent productions as "Our Dawn Patrol" and Jean Arthur to put over shallow personalities like Charles Rogers and Clara Bow? I am beyond my understanding. Wasn't Mr. Arlen far superior to Mr. Rogers, in "Wings"? Did not the Asther girl turn away with Clara Bow's "The Saturday Night Kid," Paramount may say that Rogers and Bow draw more at the box office. True, no doubt. But give Arlen and Miss Arthur a chance at stardom and see what will happen.

Under the circumstances, Arlen is now a star. I am not slated, because he has been given a series of Westerners in which to star. Westerns hardly ever broaden one's art any. Are they afraid of Roger's limitations being brought to the front by an actor of Arlen's ability? I hear Paramount is to start work on the pictures, "Farewell to Arms." All will be forgiven if Richard Arlen and Jean Arthur are cast for the leading roles, although I hear rumors of Garbo's starring in "The Lady Who Comes to Dinner," the coveted leads. Cooper and Carroll have had so many excellent parts in the past that Mr. Arlen and Miss Ar- den would be in need of artistic roles than they are.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

630 Mary Street, Utica, New York.

Sally Restored to Grace.

ALLOW me to thank Norbert Lasky for saving me from eternal disgrace. His review of "Common Clay" agreed perfectly with my opinion. He summed it up in coyness expressing the opinion that "Common Clay" was the worst picture Fox has ever produced. Why, I had been worrying that I was actually asleep. It seems that I was, although I was back in the days of heavy drame with sobbing heroines, villainous villains, etc. And yet, Paramount, the Roxy Theater played it for four weeks, when such pictures as "Journey's End" and "Song of My Heart" played only one or two. Aesthetics, then, are not the thing. Merely another hick town with its Main Street named Broadway.

You Chaterton admirers! What shall we do with Mr. Griffith, who says that Ruth is an utter failure and cannot act? Son, have you seen "Madame X," "Sarah and Son," and "Anybody's Woman?" Be frank! Don't you really think she was fine in those pictures, and a failure in "Sins of the Fathers?" I thought she was particularly fine as the sensuous woman who was the cause of Jannings' difficulties.

Crocella Mullen, I admit that Barry Norton is a very good-looking youth, and he was fine as "Mother's Boy." But a young lady whose name started with A and who has he done to prove his ability besides that one small part?

It seems that this is as good a time as any to discover what is wrong with screen musicals. In passing, let us see "Follow Thru" as an example. Here is a musical that as a smash hit on Broadway ran for over a year. And yet it flopped on the screen. In the first place, Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers were given too much footage. Neither is capable of musical comedy. It takes more than good looks and youth to make a failure.

In allowing all the hit tunes to remain, we find another mistake. They are past, and a few new, catchy numbers would have worked. Vilma is nowhere now. Every one has been singing and dancing to those tunes for the past year or two. Then the comedy was strangely wrong.

Do you remember the scene in the locker room? They were a continuous laugh for perhaps fifteen minutes. On the screen it was boiled down to not more than a minute or two, and then the laughs were caused mainly by Jack Haley's traveling eyebrows. Paramount should have given Haley a vote of thanks for saving an otherwise stupid picture.

SALLY.

Continued on page 106.
A Booth Tarkington comedy-drama for the whole family from sonny to grandpa.

LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies

From the story "Old Fathers and Young Sons" by Booth Tarkington. Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

"Let's all go to the movies."

If you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .

If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

IRENE RICH
If you're the kind of sister who has a demon kid brother . . .

If you're the kind of brother who still remembers when you were a kid . . .

Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the time of your life!

"I know what I wanna see."

"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see Father's Son!"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
THERE'S gold—and plenty of it—in Ruth Chatterton's limpid voice and still more in that catch in her throat to choke back the sobs. All these gifts are worth exactly $12,000 a week, or $2,000 a day, for presumably la Chatterton is silent on Sundays. This is decreed by the gods of the movies, whose instrument, the Brothers Warner, offered the star that salary to forsake Paramount at the expiration of her contract some months hence. And in the flowing robes she wears in "Unfaithful"—is the title significant? —Mrs. Forbes ponders on her future.
HOLLYWOOD is a heck of a place for the underdog. It's also the very devil of a locale for anybody who is just starting out in pictures. In fact, if you want the real truth about it, Hollywood is a meany old slave market! And woe betide those who do not quickly take flight to independence across its Mason and Dixon's line, wherever that is!

Take the case of Jack Oakie. Here's a nice light-hearted young man who has a secret sorrow. He'd like to call his soul his own, commercially speaking, but he doesn't know how to do so. Jack is all plastered up with contracts. Three people besides himself are divvying up the spoils of his career. And 'tain't fair, that's all, even though Jack bears no ill will to those who helped him out.

Then there's Lupe Velez. She had to "pay through the nose," so to speak, a year or so ago when she wanted to gain her financial freedom. It cost her $20,000 to be released from a contract she didn't like. And who could blame her for not liking it, since she had to give up a fourth of all she earned to an agent?

Then there was Sue Carol. She went to the mat with Douglas MacLean and won, but only through a fluke. She might have been a bond lady yet, had it not been that Doug forgot to send a certain telegram to her at the proper moment, or at least couldn't prove that he did. Obtaining her liberty, Sue contended, was worth $150,000 to her, and MacLean might have been richer by that amount—and she poorer—had he not lost.

All this has to do with a merry little game played in Hollywood, which, for want of a better name, may be called trading in talent.

Yep, the stars are under a lash! They are sold on the auction block! And it's a Dickens of a life any way you look at it!

Some companies are even reported to have grown rich, at times, lending out their actors at fancy wages. And what share of this do the poor stars get? Usually not a cent.

Barter and gain goes on at a furious rate in human flesh and blood in the studios. "We're slaves, all of us," wail the luminaries in their distressed moments.

It was worse, perhaps, two or three years ago than it is to-day. Some order has come out of the chaos that prevailed when the talkie fever set in. Then new lusts flamed, and new rackets.

Actors were beset on all sides by so-called agents, especially. The stage recruit generally had an agent in New York. Then on the train coming west he took up with another. Still a third might wander onto the scene upon his arrival in California.

When he got his first job, he found that he was paying all three of them 10 per cent each, virtually one-third of his salary.

If he became very much discouraged before the first job materialized, he might even sign up for 25 per cent and a bonus with the last of the agents. Hence he would be all but working for nothing himself, and the crowd of go-betweens, who didn't do much going, either, would be capturing the winnings.

I don't actually know of any first-line actor who got stuck in this racket. But I have heard that quite a few
Often players are sent down the river to other studios, and the producer may pocket the lion's share of the extra earnings. Again a player may have employed one or two, even three, agents who get a liberal cut from every check. With all the complications, it's a smart player who knows his own boss.

of the vaudevillians, song-and-dance men, cabaret performers, and character players did. Basil Rathbone and Charles Bickford, among the more prominent players, are reputed to have been cornered for two commission charges, and a few others barely escaped a similar catastrophe, because one of their representatives happened to be good-hearted.

This particular thing happened in the instance of Spencer Tracy. I have heard that he became involved with two different percentage collectors. One of the two was superethical in such matters, and let Tracy off easy.

Jack Oakie's is probably the most complicated case in all movie history. A crowd of Philadelphia lawyers couldn't unravel all of it.

Here's about the way it goes:

When Jack first started out he worked for Universal. The future looked faint and nebulous, and Jack felt he needed somebody to manage him. He prevailed upon Wesley Ruggles, the director of the picture in which he was working, to take up the sponsorship of his career, and a division of the profits was arranged. Indeed, as one hears it, Ruggles employed him and paid him a salary.

It was impossible for Ruggles himself to negotiate a contract for Oakie effectively, so he put the destiny of the star in the hands of an agent at the usual 10-per-cent commission. Oakie was sold down—or rather up—the river to Paramount. The reputed price was $500 a week. The agent's commission was deducted. Oakie was still paid his regular stipend, reported to be $200 to $250, and Ruggles received his proportion under the original agreement.

By and by Jack commenced to grow famous. He was famous on a miserly $200 or so. He couldn't go back on his bargain with Ruggles, and didn't want to, because he had a very fond feeling for the director because of what he did for him.

Sue Carol's liberty, won through a fluke, proved to be worth $150,000.

Lupe Velez bought her freedom from a contract for $20,000.

in the beginning. Yet he was dissatisfied. He wanted a raise from somebody, but Paramount wasn't interested in dealing through a third party.

Then Oakie struck—actually walked out—and hired another agent at another 10-per-cent cut. Jack was boiling by this time, and another commission mattered little.

For a while things looked very doubtful. It was thought that Jack might have to go out into the cold, cold world at anything he could get, and whack
up his salary three ways, instead of two, at comparatively little increase.

Ultimately a supplementary deal was negotiated with Paramount, according to which Jack received about $500 more a week. And though he had to pay a commission of $50 on this, he did receive the bulk of it.

Jack told me that he holds no rancor toward anybody in the whole matter, but he does hope things will be straightened out sometime, so he will know for whom he is working, without question or quibble. He also gayly refers to agents as flesh peddlers. "I say it humorously, of course," he declared, "but that's what they are, anyway."

Lupe Velez's troubles which the courts finally had to pass on, were incurred when she was breaking into pictures, too, but in a different way. Lupe probably sinned through innocence of the ways of the business world, but, being of the feminine sex, she had to pay, and pay, and pay.

Lupe's agent was Frank Woodard, who guaranteed her $6,000 a year first of all, and then 75 per cent of whatever she earned above that.

He took a gamble, of course. Lupe mightn't have made anything.

It turned out to be a good gamble, though. Soon after she arrived in Hollywood, Lupe was receiving $500 a week, and her agent was getting $125, leaving Lupe $375.

This went on for a while, and then Lupe objected, with the result that she was almost forbidden to appear on the screen at all. Worse still, in a way, United Artists was offering her a contract at $1,000 a week, of which she would have to give up $250.

A legal fight was started, and Lupe tried to prove she was a minor when the agreement with Woodyard was made. Confusing birth records were cited, and it looked like a deadlock, so Lupe finally ended up by settling for twenty grand. And that was plenty!

Lupe is said to have blasted agents verbally for a year. Her griefs were augmented when she had to pay some one 10 per cent for negotiating her United Artists contract, and she was later sued for a 5-per-cent commission by her press agent. Maybe there is a reason, therefore, why Miss Velez is peppy at times. It will be remembered that her famous squabble with Jetta Goudal occurred just about then. One thing leads to another.

One thing did lead to another in Fay Wray's conflict with a 25-per-center who claimed to be responsible for her success in films. In court one day Erich von Stroheim, who testified for Fay, all but had a fight with an opposing attorney, because he felt that he had been insulted by the latter's method of questioning.

Of course, this was somewhat beside the point in the suit. Miss Wray fought it out with Edna Schley, the agent, and won. She was luckier than Lupe, because she brought in the minority angle to rather good effect, and stressed the fact that she was immature and inexperienced when the contract had been signed. She also made the assertion—not an unfamiliar one when actors get into these fixes—that Miss Schley had really had very little to do with her success.

As the court decided the whole affair in her favor, Fay was fully justified in her contentions. There are, of course, instances where players have been ungrateful, and passed up the people who helped them in their early struggles.

Often, too, when they enter into agreements with agents players forget to figure what may happen a few years afterward. They do not foresee that increases in their salaries will make the original moderate percentage rather onerous to bear. A $5,000 a week salary means a commission of $500 a week at the regular 10-per-cent rate. When the ante is raised to 25 per cent, that is something else again.

Olive Borden, for one, was able to get an adjustment of a high commission that she paid at one time. She signed with an agent at 25 per cent, but after her Fox contract had lasted for a while, she found the going at that rate heavy. She managed to have it reduced to 15 per cent. That helped some, for a young girl in the movies has to have money for clothes, cars, and manicures.

Sue Carol's, of course, was a very odd case, for it seemed to be a wholly unprecedented affair on both sides. Douglas MacLean, who had her under contract, was not really an agent.

He had met Miss Carol socially, and felt that she might have a future in pictures.
Tests were so favorable that he signed her up for five years, little imagining at the time, perhaps, that the contract would soon be worth much more money than he was paying. MacLean began lending his player, and the revenue was astonishing. She had turned into a sort of gold mine. His contract started off at $150 a week, and ran up to about $500, but Sue was clicking it off at the rate of $1,000 or so, before any one could realize it.

Perhaps if MacLean had been more inclined to stay close on the trail in true agent fashion, he might have been growing wealthy, because of her talents, even yet. But, a couple of years ago, Sue claimed nonreceipt of an important telegram that would continue to bind her, and has been free as the wind ever since.

She was acutely aware of her value, even before the court's decision liberated her. She tried to buy her way out of her sermon, if you want to call it that. It should be mentioned that MacLean asserted that he spent $15,000 to $20,000 in furthering Miss Carol's career.

Minor arguments with agents don't mean much. There are plenty of them. Betty Compson is an expert in obtaining her rights, even to the matter of $1,000 or so. Betty saved $1,100 on one battle by settling out of court for $400, though shortly before that she lost a suit for a $1,500 commission on the sale of films.

Gary Cooper also believes that money saved is money earned. A 5-per-cent commission, he once felt, was enough to argue over, if he didn't believe it was right.

Amusing things happen once in a while in connection with the summary settling of these disputes. Not long ago, Pola Negri had all her jewels taken away from her while on a friendly visit to Berlin, because an agent had a claim against her. Pola stormed, and finally got the jewels back.

Fifi Dorsay had a disconcerting experience, when a process server for an agent chose her appearance in a Brooklyn theater as the occasion to hand her a paper telling her to be in court on such-and-such a day.

Fifi was in the middle of her act on the stage. She thought the paper was handed to her as some sort of gag. Did she hit the ceiling when she saw what it really was? Well, I wonder.

To what extreme lengths a contract holder will go to keep a star to an agreement, either actual or implied, was strikingly illustrated in the prolonged suit of Charles Duell against Lillian Gish. This dragged through the New York and Los Angeles courts for three years.

Duell asked $5,000,000 for alleged breach of contract. Lillian won, but if she had lost she probably would have spent all her remaining days in the poorhouse. Duell, you may remember, was the producer of Miss Gish's "The White Sister" and "Romola." The suit was one of the most bitterly contested and sensational in all film history, though a losing one for Duell, virtually from the beginning.

One of the few other suits that ever compared with it for duration was that of Cora M. Wilkenning, an agent, against Mary Pickford, brought over the negotiating of Mary's Famous Players contract in 1916. This lasted for five or six years. As I remember it, Mary won most, if not all, of the points.

Such an action has, I believe, recently been started against the Duncan Sisters, covering about four or five years of their stage and screen appearances, and involving $250,000. Generally speaking, the players seem to be the victors in most of these legal conflicts.

Perhaps their method of approach to the courts is more appealing than that of the agents. Anyway, contracts are the hunk, according to the Hollywood viewpoint, most of the time.

Monte Blue, for instance, has been fighting his way along ever since he entered the movies, taking the bitter with the sweet. Monte was off the screen for nearly a year, but during all that time no one attempted to sell his services to the studios. Finally when Columbia wanted him for "The Flood," they telephoned his home, and after a brief discussion he came right over.

The companies themselves rather like this way of doing business, for it enables them to deal with the actor directly. It isn't, on the other hand, such a good thing for the...
By Malcolm H. Oettinger

TALES from

Though you are told that Hollywood is a nine o'clock town, enough happens before curfew time to bring forth anecdotes galore. And a favorite author here offers some that appeal to his well-known sense of ironic humor.

WHENEVER any one sets out to be honest about Hollywood, he soon finds himself weaving a crazy quilt so brightly hued as to seem fantastic. These apocryphal notes, however, are based on anecdotes that have been carefully traced to their sources and verified. So much for veracity.

So many colored myths, so many fabrications, elaborate and grotesque, so much mimeographed matter emanates regularly from Hollywood that it is nothing less than a kind act to record notes from Wonderland sticking to the truth, however naked.

Stardom has done nothing to tame one young actress famed for her magnetism, celebrated for her charms, notorious for her ability to front-page her various misadventures. She has been consistently careless ever since those early days when she was "discovered" and apprenticed to the camera.

When the company was on location in Virginia for a month making a picture in which she was the pride and joy of an old Southern family, she would disappear with a likely-looking backwoodsman, or a friendly freight hand, or a strong man from a passing circus. Her favors were distributed with a prodigal hand; her friends were legion.

The company tolerated her little excursions and her idiosyncrasies, because she was rapidly showing the stuff that stars are made of, according to the immutable lights of the box office.

After her third picture had swept the country, the demands of the exhibitors became so insistent and glamorous that it was decided to star the strenuous young scapegrace.

A wire called her from the Coast to the main office in New York. A contract, new and generous, awaited her.

"We're going to star you," said the head of the company, smiling behind the impressive mahogany desk with the glass top. "We're going to star you even though you have been a bad girl. You've broken lots of rules, caused untold expense, but we're willing to forget all that if you'll behave in the future.

"Remember that as a star you must always maintain your dignity. You are a person of standing, and you must live up to it. You must keep the respect of the public and of your fellow workers, as well.

"So I warn you, as a star, you'll have to cut out tramps, deck hands, scene-shifters, and acrobats. As a star you'll have to show real class. Take my advice, kid, and stick to actors and directors."

One producer has inspired so many legends that he may be said to symbolize all Hollywood producers.

We need not consider his early days in the tailoring trade, those days that caused him to interrupt a British statesman who was expounding to him the possibilities of the cinema for world peace, long enough to finger his cutaway and say, "Pfui! What a rotten buttonhole!"

We may pass over the occasion of his quizzing a new employee, learning that he was a Harvard man, and
then demanding magnificently, "Well, say me a big woid!"

Indeed we may omit mention of his suggestion that one of his theaters economize by cutting the symphony orchestra in half and having the remaining musicians play twice as loud.

Just before starting plans for a new picture this producer called his staff of supervisors, technicians, authors, directors, and comptrollers into conference. A conference is a room full of cigar smoke and golf scores and men whose office doors are lettered with their names, or the names they have selected.

The last film had been a prodigious success. There was no doubt about that. Now something more stupendous must be made to top it, the producer explained, lavishly illustrating his ambitions with extravagant gestures. The forthcoming feature must be titanic, colossal, gigantic—well, what did the boys suggest?

After many minutes of cigar-chewing and brow-furrowing, which is something of an art in Hollywood, a bright young man said. "I have an idea, chief. Give me your reaction to this: we’ll announce this coming picture as an epic!"

The chief withered him with a glance of fine disdain. "Nope," he decided with an air of finality. "It’s gotta be much bigger’n that. Our last was an epic."

At one of the Mayfair dances he was attentive to a slim blonde whose husband was a director, and before that a bouncer in a water-front saloon.

As the evening wore on the flirtation came to the attention of the husband, who was properly indignant. He followed the actor out of the ballroom during an intermission. Idle curiosity impelled a small group to see what would happen.

They could hear the director’s voice raised in anger, for all the world as though he were directing a big scene. They heard protestations from the actor: then a loud smack and the thud of a falling body. Had the screen hero knocked out the director?

Rushing into the washroom they came upon a tableau. The director was standing over his victim who lay on the tile floor, his right arm awkwardly shielding his handsome head.

"Don’t hit me in the face," he was pleading. "Please don’t hit me in the face. My new picture starts tomorrow."

Practical joking has been elevated to an art in the film colony, as it is sometimes called. From the lowliest assistant to the grandest producer-star, the gag is glorified. In Hollywood, April 1st comes every day in the year. Playboys are not only tolerated: they are encouraged.

One bouncing actor, who has achieved something not unlike international celebrity, prides himself upon the gallery of surprises that awaits the unsuspecting guest in his home.

A large inviting lounge chair proves to be grapevine with electrical wires that shock the sitter in no uncertain manner; a water tumbler leaks unexpectedly, sprinkling Continued on page 106
Socked—But SMILING

A star no longer, but just a featured member of the cast, Adolphe Menjou explains why he considers that he's in a better spot now than ever before.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

This Menjou knows his movies. He has an admirable sense of picture values. Not just an actor's sense, but a comprehension of every element in the cause, aim, and effect of picture-making. His perspective has been evolved by combining personal intent with audience reaction, an accomplishment much rarer than you would think.

"I like good pictures," he said, agreeing with me that if producers went into a huddle and made nothing but intelligent movies for six months, at the end of that time the public would no longer accept tripe. "One of the difficulties producers have created for themselves is the rule that every picture, to be successful, must please all people. And that, if it continues, will be the eventual death of the movies."

"There is an audience for every type of picture, but there is not one type of picture for all audiences. When you try to devise such a monstrosity by injecting a few ingredients from every type of story, the result is bound to be a rotten picture."

"An author—a good one, I mean—writes solely for his particular audience, the audience created by his first work, which reached kindred souls who understood and sympathized with his ideas. The movies, of course, cannot be judged by purely artistic standards, being a mongrel medium that is three quarters economics. But there are enough artistic elements in them to make artistic improvement possible—and make it pay, too."

"If you're going to make a good picture, you must do it uncompromisingly for its specific audience. Proceed from that base, a blood-and-thunder 'meller' intended for adolescents can be just as intelligently conceived and well executed as purely adult fare."

Menjou, who practices his preachments, has attracted as definite an audience as any star. His appeal is wholly to the sophisticate, the intelligent metropolitan.

"When I was with Paramount they were disturbed because my pictures, although they did big business in the cities, did not draw in the sticks. Well, good Lord, I had no intention of playing to the sticks. I was selecting plays by Lonsdale, Savoir, Schnitzler as vehicles. A certain brand of comedy is my forte. Had I tried to..."

Continued on page 110
CHOSEN to play Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali, is it any wonder that Hollywood looks curiously at Marian Marsh, asking if this splendid opportunity is the forerunner of a brilliant career? Once known in films as Marilyn Morgan, she attracted no attention; but after three years' study of dramatics, singing and dancing, she emerges with a new name to capture one of the big chances of the year. When one is eighteen, with a foot poised on the ladder of fame, the world is just a rosy cloud. Let's hope that Marian will mount higher and higher into the empyrean.
By Samuel Richard Mook

The

In squads, battalions, and regiments came among the elect of Hollywood. A few have fighting to win favor, and many have ignored—the first of a series—cites

Well, maybe so. The movies had their crowded hour—maybe it was a crowded year or two—but they didn't seem to care much for it. Neither did the public.

With the coming of the talkies there was the now well-known influx of stage talent which completely submerged the stars and featured players whose names formerly graced the billboards. A native film player was harder to find in a cast—almost—than the proverbial needle in the haystack.

When the smoke of battle cleared away and it was possible to sift the wheat from the chaff, the performances turned in by, and the impressions made by, the stage players make interesting reading.

Age, size, weight, height, and coloring made no difference. All that they needed was one performance on the stage and they were bound to be better than any talent the movies themselves had developed. One performance on a New York stage and presto! When they reached Hollywood they had become a Broadway star.

Among the recruits, a few have clicked in a big way. Ruth Chatterton has scored the biggest individual success. About washed up on the legitimate stage, she was living more or less idly in Los Angeles, in order to

be with her husband, Ralph Forbes, when Emil Jannings insisted that she be signed for “Sins of the Fathers.” It was a silent film, but her work was outstanding.

When the talkies arrived directly afterward, she was among the first signed up. Her films include “The Doctor’s Secret,” “The Dummy,” “Madam X,” “Charming Sinners,” “The Laughing Lady,” “Sarah and Son,” “Paramount on Parade,” “A Lady of Scandal,” “Anybody’s Woman,” and “The Right to Love.”

Maurice Chevalier probably comes second on the list of stage hits. His first picture, “Innocents of Paris,” was very badly received by the press, but the Chevalier personality was received by the public with acclaim and gusto. Succeeding pictures, “The Love Parade,” “Paramount on Parade,” “The Big Pond,” and “Playboy of Paris” have established him more solidly.

At the moment there is more fan interest in Robert Montgomery than any other actor—star or otherwise. His films have been one long string of successes. “So
Crowded Hour

stage players hoping to take their place achieved a spot in the sun, others are still miniously returned to Broadway. This article their triumphs, struggles, and failures.


Ann Harding started with “Paris Bound,” a sophisticated comedy which failed to impress the public to any extent. It was followed by “Her Private Affair”—hopeless drivel—and she was lent to First National for “Girl of the Golden West.” Although she herself received very good notices, the picture was roundly panned, and her screen career seemed doomed.

But Samuel Goldwyn saw her, and liked her, and borrowed her for “Condemned,” opposite Ronald Colman. She took a new lease on life and clinched her position with the sensationally successful “Holiday.” Her next will be a modernized version of “East Lynne” for Fox, to be followed by “Rebound” at her own studio—Pathé.


There was a bad let-down in his career after “The Marriage Playground,” but starting with “Manslaughter” fan interest revived, and rumor is that he will shortly be starred.

Kay Francis comes next and looks set for a long time to come. She established herself as a vamp of the first magnitude with her screen début in “Dangerous Curves.”

Succeding appearances have been in “Illusion,” “A Notorious Affair,” “Behind the Make-up,” “Gentlemen of the Press,” “Raffles”—in which she blossomed forth as a straight leading lady—“The Marriage Playground,” “Let’s Go Native,” “Paramount on Parade,” “Street of Chance,” “The Passion Flower,” “For the Defense,” “Ladies’ Man,” “The Virtuous Sin,” “Unfit to Print,” and “Buy Your Woman.”

Chester Morris probably scored the most sensational success of them all when the talkies first came in. His performance in “Alibi” was an outstanding triumph for him and for a time he was the most sought man in pictures.

He played in “Fast Life,” “The Case of Sergeant Grischa,”

His career, too, suffered a let-down just before "The Big House," and his following deserted him to an extent. His latest, after a long absence from the screen, is "The Bat Whispers." A few more like it and it will be "Chester breathes his last."

The surprising part of these successes is that, with the exception of Chatterton, not one of them was a star or even a featured player on the stage.

Al Jolson is the boy who is credited with injecting the breath of life into the talkies with "The Jazz Singer." Opinion now is that any one with a name could have put the picture across on account of its being a novelty and the first talking-singing picture.

Be that as it may, it put Warner Brothers back on the map financially. Jolson followed it with the equally successful "Singing Fool" and the less successful "Mammy" and "Big Boy."

Nothing lasts, however, and even Mr. Jolson's vogue seems to be passing. For his last picture was withdrawn after a week at the New York Winter Garden—the same theater where his earlier pictures and Mr. Jolson, in person, used to pack 'em in night after night, month after month.

He signed with United Artists, who hoped that better vehicles would provide new screen life for Al. However, the fact that they have already paid him $500,000 in salary without ever having turned a crank on one of his pictures may dampen their enthusiasm.

His first picture for them was to have been "Sons o' Guns," but this has been indefinitely postponed. He is set to do a youthful comedy on the stage on a 50-50 basis, with a guarantee of $5,000 a week as against the $31,250 he is said to have been receiving each and every Saturday from United Artists.

A runner-up to these, who is batting 1,000 or close to it, is Claudette Colbert. She knocked the critics and fans for a loop in "The Lady Lies," and followed it with "The Big Pond," "Manslaughter," and "Sex in Business." Should have a tremendous following if they can get her to make enough pictures.

Marilyn Miller scored a smash hit in "Sally," and returned a year later to make "Sunny" now current. If the public like her well enough to swallow another musical, she probably will continue to make them at the rate of one a year.

Will Rogers is another who has landed much more solidly in talkies than he ever did in the silent films. "They Had to See Paris" was a box-office riot, followed by the slightly less successful "So This Is London." Now, in "Lightnin" he eclipses both previous efforts. His current vehicle is "A Connecticut Yankee" to be followed by an untitled story dealing with the fortunes of a country doctor.

Helen Twelvetrees was signed by Fox at the very outset of the talkies, when she was playing the feminine lead in "Elmer Gantry" on the stage. Her first picture was "The Ghost Talks," followed by "Blue Skies" and a bit in "Words and Music."

Released by Fox, she was just about to return to New York when Pathé signed her. She jumped into immediate favor with her first picture for them, "The Grand Parade," and has increased her popularity with each succeeding one—"Swing High," "Her Man," and "The Cat Creeps."
Unreleased pictures are "Beyond Victory," "The Painted Desert," and "Millie." She should be one of the really big box-office bets within the next year or two.


Iika Chase has succeeded in spite of studio executives, rather than because of them. They have lent her all over the place for any kind of "hit" another studio wanted to place her in. Notwithstanding this, she has created a definite following from her work in "Paris Bound," "Imagine My Embarrassment," "Once a Sinner," "The Florodora Girl," "Born Reckless," "Fast and Loose," and "Free Love."

A dressy comédienne and, in the vernacular, as pun- gent offscreen as she is on, if she ever gets a lead in a decent picture it's going to be too bad for some of our present stars.

Joe E. Brown came into pictures shortly before the talkies, but never aroused much interest until the screen found its voice. He came to the front in Warner's first all-color picture, "On With the Show," followed by "The Show of Shows." He was featured in subsequent films, "Hold Everything," "Top Speed," "Going Wild," "Sit Tight," "Maybe It's Love," and was lent to United Artists for "The Lottery Bride." It is rumored that his contract will not be renewed, partly on account of salary, and partly on account of musicals being on the wane. Regardless of that, he has been highly successful to date.

In the same category is Winnie Lightner, the plump singing-in-the-bathtub comédienne of "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Life of the Party," "She Couldn't Say No," "Hold Everything," "The Show of Shows," and "Sit Tight." She is going strong at the moment.

George Arliss won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' award for his work in "Disraeli," yet the picture has lost $30,000 to date. He also made "The Green Goddess" and "Old English" and is due to do "The Ruling Passion." Figure it out for yourself.

Some of the most consistent successes of the talkies have been those of character actresses who, in proportion to their fan appeal, have scored more heavily than almost any one else.

Beryl Mercer is undoubtedly one of the reasons we should be grateful for talking pictures for bringing her from the stage. She has been in "We Americans," "Three Live Ghosts," "Seven Days' Leave," "In Gay Madrid," "Common Clay," "The Matrimonial Bed," "Dumb-bells in Ermine," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Outward Bound," "Inspiration," "East Lynne," and "Bad Women."

Helen Ware is another character woman who has made good in a big way. Starring on the stage when most of us were in swaddling clothes, she made a big comeback in the talkies and has worked continuously in "The Virginian," "Halfway to Heaven," "One Night at Continued on page 98
THEY ROCKETED

By Madeline Glass

Jeanne Eagels went on to the bitter finish, regardless of the storms that tossed her craft. When foundering threatened, she tossed overboard all excess cargo—useless friends and admirers—and waited for the storm to subside. Turn back she would not.

Utterly different in every respect from the fierce Eagels is the lovely flower from Hollywood's own hot-house, Olive Borden.

When I first knew Olive, she was a highly decorative telephone operator who could put up as many wrong numbers to the square foot of multiple as any of us. It is not known whether Olive was ambitious for fame at that time, but it is an unquestioned fact that her mother was. Not for herself, of course, but for her only child.

Olive was half orphaned in infancy. There is no doubt but that her mother worked, and planned, and saved throughout the years of her rearing to give the child every advantage that their limited means could provide.

When she had grown to beautiful maturity, her hands delicately soft and lovely from having been spared all toil, her mother regarded her as a promising investment. Of course she loved the girl, not only because Olive was her daughter, but because Olive is a lovable person.

Having invested many years of work and all her hopes in her tractable offspring, Mrs. Borden set about to make the investment pay dividends. This may seem to have been a cold-blooded procedure, but it at least had the virtue of being honest and practical.

Olive's charm and beauty would have won her an adoring husband long ago, but Mrs. Borden had other plans, and suitors were emphatically discouraged. Strange but authentic stories are told of Mrs. Borden's warlike attitude toward the swains who aspired to Olive's heart and hand.

"I worked and sacrificed to

Pola Negri brought home a prince instead of a contract, and now she has neither.
THE BOAT

In the race for cinema fame, the contestants often founder in a temperamental sea, or, finding the task too exacting, desert their career and swim back to a calm retreat. Sometimes they come back with renewed ambition and reach the goal.

give you every opportunity,” said she, in substance. “Now you cannot marry, or give up your career, until the rest of my life is provided for.”

So sturdy little Olive took the rap and started out to win financial independence for the two of them. The tranquil beginning of her voyage and the fierce gales that later all but sunk her craft are too well known to need repeating. The point of her story is that she returned to shore and, with her indomitable mother behind her, made a fresh start.

Olive’s return to the screen found her playing leads, instead of starring; and now she is touring in a stage play, “The Devil Is a Lady.” Her voice is charming, she has acquired poise and polish, and her best histrionic years are before her.

In the case of Miss Borden, her voyage to success was ruined by endeavoring to make the trip in months instead of years.

There are many other reasons why promising careers go askew.

Take the case of Norman Kerry, born Norman Hussey Kaiser, scion of a wealthy silk manufacturer. If ever an actor dissipated his talents and trampled his opportunities under foot this man did.

Kerry had genuine histrionic ability and the handsomest physique west of his native Rochester. When the fearfully precise Erich von Stroheim wanted an actor to portray the fascinating Count von Hohenegg, in “Merry-Go-Round,” he sent for Kerry, who was then visiting in Budapest.

I shall always regard that performance as the most romantic military characterization ever filmed, and I never hear the hauntingly beautiful “Caprice Viennoise” but there flashes to mind a picture of the dashing lieutenant paying court to the naïve and wistful organ grinder. The rôle elevated Kerry to stardom, but frivolous society and an unquenchable thirst soon lost it for him. For several years after being let out by Universal, he played unimportant leading rôles, and of late months had done nothing at all until engaged for a secondary rôle in “Dis-honored.”

Instead of making an effort to cultivate his voice and reinstate himself in his profession, he seemed content to fritter away the time in an endless round of pleasures. That the elastic military tread that once distinguished him has gradually altered is distressing to one who expected him to become a leading star.

Recently Von Stroheim conferred with the official heads at Universal about refilming “Merry-Go-Round,” with Kerry in his original rôle. It looked for a brief while as if the great chance to redeem himself had come. Kerry is no older than many of our most successful male stars; this rôle would have brought his foundering boat safely into port.

However, the deal fell through, and
They Rocked the Boot

in the end Universal bought Von's colorful romance as a vehicle for their singing star, John Boles. I don't know how the blithe Kerry feels about it, but the thought of Boles singing this unseizable rôle is too, too much for me.

Needless to say, unless a miracle happens, the career of Norman Kerry is at an end.

We hear a great deal about the stars' efforts to be humble. Unfortunately, they don't always practice what they preach. An overgrown ego has weighed down many a film craft. Even the estimable and highly intelligen... Swanson all but wrecked her career by permitting her conceit to run rampant.

A few years ago, when at the height of her career, Miss Swanson swept into Hollywood with her new marquis husband on her arm. She was at the moment the screen's most talked of woman.

Hence as it sounded, the marquis had married into the nobility. Her popularity was ace-high with the movie public, and hoi polloi was as noisily enthusiastic as if the marriage had been a personal affair.

"Gloria Swanson is crossing the continent to attend the première of 'Madame Sans-Gêne,'" shrieked the billboards. Yeah, and thousands of frantic, wild-eyed fans were there to see Gloria and her marquis enter and leave. It was almost necessary to call out the militia to help control the crowd.

That night marked Gloria's great moment; she hasn't since known one to compare with it.

"Madame Sans-Gêne" was a rather ordinary picture, though no production ever had so much free advertising. Swanson's marriage, her serious illness, her return to America with the marquis, the première of her foreign-made picture, all combined to keep the presses hot and the fans in a state of flutter for weeks.

And when the première was over and the casualties attended to, the queen of the movies set out to show her marquis the sights. He saw plenty!

It later developed that his title was not as important in France as it sounded, but Hollywooders accorded him the honors due the only title that had married into their midst.

If to the discriminating his nimbus of secondhand glory was unbecoming, the opinion was lost in the general acclaim. No prize Pomeranian was ever displayed with more pride by its mistress than was the marquis.

But being only human, he grew tired of the runaround. While at lunch on with Gloria in a popular restaurant a friend of hers approached the table for a few elegant words. The marquis remained seated.

When the lady had passed on, Gloria turned on her noble spouse.

"Why didn't you stand?" she demanded.

"I'm tired of bobbing up and down," said he in a none too noble tone.

Paramount offered Swanson a staggering salary to remain with the organization. She scornfully refused it. Gloria apparently felt that she was worth several million on the hoof. Throwing caution to the winds, she set out for New York to produce her own pictures.

And, being a member of royalty, she who had once worked in horseplay comedies lived in royal style. Remember those private hotel elevators and all that sort of thing?

Well, you know the result of her undertaking. Her fortune disappeared and for several years little came in to replace it. Her fall was almost as spectacular, though not nearly so thrilling, as her rise. When the marquis saw her craft sinking, he left her to bail it out by herself, while he hailed a passing liner and sailed comfortably to shore.

Gloria Swanson has put up a game fight to regain her lost prestige and rectify her mistakes. There is every indication that she will again touch the heights of fame. Metro-Goldwyn is negotiating with her, and if she signs with that company, it is rumored that she will get the coveted "Merry Widow" rôle.

I believe that Gloria has more to give the screen than any actress on the M.-G.-M. lot at the present time.

And there was the great Pola, star among stars. Miss Negri married a prince, thereby topping the Swanson triumph by several notches. Pola and her ex-husband were what Robert Ingersoll might have called "crowned mediocrity and uncrowned genius."

Unhappily, Pola's genius never flared thereafter. Negri was too busy being a great beauty and a social belle to give proper thought to her career. The star who burst upon us with the grandeur of the aurora borealis left in almost total eclipse.

Pola's voice is fascinating, and it is a thousand pities that her artistic demise in America should have occurred before she had an opportunity to demonstrate her vocal individuality before the microphone. Perhaps that would have been her salvation. Why doesn't some producer give her another chance? Now that she has lost her prince, can't some one induce Negri to return?

The career of the beloved Valentino was foundering in seas of uninspired stories and sensational publicity at the time of his internationally mourned death. One wonders what course his craft would have followed had he lived. And what a sensation his talkie début would have been!

Since the world was deprived of hearing his voice, I understand a phonograph record which he made shortly before his death, to be given only to friends, has been released to the public, which is a paltry Continued on page 112
June MacCloy

SOME say her voice is contralto, others contend that it is baritone, and one group describes it as body-and-soul warbling. Be that as it may, June MacCloy's is a voice you can't forget. Ask any one who's heard it in "Reaching For the Moon."

She was born in Sturgis, Michigan, went to the University of Michigan and by easy stages matriculated into the "Scandals," whence she progressed to a night club and discovery by the movies.

Her next films? Of course you want to know "Night Life" and "Manhattan Musketeers."
The latest edition to the wisecracking sisterhood of the screen, Joan Blondell, adds a new note to the worldly observations that flippily fall from their lips. You will hear it—the note—in "The Devil Was Sick."
THROUGH Seven TALENTS

Elissa Landi, a newcomer, is found to be one of the most striking personalities in Hollywood, with a strange beauty enhanced by her many-sided outlook on life. Novelist, dancer, linguist, actress—all lead to a deeper understanding of life—and love.

By Romney Scott

Titian hair, green eyes slanting upward at the outer corners, and a pale face set into vividness by a beauty that is not beautiful, but a certain strangeness, being, after all, what real beauty is. With this strange appearance goes a slender, sinuous body.

Possessing this strangeness, Elissa Landi suggests anything from a medieval sorceress to Rossetti's Blessed Damozel "leaning out from the golden bar of heaven." Many other comparisons come to mind, but let these two suffice for the present. Only bear in thought that Landi's personality is extreme.

I can't recall any other player on the screen, or anywhere else, who has such a diversity of true expression. In a projection room at the Fox studio, where she is under contract, I saw a test of her. If Elissa is not a sensation, I swear to make no more prophetic utterances.

The girl can act like nobody's business. She has depth. Every emotion in the calendar flashes before your eyes. And there is no "instinctive acting" in her work.

"Instinct," she says, "is often false. If a person had never felt a certain emotion, his instinct would be of little value until he had experienced the sensation that emotion caused. To arouse memory is the greatest achievement in acting."

But, one asks, how get in contact with those memories? And thus we come to the crux of the Landi saga.

Disclaiming originality in the statement, she says the human mind is like unto a vast house, with many rooms of talents. "Each person is naturally the owner of his own mind." Elissa reasonably pointed out to me across a lunch table à deux.

"Once a certain room is entered, he sees what's inside it. Not only that, but a never-ending passage of memories lies in each room. And the memories are discovered only when the owner enters and stirs some talent, some subject for learning.

"I mean any talent you possess opens its own particular room in your mind, arousing memories of other things connected with that talent."

And now you will hear which particular rooms in her mind La Landi has entered, and how their contents assist her, so that you, too, may benefit therefrom.
Through Seven Talents

She says she was born in Venice, Italy, but is not Italian. She was brought up in England, yet she is not particularly English. Her slanting green eyes suggest the Slav. I'd take her for Polish. I may, of course, be wrong.

As a child of five, she ran away from home and told the surprised principal of a school that she wanted to learn to write. This urge came from the fact that Elissa spent much of her time inventing stories, and relating them to her brother two years her senior, and, at that time, her only public.

“Our nurse used to read many of the Norse sagas to us.” Miss Landi explained, her green eyes glinting, her auburn hair standing almost on end, causing her to resemble a Valkyria herself. “I had to learn to write stories of my own. It seemed I had so much to tell people.”

The infant authoress Landi soon learned to write, and Heaven knows what wild tales sprang from her awakening mind. It did not go to waste, for to-day Elissa is a writer, as well as other pleasant things.

Two of her books, “Nelson” and “The Helmers,” have been published in England. She is now working on her third novel.

Dancing was the next urge in la Landi to find expression. She spent several years studying the Russian ballet. This was also good, for her movements are full of grace and harmony.

As a linguist she rates well, speaking French, German, and Italian, as well as English. She is a competent musician—a pianist of no small merit. Also she sings.

“It was really to continue my writing that I went on the stage,” Elissa related, with no sign of regret. “I wanted to learn to play writing and thought the easiest way would be to get right in the midst of acting.”

She began in an English repertory company in Oxford. Without doubt, Elissa showed her worth. After playing various minor roles, she was eventually given a lead in “Storm,” a London production. Later she played in “The Constant Nymph.”

Then came pictures. For two years she played in silent films in England and France. In the early part of last year she appeared with Adolphe Menjou in a French talkie made in Paris.

A representative of Al Woods, the New York producer, met Miss Landi in London and invited her to play in the New York production of “A Farewell to Arms.” The play was no sensation—but Elissa Landi was.

At least, several film companies sought her signature to a contract. Fox won out, and Landi arrived in Hollywood last October. Her first American talkie is with Charles Farrell, in “Body and Soul.”

Whatever changes occur in Hollywood picture-making, they will not affect Elissa. Having entered seven rooms of her mind, she has a keen understanding of people and events.

“I think every action in life is regarded in terms of whatever talent is uppermost in one,” Elissa mentioned, glancing around the restaurant like la belle dame sans merci. “A musician would regard this entire room in terms of music—the clatter of the plates, the chitter-chatter of voices, the rattle of knife and forks, the clink of glasses. All these sounds would evolve a melody or some impressionistic piece of music in his mind.”

“And how do you see this place?” asked I, essaying to look as profound as she.

“Right now,” replied Landi without a pause, “I keep seeing things in terms of scenarios. You know, close-up of girl sitting down at table. She takes a drink. Looks at menu, et cetera.

“A dancer would notice everything in terms of dancing. In her mind she’d form a ballet of a person entering the restaurant and eating lunch. Every movement, each gesture, would be seen in the form of an interpretive dance.”

“And what would a writer do?” I asked, knowing whereof I spoke.

“A writer,” replied Elissa, knowing better than I, “would look for characteristics. He’d search for motives, or anything hinting at situations. He’d ask himself the eternal ‘Why?’ That person over there who has just sat down is drawing his hand across his forehead. It may be only a careless gesture, but to the writer it would mean the effect of some cause.”

“I recall meeting a man who made shoes and boots. He told me the first thing he noticed about any one he met was his footwear. He said he could sum up the individual merely by looking at his shoes.”

“So a writer should be able to judge another person by regarding his characteristics. He can tell almost instantly whether that person is posing or being natural.”

“How? Also, why?”

“Because,” went on la Landi with steady mien, “a writer constantly creates. He has opened the storehouse of memories in that particular room in his mind dedicated especially to seeing and relating events. It gives him a certain intuition—almost a second sight.

“That is why I say every one should foster as many talents as possible. You cannot expect to be a genius in each one, though you may be gifted in several. The chief thing is to arouse the dormant talents—to explore as many rooms in our mind as we possibly can. It is surprising what a lot of things we learn incidentally when we study only one subject.

“I have a belief that all the many rooms in our mind lead to one immense hall. In other words, all the talents that we develop are, after all, only effects leading back to one cause. But this cause is too far away, too vague, for the average individual to find at the outset. The farther you delve, the more branches you meet, and the deeper you seem to go.”

I have already remarked that the strange thing about Elissa Landi is her many-sided, contrasting personality. There is no pose about her. She does not allude to her “art.” She regards her own talents as effects. She prefers to seek causes, rather than to bask in the glamour of results.

Continued on page 107
LINGUIST, novelist, continental and vividly arresting—she's Elissa Landi, who comes from the stage to take her place in Hollywood. Red hair, green eyes, and an inner fire add to her striking individuality and—but learn to know her better in the story, opposite.
WHATSOEVER you do, don't call her Marleen. It's Marlain-ah, accent on the second syllable, and why add that the last name is Dietrich? She's in Berlin now, pondering on her ease in capturing the American public, but she'll be back soon.
WHAT'S all the hullabaloo about the waste of Richard Arlen on Western films? They're financially successful, else they wouldn't be made, and Dick's performance is always ne plus ultra. You don't hear him complaining. Time enough for dress-coat drama later.
THROUGH storms and upheavals Richard Barthelmess sails serenely on, neither happier nor more dissatisfied with life than ordinary mortals, and at least buoyed up by the knowledge that he is a success in the work he has chosen for himself.
JOAN CRAWFORD chose to be no meteor in the cinematic sky—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Instead, by dint of hard work she has achieved the greater brilliance of a star fixed in the heavens, bright, twinkling, looked up to by worshipers below.
WHEN Joan Bennett was a little girl and her elder sisters took her candy away from her, she met the catastrophe with quiet resignation. That same gentleness and reserve persist to this day, showing on the screen as it does in real life.
IF Catherine Dale Owen acted like a barkeeper's daughter she would be more popular," writes an indignant fan. But we say no, a lady bred in old Kentucky couldn't so far forget herself. Aw, let her remain willowy, aristocratic in "Private Secretary."
LOIS MORAN is the only pilgrim from Hollywood to make the grade on the Broadway stage this year, though several have tried and failed. Meet once more this remarkable girl, admired by all, in the article on the opposite page.
BROADWAY BABY

On vacation from the studio, Lois Moran calmly steps into a stage hit and sees her name go up in electrics on the "Great White Way," while other stars attempt in vain to make the grade. Is it luck that sets Lois apart, or what?

At the moment, Lois Moran is enjoying a peculiar distinction. Miss Moran, of Hollywood, is returning the visit of the New York stage folk. She wasn't alone at first—several screen players dropped in to leave their cards, but blasé Broadway has been at home only to Miss Moran thus far.

Lois is ensconced as star of a stage hit that looks as if it might run on for months and months, and thus she may claim the distinction of being the only movie player to come from Hollywood and make good on Broadway this year.

About a year ago when the stage folk were trekking to Hollywood, many complained of the movie colony's cold shoulder. Now the tables are turned. A number of ex-movie stars are trying the stage. Some, including Lya de Putti and Basil Rathbone, have come to town for brief runs of three or four weeks.

Others, including Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, are touring the hitherland, still trying out their piece which is not yet deemed in finished form for Broadway. But Lois alone has made the grade.

I asked her how she had done it.

Let a word of explanation be added here that Lois's case is somewhat different from the others. She is not without a movie contract. On the contrary, she must report back to Hollywood some time this spring for pictures.

Fox didn't have a good story handy, and Lois wasn't satisfied with her last few stories, so, while she was on vacation, she decided to do a play. And that's how it came about. But the main question is, how had she succeeded where so many others had failed? One afternoon in her apartment on Park Avenue we talked the matter over.

"I had had a little stage experience several years ago," Lois explained. "Right after making 'Stella Dallas,' I played in 'The Wisdom Tooth' on the road. And ever since then Lois Moran talks like a scholar and looks like a child, but the camera has never caught her true personality.

I've wanted to come to Broadway in a play, and this vacation from the studio seemed a good opportunity.

"But of one thing I wanted to beware. When a new star comes to Broadway in a blaze of glory, folks sit back and say 'Show me!' It's the performance and not the name that counts.

"Arthur Hopkins, the producer, and I tried a new method. We decided to bring the play into New York quietly with nobody in the cast featured, so it would stand or fall by its own merits as good entertainment, rather than by an actress's name and publicity. Then after the critics had seen it, and the public had indicated whether they might patronize it, that would be time enough to see about the billing."

While other stars were billing their plays, "Susie Star, in 'What Have You?' Lois's play was billed simply as "Arthur Hopkins presents 'This Is New York.'" Three weeks later, after she had proved her ability, Lois's name went up in lights. A very wise procedure—for a movie star's name means nothing to New York playgoers unless she can act.

"Stage and screen audiences are vastly different." Lois went on. "Screen fans go to see a favorite player. Stage audiences want a good play, and no matter how talented the star is, if the play is poor it is bound to fail. Why, even some of the best stage actresses have fussed occasionally. On the stage it is certainly true that 'the play's the thing!'

In conversation, Lois talks like a streak of lightning. Her words tumble over one another in her enthusiasm. She is exceptionally intelligent; she talks like a scholar and looks like a child in her simple, girlish clothes.

In fact, Lois's personality is a paradox. She is as different on the screen and off as it is possible for a person to be. She has a brilliant mind, but her screen roles are gag-ga.

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OVER the

Fanny the Fan swears off prophecies, but can’t resist jumping to conclusions as she discusses recent events in filmdom.

Fanny’s hat was slightly askew, but it didn’t seem just the right moment to mention it. Anyway, since seeing “The Royal Family of Broadway” one realizes that you never can tell about hats. Maybe they are supposed to perch rakishly at a near-falling-off angle. Maybe the last word in chic is to look as if you just came from a fancy-dress ball a little the worse for wear.

“I always thought Joan Crawford was an intelligent girl,” Fanny remarked breezily, “but now I know that she suffers from the most exaggerated case of modesty, or else she isn’t quite bright. Imagine her going over to the Capitol Theater to make a personal appearance and sitting in the audience!”

“Maybe she wanted to see the picture,” I suggested, quite reasonably, it seemed to me.

“Maybe she did, but she should have realized that the moment the lights went up the whole audience would descend on her. To make the situation just as serious as possible, Joan sat in a box, and when several hundred people started rushing toward her, it looked as if the whole balcony were going to give way.

“It isn’t as if Joan were hard to recognize off the screen. She is unmistakable. Except for the fact that she looks unhealthy and seems to cultivate a morbid, sinister appearance, she looks exactly as she does on the screen.

“Oh, well, with the aid of young Douglas and a squad of ushers, she finally got out, even if somewhat the worse for wear.

“They say they will be glad to get back to Hollywood, even if it has been fun to see a lot of shows here. You see, out in Hollywood people know them pretty well and know they are crazy about each other and don’t keep badgering them all the time. Here there is always a flock of reporters on their trail determined to stir up some sort of trouble.

“If Douglas goes out alone to get a hair cut, the reporters want to know if they are separated; if Joan lunches with Douglas and some of his old friends, and leaves alone to go to a fitting, then the scandalmongers are sure there has been a row. But the best tempest was stirred up by their not going to the opening of ‘Reaching For the Moon.’ That was taken as evidence of ill feeling between the Fairbanks Seniors and Juniors. ‘And all it really meant,’ Joan told me distractedly, ‘was that we had already seen “Reaching For the Moon” three times!’

“I should say that a daughter-in-law’s devotion could go no further than that. Once is a little more than most people can bear,” I spoke up promptly.

NEW YORK is a crazy town when there are enough picture players visiting here.” Fanny announced with a sigh, as she dropped into the chair opposite me and promptly appropriated my sandwich.

“I wonder what becomes of all the people who cause near-riots at personal appearances when there are no stars around. I think they must go into training the rest of the time by riding in crowded subways and learning to use their elbows.”

![Estelle Brody, British film star, will do a play in New York before going to Hollywood.](Photo by Childsoph)

![Helen Twelvetrees is much more vivid on the screen than off.](Photo by Bachrach)
“Did it really seem as bad as that?” Fanny asked interestedly. “I’ve wondered. Of course, I saw it on the opening night, when there were a lot of interesting-looking people in the audience to look at when the picture got tiresome, so I didn’t really mind it. And there were some grand arguments in the lobby afterward. “Some thought that the novelty of seeing Bebe with blond hair was all that saved the picture. Some thought that Fairbanks in modern clothes was all right, if he would only keep the clothes on and not go running around in bathing trunks. Others thought that the Fairbanks exuberance was all that saved the picture.” Oh, well, at least every one agrees that it just gets by.” “Who was at the opening?” I asked, hoping to stem the tide of comments. After all, it isn’t the sort of picture that invites analysis. It would be a mildly pleasant refuge from a rainstorm at best. “It was a grand audience. Estelle Taylor was there in full splendor, looking just as fans want movie celebrities to look. Estelle’s coloring is so vivid, and she’s always so animated that crowds adore her. I hear she’s going on another vaudeville tour while she waits to see if ‘Cimarron’ revives her picture career.” “Carmel Myers was there, as was Nancy Carroll and Chauntele Colbert, and Estelle Brody and Sylvia Sidney and just loads of other people. “Carmel came East, intending to go on a vaudeville tour, but she had played just one half-week when she was called to the Coast to work in the Barrymore picture. And was she thrilled at the prospect of acting with Barrymore! “Nancy Carroll has gone off to Havana for a brief vacation. Edmund Goulding, her director, took one look at ‘Up Pops the Devil,’ the play Paramount had bought for her, and groaned. So now he’s writing one. You may remember that he gave her the best part of her career when he wrote ‘The Devil’s Holiday,’ so you can imagine how light-hearted Nancy was when she went away, leaving everything in his hands. “Sally Eilers has been visiting here for a few days,” Fanny went on breezily.

When “Cimarron” is shown Irene Dunne will have a host of friends out front.

Photo by Fryer

Loretta Young is the cameraman’s delight.

“Did you know that Ziegfeld is supposed to have said that she is one of the most beautiful girls in the world?” “No. And I still don’t think so.” I offered, but Fanny was in much too bland and pleasant a mood to be drawn into an argument. “She hurried back to start work on ‘Skylines’ for Fox. That’s the way it always happens. A free-lance player can sit around Hollywood for weeks without inspiring any one to give her a job, but just let her come to New York to have some fun and all the casting agents start clamoring for her. “I think Sally is one of the most attractive girls I’ve ever met,” Fanny went on, “but I wouldn’t call her beautiful.”

By the Bystander
And of course that gave rise to one of those endless and futile arguments about what beauty is, anyway. If you’re talking about perfect modeling and sheer perfection of feature, I’ll defend Loretta Young against all entries any time. But if you look on beauty as something including poise, and artistry, and magnetism, we’ll just have to let Fanny have the last word with Claudette Colbert. I defy any one to talk her down when she starts raving about Claudette.

"By the way," Fanny asked, "did you know that Claudette is Joan Crawford’s favorite star? She’s almost as maudlin about her as I am. So is Estelle Brody. And, incidentally, Miss Brody looks quite a bit like her."

"Whoever may she be?"

"Dear, dear," Fanny remonstrated, "and I’ve tried so hard to educate you. Don’t ever let an Englishman hear you say that you don’t know who Estelle Brody is. She is a musical-comedy favorite in London, and she’s been a star in British films for five years. Only one of them was shown over here, and it was not so good. It wasn’t her fault, I’m sure. It was made during the hybrid period when no one knew whether pictures would be heard or just seen, and, as the dialogue was put in after the picture was practically finished, the result was a little chaotic.

"She isn’t to make any films here until after she has done a stage play. Seems to feel that stage players have more prestige in our studios. I wonder if that’s true. After all, would Evelyn Laye have been starred in a film if she hadn’t been the toast of Broadway first?"

I looked at Fanny aghast. All last winter she was so enthusiastic over Evelyn Laye that every one else suffered by comparison. In fact, I distinctly recall that she recommended running excursion trains from Hollywood to bring all film actresses to see her performance in “Bitter Sweet.”

“What’s happened, anyway?” I asked.

“Nothing much,” Fanny assured me. “But please stop me if I ever get enthusiastic again over a picture before it’s made. Evelyn Laye was so exquisite on the stage that she was unearthly. But in her picture she is just a very graceful, but nevertheless staid and faded blonde. I don’t blame her for running off to London and not being here for the opening.

“And then to make matters worse, Lilian Tashman played a rowdy cabaret singer in the picture, and her characterization suffered, coming as it did on the heels of Marlene Dietrich’s enormous success in similar parts. I certainly never thought I’d live to see the day when Lilian’s characterizations wouldn’t seem low enough.

“And speaking of surprises, I’ve taken to haunting the President Theater where they show foreign-language films, and I’ve seen some acting. The German Anna Christie’ was glorious. Garbo played the title role just as she did in the American version, but the old man who played her father gave a performance that every actor should study.

“In The Trial of Mary Dugan,’ German version, Norma Shearer’s role is played by a girl named Nora Gregor and she makes Shearer look like the junior class in dramatics. She’s marvelous. I don’t understand a word of German, so the only German films I enjoy are the ones I have read as plays in English, but if Miss Gregor can’t speak any other language, I’ll start studying German right away.”
That’s what I call real devotion!
"Oh, I forgot to tell you what happened to Chevalier," Fanny chuckled. "He is a disillusioned man. After having droves of women hanging about the stage door just to get a look at him, he naturally thought he was quite a guy. And then he came over on the steamer last week with Primo Carnera, the prize fighter. Chevalier couldn’t stand up under the competition.
"Carnera was a better dancer, he was better looking, and he was better at deck games. The women on board ship brushed past Chevalier, unnoticed, in an effort to get a good look at Carnera."
"Yes, and I suppose Mary Pickford can go around town unnoticed, because all the celebrity hunters are looking for Tallulah Bankhead," I said skeptically.
"Hardly. After all, picture fans haven’t heard much about the glamorous Tallulah yet. The people who chancer for a glimpse of her are chiefly those who remember her here on the stage eight years ago.
"The night she arrived from London she went to the opening of a stage play, and I’m still wondering if any one saw the play. She looked lovely—oh, no, she didn’t. That doesn’t describe her at all." Fanny contradicted herself impatiently.
"There’s a hard, relentless quality about her that outlaws any soft words in describing her. If you can imagine vitriol being fascinating, you get a fair idea of what Miss Bankhead is like.
"Mary Pickford still needs a bodyguard whenever she goes out. She’s staying at the Sherry-Netherland and darting out on shopping trips now and then, but she can’t idle along looking at things as she pleases, for inevitably some one recognizes her and she has to make a bolt for her hotel.
"She’s been seeing a lot of plays, hoping to find one that she’d like to do in pictures, but this has been such a bad year in the theater that only comparatively few plays have been produced. And most of them haven’t been suitable for her. That is, if any one knows what is suitable for her.
"She took ‘Kiki’ up to Yonkers and ran it unannounced in a theater there. Of course, the expedition was shrouded in secrecy, so I didn’t get to see the picture. But I found some natives of Yonkers who did see it, and they said that ‘America’s Sweetheart’ was about as suited to play Kiki as dear old Mary Carr would be to play Mother Goddam’.
"Now about Tallulah," I remarked, hoping to bring her back to a subject that is more engaging to me, at least, "what sort of part is she to play in pictures?"

Estelle Taylor added a note of splendor to a recent opening.

"Oh, super-sophisticated stuff," Fanny passed it off lightly, in spite of censors. Hays, and points west.
"She ought to come naturally by a taste for comedy," I suggested, "since her father is a senator and Heflin is her uncle."
"Oh, but she’s not easily influenced," Fanny assured me. "Just imagine! She’s been living in England for eight years and hasn’t acquired even a trace of Oxford accent, whereas some actresses get one from just looking at a photograph of the Prince of Wales.
"It is sort of thrilling, isn’t it, to have the type of picture star change so completely? Only a few years ago all the leading women were sweet and girlish, and even Pola masked a heart of gold under her wicked exterior. Now look at them! The most popular girls on the screen are decidedly decadent in appearance, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, and Marlene

Continued on page 104.
A TTAINING a certain fame, the average movie actor reaps what he calls the fruits of success. Partaking of these fruits forms the many diversions that make Hollywood such a fascinating town, and causes its celluloid celebrities to be so—shall we say odd? With all the fruits of Hollywood to pick, Gary Cooper ignores them and goes his own way. "Give me liberty," he cries, and without waiting for any one to give it to him, takes it himself.

In his dressing room I noticed two photos over his desk. One was his mother's, the other Lupe Velez's. Between them hung a framed poem, "If." You recall the opening lines, "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs."

I asked Gary why he liked the Kipling rhyme. No doubt he knew; but he only grinned and, with lips still closed, emitted a chesty grunt. Later he said, "It comes nearest to saying what I try to follow."

In a town of head losers, Gary stands out as being one of the three or four rare exceptions. Thus it seems he has been able to live up to the rules of "If" quite successfully.

"It makes you wonder," Gary said to me not long ago, "if you don't invariably get your first wish after all."

Tall, reticent, able to keep his head in a dizzy town, Gary Cooper reminds the interviewer of a bit of Montana scenery. In fact, Gary is still close to earth in his views of Hollywood society and personal liberty.

He meant he has believed himself eager to realize various desires, only to pass them up when he could obtain them, and return to his first choice—liberty.

Though of English parentage, and born in Iowa, Gary Cooper is essentially of Montana, the State in which he was reared—the Rocky Mountain side, with its fertile valleys; also, one may add, in part of its undulating prairies. Such settings went toward stirring the artist in the young Cooper. I have never known Gary to allude to any scenic beauty without drawing with a finger nail or pencil diagram on a handy flat surface. He looks at scenes with the eyes of a painter. Starting at the horizon, he describes each object and effect up to the foreground. Or else he starts from the front and works back to the far distance.

As soon as a production is finished, Gary rushes off for a week or two in some lonely spot. So long as it is beautiful, that's all he cares. Occasionally a pal goes with him, and together they lead what is known as the rough-and-ready life.

Recently Gary took a brief trip over the Mexican border, to the small sea town of Ensenada. I have never been there, but seeing Gary's brief sketch made on his return on the arm of his chair, I gleaned a clear vision of the place.

These wanderlust trips to foreign towns explain the so-called silent personality of Mr. Cooper. He was brought up close to the earth, and simple pleasures appeal to him most. On the way home, he and his friends stopped at a Mexican cottage and ate lobsters caught that morning.

"We ate them out of the shell, without any thought of table manners," Explorer Cooper said. "It was the best lobster I've ever tasted." His slow smile appeared with fond recollection of the al fresco lobster orgy.

What is called Hollywood society among the gifted amuses him.

"When you get away from society, you find natural enjoyment. Of course I enjoy myself while lunching at the Embassy Club, or at other places here, but getting into the open gives me that free feeling."

I recall one young lady's letter in "What the Fans Think," stating that Gary Cooper puts on his silent pose "because he is too stupid to say anything."

Silent to a certain extent, Mr. Cooper may be; but I've never found his reticence boring. They say empty barrels make the greatest noise. And usually reticent people often possess a depth of understanding and wisdom. (I've often been told I'm too reticent myself!)

"There are many times," Gary has remarked to me, "when talk is superfluous. Long ago I discovered that talking for the sake of talk often places a person in a false position."
SIGHS

By Everett Blagden

As a boy, Gary roamed over the Montana countryside, up hill, down dale, and across plain.

"When I was a youngster," he says, "I felt I belonged to the earth; that it was part of me." That's not a dumb remark. When he does make some comment, it is never inane.

For instance, take Montana. In case you've lost your Spanish it means mountain. The Indians, in case you've lost your geography, called it the "Treasure State." The climate is all it should be. Its agriculture is abundant. As for its live stock and minerals—well, go there and prove my words.

Montana is a silent piece of earth. Yet, children, is it not full of hidden treasures? I don't say Gary is full of hidden wealth. I merely try to point out that silent people often possess more than the talkative individual.

Before this turns into a defense of Gary Cooper's silence, let me add that, staring at him, you think of a pine tree. Laugh that off, but it is not far wrong.

The day before leaving for school in England, the Cooper lad rode away to be alone for a while. On an elevation, he flung himself down under a tall pine tree. He clung to the earth, digging his fingers into the soil.

The Indians had told him that each pine tree has a spirit of its own. If you got close to the earth you learned all of nature's secrets. Needless to add, you could gain your every desire.

"I don't know what I really wanted at that age," Gary confessed. "I know I didn't want to go away. So I wished I'd return very soon."

As if by magic, Gary did return very shortly. School in England hardly made up for freedom in Montana. The Indians say the trees and mountains always keep calling you to come back to them. They called student Gary back over six thousand miles.

Being at the age when desire for self-expression drives a youth half crazy, Gary, deserting his beloved Montana paradise, set out for Hollywood.

"I could do nothing in particular," he says, referring to this migratory episode. "Naturally Hollywood attracted me. I wanted to act, because the glamour seemed, at that time, so important. You know the visions I had. I saw myself earning a large salary. Thousands rolling in. Visits to Europe. A villa on the Riviera."

A grin of amused scorn is given these past daydreams. You see Mr. Cooper is not above ridiculing himself. Conceit has been hurled at him by some, yet he is quite free of it.

Instead of pretending indifference, Gary admits that the adulation of the fans makes him feel grand.

"I'm embarrassed when a crowd gathers round me."

Photo by Richee
Synopsis of Previous Installment

Annabelle St. John comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she follows a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company's funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. Having had films in mind anyway, Annabelle grabs the chance to leave New York and go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

Part II.

When Annabelle came out of her faint, she found Suzanne splashing cold water in her face. Caroline Wakefield was pacing the floor, the sheet in which she was wrapped trailing behind her like an empress's robes.

Worthy of an empress, too, was her wrath.

"How dare you trick me into employing you when you're likely to keel over in a faint at any minute?" she shouted. "You didn't consider me at all, of course! Oh, no! It wouldn't embarrass me at all to have you flop over at my feet when I asked you to take the dog walking, or telephone the studio for me!"

Majestically she waved one arm at Suzanne. "Don't drown the girl!" she exclaimed. "What I want to know is, are you in the habit of doing this, or are you hungry or sick? Sick, probably! Tricked me into engaging you at twenty-five dollars a week, when you're sick!"

Brandishing the other arm in the air, she stopped suddenly, with it still uplifted, and stared at her reflection in a long mirror.

"Don't interrupt me," she said in a conversational tone. "This is a very good scene. Suzanne, remember this gesture. You have been false to me!" she went on sonorously to Annabelle. "Suzanne"—quietly—"isn't my voice extraordinary on these low notes?"

Apparently she had quite forgotten what Hill had provoked her. Modulating her satisfaction at her reflection, she continued, more intent on her appearance and her voice than on mere words. "Tricked me! Oh, am I always to be tricked? Is there no one in this world who really loves me?"

Annabelle sat up, bewildered. Miss Wakefield, catching sight of her just then, broke into hearty laughter.

"You poor child, you look so funny," she exclaimed. "Sitting there with water running off your face. Now, tell me, what's the matter? Are you worried about something?" Apparently her dramatic exhibition had put her in good humor, for she knelt down beside Annabelle and spoke quite solicitously. "Are you hungry?"

Annabelle nodded, thinking it was safer to pretend to be hungry than to say she was worried, and have this strange woman pry her secret out of her. The newspapers that she had been reading aloud when she fainted lay all about her, and at sight of them she began trembling with fear. Wildly she told herself that it would be a relief to be caught, and dragged off to a police station to tell what little she knew about Hill.
"We'll see a lot of each other," he announced calmly. Annabelle felt little shivers running down her spine.

"If I'd known you weren't well, I'd have offered you much less money," her employer was grumbling from the other room. "You probably won't be able to earn what it costs me to keep you, if you're sick all the time."

Annabelle wondered why Miss Wakefield didn't dismiss her at once, if that was the way she felt about it. But her dinner arrived just then. She stole a surreptitious glance at the check. The soup was seventy-five cents, the steak three dollars, the salad and ice cream came to two dollars more. And at that very moment Miss Wakefield was roundly berating Suzanne because she had put three stamps on a letter, "when it certainly shouldn't have taken more than two!"

"I suppose you'll need some clothes," she went on to Annabelle, almost in the next breath. "Well, here's some money"—taking a roll of bills from her handbag—"four—five hundred dollars. Get something decent, but not too noticeable. I'll just have to trust to your taste, and hope you won't show up in a bright-red traveling suit.

"And for goodness' sake, buy some decent luggage! I'm so aesthetic I simply can't bear to have shabby luggage anywhere around me! Well, that's all for this evening, Miss Johns. Be here at ten to-morrow morning! Oh, and mail these letters for me, will you, and don't forget. Probably you will, but if you do, don't tell me."

Annabelle ran down the corridor to the elevator. Five
John Boles

PITCHING with the best of them is as easy for John Boles as singing with the few on the screen who can sing. And there’s no one to say he doesn’t sing while he plays baseball—and many to say that he sings better than anybody else at all times. His natural gift for both came to light in Texas, where he was born, and he has cultivated his talents ever since. Recently you saw him in "One Heavenly Night" and "Resurrection; soon he will be in "Seed."
BLOND and Fancy-free

Thelma Todd is coming into her own with good parts in feature pictures after having romped through comedies so long that she has lost her schoolmarm dignity except when she challenges stage competition—or says that the cinema is her only master.

By Elsi Que

In the sea of synthetic blondes, it is a pleasure to recognize Thelma Todd’s vocal tones as real.

T’s “blonde” time in Hollywood.

Sounds like a theme song, doesn’t it? And it is a theme song—one of those haunting, penetrating things that you can’t get away from, even if you would.

The town is fairly overrun with blondes: genuine, synthetic, strawberry, disappointed, ash, golden, and a number of hybrid varieties that defy classification.

Vintage blondes from the stage, famed for perfect profiles, diction, and behavior: bleached, rowzy little hoofers from vaudeville, lured hither in hopes of tapping their way into the so-called musicals, that form of entertainment so aptly described as Hollywood’s hoof-and-mouth disease; statuesque “Follies” beauties who came out to make “Whooppee” with Eddie Cantor and remained to make history for some of our California oil millionaires; weirdly gilded erstwhile brunettes, still experimenting, and still looking like amateur two-toned paint jobs.

Casting a bewildered eye over the shimmering sea of blondes, it’s refreshing to discover one familiar golden head that didn’t need touching up to be in the swim. It belongs to Thelma Todd, whose recent rise to good parts in important pictures is one of the more benificent surprises yielded by the talkie grab bag.

Strange as it may seem, Thelma’s progress was once impeded by the fact that, although beautiful, she is not dumb. The appellation “bluestocking,” which means, in dictionary parlance, a learned and literary woman, attached itself to her for the simple reason that she was well educated, and had put her knowledge to practical use by teaching school for a term in her home town, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

In pre-talkie times Hollywood’s learned and literary ladies were few and far between, and were seldom encountered, except in the austere surroundings of scenario departments and research bureaus.

An intellectual blond actress was such a rarity as to seem almost freakish. All that was required of an aspirant to membership in the fair-haired sisterhood in those days was a shapely figure, faultless features, and the ability to wear the minimum of clothes with pleasing effect.

Needless to say, Thelma possessed the requirements to a marked degree, or she might still have been guiding sixth-graders through the three R’s. But, in competition with countless others equally endowed, she found herself relegated to the just-another-blonde category. Her mental attainments were not only submerged, but came mighty near being a total loss and no insurance.

There was no lively demand, when she first went to Hollywood five years ago, for girls with a college background. In fact, the less cerebral the blonde, the more likely was she to succeed. It is a tribute to Thelma’s adaptability that she managed to get by for quite a while without revealing to any damaging extent the quaint handicap that she had not only been to school, but had actually taught school!

When the truth leaked out about the cutie from Massachusetts, Hollywood lifted incredible eyebrows. It simply could never associate such a grotesque and incredible profession as teaching school with a girl so obviously designed by nature for bigger and better things.

Directors shied suspiciously at the idea of a girl with a pedagogic past wanting to play sprightly comedy or sophisticated drama. She was decorative, they admitted, and there were always little niches in silent pictures for decorative bits of femininity. But real roles, fat parts that offered an opportunity for her particular talents, were discouragingly infrequent in Thelma’s experience up to the time the screen became audible.

A friend of the Todd family, a film exhibitor in Lawrence, was responsible for coaxing the little schoolmarm out of the halls of learning into the glamorous world of pictures. Thelma herself had no special interest in films; her heart was set on adding the Todd name to the roster of distinguished educators in a section of the country noted for erudition.
my inability to register more than two expressions, either. It was because of my size!"

Perhaps I looked incredulous, for the Todd figure, although moderately tall, is of that lissome, rounded slenderness that makes strong women weep from sheer envy.

"I then weighed one hundred and forty-nine pounds, and it was mostly solid muscle," she hastened to explain, with one of those twinkling smiles which even traffic cops find irresistible. "Now," she added, glancing wistfully at a passing tray of French pastries, "the scales say one hundred and seventeen."

"And how——" I began breathlessly, ready to jot down the ingredients of a Spartan diet.

"A little will power and Richard Dix are responsible for my metamorphosis," she went on. "You see, in my early histrionic days I met Richard. He informed me in a bantering manner that if I ever wanted to be his leading lady, I'd have first to reduce and, secondly, be myself and not a schoolmarm. I took Richard's advice, and some months later I was his leading lady."

Small roles in Paramount films, a term under the First National banner, and a contract to play in Hal Roach comedies, summed up Thelma's film experience before talkies burst upon an unprepared Hollywood.

"Something refused to let me fear, amid all the fear that was gripping my fellow players at that time," said Thelma, with that born-and-reared-near-Boston accent which had suddenly become an asset instead of a liability.

"I seemed to walk alone, unterrified by 'dat ole davil' mike, even as the time approached for my voice test. "Not that I didn't have plenty of reason to worry, if I had let myself—but I just didn't!"

"Finally the hour drew near, the minutes were flying fast, and at last the crisis was at hand. I said my little speech. Then came the play-back—to be or not to be! That was a nerve-racking moment. But——"

"Mike made you what you are today," I hummed.

Continued on page 109
Rita LaRoy

THOUGH comparatively new to the screen, Rita LaRoy is the last of the old-time vamps whose character is immediately established on her first appearance in a scene. Tall, striking, curved, she is ever a danger signal to the hapless heroine whose path she crosses.

Born in Alberta, Canada, at an early age she was forced to shift for herself when, at thirteen, she ran away, dressed in boy's clothes, and hitch-hiked to Spokane, where she became a waitress in a boarding house. Later she worked in a bohemian resort, with singing and dancing taken for granted as part of her manual labor. But you saw her in "Sin Takes a Holiday," so you know how far she has progressed.
She burns an ashen white amid the colony's brunettes, blondes, and redheads.
Ever since Jean competed with sizzling, bombarding airplanes in "Hell's Angels," Mother Hollywood has warned its benefactors to wear asbestos chest protectors when in the presence of the new incandescent charmer.
Recently she has been escorted to the theater and other places by filmdom's most perfect and discriminating beau, Paul Bern, the writer. Which in itself is significant, because Paul has ever been the cotillion leader of Hollywood's most glamorous dazzlers of the past—Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, and Nita Naldi—and of another and later era, Joan Crawford, before she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan.
Hollywood just simply must have its flamboyant lady of the hour or moment. This has been true since Barbara La Marr first cast her orichaudesce spell over the men of the celluloid frontier some ten years ago. There just has to be some gorgeous menace about to keep filmdom's gentlemen palpating and its ladies in the normal state of apprehension. Let's hope for old times' sake, and for the future, that Jean will live up to her sirocco looks.
She is a star-burst of the moment!

Nostalgic Symptoms.
Homesickness is a brand-new affliction in the colony. It's really never been known to break out to any proportions before. The closest thing to it, heretofore, has been jungle fever which players oftentimes contracted on location trips to the South Sea Islands, necessitating their return occasionally to determine just what caused the dinged thing.
But anyway Maureen O'Sullivan, the charming little Irish lass, and Marlene Dietrich, the German importation, have been suffering, respectively, from bad cases of nostalgia and hermaphrodia.
Maureen is once more on the ould sod of Saint Bury, with mother, father, sisters, brothers, and the baneshees, after fourteen months in the fantastic world of Hollywood, where she made five pictures, worked very hard and sighed much for a precious green spot across the sea.
And in the meantime, there remains behind in the village a quartet of sad young swains who oft think tenderly of a pair of wistful eyes which they tried their best to make smile. The gentlemen under discussion are William Janney, William Bakewell, Frank Albertson, and Russell Gleason.
Fraulein Dietrich also longed much for home, husband, and lovely little daughter, aged four, before she went to Berlin for the Christmas holidays. Inasmuch as she will most likely be starred on her return to Hollywood, her contract will doubtless be so arranged that she may spend part of each year in her native land.

Contretemps Español.
Lupe Velez is in Dutch with the Spanish public. All because she didn't appear at the premiere of the Spanish version of her picture, "East Is West," at a Los Angeles theater. She was invited as a guest of honor, but at the last minute sent a telegram explaining that she could not attend owing to illness.
Evidently her wire did not make much of an impression with the audience when it was read from the stage, because groans emanated from various portions of the theater which were unmistakable evidence that many persons were offended.
It seemed that the bad impression created by Lupe's nonappearance was intensified because Ramon Novarro had very graciously attended a showing there of one of his films a few weeks previously. He, of course, received a rousing ovation.
It was also whispered that Lupe was away at Agua Caliente for a sudden holiday. But she reassured us that she actually had a sore throat and stiff neck on the occasion mentioned.

Anti-Garbo Outburst.
Tonal outbursts are not infrequent in theaters any more. In fact, they are becoming quite frank and vociferous. At the close of a showing of Greta Garbo's late opus called "Inspiration," the noted Swedish star, or at least her picture, was given the "razzberry" by a
Gossipy ramblings among the merry mad folks of the studios, with their loves and ambitions, their engagements and celebrations.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

rather bored member of the audience. To a slight degree, we also shared the bored member's ennui, only, naturally, we were more restrained in expressing our emotional reactions.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Spring!

Young love blooms and blossoms everywhere in Hollywood. Maybe it's the call of spring. We found Frances Dee visiting Jack Oakie in his dressing room, though their attitude toward each other was only platonically friendly.

However, one never can tell. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, for instance, were presumably only platonically interested in each other, and then one fine, sunny day they astounded everybody by announcing their forthcoming wedding.

One really warm romance that we have discovered is that of David Manners and Evalyn Knapp. They are the young lovers in the new George Arliss picture, "The Ruling Passion." They lunched together every day for two weeks during rehearsals, and obviously were so interested in their roles that they had to prolong discussions way into the dinner and even late supper hours. Also when playing their scenes, albeit in the august presence of George Arliss, they didn't appear to us to be simulating heartfelt emotions exclusively in the interests of art.

Bill's Golden Girl.

Will the next Mrs. William Powell be the beautiful blonde, Carol Lombard?

Studio folk are asking this question since Miss Lombard played opposite Powell in "Ladies' Man" and "Gentlemen of the Streets."

They both appear to be terribly fascinated by each other and what, we ask you, could you expect, with the debonair William and the alluring Carol as the principals?

The first Mrs. Powell was a decided brunette. So Carol, with her shimmering golden bob, will be quite a contrast. But another question arises. If William should become espoused, what, oh what, is to become of that dashing duo of bachelors, Ronald (Colman) and Bill? However, they did manage to survive the loss of Richard Barthelmess, who with them at one time represented an inseparable trio.

Battle Law's Minion.

Fighting with a policeman! We caught Harold Lloyd in the act. It happened on New Year's Day at the football game in Pasadena.

Harold had parked his car on the roadway and a traffic officer had objected and tried to force him to remove the car. Harold was in a hurry to get to the game, which was perfectly legitimate, as any one of 50,000 persons would have testified, and furthermore, there were any number of other machines parked in the same vicinity.

The officer's attitude appeared to arouse Harold's ire, for he felt he was being singled out, because of being a famous star, as a "horrible example" of disobedience of traffic laws. Whereupon Harold swung his field glasses around in place and politely.

This was a remarkable display of anger by one who is so unusually good-natured as Harold on all occasions. Yet, after all, every one at some time has doubtless felt as Harold did. The miracle was that he wasn't arrested!

Sister Turns Film Mamma.

She wanted a career of her own but fate intervened, for the camera played tricks with her attractiveness. Therefore Jean Morgan is now chaperoning the career of her sister, Marian Marsh. Miss Marsh is a radiant new star with First National who is to play the role of Trilby opposite John Barrymore's Svengali.

Her sister entered the movies first, then Marian took a try at some bits and parts, but didn't succeed in getting anywhere, chiefly because she was so inexperienced.

Douglas Fairbanks is among those who first noted her possibilities. He even determined them during the time when she played a small part in "Whoopee."

Jean was encouraged by the Fairbanks' appraisal of her sister, so she decided she would take her in hand. Smartly she engineered the First National contract. Then Marian played on the stage in "Young Sinners," and everybody raved about her looks and talent.

Now Jean has cheerfully decided to give up her own activities and concentrate on the welfare of her sister. She feels that thus she is fulfilling her own secret ambition and is not unlike certain screen mothers in this respect, notably Mary Astor's.

The girls come from the Island of Trinidad. They have a brother who is also playing juveniles for First National. Marian changed her name from Marilyn, because it bore too close a resemblance to that of Marilyn Miller, and also to that of the dancer, Marion Morgan.

Jean Morgan's interest in her sister's career is a refreshing note in the film medley.
Tropic Moon Troublesome.

Home-breaking and expeditions. What is their peculiar relationship? Twice now it has happened that players on far journeys have been sued for alienation of affections.

The latest case is Dorothy Janis, who went to Borneo with the company making "White Captive." On her return she was sued by Mrs. Sada Evelyn Lund, who charged that her husband had been vamped by the diminutive Dorothy, Mr. Lund being a motion-picture technician. The wife asked $25,000 heart balm.

The case is not unlike that of Duncan Renaldo and Edwin Booth who some time ago were on tour with "Trader Horn" in Africa. They, too, came home to face a suit to be filed by Renaldo's wife, who is even more ambitious in her demands for soothing syrup for her feelings.

Incidentally, both Miss Booth and Renaldo have left Metro-Goldwyn. Their contracts were allowed to lapse shortly before the première of the jungle picture. Hereafter, it will probably be safer if the girls stay at home than to venture under the luring tropic skies.

Lingo à la Oakie.

"Hello, slob!" It was Jack Oakie speaking. The addressee was Robert Ritchie, the fiancé of Jeanette MacDonald.

We were amazed that the very personable future husband of the lovely star was being thus accosted by one of the screen's funny boys. Such is the way of Jack, though, with his friends. Any old name in a pinch. He calls them "Punko," "Bean," "Egg"—apparently whatever first comes to mind, and the nicknames he chooses always stick.

We learned from Jack that he had a deuce of a time trying to attract the attention of Ritchie and Miss MacDonald while driving along the Boulevard one day. After tooting his horn several times, he finally shouted at the top of his voice, "Hello, slob!" much to the consternation of all passers-by.

Knowing Jack as he does, Ritchie took the appellation very good-naturedly, but it is on record that Miss MacDonald blew up momentarily. However, she too smiled when she saw it was Jack calling.

Brother Against Brother.

Have stars' relatives any rights? The point is interestingly brought up in a suit filed against Victor McLaglen by his brother Leopold, which is somewhat unique in film annals. There have been other cases where relatives have quarreled privately over the matter of pursuing a career, notably Syd and Charlie Chaplin, but McLaglen's is one of the first to get into a legal tangle.

Leopold McLaglen accuses Victor of making slanderous remarks about him, in connection with his attempt to enter pictures. He also says that Victor put detectives on his trail. He attributes the following remarks to the star:

"I would like to see him (Leopold) out of the United States. If I met him I would ignore him like a stranger. There is room for only one McLaglen in the United States, and that is myself."

Leopold also says that Victor called him unreliable and asks $120,000 damages.

Victor's reply to the whole matter is that he hasn't seen or heard from his brother in nine years and wasn't aware of the fact that he even was in Los Angeles, until he heard of the filing of the suit. Aside from that, he is silent and circumspect, stating that he does not wish to harm his brother. Incidentally, Clifford, another brother, expects to try his luck in Hollywood. The colony is keenly watching the outcome of the unusual case.

Norma's Handsome Heroes.

Something to look forward to—the return of Norma Shearer. She is to be seen in a film version of another Ursula Parrott novel. Gladdening news that, in view of the success of "The Divorcée," "Strangers May Kiss" is the title of the new opus.

Norma was tremendously pleased, she told us, over acquiring two such clever men in one picture as Robert Montgomery and Neil Hamilton. Bob was such a dashing hit in "The Divorcée," and Neil is highly regarded, of course, for his sympathetic personality, and clever acting.

Norma and Bob have a little joke between them about their previous adventure together. They have always called "The Divorcée" the "Stork Mystery Drama," because both of them expected arrivals in their respective families at the time it was made. "Strangers May Kiss" they are calling "Their First Step."

Marie Dressler acquires a portable dressing room. She didn't demand it—it was given her by Marion Davies. Polly Moran beams for the occasion and so does Charles Reisner, director.

A Lady of Calmness.

A medal for popularity goes to Barbara Stanwyck. She is one of those girls who seems to have the faculty of winning the hearts of her studio confrères. One may judge that it is the simplicity and unaffectedness of her demeanor. Barbara is one of the few girls we have seen in Hollywood who, through her poise, can escape looking lonesome in a crowd.

Not so many people know her yet among the social folk of the colony, and she is quiet and retiring, too. At a party one night we noted the charming calm with which she sat apart from the throng for a few minutes. She seems to have a rare placidity in contrast to Hollywood's ever-hectic effervescence.

Barbara is deadly in love with her volatile husband, Frank Fay, the clever impromptu humorist, who in the film colony
comes in for a great deal of kidding, because he invariably picks up the wrong hat andovercoat.

Barbara allows him plenty of leeway for his eccentricities and justifiably so, for Frank really has marvelous gifts as a win, especially on the stage. Curiously enough, Fay is a rather different personality when you meet him in a drawing-room—far more serious—but then the evening we saw him he was being ragged by his friends about some bets he had made on a horse race. And that's enough to worry any man.

Dangerous to Men.

Miss Sandow of the movies! This will do very nicely as an alias for Rita La Roy, the lovely vamp of RKO pictures. No joking, either. This girl is the original strong woman. We learned of one case where she used her hefty right on an extra in a scene and the poor chap, who weighed a mere 225 pounds, fell down and went boom-boom.

Miss La Roy came by her strength very logically, because she had a great deal of athletic training in her youth. Also she has been an aviatrix and a dabbler in several other strenuous activities.

Many Stars Regleaming.

Comebacks have approached very bright proportions. Look at this nice list of the stars who have resumed careers.

Thomas Meighan, Laura La Plante, Mae Murray, Clara Kimball Young, Monte Blue, Greta Nissen, Bryant Washburn.

Here are some of the pictures in which these favorites will appear, so you may watch for them.

Monte in "The Flood"; Meighan in "Young Sinners"; Laura La Plante in "Lonely Wives" and "The Devil Was Sick"; Mae in "Bachelor Apartment"; Clara and Bryant in "Kept Husbands"; Greta in "Women of All Nations," in which she will represent Scandinavia.

Monte Claims Sonority.

We found Monte Blue a spokesman of the good cheer of returning when we met him one day at Columbia studio. Monte said that, despite the many comforts of home life and the fondness he has for such diversions as golf, there was nothing like the old studio call in the morning.

Monte declared that he had also proved that he could speak in a well-modulated voice. "Reports that got about had me talking in a high treble, but I suffered like certain others, perhaps, from the early microphoning defects," he said. "When they made a test here at Columbia studio, they were so well satisfied that they decided to star me in a picture. I had only been called over for a lead."

Barbers' Life Easier.

Hair nets for men are the latest thing in Hollywood fashions. How else would you describe, anyway, a skullcap of thin mesh material?

We noticed Ramon Novarro wearing one while he was rehearsing for "Daybreak," and upon inquiry learned that it was to keep his hair properly protected for the shooting of a scene. It was a nitely contrived affair and considered a real time and patience-saver.

For the first time in more than a year Dorothy Jordan does not play opposite the star in this feature. Her new leading woman is Helen Chandler. Dorothy was lent to Fox for "Young Sinners" during the interim.

Ramon plays a slashing cavalier in "Daybreak," who oddly enough, falls in love with a school-teacher, and though we never took her to be schoolmarmish, Miss Chandler is good enough an actress to qualify for any role.

"Silver Threads Among——"

Soon, it is anticipated, Billie Dove will be starred again. A story is being sought for her, which will doubtless be produced under Howard Hughes's supervision.

Billie has been home several months now from Paris, and looks a little altered, although more ravishingly beautiful than ever. Her hair, which is prematurely changing its shade, is whitening considerably. Billie has not resorted to any artifice to hide the graying. We admire her taste, because the effect is most individual and sets her absolutely apart from all women in a most distinguished manner.

May McAvoy is the only other actress whose hair has become silvery-threaded years before it was due, and May, too, has shown the taste to allow her hair to remain untouched by dyes, thereby enhancing her attractiveness.

The Trials of Clara.

Poor, poor Clara Bow! She even has to pay for her own engagement rings. And life is hard, too, what with ex-secretaries who tell all your past. Clara has had to give up picture work temporarily owing to the vicissitudes of sensational publicity, court trials, and what not. Worst of all, one of her films, "City Streets," now features a brand-new actress, Sylvia Sidney, who is being boomed for big things by Paramount.

Clara can derive some compensation, however, from the fact that she was the big drawing card at the trial of Daisy DeVoe, at which she had to testify. Crowds swamped the courtroom in an effort to catch a glimpse of her, and everybody agreed she looked more beautiful in person on the witness stand than she ever did on the screen. She was a sartorial revelation, absolutely breathtaking in cream-colored Chonga ensemble lavishly turred with red fox. To complete the detail, her eyebrows were penciled in red to catch the high lights of her titian hair and the fur around her throat.

Clara avoided the courtroom as much as possible during the trial, but Rex Bell, actor, appeared as a sort of personal representative for her. Proving, once again, that some man will always rise to the flaming Clara's defense.

Continued on page 104
Since Western heroes are now human beings instead of knights of the sagebrush, thanks to speech and hoofbeats, John Mack Brown is galloping to the fore in the big outdoors fame. He explains here why he feels that he is sitting on top of the world.

By Caroline Bell

John Mack Brown's best play was meeting George Fawcett, who coached him for films.

I is this the masculine season? The renaissance of the Western and the prevalence of films stressing the male note, some being entirely Eveless pictures, indicate a new virility in plots.

In line with revitalizing story and locale, there is a spirited, though restricted, competition for the cowboy championship, with one rather lackluster actor, at least, galloping into the arena of cheers.

The screen hero has undergone considerable transformation from the days of clashing romance. He is getting to be that film rarity, a human being, shorn of the heroic gestures and sweeping nobility that dominated the old thriller, and steadied somewhat from the make-believe peccadillos of those moonlit evenings when he thought he was a sheik.

He dons chaps and flannel shirt with swagger, but he has, even in action, an ease of movement which the old-time Western star would have scorned. He seems to be thinking while riding pell-mell into the fracas.

He stands, if you'll pardon me for getting personal, in the square-toed boots of John Mack Brown.

Johnny would have been as ineffectual in the Bill Hart melees as their hokum would be ludicrous in his entertaining but plausible films. Action was the primary requirement in the days when movies moved, undeterred by the human factor. The talkies introduced the charm of the intimate drama, inviting you into people's homes to share their hearthside conversation.

Now that improvements in sound methods permit out-of-doors recording, the camera is swinging again onto its panoramic tripod.

The spacious backgrounds and the vicarious thrills imparted to the armchair adventurer by pictured danger, are revived in the Western, refashioned to the seasonal style.

Characterization, rather than situation, comes first, according to the new screen demands. The menace now, and rightfully, is some trait of human nature, rather than one person typifying villainous forces. "In Old Arizona," "The Virginian," and other outdoor dramas blazed the new trail into the golden sunset where men are people and women get them into and out of trouble.

Our actors are symbols expressing complex ideals: the screen gives a vicarious satisfaction for the lack of some quality in real life, of the need of which we may be unaware at times.

What, then, does Johnny Mack symbolize? I rather think that his very naturalness forms a comfortable retreat into which one can periodically escape the excitements and heart thobs engendered by the more scintillant personalites.

Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, and Johnny Mack head the screen outfit in a gallop for the Western leadership. While Gary, in feature and in personality, seems more of a youthful Bill Hart, the humor and geniality of the other two are important factors in humanizing the cowboy.

So popular has Johnny Mack become that Fox was willing to postpone "The Big Trail" until his services could be obtained, but Metro-Goldwyn had other plans for its Western ranger from old Alabama. "Billy the Kid," marks his upward stride from featured billing to what is practically stellar honor.
Embarked upon that picture, he expanded in a glow of pleasure. He considered Billy almost in the light of a pal, so absorbed was he in his characterization of one of the old West’s desperadoes. He was not insensible to the honor of introducing M.-G.-M.’s wide film, Realife, and took the barrage of wisecracks, “Ah, so Johnny Mack’s gone grandeur!” with a wide smile.

“I’d much rather play actual characters than fictional heroes,” he remarked at luncheon. “They have a time to them, of people who really lived. Billy’s exploiting fairly sizzle with thrill. I’m sitting on top of the world, and plenty comfortable, right now.”

“Four years ago I tackled pictures on George Fawcett’s advice, and with his coaching. I never can pay him enough tribute for all his help and loyal friendship.” There’s something a bit old-fashioned, and rather charming, about Johnny Mack when he is sincerely touched.

“I was assistant coach at Alabama U. My four eligible years were up. I had no future. I wouldn’t have gone into professional football. When I got over my chumminess somewhat, I jogged along nicely in the movies, playing many leads, but nothing distinguished until ‘Coquette’ sort of got the grand stand interested.”

If you will listen, he will rave indefinitely of Mary Pickford’s many courtesies to himself and his family. “You go along at an even pace, feeling yourself in a rut, but not knowing what to do about it; and then suddenly you get a break, a picture which enjoys special success, or an exceptionally colorful role.”

“No-o, I’m not worrying, not really wondering even, what my next high point will be. I believe in specialization. Each of the topnotchers found out what he or she could do best. No one can do a lot of things well.

“I don’t see how some folks can insist that proof of an actor’s ability is his versatility. The painter follows one line, and the author, usually; yet people expect an actor to be a contortionist, a Booth, a Beau Brummell, and a Tom Sawyer.”

“I’m not concerned over roles, though I was tired of the drawing-room drama. I love the action and outdoor work of Westerns, and would like to do a college film occasionally to keep in training. Otherwise, I leave things to the studio; they’ve been making pictures longer than I have.”

This acceptance of what is given him to play is rare among actors who, mere newcomers out of ten years for roles unlike those which have brought them success.

He harbors no theatrical ambitions, nor do any suppressed dreams trouble his calm. Acting means a pleasant way of earning an exceptional lot of money.

His attitude is neither negligent nor indifferent, merely one of industrious acceptance. His air is that of one who acquires himself well of his responsibilities as a matter of course.

“Yes, I think a lot, but objectively, not subjectively. Of myself, only as how I would play this or that role.” He squirmed under a persistent questioning intended more to ruffle his even surface than to elicit information.

“I don’t analyze my feelings, or anything really personal. Never had the time to find out how you go about that psycho stuff.” A sheepish grin ended his sigh of relief that that was done.

A stock query, which usually starts a detailed declamation, “What is the most important result of your success, and how has it changed you?” met only a blank stare, followed by a bravo, a heart plen.

“Well, I don’t quarrel with my wife. I’ve the sweetest baby in the world. I’m comfortably fixed financially. I’ve got interesting work, life’s just about perfect. Me? Well, let’s call a conference—get through quicker, so we can talk and enjoy ourselves.”

A gentleman, his wink conveyed, will do everything possible to give a lady whatever it is she is after. Calling to his confères at near-by tables, he repeated my question and, with solemnly pantomiméd courtesy, presented each wisecracking reply.

“You see? It has done a lot to me—all those things. Believe it or not—they may be true, for all I know.”

He never runs true to The-sian form by dramatizing himself, except in fun.

An easy-going, noncombative person of even temperament, his pluckiness is seldom stirred beyond a calm enthusiasm or a lazy humor.

He gets angry rarely; when he does, it is a quiet but very effective anger. He simply says what he thinks, restricted by no inhibitions; and, though perhaps not given to analytical speculations, at such times he can think plenty.

To-morrow doesn’t concern him unduly, now that he is past yesterday’s first few months of worry. When the screen went eloquent, and his vowels threatened to elicit his valedictory, he began speech lessons, whereupon he got “Coquette” and “Montana Moon” and “Billy the Kid.” He points out such experiences as reason for never getting upset over anything in pictures, either next week’s promises or fears.

Things seem merely to happen for this young man of twenty-four. It’s because, I think, he is so darn sweet that even life, known to be a tricky dame, couldn’t treat him unkindly.

Johnny Mack has transplanted Alabama in Hollywood, probably without conscious effort, putting himself in the same set of interests, aside from employment, that he had before he exchanged pigskin for pictures. The home life of the Browns is serenely simple, a cycle seldom varying, composed of working days and loafing or moviegoing evenings, a small party occasionally, and fishing and camping excursions. Continued on page 114.

Johnny Mack and his wife are serenely small-town in hectic Hollywood.
NORSE princess of airy grace and provocative insouciance, we welcome you, Greta Nissen, back to the screen you never should have deserted! "Fazil," your last film, was not the memory you should have left with us—you who gave us "The Wanderer" and "Lady of the Harem." But your part in any picture is a thing to treasure, your pantomime a flowing marvel, your allure that of snow and fire. Give, oh give it all to us in "Women of All Nations"!
CAST and FORECAST

In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

| Unfaithful          | (Paramount) | Warren Hymer. |
|                    |             | Marjorie White. |
| New York Lady      | (Paramount) | Three Girls Lost |
|                    |             | (Fox) Loretta Young. |
|                    |             | John Wayne. |
|                    |             | Joyce Compton. |
| Young Sinners      | (Fox)       | Joan Marsh. |
| More Than a Kiss   | (Fox)       | Edmund Lowe. |
|                    |             | Jeanette MacDonald. |
|                    |             | Roland Young. |
|                    |             | Una Merkel. |
| The Devil Was Sick | (Warner)    | Frank Fay. |
|                    |             | Laura La Plante. |
|                    |             | Joan Blondell. |
|                    |             | Arthur Edmund Carewe. |
|                    |             | Louise Brooks. |
|                    |             | Yola d’Avril. |
| The Ruling Passion | (Warner)    | Svengali |
|                    |             | (Warner) John Barrymore. |
|                    |             | Marian Marsh. |
|                    |             | Tom Douglas. |
|                    |             | Carmel Myers. |
| Big Business Girl  | (First National) | Loretta Young. |
|                    |             | Frank Albertson. |
|                    |             | Ricardo Cortez. |
|                    |             | Nancy Dover. |
| Party Husband      | (First National) | Dorothy Mackail. |
|                    |             | James Rennie. |
|                    |             | Dorothy Peterson. |
|                    |             | Helen Ware. |
| Gentleman’s Fate    | (M.-G.-M.)  | John Gilbert. |
|                    |             | Leila Hyams. |
|                    |             | Anita Page. |
|                    |             | Marie Prevost. |
|                    |             | John Miljan. |
| Strangers May Kiss  | (M.-G.-M.)  | Norma Shearer. |
|                    |             | Neil Hamilton. |
|                    |             | Robert Montgomery. |
|                    |             | Irene Rich. |
|                    |             | Marjorie Rambeau. |
|                    |             | Hedda Hopper. |
| Daybreak           | (M.-G.-M.)  | Ramon Novarro. |
|                    |             | Helen Chandler. |
|                    |             | William Bakewell. |
|                    |             | Jean Hersholt. |
|                    |             | Glenn Tryon. |
| It’s a Wise Child  | (M.-G.-M.)  | Marion Davies. |
|                    |             | Kent Douglass. |
|                    |             | Lester Vail. |
|                    |             | Sidney Blackmer. |
|                    |             | Polly Moran. |
| The Easiest Way     | (M.-G.-M.)  | Constance Bennett. |
|                    |             | Robert Montgomery. |
|                    |             | Marjorie Rambeau. |
|                    |             | Adolphe Menjou. |
|                    |             | Anita Page. |
|                    |             | Jean Harlow. |
|                    |             | John Mack Brown. |
|                    |             | Clarke Gable. |
| The Southerner      | (M.-G.-M.)  | Lawrence Tibbett. |
|                    |             | Esther Ralston. |
|                    |             | Roland Young. |
|                    |             | Hedda Hopper. |
|                    |             | Cliff Edwards. |
|                    |             | Stepin Fetchit. |
| Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath | (M.-G.-M.) | Buster Keaton. |
|                    |             | Sally Eilers. |
|                    |             | Reginald Denny. |
|                    |             | Dorothy Christie. |
"The Right to Love."

RUTH CHATTERTON gives an amazing performance in a picture that is thoughtful, unusual, and is acted superlatively, even though you and I have seen more interesting characters and situations. But so pronounced is Miss Chatterton's skill in differentiating mother and daughter in her playing of both roles, and the double exposure which enables the two characters to be seen at the same time is so brilliantly managed, that one is inclined to gasp at the technical stunt rather than experience heart throb for the emotional crises endured by the two women. But it is acting of the highest order and Miss Chatterton's triumph is not lessened when we give it applause instead of tears.

The gist of the story, which covers thirty years, is a sorrowful mother's desire that her daughter enjoy life and love instead of being cheated of both, as she was in her youth. Against the mother's wishes the girl is spirited away to China as a missionary, where she encounters a suitor who longs to take her out of what promises to be endless sacrifice and service. At the moment when the daughter must decide, the mother, on her deathbed in Colorado, projects some sort of telepathic message that presumably causes the young, pretty girl to accept the man she has loved all along. If you believe it, it's true. Anyhow it is made to seem mysterious and spiritual.

With the best recording yet heard on the screen, as well as the finest example of double exposure—and that includes films from the beginning—this is a picture worth seeing.

Paul Lukas shines in the brief, though sympathetic, role of the suitor, David Manners is a passable youth in love with Miss Chatterton early in the proceedings, and minor roles are well played.

"The Criminal Code."

Grim and terrifying, an echo of "The Big House," one of the most gripping pictures of the month is "The Criminal Code," superbly acted by Walter Huston and Phillip Holmes, who is rapidly becoming that rare act among juveniles—one who is manly, intelligent, and can act. Here you see him at his best as a convict who refuses to "squeal" on a friend who incites a prison outbreak. To make the situation more poignant, this occurs on the eve of Mr. Holmes's parole and, in consequence of his silence, he is consigned to a dungeon where he suffers tortures at the hands of an inhuman guard. In all this Mr. Huston is the principal figure as the district attorney who becomes a warden. He is forceful, sympathetic and always true to the thought of the character—a splendid actor, one of the best it is our privilege to enjoy.

There is love interest, too, a credible romance between Mr. Holmes and the daughter of the warden, played by a newcomer, Constance Cummings. So skillfully is this arranged that it doesn't seem like an episode dragged in for the sake of love interest, but the natural development of a meeting between two mentally congenial persons. And that, my pupils, is rare. Mary Doran, who is quite a favorite of mine, is excellent in a minor role. But all the subordinate parts in this picture are so well played that one never feels that any actor is in the background. In short, a picture to see if you are not depressed and put on edge by the tragedy of life behind prison bars.

"New Moon."

With Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore still topping all other singers on the screen, it is no wonder that their picture "New Moon" is worth seeing—and hearing. It has the handicaps of film operetta, though they are minimized. Outbursts of song in response to visible cues are less apparent than usual. Nor does one hear Mr. Tibbett's repeated offer to "sing a little thing he has written," as was the case in "Rogue Song."

AFTER THE FIRST SHOWING OF NEW FILMS
in REVIEW

tures, in which the reactions of
as carefully as the critic's own.

Lusk

Yet over all there lingers a haze of silliness that the stars aren't able to dissipate by their glorious song. Paradoxically, it is the singing that reminds one of the silliness. As, for example, when Mr. Tibbett leads an entire garrison of choral horsemen to attack a hostile tribe, leaving the fort unprotected, only to return twenty-four hours later still singing at the top of his voice. It is singing worth listening to, of course, especially in the beautiful duet with Miss Moore, "Lover, Come Back to Me," and this time there is no such an assault on the microphone as was heard in "Rogue Song."

Mr. Tibbett is a lieutenant commanding a company of Russian soldiers, Miss Moore a princess betrothed to the governor of the province where the musical soldiers are being sent. They meet on shipboard and it's love at first sight. The governor maneuvers to get rid of the lieutenant by sending him to savage territory and—but it all comes out beautifully in the end. Miss Moore is gracious, charming, poised—a distinctive, if not dramatic, personality; and Adolphe Menjou is capital as the governor. It is Roland Young, however, in the subordinate rôle of the heroine's uncle who captures acting honors with his casual comedy.

"Reaching For the Moon."

Expensive, unimportant, moderately diverting. This describes "Reaching For the Moon," in which a great deal is made of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks wears modern clothes. If what Mr. Fairbanks wears is headline news to you, then the picture will acquire values that elude me. But if you view it for what it is worth you will agree that you have seen more entertaining films and a more believable hero.

Mr. Fairbanks is a lively stockbroker absorbed in business to the exclusion of all else, including love—and alcohol. The latter fact is driven home when he drinks his first cocktail, loses his shyness in the presence of the girl who interests him, vaults up the walls of a ship's cabin and goes on a merry chase that takes him to every deck and calls out all the stewards. This is a typical Fairbanks episode performed with his accustomed agility, though he is scarcely convincing as a bashful lover with lips unsullied by alcohol.

However, the picture on the whole is lively, the dialogue is smart, and there is a knowing air about the entire exhibit that tends to disguise the feeble, unoriginal story. Bebe Daniels is clever and charming, though she loses her attractive duskiness for a blond wig; Edward Everett Horton is Mr. Fairbanks' confidential valet in his accustomed manner, and Claude Allister's theatrical Englishman fits well into the artificial scene. While one is idly speculating on the combined ages of the veteran principals, he is magnetized by a youthful newcomer named June MacClay, whose baritone voice does more to put over Irving Berlin's "High Up and Low Down" than the combined efforts of all the others.

"Little Caesar."

Better judges than I consider this the superior of all films dealing with snarling gangmen, their quarrels and racketeers, their fleering wisecracks at plain-clothes men, and their inglorious end by a bullet.

There is reason for the high praise accorded this latest insight into the underworld. For one thing, it is free of sentimentality and the least tendency to romanticize outlaws or make them "go swell." The result is brutal, gripping, and disturbing, with acting as fine as you will see anywhere on the part of Edward G. Robinson in the title rôle. But it isn't a character that will endear him to those who laud Buddy Rogers as the peer of all actors. Little Caesar is too terrifying for that.

He comes from nowhere and has nothing but his lust for power to raise him to a commanding position among gunmen. Of plot, as it usually occurs in pictures of this kind, there is none. It is a character study instead, with threats, treachery, and murder to give it movement.

COME CALM REFLECTIONS TO GUIDE YOU
Little Caesar goes out to kill his best friend because he wants to go straight on account of a girl.

And there you have the substance of the picture, except that Little Caesar meets a violent end, leaving the memory of moments of brilliant acting, of bitter, twisted humor. Besides Mr. Robinson, whose picture it is every moment, there are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Jackson, William Collier, Jr., Sidney Blackmer, and a lone girl, Glenda Farrell. All do exceedingly well.

"Man to Man."

This is in the class of little gems. Which is to say that it is a modest picture that deals with decent small-town people. Void of heroics, sentimentality, and hokum, it interests us in human beings instead—rather a fine thing to do occasionally, because the viewpoint of the best of us becomes influenced by the preponderance of falsity on the screen. Here is a group of plain people whose problems are real, whose reactions to them are true. Down to the smallest detail there isn’t an alien touch. A nice picture, if you ask me. Here’s what it’s about.

A young fellow of twenty, just about to be elected class president of his college, is confronted by the knowledge that his student pals know his father is a convict whose eighteen-year sentence is about to end. He leaves school and returns to the village. His hostility to his father is understandable, his father’s eagerness to see him is genuinely touching. But the youth is reserved, proud and unknowing. Aren’t we all—at twenty? A job in a bank presided over by a friend of the family ends when both father and son are accused of a shortage, but the girl who loves the young fellow discovers the thief and all ends properly. But there is much more than this in the human values exposed in the picture.

Again Phillips Holmes scores as the son and two players from the stage, Grant Mitchell and Dwight Frye, make screen debuts as the father and the villain, respectively, while George Marion and Russell Simpson lend their veteran talents and Lucile Powers is a perfect heroine.

"Beau Ideal."

The Geste boys are back! Or rather the surviving member of the trio that made "Beau Geste" the most popular picture of its time returns to carry on the story.

Complicated, plotful, and highly colored, it is beautifully pictured by Herbert Brenon, who also directed the earlier opus. It is well worth seeing, especially by those who hold in sentimental esteem the first "Geste" and wish a reminder of it. Exactly the same atmosphere is found in the new picture—marvelous views of the desert, a frightening sandstorm, mutinies, assaults by tribesmen, and a highly romantic ideal of friendship.

This involves John Geste and his American friend, Otis Madison who, in love with Isobel Brandon, discovers that she cares for John, serving a ten-year sentence in the Foreign Legion’s penal colony. So Otis sets out to find John and restore him to the girl. His first step is to join the Legion and be swept into adventures galore. He is successful in rescuing John and last scene of all finds the two on their way to England.

There isn’t a slow or uninteresting scene in the entire film and it is capitaly acted. Of first interest is Lester Vail, a newcomer, whose début is accomplished with ease. He is earnest, sincere, and eloquent. Unless I am mistaken, he has exactly the qualities that will make him popular with the majority, his voice being unusually sympathetic. But good performances are the rule rather than the exception here, with a cast boasting Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matiesen, Loretta Young, Irene Rich, and Leni Stengel.

"Fighting Caravans."

A likable picture, this, albeit occasionally dull, what with its bearded, unkempt pioneers, its simple emotions and its lack of suspense. But of "The Covered Wagon" school it is a good example, with nothing overdone and no attempt to exceed all other films of its kind with more Indians and live stock than ever whooped and lumbered across the screen before. It is restrained even in its beautiful shots of sky and prairie and snowswept woodland, with the wagons crawling along, their covers billowing like sails.
They belong to the caravan that bore supplies to the early settlers of California before the days of the Union Pacific Railroad, when the drivers of the wagons depended on scouts to point the way. The hero of the simple tale is a scout, Clint Helmet, the heroine Felice, a French girl who must press on with her wagon after the sudden death of her father. The girl pretends marriage with the scout in order, she thinks, to save him from jail. When she learns the truth and when, also, he tries to force himself upon her as a husband, she repulses him. Perils of the wilderness, as well as the course of true love, cause her to change her mind and the long journey ends in Sacramento and marriage.

Gary Cooper is admirable as the scout, though it is not his most interesting performance. But he gives the role his usual naturalness, divests it entirely of theatrics and thereby makes Clint a more significant figure than if he acted him up to the hilt. Lily Damita, in gingham for the first time and for the first time audible, is perfect. Her voice is smooth and low, her accent slight but piquant, her use of it intelligent, all making for a performance that is not only charming, but earnest and many-sided.

Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Fred Kohler, May Boley, and Eugene Pallette play routine parts well, and Charles Wimbler, of the stage, is especially good as the sheriff.

"The Royal Bed."

The moral of this picture is "uneasy lies the head that rest in a royal bed," but it is a delight for the spectator to witness the trials and tribulations of royalty.

The whole thing is a travesty on crowned heads, with Nance O'Neil contributing a priceless burlesque of Queen Marie of Roumania. Things never lag while she is on the screen and Gilbert Emery's impersonation of one of the king's doormen very nearly stops traffic. There isn't much plot to the story, but interest never lags. The dialogue is bright and Lowell Sherman, as star and director, sees to it that he doesn't lack for clever lines. Despite the latitude he gives himself, his performance, while at all times adequate and pleasing, is just a trifle too, too perfect.

Mary Astor as the princess ordered to make a state marriage, is beautiful and pleasing, but she hasn't opportunity to do much acting with all the competition around her.

Anthony Bushell performs what he has to do exactly as he should, yet manages to remain colorless. His part and Hugh Trevor's might have been exchanged to the advantage of the picture.

It is doubtful if the film will be popular, as satire is not relished by the majority, but for those who like wit, it is an hour and a half well spent.

"One Heavenly Night."

The first appearance on the screen of Evelyn Laye, famed prima donna of British operetta, is disappointing. "One Heavenly Night" belies its title, yet it must be made clear that it is pleasing, tasteful, and charming. But it lacks dynamics; it is placid. And as the collaboration of two winners of the Pulitzer Prize it is pure kindergarten such as any tame member of a scenario department could have written. Nor is music by the composer of "The Broadway Melody" anything but a pretty tinkle. Screen operetta requires more than this to justify a richly beautiful production that is flawless down to the least detail. In short, the fable of a cigarette girl who poses as a disreputable singer and wins the love of a baron is sweetly unreal.

Miss Laye is exquisite, spirituelle and arresting on the stage, but she loses these qualities and becomes a rather colorless figure whose complete individuality eludes the camera. Clever actress that she is, her performance is admirable in its light and shade, a sense of humor colors everything she does and her voice is agreeable, but she isn't the Evelyn Laye of "Bitter Sweet."

John Boles will please those who admire his singing and acting and who reproach me for nonmembership in the legion, and Lilian Tashman, besides being her attractive self, makes a clever feint at singing a risqué song in the cabaret manner. Leon Errol's clowning is spontaneous, resourceful, and not at all conventional. He and Hugh Cameron contribute a fine sequence among the art treasures.
What Every Fan Should See

"Royal Family of Broadway, The"—Paramount. Engagingly mad, these Cavendishes of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don't have to live with them. Satire on stage stars at home. Not a slow moment. Fredric March excellent, Ina Claire, too. Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian.

"Devil to Pay, The"—United Artists. English drawing-room comedy as it should be—intelligent, amusing, no exctiment. Rich youth returns to London after farm life, and gets entangled. Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ronald Colman, Florence Britton, Fredrick Kerr.

"Blue Angel, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings in German film with Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnificent, even if you don't get some of the speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character masterly done.

"Lightnin'"—Fox. Best Will Rogers talkie so far, with real character—the tippling, likable proprietor of hotel on border. Louise Dresser good as the wife. Jack Roberts and Joel McCrea very good. Problems of divorce-hunters amusing.

"Min and Bill"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marie Dressler goes through on high in vastly entertaining and melodramatic manner. Marjorie Rambeau superbly as a girlכלולש. Dorothy Jordan gives her best thus far as girl adopted by Min, Marjorie Rambeau superbly acting the girl's mother.

"Derelict"—Paramount. One of the outstanding films due to superlative acting of George Bancroft, who tops his best in years. Rivalry of merchant-marine officers over position and women. William (Stage) Boyd good; Jessie Royce Landis has fine voice.

"Scarlet Pages"—First National. You must hear Elsa Ferguson's voice! Her performance lifts a courtroom drama to the worth while. Night-club girl puts her father on the spot. Marian Nixon in her best performance. John Halliday admirable; Grant Withers, Helen Ferguson do well.


"Morocco"—Paramount. Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Cary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other counts.

"Feet First"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as today and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich playboy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lilianne Leighton.

"Tol'ble David"—Columbia. Amazing first performance by Richard Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream of greatness is to drive the mail hack. Three bad men of the hills and a sweet little girl friend are involved. Noah Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.


"Whoopee"—United Artists. Technicolor does well by Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld beauties. Stage success excellently done on grand scale. Story packed with medicine taking for imaginary ill and talk of operations. Large cast from stage includes Ethel Shults, Eleanor Hunt, Paul Gregory, Albert Hackett.

For Second Choice

"Free Love"—Universal. Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about spats of husband and wife, though admirably played by Anabelle Darke, Rod La Rocque. Zasu Pitts winsful maid; Monroe Owens, Ilka Chase.

"Remote Control"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines repeats his fresh pick-up line and bow! Mary Doran, the girl, upsets tradition by smartly simple dress. Haines goes in for radio work, and gets things tangled up. John Miljan, Molly Morahan, Cliff Edwards.

"Follow the Leader"—Paramount. Ed Wynn as usual makes the picture, and you'll want to buy dad one of those machines for eating corn on the cob. Ginger Rogers, Stanley Smith, Ethel Merman. Musical-comedy plot, but not much singing.

"Just Imagine"—Fox. If they had only imagined a little more and done a little less and had the H Guns on film. Phil Acker goes prophetic and shows life fifty years hence. Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garlick, Frank Albertson, El Brendel, Marjorie White.

"Viennese Nights"—Warner. Technicolor. Operetta tastefully done, charming but unreal. Would have been nine-day wonder a while ago. Tale of lovers separated by ambitious papa. Alexander Gray's voice one of best. Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon, Jean Hersholt.

"Past and Loose"—Paramount. Modestly interesting but shopworn material. Rich girl prefers mechanic to men of her own set, just like the girls in your home town do—not; but that's why we like films. Miriam Hopkins, Charles Starrett, Henry Wadsworth, Ilka Chase, Carol Lombard.


"Easy Come, Easy Go"—Paramount. Same story as Richard Dix's old comedy, but new treatment, new cast. Pleasant, amusing enough. Lcon Errol the crook, with musical-comedy technique. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Stuart Erwin, Anderson Lawler.

"Laughter"—Paramount. The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of comic bits, with high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glenda Anderson, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet"—Warner. Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the crooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabian night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Mauners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

"War Nurse"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good work, but short of greatness. Love interest concerns two soldiers, two nurses.
Robert Armstrong

SEARCH your memory of the past four years or so and you will find no picture in which Robert Armstrong has failed to score. Best of all his performances is Joe Garson, in "Paid," for which he earns this honorable citation.
EVERY studio has a publicity office whose personnel is endowed with such keen sight that they can discover philosophy in flappers, wit in sweet little emoters, and sage clinical advice in hard-working stars.

Publicity must go on. That is the law of the office. The star must do something or say something that will attract attention. If a player has nothing to say, she must pretend that she has something very special to say. If she won’t do that—well, publicity must go on, anyway.

Fancy being a star and getting yourself interviewed, possibly without saying a word. Unless one has a reputation for being strong, silent, and mysterious, like Garbo, a player would never know what he had been saying, collecting, or studying until he had read the papers—if all the publicity were printed.

Greta could express opinions at the studio about everything from the charms of Swedish bread to the art of die Dieterich, and the publicity office would send bulletins to the press reminding the editors that Garbo remains silent in the folds of her tweed overcoat.

And the sweet young thing who merely giggles a couple of times gets a bulletin interview on the soul appeal of Ibsen, or the advantages of rope-jumping over roller-massaging as a reducer. So it goes—in the publicity office.

But are these bulletins printed? Ask Picture Play’s janitor. Ask the janitor of any self-respecting magazine or newspaper office.

Though the poor janitors suffer, the stars are saved, and the fans are spared considerable anguish, for who really cares about the inner meaning of Scandinavian drama, especially if the interpretation is done by the assistant to the assistant publicity director once removed?

But just to give the boys of the publicity offices a bit of encouragement in their literary efforts. I have salvaged a handful of their treasures, which I’ll show you, if you’ll be good little boys and girls.

Those doubting Thomases among you who cherish the notion that everything nice you read about stars was written by publicity agents, please pay careful attention, and figure out what would happen if the magazines opened up their presses and said to the gang, “There you are, boys. Do your stuff.” The publicity boys have important work to do, it is true, but the writing of favorable fan stuff is not their forte.

Now the boys, through the press bulletins rescued from the wastebasket, will tell you a few important facts of life, such as how to walk, stand, and sit, how to get rid of colds, and how to lose twenty pounds in pleasant, healthful work, presumably as revealed to them by the stars.

Since this is the first time we have had the boys with us in person, they join me in hoping you will enjoy the remedies, et cetera, especially old Doc Beery’s simple home cure for colds. Boys, it’s a great pleaa-yeah to have you with us to-night.

Believe it or not, the press agent says Norma Talmadge says:

“They have bullfights in Spain. I saw a bullfight in Spain. They have beds and doctors ready, they go into chapels to pray, and then they go out and throw the bull. It’s all terrifying and terrible. No, I didn’t see Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter. He was gored while I was there, I read in the papers.

The water-front boys will now stop feeling sorry for themselves:

As a child Marjorie Rambeau was an invalid. When she first began to act in a San Francisco stock company she took physical-culture courses to become strong enough to continue the stage grind. “Acting,” she says, “takes as much strength and stamina as stevedoring, for the information of those who think it’s a bed of roses.”
laid end to end, the mimeographed trail would stretch from however, PICTURE PLAY presents a few choice items exactly as written, to give the press agents their say and the fans a treat.

INTERVIEWLETS

Roy Fuller

And girls, take an old man’s advice. Don’t dawdle over your supper more than a couple of hours, and think nothing of afterward walking much longer than fifteen minutes.

Elissa Landi, who will make her début opposite Charles Farrell, in “Body and Soul,” offers this advice to the business girl who wants to protect her health:

“During the luncheon hour it is far better to spend three quarters of an hour in eating and one quarter of an hour in walking than to eat and talk for the entire sixty minutes. Having to dash back to work endangers both the digestion and nerves, and has bad effects on the complexion and general appearance.”

“Me—ah, I wuz only kiddin’,” Butch would doubtless say to this:

Wallace Beery, aviator and actor, says he’s discovered a new cure for colds. “You just go up about 12,000 feet in your plane,” says the hero of “The Big House,” “and the rarified atmosphere gets the cold out of you in an hour and a half.”

“The happiest woman in Hollywood” is quoted by her press agent on keeping fit:

How one feels depends on a large extent on how one walks, stands, and sits, says Ann Harding. A grand cure for nervousness consists in throwing the chest back, holding the stomach in, and keeping the hips back. Do this and see how different you feel than when your backbone is drooping and your feet lagging.

“The Old Master” voices his opinion on legs and the company you keep:

“Legs to-day are mere appendages to the female torso, and slapstick is a dead issue,” says Mack Sennett. “We have just finished ‘Racket Cheers,’ based on the humorous side of racketeering. To me it sets a new standard in short comedies. My characters portray persons you actually know in real life.”

William Boyd discovers an astounding physiological fact:

Believe me, eight hours of manual labor will cure the most stubborn case of swollen waistline. I ate like a harvest hand while I was building my beach cottage—I had to, in view of the appetite I developed. And I slept plenty, for every night found me tired enough to enjoy eight hours on the bare floor, if necessary. But I was up at dawn, and always had a brisk swim before I began work and another when I had finished at night. By the time the house was finished I was twenty pounds lighter, with muscles hard as steel. If I ever get too heavy again, I am considering joining the carpenters’ union and hiring out as a builder a month or two.

Don’t ask me what this gem proves:

Frankie Eastman went on a vacation trip to Los Angeles where he was given a screen test by Fox. He was signed, but the contract expired three months later without Frankie having been used in a picture. Such are the ways of Hollywood. The sensitive youth lost his patience and was about to return to the stage, when a friend’s plea caused him to cancel his railroad ticket and remain overnight to see Mack Sennett. Now Eastman is so sold on California that he says, “I’d rather sweep streets in Hollywood than be a star on Broadway.”

Well, well, well. Give the boys a hand!

The Norma Talmadge interviewlet sounds for all the world like the breezy English half of a before-breakfast Spanish lesson. This sort of chatter covered three pages. If the p. a.’s suddenly realized their golden age and found all their bulletins published as is, Norma, for one, would take a month off and write threatening letters to the editors, I’m sure.

Continued on page 10.
THE long absence of Dorothy Janis from the screen is at last explained! She's been in Borneo, if you please, filming "The White Captive," in which she is the only Hollywood actress. Her role is that of a white girl reared among the jungle people and believing herself one of them until, as we suspect, romance enters. Dorothy became so enamored of primitive people that she wanted to buy this baby.
Aren't We All?

A fan who admires all the stars discovers that what he reads about them is repeated over and over again, until each has a specialty that never varies. He begs both the players and those who write about them to relieve the ennui he feels in never learning anything new about the people who interest him most. And just as a reminder he says—

By Drummond Tell

I'm tired of reading about—

Clara Bow's insomnia.

Jetta Goudal's command of all the arts and sciences; her exoticism and the mystery of her origin.

The ability of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to sketch and write verse.

Joan Crawford's way with hooked rugs.

Howard Hughes's millions.

Russell Gleason's budgeting; the family's hospitality and their jokes among themselves.

The tiles that Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston laid with their very own hands; their perfect love.

Ernest Torrence's rose garden.

Wallace Beery's airplaning.

H. B. Warner's art treasures.

Any star's collection of rare old pewter.

Mary Pickford's bob, and those curls laid away in a rosewood box.

Garbo's twee coat and her habit of walking alone in the rain.

Laura La Plante's calm disposition.

The culture and aristocratic bearing of the Bennetts.

Marion Davies's houses and hordes of guests.

June Collyer's social background.

The players' serious reading of biography, history, and philosophy.

The rarity of photos of Gloria Swanson's children.

The chumminess of the Irene Riches.

Lois Moran's brains.

Louise Fazenda's serious heart behind her clowning.

The modernized domestic harmony of the Tashman-Lowe household.

Lilian Tashman's sophistication and her authoritative word on any number of subjects.

That newspaper published by Buddy Rogers's father in Olathe, Kansas.

Buddy's fraternity life at college, and his ideas about women.

Hollywood's opera "season."

Gary Cooper's dude ranch.

Old Flemish tapestries, Fourteenth-century maps, and rare old volumes in Hollywood homes.

Wise investments of players, through shrewd guidance of wives, mothers, or boy friends.

Bebe Daniels being civil to her grandmother.

That royal visitor to Pickfair, and the titled guests there.

The football prowess of John Mack Brown.

The preference of virtually every player to stay home and read a good book instead of going places.

Anything at all about Carmelita Geraghty.

Dorothy Sebastian's bad breaks.

Charlie Chaplin's silence.

Ann Harding's approval of California.

Ramon Novarro's inexperience with sweethearts; his yearning to leave the screen and go into monklike retirement.

Anita Page's family chaperonage.

Ronald Colman's bachelor household.

Helen Twelvetrees's resemblance to Lillian Gish.

Richard Barthelmess's gentlemanliness; his superiority.

Nils Asther's noble bearing.

Barry Norton's nostrils.

Billie Dove's beauty.

Maurice Chevalier's fetching grin.

The deep-rooted aristocracy of the family of every player born south of the Mason-Dixon line.

The poise of Alice Joyce.

The "It" girl.

Producers holding story conferences.

Producers searching the nation for the right type and then casting a girl already under contract after "a chance meeting in the studio commissary."

Beverly Hills estates.

Conrad Nagel's perfect voice.

John Gilbert and Ina Claire.

Robert Armstrong's wife.

Clive Brook's annoyance with the public for annoying him.

Charles Farrell's supposed heartbreak when Janet Gaynor married.

Zasu Pitts's mothering heart.

Eddie Quillan's large family.

Neil Hamilton's legendariness.

Aleen Pringle's repartee and those dominos.

Dorothy's del Rio's social eminence in Mexico City.

Ivan Lebedeff's hand kissing.

John Boles's voice.

The Barrymores' baby.

Victor McLaglen's distinguished relatives in the church and the British navy.

William Haines's ol' Virginnity background; his insep...
The saying that a person may do his present work too well to be promoted applies to Zasu Pitts, the limp but perennial maid who is really a versatile actress in need of a dramatic rôle. She continues to hold milady’s cloak for a trifling $2,000 a week.

ZASU PITTS, the fall gal of the talkies. Do you remember Von Stroheim’s “Greed” and the tragic girl therein who became demented? That was Zasu.

Zasu, the ridiculous, plaintive comic in funny clothes. You don’t know a tall, graceful girl who dresses smartly and somehow looks Continental. That, also, is Zasu.

Her status, in point of working time and importance to stories, is little more than a “bit player.” Yet her weekly salary recently rose from $1,250 to near the $2,000 mark, and she sometimes gets better notices than the stars she supports.

Her photographs appear, sans press agent, in swank magazines like Vanity Fair. Visiting intelligentsia ask to meet her. Impresarios of the theater make her offers to go on the stage in New York. Critics compare her emotional ability to that of Duse. I said critics, not press agents.

Yet Zasu is the tall gal, the funny female, usually a maid, who stands in the background and pads out the arid intervals in the story by getting laughs.

Why? Don’t ask silly questions. Because it would be logical to cast her in drama, and how would a lot of people around here hold their jobs if logic were introduced in the film capital?

It’s difficult to write an adequate story about Zasu. There is too much to say, and practically nothing to quote. She thinks it is the height of absurdity that magazines want interviews with her. And means it; for, after having had a grand time, the reporter finds in all about three statements that have anything to do with the interview. The rest is necessarily conjecture, and that is too broad a field; there are so many things to say about her. All this is in explanation of the confused continuity which follows.

When told that her public had need of a story about her, she burst into raucous laughter. Finally cornered, after weeks of evading the issue, she fidgeted nervously.

“My God, what shall I say? One false step and the game is up. Why can’t you write a nice story about Greta Garbo instead? I’ll tell you all about how she drops in to talk to Ann and Sonny, and how she likes our house because it’s so homy, and what a grand person she is. Or write about Hedda Hopper—now there’s one of the great players.”

Because Zasu can talk fast when she wants to talk herself out of something, the interview ended right there. Some one of firmer purpose than I must stem the flow of Zasu’s crazy humor long enough to make her speak for publication. Me, I find just talking with her too much fun to pin her down to statements.

The first time I met her was at a cocktail party at the home of Leonard Sillman, tap dancer and host extraordi- nary. Given in honor of a famous novelist from New York, the soirée was being very elegant, except for the honored guest’s petulant reiterations. “Where is Zasu Pitts? They said she’s to be here, too. Where is she?”

When the door opened and Zasu blew in, she paused agast at the number of people. Smartly tailored, silver-foxed and chic, she looked like Park Avenue, yet she colored like a schoolgirl when she was made the center of attention.

Unsuccessfully trying to hide in a corner, she finally diverted the spotlight from herself by shouting suddenly into the ear of the attractive girl who had arrived with her. The girl started, then turned and asked in a dull voice, “What did you say, Zasu?”

“She’s stone deaf, poor thing,” Zasu explained to the company at large. “When you talk to her, let her put her hand on your shoulder, and she’ll get the vibrations.”

Well, anyhow, that particular party ended with all the aspects of low comedy. A few were in on the gag—and nearing apoplexy. The rest were hoarse from shouting and trying to put the afflicted one at ease. Zasu looked on with a demure, compassionate smile, from time to time relating astonishing anecdotes of the history of her friend’s malady.

The girl, an extra in pictures named Dorothy Mag- gowan whose hearing is excellent, is one of Zasu’s closest friends, an accomplished teammate for such vític insanities as the above.

Zasu adores to play. Her humor springs from a profound sense of the ridiculous. The spectacle of un- due dignity upset gladdens her soul.

When she wants to, Zasu can look beautiful—even ex- citing. Her eyes are her best feature. They are dark- blue, luminous, black-lashed. The repose of her manner is belied by her face which looks as if her nerves were continually stretched taut.

(Continued on page 116)
In more than one way Zasu Pitts is an anomaly. Though little more than a player of bits, her salary approaches $2,000 a week and often she receives higher praise from the critics than the stars she supports. Though the talkies have established her as a comedienne, she is one of the most distinguished tragic artists on the screen, as those who remember "Greed" and "The Wedding March" will testify. The many sides of this extraordinary character are brought out in her story on the opposite page. Read it!
His Fatal Fascination

It belongs to William Powell, who will show you in "Ladies' Man" the fate of a gigolo.

Kay Francis and Carol Lombard, at top of page, hover over William Powell in rivalry that at first is friendly, but later becomes acute.

Mr. Powell, left, repents his life as the obliging friend of rich women and dares ask Miss Francis, who knows the truth, to marry him.

Miss Lombard, right, lets Mr. Powell know that she loves him in spite of his relations with her mother.
Will Rogers brings back to the screen one of its great comedies, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

The magic of radio captures the vibrations of past centuries and transports a village philosopher to England in the Middle Ages.

Brandon Hurst, right, as Merlin, the king's magician, William Farnum, as King Arthur, and Will Rogers, as Hank, who is known at court as Sir Boss.

The man in armor, below, is Mr. Rogers, with Frank Albertson.

Myrna Loy, below, as Queen Morgan Le Fay, the king's hateful sister, denies the entreaties of Maureen O'Sullivan, as Alisande, to spare the life of Clarence, a page boy who has dared to love the daughter of a king.

It is finally Sir Boss who comes to their rescue and unites the lovers after blowing up the queen's castle in a comically modern manner.
Coquette

Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill offer the surprising outcome of a flirtation in "Their Mad Moment."

The romance brings together a worldly American girl and a French peasant of the Basque country, whose simplicity and sincerity provide pastime for Emily until she is shocked to learn that Esteban takes for granted that she is serious and will marry him. See the film and learn what happens to a girl and a man who don't understand each other.
"Body and Soul" is the picture that introduces Elissa Landi to the fans, with popular Charles Farrell making sure that her début will be doubly successful.

Miss Landi, whose first interview appears on page 33, is too poised to be nervous over her bow to the American public, but she realizes that she is about to face an audience with the power to add a glamorous chapter to her distinguished career—or send her back to the stage.
Another stenographer triumphs in "Honor Among Lovers," shedding an undesirable husband as smoothly as she acquires a rich one. *C'est la vie!*

The return to the screen of Claudette Colbert after a long voyage to foreign climes is as welcome as the first appearance of Fredric March after his striking performance in "The Royal Family of Broadway."

They renew the association that was happily begun in "Manslaughter," and no doubt will be seen in many other films.
High Life

And who is better able to make it credible and attractive than Ruth Chatterton, in "Unfaithful"?

Miss Chatterton returns to the mood of "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady," to remind us anew of the wide range of her talents.

She is seen, right, with Paul Cavanagh, to whom she is married in the film and who causes her to establish a bad reputation for herself. This scene shows her return from a party with an exaggerated account of her indiscreet conduct there.

She is seen, below, with Donald Cook, her brother, from whom she sadly parts after her marriage.
Robert Montgomery's love-making is infinitely varied, as his admirers have discovered. Here he is protective, and in his gentle, though firm, embrace, Constance Bennett finds consolation and security. But circumstances stronger than the lovers in "The Easiest Way" tear them apart.

Photo by Hurstel
Personality Racketeers Break In

In a refined sort of way many wily individuals crash into the studios by hammering campaigns designed to sell themselves, and some of the tactics of the mild order of gangster are used to overcome anything that stands in the way of progress.

By H. A. Woodmansee

In this swashbuckling age there are racketeers wherever dollars hang heavy on the trees. A host of them pluck the golden plums from the movie boughs, and of these the most interesting is the personality racketeer.

A personality racketeer is a wily individual who traffics not in bootleg liquor, Wall Street stocks, or artichokes, but in his or her living, breathing self. His object is to push himself ahead, by hook or crook, in a highly competitive studio world.

He doesn't resort to physical violence. He fights rivals not with bombs and machine guns but with equally deadly weapons—words and actions. He smuggles not boughs across rivers, but himself and his pals onto studio pay rolls. He hijacks not property, but valuable credit for the achievements of others.

In a refined sort of way he "strong-arms" in, exacts tribute, pays heavily for protection in the form of advertising, fortifies himself in studio politics, and terrorizes competitors and traitors with a figurative equivalent of being taken for a ride. And, like racketeers of other sorts, he's often a good fellow to his friends and all who do not get in his way.

The personality grifter may be either an unknown trying to get a foothold, or a big shot resisting efforts being made to shove him off his perch. He may be an actor, a writer, a director—in fact, anybody. There's fun for all in this game. Even a child actor can play it. It's a racket that has always been popular in Hollywood, and is doubly so in these troublesome talkie times.

The ruses of the personality racketeers range from the legitimate to the unscrupulous, from the ingenious to the ridiculous. There's an infinite variety to them.

Let him have the remotest connection with the production of a film hit, and he'll bring his high-pressure salesmanship to bear to convince Hollywood that he is solely responsible for the success of the picture. Often he succeeds, for so many individuals are involved in the manufacture of a film that even an insider may not be sure of who is responsible for its success. If he has assistants working under him, he'll grab credit for their efforts; if not, he'll try to create the impression that his superior is a man of straw whose reputation has been falsely gained from his assistant's ability.

If the racketeer happens to be an actor, he adroitly steals scenes by various tricks. He slugs below the belt; he tries to shove fellow players so thoroughly into the background that the public will hardly notice they are in the picture. There used to be more of this in the days when stars could grab close-ups at will; but even in this talkie era, when the picture comes before the actors' whims, there is often dirty work at the crossroads when stage and screen luminaries get together in a film. The racketeer's aim is always to grab all the credit in sight, no matter to whom it belongs.

But suppose the picture is a flop. Then watch the personality grifter get out from under. He is ready to prove that he was a mile away when the crime was committed. If he is an actor or a director, he says, "What could I do with such a lousy story?" The scenario writer, in turn, passes the buck. The blame is finally pinned on some bewildered umphey who is properly punished.

The racketeer is seldom a lone wolf in his operations. He belongs to a gang and makes connections of various sorts. If he gets a job in a studio he schemes to bring in his friends. Once inside the portals, they form a political alliance and try to take control of the studio. Sometimes they find their ambition opposed by a like-minded group, in which case there is some gang warfare that would delight a Chicago connoisseur.

Like racketeers who actually operate outside the law, the movie trickster fully understands the importance of protection. He stands in well with influential persons wherever possible. He will cultivate them socially, do them favors, and even marry them. Many young actors and actresses have forced themselves into the good graces of persons who could help them, only to ditch their benefactors when their aid proved no longer necessary.

The personality pusher knows there are few better forms of protection in his peculiar game than advertising. Here one sees some of the most entertaining aspects of his racket. One of his dodges is to buy huge quantities of advertising space in local trade sheets, practically subsidizing them. This means that they act as his undercover agents. While pretending to purvey news, they grab credit for him on every pretext and boost him to the skies. Some readers are too movie-wise to be deceived, but the self-advertiser reads the blurbs with great satisfaction and believes every word of them.

He hires publicity men who nobly abet him in selling himself to the world. They sit up nights thinking of new things for him to say, new stunts for him to do, that will convince folks that he is as unusual as the southern California climate. Nowhere does one find more ingenious and fraudulent personal racketeering than in the archives of press agency. [Continued on page 117]
ON Vine Street is the Brown Derby, Hollywood's celebrated restaurant. Fans from the four corners of the country stand patiently outside, album and pen in hand, begging autographs. More enterprising ones hold cameras and rush up to Phillips Holmes, or Fifi Dorsay, to snap them in smiling complaisance, only to swerve from them at the approach of Maureen O'Sullivan, or Sue Carol and Nick Stuart.

On Cahuenga Avenue, one block away, is the Screen Stars' Shop. No fans wait at the entrance. No celebrities pop in and out—except one well-dressed woman, with snapping dark-brown eyes. And if you told a fan of to-day that this lady was Florence Turner, he would be none the wiser.

One whose childhood dates back twenty years may recall Florence Turner, the Vitagraph girl, the first star of the screen. To-day Miss Turner is hostess at the Screen Stars' Shop. As stated already, no fans clutter the doorstep begging her autograph, yet, by reading on, you will see that she has done more with her life than many of the new celebrities who trip lightly into the Brown Derby to bewail their sorrows to an interviewer.

Should the personal pronoun "I" appear a little too frequently, please pardon the transgression. Somehow I cannot write of Florence Turner without including myself, albeit modestly.

It was the summer of 1915. Home from school, I was to spend part of the holiday in Ireland. At night the ship drew away from Liverpool into the mists of the River Mersey. No lights showed on board, for war-time rules forbade them. Only the necessary lights gleamed on shore.

As a ship departs, people always lean against the rail, watching the land recede as if they'd never see it again. At my side a handsome young woman called down to some one. "Don't worry," she said. "Take care getting back." The figure on the pier was swallowed up in the night.

I recognized the lovely lady at my side as Florence Turner. Not being one of the modern fans, I did not dare address her, though she smiled nicely at me and said a schoolboy should not be crossing the sea at such a dangerous time.

That's the inducement held out by Florence Turner, herself a star long ago, who is now hostess at a shop in Hollywood that deals entirely in clothing donated by players. Mr. McKegg reminisces most entertainingly of Miss Turner at the height of her fame and as she is to-day.

By William H. McKegg

The Screen Stars' Shop, of which Mrs. Helen Woods, left, is manager and Florence Turner saleswoman de luxe, is ignored by fans who spend hours waiting for celebrities to come out of a restaurant.

BUY A STAR'S GOWN
By now we were out in the Irish Sea. Orders had been given that passengers had best sleep in their clothes, with a life preserver on. The sea was infested with German submarines and floating mines. When a ship is torpedoed, one has no time to hunt for one’s B. V. D.’s and trousers. Best to have them on.

“I don’t see myself sleeping with all that on me,” Miss Turner remarked in the dining room to a companion. “No danger is ever so bad as it seems. We’ll face it if it comes.”

That is true. Rolling into my bunk, fully dressed, I soon found the life preserver uncomfortable. Then gradually I discarded my clothes. Let the submarines appear, comfort is ever better than caution. The fact that Miss Turner was on board, the first star I had seen, dispelled all thought of danger. And, indeed, nothing eventful occurred. When I woke next morning at six o’clock we were in Dublin, in time for the revolution.

Ireland had just seen the preliminary flare of her first revolution during Easter week. Shop windows were boarded up. Walls were spattered with bullets, windows shattered, places burned down. The whole city had that terrible furtive tension of something about to erupt.

In spite of such dangers, Florence Turner landed to make personal appearances for the Red Cross. It was not her fight. She was an American and her country was not then in the War. Yet unselfishly she gave her services, going through all sorts of hardships and inconveniences. Most people would never have considered crossing a mine-infested sea, let alone entering revolutionary Ireland.

After breakfast, the star who might have remained in safety, eagerly mounted a car and, with a wave of her hand, was driven to a hotel with windows intact.

London of 1916. Early in the year air raids were nightly occurrences. It was best to remain indoors. Preferably in cellars. But strangely enough, one acquires a contempt for danger. And the motion-picture theater had to be attended. The summer term at school was to begin in a couple of weeks and no opportunity to see pictures would then be possible.

Warnings had been given out that it would be best for people to stay home that night. Raids were expected to be numerous. Braving such warning, I and a chum made our way through the darkened streets to a theater where Florence Turner was to make a personal appearance for the Red Cross.

I don’t recall what the film was. The electricity was turned off several times. The slightest hoot of a motor horn caused the audience to jump and the operator to fall down on his job. Suddenly, when least expected, a shrill siren blasted the silence. An air raid. Some persons stood up and moved from right to left, getting nowhere, but sobbing “Oh, oh, oh!” which didn’t help at all.

At the height of the confusion, Miss Turner arrived and stepped onto the darkened stage, with a timid manager beside her holding a lighted candle.

“I don’t know what she said. I don’t suppose it was anything startling in a historic sense; but her smiling, calm presence, her face illuminated by candlelight, quieted a panic-stricken audience. Far-off explosions and crashes were heard, then a distant shriek, and footsteps of some ill-fated person seeking shelter.

All the audience stared up at Florence Turner, hypnotized by her courageous personality. She said, “Don’t be frightened. It’s all right. It will soon pass.”

Later a bugle sounded. The raid was over—for that night at least. People left the theater with a starry look on their faces given them by Florence Turner.

Instead of comforting others, cheering them up, working for the Red Cross, Miss Turner might have been the most miserable of people. The War had ruined her film company. She had lost virtually all she had.

“I wasn’t the only one,” she said to me when I spoke to her about the calamity. “At the outbreak of the War I was in Scotland, making ‘The Shepherd Lassie of Argyll.’ Every one thought the conflict would end in three or four months.
Buy a Star's Gown

Though many years have passed since Florence Turner was a big star, she has lost none of her graciousness and charm.

"Back at Walton-on-Thames, I could get no men. As the months passed all able-bodied workers were joining up. My cameraman was called. People forgot pictures for the moment. It was not until 1916, when the War was at its height, that people sought the theaters for brief comfort. By that time my company had dissolved."

All this Miss Turner relates as if speaking about a spell of bad weather. Since she came to Hollywood, seven years ago, I have never heard her complain once. And she has not been without cause.

Brought up in the theater, Miss Turner went on the stage as a young girl. In 1907 she applied for work in pictures at the old Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

It was the era of John Bunny and Flora Finch. Kate Price was the luxuriant Irish comédienne. Julia Swayne Gordon the woman with a "past," Earle Williams the handsome hero, Leah Baird the vamp. Maurice Costello, all curls and dimples, the first male star of the screen.

Miss Turner was the first to offer by way of innovation a two-reel picture, without subtitles. Charles Ray stated once that he made the first titleless film in "The Old Swimming Hole." Such is not the case. Miss Turner made "Jealousy," in which she alone appeared. Surely a rôle to warm the heart of any actress. The picture got splendid notice at the time, because of its novelty.

The late Wallace Reid played with Miss Turner, in "The Deerslayer." His father also appeared in the same film. In "A Dixie Mother," Norma Talmadge, then a girl of fourteen, played her first bit. Miss Turner, with white wig and Southern patriotism, was the mother.

"In those days, we players did all sorts of things," Miss Turner said. "One day I was a girl. Probably the morning after I made up as an old woman. Besides acting, we'd help erect the sets, sew costumes, and write scenarios. Altogether, we were very useful people."

So useful was Miss Turner with these many talents that she had a nervous breakdown. Vitagraph sent her out to California to recover her health. She and her mother, who has never been separated from her, stayed West for almost a year. When Miss Turner finally returned to New York she found progress had continued during her absence and in her place were such newcomers as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, and Lillian Walker.

That was in the early part of 1913. It was then that Miss Turner decided to go to England and form her own company. This she did, and a different story might have been written about her, had the War not occurred. However, the pictures she did make brought her a great deal of popularity in Great Britain. "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Welsh Singer," "Doorsteps," and "The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle" established her as a favorite before her company crashed.

In the latter part of 1917, Miss Turner returned to America. But so fickle is public adoration that she was already forgotten by those in the industry she helped to make one of the greatest in the world. She returned to England, but came to Hollywood in 1924.

The Screen Stars' Shop was organized by Mary Pickford. Extras not overflush with money can buy discarded clothes of the stars at moderate prices. All profit accruing from the sales goes to the Motion-picture Relief Fund. Mrs. Helen Woods is the manager of the shop. She is a smart Continued on page 113
The studio cottages are barometers of a star’s popularity as surely as box-office reports, and the *maisonnettes* tell much more: *peep into* them and you will learn something of your favorite by the *frills* and the *colors* you see there.

**By Myrtle Gebhart**

**What the Make-up Bungalows Tell**

Seasonal fads in decoration upset stellar temperament, until the houselets are all done over in keeping with the current craze.

An extreme idea prevails, either of costly magnitude or its antithesis, a seeming simplicity artfully contrived. Few are just comfortably inconspicuous.

In several of the humble houselets, dressing tables are hung with valances of challis, panico cloth, and silk voile or organdie, and drapes are of English prints, mercerized silks, and dotted swiss. Quaint effects are achieved in couch covers and pillows of gingham and calico, a scheme found along Fox lane. The more fastidious of these have dressing tables that appear to be old-fashioned coquetish maids sitting with their taffeta skirts spread out around them. Unbleached muslin and denim are used in the men’s hair.

If a borrowed player rates a suite, or even a bungalow, he must be tendered that courtesy. Both his comfort and his own studio’s prestige must be considered. The usual practice is to better his surroundings, not so much one suspects, in magnanimity, as a gesture of vanity to remind him that the second company does things a shade more grandly than his regular employers.

The actors make much less fuss about dressing-room rank when “visiting” than do their executives. When Fox lent Edmund Lowe to United Artists, they insisted upon a suite. The only one available was that just vacated

John Gilbert’s contract gives him the most elaborate houselet.
Once Marion Davies's importance was established beyond all argument by her having the only bungalow boudoir on the M.-G.-M. lot. Now there are three such structures. Because of its walled patio, Spanish gardens, and balconies, Marion's home is used as set exteriors. DeMille's, primarily an office, contains his collection of antiques, carved furniture, and old chests.

John Gilbert's contract actually stipulates that no one on the lot shall have a more elaborate dressing room than his. And what a dwelling it is! Beneath its red tile roof are objects more beautiful than in his own home. The grilled windows and balconies against white stucco walls give it a foreign aspect. The tiled patio-terrace is furnished in wicker.

His business office is severely simple, but a second entrance takes one through a carved Spanish door into a living room with dark-gray stone walls, thick rugs, and beamed ceiling. The chairs and benches are medieval Spanish. His massive desk is a copy of a museum piece. Andirons wrought in a sunflower design, sundial lamps pendant on chains, tapestries, panels, paintings, statuary, mirrored and carvings lend the room a storybook atmosphere. A kitchen and pantry are elaborately equipped.

Upstairs there are a modernistic sitting room in silver, black and red, steam and massage rooms, tiled bath and dressing room paneled with mirrors, one of which conceals a staircase to the garage below.

From a sanded garden with cactus plants one steps into the adobe hut which serves Will Rogers as conference quarters with office, reception room, kitchen, and bath.

Mary Pickford's make-up bungalow is furnished and serviced as no other cottage ever has been. While working she sometimes does not go home to "Pickfair" for several days. Lillian Gish and other stars have borrowed it during her absence. Chippendale dining-room chairs, English antiques, and old silver and pewter on the lowboy, create a Colonial atmosphere. A collection of porcelains intrigues the visitor. At times a dozen luncheon guests are served by the bungalow staff of chef, butler, and maid. Flowers and chirping canaries add to the gayety.

On the walls of her shell-pink-and-blue dressing room are photographs inscribed to her by Mussolini, D'Annunzio, Marconi, Edison, and others. The bath is of green tiles.

Doug's office is in black and gold and suggests the Chinese. Servants are continually tidying up after his cyclonic passages through. A steam-cabinet bath and mas-
What the Make-up Bungalows Tell

sage room adjoin. In his barber’s chair one often sees Samuel Goldwyn and United Artists executives. His play-
ground extends some distance, with a running track and a gymnasium.

Flagstones sunk in closely cropped clover lead into Norma Talmadge’s Belgian house of cream stucco walls
and green-shingle roof. Its four rooms, aleves, and ward-
robes are in jade green, with yellow curtains, flowered
climraz covers, and amber brocade draperies. The phone-
graph is in a French cabinet. A crackled china cat sits
before the fireplace. Lamps of frosted glass in wrought-
iron fixtures cast a pale glow. When Norma is using it,
the place is in fluffy disarray, the sophisticated magazines
being in evidence.

Marilyn Miller inherited Corinne Griffith’s tan stucco
cottage. Turquoise walls add to the cool effect of creamy
carpets. The modernistic touch, in black and silver, is not
too obvious. Marilyn has changed only the drapes, pre-
ferring a seafoam satin. And the two tiny white kittens
that used to curl up in a bassinet, while their mother
yawned on a cushion of rose and gold, are gone.

Colleen Moore’s casa of five rooms and many wardrobe
closets is empty. Set in a miniature forest of palms, its
patio is walled and roofed. Colleen used to entertain at
tea in the tiled courtyard, beside the fountain.

Louis Quinez chairs and settee, and blue-and-gold hang-
ings, give the living room of Bebe Daniels’s house at RKO
the glamour of an age long past. From the pastel dining
room, with its cretonne curtains, one glimpses a yellow-
and-green kitchen. Her tiny study contains an antique
desk, hand-carved chair, and divan. The silver-black-and-
green dressing room has changeable gold-lavender taffeta
drapes. A French cabinet is inlaid with mother-of-
pearl and has hand-painted pastoral scenes on its door
panels.

If one overlooks—but who could?—a lady sitting on a
devil’s lap, Chaplin’s retreat is a somber place. Well-
worn leather davenport and chairs provide comfort. In
the winter eucalyptus logs send up a cheery aroma from
the hearth, the mantel bricks of which frame an oil paint-
ing by Granville Redmond. A Henry Clive painting, in
rather discreet mood, hangs saucily against one wall.
The grandfather’s clock and radio are of dark wood. His
dressing table is plain and a full-length mirror is set off
by twenty-five lights.

Orange-colored linen
curtains and colorful
Spanish hangings on
walls of mission yel-
low, form a bright
background for the
Monterey furniture in
the stucco bungalow
dolores del Rio.
The carpets are beige.
Ornamental lamps have
hand-painted
parchment shades.

Rudolph Valentino
had one of the first
stellar villas. His vast
collection of swords
added a vigorous note
to the foreign atmos-
phere of beautifully
carved furniture. It
is used now, shorn of
its artistic trappings,
as the fan-mail office.

Paramount’s most
elaborate suite is Clara
Bow’s, on the first

The Garbo features
are made ready for
the camera in a royal-
blue-and-crimson suite.

floor of the three-
story building housing
the dressing rooms. It
has four rooms, and
originally was Pola
Negrí’s. It was done
over according to Miss
Bow’s specifications.
Against walls covered

Norma Talmadge has
a bungalow on wheels
that is the last word
in miniature house-
keeping.
with gold leaf, the ebony phonograph and library table and chairs stand out in bold relief. She rests on a black-and-gold lounge. Small ornamental street lamps in gold add a picturesque touch.

The table and six chairs in the dining room are red lacquer and black. Woodwork and rugs are black; golden drapes supplying a theatrical brilliance. Curtains of the same hue form an arch over her black dressing table and fall to the floor. A brocaded cloth top is under glass. A semiseparate clothes room is hidden by drapes. Set in a black frame and base is a long mirror.

Ruth Chatterton’s suite, with Nile-green furniture against cream walls, is restful. Her dressing table is plain, obviously utilitarian.

Typical of her calm and sweetness is Mary Brian’s pastel suite. Over the gray carpeting are lavender rugs. A blue-green lounge and corner love seat further convey the idea of daintiness, the cedar chest adding a practical suggestion. Green bottles and bowls hold her lotions and powders. Her room is invariably very neat.

When you walk into Charles Rogers’s, you think you have stumbled into a music store. An organ and piano are permanent fixtures, and the place is always cluttered up with trombone, saxophone, cornet, guitar, drums, and an accordion. The dark-red furniture is effective against a cream background. An oddity is a framed letter three feet long, from a fan. A large photograph of Mary Pickford reminds the caller that it was she who gave Buddy his first real opportunity.

Richard Arlen’s massive Mexican and Spanish furniture is studded with nails, reflecting a virile and strong personality. Indian mementos give to Gary Cooper’s small and plain room its only color. Blankets are strewn about. A war bouquet and his stuffed eagle look formidable. A picture of his mother on the desk is the one reassuring and soft touch.

If you seek rest in George Bancroft’s apartment, you are out of luck. Choose between a battered lumpy sofa and a hard rubbing table on which he is mauld and pounded by his trainer:

As a contrast to that barreness, step into old Florence and find John Barrymore surrounded by stained woods, somber tones relieved by rich crimsons, tannish old-gold picture frames and bits of mellowed tapestry, a Florentine window, a Venetian mirror decorated with glass leaves. A suit of armor hangs in one corner; a quaint example of crewel work is framed; some of Barrymore’s drawings are around, one being a map of the Bermudas, depicting flora and fauna, and reeds and shoals, in the style of ancient mariners.

Al Jolson, on the other hand, is just plain home folks, content with a chair and make-up shelf and mirror. His two-room bungalow is quite unpretentious. Leather club chairs, a library table, and books suggest Chester Morris’s equable temperament. Smoking paraphernalia and books scattered around Richard Barthelmess’s brown rooms, suggest comfort.

Olive-green carpets and curtains blend with the colored Monterey furniture of Richard Dix’s apartments. An electric phonograph contrasts with the old Spanish desk. A tiled steam room adjoins his dressing room, which is equipped as a gymnasium. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll—“Amos ‘n’ Andy”—had a suite that might have been transferred from a man’s club—red-leather mission furniture, couches, deep lounge chairs, desks, and typewriters.

The taste of each Fox player housed in a suite is considered in detail. A gracious gesture, that. To test his powers of absorbing shock, I suppose, Charlie Farrell was shown into the one prepared for Lenore Ulric, a deliciously Frenchy place, ultrafeminine, and told to make himself at home.

“I guess it’s—nice,” Charlie managed lamely.

To say that he was relieved upon being escorted into his own is a mild expression. A beamed ceiling, chestnut tables, leather chairs, and dull-red damask hangings make him comfortable in an adaptation of the Elizabethan style. It might be the study of a conservative Briton. The pillow covers are of rayon brocade, with blue predominating. Hunting prints and sea pictures adorn the walls.

Big, gangling Victor McLaglen had to manage awkwardly in the brocaded rooms just evacuated by Lenore Ulric, until his own, done conservatively in a rich dark blue, could be completed. The California-Spanish spirit rules Warner Baxter’s rooms. An image of St. Vincent, patron of the sick and the needy, from its wall pedestal looks down upon severe leather chairs, such as the Indians made under the supervision of the padres, tables brought around the Horn, and hand-loom draperies that resemble old serapes hanging from wrought-iron rods.

The rigor and simplicity of New England speak dignity in J. Harold Murray’s little section of transplanted Cape Cod. Linoleum represents a plank floor, on which are a Governor Winthrop desk and three Windsor chairs. The pattern of the wall paper was taken from an old hand box.

[Continued on page 117]
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?
WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

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By Vivian Grey

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Spoon in parks or park in cars,  
Neck beneath the golden stars,  
Take your fun while it is going,  
To-morrow—well, you're never knowing;  
But to-night at half-past seven  
I'll be on my way to heaven.

Joke me 'cause I've got no beau—  
Have I not? Well, you don't know.  
I don't want your third-rate codgers!  
I'm in love with Buddy Rogers!  
And to-night at half-past seven  
I'll be just "Halfway to Heaven."  

BUNTEE D'ALTON.

DAINTY MARIE
I sing not praises of the frail  
And star-eyed maidens who reveal  
Their lauded talents through a veil  
Of cinematic sex appeal.

Nor do I strike the lyric note  
For them of more mature allure,  
Those graceful creatures who ename  
In problem dramas none too pure.

I sing of one whose robust art  
Is neither subtle nor complex,  
But tones the joy valves of the heart—  
Marie's her first name. Dressler next.  

L. B. BIRDSALL.

SPRING HAS COME!
When I long for birds and bees,  
Spring is here!  
When my soul is thrilled by trees,  
Spring is here!

When I wear my thinnest clothes  
While I'm running at the nose:  
When I write for star's photos—  
Spring is here!

BARBARA BARRY.

A. W. O. L.
Poor Rodolfo Ravioli!  
Talkies found him sadly wanting;  
Found his tones to be quite nasal,  
And his "a's" were Indiana.  
Now, for nature's misdemeanors,  
Rodolfo's selling vacuum cleaners!  

BARBARA BARRY.

CHATTERTON
I fell in love with a film face,  
With a lovely, regal grace,  
From swaying hip to slender throat.  
I fell in love with the golden note  
Of every word she sang or spoke.  
I fell in love with her tears and smiles,  
With her cox, enchanting wiles.  
I fell in love with sad, forlorn  
Madame X and Sarah Storm!  

JOAN.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS
Making beds and washing dishes  
On memories of Gilbert's kisses.  
Sweeping, dusting, mending dresses,  
Envying Nancy's ruddy tresses.  
Getting lunch, preparing dinner—  
Wish I could, like Joan, get thinner.  
Tired at last, but glad to go  
Off to see a picture show:  

DOROTHY GARBUTT.

ALL THINGS ALIGHT
Oh, I love all things alight,  
The stars, pale candles of the night,  
Cool twinkling dews upon the grass,  
The reflection of gay sunbeams in a glass.

April rain upon the leaves:  
Tapestry the moon weaves  
Across the velvet evening skies.  
But dearest of all, Ramon Novarro's eyes.  

DOROTHY GRAHAM.

NAME AND RENAME
Bh and Buddy,  
The two Rogers bros.,  
Are getting what  
A film epic does.

Charles, then Buddy.  
Now Charles again.  
To erase Buddy  
There'll be a campaign.

Bh, renamed Frank.  
Is now called Bruce.  
Can't numerology  
Fix up a truce?  

LEE SMITH.

TO GINGER ROGERS
When lucky Jack Pepper would choose him a wife,  
Said he, "Since variety's the spice o' this life,  
I'll choose me a cinema 'it' gingly one  
Which may seem like allspice when all's said and done."  

CYNTHIA COUZA.
The Movie Runaround

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hundred dollars! She could buy some of the clothes at which she’d gazed so longingly when she was window shopping. Hats, gloves, shoes, and hand bags that really went with each other! Lingerie! ‘Sheer hose!’ Carrie Hillworth was in bed reading when Annabelle got home.

“Well, you got the job, all right, didn’t you?” she asked. “That’s fine. Listen, if you ever meet Ronald Colman in Hollywood, get him to autograph a picture for me, will you?”

Annabelle laughed happily.

“I don’t suppose I’ll ever see him, except at a distance,” she said, beginning to undress. “But I sent a telegram to Jack Gilbert to-night. And tell me where I can buy a lot of clothes in a hurry to-morrow morning—quick!”

Annabelle hardly slept that night. Carrie had given her expert advice. If she bought two really good suits, she could get at least one hat at one of those cheap places in Thirty-ninth Street, because a good suit made whatever you wore with it look expensive. She could buy her stockings at one of those wholesale places, and one of the big stores was having a sale of hand bags, and another was marking down shoes.

Up early, Annabelle rushed into her favorite store almost as soon as the clerks did. All she was sure of was that she mustn’t buy a suit or dress that was black satin, because she’d worn black satin that fateful night—was it really only night before last?—when she had met Hill.

She was so nervous that it was difficult not to take the first things that were shown her. What if some one connected with the district attorney’s office should come along and see her buying clothes and recognize her?

The girl who sold her her suits offered to send for the other things that she wanted, and presently a procession of saleswomen arrived at the little fitting room, bearing underwear, hats, gloves, hand bags, stockings.

When at last she ventured forth to get a suitcase in which to stow her belongings, Annabelle felt sure that no one who had seen her at the night club could have recognized her. She had on a blue suit, a blue hat that came well over her eyes, and her face was a tribute to a salesgirl who had always yearned to try out several pet theories of making up.

Annabelle arrived at Caroline Wakefield’s hotel at quarter after ten, breathless, exhilarated.

“Late!” exclaimed Miss Wakefield tragically, looking up from her breakfast tray. “Half an hour late. Good heavens, what have you done to your face? Brown shadow with your blue eyes and that rouge is much too dark. You look like a clown!”

She covered her face with her hands. “Suzanne, take her away, and do her face properly! Give her that other make-up box of mine and show her how to use it!”

Annabelle returned to the bedroom, to find Miss Wakefield still upset by her tardiness.

“I told you to be here at nine thirty,” she said icily, “and you come wandering gayly in at quarter after ten! Don’t make excuses!”—Annabelle had tried to speak—and don’t forget that I insist on punctuality. I’m always punctual myself, and I expect the same consideration from others—what is it, Suzanne?”

“That man downstairs with the fur coats, he says that he has been waiting for an hour now,” announced Suzanne, a malicious glint in her eye.

“He says he was to come at nine, he is here, and you are not ready to—”

Annabelle tried not to smile. Evidently Miss Wakefield wasn’t always so punctual. How would she take this?

Later she was to learn that nothing ever disconcerted Caroline Wakefield. Now she rose slowly, lighting a cigarette.

“He can’t expect a great artist like me to try on fur coats at nine in the morning,” she said. “I was ready when he came, but I simply could not bear the thought of trying on coats. Have him come up. And you, Miss Johns, get to work! Do something!”

Left alone, Annabelle tried to find something to do. There were heaps of letters scattered all about. She stacked them neatly together, only to be told that they were to have been thrown away.

A publicity man from the local offices of the company for which Miss Wakefield was to make her next picture appeared. Annabelle was delegated to look after him, which pleased neither of them.

“Well, here are the tickets—tell her I got the compartment she wanted,” he grumbled. “I’ll be at the train to see her off—and what a lot of luggage that will be! Oh, give her these orchids—and don’t tell her I’ve gone till I have five minutes’ start!”

Miss Wakefield did not like the orchids. They were purple—her nerves could not stand purple. Annabelle must run out and get some yellow ones.

“But I—I haven’t enough money,” stammered Annabelle, apologetically.

“I’ve only two dollars.”

Caroline Wakefield glared at her. “I gave you six hundred dollars last night—and you have only two left!” she exclaimed. “You must think I’m made of money! Well, get some out of my bag!”

As Annabelle went to the other room to get it, trying not to cry at Miss Wakefield’s injustice, Suzanne drew her aside.

“Come to me at times like that,” she whispered. “She is so unfair, that woman! I could give you the money, and she would pay it back to me for expenses. Don’t feel bad—she is terrible, and then she is nice.”

Annabelle sighed with relief when they finally reached the railway station. She had felt certain they would never catch the train, what with all the last-minute errands Miss Wakefield remembered. The publicity man was waiting for them, with two bored cameramen, who perfunctorily took a few pictures, and then rushed away to snap a newly arrived politician at another gate.

Terrified, Annabelle had stood far out of range, with Suzanne, and had bent over to pet the dog when the cameramen went to work. Miss Wakefield mentioned her action, as they settled themselves in the compartment.

“I like your modesty, my dear,” she said approvingly. “You have good enough sense to realize that it’s celebrities who are really important. Now help Suzanne unpack, please.”

Annabelle went to work happily. When the train began to move, she wanted to shout with joy. Of course, she wouldn’t really be safe even when she got to California, but at least she wouldn’t be as likely to be discovered as she would be in New York.

On the train she’d stayed right here in this compartment during the day, and at night she’d be in her berth. These reflections were interrupted by Miss Wakefield, who was sitting in a corner smoking.

“Dennis Lindsay went through the train gate when I was being photographed,” she remarked. “I suppose you’ve never heard of him”—to Annabelle. “Well, he’s one of the best cameramen in the business, and only an insider knows the true importance of cameramen. They can make you or ruin you. Now, you just go through the train and see if you can find him for me.”

Annabelle sat back on the floor, feeling as if a cold hand had touched her heart. Every one on the train would see her—some one would be sure to recognize her—

“But—I don’t know what he looks like,” she protested. “I’ve never seen him. I——”

Miss Wakefield’s mouth became a curve of exasperation.

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TIME was when Virginia Sale was best known as the sister of Chic, the famous humorist, but that time has passed. Now she is recognized as an exceptional comedienne whenever she is seen on the screen, and that is often. Sometimes one glimpses her in the merest bit, but it stands out as a gem of broad comedy, and when she attempts a serious role she is not out of her element, either. You will next see "Jinny" in "Many a Slip" and "The Great Meadow."

Every one who meets her is surprised at the difference between her real and her screen self. There is no slightest reminder of the eccentrics she plays in the charming, poised young woman Virginia Sale really is.
The Movie Runaround

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"Will you never learn that you mustn't make excuses when I tell you to do something?" she demanded.

"He's tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes, and a very square chin. And when he's interested in anything, his left eyelid droops a little."

"There—that's an excellent description! I should have been a detective, or a fiction writer—I have a really uncanny gift for describing people. Now, run along and find Dennis. Tell him that I want to see him."

Annabelle went slowly into the corridor, her hands clinched. She couldn't do this, she couldn't! She wondered if she could stay out there a while and then go back and say she couldn't find this Lindsay man.

A porter passed her, carrying a sheaf of telegrams, and calling melodiously, "MESSIAH! MESSIAH! Mustah Jordan! Mrs. Huntah!"

Suddenly inspired, Annabelle rushed after him.

"Would you do something for me?" she asked breathlessly. "Would you call Mr. Lindsay's name with those others? Mr. Dennis Lindsay. I want to see him—I'll wait here." She slipped one of her dollar bills into his hand.

"Well——" The porter's grin was a tribute to her prettiness, and to the incipient flirtation that he evidently suspected. "Well, miss, I'll do most anything for a lady."

"And for a dollar," reflected Annabelle, as he strode away.

In about ten minutes he was back—ten minutes of tumult for Annabelle, who didn't know at what moment Caroline Wakefield might choose to come into the corridor herself. The porter returned, was followed by a tall, sandy-haired young man, whose left eyelid drooped slightly when he saw Annabelle.

"You—you wanted to see me?" he asked, studying her with sophisticated eyes.

"Yes," Annabelle gave him one desperate glance and hurried on. "It's Miss Wakefield, Caroline Wakefield, who wants you. She sent me to find you."

Dennis Lindsay frowned. His pet 'war horse!' he commented. "Thought I ducked through the gate without her seeing me. Well, tell her I fell off when the train started. Tell her I've got measles and they've quarantined me. Tell her——"

Annabelle's hands flew out in a helpless, despairing gesture.

"She—she'll just send me after you again," she said miserably.

Lindsay laughed and patted her on the shoulder.

"All right, if it's that bad I'll come," he said. "But you'll have to stick around to cheer me up. Going to Hollywood to get into the movies?"

"Oh, no!" Annabelle exclaimed vehemently. "I'm just Mrs. Wakefield's secretary. I'm not going to have anything to do with pictures."

"Fine! We'll see a lot of each other," he announced calmly. "I didn't know there was a woman in the world who didn't want to break in as another Garbo."

Annabelle took a step toward the compartment, but he blocked the way. He merely stood there staring down at her, his left eyelid drooping slightly, a faint smile on his lips. Annabelle felt little shivers running down her spine, and her heart began to beat faster. Suddenly she was happier than she had ever been before in her life.

"We'll see a lot of each other," Dennis Lindsay repeated slowly. "All right—let's return to the old dragon."

When they reached her compartment, Caroline Wakefield was lolling in a corner of the seat, against a pile of orchid and rose cushions. She was wearing mauve lounging pajamas, heavily embroidered with silver threads. Incense was burning in a tiny vase on the window sill, and Suzanne was shaking cocktails.

"Dennis, dear boy!" drawled Caroline in a cloyingly sweet voice, extending one hand as if she expected him to kiss it. "How too divine to find you on this train. It will make this ghastly journey bearable to have you along."

"I'm stopping off in Chicago for a week," answered Lindsay curtly.

"Oh, don't desert me!" Caroline implored. "Come, sit down here beside me and have a cocktail. I do want to talk to you. Miss Johns, you may run along to your own section now. I'll send for you when I want you."

Annabelle promptly stepped into the corridor, but Lindsay was beside her before she could go farther.

"Come back and have a drink to celebrate getting away from New York," he urged, taking her by the arm. Annabelle looked up at him fearfully. Did he know who she really was? But he was grinning down at her in such friendly fashion that her fear vanished.

"Yes, don't be in such a hurry," said Caroline. Her voice held its cooing note, but her eyes had narrowed angrily.

"Miss Johns is my new secretary, Dennis. You must let her run along after one drink. She's eager to get at her new duties."

Annabelle dutifully took and held a cocktail glass, while Caroline Wakefield and Lindsay drank theirs at one fell swoop.

"That gin is certainly terrible," commented Lindsay, with a shudder.

"I have some wonderful Scotch," Caroline Wakefield exclaimed. "How stupid of me not to think of it at once. It was given me by—well, I can't tell you who he is!—archly—"but he's way, way up in one of the embassies, and he——"

"I suppose he wants to marry you," said Lindsay in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Hey, don't run away!"—to Annabelle, who was edging toward the door.

"You mustn't keep her from her work, Dennis," said Caroline primly.

"That's right," he agreed, "and I mustn't neglect mine any longer, either. Well, good-by—see you in Hollywood!"

"But we haven't talked things over yet!" wailed Caroline. "And here's that Scotch. Her keen eyes studied Annabelle, and then the tall, sandy-haired young man, standing so close to the pretty girl.

"Miss Johns, do let your work go for to-day," she exclaimed. "Be a nice girl and stay here with Dennis and me, and learn all about Hollywood from us."

"You'll be crazy about Hollywood," Dennis told Annabelle, sitting down beside her. "Like to dance?"

"I'll be too busy with Miss Wakefield's mail to do much dancing," she replied, without meeting his eyes. She had realized instantly that if he were too nice to her, she'd find herself out of a job before they reached Chicago.

"I get such heaps of mail," Caroline exclaimed. "Not just ordinary fan mail, you know. Dennis, but marvelous letters from the most interesting people. Oh, of course, those little Clara Bows and Joan Crawfordes may get a few more letters than I do, but they don't mean half so much. My fans are the kind who stick to their idols for years and years——"

"Sure. I bet you're getting letters from old dodos who were writing to you forty years ago," remarked Dennis blandly.

Caroline drew herself up haughtily, then decided to take it as a joke.

"Oh, a hundred years ago," she laughed. "I'm like Bernhardt. But really, dear boy, isn't it interesting the way that real actresses, like Beryl Mercer, and Marie Dressler, and I—"I'm much younger than they, of course!—are the only ones who have been a sensation in the talkies? There's not a single young actress
The Movie Runaround

As an extra, I thought what a thrill it would be
To be kissed by the screen's greatest lover.
Just to make one love scene
In which I should be queen
Would undoubtedly put me in clover.

Well, it all came about, as such miracles do,
A small bit with this world champion petter.
But he's not such a sheik,
My, his kisses were weak—
There's a prop boy who does it much better!

BARBARA BARRY.
in the baron's castle, and Mr. Errol's attempts to stamp and mail a letter are sure to provoke chuckles everywhere.

"Paid."

If you need be told, la Crawford—otherwise Miss Jo-an—emerges as a full-fledged dramatic artist, and a downright good one. But of course you've heard. Furthermore, the picture is an excellent crook melodrama with the savoir of novelty; even though it is an ancient stage play. But it has been brightly brought up to date and is immeasurably aided by such excellent players as Robert Armstrong, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis, William Bake
ewell, Purnell Pratt, and a young gentleman from the stage who calls himself Kent Douglass in a playful disguise of the name known to Broadway, Douglass Montgomery. Mr. Douglass, who thinks himself not much to look at, they tell me, is an excellent actor possessed of speech that is as natural as it is intelligent and distinct. But I promised myself this month not to say anything about speech, because the mock English accent and the sandpaper ingenuities persist in spite of me.

However, this is Miss Crawford's picture and she is admirable, although for the life of me I can't see why she chooses to look so ghastly and unreal—a perfect embodiment of Camille in the last stages, if you want to know the truth.

She is a shopgirl who is railroaded to prison by her rich employer for a theft she did not commit. Swearing to be avenged, she emerges from the bars with a full knowledge of how to evade the law in carrying on crooked operations. Eventually she meets her former employer's son, marries him and enters into his triumph. From then on it is one interesting episode after another, until everything straightens out and you've believed it while it lasted.

In the assemblage of expert players Mr. Armstrong stands out in a portrayal that is not better than many he has given, but it becomes finer because of the production and the actors that surround him. This is his hour unmistakably.

"Illicit."

An argument in favor of marriage versus bliss without a wedding ring proves nothing in this picture except that an attractive heroine can wear handsome gowns, live with the man she fancies, and save the film from the censors by falling tearfully into his arms at the end and asking to be taken to the Ivys mansion, presumably the symbol of married respectability.

But one cannot gainsay the sincerity and earnestness of the picture, nor is one indifferent to the enterta

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tainment offered by Barbara Stanwyck, as the girl who doesn't want marriage to rob her affair of romance. She is charming, warmly feminine and altogether appealing, except that her voice at times is more shrill than beguiling. But this is a popular picture beyond all doubt, because of its appeal to women who will fancy themselves in the chiffons of the heroine and find in her refusal of marriage an echo of their own daydreams. It has exactly the appeal of "The Divorcee," which some think was one of the ten best pictures last year.

Natalie Moorhead and Ricardo Cortez menace the ultimate understanding of Miss Stanwyck and James Rennie, and Charles Butterworth and Joan Blondell add comedy to that indescribable atmosphere which surrounds ladies of leisure.

"Reducing."

Though there isn't enough of beauty parlors and too much about saving a girl from her first false step, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran appear to advantage in their new picture, as do Anita Page, William Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers, and William Bakewell. But their combined efforts make for a much more serious picture than you would expect from the boisterous comedienne when they get together. However, there are many laughs at that.

They begin when Polly Rochay, owner of a successful reducing establishment, brings her sister, Marie Truffle, from Terre Haute with her husband and three children. Tiffs, endearments, quarrels, and reconciliations keep the sisters busy until the daughter of the house of Truffle attracts the attention of the profligate young millionaire who is the special property of the Rochay offspring. Everything ends when Ma Truffle forces him to marry Miss Rochay and Miss Truffle returns to her hometownsweetie. After all, there's no one on the screen like Dressler and Moran and they're always worth while.

"No Limit."

Clara Bow is not always convincing, but she manages to be entertaining enough in "No Limit" and looks prettier and slimmer than in any of a year's pictures. She is an ushertette who accepts the loan of a magnificent apartment only to discover that it is a gambling establishment. She also learns that the poker chips she thinks are worth fifty cents represent fifty dollars or so. And it is quite a shock. But she survives it only to sustain a greater one when confronted by the knowledge that the man she marries is a crook who aided in robbing a film star of her jewels during a personal appearance at the theater where the usherette held forth before she moved to Park Avenue. You see it is quite a melodramatic marmalade.

Richly produced—the apartment itself is very interesting—the film is well acted by Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd, and Dixie Lee and, to a lesser extent, by Norman Foster as the crook. But it doesn't ring true and gives the impression that it was concocted to dispel the reports of Miss Bow's experience with poker in real life.

"The Bachelor Father."

This stage comedy started out to be one of the best pictures Marion Davies has made in a long, long time, but two thirds of the way through the film, they evidently decided things were going too smoothly and they needed excitement. So they began taking liberties with the script and there is a bad let-down from that point on.

The story concerns the efforts of a lonely old bachelor to gather his brood of illegitimate offspring around him after they are all grown. In the end, he learns that his favorite of the three is not really his. Miss Davies looks lovely and gives a most engaging performance of Tony, except in those moments when she descends to slapstick comedy which is entirely out of place in this picture.

Aubrey Smith, who created the part of the father on the stage, brings a faithful and amusing replica of his portrayal to the screen.

Ralph Forbes is quite correct and quite British as the young lover, and Guinn Williams is pleasing enough as the American aviator.

"Resurrection."

The last silent version of Tolstoy's gloomy tragedy, which we admired five years ago with Dolores del Rio and Rod La Rocque as peasant and prince, reappears with Lupe Velez and John Boles speaking and, of course, singing. The scenario is virtually the same and the direction is, as before, admirable for it was accomplished by the same veteran, Ed

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Evalyn Knapp

HOLLYWOOD'S new "nice" girl. That's how the colony describes Evalyn Knapp, who is reminiscent of Lois Wilson in her quietness and gentleness, not to mention gentility. A newcomer from the stage, she has been seen in "Sinners' Holiday," "River's End," and "Mothers Cry." But a better opportunity has come to her in "The Ruling Passion," the new George Arliss film in which she plays opposite David Manners. Mr. Arliss, at top of page, explains to the young people how he wishes them to play a sentimental scene. His instructions are needed, perhaps, for the picture, but not in real life. For Miss Knapp and Mr. Manners are in the throes of a delicious heart attack.
Blanche Friderici is not so well known by the fans as by the producers. She is sure cure for the blues with her portrayals of vineyard ladies of uncertain age in "Fighting Caravans," "Woman Hungry," "Last of the Duanes," "Courage," "Jailbreak," "Faithful," "Office Wife," "Kismet," "Billy the Kid," "The Cat Creeps," "Bad Women," and "Anybody's Girl." And there is Marjorie Rambeau, whose success is most recent since any of the others. About finished as a stage star, she was signed by Pathé and made a hit in "Her Man." Though her rôle was small it stood out. So conspicuously, in fact, that Metro-Goldwyn offered her a contract at the not-to-be-sneezed-at-figure of $1,500 weekly. Promptly she justified seeming extravaganza by delivering a superb performance in "Min and Bill." Assigned thereafter to "The Easiest Way," she bids fair to register largely in every cast she joins. Not bad for an ex-stage star with an uncertain future.

One of the surprising hits is that of Cliff Edwards. Signed because of his ability as a singer and his reputation as a recording artist, with the passing of musicals he has developed into a comedian, "So This Is College," "Marianne," "Hollywood Revue," "Montana Moon," "Way Out West," "Those Three French Girls," "Good News," "Remote Control," and "Dance, Fools, Dance" show his work.

Natalie Moorhead is another of the sophisticates who has landed on both feet. Not so well known as la Tashman—but as well dressed—she fills a certain niche, and looks set for a long time to come.


Endurance of popularity depends more largely than usual upon whether suitable stories can be found for them. Jobyna Howland is the statuesque blonde who played the mother in "Honey"—and how! One of the stage's most consistent laugh getters, she is equally amusing in the movies. She has worked constantly since her entrance into pictures, and is sure of work as long as she wants to stay. Her pictures are "Hook, Line, and Sinker," "The Cuckoos," "Dixiana," "The Virtuous Sin," and "A Lady's Morals."

Charlie Ruggles has few rivals among the comedians for popularity at the moment, although his success seems to depend principally upon his aptitude for portraying a soure. "Roadhouse Nights," "Gentlemen of the Press," "Young Man of Manhattan," "Queen High," "Her Wedding Night," "Charlie's Aunt," and a couple of shorts—all set!


Regis Toomey has been successful, without being spectacularly so. He scored a hit in his first picture, "Alibi," second only to Chester Morris's.


Mitzi Green is the ten-year-old who is the first child ever placed under contract by Paramount. She played in "Honey," "The Marriage Playground," "Paramount on Parade," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Santa Fe Trail," and "Tom Sawyer," and is now making personal appearances, but still under contract. She scored heavily in all her parts.

John Boles was grabbed off the stage in silent-picture days by Gloria Swanson for the lead in "The Love of Sunya," following which he lapsed into semiotics. Came the talkies and he got the lead in "The Desert Song," because of his voice. The picture was the first musical and threw him into the limelight with a vengeance. He followed it up with the phenomenally successful "Rio Rita," and the Evelyn Laye picture, "One Heavenly Night." Efforts are being made by Universal to build him up as a dramatic actor in "Resurrection," in which he costars with Lupe Velez.

Charles Bickford is the temperamentally inclined chap from Boston who doesn't hesitate to say "No!" to producers, directors, or supervisors. He was recently released by M.-G.-M., who couldn't be bothered with him any longer. His initial appearance was as the coal miner in "Dynamite," followed by "South Sea Rose," with Lenore Ulric, "Anna Christie," with Garbo, "The Sea Bat," "River's End," "Hell's Heroes," and "The Passion Flower." Bickford is probably good for many years of virile parts, but will be a producer's choice, because of his competent acting, rather than the fans' as a romantic moment.

Kay Johnson also made her début in "Dynamite," scoring heavily, and followed it with "The Ship from Shanghai," "This Mad World," "Madam Satan," "Billy the Kid," "The Spy," "The Passion Flower," and "The Single Sin." She has a good, steady following, but will never be a sensational drawing card. Dropped by M.-G.-M. as difficult to handle, she is free-lancing now, and she should do well.

Eddie Cantor, who never startled the universe with his silent pictures, made a tremendous hit in "Whoopée." But there again the question of musicals crops up. As I write this he is appearing at the Palace Theater (vaudeville) in New York at a salary of $7,500 a week, playing to a record house.

His next picture is not scheduled to go into production until March, and it is possible by that time he and Mr. Goldwyn will have decided to pocket the profits from "Whoopée" and not tempt fortune further by venturing another film.

And one other outstanding success of the early talkies is J. J. Bennett, signed while appearing on the stage with her father, Richard Bennett, in "Jarnegan." Her first appearance was in "Bulldog Drummond." Successive pictures have been "Three Live Ghosts," "Disraeli," "The Mississippi Gambler."
SHE solves the problem of enjoying the winter sports she likes so well by making the short trip from Hollywood to Lake Arrowhead, especially when she has a new outfit as smartly attractive as this. Her next film, by the way, is John Gilbert's "Gentleman's Fate."
actor. Most players lack the business acumen that Blue possesses and, furthermore, they are likely to underrate themselves when talking commercially. An agent can often get a player a little better salary than he would land for himself.

What's more, a number of the agents in Hollywood are very square shooters. One of them, Freddie Fra-lick, to cite an example, has had the same list of clients for a number of years. He retains them through fair weather and storms. Often they are bringing him no revenue. Anna Q. Nilsson, it might be mentioned, is one of his regulars.

Ruth Collier, another capable agent, makes a policy of never departing from a strict set of rules in dealing with her clients, the basis of which is the 10-per-cent fee. If it ever comes to an argument she generally prefers to relinquish the client, rather than to have any unsatisfactory outcome. Miss Collier is, incidentally, attractive enough to be taken for a star herself, and on one occasion another agent wanted to negotiate a contract for her.

The companies themselves distribute their talent around to other studios, but they, too, are adopting different policies. In many instances the player shares in the winnings. This avoids such frictions as happened with John Boles, Jean Her-sholt, and others in days gone by when they were let out at high figures, and didn't feel they got a proper share of the profits.

Under the new set-up one or two organizations are giving virtually all the excess to their players. Ann Har-ding and Constance Bennett are among those who seem to benefit most liberally by this arrangement. Both receive more, oftentimes, for pictures made away from the studio than those filmed at home.

Some players who are signed up for only forty weeks out of the year are allowed to gather in a little extra change during the vacation period. Dorothy Mackail and Loretta Young did well by themselves last year. Each filled in with about three pictures. Joe E. Brown was smart, too. He ambled into a stage engagement.

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The Screen in Review

—that the tragic love of poor Katu-sha Maslov has become too much of what once was a good thing.

You remember that she was a peasant who loved, so to speak, not wisely but too well, which means that Prince Dimitri rode away and forgot. Turned out of the house by his relative, Katu-sha drifts for seven years until she faces Dimitri again, she charged with murder, he a member of the jury. As the sordid story of the crime is recounted, he knows that he is to blame for sending Katu-sha to the streets. He resigns from his regiment, ends his worldly affairs, and resolves to share her sentence in Siberia. But, rejoicing in the reunion, Katu-sha refuses to marry him and presses on alone. Somehow all this is not as poignant as of yore.

This is Miss Velez's best performance—sincere, unaffected, with none of the coquetish hoyden—and Mr. Boles, having pleased in operetta, will please in tragedy, for his singing is the same. Nance O'Neill is austerely eloquent as the autocratic aunt.

"Kiss Me Again."

Pleasant, inoffensive, but far from stimulating is this trifle, founded on the famous operetta known years ago as "Mlle. Modiste." It is the tale of a shopgirl in love with a dashing soldier whom she gives up at the insistence of his aristocratic father, only to be reunited with her true love when she becomes a great prima donna. By the way, do you believe in fairy tales? If so, here you have one of a vintage, with music and Technicolor.

Yet every one does as well as he can and the music that once drove dull care away by its sweet tuneful-ness is all there, although a bit outmoded. It is just that operetta on the screen is unreal, artificial, nor do pretty airs either excuse the plot or invest it with glamour.

Bernice Claire sings pleasantly the songs of the operatic shopgirl and acts her as an American, and Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer, Edward Ever-ett Horton, and Claude Gillingwater are familiar the sum total of whose efforts approximate one of the better musical stock companies. In bidding farewell forever to "Kiss Me Again"—which served Corinne Griffith in silence—one wishes that a censor of pronunciation had been as evident as the use of French names and words.

"The Man Who Came Back."

Oh, dear! The life of a reviewer is spent between two fires. Here are Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, perhaps the nicest young folk extant. Problem: How to salve one's critical conscience and still do justice to adored favorites of the fans? Well, at the outset, I'll say that their picture was held over a second week at the Roxy, New York's largest thea-ter, to accommodate the crowds. But I thought it the misguided ef-fort of two nice young people to be wicked, depraved. As my favorite reviewer said, "The young players endow it with all the bitter realism of a Mother Goose story."

Judge for yourselves. Mr. Farrell, a playboy disinherited by his father, meets up with Miss Gaynor at a rowdy party and promises to marry her, but forgets it in the excitement of being shanghaied. They meet in an opium joint in China, where Mr. Farrell, with a gin bottle, is appealing for some one to come forth and share it, and Miss Gaynor emerges from parted curtains and demands a drink with Garbo's best Anna Christie thirst.

It is all too utterly utter of the dear children, and it isn't at all con-vincing to their elders who fancy they know a thing or two. Miss Gaynor reclains Mr. Farrell from strong drink and Mr. Farrell reclains Miss Gaynor from the frightful opium habit, but I know they were just playing all the time. It ends happily, of course, with parental forgiveness for drink and drugs. Leslie Fenton, in a rôle all too small, is a high light; and Kenneth MacKenna, recently married to Kay Francis, and Ulrich Haupt bring authority to puppet rôles.

"Once a Sinner."

A lady with a "past" is the heroine of this chop suey. Unfortunately, neither her indiscretion nor its outcome is unlike countless other versions of the same story, though this is credited to a Broadway playwright of distinguished achievements. The result is just too bad to be excusable. Nor do the efforts of nice people like Dorothy Mackail, Joel McCrea, John Halliday, and Ilka Chase disguise the tedium of their joint assignment, though Mr. Halliday is more fortu-nate than his fellows in playing a rich man whose former sweetheart marries and goes straight. Instead of flinging her "past" at her he tries to help her husband. But the husband, who would not listen when his wife tried to enlighten him now becomes suspicious and she leaves him to go to Europe, though where she found the money is not my business to fathom. Naturally, the tangle unravels happily, with the hus-band deciding he can't do without his wife. This conclusion is arrived at slowly.
Genevieve Tobin

FREE LOVE" did much to establish Genevieve Tobin on the screen and reflect the artistry of her stage appearances, to say nothing of erasing her unfavorable début in "A Lady Surrenders." Now she is all set to capture laurels full blown in "Fires of Youth," which you should remember as "Man, Woman and Sin" when John Gilbert and the late Jeanne Eagels played the rôles now assumed by Lew Ayres and Miss Tabin, he a reporter and she the society editor of a newspaper.
A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

THORA INGERTA HANSEN.—Well, it seems Carmelita Geraghty was a very smart girl. When she attended school in New York, she specialized in languages; and that is why, in these days of talking pictures, she speaks Spanish so well. Carmelita doesn't tell her age. Buck Jones was born in 1899. Grace Moore is in her late twenties. I regret that I know nothing of Judith Vosselli, except that she is from the stage. Metro-Goldwyn, in whose pictures she has appeared, was unable to give me any biographical facts about her.

STICK-IN-THE-MUD.—How long has that been going on? You say you're just another "wound-up" girl. I suppose that means you do your work just like clockwork. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899; I think his mail is all taken care of at the studios. His new film is called "Song of India," but it will undoubtedly be called something else by the time it hits the screens. Nobody hears more about him in picture play—there doesn't seem to be much left to tell. Is there anything you don't know about him already? David Rollins was born September 2, 1909. Write him at the Fox studio; address given below. And the only reason you didn't see answers to your previous questions is that you expected them soon.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—But not even Bill Boyd can last that long. His first wife was Diana Miller; Elinor Faire was his second, and Dorothy Sebastian, whom he married last December 20th, is his third. Yes, Bill has blue eyes. "The Yankee Clipper" was released in March, 1927; "The Night Flyer," March, 1928, and "Skyscraper," April, 1928. At this writing I don't know the release date for "Beyond Victory" or "The Painted Desert."

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD FAN.—And are you a fan? You fan hard enough to make Constance feel she's at the south pole. Constance was christened by that name, but doesn't say in what year. She has no fan club that I know of. She has a bungalow at Malibu Beach, California, which should serve nicely as a home address. I don't think she lives with Joan. Joan's baby was named Adrienne, after her maternal grandmother. Constance was just prominent in silent pictures about five years ago and gave up the screen when she married Phil Plant. Her first picture was "Into the Net" in 1924. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893, and no kidding.

STRONG FOR THAT BLOND.—Well, that blond you're so strong for in "Maybe It's Love" is Bill Banker. Unfortunately, I don't know anything about him except his name. Sorry!

WILLIAM BUCK.—I can't answer questions about the religion of stars; otherwise I'm eager to oblige. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. Her film which you describe was "The Night Watch." Billie is five feet five, weighs 115; her hair is dark brown and her eyes are hazel. Jeanette MacDonald, born June 18, 1907, has since grown to be five feet five and to weigh 125. She has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. Natalie Kingston was born on May 19th. She has golden-brown hair, brown eyes, is five feet six and weighs 126. Thelma Todd is the same height and weighs 120. She's blonde, with blue-gray eyes, and keeps mum about her age.

BARs.—My sleuthing instinct tells me that you like your favorites to be young! Stanley Smith was born January 6, 1907; his newest film is "Follow the Leader." He's on the stage now in "You Said It." Anita Page was born August 4, 1910, Philip de Lacy July 25, 1917. Charles Moran is 24 and Lew Ayres 20. Gregory Gaye played the Russian in "What a Widow." Don José Mogica works very hard these days—but in Spanish versions. Ivan Lehrfield doesn't give his age, but he's old enough to have been in the Russian diplomatic service before the War. You've got lots of company with your July birthday: John Gilbert, Lily Damita, on the 10th; Richard Dix, Lupe Velez, the 18th; Aileen Pringle, the 23rd; Alice White, Lila Lee, the 25th; Olive Borden the 26th; Larry Gray, the 27th; Catherine Dale Owen, Joe Brown, the 28th; Clara Bow and Bill Powell, the 29th. And lots of others less well known.

JAMES RICHSTONE.—You fans who like blues singers are out of luck now that the film companies are tired of musicals. Helen Kane has brown eyes. Lillian Roth's contract with Paramount was not renewed; she has been appearing in vaudeville. And questions about religion are barred.

DON NICHOLS DELLEPIANE AVellaneda, Viamonte 1465, Buenos Aires, Republic of Argentina, South America, requests letters from other English-speaking fans.

CURIOUS ME.—You're greedy as well as curious. If I took the space to print five complete casts for you, it would crowd off other fans. I'll print one, and then if you're a good girl, perhaps another next month, and so on. The players in "Show Off in Hollywood" were Dixie Dugan, Alice White; Jimmy Doyle, Jack Mulhall; Donna Harris, Blanche Sweet; Som Otis, Ford Sterling; his secretary, Virginia Sale; Frank Buelton, John Miljan; Kramer, Lee Shumway; Bing, Herman Bing. Jack Mulhall and Lila Lee played the leads in "Dark Streets." You share a birthday—December 24th—with Ruth Chatterton, but I'll bet you get cheated on presents at Christmas time. The college film you describe might be any one of them—they're all alike. If you have any idea who the leading players were I could tell you perhaps what the picture is. I think Clara Bow's secretary answers her fan mail; I can't imagine Clara settling down to write letters.

BEVERLY FERRY, 8536 Bennett Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, would like to correspond with other girls or boys. You don't get our wish, Beverly. Janet Gaynor is not out of pictures for good. She has re-}
TOO, too long, Laura La Plante has been absent from the screen. More than a year in fact. And her shining ability as a comedienne has been missed. But she remained away rather than play unsuitable parts such as came her way in "Show Boat" and "Captain of the Guard." Now she's back, gay and blithe as ever, in "Lonely Wives" and "The Devil Was Sick."
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Miss DeVoe, Clara’s former secretary, on trial for embezzlement, “told all”—or as much as the court would allow her to tell about Clara. But probably the most startling thing was the fact that Clara had once paid $10,000 for her own engagement ring, and also bought considerable jewelry for her men friends. Miss DeVoe said that these purchases included a $4,000 watch for Doctor Earl Pierson, of Texas, a $900 sapphire ring for Lothar Mendes, once husband of Dorothy Mackaill, and a $2,000 sparkler for Harry Richman.

Claudia Goes Marching On.

Funny things that companies do. Here is Claudia Dell, with excellent reports on her work coming in, and Warners allow her contract to lapse right in the midst of a season when all studios are frantically trying to develop new talent.

It didn’t take long for Miss Dell to secure another job, though. She was signed for “Bachelor Apartments” by RKO, and may be placed under contract by this organization.

Several other Warner players are out in the cold, cold free-lancing world, according to latest reports. They include Marian Nixon, James Hall, Irene Delroy, and Grant Withers. Miss Delroy has returned to New York. Leon Janney, the young"ster of “Courage,” is also through with his contract.

Reunion of Arlisses.

There is no question but that George Arliss likes Mrs. Arliss to be his leading woman. She appeared with him in “Disraeli,” and has been cast for “The Ruling Passion.” In both cases, of course, the roles were admirably suited to her. The Arlisses are a very devoted couple.

More Babies Expected.

Add to names we have already given as among those the stork is favoring with his gifts, the following: Vivian Duncan, who, it is anticipated, will become a mother in April, and Kay Hammond, who is looking forward to her accouchement earlier.

Jeanette to Sing On.

Jeanette MacDonald is not to de-part the screen. Her contract with Paramount lapsed, but she is now with Fox. This company has had success with their musical films, like “Sunny Side Up” and “Just Imagine,” so it is more interested in singers than most of the other organizations. Miss MacDonald still registers as one of the screen’s best soprano voices.

Battle Over Husband

Edwina Booth, the “Trader Horn” girl, and Mrs. Duncan Renaldo, are probably soon to carry into court their argument over Duncan, if they haven’t done so already. This is a heart-balm matter, involving $50,000 asked by Mrs. Renaldo of the golden-haired luminary of the African story. The wife accused the actress of stealing away the affections of her husband under the tropical moon. Edwina, through a suit she lately filed, denied everything.

Mary Is Boy-bobbled.

Mary Pickford’s bob will be even more hobish than it has been heretofore, when she appears in “Kiki.” We glimpsed her on the set during rehearsals, and her hair was dressed

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Strange Interviewlets

“Ah, but I must hurry back home. I have a pot of beans on my outdoor oven—the one you built and played up last fall—it really works.”

“Does, and for gosh sake, don’t take this racket too seriously. That was to get pitchers for the editors, you know.”

“Alas, and I have some beans to look after,” she insists. “And I must keep ‘Pink’ in the sun all day, just as you’ve been telling the fans I do.”

“Ah, come on and be a honey.”

“Sorry. I can’t think of a thing to say to-day. See you again!”

Ann leaves, and the boys, lighting cigarettes, don’t look a bit put out. One of the ranking men says, “Oscar, will you see that something goes out on Miss Harding to-day?”

“Yessir,” Oscar replies, and saunters over to Cecil, who is comfortably seated, his feet in a pulled-out drawer. Cecil used to be a newspaperman himself.

“I say, old man, the chief wants something out on Ann Harding to-day.”

“O. K.” Cecil yawns, collects his feet, and ambles over to Tillie.

“Say, cutie, Ann Harding out.”

Cutie doublemints a real snappy “O. K.,” stops wondering if her boy friend is really dumb enough to think she meant it last night when she told him she’d never darken his Ford door again, and pulls open a file.

The next card out says “Carriage.” Cutie then rewrites the contribution to the science of treating nervous disorders, as quoted above, and puts it back in the file. Next year a team like Laurel and Hardy may be photographed actually demonstrating proper carriage.

Wallace Beery surely knows what he is talking about when he tells you to cure your cold by going up 12,000 feet in a plane. It isn’t at all Wally to spoof us. Let me recommend that you give it some thought. You know colds—one shouldn’t quibble over the remedy when so much is at stake, leading to other things as colds do. After all, his method is quite simple.

When you start sneezing, you just hop into the lil’ ol’ family plane parked out there in the front yard—is it darling—and buzz around in the clouds for a while. If you sneeze only once or twice, and not very hard, perhaps only a wee sniffle, really, I think 6,000 or 8,000 feet is quite high enough.

Before risking a thing, though, give yourself a hasty examination. When you admire the plane, if you say “Isn’t it darlink?” you’d better take no chances. Go up the full 12,000. Even 13,000 may not hurt you.

And it seems to me that a nose dive

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An admiring fan-magazine writer would have done it like this:

“A mischievous light danced in la Talmadge’s eyes, two pools of cupped lightning, and spread to the corners of the cupid’s bow that was her mouth three times a day, when I asked her about bullfights in Spain.

“Yes,” said she, fingering languidly a rare old Spanish fan she had brought home from Seville with her. It was the gift, ‘tis said, of the Marquis de la Bolonio. ‘Yes,’ she repeated, ‘it’s an old Spanish custom.’

‘Ah,’ I chortled. ‘Did you see one?’

‘Here Norma fell to translating the inscription on a vanity case, which doubtless was the gift that some brawny toreador bestowed upon her just as he was about to wangle into the arena to juggle the gysome shawl in the face of the blood-hung bovine.

‘Yes, I saw a bullfight in Spain,’ flashed la Talmadge.’

The editors of the movie news columns probably trimmed the three pages to read, “Norma Talmadge arrived from Spain to-day.”

One can imagine the publicity boys at Ann Harding’s studio sitting around silently cultivating thought. Miss Harding comes in. “Oh, hello,” says one. “How about a nice little yarn?—haven’t sent one out on you to-day.”

Hollywood High Lights

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Lights

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from about 10,000 feet would be
good for clouds in the head. Have
you tried it, Wally?
And lay fever! It won't be long
till all up-and-coming health boards
will have their daily lay-fever cloud
outings in city-owned Zeppelins.
Oh—excuse me while I sneeze
but first, won't you agree with me
that the fans who think press agents write
the nice things about stars have never
read any publicity copy?

The Crowded Hour
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bler.” “Puttin’ on the Ritz,” “Crazy
That Way,” “Moby Dick,” “Maybe
It’s Love,” “Scotland Yard,” “Many
a Slip”—which may be released as
“ Babies Won’t Tell”—and “Doctors’
Wives.”

Recently she signed a new contract
with United Artists calling for two
pictures a year, and giving her the
privilege of making films elsewhere
between times.

Shortly after “Bulldog Drum-
mond,” it was announced she would
be starred in “Smilin’ Thru,” but the
picture has never materialized, and
one hears no more talk of starring
her. My opinion is that her name
means a lot at the head of a support-
ing cast, but that she is not strong
enough to carry a picture by herself.

Dorothy Lee is the petite kid who
plays opposite Bert Wheeler. Pretty,
and having plenty of personality, she
is being cleverly exploited, and has
just been handed a new contract by
RKO. Her films are the same as
Wheeler’s and Woolsey’s.

Stuart Erwin had a brief career on
the West Coast stage and was signed
for films almost at the outset of talk-
ties. “The Sophomore,” “The Tres-
passer,” “Sweetie,” “This Thing
Called Love,” “Young Eagles,” “Men
Without Women,” “Dangerous Nan
McGrew,” “Love Among the Mil-
ionnaires,” “Playboy of Paris,” “Only
Saps Work,” “Along Came Youth,”
and “No Limit” lead to talk of star-
ing him and Richard Gallagher as
a team. He looks set for a long time
to come.

There are a few others who have
scored marked successes since the
talkies hit us—notably, Constance
Bennett, Lew Ayres, and Phillips
Holmes—but none of them came
from the stage. All were products of
the cinema itself.

And there you have a history of
the outstanding personalities de-
veloped by the talkies. Next month I
will cover more of the army who
invaded Hollywood—those who are
still struggling for a place in the sun.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When you specify Kotex
you are sure of soft sanitary protection

Because Kotex absorbs correctly,
it gives comfort and a feeling
of perfect safety for hours.

HOURS spent at a bridge table; other
hours at the theatre, at the opera;
at an office desk! The problem of sanitary
protection becomes more and more com-
plicated as the modern woman extends
her varied interests. For she refuses
to recognize physical handicaps which once
limited her opportunities. Kotex has
made such handicaps a thing of the past.

Lateral absorption—a Kotex feature

Absorbs laterally—away from the center
and away from the surface. This makes
for delicate, lasting comfort.

No precaution need be taken to wear
Kotex a special way. Wear it on either
side with equal protection. There is
never any likelihood of embarrassment
from wrong adjustment.

Kotex, because of its hygienic superi-
ority, is specified by hospitals where
the most rigorous sanitary care is taken. They
even use its filler (Cellucotton—not
cotton—absorbent wadding) for surgical
cases... which is the highest possible
tribute to its safety.

The softness, the security, the hygi-
enic qualities of Kotex are already
familiar to millions of women. That is
why they prefer Kotex. Buy it at any
drug, dry goods or department store.
Simply ask for Kotex.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

IN HOSPITALS...

1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical ma-
terial used by surgeons in 95% of the
country’s leading hospitals.
2 Kotex is soft... not merely an appar-
tent softness, that soon packs into chafing
hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3 Can be worn on either side with
equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4 Disposable... instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Bell, 50c
Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Won’t
fit by an entirely new patented process.
Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.
(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)
Tales from the Cinemese

Continued from page 21

the drinker’s shirt front to the incalculable delight of the beholder; a radio loud-speaker hooked up to permit “broadcasting” from another room booms forth messages to the embarrassment and consternation of those being hoaxed; an armchair with what are technically known as breakaway arms unhorses the victim without injuring him seriously.

These pranks and kindred practical jokes keep the rafters ringing with wholesome merriment late into the night.

But the single touch of genius revealed in the dialeicre of this jovial star lies in the chambre de nécessité, where chance unsuspecting dupe is comfortably seated, a hidden music box tinkles out “The Star Spangled Banner.”

Sex rears its ugly head no oftener in Hollywood than anywhere else, but it manages to be a trifle more sardonic in its manifestations underneath the spotlight moon.

At an elaborate party in Beverly Hills, the dazzling array of women, combined with the dazing properties of the 1931 champagne to unbalance a guest, a New York actor of wit.

He began obnoxiously pawing while dancing with the various lovely ladies.

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Another Buddy Rogers?

This morning I received a charming and sophisticated letter, scribbled on a page from a copy book, from a person who signed himself “Charles Buddy Rogers.”

He evidently is a loyal Brian fan and my criticism of that star seared his soul, so the loyal youth stood up to defend his Mary.

The letter began:

SSS Flurry Face

“...”

After the hearty laughter that this youthful display of modern humor had died down I proceeded to read. Said the youth:

“I have come to fight for her. True she has earned the title of modesty and she ought to be proud of it.”

Continues our bonny laddie:

“I have a photo of Mary Brian in a bathing suit, but I have no time to look for it and send it to you because I want to send it to my classmate.”

Perhaps Mary, when she heard it from him, blushed guiltily and between gasps and backward glances said, “Hide it, oh! Hide it at the bottom of the trunk—somebody might find it.”

Says this clever youth who seems to be well informed as to contracts, etcetera:

“When Anita Page’s contract expires it won’t be renewed. When she’s gone she will be forgotten. Mary will never be forgotten by her public.”

Imagine his anger when he wrote this:

“You are jealous because Mary can act and Anita cannot! Mary was a star before Anita was heard of.”

What the Fans Think

That’s a strong statement. There was no such figure, heard of the misbehavior watched him, and caught him clumsily attempting to kiss the hostess.

Requesting the erring Easterner to follow, the host led the way through a long hall, up a flight of broad stairs, to his bedroom. Locking the door, he turned to the Broadway actor.

“You’re out of order,” he said.

“We don’t do things your way out here. Our women are ladies, our men—"I’m going to leave you here until the guests go. Then I’ll attend to you properly.”

With heavy stride he left the room, locking the door after him. The guest was in a cold sweat when thirty minutes later the key turned in the lock, and the burly figure of the former fighter confronted him.

“Quite a joke,” he said weakly, “locking me in.”

“Joke, hell,” said his host grimly.

“Now you have just insulted my wife and gotten away with it. But I’ve decided to give you a chance.

“I’m leaving that door unlocked, with the lights off for ten seconds. If you’re still in the room when I turn the lights on, you’re going to take the beating of your life.”

As the lights went out the actor made a frenzied dive for the door, fumbling for the knob. He twisted it wildly and plunged headlong into the wall, where, in a blaze of light, stood the other guests shrieking with laughter.

The free-lance writer said harsh things about the matinée idol in a widely circulated article—so harsh that the actor swore vengeance.

Although both writer and actor lived in Hollywood, their paths did not cross for months.

One night the star was dining in a Boulevard restaurant when the writer strolled in. Cheered by his friends, the actor ran across the room and made an impotent pass at his detractor, only to be flattened precipitately by a hard left hook.

No further damage was done, owing to the remonstrances of the proprietor, and nothing more was said about the incident, save that every paper in the country gave it a box on the first page.

The star planned an elaborate revenge, however. By nothing short of a supreme coincidence his company signed the writer, who had never acted, to appear in his next picture.

In the making of the film the star’s outraged feelings were calmed when, in the course of the action, the writer was felled, for the camera’s argus eye, by the matinée idol’s left hook.

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The Garbo fans, when defending their favorite, are given to wild statements and blindly ignore the fact that every one is not a Garboite. Ruth Chatterton is the cleverest actress of the day, and all her pictures enjoy great popularity, Ann Harding was incredibly good as the governor’s wife in Ronald Colman’s “Condemned.”

That picture was stolen from Ronnie, but he need not feel downcast, for very soon Ann will be the sensation of the talkies. Her voice alone is marvelous, and she dispenses with those overacting mannerisms so rampant among the players. She acts over Chatterton and Garbo in looks and charm, and rivals Norma Shearer in sophistication. So much for my opinion.

Mr. Pickford has forgotten one actress who, as “America’s Sweetheart,” will go down in screen history as an immortal. Clever, charming, beautiful, adorably Mary Pickford, the idol of every picturegoer, representing the flower of Canadian girlhood.

Mary will be recalled when every other star has long passed from memory. For Garbo fans can hardly accuse Greta of being charming or beautiful, and to imagine an admirable Greta is ludicrous! Every woman who poses as a recluse, grows long eyelashes and wears flat-heeled shoes, gains notoriety, but not affection or admiration. If Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding are not good, Garbo fans do not go down in the history of the screen as clever actresses, is it likely that Greta Garbo will? Except as an eccentrique.

MAY ANN
Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.
Through Seven Talents
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At a party not long ago, the hostess desired to entertain her. Since Miss Landi does not drink, she was jokingly asked if she'd like a banana.

"That's just what I should like," she cried. Forthwith a banana was offered her. It was funny to see her reclining in a chair like the tragic muse and eating the banana out of its peel. "It reminds me of London," she said, losing herself in a cloud of memories.

We talked of many things over coffee. It turned out that the lady Elissa knew every one in London I'd hoped she'd know. For instance, G. B. Stern—my favorite author, besides Edna Ferber—Noel Coward, Beverly Nichols, and Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley."

Landi fell back to London reminiscence, and spoke of the coterie of gifted souls comprising her circle of friends.

"They are all wonderful people," she declared, enraptured, and meant it. "G. B. Stern, or 'Peter,' as she is known to her friends, is a great person. All the young men seek her out. She has a depth of understanding that few possess."

"Je le crois bien," I muttered, trying to recall some European wisdom. But for the life of me I could only think of Persphone, mentioned in G. B.'s book, "Debonair."

Leaving London's gifted, we returned to Hollywood and acting. Consider once again, before it is too late, the many rooms of the mind la Landi has entered. The rooms of writing, dancing, languages, singing, music, acting, and—love.

Ah, yes. Elissa is married. Married to one J. C. Lawrence, an English barrister. He was in New York with her, but had to return to England when Landi came to Hollywood.

With seven talents at her finger tips and—according to her philosophy—all the many branches leading off from each one, you may depend on it Elissa Landi is all there, ready to deliver any talent at a moment's notice.

But I like the Elissa of gay humor. No ordinary girl this one.

Vision, if you can, la Landi standing against a black background. Her slanting green eyes, glittering emeralds. Her titaon hair, orange flames, flaring up from her pale face, with its scarlet lips, her sinuous, slender body swathed in red, her favorite color.

Try and visualize her, I say, but you can't. You simply pass out.

"I use Kleenex and know my complexion's safe"

Marian Nixon

SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleanliness. Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—in the very cleansing process! They attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden "cold cream cloth" or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten... why pores grow large and relaxed.

Beautiful women of the stage and screen have discovered that nothing equals like Kleenex. Kleenex... the delicate, powerfully absorbent tissues that attract dirt like a magnet.

One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon. Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing. "I shouldn't feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream," she says.

"Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unhygienic, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores."

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in three sizes—25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a free supply of Kleenex.

Name:
Street:
City:
State:
In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.
Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE.

This way you simply comb clear liquid through your hair. Any shade you wish-black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—Just try it at our expense.

FREE 3,000,000 women have received this test. Snap off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for Test Package.

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Lustrous Color for FADED HAIR
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Burning Feet

THOUSANDS get instant relief from sore, tired, burning, aching feet with this cooling, ivory-white vanishing cream—Coolene. It soothing, healing, and unguents quickly penetrate to the inflamed tissues—relieve congestion—and all pain and burning in 2 seconds. Does not stain. Get Coolene today.

DIE TRICH, and Barbara Stanwyck, and Tallulah's a threat for the future."

"Why hasn't some one told Fox," I asked, "so that they could join the parade. Or are they just stubborn about trying to cling to ideals of the past with their Janet Gaynor and Maureen O'Sullivan?"

"Well, at least you'll have to admit they have something to cling to. Janet is far more than just a sweet and appealing romantic figure. She's a fine actress within certain limits, and she isn't cloying, like the old-style ingenues. She is genuinely sweet and ingratiating. And as for Maureen O'Sullivan, she's such a dear child that she makes me sigh over my misspent life. Evidently she has a mind of her own, though."

"Now don't tell me she's been taking a determined stand about the parts she will play," I objected. "I couldn't bear it. I'd rather not know."

"No. She lets Fox guide her professional career, but she insists on being allowed to go home to Ireland for a visit. Don't think they're hard-hearted in trying to persuade her not to go. There's some mix-up about the immigration laws and a chance that after she leaves the country she will have a hard time coming back."

"After all, though, you can't blame her for wanting to visit her home town. Most foreigners come over here and get lost in the shuffle, or make one picture, but Maureen has made five in one year and all of them big ones. That's getting the breaks!"

"And speaking of lucky breaks," I exclaimed, "what's all this about Sylvia Sidney?"

"Amazing!"

When Fanny is driven practically speechless by a situation, you can be sure that it's starting.

"Here she's been on the New York stage for the past few seasons giving highly competent performances, and no one ever made much fuss over her. She signed a short contract with Fox when talkers first came in, and waited so long for a part that she got tired and walked out."

"And then suddenly, overnight as it were, Paramount engages her to play the girl in 'An American Tragedy,' they decide she should be starred in 'Confessions of a Coed,' and not satisfied with that, they pulled Clara Bow out of a picture and substituted Miss Sidney."

"Only two weeks ago Virginia Sale and I were lunching here when Sylvia Sidney came in with a friend of mine, and she certainly had no idea then that she was to be skyrocketed into such prominence."

"She and Virginia were interested in meeting, because Virginia had been working in the film version of 'Many a Slip' for Universal, and that was Miss Sidney's big success on the stage last season."

"Which class does Sylvia Sidney belong to, the old-fashioned good girls or the modern, depraved ones?" I inquired, hoping for the best; or, if you insist on accuracy, the worst.

"Both," Fanny assured me. "But don't lead me into any wild prophecies about her success. I've sworn off, I tell you."

As to dispel any temptation in that direction she hastily changed the subject.

"Helen Twelvetrees is in town," she announced, "and I've never seen any one so utterly unlike the impression she gives on the screen. Somebody or other gave a luncheon for her, the usual gathering to introduce a new star to the New York reviewers, magazine editors, and free-lunch grabbers."

"There she was, and she seemed sweet and gracious enough, but afterward none of the guests could think of a single adjective to describe her accurately, except 'nondescript' and 'colorless.' And you know how vivid she is on the screen."

"This is the time of year when Hollywood studios shut down, so there'll be a lot of players headed for New York soon. Kay Johnson is making a leisurely trip through the Panama Canal. Richard Dix is here. There's a rumor that either Joan or Constance Bennett, or both, will come on to see their sister Barbara open in a play."

"It must be rather nice to know that you have friends sprinkled among the sharpshooters in a first-night audience," Fanny went on reflectively. "Take Irene Dunne, for instance. She may be just a name and a prettily photographed face to you and me, but when 'Cimarron' is shown there will be a horde of people out front who do know her."

"It seems she was quite an idol in all the companies where she played. She used to do leads in road companies of popular musical comedies, and all the chorus girls and stage hands were so devoted to her that they always thought her better than the New York star she supplanted."

But let's not hold it against her that she was once in musical comedy. I don't believe she will sing in "Cimarron."
Blond and Fancy-free
Continued from page 54

"If anything!" she supplemented modestly. "I've yet to be entirely pleased with my performances. You see, I have to build up my little niche in straight work all over again, having been submerged in comedies for more than a year.

"I'm catalogued as a heavy—that is my woe! Always I must be the other woman, and I'm a bit tired of always losing my man, or breaking up happy homes, or causing sweet things to end it all, as in 'Aloha,'" with Raquel Torres.

"By the way, Raquel gives a splendid performance in that picture! I believe she will amaze her fans."

That led to talk of the fierce competition that film players have had to meet from stage-trained talent.

"The battle is on!" smiled this lovely young representative of the old order. "The more intelligent and capable film players welcome it! The day is past when the public demands no more than a pretty face and an attractive 'pink and white' to entertain them.

"It's a case of the survival of the fittest, in both groups—of beauty versus brains. Brains one must have these days, and if one's physiognomy is not hard to look at, so much the better.

"Ruth Chatterton is an example of a clever and brainy woman, and of the high standard of ability and intelligence, we have to compete with these days. The charm of extreme youth is no longer hers, and she never could be called beautiful from an artistic standpoint. But what a woman! To me, somehow, she is beautiful. As for her mental capacity—who dares question it?"

One thing had been troubling me all along, and that was the necessity of prying into her heart affairs, if any. What is meat to more experienced interviewers is still as virile to me, although my confidante assures me that in time I'll overcome this weakness.

"Are you still heart-whole and fancy-free?" I blurted out, thinking perhaps that was a more delicate approach than to demand the low-down on her love life in the businesslike manner of some of my sister scribes.

"What an original way of putting it!" kidded Thelma. "Well, since we've got around to the subject, yes! Nobody could be fancy-free or wholer-hearted. I'm old-fashioned in some ways, and one of them is in thinking that a home and a profession don't work so well together. It can be done, of course, but one or the other is bound to suffer. I don't believe myself capable of dividing my love. For the present, my work is my master."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Now for one or two other little matters. What about clothes? What do you think of the new spring modes?"

"Stunning! The best ever! Women never looked more alluring than today."

"Some women," I mentally qualified, wondering if the hocus-pocus vision opposite could look anything but alluring, even in sackcloth and ashes.

"As for jewelry, I'm not fond of costume jewelry at all. I will not wear anything that is not the real stuff, so to speak."

"Favourite spots?" I proceeded, checking off another item.

"Swimming and horseback riding," she obliged, "both good for the mind and body."

"And now your home life! Do you live in a rose-bowered bungalow or a Spanish villa in Beverly Hills?"

"Neither," smiled the victim. "I live in an apartment with my mother, who is a companion, pal, and one of the bestest mammas that ever lived. The only thing I can't forgive her for is that she still insists I'm a baby."

"Memo. Fond of her mother," I jotted down.

Thelma drives her own car, and answers her fan mail herself, or did until letters began to come in by the bushel. Lately she has had to call in help. The public to whom Thelma Todd was just another blonde a year ago seems to have become acutely aware of her since the release of "Follow Thru," "The Hot Heiress," "Her Man," and "Aloha." She had just finished with Clara Bow, in "No Limit."

Besides working in this list of good pictures, she has filled in with five comedies. "Since last May, when I started free-lancing, I've had little or no rest," she explained. "And I've been fortunate, too, for many bigger and better sisters have been idle."

Well, maybe Lady Luck has had a little to do with it, but the fickle dame is not, as a rule, so consistently kind. It looks, rather, as though Thelma is reaping her reward now for five years of cheerful trouping in minor parts and comedies.

"Every picture, good, bad, or indifferent, that she has played in has taught her something. The habit of a trained mind to absorb and store events is a mighty factor in the making of a human being."
Dancing Partner

By VIVIAN GREY

Many of you will remember Vivian Grey's "Party Girl," that quick-moving love story of the modern age, which was so favorably received. Here Vivian Grey once more gives us a vivid picture of life that is as up to date as your morning paper and far more entralling.

"Dancing Partner" might be a fairy story, glamorous, fantastic, unreal, did it not give the sense to the reader that Lolita, glove clerk by day and taxi dancer by night, was the very sort of girl that he might well meet around the next corner.

Lolita, looking up into the handsome eyes of aristocratic Phil Neary, fell suddenly and hopelessly in love with the owner of those eyes, and from then on her life became complicated. There were those who would bar the gate to her entrance to that world of wealth and fashion through which Phil Neary walked so confidently. Out of a clear sky the false accusation of theft was made against her. She felt desolate, an outcast, and the cruelty of the world cut deep. And then just as suddenly there came a turn in events that brought the gold of sunshine into the blackness that covered Lolita's soul.

Vivian Grey, shrewd, sympathetic observer of youth, wise interlocutor of the modern, you have done it again in this altogether fascinating novel.

75c 75c

Chelsea House

The Brand of Good Books

Broadway Baby

Continued from page 43

The trouble, I think, is that she has never quite placed her type to her own satisfaction. She began as a demure little girl in "Stella Dallas," and later cut her hair and became a sophisticated flapper. Neither is the real Lois. She is, in truth, sophisticated, but it is a charming poise and culture rather than the hard flippance and pose of the flapper.

It is probable that Lois will not reach her greatest success for several years, until her youthful ap-
pearance will have developed into a mature beauty more fitting to her intellectual poise and personality.

Although Mrs. Moran has been with her daughter throughout her career, Lois reflects not at all the dependence which often results from a managerial mother. It has been said of many theatrical mothers and daughters, but it is really true that Lois and her mother are like sisters in appearance and attitude.

Lois is as self-reliant as if she had struggled alone and unpaid to the position she has reached. However, Mrs. Moran has been of inexpressible assistance to her daughter in her career. In fact, it was she who chose the theater as her daughter's profession.

"I knew Lois would have to work," she told me while Lois ordered lunch for the three of us. Mrs. Moran is an able business woman and one of the most charming persons I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. She is a delightful conversationalist.

"While I was never theatrically inclined and knew little about the stage," she continued, "it seemed to me that this profession offered the greatest opportunities and the richest rewards of any occupation for a girl, unless she has an outstanding talent in another line.

"Lois had no other specific talent that I had observed, but she was emotionally sensitive, fairly pretty, and free from self-consciousness. And with those three qualities, any girl can learn to be a successful actress."

"And how did you begin developing Lois's inclination for the stage?"

"When she was very little." Mrs. Moran went on, "I used to take her to all the operas, and dance recitals, and plays that came to Pittsburgh—that was our home. Often I was working and unable to go with her, so I would buy one ticket, take her to the theater, and then call for her when the performance was over.

"'I'll never forget one night when she attended a recital of Pavlovna. For some reason I miscalculated the time. The concert ended at ten o'clock, and I didn't expect it to be over until an hour later."

"'When I came to the theater at eleven, it was completely dark, and there was little Lois on the steps, all alone and choking back the tears. I was conscience-stricken and felt like a criminal! But that unfortunate accident did not dampen her ardor for the theater. She never wanted to miss a play or recital.'"

Mrs. Moran was a widow at the age of twenty-one, when Lois was a baby. She married a second time and again was left a widow. Lois then was nine. Unhappy in Pittsburgh, the two packed up and went to Paris where they remained for several years, with Lois dancing in the opera ballet. It was there Samuel Goldwyn met Lois and brought her back to America to go into pictures, with "Stella Dallas" as her auspicious début.

Lois is a hard worker and labors over a role, but is inevitably disappointed with the result on the screen. She is subject to fits of depression, when she thinks all her work is worthless, but comes out of each mood with a determination to work harder than ever.

Mrs. Moran, on the other hand, has never once sat through a performance of her daughter's on stage or screen. She becomes nervous or bored and walks out. Nor does she stand behind the camera and watch her daughter act. To her a broker's office and a strip of ticker tape is infinitely more interesting than a theater or studio.

"And I guess that's a fair token against my ever becoming upstage—when my own mother can't sit through my pictures!" Lois laughed. Her play closed, following a good run, after I started writing this.

Despite her overwhelming interest in acting, Lois has other and varied interests. She is now studying singing, not because of sound pictures, but because she enjoys studying something, and she has recently discovered that she has a very nice voice. She also writes a little, and last year had a short story accepted by a popular fiction magazine.

As for her ambition, she wants to work unceasingly until she becomes one of the three or four leading actresses of the screen and stage, and then she wants to marry, retire, and have ten children in sets of twins?

Blond and Fancy-free

Continued from page 109

away useful information is one which even haphazard Hollywood can eradicate.

It is no longer necessary to keep the bluestocking manner entirely in abeyance, and it comes in handy for certain screen portrayals; but Thelma has too keen a sense of humor to trot it out except on occasions.

"I've learned to be myself, and not a schoolmarm," she says, with a throaty laugh. Which is a lucky break for everybody except, perhaps, Lawrence's sixth-graders.

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever. And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or larm! Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.

SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.
A Woman's Charm

EVELY man admires a winning personality, bright eyes, a skin glowing with health and color. So often a woman loses charm because her nervous system is rundown. Strong nerves and good looks go together. A woman's feminine make-up is strengthened, she regains her fresh youthful complexion and bright eyes, if she takes a tonic which is sold by every druggist...

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

They Rocked the Boat

Continued from page 30

trick to play on this fine actor, particularly as the record turned out badly.

Originally only six impressions were made, one of which belongs to a friend of mine. Deeply respecting and admiring Valentino, who had been kind and helpful to her, she plays the record only for a privileged few. After exacting a promise that I would listen sympathetically—which I would have done anyway—she played it for me.

Even the most sympathetic listener cannot but realize that the recording is poor. Valentino intended to destroy the first effort and try again, but death intervened. That is why I say it is wrong to commercialize this souvenir of our Rudy. He would not wish it.

Getting back to the subject of hectic star voyages, one might offer the case of Charles Ray as an example of one who was wrecked by pompousness. The sheen of Ray's genius dazzled his eyes, bringing on delusions of grandeur.

Yet, ironically enough, he amassed a fortune and gained tremendous popularity by portraying simple country boys. "The Girl I Loved" remains a milestone of the silent era.

Right now many of our most promising young players are jeopardizing their careers by making rash and foolish mistakes—Mary Nolan, James Murray, and Charles Morton—to name but a few. However, both art and character may develop out of these very errors, since we learn by our mistakes. At any rate, let's hope they don't have to swim to shore!

The Pine Tree Sighs

Continued from page 49

voicing whatever praises or complaints they have in mind," he says. "But, after all, it is really my screen shadow they admire, not me."

I happened to be on location at Ventura, a three-hour ride north of Hollywood, where "The Spoilers" was being filmed. People from the town came down to the shore to watch the company work. With complete indifference to his appearance, Gary looked as rough as any Alaskan miner. Nor did he put on that obvious indifferent air so characteristic of many when a crowd regards a favorite.

Rita Carewe and Leroy Mason, her husband, were staying on location. Lupe Velez was also a guest—Lupe, that madcap atom of Mexican fire. I have seen Lupe jumping all over the place like a young puppy, while Gary, silent and grave, regarded her with amusement, as if he were watching some startling creature that had just sprung up from the earth.

For some time it has been hotly debated as to whether Lupe is the ideal soul mate for the silent Montanian. Rumor has it that they are not married, again, that they are. Lupe says they are not.

People want to know why Lupe, la fuesa mejicana, appeals to Garce, the Montana pine tree.

Have I not said that Mr. Cooper belongs to the earth? That he is almost a piece of Montana sod himself? Lupe is an elemental creature. I recall the days when Gary was also attracted by Clara Bow. Clara is another elemental creature.

Instead of giving out love confessions, the rugged Westerner goes his own way, caring not a rap what others think he should or shouldn't do. I can't recollect any occasion when Gary ever considered what public opinion demanded. His liberty grants him this.

Of course, Gary's advent to Hollywood is screen history. His first role, a small one in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," shot him to the front ranks.

The average actor generally puts on that amazed pose when referring to any success. "I expected to get somewhere," Gary admits, without grinning, smiling, or attempting boyish earnestness. "I hoped to reach stardom."

He has reached it. His pictures have not all been hits, but all have been good box-office attractions, and Gary has never turned out a poor performance.

Many insist that he is not a real actor. I remember that a young Spanish player, commenting on Mr. Cooper's artistic efforts, gave a dull, plodding walk across the room, saying, "Pasa la vida como este"—"He goes through life like this."

All must admit that, whether a real actor or not, Gary Cooper is always convincing. Is not being convincing real acting? In "Morocco" he gives his finest performance, thus far.

So you see, you may rail against...
Mr. Cooper's silence. It seems to serve him well, nevertheless. He will eventually return to his beloved earth. He likes the sea, for the sea and the land are closely akin.

I asked him why, after achieving the position he holds, he chose liberty of action, and indifference to Hollywood's dictates, rather than accept them.

"I hardly know," he replied. "I only know that nothing in people can stir me so profoundly as sunsets, mountains, valleys. Facing them you realize that nothing else could give me more beauty."

I have good reason to believe that the Cooper silence is no pose, that his love of nature is genuine. If Gary's statements ever prove false, I shall station myself outside his dressing-room door and, standing on a barrel, shall bring down my little hatchet on his head. He will then see Montana sunsets and stars to his heart's content without having to go there.

But as you all know, this drastic action will never need be carried out.

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**Buy a Star's Gown**

Continued from page 86

A business woman, and has done much to organize the store. Miss Turner is hostess. Any disheartened extra must surely feel brighter after speaking to her. She disregards her own misfortunes and sympathizes with those of others. She has always done so and probably always will.

Many of the present-day celebrities, youngsters who have done little for their fellow creatures, run into the Brown Derby to bemoan their sad breaks to interviewers. Life is cruel to them, they wail. They are not understood, their talent not recognized.

Immature fans run after them, pleading for autographs, begging pictures.

Florence Turner, the first star of the screen, works one block away. Tourist fans in Hollywood don't know her. Many of the young players have not even heard of her. Yet I think back to that night when we crossed the Irish Sea. How cheery she made the other passengers feel. Again in the theater, while bombs dropped from hostile aircraft onto the darkened city, where, from the stage, her smiling face illuminated by the light of a candle, Florence Turner comforted a panic-stricken audience. "Don't be frightened. It is all right. It will soon pass."

It seems to me that the autograph albums and kodaks are on the wrong street.

---

**Fat Folks are simply overburdened—Not Lazy**

**End the Cause**

We used to think that fat folks were lazy or gluttonous. We now know that it isn't so. Their vitality is burdened, their hearts are over-taxed. Forcing blood through such a mass of tissue absorbs much of their energy.

If they eat too much, it is because their food is not converted into fuel and energy. Too much goes to fat.

Modern science has found a great cause in a defective gland—the thyroid. Its secretion largely affects nutrition. It also stimulates other vital glands.

After years of research and experiments, doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. And excess fat has disappeared by the millions of pounds since they did.

Marmola prescription tablets embody the factor which they use. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case. The complete formula appears in each package, so your doctor can advise you on it, if you wish.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now the slim figures you see everywhere are due largely to Marmola.

Try it. Price $1.00. It offers what your doctor would probably prescribe. Watch the results—the fading fat. Then please tell your friends what we are telling you. Don't wait!

**MARMOLA PRESCRIPTION TABLETS**

The Right Way to Reduce

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**Win $3,200—**

Twenty-eight people, from a boy of 15 to elderly men and women, recently solved our puzzles and won a place in our Good Will Fund Prize Distribution. They won a total of $54,210.00.

**FIND THE TWINS**

Here are 12 pictures of Clara Bow, the great Paramount Movie Star. Look at these pictures carefully. At first they all look alike—but that's the "catch"—so study them closely—do not make a mistake. Somewhere among these pictures are two, and only two, exactly alike—identical in hair, dress, collars and cuffs. They are the twin pictures of Clara Bow. If you are lucky enough to find them, by all means rush the numbers of the twins to me for submission to puzzle judges.

**Additional $850.00 For Promptness**

If your answer is correct, you will be eligible for this new prize distribution and may win the highest prize—a brand new $35,000.00 watch, airplane (and complete flying instruction) or $300.00 cash with $850.00 extra for promptness. Making the total $4,750.00 cash. Many other prizes paid at same time. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Cash reward for all taking active part. No prize less than $10.00. No more puzzles for you to solve. No obligation. Perhaps YOU may be the winner of the highest prize! Send no money, but hurry! M. J. MATHER, Advertising Manager, Room 174, 94 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Over $7,900.00 in Prizes!**
Alabam’ Cowboy

Continued from page 61

They spend much time at the Fawcett’s, and they often go to Pickfair. They aren’t keen about the bridge and baddle of the customary social affair.

Their romance was a charmingly natural one, like unto hundreds of others, except that Cornelia Foster was prettier than the average coed.

Accompanying the Alabama U. football team to California for its New Year’s Day wrestling with Stanford, Connie was present when Mr. Fawcett and George met, an event destined to change the lives of the two youngsters considerably.

His history, up to the time he got up steam and struck out for the distant goal of every gridiron onto which he strode, was most ordinary: birth in the little town of Dothan, Alabama, public-school education, the usual flurry over the problem of affording college. As commonplace, all of it, as his name itself. At Alabama, however, studies slid into second place, and quickly he became the star halfback of the team. He still talks football, but not of his own participation.

The Browns are quite obviously small-town, and are satisfied to remain calm, natural, gentle, unharrassed by the excitement of Hollywood.

Several months were given to production of “Billy the Kid,” and Johnny Mack could talk of little else. Sequences were shot in historic spots. General Lew Wallace was military governor of New Mexico during the outlaw’s activities. Their meeting, when he offered The Kid a pardon in return for amicable surrender, was reenacted in dramatic detail. In the wilder sections of Zion National Park herds of cattle were filmed. They went into the Grand Canyon, and Kit Carson’s Cave, located in the foothills of New Mexico, served as another locale.

The usual fun which actors on rough locations manage to maintain added moonlight parties, country dances, and toinfolly to the day’s burden, equally as great in the desert heat as under the sudden snowstorms encountered during the spring in the mountain fastnesses.

The killing of The Kid closed the final chapter of the West’s hectic period. So famous was the twenty-one-year-old Brooklyn-born desperado who terrorized the country’s great back yard, that sixty accounts of his life were written, one by Sheriff L’t Garrett, his Nemesis, who finally ended the outlaw’s career. Billy had killed about twenty men. The picture version was suggested by the biography written by Walter Noble Burns.

“Sure, I’m crazy about The Kid,” Johnny Mack beamed. “His lovable personality charmed even his enemies until he was ready to shoot them. His good humor made him a popular idol.

“Many legends have grown up about him, which allowed us a certain liberty in giving him a veneer of whitewash. To excuse his many murders we made our purpose that of making the West a better place for decent folks, cleaning out the more vicious elements. He was a cattle rustler and a ruthless fighter, but loyal to his friends.”

As soon as The Kid had been captured by the rangers of mike and celluloid, Johnny Mack went to work in “The Great Meadow,” with Harry Carey impersonating Daniel Boone. This story of the early settlers in Kentucky affords his ambling accent full opportunity to drawl along at leisure. He plays the leader of one of the first parties to cross the Alleghenies, in the decade of 1775-1785.

For Johnny’s next yarn, Zane Greys’ “The Shepherd of Guadalupe,” set in the sheep area of the West, will provide a background not often screened, through which a World War veteran rides in search of health and fortune.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 104

close to her head in the boyish style. Mary was also gallivanting in a dress suit in a dancing number.

It seems that “Kiki” is proving a fortunate choice for her, as it is moving along without hitch, unlike the recent “Forever Yours.”

Early Dog Days.

Speaking of court proceedings, we smiled when we read that in Natchez, Mississippi, Tom Mix had been accused of once stealing a horse named Bologna. This was supposed to have taken place before he came into the movies, and was brought up in a trial for breach of contract with the 101 Ranch Show.

Maybe it wasn’t a horse dear old Tom was interested in, but a sausage.
Anyway, all we have to say is “boloney”!

Trio Slightly Disturbed.

Dorothy Lee has reason to be a glad girl in earnest. She always personifies brightness on the screen, not to say pertness, but now she can be helpful and optimistic about her own future. She has a contract with RKO that brings her $1,250 a week, and also, if the right kind of story comes along, she will be starred on her own. Meanwhile, she continues a member of that carefree trio that also includes Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Bert, by the way, is momentarily separated from his booz companion Woolsey, because he is appearing in “Too Many Crooks,” which Douglas MacLean is producing.

Incidentally, can it possibly be true what we are hearing, namely, that Messrs. Woolsey and Wheeler are becoming high hat?

Erin’s Songbird Present.

Maybe it means that John McCormack will continue his screen career. At any rate, it is significant that he is living the greater portion of the year in California. He has bought a home for a reputed price of a half million dollars, and is calling it “San Patrizio Parque,” Spanish for St. Patrick’s Park. McCormack disclaims any intention of again becoming a movie star and there are no contracts in sight, but still proximity to the studios might be alluring influence.

McCormack’s film “Song o’ My Heart” has been very successful in foreign countries, but then you know how it is with musical films in America. They are as much in vogue as a one-hoss shay at the present moment.

Happy Though Broke.

Again a grandfather! Also broke! That is the fate of a former matinee idol. None other than Francis X. Bushman. His daughter, Virginia, wife of Jack Conway, the director, has a second son. Also Francis X. has admitted his penury, while playing on the stage in a Chicago stock company.

Most amazing of all, he stated he had earned between $6,000,000 and $10,000,000 during his career as a movie idol. He admitted, too, that he had lived like a maharajah with his entourage and his castle on the Ganges, so to say. Neither does he regret present misfortunes. He has had a great life of it, he declares.

A Matrimonial Whisper.

Friends of Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Ona Munson, are hearing that the two may be married some time soon. Miss Munson is known to have set about getting a divorce from her husband, Eddie Buzzell, in Mexico.

During the celebrated Lubitsch-Kraly fist fight, at the Embassy Club, Lubitsch’s dancing partner was Miss Munson. The famed director was also known to be attentive to her on other occasions.

Are You We All?

Continued from page 73

Bessie Love’s comeback. Pauline Frederick’s success as Madame X. Margaret Livingston’s red hair. Nancy Carroll’s ditto; her Irishness; her marriage to a newspaper man earning a good salary. Myrna Loy’s exotic personality. Raquel Torres’s publicity photographs. The elevators in Harold Lloyd’s mansion. Sue Carol as Evelyn Lederer, a society girl of Chicago. The books stars mean to write when they retire. Their “town” cars; their ditto houses. Olive Borden’s erstwhile ritziness; her complete metamorphosis. Kay Francis as the best-dressed woman anywhere. Buster Keaton, “the frozen-faced” comedian.


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Zasu—My Cloak!

continued from page 74

She worries herself into headaches about people. Almost anybody's troubles will keep Zasu awake at night. She wishes she were rich enough to look after every one she knows. In place of this, she does things for them that require even more thought—immenser little things that indicate common sense, rather than a grand gesture.

Attempts to fête her are nearly always frustrated. "You get," she claims, "a better meal in some little joint in Sonora town. I'd rather go there."

Her group of friends is varied. Neatly penciled eyebrows about town are often raised at Zasu's pals.

"I seem to have a fatal fascination for tramps. And I love them. Real people—honest, kindly, merry people—what better friends than those can you find? Of course, some celebrities are good fun, too, but you never can be sure you won't run into politicians and playing politics just isn't my idea of social relationship."

She has been Mrs. Tom Gallery for ten years. Their little daughter, Ann, nearly eight, is demure and ingratiating. For four years there has also been Sonny, the adopted child of Barbara La Marr. Sonny is eight, too, and a really delightful little boy. Zasu adores them, and is a mother with as much judgment as I have ever seen.

"I'm so anxious for them to have everything; not extravagance, of course, but all the little joys children are entitled to. Children are marvelous people, so honest and sweet, and they deserve the very best.

"I do want my children to like me when they grow up, but I don't want them to be 'dutiful.' I loathe hypocrisy, and this business of a child's duty to its parents is just that. The only basis for a child's relationship is genuine affection. I shall be happy if Ann and Sonny love me just as much when they reach the thinking age, but I shall never make them feel that they 'ought to.'"

Zasu married her first beau before she was twenty, and established a home of her own. Yet this adherence to old-fashioned custom has not narrowed her vision.

Although she struck fame very shortly after her first appearance as the slavey in Mary Pickford's "Little Princess," her career has been un-even. Producers don't seem to have known quite what to do with her talent—a talent so great as to approach genius.

Von Stroheim, by casting her as the shadowy, half-insane heroine of "Greed," showed that he realized her possibilities in silents. Perhaps he will be the one to present her adequately in talkies.

It so happened that her first audible role was a comedy one. Zasu, who does nothing by halves, was very funny. One of the few film veterans to realize that, with the new medium, speech must be consistent with the pantomime, she used a nasal, plaintive drawl to point her comedy.

It worked. Too well, in fact, for ever since she has been labeled "co-médienne," because she has a funny voice. It has occurred to no one that her funny voice is evidence of good acting.

The first dramatic opportunity she has had since the advent of talkies was as Lew Ayres's mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front." I have talked to people who saw the original version at the studio, and they say that Zasu's interpretation of the timid, worried little mother was a masterpiece of artistry.

But the picture was previewed in a neighborhood theater whose feature was "Honey," with Nancy Carroll. It happens that Zasu's drollery was an important part of this comedy. She got her usual high quota of laughs. The preview followed immediately. Quite naturally, the less discerning members of the audience greeted her appearance in "All Quiet" as comedy relief. Although they sobered later in the face of the touching reality of her performance, that first laugh marked Zasu's removal from the picture. Psychologically, the laugh was an inevitable hangover from "Honey." Nevertheless, when "All Quiet" was released, Beryl Mercer played the mother. And Zasu returned to her succession of maid's.

"I'm pretty tired of holding milady's cloak. If I must be a servant, why can't they take a big chance and let me do a cook or two? And I just love to do telephone operators—I've had only a couple of those."

Zasu will weep on no one's shoulder. Her dilemma is her own, to be deplored in private, but not allowed to darken the atmosphere in public.

The fact remains that here is one of the greatest artists at our disposal, and nothing is being done about it. Ability like hers occurs but rarely, and who are we to stand inertly by and see it wasted? Since producers will listen only to mass remarks, could I interest you in a campaign to make the most of Zasu Pitts?
What the Make-up Bungalows Tell

Continued from page 90

"My ideas as to furnishings have changed during the last three years," Janet Gaynor said, upon her return to the Fox fold. "No silk gewgaws, now. I would like an early-American suite." She got it. The couch's peach taffeta cover and the orchid voile curtains have been replaced by ruffled curtains, chintzes, odd wall paper and bright slipcovers over maple furniture.

Lois Moran receives in a blue bower, threaded with silver. Over her cosmetics shelf flutters a green valance trimmed with black lace. Mary Duncan's seasonal homelet has pomegranate curtains cross-stitched in bright hues.

Billie's Dovcote, a nest of Nile-green satins and chiffons, with wicker furniture, awaits her successor.

What Joan Crawford's simple dressing room lacks in decorativeness, her living room supplies. Canary yellow is exclamatory against black. There's a small piano—and a gallery of Doug, Jr.'s, photos in many poses. Greta Garbo's suite is of royal-blue, crimson and orange tresses. Velvet covers the day bed. Grace Moore's is done in rose and orchid, an effect of silky simplicity being achieved. And, my dears, the door-knobs are trimmed in sterling silver!

Norma Shearer's two-room suite, done in apple-green and orchid, the furniture and woodwork green, is dainty but comparatively simple. Against blue walls with a faint tracing of gold is placed Bessie Love's furniture of blue and rose tones. The tau-and-golden-brown background of Kay Johnson's suite is brightened by touches of scarlet in cushions, lamps, and dressing-table accessories.

Leila Hyams dresses in a blue suite, amidst modernistic silver furniture. Julia Faye's dressing room is lined entirely with mirrors; in her apple-green, silver, and rose reception room there is a small green piano. The rugs are mauve and magenta.

Betty Compson's modernistic room is a magic place, with panels sliding in and out of her make-up table, and mysterious drawers that appear to be going one way and really are going the opposite direction.

The most attractive at Universal is Mary Nolan's jade-and-gold room, with its pygmy piano, brocaded couch and an Oriental screen on which a white peacock trails his feathers against a green background. The central note of Lupe Velez's is a big polar-bear rug.

One might imagine Norma Shearer's portable dressing room the exquisitely upholstered interior of an old landau, except for its practical mirrors that hide cupboards, its small ice chest and ironing board. Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Norma Talmadge, and other stars also rate these perambulating boudoirs, small reflections of the pomp with which the making up of stellar faces must be invested nowadays.

Personality Racketeers Break In

Continued from page 83

The racketeer finds, too, that there's nothing like four-flushing to put himself over in Hollywood. He talks big and keeps up a magnificent front. He drives around in a large car when he can't afford a used Ford. If he's jobless and broke, he coaxes credit out of landladies and restaurant proprietors by talk of a big check or contract just around the corner. Then he leaves them holding the bag.

If he's a comedian, he lifts funny lines and passes them off as his own. If he's a scenario writer, he scrambles three or four copyrighted plays-and-novel plots and submits the concoction as an original.

It's a great game, with hundreds of variations that keep it from getting boring. It's one racket where the ladies get an equal break with the men. Some of the feminine players go in for the more sinister tricks, while others specialize in such harmless dodges as impressing directors with their superior intelligence by carrying highbrow books to the set or location, but never reading them.

The personality racket is the logical development of the tooth-and-claw competition for Hollywood's fabulous prizes of wealth and fame. It sucks into its maelstrom many persons who would rather stay clear of it. Everybody in the movies knows about it, and many are disgusted with it. But they also know that it's dangerous business to turn State's evidence against a racketeer, even though he be of the parlor variety. There are a few squealers, but usually the victim talks to the public as if there were no such thing as a racket. He got that black eye, he will declare, from bumping into a door.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 68

June Walker, of stage, makes excellent debut; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Billy the Kid"—Metro-Goldwyn. King Vidor directs a Western, and his touch lifts for the silver screen conventional screen stuff, not story of the famous outlaw. John Mack Brown, Wallace Beery, Warner Richardson, Kay Johnson. One of the finest good Westerns. Five mountains instead of three.

"Madam Satan"—Metro-Goldwyn. Slow-moving tale of humbly woman who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wreaks in most Haley scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lillian Roth.


"Sinners' Holiday"—Warner. Penny-arcade woman, hard, avaciously, has trouble with her wayward son who finally kills a fellow crook. Entertaining glimpse of ugly side of life. Lucille La Verne, James Cagney, from stage, Elyan King, Joaquin Lordell, Grant Withers, Warren Hymer.

"Up the River"—Fox. Funny story of prison room on coed lines, with variety show, ball games, and flirtations. Goes dramatic now and then, but mostly humorous. Humorous Bogart, Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, newcomers from stage. Odd film.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists. Disappiontng on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Broadway in good time and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Bazzett, Gregory Gaye.

If You Must

"Truth About Youth, The"—First National. Oh, yeah! All about a girl's hiddn love for the wrong guardian and his efforts to mate her to "The Imp"—David Manners, who is anything but, and, anyway, fails for a night-club cutie. Dorothy Young, Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.


"Lottery Bride, The"—United Artists. The booky prize in aged man's picture. Operetta that went through some sort of accident. Fascinating in that on stage outtry theatrics are. Jeanette MacDonald, John Garrick, Robert Chisholm, and comic relief.

"Sin Takes a Holiday"—Pathé. But only in this film, presumably, for Tillie, the Bolder, becomes the lawful bride of the bank and tumbles into millions giving nothing in return. You know, just like those oodles of stenogs you have known. Constance Bennett plays the girl. Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone.

"Renegades"—Fox. Foreign Legion story that is pretty bad, except for Warner Baxter and Jayne Loy. Excels stagy. It is with this legionnaire deserts, becomes ruler of the tribe, and kidnaps the girl, Noah Beery, Gregory Gaye, George Cooper diverting.

"Santa Fe Trail, The"—Paramount. Western picture with beautiful scenery, big herd of sheep whose herder is the hero. A feud ends when Richard Arlen wins the hand of Rosita Moreno. Haji Green and Eugene Pallette do their share.

"Big Trail, The"—Fox. Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buttefalo, fails to get a big picture. On the other hand, that fans want interesting people and acting, and eager wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with potential.


"Brothers"—Columbia. Bert Lytell brings to screen his stage success, playing his own twin brothers. Rich adopted boy commits murder, and brother from seamy edge of town is blamed. Dorothy Sebastian heroine who knew all along that speakeasy musician was black sheep. Una Merkel, William Bake- well, Maude Eburne.

"Lady Surrenders, The"—Univesal. Much talk in that hybrid accent, "stage English." Story of wife who goes to Paris to get divorce, but changes her mind. Hubby thought he could depend upon her going through with it, and marries. Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Conrad Nagel, Basil Rathbone.

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I'M FUNNY—Your English is just

dandy, and so are the drawings
cwhich you which your letter. Dick
Arlen married Jobyna Ralston on January 28, 1927. Jobyna is about 25, but doesn’t
give her exact age. Yes, Polly Moran
appeared in “Those Three French Girls.”
Reginald Denny was born November 20, 1891. He has been in pictures since 1919.
Lola Lane was born in Indianapolis, Iowa, twenty-one years ago. She saw
her perform at a benefit concert in Des
Moines and engaged her for his vaudeville act. She also played in “The Greenwich Village Folks” in New York; it was while she was appearing in “War Song” on Broadway that a Fox executive saw her and engaged her for the heroine in “Speaking.” Her contract followed.
Interviewers try to print the truth about stars as they see them.

MISS NOSY PASKER—If you were just
a little nosier, you would have found out
that it takes from three to four months for your name to appear on the news
stands. I like your question, “Do stars always answer your request even if you
 don’t send money? They don’t always
answer, but yes, you can.”

Arlie Brown was born September 4, 1904. John
Holland lives in Hollywood, but I don’t
know his home address. Mitzi Green is
10 years old, fits the inchings tall and
has brown hair and gray eyes.

MISS BETTY F. DOLAN, 196 Homestead Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut, would like to have Lois Moran fans write to her. Yes, Miss Betty, there is a Robert
Montgomery club at Jesse Jackson Jr., 485 Wabash Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia; Apartment 10. And the Novarro Club nearest you is in charge of Nellieota di Pietro, 31 West Dufferin Street, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

MRS. ANITA F. POTTER, 726 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois, has kindly of fered to supply photographs of Barbara La Marr to any one who requests them.

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MADAME WILLIAMS, Suite 149, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Potter was a personal friend of Barbara's and has all Barbara's personal photographs, which she will be glad to have reproduced "to keep Miss La Marr in my memory public."

COCKNEY HARRY.—What a question—does Garbo dominate every scene she plays in? She does for me, although Marie Dressler almost nosed her out in "Anna Christie."

CURIOUS.—Don't worry about your neglect, Jack. Gayton will never publish a picture of her as soon as some good new ones come in. Didn't you see the nice ones in our March number? Ja ne, in Philadelphia, October 1906. Her family moved to California, where she attended Polytechnic High School in San Francisco. She started her movie career as an extra. Janet is only five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown eyes and auburn hair. Her favorite sports are golf and tennis. She was married to Lydell Peck, a lawyer, November 11, 1929.


YVONNE LANGLOIS, 41 Rue Boiscau, Quebec City, Quebec, Canada, would like very much to hear from other fans, either English or French. I'm sorry, Miss Langlois, I do not know the personal description of Madame Maurice Chevalier, as she is not in movies.

A VAGABOND LOR—You're all for Rudolph Valentino? Well, I half for him, too—half for him and half for myself, which seems fair enough. Rudolph was born in Westbrook, Maine, in 1906, but doesn't give the date an exact six years ago. He is blond and blue-eyed. I doubt if he will ever play in other pictures, as his first one was not successful. Write him in care of the National Board of Review, 808 Eighth Avenue, and 56th Street, New York City.

IDA.—Yes, your list is rather long, and I don't know all the answers. Those you ask about who gave their birth dates are Walter Oland, October 3, 1880; Fredric March, August 31, 1898; Jeanette MacDonald, June 16, 1907; Lilian Roth, December 13, 1911; Mitzi Green, October 22, 1920; Rachel Taylor, 1896; Bertha Clare, March 22, 1909; Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909; Karl Dane, October 18, 1880; Leila Hyams, May 1, 1905. Marlene Dietrich is 24. Mary Doran does not say on which September 3rd she was born.

Hazel Elliott, 80 Glenwood Road, Harringay, London, N. 15, England, would like a few "pen pals."

MOYER MAR.—I sometimes get pretty mad. We went to our favorite hotel man in "Love in the Rough" was played by Roscoe Ates. Conchita Montenegro played the heroine in the Spanish version of "All Quiet on the Western Front." Suzy Vernon played in the French version. Howard and Lloyd Hughes are not brothers.

EVELYN PIRSCHET.—Both Betty Dolan and Julia Haight write to tell you that it was Theodor von Eltz who played the count in "The Divorcée," whose name was not mentioned in the cast. And I wish to thank both Miss Dolan and Miss Haight for their kind words.

JUST ANOTHER FAN.—Noel Francis's first films were "Rough Romance" and "Fox Movietone Follies of 1930."

STANLEY E. BROOK.—It does seem too bad that even Clive Brook's own cousin should find it impossible to get a letter to him, considering that he probably lives in Beverly Hills. I should so a letter with only that address would reach him. Or you might try him at the Masquers Club, Hollywood, to which most stars belong.

JOAN.—Kay Francis is five feet five, but doesn't give her age. Gwen Lee, born November 12, 1905, has now come to be five feet four. Hajnold Crawford was born March 23, 1906. Constance Bennett is about 26, but does not say exactly. Besides, the film you mention, Kay Francis has played "The Virtuous Sin," "The Virtuous Sin," and "Unfit to Print," her next release.

BIDDY.—Go on, ask me heaps of questions! heap big Oracle is used to that. Louise Boysen, born September 17, 1895, Lois Moran's latest films are "Not Damaged" and "The Dancers." She is now playing on the stage in New York in "This Is New York." When would a dancer get a new boost through the talkies. His new films are "Madam Satan," "Those Three French Girls," "A Lady's Morals," and his next film is "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." Bryant Washburn has played in only one picture in the past year, "Swing High." Probably just Hollywood, California, would reach him. It is once in a blue moon, occasionally; you might try her at Warner studio, where her latest film, "Recaptured Love," was made. I have no way of knowing the addresses of people no longer in pictures. But players now in vaudeville, such as Boelanova and, recently, Lettie Joy, can usually be reached through the RKO office, Palace Theatre, Broadway, New York. Tom Tyler was born August 3, 1903. His last pictures, released a year ago, were "The Lone Horseman," and "The Canyon of Missed Opportunity." It is with Metro-Goldwyn, and "The Great Meadow" is his new film. I believe Dorothy Revier is free-lancing. The Scauraler, "The Bad Man," and "The Way of All Men" are her new pictures.

MILTON DAMITA.—I see you have the name that Lily made famous. Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois, June 24, 1910. She has blond hair and grey eyes; she is medium height, five feet, and weight. Martha is not married. I don't know of any fan club in her honor. Her role in "Madam Satan" was that of the Fly. The characters in this film are listed in the cast, but some of the other very small roles were played by Vera Marsh, Doris McMahon, Aileen Ransom, Jack Kimball, and a few others. You can't tell what was "The Girl with all the hands," but perhaps it was the Spider Girl, played by Katherine Sergievsky and Kevin Kline in "Living Witness." The dancing piece you ask about was called "The Cat Walk."

JEROME SMALL.—As to when Mary Pickford's new film, "Kiki," will be shown, I wouldn't know until the company itself decides. Neither Francis X. Bushman nor Francis, Jr., is very active on the screen. During 1930, Francis X. appeared in "Call of the Circus," "The Dude Wrangler," and "Once a Gentleman." Francis, Jr.'s 1930 films were "They Learned About Women," "The Girl Said No," "Sins of the Children," and "Way Out West."

BESS.—You'll have to sit tight on that curiosity for a little while longer. The truth hasn't leaked out as to the birthplace and birth date of William (Stage) Boyd, Paramount's tough guy. As far as I know, he has brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet ten and a half. He is separated from his wife, Clara Joel. Your list of his films is complete.

Addresses of Players

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W. C. DILBERG, Publicity Director.
Room 376, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
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Paramount Pictures

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**A Day in June**

To capture the perfect pleasure of the month of roses you should have the new Picture Play close at hand. As close, in fact, as the roses themselves

---

**HOLLYWOOD’S HIDEAWAY**

By Donovan Pedelty

We Shall Not Tell You Where It Is, Nor What The Stars Do There, For The Author Prefers To Keep His Information Secret Till He Tells All Next Month

---

**THE BACHELOR PAYS AND PAYS**

By Madeline Glass

The Unmarried Man In Hollywood Has Problems Graver Than You Might Imagine, And Miss Glass Will Tell You Just What It Costs Him To Be Reasonably Nice To His Girl Friends

---

**SHOCKING OPINIONS**

By Helen Louise Walker


---

Picture Play Is In Its Seventeenth Year. There’s a Reason!
Beautiful, alluring — surrounded by men, yet always lonely; showered by luxuries, yet unhappy — love and marriage offered her, but always the dark shadow of her past to come between her and happiness! Dora Macy, the girl whose missteps forever echoed to haunt her! You have read her famous story which the authoress dared not sign. Now see it brought to life with the glamorous Bebe Daniels, playing the part of a modern girl whom men remembered — but women can never forget!
Lo, the Poor Reviewer!

G
GOOD gracious, Annabelle! What controversialists we fans are! This month I divided the letters into two classes: deliberately offensive, and just as deliberately defensive.

As for me, I can take 'em or leave 'em. By this I mean that the production itself is of more value than the cast. I have seen our greatest stars in some simply terrible films. Then again, I have seen some practically, or entirely, unknown players weather a picture with some extremely fine work, sometimes because of a good story, and other times regardless. I do not feel, as some fans do, that a new presence on the screen is a deliberate insult on the part of the producers. After all, the play's the thing!

Film stars wax and wane; they age just as ordinary mortals do. Sometimes they even pass away, like Lon Chaney, Rudolph Valentino, and Milton Sills—great actors all. A new generation of players appears, and also a new generation of fans to judge them. There will always be good, bad, and mediocre productions, however.

I believe that the talkies have raised our standards of acting. The talkies demand good acting and cultivated voices; and unquestionably stage training and stage technique have influenced our tastes.

Players have found it necessary to take elocution lessons, to learn voice control and proper breathing. Some have revealed exquisite singing voices, as Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson. Most of our old favorites have passed the test triumphantly and, moreover, many new names have been added—Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Jeanette MacDonald, Helen Twelvetrees, Maurice Chevalier, Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery —the list goes on!

To me, Jeanette MacDonald stands foremost among the newcomers, and I grasp this opportunity to disagree with Fanny the Fan concerning the ability of Ernst Lubitsch in selecting his players. Surely, Lubitsch's repeated approval is the highest recommendation which a player can attain. Give me more of those Lubitsch-MacDonald masterpieces—those subtly comic, fantastic fairy tales about sly and charming people.

“Monte Carlo” was the most completely satisfying entertainment I have seen this past year, and Miss MacDonald’s fascination, beauty, talent, and vivacity are only a few of the reasons why Lubitsch picked her and why the fans love her. Some one should send Fanny a big box of candy to sweeten her disposition.

Fanny is also inaccurate in saying that Jenny Lind was a “legendary siren.” To the contrary, Jenny was a placid, plain Swedish lady with strong religious feelings. Grace Moore’s characterization is true to life, if not alluring.

In closing, let me send my sympathy to Norbert Lusk. Gosh, what an unpleasant, dreary life he must lead. Imagine an ordinary mortal being forced to earn his living reviewing motion pictures and never seeing one worthy of praise! What a life—and what a man?

LENSEL WALLER.

80 East Plumstead Avenue,
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Has the Goods.

I HAVE been vexed enough to write in defense of my favorite, Dorothy Jordan. Now for words and words of protest against Mr. Mathews’s criticism of her. It docs seem odd, don’t you think, that the perfect Mr. Novarro should have Miss Jordan for his leading lady in three films if she were such a bad actress?

Secondly, if she is so distasteful to Mr. Mathews, why did he persist in setting through a picture just to hear Mr. Novarro sing? I guess that’s suffering for an ideal, n’est-ce pas? Again, if Miss Jordan is so affected and inane, why is Metro grooming her for stardom? Surely the moguls would not make such a mistake. They are too costly. And they say box-office appeal helps toward stardom. Dot has loads.

As for “Call of the Flesh,” I think Miss Jordan was ideally cast. Convent postulants are generally very sweet and unaffected. Again witness Dot’s performance in “Min and Bill.” It was a perfect characterization.

Miss Jordan, while not beautiful, is pretty and sweet, and she also has a fine voice. There are few really beautiful stars. I’ll let it rest at that.
I like Dorothy Jordan and I'll eat spinach every day for six months if Dot isn't one of the most popular of the younger stars this season.

Here's a mint julep to "Daisy Dan."

EBAE M. SMITH

Buffalo, New York.

Think What You'd Think.

HOW can people be so cruel — just plain cruel? I have been reading "What the Facts Think," and I have never read many unreasonable criticisms in my life. How do you fans sit down and snuggly write that Clara Bow is conceited, Dorothy Jordan is not even charming or good-looking, that if Catherine Dale Owen would forget her books she wouldn't spoil so many pictures, etcetera?

Did you ever stop to think, fans, that each one of these stars is a different type, each trying her best to give all she can to please the public under more difficulties than you can possibly imagine, unless you have actually been on a set yourself?

I am one of the thousands of extras, and I never appreciated films half so much as I do now, after working on a set and seeing for myself how hard it is to get just one small scene.

All I ask is that you fans try to be a little kinder. Try to have a little more praise for the others, and they will feel so much better and have an added desire to work harder than ever.

Imagine reading about yourself in some of these letters! FRAKES HORSSEII.

5620 La Mirada,
Hollywood, California.

Scrapbook Test Fair?

I HAVE to laugh when I read about the little incidents that cause the fans to give their idols the cold shoulder. In a recent Picture Play I read a letter from a girl who had sent a scrapbook to Joan Crawford to be autographed and returned. For some unknown reason, the book is now a thing of the past.

This girl also sent a scrapbook to Clara Bow. Miss Bow very gracefully autographed the book and returned it with a letter.

The result? Xangaly words and teeth-grasping for Joan: bouquets, gushing, and going for Clara. Is this fair? I'm asking this question of the girl who sent the books, and of all the fans who feel as the down. I can only see that she was disappointed at not hearing anything about the book, and I agree that it probably should have been returned. But if the first book had been returned, instead of the second, without doubt the agreeable adjectives would have been associated with Miss Crawford and the disagreeable ones transferred to Miss Bow.

It seems to me that the admiration held for a star — or any one else, for that matter — cannot be very sincere if it can be completely wiped away by a single little action that was probably not the fault of the one blamed.

I am only a kid myself — and I must admit that I would get a thrill out of receiving an autographed scrapbook to what I might send to a star. But I am also sure that, if I am disappointed, that star will still shine just as brightly as before in my eyes.

Estelle Larsen

6072 Cordlin Avenue
Vallela City, North Dakota.

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What the Fans Think

A Garbo Precinct Reports.

EVER since Marlene Dietrich was her-
alded by Paramount as "Greta Garbo's
most dangerous rival for first place on the
screen, I have wanted unceasingly to see
"Morocco." Now that I have seen Miss
Dietrich in action, let me say in justice to her
that she is lovely—exquisite in profile—and that she is a
good actress. But as far as I am concerned, she
does not hold a candle to Greta Garbo.

Furthermore, because Paramount deliberately introduced Miss
Dietrich to the public as a "rival to Garbo's throne," I shall never see another of Di-
trich's pictures—no matter who is in the
supporting cast, or how much advertising
they may have been given.

The latest wrinkle in the publicity cam-
paign for Miss Dietrich is to tack upon her
the role of mother. It remains to be seen
how this will work out. What mother, it seems to me, who longs for her
child as much as Miss Dietrich supposedly
longs for her little Maria, would not leave
her to go gallivanting across the ocean in
the event of a sudden call?

That is how one Garbo fan feels toward
the "second Garbo." 

MARGARET RUSSELL.

Abington, Massachusetts.

Pay, Take a Bow.

RARELY do I see mention in "What
the Fans Think" of one of the
screen's loveliest young actresses, a girl
who invariably pleases with an intelligent,
understanding performance. Not so long
ago, in the few years she has been
on the screen she has
disappointed her fans
with an indifferent per-
formance.

Even when the pictures
are bad—and some of
them are pretty terri-
fable—she always strives
to do her best. This can't be said
for every star. Unfortunately, she has been
miscast of late. Let us hope then that
1931 will be a better year for
our moon's loveliest actress, and one of the
screen's real beauties—Fay Wray.

I would like to present two huge bou-
quets, one to Miss Dietrich, for her glorius
performance in "Laughter," and the other to the sensational Richard Crom-
well, whose marvelous performance in
"Tellable David" puts Barthesel in
the shade.

TERRY COTTER.

375 East 19th Street,
New York City.

Give Local Sheiks a Break.

THREE cheers for Tully, male or fe-
male, blond or brunette. Frank or Fran-
cis, as the case may be. I would like to
muss up a few of those profiles myself.
Buddy Rogers takes the fur-lined soap
dish for Marcellled hair and droopy eyelids. I
wonder which way he would hold a hurricane
lamp with a fly, or any other little
creature of the in-
sect world. I can just
tell the dear boy doesn't
like them.

And as for the movie crushes. Well, I
can use really out-and-out language about them, but I shall refrain and echo
the words of Tully: "There ought to be
a law against this." What's the matter with
you love-sick little babies? Can't

What do we care if Stanley Smith culti-
vates influential people? What do we care
what Stanley Smith does, anyway?

DAN ROBBIE.

Escondido, California.

That Giggle-wiggly Stuff.

IT is surprising to me that Anita Page
has not yet been a victim of panning
in "What the Fans Think." There is
nothing magnetic about her personality,
and she has done nothing that merits ad-
miration. She is a beautiful girl.

It is obvious that she cannot act. She
just simpers across the screen with a
love-sick expression, rolling her eyes and
puckering her lips.

If Anita were beautiful I could credit
her popularity to that, but she is not.
But why does she have to wear her
hair like a ghastly make-up? Her eyes
are always fairly dripping with masc-
ara, and she makes herself ridiculous by
feigning a bored, indifferent expression.

I think it's about time she stopped the
giggle-wiggly stuff, and gave us some-
thing in the line of acting.

FRANK Y. DOLAN.

196 Homestead Avenue.
Hartford, Connecticut.

Why Are They That Way?

JACK MATHEWS, have you by any
chance, seen "Miss and Mrs."
the superb characterization by Marie Dressler and
Wallace Beery? A little girl named Doro-
thy Jordan has an important part, too,
and darned good she is, too. She is
one that can act, and she doesn't have
to "try to look sweet." You might
possibly change your mind about her,
though you seem rather set.

For Novarro you agree with me. He
is the most charming person on the screen
—or off, for that matter. I have seen
him several times. He served at a Christmas benefit at the Carthay Cir-
cle Theater here and he made a charming
one.

Dorothy Jordan was also there and, as
at all the other times I have seen her, she
was perfectly charming.

I'll admit that I'm glad Novarro is
changing his leading lady. Dorothy is too
good for that. She is a fascinating star.
But the next film of hers is as sweet as
Dorothy and as perfectly suited to him.

To "Je Vous Souvient": Many thanks
for such a fine and understanding
characterization by Greta Garbo.

Ramone Novarro. May he bring us beauty
for many years to come.

And to "Dimmy": I'm a Bow fan.
In fact, I'm nearly every one's, too, and I

knows it. There is no one who
outshines our greatest, and that's about all I

can say for her. I can't find her charm-
ning or likable.

Ann HENRY.

Los Angeles, California.

Crocella Knows About Noses.

I HAVE received a suggestion from one
of my admirers, which I hereby submit
to Crocella Mullen for her consideration.
It is that I send her a nose, but got to ask
Muller so she can bring to bear the
strong light of her analytical powers on
my proboscis. After making a close study
of all its little shadings and nuances,
The Fans Think

Miss Mullen could then send the result of her research to "What the Fans Think"

As a suitable heading under which Miss Mullen's essay might appear, two have come to mind, "The Outcome of a Screen Analyst's "Rose That Grows on Tully's Nose."" Taking the fullest advantage of my offer, Miss Mullen would, I feel sure, demonstrate to all and sundry just how much she knows about pictures.

The conclusion of the screen approximates their desires and preserves a kind of chronic adolescence long after living might have knocked it out of them.

Well put, George, well put.

In case any one is interested, my home town is called "The Hot City." Our slogan is "Danbury crowns them all." This might apply to me, too, for I take such keen delight in "crowning" with my acquaintances Bud, Bobby, Barry, et al.

As a charming old lady of my acquaintance once remarked, "Flirt is in the boys that makes the hats." FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

Sprig of Laurel Misplaced?

Is there any star of stage or screen who can step into Ruth Chatterton's place and give us "Madam X," "Saral," and "Anybody's Woman," or "The Right to Love," or "Ten Modern Marriages," or "The Editor," or "The Devil is in the boys that makes the hats." Miss Chatterton appears that sprig of laurel as the outstanding feminine cinematic star of the year.

"The Divorcée," as played by Miss Shearer, was indeed a fine picture, but even her devotees must acknowledge that there was no great artistry displayed in this film, nor was any required.

Then think of "Madam X" as played by Miss Chatterton, the gradual disintegration of a human being. Then see her before you as she descends the steps of the mission to join her lover, at the end of "The Right to Love."

Mildred K. Harte.

San Francisco, California.

Mildred Speaking—

Why do Nancy Carroll and Joan Crawford throw a hissy fit about singing? Isn't it enough to be a capable actress, already Miss Carroll is that. There is plenty of misery in the world without looking at Crawford's despairing eyes. Evidently that is a little harder. Why did they put Robert Ames in that charade picture "Holiday"? He isn't the type the charade King, Johnny, should have been.

Does Ann Harding imagine that terrific hardness of hers is becoming? She not only needs a hairdresser but a dressmaker. Her off-screen clothes are dowdy and flattening, and would earn a little dollar a week clerk.

W. Hampden Ricketts turns into a new costume every time he says a word.

Does Betty Compson imagine she can compete with those taken back in romances? Why do they cast Charles Bakst in romantic roles?

Why don't they let Conrad Nagel alone—be charging as he was in "A Lady Surrenders?"

I am glad to hear that Dolores Costello is returning to the screen. She can't act, but her pet is a gem. I'll pay my admission just to look at her. I'm a little tired of Evelyn Brent's solemnities. June Gellinger's Jorge dimples and, yes, the boys, too—young folk who can manage lots of good times without petting and go straight to the movies and see a bunch of waverocking, gin-drinking campers, who are supposed to represent the younger generation.

They see suggestive bedroom farces with girls rummaging through most clippings and clothing and boys supposed to be pop-eyed with curiosity; they see ideals made sport of; religion and marriage treated contemptuously. But why should we look at these things?

Why, maybe the weaker-minded might be tempted to see what all this flaming youth is like, but the clean-minded young folks decide it's away from the movies, until the older generation can provide entertainment that is as unsophisticated as the majority of the population really is.

Why is it considered smart by the producers of the better pictures to make light of the great litigiousness as if the latter only were human? It is just as human to want to strive for high ideals as it is to fall, so why do they concentrate a while on the best in man?

We love good clean pictures and they could do so much better in the world. As for box-offices, what "Seven Heaven" did and others of its kind, Never has such sweet poetical innocence hovered over a love nest. "Abraham Lincoln," Style, way, is one of the finest of the late pictures.

D. Bilson.

From the Garbo Camp.

Why all the fuss over Marlene Dietrich? Paramount is exploiting her as if she were the eighth wonder of the world. She's just a mediocre actress with an excellent press agent. Her work in "Morocco" was nothing to get excited about.

If it hadn't been for the presence of Garbo, Miss Dietrich and Adolphe Menjou, the film would have been a剧场nd. It's really only to compare with Dietrich with the realistic Scarlett o'Hara. Miss Dietrich and she didn't care for the American market. Well, it's too bad, this country, but as she openly admitted, she is fond of the good American dollar. If her future pictures are like the first one, I don't think she'll have to stay in the U. S. A. very long.

Greta Garbo is a beautiful woman, an accomplished actress, and has a magnetic screen personality. She's the first and foremost actress on the screen, and it is a hopeless task to try to give her competition.

In any case, Mr. M. Aronow noticed how quickly that slick siren, Natalie Moorhead, is forging ahead to stardom. When she glides across the screen in one of the exotic creations she wears so well, she certainly is a fascinating figure. She has put Luise Tashman in the background when it comes to wearing chic clothes in a sophisticated manner, and when Miss Moorhead gets the big burst of anglo-silence, silent men fall, she makes the charming Mrs. Lowe's portrayals of vamps look as harmless as little Ellie Dinsmore. When Miss Moorhead makes her next, they'll be vamped!

Lillian Thayer.

1459 West 72nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Dietrich a Forced Sensation?

As an admirer and fan of Gary Cooper, I wish to voice my disapproval of the way Paramount listed the names of the cast of "Morocco."

Garbo and Adolpho Menjou have, through their large followings, poured thousands of dollars into the treasury of Paramount. To put their names in small type beneath that of an unknown foreign actress, no matter how capable she may be, or how desirous the producers may be to push her, is rank ingratitude, and utter disregard of the tastes and opinions of the fan.

Even the crowds who attended the show were accredited to Miss Dietrich. Still she was unheard of when "The Sporlers" and "Red Dust" were made, and were held over for a second week. A couple of years ago the capable and finished performances of Menjou filled the House, but now one notices how quickly that slick siren, Natalie Moorhead, is forging ahead to stardom. When she glides across the screen in one of the exotic creations she wears so well, she certainly is a fascinating figure. She has put Luise Tashman in the background when it comes to wearing chic clothes in a sophisticated manner, and when Miss Moorhead gets the big burst of anglo-silence, silent men fall, she makes the charming Mrs. Lowe's portrayals of vamps look as harmless as little Ellie Dinsmore. When Miss Moorhead makes her next, they'll be vamped!

Greta Garbo, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Victor McLagan, and Pola Negri had to work their way to the top. Why not Miss Dietrich?

She is good to the eye and her work is fine, so there should be no fear in the minds of those interested in her career that she will be successful on her own merits.

MRS. DANIEL O'BRIEN.

843 East 213th Street, New York City.

Which Comes First, News or Events?

Well, Uncle Dimmy, there's a Clara Bow fan who's prepared to fire a few return shots in your direction. Here's hoping that the jar of your collapsing arms doesn't do any real damage to your back teeth. In other words, it would seem that you're a sort of fair-weather friend who jumps on a cry when there is a storm, and stays in the back after somebody else has knocked him out.

To be explicit, it seems to me that somebody or other has certainly got it in for the devastating queen of dra-
What the Fans Think

far from being objectionable, is very fascinating and pleasant to listen to, and this is very rare generally in England. Please do not let the odd few upset you.

You know there are narrow-minded snobs everywhere, and we have traveled pretty far. Of course, there are the odd few in America, also, as one fan objected to Ruth Chatterton because of her English accent. And Clive Brook was too "Mayfair." But as we say, no matter where one goes, or how far, he is bound to meet with criticism, and we may as well mention here that we have gone farther than Glasgow, from where one fan scoots at Pickford and Fairbanks for doing "Taming of the Shrew," to be picked up by Fairbanks. We lived in Glasgow for four years, and heard a remark once to the effect that "she certainly is very clever; of course, she's English, but what of it, if she's good?" So you see, the od is appreciated look upon themselves as something very superior to English.

We would like to mention Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, before closing. The only "slamming" these young people have had, has been in their own country. Over here they are simply adored, and we think they are charming, simplicity, and romance personified.

They both have an accent, but it only adds to their charm. We, of course, love Clive Broock and Ratholm, but our first favorite is Gary Cooper. (This is developing into a fan letter after all.) Where Mr. Cooper's films are, so are we. We think his acting in "The Virginian" is one of the most finished, and the most natural portrayals we have ever seen.

While watching Mr. Cooper's performance in "Tugboat Annie," or "San Francisco," we could not help wondering if we would ever see another film. Surely the biggest compliment an actor can have. If this kind of thing gives any pleasure, we hope Mr. Cooper will see this, and know how much his work is appreciated by.

Three Sisters.

Upton Park.

If They'd Only "Say When." ATER reading Picture Play's recent article on Alice White, I feel I have to come forward, white with rage, over the treatment the good and charming, but the poor-fickle, don't-know-what-they-want public.

Although not a white fan, never was and perhaps now never will be able to watch them with any great relief. Alice White is just as good an actress—perhaps better—than twenty-five others that I have to pay my quarters to see. She is pretty, young, ambitious, sincere, and that is more than can be said about a lot of other players.

If Alice White had not been sacrificed to the greed of her producers, but had been allowed to stay natural, she would have been an even greater actress. When will producers know when to "say when"? Just because a little girl makes a hit in a leg show, they insist upon making leg shows forever more. That's what killed Clara Bow.

Now, you Alice White fans, where's your loyalty? Are you going to stand by and see a perfectly good, hard-working, heartbroken, little girl be shoved out of your lives, just because a little girl makes a hit in a leg show? I insist upon making leg shows forever more. That's what killed Clara Bow.

Where's your loyalty, you Alice White fans, where's your loyalty? Are you going to stand by and see a perfectly good, hard-working, heartbroken, little girl be shoved out of your lives, just because a little girl makes a hit in a leg show? I insist upon making leg shows forever more. That's what killed Clara Bow.

You have a job to do yourselves. If you want to transfer our admiration. There never was, nor ever will be, a man to equal Barry in appearance, to say nothing of his character. He is the one, who knows all manner of unusual things. Accomplishments should be lauded. Come on, Crocella, tell us about the bap-
Please, One Unhappy Ending!

WHAT a boost the movies got when two eminent churchmen said that they were one of the best educational
dums that we had to-day, and that cen-
sorship was needed for the stage.
Every time I think of censorship, I have a
desire to gaze upon a scene from "Dev-
orce" after the Ohio Board of Censors
had finished with it, and I can truthfully
say that I still wonder what it is about.
I would get an inkling of the plot, but
even that would be left to start by say-
thing, there would be a blank silence,
followed by laughter of the audience.
I wish that we might have the sort of
censorship that would destroy an entire
film, after all, is the proper one. That is, ex-
clude the children. Censorship begins at
home with me, and I give it long thought
before I allow my children to see a pic-
ture. Unfortunately all parents do not
feel that way, and some children are al-
lowed to attend shows by themselves.
We call a person human when he has
many faults. Well, it is just as human to aspire to be virtuous, and, one has much more genuine
happiness in doing so. All this is pre-
liminary to saying that I'd like a little
less emphasis on hybrid and lordly talking
in the movies.

Outstalling the Stroller.

AFTER reading "The Stroller's" ob-
servations on the players, I was
tempted to add a few of a mere fan.
Being courageous enough to face the
wrath of the admirers of these stars, here
goes:
Ruth Chatterton, dear Stroller, has
a right to confide. Some day when you
are her age you will do the same.

"An actress," you say, "is nothing but an
agreeable voice. His elevation is as cute
as his toupee.

Those who say Mary Brian can act
never seen Jeanne Eagels, or so it seems
to me.

Jack Oakie is a wisecracking show-off.
Dorothy Jordan might be a beauty, but
she says "woeis," for "worser" in "Love
in the Rough!"

Betty Compson is forgiven for her
eyelashes, because her voice is the most
natural in pictures. But if Betty should ever
say "nearby," I will go to Hollywood and
cut her.

William Haines has plenty to be blue
about.

George O'Brien doesn't wear enough
clothes.

Alice White doesn't deserve the bad
breaks she's getting.

Phillips Holmes and Douglas Fair-
banks, Jr., cause many a real Englishman
to laugh over that strange lingo they
speak.

Maurice Chevalier is detained by most
Frenchmen. He walked off the stage in a
French theater last year when some one
laughed at the wrong time. The man who
laughed was an ex-soldier who had been
gassed in the War.

Jacqueline Logan is one of the sweetest
girls in the movies, but she wears the
same clothes in all her pictures.

Ramon Novarro, one of my favorites, is
too good to live.

Fredric March is a good actor and a
cultured man, but his cunning mannerisms
offset these.

Norma Shearer's clothes are just what
an acrobat's caliper would imagine to
be good taste.

GETRUD WARRING.

Brooklyn, New York.

Don't Hide the Babies.

THEY are afraid of disillusionment,
says Nancy Carroll, "if we let the
public see our babies."

There will be no disillusion in the
public if they ever see Nancy Carroll's
baby. I saw her one day with Nancy,
and what a daughter! She hasn't
Nancy's beautiful red hair, but she has
her sweetness and beauty. Come on,
Nancy, and let the public see her. She is a
beauty, and would take first prize in
any beauty contest.

JEAN PALMER.

360 West 119th Street

New York City, New York.

What, If Not Mystical?

THIS is for the benefit of pro-Novarro
fans and for anti-Novarro fans, if I
may call them that. Especially Mrs. N.
Shaver. Why, dear madam, didn't you
come right out in your letter and say how
Madeline Glass deliberately had to be
in "The Racket" and "End of the Road" with
Novarro? You ruined both those roles in
a lot of words, but what you meant was that Miss Glass told several untrue,
rather than "abundant" stories about

Lyceum. I lay off Ramon. I don't know whether his
power is mystic or not, but whatever
I wish to give to it, his influence on his fans is worthier than the
why did you want six months before tell-
ing us that Miss Glass fibbed? It's rather
far-fetched to believe that you had just
article by a Miss Betty M. Long's letter on the same article appeared
the very next issue.

So you think no one would have the
sense to venture a guess at a person's
laws? Is that so? Well, I've resorted
on more than one person's law—nothing
less than the rocking-chair on the front
porch ever suits me after a long hike.
And I've never been put off, either.
And get this—if I lived as near to
Ram on as you do, I'd have seen him plenty
before I had to take my lunch and
mattresses and go on his first sick call!
He'd have to come out some time,
also, you know.

M. R. who was so hard on
Betty M. Long, I hear at say: I don't
think it's the 'glitter of starland' that
Betty's in love with. Whatever her feel-
ing is—call it love if you wish—it is for Ramon

that the actor comes second. Am I right, Betty?

What would you say—L. M. R., if I
told you that six days after I left the
hospital after an appendicitis operation,
I went in town to see "The Pagans"? I
couldn't stand up straight, let alone walk,
but I got there. I could have waited until
two o'clock and gone to the nearer home, but, you
see, the same feeling that prompted Betty to
go sick prompted me to do something
which I would never have done had it been
any one else.

Fans, do you remember the letter that
was printed in Picture Play shortly after
the talksie became established, written by
one Robert Orem in reply to Joan Perula?
That letter seems to me like lavish praise on John Gilbert and could not see
anything worth raving about in Ramon
Novarro. It read:

"One quote from Mr. Orem's letter: "I
pleasantly anticipate the reception of
Messrs. Gilbert and Novarro over the new
sound devices. Then Ramon will live and
John will disillusion you."

Oh, Robert, you're a man after my own
heart. Well, you Gilbert fans aren't so
enthusiastic, are you? Wonder what Mr.
Gilbert would say if he could come down
Roxbury way and see this "Sailor," with
Wallace Beery and Leila Hyams.
"I had to use a magnifying glass to
find Jack's name. Honest I did."

Boston, Massachusetts.

Wh-why Bring That Up?

TO "The Racket," of London: Hello, there; That's your bag. Who cares?"

"Funny, isn't it? How a nation becomes
virtuous when it compares itself with
another one. None of us escape it. But
you know, we, over here, don't speak
English, we speak American.
Remember the Englishman who, when
told by an American professor to fill in
a blank or two, replied: "It isn't a blank, it's a
form: and you don't fill it in you fill it out!" Our talksie, I fear, will always
be American. More power to 'em!"

326 Keswick Road, "AMERICAN."

Baltimore, Maryland.
Why waste time on old fashioned methods

... when you can learn to play at home without a teacher?

Don't let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don't let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true. For you—anyone—can easily teach yourself to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It's so easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The note in the first space is always F. The note in the second space is always A. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell face.

Now, isn't that simple? You don't have to know one note from another in order to begin. For the U. S. School way explains everything as you go along—both in print and picture—so that almost before you know it, you are playing real tunes and melodies right from the notes.

You simply can't go wrong. First you are told what to do, then the picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

Easy as A-B-C

No wonder over 600,000 men and women have learned to play this easy way! For this famous course is based on sound, fundamental musical principles highly simplified. It's not a “trick” or “stunt” method. You learn to play from notes just as the best musicians do. You learn to pick up any piece of music, read it, and understand it.

No time is wasted on theories. You get all the musical facts. You get the real meaning of musical notation, time, automatic finger control, harmony.

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Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need “talent.” Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And remember—no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average just the same—only a few cents a day.

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Easy as A-B-C

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"Music Lessons in Your Own Home" is an interesting little book that is yours for the asking. With this free book we will send you a typical demonstration lesson that proves, better than words, how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite instrument by note—in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old, slow methods—the U. S. School way. No obligation.

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

534 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Have you Instrument?

Name

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., looms in the cinema heavens as a full-fledged star, a sign of his growth in talent, in years and popularity. The new picture which he will always remember is called "Chances." He and his brother find themselves in love with the same girl, a part played by Rose Hobart, who brings understanding out of chaos to the two men.
They never pay compliments. It's "Boy! Look at these box shoulders!" Rita La Roy complains.

HOLLYWOOD men have been taking a terrific beating. Their screen sweethearts have been telling me all the faults of the male stars. And, brother, it all goes to prove that even a handsome heartbreaker is no hero to the girls who have to love him.

Kissable faces and life-guard figures are not enough, say those who are in a position to judge the qualities of our masculine idols. Hollywood's men stars are supremely conceited, sublimely egotistical, not a bit romantic, and even downright boring a lot of the time!

Let me assure you right at the start that this is no sour-grapes tale. I have talked to the half dozen most popular women at each of the studios, and I'm swamped with inside information on the personality boys. The catch lies here: most of the girl stars are afraid to do a "Strange Interlude" right out in print, because they have to work with the Hollywood men. But a few bold spirits have consented to be quoted.

Hark to what Rita La Roy, the vamp, has learned about the screen lovers.

The film lovers do not stir Rita La Roy when they play the beau offscreen. "Self-centered bores," she calls them. Mary Duncan says they are charming fellows who are not treated right by the actresses. The fans must be the jury.

"Hollywood actors," says Rita, "are such boring company that after a half hour with them I am ready to go home.

"Their ideas are limited to four topics: golf, liquor, autos, and the reputations of absent women. Oh, yes, and themselves. They never admire your clothes or pay compliments, as all men should, no matter what a girl looks like. Instead, they say, 'Boy! Look at this new wide lapel, these box shoulders.' my this, my that!

"They hand out a terrific line. They brag about what a hit they are on the point of making and say, 'Just stick to me, little girl, and I'll get you a swell part.' Next day they don't even speak to the little fools.

"They have a superficial veneer. I have never met an actor who was honestly interested in good books. They merely read the book reviews. They play at their every minute. And how they love to talk! A woman can't get a word in edgewise.

"They think so much about themselves they never have time to think about a girl. And they are so unoriginal. For instance, once, to ask my forgiveness, a man sent me six dozen roses. They are wholesale show-offs.

"And they are the most impolite men in the world. They never think of holding your chair at the table or opening a door. Even in casting offices it is noticeable. When a girl came in the men used to offer her a seat; now she can just stand and let the men sit.

Mary Brian knows dozens of actors who are gentlemen, but admits that there are those other fellows.
HOLLYWOOD MEN?

By Ben Maddox

"Hollywood actors are terribly spoiled, because there are ten girls here for every good-looking man. I myself won't go out with a man who drinks. When your escort suddenly keels over at a fashionable restaurant or dinner party—well, it's an embarrassment I won't stand for. I'll admit it's hard on the actor, because if he doesn't drink, the producer who hires him feels that the actor is insubordinate that he is wiser than his boss.

"I don't have dates with actors," Rita assured me. "I vamp them all day and then I'm through. I've never had a real friend—acquaintances, yes, but not real friends—among the actors I've met in Hollywood. Assistant directors, for instance, are much better company. The men stars take themselves too seriously. They have lost all sense of proportion and think the world would stop without them!"

Now to give you a typical ingénue's thoughts on Hollywood men, I shall tell you what Joyce Compton, prominent in the younger set, has to say.

"The men stars hesitate to marry for fear their fan following will decline. They are twice as worried about their careers as actresses are. The men stop and ponder every move, thinking that everything they say or do is of vast importance. The last thing they want to do is to settle down with one girl.

"Consequently, they are extraordinarily woman-shy. For a girl it's a case of 'Can't get the one I want; those I get I don't want.' The married men and the unattractive ones bother the life out of you. And the handsome brutes just stay home every night with mamma and papa, and start running every time you look at them!"

That's the pickle these young girls find themselves in. Mona Maris is a good representative of the traveled, cultured, mature-minded actress.

"Hollywood actors," thinks Mona, who has memories of brilliant society in Berlin, London, and Paris, "are narrow-minded and mentally small-townish. They are not romantic. They think they can mix love with sports, and, therefore, their lovemaking is pretty sad. They don't think enough of women to concentrate on making an art of love.

"They make marriage proposals as a routine proposition. They are afraid to be adventurous, and they cannot understand a woman who wants a platonic friendship, either. They try to figure some meaning into your good-fellowship. And when you give a Hollywood man your private phone number, he immediately assumes that you are going out only with him in the future.

"They are too conspicuous—in their actions, dress, talk, and homes. Everything is for show. They are more attractive physically than European men, but less so mentally. Worst of all, they want to make too much whoopie. So I prefer staying home to going out with most of the men I have met who act for a living."

Sounds as if our screen lovers were pretty spoiled, doesn't it? But a few of the stars I consulted had good words to say. Joan Crawford, for instance, says, "An actor is no different from any other man. They all get up in the morning and shave and wish they could go to the beach, instead of to work."
What's Wrong with Hollywood Men?

Just look how grandly they live and you'll see the fallacy of that. They may not spend as much as New York playboys, for there is no place to put out big money on entertainment here.

"Hand out a line? What man doesn't when he can? Really, actors are charmingly naive! The poor dears get so few compliments that they'll believe anything nice you say about them.

"They won't dress up, and have no manners? Double check that off their list of crimes. When they work all day, naturally they don't feel like dolling up in their evening clothes for an all-night party. But between pictures, won't the girls admit that they—the men—look darn nice? An actor's manners incline toward informality, but I've certainly never found politeness lacking.

"The men are gossips? A man always sticks up for even the most notorious girls. A man will talk about their beauty or try to find something nice to say, instead of immediately telling you the low-down, as nine out of ten women do. The men couldn't possibly gossip as much as the women.

"Boring? Business men and students—oh, all non-actors are ever so much more so. An actor has a general polish, a knowledge of everything which the man who concentrates on one particular thing can never have.

"When it comes to being romantic, the poor men stars have a tough time—all due to the actresses! The men want to be romantic. But the women are downright selfish, in a mean way. The girls capitalize on a man's affections. Hollywood

Continued on page 117

They're just like other men, Joan Crawford has learned; they all prefer the beach to work.

The trouble is women are praised so much they can't stand to hear a man complimented, Mary Duncan believes.

The actors are afraid to settle down to one girl, Joyce Compton finds.

Bebe Daniels and Ruth Roland, who are also happily married to actors, pooh-pooh the general criticism of Hollywood men. These two women find them more interesting and polite than any other class of men. And Irene Rich, who knows many business men, states emphatically that the actors are not dumb in financial affairs.

"Just look at the wonderful contracts most of them maneuver," she points out. "I know a lot of fine business men who would like to be clever enough to get such salaries."

There are all kinds of men in Hollywood, Mary Brian and June Collyer, our favorite subdebs, venture to say out loud. If you want a bad actor, they insist that you won't have to look far; but if you want a gentleman, they know dozens.

Yet Hollywood men took a rather bad beating until I ran into Mary Duncan, who met my queries with, "Tell me what's wrong with 'em!"

I did, and Mary roared. "Vices?" she finally uttered after her mirthquake. "I'd call 'em virtues!" So I asked her to park herself and explain.

"In the first place, all this about the actors' selfishness," she began. "Who could love or admire a man who wasn't selfish? A man who is not conceited is not attractive. An actor has to concentrate upon himself to attain any degree of success.

"The trouble with the actresses is that when they meet a handsome, selfish actor they are running up against one of their own kind. Women are praised so much that they can't stand to hear a man complimented. Actresses are terribly conceited themselves. Remember, the most attractive man is always the one most admired by other women. And a man has to put his best foot forward to make himself attractive.

"As for Hollywood male stars being tight with their money, why,
MISCHIEF

Jorge Delano, the caricaturist, lets his pencil play pranks with stars whose mirrors tell a different story. See if you can identify them.

Richard Arlen.
Fay Wray.
Buddy Rogers.
Jack Oakie.
Gary Cooper.
YO-HO-HO and a CREAM PUFF

Marian Marsh and her family brought some of the spirit of the Spanish Main with them from Trinidad which they are applying to the conquest of screen fame. Trilby is the prize recently captured by la Marsh.

When the new neighbors moved in opposite me, I took particular notice of the two girls. The older one was a stunner, and the younger was just as much an eyeful. There were two boys—but who takes notice of boys?

Of course I met Jeanne, George, Violet, and Edward Krauth.

I have known the breath-taking charmer of this story by her real name, Violet. I have kept an eye on her while she did extra work under the name of Marilyn Morgan. More recently I came to know her as Marian Marsh.

With Marian Marsh we deal, and rightly, too. For at eighteen Marian is leading lady in John Barrymore's "Svengali" the talkie version of "Trilby." Since John is the star, Trilby becomes a secondary character. Even so, this rôle will introduce Marian Marsh in no uncertain way.

For the past three years Marian, her mother, her sister, and two brothers have been almost my next-door neighbors. And if I am not in a position to talk about my neighbors, then why not, may I ask?

It came about like this: Marian's sister Jeanne was one of the members of the historic Paramount school. Awarded a contract, she came to Hollywood. The rest of the family, too.

I recall Marian as a bright young thing, very, very intelligent, without any cute mannerisms. At sixteen she had the brain power of many a Hollywood charmer of twenty-six.

She has told me many adventurous tales. The four children were born on the island of Trinidad. On this island in the British West Indies, the boys and girls became inoculated with that dashing yo-ho-ho spirit of the Spanish Main, of pirates and adventure.

Once while innocently playing under a tree with a
kitten, Marian was startled by a long snake falling out of the branches overhead right before her eyes. The snake dashed, crawled—or whatever snakes do—into an outhouse. The kitten, believing it to be enlarged spaghetti, ran after it.

Marian howled for her kitten. It must surely be killed, she thought. But the kitten, like the children, had a dashing yo-ho-ho spirit, and came from the shed dragging the dead reptile, like a limp garden hose, in its mouth.

Eventually the family went to New York. Like all good girls destined for the movies, Marian spent some time in a convent, in Massachusetts.

"That was one of the many beautiful reminiscences of my early childhood," says the eighteen-year-old to-day. "Going away from time to time, I seemed shut away from the world. When I returned home for the holidays, it was like returning from another sphere."

The convent story is amusing in many cases; but in this instance it is a fact.

As she will tell you, she has had little time yet to delve into other things besides acting. She was still attending Hollywood high school when she began extra work.

Sometimes I'd come across Marian at the market.

"I like to choose fruit and cakes for the family," she'd tell me while George would be staggering under a load of potatoes, and Edward weakening under the weight of the Sunday roast.

Marian told me of a wonderful place to buy cakes. "The cream puffs are heavenly," she declared in rapture. These insipid, unsatisfying confections were as ambrosia to her. One day we arrived at the baker's only to find pies and rolls at our disposal. I bought my French leaf with glee, while la Marsh, bereft of her cream puffs, looked as tragic as Bernhardt.

About two years ago, Pathé thought up a brilliant idea and formed what they called their junior stock company. The young members were Lew Ayres, Stanley Smith, Russell Gleason, Jimmy Aldine, Jeanette Loff, and Marian.

These artistic young souls worked occasionally for six months; then the class was dismissed. Only Russell Gleason was retained. Lew Ayres got a part with Garbo, in "The Kiss," then sailed to glory at the Universal studio. Jeanette Loff skipped over to Carl Laemmle's camp, too. Paramount invited Stanley Smith to step into their ranks. Marian searched for work. Poor Jimmy Aldine seemed to get lost in the commotion.

In spite of good breaks and had, the call for self-expression was felt in the household from Trinidad. Jeanne was working pretty constantly. Marian had, so far, done nothing to warrant special notice.

George, restless at his first job, in a bank, decided to desert finance for art. Edward, the youngest of the family, had a penchant for scattering the house with by no means poor paintings.

"He'll probably be an artist," Marian would prophesy, though not with too much encourage-
earnest," Marian scoffed when I landed out at First National to keep my rash promise of yester year. "I've done my part of the bargain. I'm playing a lead, and here's the studio.

Don't imagine that by knowing a player you are sure of respect being shown you. Far from it. I had to run all over the studio to find my subject. I eventually discovered her in the portrait gallery, having new pictures taken.

Marian was languidly pulling on her stockings, so I frowned and asked what sort of Trilby pictures had been taken.

"Sit down; sit down," she said, not too enthusiastically. "I'll be ready as soon as I put on my shoes."

A lot of people tell her she looks like Con stance Bennett. I'd rather say Constance resembles Marian. La Marsh has very blond hair, though was it not darker during her Pathe days? Her eyes are light green. Or are they blue? Maybe they're hazel. But there's quite a space between her eyes. And they say this space denotes dramatic power.

I had expected the young Trilby to be full of excitement. La Marsh was calm and collected. In fact, I recall that she was more excited when she got a small part in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee." In that picture, Albert Hackett, Raymond's brother, played the part of Marian's brother.

"He's very enthusiastic over some play he's written," Marian said at the time. "He tells me an agent is taking it to New York. He feels sure it will be produced."

"Up Pops the Devil" was Albert's chef d'oeuvre. Produced it was, and it proved quite a success on Broadway. Albert played a leading part. At the present time Raymond is portraying the leading role in Albert's brain child at the Belasco Theater, in Los Angeles. And right at this moment, while I'm writing her story, la Marsh is attending to-night's performance.

The stage appeals to Marian. A few months ago she played in "Young Sinners."

"I like the part," she told me at the time. "It is a girl entirely different from what I really am. If that's not a test of histrionic ability, what is?"

More notice was taken of Marian after her stage début. One day her manager told her to go to the First National studio for a test. Brother Edmund was sent there also by his agent. Sister and brother made a test together. The next thing Marian knew, she was being whisked off to John Barrymore's domicile to be presented to The Great One himself.

Barrymore had not then quite recovered from his recent illness. Nevertheless, he was well enough to see that La Marsh was the very one to play Trilby opposite his Sven gall. [Continued on page 114]
First you will see Sylvia Sidney, opposite Gary Cooper, in "City Streets," surely as happy an introduction to the fans as any stranger from the stage could wish. Then she will assume one of the most important roles of the year, as well as the most difficult, as the unhappy Roberta Alden, heroine of "An American Tragedy," the picture often promised and long delayed, with Phillips Holmes playing Clyde Griffiths, the part for which every one has nominated his favorite actor.
NEW YORK is a fans' town. In spite of the fact that only Paramount continues producing in the East, there are always film celebrities visiting the metropolis in holiday mood. Here they can stay up late without fear of the camera revealing lines and wrinkles next morning. Here they can go about unrecognized—sometimes.

Not when there is a shindig on like the annual luncheon of the National Board of Review, however. The nice old ladies who belong to this organization forgot home, husbands, and Roberts's "Rules of Order" when they saw Maurice Chevalier in person. The program was barely under way and Secretary of Labor William N. Doaks was talking when Chevalier, glancing at his watch, slid out quietly.

Before he had taken two steps, an old lady at a near-by table decided that she, too, had to leave right away. A moment later there was a flutter all over the banquet hall as wraps and gloves were hastily gathered by departing guests. Only a fire alarm could have emptied the place more completely. Those who were late in starting made no pretense of slipping out inconspicuously. Chairs were pushed back and women ran to join the group around a much embarrassed Chevalier.

Lobby Manners.

Maybe some of these women were among the hysterical five thousand who were waiting to gain entrance to the Paramount Theater when Chevalier was announced to appear in person. When the doors were opened, and the crowd surged in, pocketbooks, handkerchiefs, neckties, and gloves were strewn all over the floor. Warner Brothers are still one up on Paramount, however—they had to send in a riot call the night "Little Caesar" opened, so unruly were the waiting crowds.

Blanche Sweet, in New York preparing for voudeville, is recognized wherever she goes. The wisecrack of the month is that Ruth Chatterton's success has gone to her husband's head.

They Say in

A sparkling new department of gossip about film celebri and what people say of them. You will find that Miss

By Karen

Follow the Crowds.

The Algonquin, Sardi's, and the Ritz have always been a haven for fans who wanted intimate glimpses of film celebrities. Now it is the recently opened Hotel St. Moritz overlooking Central Park that attracts them. Many notables live there, but G. K. Chesterton is brushed aside by people clamoring for a glimpse of Chevalier. Teresa, a new sensation on the dance-concert stage, cannot vie with Betty Bronson and Blanche Sweet for crowd appeal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford stayed there during their recent visit here and all but got a round of applause every time they went through the lobby, to the horror, incidentally, of the doormen who have served kings.

Luncheon time finds stage and screen celebrities up in the sun-drenched restaurant on the thirty-first floor of the St. Moritz. Late afternoon brings another delegation to revive memories of that gay Vienna they hope to revisit some day as they have tea at Rumpelmayer's on the first floor. And if you cannot get around there until evening,

Charles Farrell's marriage to Virginia Valli eliminates him from the eligibles.
NEW YORK—
ties in the metropolis, their professional and social activities Hollis sees all and knows all that interests the fan.

Hollis

you may still catch a glimpse of a few of the quieter film stars dining in the grill. I won't promise that, though. Most of New York dines at hideaways where you ring a bell and ask for Tony.

More Dix Fans.
Richard Dix ought to come to New York more often. He owes it to many people he has never even met. He has the reputation of being a genial sort who gets around a lot. After he has been here, people who haven't friends to introduce them at the better speakeasies ring doorbells along Fifty-second Street and say, "Don't you remember me? I was here the other night with Richard Dix."

A Matter of Opinion.
When Charlie Farrell arrived in New York on route to Italy for a vacation, many people were shocked to see that his hair has grown quite gray in patches. "If I have to dye my hair in order to continue being an actor," he announced with considerable feeling, "I'll quit." With almost equal intensity his—we won't call them friends—spoke up, "Oh, are you an actor?"

Let the Punishment Fit the Crime.
Hollywood will not have to worry over improvising a royal welcome for Madame Chanel, queen of dress designers, whom Samuel Goldwyn is bringing over to clothe United Artists stars. Wherever she goes she will be assailed by waves of her own gardenia perfume. Four out of five stars use it.

Miss Pickford Drops In.
When Mary Pickford came to New York recently with the announced intention of looking over Broadway plays in search of a screen vehicle to follow "Kiki," all the theater managers sat up briskly and practiced saying big figures, a form of exercise which does not come naturally to many of them this season.

They figured she would buy one of the biggest hits. They have never quite recovered from her buying "Coquette," you know, and it wouldn't surprise them if she decided to smother her radiance in a gangster story, always provided the public had shown a deep interest in it.

Scanning the hits, they found "Grand Hotel," but that already belongs to Garbo. Then there is "Once in a Lifetime," but that throws a penetrating light on some of the more erratic aspects of Hollywood, and whatever else Miss Pickford may be, she is never cruel.

There is "The Vinegar Tree" which requires a flighty heroine of at least forty, and oh yes, there is "Oh, Promise Me." The latter is a rather amusing blackmail comedy, but to call any of the characters swine would be flattering. No, that just wouldn't do for Miss Pickford.
They Say in New York——

Though Ina Claire's marriage is an acknowledged failure, her screen career is more assured than ever.

Nevertheless, hope dies hard in the hearts of theater managers, as you know if you have seen some of the plays they put on this season. The managers stood in front of their theaters scanning the streets for sight of a royal entourage of Rolls-Royces preceded by the two motor loads of plain-clothes men who were said to be guarding Miss Pickford's every move.

Meanwhile, a bright-eyed young woman was prowling around the bargain counters of department stores having the time of her life. Often she was over in the placid stillness of Beekman Terrace on the East River chatting with her old friend, Lillian Gish. When she got around to it, she invited Laurette Taylor to tea and confided to her that above all else she wanted to screen "Peg o' My Heart," an ideal rôle for Miss Pickford if there ever was one.

The chances of her getting it are very good. Just her entrance in that play, blundering into a pompous, stilted English vault of dead emotions with a be-dragged pup in her arms, would be worth battling any crowd to see.

Going to the Dogs.

And now that we have mentioned dogs, the temptation to enter a plea is too strong to resist. Please, Miss Pickford, give the part to the wire-haired terrier Ronald Colman supported in "The Devil to Pay."

I know he is much too aristocratic a dog for Peg to have, but audiences will overlook that. That dog is irresistible. If you had only stayed in New York long enough to go to the Westminster Kennel Show, you would have found out how utterly devastating he is.

There were more than two thousand other dogs in the show. There were three in his class that beat him in the judging. But the crowds flocked around the bench of Park Barbarian and had to be pried away by force when Madison Square Garden was closed for the night. Park Barbarian has thousands of fans, Miss Pickford, and you always like to have popular actors in your casts. Let him have the part.

Mysterious Mr. Colman.

You may be wondering where Ronald Colman was while his dog was the center of all this enraptured attention. Lots of people wondered about him, and all day long the phone at Samuel Goldwyn's office rang repeatedly. People were told, truthfully as it happens, "No, we haven't the faintest idea where Mr. Colman is." I have my suspicions. There was a bearded gentleman of benign manner right there by the dog all the time.

Diplomacy.

Incidentally, there has been some agitation in British court circles urging knighthood for Ronald Colman and Chaplin. It has long been the custom to knight the most distinguished actor-managers of the London stage, but the nomination of these two favorites raises a knotty question. They have certainly been no help to home-grown art or commerce. Instead, their American-made pictures have crowded native products out of the best theaters and shown them up as feeble affairs, at best.

Maybe It's True.

Stories about Tallulah Bankhead fly thick and fast about Manhattan's dinner tables. Every one has a friend who has a friend who knows somebody who was there when it happened. She got tired of having people crashing into her set, sticking their...
heads around scenery walls trying to get a look at her. Finally, the story goes, she got so exasperated at one doggedly determined little man who was always hanging around that she ordered him removed from the set. It was Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount.

The Bankhead Manner.

This one I can vouch for. In the hullabaloo surrounding Miss Bankhead’s arrival in this country and her introduction to the press, one young representative of Paramount was detailed to stand by and stage-manage meetings. At the close of a particularly harassing day, he departed from Miss Bankhead saying that he was certainly sick and tired of her face.

Approaching the studio next morning, he was all braced to hear that he was fired or that he was to steer clear of her at least. You can imagine his built-in-the-china-shop feelings when she came forward and asked him graciously if he was any more resigned to her appearance, or if she would have to stand with her back to him when they talked.

Elissa Landi offers further proof of her success even though her first picture isn’t yet released.

Nancy Carroll discovered her double by accident and got her an engagement.

More Honors for MacDonald.

Jeanette MacDonald just cannot get over the idea that she is really a New Yorker. At the completion of each picture, she rushes to a train and comes East. If she comes with any idea of regaining a modest balance by getting away from a small town where she is a big shot, this trip may be marked down as a failure. She had hardly arrived when she was invited to appear as soloist with the Cleveland Philharmonic, an honor that the greatest stars of the Metropolitan Opera covet. Stage fright or a knowledge of her own shortcomings forced her to decline.

Gag of the Month.

The most quoted remark of the month in film circles is attributed to Walter Winchell, New York newspaper columnist. “Ruth Chatterton’s success,” he said, “has gone to Ralph Forbes’ head.”

Where Are They Now?

Hollywood first nights are a study of the current “Who’s Who” in pictures, but New York openings answer the question of what has become of old favorites. The Chaplin opening brought them all out. A quintet of blond beauties, May Allison, Phyllis Haver, Ruth Taylor, Betty Francis, and Justine Johnstone are married to wealthy New Yorkers.

Of them all, only May has hankering to return to the screen. Ruth Taylor is very much occupied with a young son whom she takes to Central Park afternoons.

Justine Johnstone, Marion Davies’s teammate in the old chorus days, looks as dazzling as she did when she was a Reelart star. When friends ask her what on earth she does with all the time on her hands, she says that shopping and parties keep her busy. The first night well be true, as she is one of the most tastefully gowned women to be seen at smart gatherings in New York. Maybe it is a dirty trick to tell you what she is really up to, when she has shown such reluctance in discussing it, but she is really doing advanced research work in biochemistry at Columbia University, and doing very well, thank you. Some of her professors know nothing of her career, but they think she is an awfully pretty girl to be so ambitious and brainy.

[Continued on page 98]
AGAIN Richard Dix has come into his own in "Cimarron," with a performance that fulfills the hopes of his admirers and rewards their patience. And he is the last one to deny that patience has been needed to see him through a stretch of program pictures until the brilliant role of Yancey Cravat should come his way. All praise to him for being ready for it—for combining with the utmost skill all the contradictions of the character without going to the extreme of making him a pure hero, a vain swaggerer, or, worse still, an actor carried away by his own acting. Instead, he gives us a human whose faults only endear him the more.

FOR THE GOOD
Out of obscurity Irene Dunne steps gracefully and graciously into the bright light cast by the brilliance of her performance in "Cimarron," one of the best this month. Put on her mettle by the incredulity of those who questioned the choice of a newcomer for the difficult role, she confounded her critics by scoring a triumph. Sensative, intelligent, and gently appealing to the eye, she realizes Edna Ferba's description of Sabra Cravat even more completely when she reveals the iron in the character of the Southern girl. Considering that Miss Dunne gained her experience in road companies of musical shows, she becomes all at once the current "miracle girl" of the movies.
YOU CAN’T GET

Stars, directors, writers and even extras yearn at times to forsake Hollywood and forget their disappointments and heartbreaks in foreign travel. They do not know that it is impossible to escape the movies, no matter how far they may roam. It remains for a brilliant writer to prove this in a record of her trip around the world.

THEME songs have come and gone, but there’s one disturbing little ditty that is likely to go on forever in Hollywood. It’s the favorite anthem of the picture colony, and the only reason that it has never been set to music is that there isn’t an instrument in the world that could do justice to the pathos of it. Not even Rudy Vallée’s megaphone.

It’s the words that get you. The refrain is,

“I wanna get away from it all—
I wanna forget!”

Everybody in Hollywood knows how it goes. Stars wail it, cute things sob it into their sables, spraying $3,000-a-week tears all over the platinum fixings of the family limousine—“Oh, I wanna get away from it all—I wanna forget!”

Million-dollar profiles, safely sealed to long-term contracts, rustle the yucca petals with their moans, “Oh, leave me alone, I wanna forget!”

Directors, writers, extras, cameramen, prop boys and performing seals, on the set, at parties, on location, in restaurants, out on the beach—forty-four out of every forty-five want to get away from it all and forget. It’s almost too pitiful for words.

Last year I took a trip to Hollywood, all set to be impressed.

“Nice little place you have here!” was what I expected to say.

But in two shakes of an orange blossom, there I was lining up with the other mopsey and joining in the chorus with gestures and a load of genuine feeling—“I wanna forget!”

Well, they laughed at me when I said I would get away from it all.

“You can’t!” they cried. “You can’t get away from the movies!”

“Oh, yes I can!” I came right back at them, “there is a happy’land——” Right away I decided to go ahead and show Hollywood how simple it could be to get away from it all, if only one put one’s mind on it. There’s nothing like being constructive when you get down to important issues. So, realizing the futility of trying to forget anything at home, I booked a one-way passage from San Francisco to the South Seas. I would show them.

“Desert island.” I cried, getting out my luggage, “I hear you calling me.”

I was careful to take nothing with me that would remind me of the movies. All the treasures that I had amassed in my six years of film reviewing I left behind in New York—the back wheel from Clara Bow’s first bicycle, a blank page from Alice White’s diary, the early Garbo knitting needles, a handkerchief said to be genuine Gilbertian with Swedish hemstitching, a withered posy from a Samuel Goldwyn banquet. Ah, souvenirs that bless and burn!
Away From It ALL

By Katharine Zimmermann

Westward Ho! The Golden Gates vanished in the haze. Good-by Hollywood! The away-from-it-all outlook was getting rosier by the minute. Even the passengers on the boat were different.

Three men were propping up the rail on the upper deck—creatures of steel and snow, with eyes like gun-lets and mouths like bear traps. My spirits rose. Here, I reflected, was something already far removed from Hollywood. The genuine article at last—pearl fishers, perhaps, traders of copra, whalers, or wallaby tamers.

"First trip?" boomed the first wallaby tamers.

I admitted it apologetically.

"Same here!" thundered the second whaler.

"Say, sister," roared the third copra trader, looking at me all gimlet-eyed, "didn't we see you out at Fox Movietone City last month?"

"Sir?" I parried, taken aback.

"We're in the movie game ourselves," announced the first pearl fisher. "Cameramen. Going down to Pa-pee-tee on location. Have you heard about the new merger that—"

I sat on a hatch and gazed over the silent beauty of the night. The moon was a silver bubble in the velvet sky. A gentle breeze played over the shimmering tropic seas. Forgetting, in the circumstances, was really child's play.

The voice of the steward crashed into my meditations.

"Movies—movies—movies on the top deck in half an hour!"


Away I sped along the coral water front, flying a kite of red hibiscus. Schooners and cattle tramps bobbed idly up and down over the glittering water. One didn't have to look any farther than Tahiti to get away from it all. What a joke on Hollywood! It was sweet oblivion.

"Aloha Oe!" I crowed triumphantly, planning to get busy with a postal-card campaign.

"Hallo, yourself!"

A snappy yacht was sandwiched between the cattle boats, almost obscured. The plank was down and the young master stepped ashore.

"You!" I exclaimed.

Fred Murnau, director of "Sunrise," "The Four Devils," and "City Girl," saluted smartly. A mist gathered before my eyes, but there was still a chance. I braced myself.

"Herr Murnau," I cried urgently, "did you come down here to forget? Are you, too, trying to get away from it all?"

The director laughed. "Not this time, I'm working on a color film for Pathé. Bob Flaherty's down here, too. You must come over sometime—"

"There!" he said, breaking into his first real smile. "See! New movie house. Finish soon."

Fiji: I squatted on the cocoa matting in the chief's thatched hut and swigged bravely from the kava bowl. All was at peace in the little clearing where the native village was, save for the screech of parrots and the distant boom-boom of the wooden drum. From the dense tropical vegetation, the perfume of ginger and vanilla vines floated into the hut.

The feast of raw fish, taro, and sun-baked centipedes was over. The fire dancers had given up exercising their bare feet on the red-hot stones. The mighty men from M'Bau had taken their spears, intent on teasing fishes. The chief grunted jovially. The chief's wife shook her beads. The family clapped hands and flashed their teeth, and the soapy fluid in the kava bowl grew beautifully less. We continued to converse freely.

Suddenly the peaceful village was alive with sound. With demoniacal shrieks, a host of natives swarmed out of their kennelike huts and pelted into the open compound. Frenzied dancing and handclapping. Blood-curdling yowls. Coconut shells crashing together.

The dozing drum major twitched into action over his wooden instrument and the gentle boom-boom became the second battle of the Somme. Chicago slaughter houses couldn't hold a candle to that racket.

Like a bunch of eels, the chief and his family slithered through the two-foot doorway of the hut and bounced among the revelers. I recalled, with some misgivings, the cannibal traditions of the tribe. Weakness for white man fricassee had led to the undoing of the old chief's papa.

"Well." I thought discreetly, "I'd better be getting along." On all fours I eased the body through the narrow opening, prepared to break the record of the Flying Finn.

The Fijians were prancing wildly around a bullock cart drawn up in the compound. A mammoth billboard, painted in rosy overtones, appeared to be the only cargo. It was held proudly aloft by a towering native lightly clad in mother-of-pearl earrings, tortoiseshell bracelets and a shock of hair modeled on Sid Grauman's prebroad days. He functioned apparently both as interpreter and counsel for public relations. Turning to the billboard, I read:

TO-NIGHT IN SUVA! !
"The Two-gun Man."

I gazed bleakly into the hawklike, hectically tinted features of big Bill Hart.

Vava'au, near Samoa: The niece of the Tongan queen was informally clad in beads and bracelets. Her dusky hair hung to her ankles. Her black teeth flashed like pieces of jet. She reclined against a cluster of bananas, spitting fragments of betel nut with nice precision into the blue lagoon.

"Princess," I began, running myself happily, "do you know, it's months now since I started to get away from it all, and I don't mind telling you that this is the first place in the whole Pacific where I've been able to forget. You don't know what you are to your auntie. Now there's a real queen, if you like."

"He-he-he!" chortled the princess, handing over a banana and a string of colored shells. "Hause! Skvee! Engleshe! Vummans! He-he-he! Yes! No!"

She sprang lightly to her feet.

"Mahn! Mahns!" she shrieked, and with the bound of a gazelle she disappeared into the royal hut. In a
trice she was back again, squatting on the ground, screening something in the hollow of her hand. The Tongan crown jewels, I suspected, pleasurably intrigued.

"Aw, c'mawn," I coaxed, "show yummuns pitty sings, you minx."

Gaily she revealed a yellow fragment of newspaper. "Yummuns," laughed the princess, pointing to herself and then, "Mahus—mai mahus." She embraced the paper fondly and then smacked it down on the ant-infested ground between us.

"Naice mahus!" twittered the princess, "naice mahus!"

I looked. Could I believe my eyes? With a low mean I rose and shambling off into the tropic underbrush. One last look at the little Tongan princess, coiled around a fading photograph of Ramon Novarro and crooning "The Pagan Love Song" softly to herself.


"Well, well," I mused, hanging over a gunwale as we drifted into port, "that's darn white of them. And I never wrote them I was coming."

"There they go! There they go!"

"Who? Who?"

"For heaven's sake! Don't you know? Mary and Doug, of course, just off the boat from Yokohama. Look! Doug's waving his hat! Hooray! There's Mary, getting into the car. Isn't she adorable? Hooray! Hooray! What a day for Honolulu! What a day! What a—"


"Ho, ho, oh brave Samurai!" I called.

He bowed. I bowed. We bowed for half an hour.

"Plis to intrust very honorable body to most unworthy ricksha."

"Lead on!" I said, climbing aboard. "Anywhere! Everywhere!"

He led on, straight as the wing of the celestial kingfisher that nests in the gardens of the Shogun, straight into the back yard of the Nikkatsu motion-picture studio in Kyoto.

"Plis to honor by inspect dis our Holly'ood. Plis to graciously meet directah, managah, actah. Japanese pipple hat beeg mossben piklah industree, second beeg to Anericcan noteworthy piklahs. Plis to enchant Japanese mossben piklah companee with exquisite words by respecting lady cricte."

British Malaya: Primeval jungle—monkeys mass meeting in the heart of banyan trees—the heat—the rain, the rain—the heat—tigers prowling along reddish alligator swamps—rhinoceroses—long snakes squirming through mosquito nettings—brave little junkies and sampans—shark got a white girl yesterday in Singapore.

"Saham Aleikum, Mem Sahib! I tell fortune in sand. One American dollar."

"And so it is written in the sand that there is something Mem Sahib wishes to forget. If she is not happy, it is because she does not follow where the finger of Allah beckons. Ah, lady. I could tell you how to be happy, how to forget the past and become famous like the Road to Mandalay."

"Yes, yes. Go on!"

"One more American dollar, plis."

"Here! Take two."

"Allah wills that Mem Sahib journey far off to Hollywood. There she forget trouble and become happy and also famous."

Continued on page 98
He's Got 'em "SCAIRT"

That's what Lew Ayres has done to his bosses at the studio. Gentle-looking and even shy on the surface, he speaks his mind against playing roles he doesn't like. "You can do what you like with my contract," he says—and means it.

By Madeline Glass

WHEN I innocently remarked to the Universal publicity staff that Lew Ayres, in "The Doorway to Hell," reminded me very much of a certain other actor, a triple yelp of protest went up.

"We don't want Lew compared with any one," said the head of the department, from his swivel chair. "He isn't like any one else."

The others present seconded his motion, and I lost by a vote of three to one.

"Lew himself would scotch any such idea," went on the director of publicity. "He's individual and versatile, and he is given roles that emphasize these qualities. No two of his roles are alike. He plays reporters, gunmen, soldiers—college boys—I'm not trying to sell you ideas, but there's a good angle for a story: the wide variety of roles he plays."

He offered other suggestions: his assistants pointed out a number of angles. I had several of my own, but my original idea, whatever it was, was lost in the shuffle.

On the desk before me stood bronze busts of Papa Laemmle designed as book ends, bearing the inscription: "It can be done." A comforting motto. I'll admit, although Mr. Laemmle probably never tried interviewing spoiled young stars, while I studied the motto, the publicity people studied me and endeavored to show me the error of my ways.

Afterward I learned the reason for all this flurry. Lew has his studio "scared." This gentle-looking lad is the most determined and forthright actor who ever appeared on the Universal lot. He knows what he can do and wants to do, in the way of acting, and will accept few make-shifts.

After finishing "All Quiet on the Western Front," the studio began casting him in the anemic type of role which raised Charles Rogers to fame and fortune. Lew despises such conventional material, and doesn't care a thinker's dam about instant success. What he wants is interesting roles in intelligent pictures, and it is up to the studio to get them for him or else—

Lew was unhappy all the time he worked in "Common Clay" and resolved to play no more such infantile heroes. Consequently, when he was cast for the lead in "The Little Accident," his refusal was so emphatic that it jarred the foundations of the house of Laemmle.

"You can do what you like with my contract," he told them. "I'll go back to playing in an orchestra before I will do such a part."

When the studio people recovered from the shock, they called in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to pinch hit.

Lew made "The Doorway to Hell" for Warners and was happy. When he returned to Universal, however, he was given a conventional part in support of Lupe Velez, in "East Is West." Once more he was discontented. Then cast to appear in "Many a Slip," again his refusal was sufficiently emphatic to disturb the peacefully sleeping Laemmle ancestors.

"Do what you like with my contract," sang Mr. Ayres, while his bosses ground their teeth.

Once more they tried to get Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he was not available. So they compromised with their enfant terrible. If he would appear in "Many a Slip," they would let him make "Man, Woman, and Sin," which once served John Gilbert, and on which Lew had set his heart. Lew consented to play the role.

Mr. Ayres, it seems, is their great white hope, the bread-and-butter boy of the studio. Expansive plans are afoot for the lad whose films are breaking box-office records in theaters where even the great Al Jolson flopped.

His publicity is being handled with the greatest care. Comparisons are taboo. Look at Dietrich and other unhappy examples, they point out. Icksnay, icksnay! No comparisons, but any other dignified publicity is welcome, thank you!

Since no topic could be agreed upon, it was decided to reverse the usual procedure and let me meet Mr. Ayres, in the hope that something would evolve from the talk.

By that time, however, I had reached a fine state of perplexity. Never have I known a studio to be so concerned about an interview. Was it because of the rumors that Lew is feeling his oats? My head whirled with "safe" angles, none of which appealed to me. I was conscious of a sudden vague antipathy to young Ayres.

Since I was regarded as a suspicious character, because of the views I had expressed, two members of the publicity department politely offered to go with me to lunch with the new star.

Luncheon was in full swing when we entered the restaurant. Pretty waitresses who address one as "dear" were serving high-powered players and some not so high-powered. The "incomparable" lad who rose to fame in "All Quiet" was immediately

Continued on page 112
"He's not to be compared," says Madeline Glass of Lew Ayres in the interview, opposite, and goes on to prove that the young favorite is not only unlike other actors in personal appeal, but he has a mind of his own—and how!
So striking an impression was made by Rose Hobart, in "A Lady Surrenders" and "Liliom," that she was persuaded once more to forsake Broadway for Hollywood, this time for a string of films beginning with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, "Chances."
GIVE Frank Albertson a few wisecracks and he'll add some better ones. Give him a dramatic scene and he'll play it humanly, touchingly. That's why he's second to none of the younger set in Hollywood, as likable as they make 'em.
THIS is Sally Eilers, whose beauty has been indorsed by Ziegfeld, her talent by Metro-Goldwyn, her wifely virtues by Hoot Gibson, and her popularity by the fans. Surely with all this varied support Sally will go far.
AH, Clara! Target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, your heart bowed in hurt and humiliation, you have still the loyalty of the fans and Picture Play, who rally to the news that your next film will be "Kick In."
EVERY one who admires intelligent acting rejoiced in the return of Eleanor Boardman, but feared that she might again retire to the hearthside after scoring in "The Great Meadow." But once an artist, always an artist, so her next will be "The Flood."
Robert Montgomery's fans insist that Picture Play was first to recognize him as the favorite he now is; for which we make a modest bow, remembering, with some pride, that we've never gone wrong in our judgment of what fans want.
WONDER of wonders! Lily Damita is the only foreign player to survive the transition from silence to audibility. Now her accent is an advantage instead of a handicap, and she shifts from pictures in English to films in French. She is seen on this page as the heroine of “La Bonne Vie,” which is another way of saying “The Easiest Way,” and on the opposite page you will find Lily’s story.
A TOILING LILY

La Damita affects no polite boredom of life, but works, studies, and plays with zest, and has a grand time everywhere. All of which makes her the most alive player in Hollywood.

By Margaret Reid

ENGLISH is Hollywood's favorite gesture. Parly—to be charitable—the result of the semitropical climate, but mostly just the thing no cinematic life can be without, it is to be found in sated and unsated alike. You are weary of it all, or you are gauche. Enthusiasm is simply bourgeois, and around the studios you had better be dead than middle class.

On the other hand—a long hand, you might say—is Lily Damita. Lily, a misnamed lady if ever there was one, is not only enthusiastic—she is zealous of life, of work, of fun. She is, I think, the most completely alive person to be encountered on Hollywood Boulevard.

Not even California's somnolent sun can dull her energy. Nor can the perpetual trials of film earning diminish her ardor. Her life, like others' lives, is no thornless rose bed. But Lily doesn't stand tortured on thorns; gazing at her bleeding feet. She laughs, from sheer zest, up to the sun—which finishes a smile already become much too glossy.

"A friend of mine," she says, "once told me, 'Live always as if you were to die to-morrow morning.' I've never forgotten it. If I have a rule for life, that is it."

Even at such moments, in the midst of such thoughts, Lily laughs. And it's no personality laugh, either; she just can't help it. Things are such rare fun. She relishes everything to the utmost.

In the studio restaurant, every one was taking covert glances at Lily in a sports hat of hunter's green pulled smartly at an angle on her head, a tailored tan suède jacket over her tan sports dress. And, of course, the face. This face that launched a thousand tremors in the bosom of the German royal family is small, piquant. The brown eyes are alive with intelligence and usually wicked with laughter. The nose is rather more than a nose, being almost as expressive as the mobile mouth, which is vividly rouged.

"Allo, Vee," she called delightedly to Victor McLaglen. No further attempt will be made to reproduce the Damita accent. It can't be done.

"Do you know him?" she asked. "Ah, he is marvelous. This is the first time I have seen him since I returned."

The return was from Europe, whence she was recalled by Samuel Goldwyn to be lent to Paramount for "Fighting Caravans."

"I rushed back on the fastest boat and trains, and immediately we left for location up in the mountains. Straight from the Ritz in Paris to a camp of tents—lumberjack's food, no baths, and bitter cold in the snow. It was amusing."

Damita, as you see, takes her fun where she finds it—and finds it almost everywhere. You can find no one at the studio who has ever heard her complain. A man in the "Fighting Caravans" outfit said that Damita could not understand why every one ran to the company doctor for every little scratch and bump received in the rough work at the mountain location.

"Look," she said, showing him her shin and ankle, black with bruises, "the other day I slipped on a rock during a shot. If I had stopped to think about it, it would have hurt me. But I didn't think. My body is servant to my mind. That is the only way for people with work to do."

She is frankly proud of her will power. To it she attributes her success.

"But what about native talent?" one inevitably asks.

"I have none," Lily insists; "I am quite without natural talent. What I have learned to do has been only the result of hard, hard work."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that La Damita has survived talkies, which is no mean feat for an importation.

"When talking pictures came, and I saw really fine players like Emil Jannings being sent back, I was frightened. I thought, what chance had I?"

After "The Cock-eyed World," Samuel Goldwyn decided that an interval of Broadway would be the best possible vocal training for Lily. How would she like to play opposite Jack Donahue in "Sons of Guns," a musical comedy? Quickly, lest she have time to become panic-stricken, Lily agreed.

Continued on page 108.
WHEN George Eastman or one of the other shutter-and-lens lads said, "The camera never lies," the motion-picture industry was still embryonic. The world was young. Honesty was the best policy, and a young man had to work hard to succeed.

Times have changed, or has some one already told you?

In Hollywood the camera has been taught to sit up, roll over, play dead, and lie like a trooper. White lies, falsehoods, or real old-fashioned black ones—the cameraman is the doctor.

This broad statement is borne out by the fact that some stars will permit only their own specialists to work behind the camera, specialists who know their best angles, hide their weak ones, play up their profiles, spot the lights so that some features will stand out and others will be shadowed.

If it were not true, what would account for the wide range of salaries paid photographers? Why should Charles Rosher, who for years sublimated Mary Pickford's curls for a thousand a week, instead of the usual two or three hundred?

Why did Billy Bitzer stand on D. W. Griffith's payroll month in, month out, work or no? The answer is simple. The clever cameraman can make the Bell Howell a magic box performing cinematic miracles.

This same sly manipulation of the camera, incidentally, has been fooling the beauty experts for years. Compared with choosing pictorial peaches, flagpole sitting, and third-rail standing are safe pastimes. Yet it continues to rate high among our many nonproductive industries. Now and then, unfortunately, some one decides to brave the wrath of the goddesses and award apples, Pariswise, to the better-looking belles of California.

The list hasn't changed materially in months. And the pickers are being consistently roped in by the guile of the conscienceless rogues who say, "Watch the birdie."

To-day, for example, the orthodox list of beauties might read, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Nancy Carroll, Joan Bennett, Marion Davies—this from the experts who believe everything they see on the screen.

From the padded security of a loge seat, these are beauties without compare. With the wizardry of the camera backing their every pose and posture, they are little short of superb.

But when some one undertakes to catalogue the beauties of filmdom, he should take care to see his subjects on and off, before casting any votes. There is a vast difference between screen and street. There are two reasons for this disparity. Not only are some butcups made orchids by the wiles and artifices of the camera: others are not done justice by it.

For my taste these are beauties who stand the test of close inspection in broad daylight: Greta Garbo, Dolores del Rio, Dorothy Mackaill, Estelle Taylor, Loretta Young, and Claudette Colbert.

Thus far no camera has caught the loveliness of Claudette Colbert, that vibrant charm and magnetism that won her laurels in such

Ina Claire is a different person entirely away from the camera.

Would you recognize Marion Davies if you saw her at the Aquarium?
CAMERA

cameraman makes orchids of buttercup girls, and on
Thus there is usually a big difference in the player's conclusions of an interviewer who has met them all.

H. Oettinger

had plays as "Dynamo" and "They Had to See Naples"—and that aided so materially in the success of "The Barker."

Del Rio and Garbo have been fairly well treated by the artists working in celluloid. Both are unusual types. Neither may be technically beautiful, since their faces are not perfectly proportioned. But as far as I am concerned, Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove are one-expression beauties who fade insipidly before the smoldering Del Rio and the inflammable Garbo.

Griffith and Dove have regular features, possibly classical in contour, although I am not an old classicist. Griffith and Dove, and, to extend the list, Dolores Costello, June Collyer, and Catherine Dale Owen, are all beautiful in the conventional sense of the term. They have camera-proof faces. But they lack animation, imagination, and

Corinne Griffith is undeniably beautiful, but without an expert cameraman she pales.

Even Estelle Taylor’s opulent beauty requires careful camera work to register it fully.

Constance Bennett is one of the few blondes to whom the camera does justice.

Dolores del Rio stands the test of broad daylight, though she is not beautiful if you demand strict regularity of feature.

what may be tagged "soul," for want of a better word. They are poster girls waiting, believe it or not, for a magazine cover.

Nancy Carroll and Marion Davies are smiled upon graciously by the camera and favored. These are two girls who give every evidence on the screen, of being ravishing beauties. Marion Davies, in her "Florodora" costumes, was delectable delightfully, bewitching, if you like. Nancy Carroll looked roguishly adorable in all her operas, however bouffe. Close-ups frighten her not a whit. Hers is a camera face.

How surprised you would be if you came upon these twain at the Warwick, or passing Grant’s Tomb, at the Lido, or in front of the minnows at the Aquarium. In the first place you probably wouldn't recognize them.

Marion is a sweet-looking girl with a cute mouth and frank eyes. Nancy Carroll has a round, cherubic face, with big eyes, and bright-red hair, and arms full of freckles. They are not beauties.

One might add the same applies to the vivid Joan Crawford. Offstage she has personal charm and allure, but the camera eliminates the freckles chasing across the bridge of her pert nose. The camera brings out her eyes as they cannot be brought out naturally. The camera fobs in her favor.

Norma Shearer and Joan Bennett seem to lose some of their glamour away from the screen. They are lovely-looking, of course. But again, personal taste guiding, I would match them with the amazing freshness of Loretta Young and the vivid, bold old-world beauty of Estelle Taylor. Save in "Don Juan." Estelle has never been pictured by the camera as she really is—striking, imperial, seductive. Here is a Lilith of the screen, the Borgia in person, the most dramatic beauty Hollywood has to offer.

Although it may not be altogether pertinent, let me add a few who are beautiful, despite the fact that the irregularity of their features may bar them from beauty Continued on page 107
The CROWDED

By Samuel Richard Mook

Last month I tabulated the comparatively few players from the stage who have successfully crashed the movies. This month I shall list that vast army of players who are still struggling for a place in the sun of popular favor of public and producers.

Lawrence Tibbett seemed assured of a secure place in the hearts of fans, until the collapse of musicals. His first, "The Rogue Song," was a solid hit. He had contracted for operatic engagements and concert tours before signing his movie contract and could not return for a second picture until almost a year later.

He made "New Moon" and "The Southerner," and his future appearances on the screen depend entirely upon the reception accorded these two.

Grace Moore came to the screen at the end of the musical vogue in a film variously released as "Jenny Lind" and "A Lady's Morals." The picture was finished, shelved, taken out, dusted off, numerous retakes were made, some cut changes effected, and finally released.

Its reception has not been too enthusiastic in this country, although she has also made French and Italian versions of it. Her second venture was with Lawrence Tibbett, in "New Moon." While her company—for publication—is still undecided as to whether there will be more pictures with Miss Moore, I consider future films with her extremely unlikely.

Raymond Hackett scored one of the outstanding successes of the early talkies. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" established him as a juvenile of great ability, and when he followed it with a striking and similar portrayal in "Madame X," his future in films seemed assured. But, as he explains it, the producers ran out of courtroom dramas and his career slumped.

Miseast in his next picture—and a poor picture, too, which was released only in a few cities—"The Girl in the Show" was not much help. "Footlights and Fools," Colleen Moore's last effort, did not help much more. Neither did a small part in "Not So Dumb," nor a slightly better one in the unsuccessful "Numbered Men."

"Let Us Be Gay," "Our Blushing Brides," "On Your Back," "The Sea Wolf," and "The Cat Creeps" complete the list of his appearances. Recently he was on the stage in a West Coast production of "Up Pops the Devil."

But it seems unlikely that Raymond will ever be the great success now that he started out to be.

Sidney Blackmer, whom Charles Wagner tried for years to promote as a star on the stage, was brought out by First National. He made two pictures, "Strictly Modern" and "The Love Racket"—both with Dorothy Mackaill—and one with Billie Dove, "Sweethearts and Wives," followed by "The Bad Man," "Woman Hungry," and "Kismet." He may return to the studio, but it is doubtful if he will ever be anything more than a leading man.

The frenzied days of '49 were lived again in quest of fame and the gold promised by found favor with the fans in a big way were this article—the second of a series—honor-struggling for a place in the
by stage players who trooped to Hollywood success on the talking screen. The few who cited for their achievement last month. In able mention is accorded those who are sun of popular approval.

James Rennie falls into the same category. He made "The Bad Man," "Girl of the Golden West," "Illicit," and had a supporting rôle in the Barthelmess picture, "The Lash." He signed a new five-year contract, but is very stiff on the screen and is not generally regarded as promising material.

Mary Duncan was signed by Fox at the inception of the talkies and given a huge publicity campaign to launch her. But she somehow didn't click. Made "Through Different Eyes," "City Girl," "Four Devils," and "The River" for them and was released.

Returned to New York and then came back to Hollywood for another try. Appeared in "The Boudoir Diplomat" for Universal and on the strength of her work in that picture was signed by M.-G.-M. for one of the two feminine leads in "Among the Married." A little too florid for successful picture work, but may establish herself if she tones down her delivery. Not generally regarded as starring material.

Paul Page was signed by Fox about the same time as Mary Duncan. Played the leads in "Speakeasy," "The Girl from Havana" and "Protection" and was then cast in supporting parts in "Born Reckless" and "Men Without Women." Free-lancing, but not doing much. Capable actor who has just been lost in the shuffle.

Catherine Dale Owen was touted by M.-G.-M. as the most beautiful blonde on the stage. She arrived in Hollywood for "His Glorious Night," with John Gilbert, and followed it with "The Rogue Song," "Strictly Unconventional," "Born Reckless," "Such Men Are Dangerous," and "Today." She has had every opportunity, but has failed to land. She is now free-lancing, with little interest being shown in her.

Stanley Smith started in pictures at the same time as Fredric March, both being signed from the stage show, "The Royal Family." Stanley was contracted by Pathé and put in a small part in "The Sophomore," after which he was lent to Paramount for "Sweetie."

They afterward bought his contract and he made "Honey," "Good News," "Soup to Nuts," "Love Among the Millionaires," "Queen High," and "Manhattan Mary."

Nice boy, good-looking, but his chief asset is his singing voice, and he is stiff in his acting. He has returned to the stage in a musical "You Said It."

At the moment Dorothy Jordan has one of the most promising futures of the stage contingent. Called from the chorus, she was thrust into the lead of "Devil-May-Care," opposite Novarro, and made two others with the same star, "In Gay Madrid" and "Call of the Flesh." In the latter she showed promise for the first time. Then came "Love in the Rough," and now in "Sin and Bill" she gives a real and touching performance.

Lola Lane came from the stage, was heavily featured in "Speakeasy," "Fox Movietone Follies," "The Girl from Havana," and then released by Fox. Next she played the vamp in "Good News," and was signed by James Cruze, who announced starring plans for her, and has since done "The Big Fight," "The Costello Case," and "What a Break!" A clever actress who, unfortunately, does not photograph as sympathetically as she might.

Marguerite Churchill is one of the few girls from the
stage who really has something to offer pictures. Her first was a short with Clarke & McCullough, followed by “The Valiant,” “Pleasure Crazed,” “She Steps Out,” “They Had to See Paris,” “Born Reckless,” “Good Intentions,” and “The Big Trail.”

She was kept in the latter picture for almost a year and at a time when she should have been seen in many more films to establish herself. It is doubtful now if she will ever be more than a leading lady.

Dixie Lee’s début in a Clarke & McCullough comedy was followed by “Imagine My Embarrassment,” “Fox Movietone Follies,” “Happy Days,” a bit in “Seven Faces,” leads in “The Big Party,” and “Cheer Up and Smile,” and a part in “No Limit,” with Clara Bow. She should have landed big with proper handling and may yet, if she gets a chance. She is her own worst enemy, because she refuses to play studio politics.

Humphrey Bogart played the juvenile lead in the stage version of “Cradle Snatchers.” His début in pictures was in a small part in “Lilion” and the second lead in “Up the River.” He is now seen in “Body and Soul.” Though he gives good performances, his box-office appeal is doubtful.

John Garrick, English juvenile, signed from the local comic-opera stage, made his début in “Married in Hollywood,” was the juvenile in “Song o’ My Heart,” and leads in “The Sky Hawk” and “The Lottery Bride”; also in “Just Imagine,” “Are You There?” and “Charlie Chan Carries On.”

Good-looking chap without a marked personality who will probably continue doing juvenile leads.

Kenneth MacKenna made a few silent films in the East before the advent of the talkies, without creating any upheaval, and continued his stage work at the same time. With the talkies he was signed by Fox and has worked almost continuously in “Temple Tower,” “Crazy That Way,” “Pleasure Crazed,” “Three Sisters,” “South Sea Rose,” “Man Trouble,” and “Men Without Women”; was borrowed by Mary Pickford for the lead in “Forever Yours,” and kept under salary by her for six months.

Miss Pickford afterward shelved the picture before finishing it, whereupon he made “The Virtuous Sin,” and then moved his make-up box to Pathé for “Sin Takes a Holiday,” with Constance Bennett, and “The Man Who Came Back.” Gives consistently good performances, but hasn’t inspired any fan reaction. Probably he will continue as a capable leading man.

Warren Hymer was an excellent juvenile character heavy in “Speakeasy,” “Girl from Havana,” “Men Without Women,” “Born Reckless,” “Up the River,” and “Charlie Chan Carries On.” Scored heavily in the last. Later pictures are “Men on Call” and “Seas Beneath.” He should be in demand as long as he wants to stay.

Mae Clarke’s début in “Big Time,” with excellent notices of her work in “Nix on Dames,” “The Dancers,” and “The Fall Guy.” Good actress, but too tall for a popular leading lady. Future doubtful. Rumored engaged to John McCormick, Colleen Moore’s ex-husband.

Marjorie White. Clever acrobatic soubrette. “Sun-
Mona Maris was another signed with much acclaim and hullabaloo, for “Romance of the Rio Grande” and “The Arizona Kid.” Very attractive and talented girl who somehow has just missed. Now doing Spanish versions.

Laura Lee. Singing comedienne of the Marjorie White type. Signed by First National and highly touted by them for her work in “Top Speed,” “Going Wild,” and “Maybe It’s Love,” but somehow they forgot to take up her option.

David Manners. Juvenile signed by First National, “Sweet Mama,” “Truth About Youth,” “Journey’s End,” “Dracula,” “Kismet,” and “The Ruling Passion.” Doesn’t seem to have a great deal for pictures, but First National is hanging on to him.

Walter Pidgeon. Another who came to the screen in the silent days, but never aroused much enthusiasm prior to talkies. “A Most Immoral Lady,” “Her Private Affair,” “Sweet Kitty Bells,” “Bride of the Regiment,” “The Hot Heiress,” “Viennese Nights,” and “Kiss Me Again.” First National has great hopes for him, but so far he hasn’t done anything to justify them.


Fred Scott. Singing juvenile. Public how in “The Grand Parade,” followed by “Swing High” and “Beyond Victory.” Fine chap with a pleasing voice who has absolutely nothing for the screen. To be released by Pathé.

Jeanette MacDonald, who should have been paired with Catherine Dale Owen as a sister team, started in “The Vagabond King,” following it with “The Love Parade,” “The Lottery Bride,” “Paramount on Parade,” “Monte Carlo,” “All Women Are Bad,” and “Oh, For a Man.”

Her contract with Paramount was not renewed, partly because with the passing of musicals it was believed there was no need for her high-priced services. Fox signed her at a reputed salary of $3,500 or $4,000 a week. Well, she may be worth it, but I doubt very much that...

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There Are NO

The fans have always turned thumbs down on imitators of popular stars, and even a chance resemblance to a favorite is a handicap that must be overcome. Individuality that does not invite comparison is back of all players who succeed. This interesting article throws new light on a well-known subject.

In the history of the strange business of making motion pictures, few have survived the label of secondhand goods. Charlie Chaplin has had a score of imitators who donned the derby, small mustache, and large shoes in hopes of being called genius. Yet there is today only the one Charlie Chaplin.

With a single exception, the others are now forgotten. Harold Lloyd started as a Chaplin mimic, only quickly to drop the impersonation and create a trade-mark of his own—the horn-rimmed spectacles of a hundred unique comedies.

Douglas Fairbanks introduced the extremely athletic hero and immediately had a dozen contestants for premier honors in the type. None survived, though George Walsh achieved a measure of popularity which lasted a short while. Richard Talmadge failed to duplicate even the Walsh success.

When Rudolph Valentino died, a tremendous hue and cry accompanied the search for his successor. Such an individual was never found, though Hollywood literally was overrun with romantic Latinos touted as second Valentinos. The original's place in public esteem has

Fred Kohler has suffered through his fitness for roles played by George Bancroft.
yet to be usurped, a condition that finds a parallel in the case of Wallace Reid, among others.

Monte Blue and Rod LaRoeque have always been considered to resemble one another. Their careers on the screen present an amazing series of ups and downs. Yet at no time were they both on top. The vogue for Blue meant a partial eclipse for LaRoeque, and when Rod swung back into the ascendancy Monte’s stock took a tumble.

Charles Gerard was the most popular actor of suave men of the world when Adolphe Menjou flashed into fame in “A Woman of Paris.” Gerard faded almost immediately from view. He is seen occasionally these days in some small supporting role.

George Bancroft is said to have refused to play in the same pictures with Fred Kohler. Once he was not so particular. They both won recognition about the same time, but Bancroft got the breaks and rocketed to stardom. As a result of the law prohibiting two of a kind in screen preference, Kohler has suffered accordingly. In my opinion, Kohler is the better, if less lucky, actor. Bancroft got the breaks.

Alice White displayed quite a bit of originality in her first appearances. She was cute enough to catch the attention of exhibitors and, due to their demands, she was made a star. Then routine casting caused Alice to make a bid as a contender for Clara Bow’s crown. Both were playing the same type of roles, a condition which causes no loss of popu-

larity if the portrayals differ basically. There can be a dozen wild whoopie maidens or wisecracking comedians, but no two of them may be exactly alike. Alice made the mistake, whether intentionally or not, of mimicking Clara to the best of a somewhat limited ability. It was quick curtains for her.

Sally Starr’s chances seem nipped in the bud, though her only sin is a photographic resemblance to the Bow.

A remarkable actor, Paul Muni made as auspicious a début as could be desired in “The Valiant.” His praises were sung by critics from one end of the country to the other. As a second vehicle, Fox bought the whimsical little story, “A Friend of Napoleon.” Whimsy is, to some minds, a not very salable commodity.

Consequently, learning of Muni’s powers as a make-up artist, the story was transformed into a protean feat, renamed “Seven Faces,” and released as a trick feature in which Muni played seven diversified characters.

Such an accomplishment suggested the abilities of Lon Chaney and many reviewers called Muni a second Chaney. That was enough for the public. Interest in “Seven Faces” languished, and Muni was not considered “box office” when his contract came up for renewal.

Fans have been called fickle, but they will accept no other fat man in the shoes of Roscoe Arbuckle. Walter Hiers was but one of many who made the attempt.

Nor has there ever been a true successor to Theda Bara, first of the vivid vamps. The list of those who followed her is as long as their reign was short.

Lilyan Tashman founded the school for modern feminine menace, and Kay Francis established a branch in higher learning. When Natalie Moorhead came along she found herself classified with Lilyan, because they played similar roles, or with Kay, because they both wore exceedingly short bobs. With dual handicaps, Natalie has had a long
up-hill climb. Had she not possessed a charming individuality, the ascent would have been hopeless.

Billie Dove was getting along very well, until some one tied a tag on her reading "The American Beauty." Every one immediately thought of Katherine MacDonald, the first American Beauty. Apparently her producers were of the same mind, for Billie drew a long series of assignments in which she had nothing to do but look attractive.

It is a tremendous tribute to her beauty that she survived as long as she did, considering the pictures in which she was cast. If she ever frees herself from that tag, I believe Billie Dove will surprise a lot of people.

In a film called "The Four Devils," appeared Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Charles Farrell, and Charles Morton. Comment upon the resemblance of the two girls spelled exit for Nancy Drexel. Morton similarly suffered from his likeness to Farrell, though it was not as pronounced.

Later, however, when he was cast opposite Janet Gaynor in a romantic lead, his popularity waned. Fans wanted no substitute in the beloved Gaynor-Farrell team. Apparently this rule still holds good, for another protest was lodged when Maureen O'Sullivan played opposite Farrell during Janet's recent absence from the Fox lot. The studio was accused of trying to make another Gaynor of the little Irish girl.

Film companies may produce as many pictures in imitation of popular box-office successes as the market will stand. When the public finally realizes it is seeing the same plot again and again under slightly modified titles, it rebels by staying away from the theaters.

The producers realize they have reached the end of a certain cycle—a term which dignifies outright imitations—and are compelled to find new variations in plots. But while public resentment is comparatively slow in protesting against story repetition, it moves with lightning celerity in dealing with pretenders to the thrones of its crowned favorites.

Ian Keith was once quite conscious of his Barrymore profile. He even affected ill-fitting collars which heightened the illusion.

Fredric March's portrayal in "The Royal Family of Broadway" led to many unwelcome notices. "Is March a second Barrymore?" they inquired, and Fred burned. His performance was obvious burlesque and now some chumps had given him seriously.

March does not want to be called a second Barrymore. Nor does Una Merkel delight in the "second Gish" label. Classification as another Gish has caused the retirement of too many promising actresses, Mary Philbin among them.

In fact, refer to any player's resemblance to any other actor, and you will have a fight on your hands. They all know their only chance to attain screen success lies in establishing and maintaining individuality.

There is plenty of room at the top in acting as in other professions. But not for two of a kind. There simply are no seconds.
THE best soprano on the screen. So say Jeanette MacDonald's fans. And if there are some hardy souls to dispute them, they point triumphantly to their favorite and remind their hecklers that of all the invading songstresses she alone remains.
The VALIANTS Carry On

Their girlish illusions about screen work having vanished long ago, a group of old-timers keep going on sheer nerve, and speak lightly of all the material rewards they used to dream of, such as stardom, money, home swimming pools, and tricky "town cars."

By Dorothy Wooldridge

YOU know," said Louise Fazenda as we sat in a quiet spot on location, "the more you know of motion pictures, the more savage they seem. The girl without a fighting spirit has no more business in Hollywood than a one-armed bookkeeper in an iron-molders' free-for-all fight.

"Look at this gang—Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Irene Rich, Fritzi Ridgeway, June Clyde, Marcelline Day, and the Keating twins, Helen and Elizabeth—veterans, old-timers who made the grade. Courage! They reek with it. Remember Robert W. Service's 'The Law of the Yukon'? It applies equally as well here.

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feebre; send me your strong and your sane—
Strong for the red rage of battle, sane for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core:
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steel'd in the furnace heat.
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

"Nine of us here out of thousands! Everything we have we fought for, and we have no illusions about the picture game. We know it to the core. But"—again she quoted Service.

"It grips you like some kind of sinning;
It twists you from foe to a friend;
It seems it's been since the beginning;
It seems it will be to the end."
We were at the side of no man's land where "Journey's End" was filmed. The same locale was being used for making "The Mad Parade," a picture in which not a man appears. The young women were playing the roles of canteen workers who at times had to go into the mud-soaked trenches and experience the horrors of war.

"I have seen more exhibition of pure nerve in this picture than I've seen in all my career in Hollywood," Louise continued. "I've wondered if they selected us because they believed we couldn't scare us. If they did, they're all wrong. None has quit or weakened, though there were times when the home fireside would have looked like the Rock of Ages to us."

The players, I could see, all were in hectic condition. This was the day for big scenes. Before long ground charges would be exploding, the sky green with powder smoke, rats scampering about in the trenches, a pall hanging in the air and every nerve at tension. Louise left me to go into the fray.

The sun started. The sky went dark. The battle was on. "All ready, Miss Brent!" called Director Beaudine. "Over no man's land! Run as low as possible."

"Run!" retorted Evelyn, almost in hysterics. "Run, hell! I'll crawl! Let's go!"

And away she went, on hands and knees part of the time, crawling flat the rest of the way—two hundred yards in all.

"Ploom!" sounded an exploding ground charge and Lilian Tashman, standing too close, was blown into a dugout.

"You big bum!" she shouted as she went down, "I'll get you for that!" but the sound of her voice was lost in the shower of descending dirt.

Irene Rich, driving a truck, stalled it in the mud and dug it out with a shovel. Farther on she turned the truck over and it caught fire from the escaping gasoline. Fritz Ridgeway was "killed" by a hand grenade.

All this, mind you, with these widely known actresses playing the roles! Their costumes mud-bedraggled, their bodies sore and bruised—but never a whimper. There was no place for one who was timid.

Was this the work each had envisioned when she aspired to Hollywood?

I wondered.

I had seen Mary Pickford sink into a synthetic swamp, Dolores Costello drenched with tons of water while aboard a yacht, May McAvoy hit in the eye with a turnip, Marion Davies drenched in a pond covered with ice, Gloria Swanson dropped into a canal, Lilian Gish half-smothered in a storm of sand, and, somehow, it seemed these things were sufficient to take away all illusions about picture work affording a life of ease and comfort.

"I have no illusions, now," Lilian Tashman said, the next time I saw her. "Hollywood is no place for failures. No girl who isn't ready to fight, and who isn't supplied with the nerve of a good trouper, should come here. She has to fight—has to take it on the chin occasionally—but she must keep on fighting. It's no place for the timid."

"And you do without intimate friends," added Louise. "Mack Sennett said to me a long, long time ago, 'The lone wolf travels farthest, because he travels alone.' I learned this very young. I have no intimates. I am not a star but—look at those who are! What next? They have gone as far as they can go."

"Becoming a star means getting a lot of money, a swimming pool, and a dolled-up limousine," commented Lilian. "What a reward!"

Screen girls drawing picture salaries, they were. Evelyn Brent a star, but all keen for action—all awed and unafraid.

"Success in Hollywood is an illusion," declared Louise. "It's almost fatal to go rapidly to the top. There are so many flashes in the pan. Your career so quickly ends and then where are you? The trouble with Hollywood people is they think Hollywood. What folly! I don't think Hollywood."

A keen-witted, talented lot, they were, filled with the zest of life, but thoroughly disillusioned about the picture city being a town of ease and rest after one has made good.

I have found that this same feeling exists among most all the players, directors, and writers, Josef von Sternberg, director of "The Blue Angel," "Morocco," and Dishonored," said to me, "An aura of sentiment and romance flows over Hollywood. Quite ordinary people are enshrined and embalmed by a mawkish public which fails to look beyond the present accomplishment and see back of it years of work, worry, and fighting toward a goal.

"People have to work so hard, no less arduously, in Hollywood than any other place for what they get. There is, however, this great difference. A career in Hollywood is a flash, a momentary thing. That's why its rewards are greater. In ordinary affairs a career can last a lifetime."

"Hollywood is not to blame for this. Humanity itself is to blame. It is the universal human desire for new faces, new things, new entertainments, new music, new

Continued on page 111
WHAT chance will a girl in her teens have now to impress a movie producer, unless: 1. She has tossed off a couple of novels? 2. She has gifts as a sculptor, playwright, and musician? 3. Possesses a flair for snappy and sophisticated conversation? 4. Is—in a word—just a whirlwind of intellectuality?

Carman Barnes, eighteen-year-old Paramount discovery, sets a standard that must be wretchedly depressing to any young seeker of celluloid honors. For she has a veritable galaxy of smart attributes, including those above enumerated.

And what a free informal soul this young maid of movieland is, incidentally! Our first glimpse of Carman was on a breezy day in the broad open spaces of the studio, clad in a futuristic-looking bath robe, and gayly diverting an audience of three wise old scenario writers with her piquant repartee. Carman was waiting photographic test time, and if the breezes blew lightly on her loose-fitting outer garment, she should worry. Persiflage and the laughter took complete precedence over the lady’s boudoir habiliments.

An insouciant, charming, and distinctly clever young woman from the Southland is this precocious author of “School Girl” and “Beau Lover,” who is to appear in her own story, “Débutante.” Amazing as it may seem, she sometimes photographs not unlike Garbo.

Transformed into Butterfly.

Colleen Moore is emerging from the flapper chrysalis. The first indication is a coiffure change. What’s more, when we saw Colleen recently at a party, we thought we detected the oncoming of a vampish demeanor. Again, too, we surmise that Colleen is in love with some one.

There is a perceptible alteration, at any rate, in the presence and personality of the little girl who used to love to kick her heels around in comedies.

We learn that one swain who has been seen in Colleen’s company is a New York broker, but we cannot be sure that he is the conquering hero. He returned to the East not long ago.

Colleen’s hairdress now resembles that worn by Billie Dove—a pompadourish bob, contrasting with the Dutch hair cut that Colleen favored for so long.

An Imaginary Voyage.

Hereafter Fifi Dorsay will have to choose her press agents more carefully. Or else she’ll have to guarantee that they won’t tell any cock-and-bull stories that tend to work up a studio into a frenzy.

A few weeks ago a weird tale went out to the press about Fifi, relating how she had boarded a liner at San Pedro, missed the “all ashore call” and was carried out to sea for what looked like a two-week journey. All this happened at a time when Fifi was scheduled for a part in a picture.

The whole thing was a hoax perpetrated by an industrious publicity purveyor, but when he also arranged for telegrams to be sent to the studio telling of Fifi’s supposed plight, the joke was carried a step too far. The studio jumped on the star’s manager, and the manager, in turn, made an effort to stop the ship, or have it over taken by speed boats, and even the United States navy was appealed to for help.
HIGH LIGHTS

News and gossip of the cinema colony not to be found elsewhere.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Right in the midst of all the hubbub Fifi herself airily breezed onto the Fox lot, totally unaware of all the commotion she had been causing. Inquiry elicited information that she had been vacationing at Lake Arrowhead. The blame was fixed on her representative, and he was dispatched back East where he had come from.

A Newfoundland Fisherman.

What's to be done with a fish-eating dog at a studio? Here's a new problem facing film executives who are bothered enough already.

Varick Frizzell, a venturesome young producer who made a Labrador epic called "White Thunder," is the owner of a large Newfoundland pup, which has peculiar dietary inclinations. Frizzell was working on his feature at the Paramount studio, and his dog was making himself at home around the lot. All went well until one day the dog espied goldfish in an ornamental pond in a flowered and grassy setting. The Newfoundland apparently felt a surge of primitive appetite, and after a few moments' meditation, he plunged into the water and came out with a struggling fish.

The caretakers of the studio, seeing the impending tragedy, charged him with brooms, but the Newfoundland took off to the labyrinthian section where the stages are, and ended the career of Mr. Goldfish.

Now there's a sign up beside the pond:
"Attention, dogs—no fishing!"

French Name Mystifying.

"Ah, Papillon!"

You who know your French may imagine what surprise we heard these words uttered with an almost feverish intensity of feeling, while we were standing in front of a theater at a premiere. Knowing our French we immediately started looking around for butterflies, as, of course, that is what papillon signifies in the Gallic language.

Recovering our balance, we noticed that it was just the Marquis de la Falaise de la Couray, greeting one of his French gentleman friends. They rushed up to each other and all but embraced, and the air was soon filled with French syllables. "Papillon," we dis-

covered, was the name of the marquis's bon ami.

As on virtually all other occasions recently, the former husband of Gloria Swanson was escorting Constance Bennett.

A Rival for Jackie.

Young Robert Coogan will assuredly go far as an actor. Even at this stage of his career he has the ideal egocentric temperament.

Robert is making his debut in "Skippy," and he was asked by an onlooker on the set what he thought of his capabilities. "Oh, acting's easy," he declared. "There are lots of things that are harder."

"Your brother, Jackie, is a good actor, isn't he?" the inquirer continued.

"Oh, yes; he's all right," Robert replied, "but he's not as good as I am."

Robert looks rather like Jackie when his older brother appeared in "The Kid," and the studio is apparently seeking to stress the resemblance because he is clad in the same outfit that Jackie wore then, which has been lovingly preserved by the Coogan parents.

Equestrian Companionship.

Marguerite Churchill and Elissa Landi have struck up a friendship. They go horseback riding together. The dazzling new find of the Fox company would be just the sort of girl to appeal to Marguerite, and, besides, since coming to California Elissa has been very lonely. Her husband, an attorney, remained in England.

Elissa is one girl who can qualify with the intellectual attainments that seem to be so much in demand in this ultra age of the films. Like Carman Barnes, she also has a book or two to her credit. Her literary output was published in England.

We should note that Miss Churchill is passing out of her former subdued and restrained ways. Every day we hear more about what a favorite she is becoming, and she is obtaining more prominent roles.

The lack of appeal in "The Big Trail" tended to set her back in her career for a time, but that drab period is now apparently over. She is taking significant leads in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and "Skyline."

Next thing we
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love and Jack Oakie is discovered in the throes of writing a poem—perhaps to Mary Brian.

Frank Albertson to Marry.

Another young man of the movies is about to turn benedict. Frank Albertson, juvenile comedian, is in love with a high-school girl, Virginia Shelly. They may even be married, we hear, before this is published.

Frank is a very serious and businesslike chap, and he has worked industriously at picture-making. Virtually every time the studio wanted some light youthful relief in a production, they cast him. His record for a single year was about a dozen films.

Frank went to Hollywood high school, and his fiancée is graduating from the same institution.

Dolores Mae Barrymore ends her first cruise on her father's yacht and can't understand what all the shouting's about on the dock.

Premières Menacing.

Premières are going bolshyvelk. At least, it's getting to be worth a celebrity's life to go to one of them, especially in downtown Los Angeles.

The crowd at the opening of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" at the new Los Angeles Theater became so unruly that several riot calls were sent in to the police station. Several stars all but had their chinchillas and sequins torn off them, and Cecil DeMille, who always makes it a custom to carry a store of gold pieces in his pocket, was reported relieved of some of them, besides being thoroughly manhandled.

The sensation of this première was Doctor Albert Einstein's arrival at the theater with Chaplin. Einstein was all but mobbed by the throng on the outside of the playhouse, and then received an ovation from the stars and other first nighters when he appeared in the foyer. Einstein paid a tribute to Charlie's comedy by laughing uproariously during the showing of "City Lights." But was completely flabbergasted when some souvenir collector tried to nip off one of the curly locks of his leonine hair, during his exit from the theater.

Dance Contest Extraordinary.

A fight and a dance contest! The Mayfair Club at a recent party adhered to tradition and also broke away from it.

The pugilistic combat, if it was that, involved a studio executive and a scenario writer. The dance contest, which was a departure, featured Bert Wheeler and Jobyna Howland. They won the prize, because of the comedy of their dancing.

In the midst of the dance Miss Howland started to take off Wheeler's clothes. She removed tie and collar first, then coat and vest, and finally unbuttoned his shirt and was in the act of pulling that off, too, when into the fray stalked the heroic figure of Mack Sennett, who saved Wheeler from complete exposure to the giddy and applauding throng. After this, Leon Errol, of the collapsible legs, did a burlesque dance with Claudia Dell, and then once again Sennett stepped forward, this time to be Errol's partner. It was a jolly evening at the Mayfair.

made for ten weeks with Warner Brothers upset all precedents. It averages her $30,000 a week. She is supposed to make two pictures at approximately $150,000, and these are being done during a vacation period.

Ruth Chatterton leaves Paramount in the fall, also going to Warner's at a reported increase from $3,500 to $7,500 a week. William Powell rates a similar jump in compensation, it is reported, while Kay Francis is also said to have doubled her salary.

Gilded with Wealth.

Money-mad stars! That's the way Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Constance Bennett, and Kay Francis are described in some quarters in Hollywood.

But can you blame them if they are dazzled by gold that is literally flung at their feet?

A contract that Constance Bennett recently
Page Mr. Numa.

More and more, Joan Crawford is becoming a virtuoso of baby talk. Really it is an experience to hear her go up and down the scale when she is viewing anything especially cute or thrilling, and telling her "Do-do" about it, meaning, of course, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

We sat right in front of her at the showing of "Trader Horn," and it was a veritable series of cadenzas a la pizzicato that she effervesced as she viewed the lion cubs. She exclaimed with almost childish enthusiasm. "Oh, Do-do, I want a lion!"

The White Candle Flame.

Is Mary Nolan's career ended? We hope not. Such promising talent!

Mary's contract with Universal was dissolved not long ago, and reports that she might be seen with John Gilbert in "Cherubiki" came to naught.

It is months since this alluring girl has played in a picture. She seems frail and declining in health, and it is said that producers are a little fearful about her being able to stand the strain of work in a picture.

Nevertheless, we cannot believe that anybody so gifted will not soon resume her bright and happy way on the screen. Miss Nolan’s talents justify the joyous continuation of the success she registered a year or so ago.

Their Grief Mutual.

Their love should be cemented now. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez know what it is to share in suffering. They were both sued on the same day for income tax. The amount of the claim against Gary was $500 and Lupe $952. Trust Lupe to be hit the harder in any matter pertaining to money! And did she have something to say about it? Yes, ma'am! In both Spanish and Hollywood lingo.

Fraternal Fealty.

Brother Leo may be at odds with Brother Victor—but what matter? Star McLaglen may console himself with the presence and friendliness of Arthur and Clifford.

Victor McLaglen has plenty of brothers to draw on. Out of eight there are three in this country now. Clifford formerly an actor with Ufa in Germany, has recently come over.

We saw Victor, Arthur, and Clifford at a premiere together and their resemblance to one another is marked indeed. Leo was not in attendance, as he is the one who is suing Victor for interfering with his career.

Reputedly the Fox star has done a great deal to aid his family and, with the one exception, they are said to be devoted to him.

Esther’s Husband Makes Up.

Even if Esther Ralston must cease playing, while she awaits the stork's arrival, her husband, George Webb, may continue the family tradition. He donned make-up for a test recently at the Paramount studio.

Webb at one time was a screen villain. Later he became an actors’ agent and finally concentrated on the management of his wife’s affairs. He has been considering a return to his original preference as a screen Thespian.

Rediscovering Georgia Hale.

We have always thought that Georgia Hale possessed a promising but unfulfilled talent. Her film career, following “The Gold Rush,” suffered an early blighting, mostly on account of bad pictures.

Charlie Chaplin who, with Josef von Sternberg, was responsible for advancing her along the road to fame a few years ago, has always believed in her, and we surmise that if he decides to direct a talking picture, it will feature Miss Hale. They were together at a preview of “City Lights” and Charlie avowed to us that Georgia has a beautiful speaking and also singing voice, which will create a sensation when heard.

Formerly dark-haired, Georgia now boasts a gold-auburn shade.

Mary’s Smart Escort.

Mary Brian is stepping out in sophistication. At least, we assume that some token must be taken of the fact that Gene Markey, ultra playboy of movieland, was recently her escort.

Markey is one of the prominent bachelor beau of Hollywood. Generally he accompanies Gloria Swanson or is attached to the Marion Davies’s pleasure entourage. He also writes for Miss Davies.

Irish Lad Goes Home.

Tommy Clifford has gone back to Erin for good. He packs with him a heart full of weird experiences, no doubt—the outcome of his sojourn in strange filmland. Snatched up to public attention momentarily in “Song o’ My Heart” and dropped because there seems comparatively little use of keeping small boys under long-term contract. He appeared in only one other picture besides that starring John McCormack. This was “The Part Time Wife.” In it he gives an excellent performance.

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One feels that Grace Moore likes the big open spaces.

Miss Moore plans to use her new film technique in opera.

**Opera without**

Grace Moore enlivens the studio with laughter, not with the traditional temperament of an operatic star, and prefers tangerines to perfumed cigarettes—altogether a "regular" is this singer who looks like a tennis player.

Such vast numbers of tangerines that their peelings threatened to form a pyramid beside her throne.

Between scenes the waiters were delicately enlivened by snatches of Marguerite's spinning song, interrupted at intervals by the diva's biting into her favorite fruit, and by her frank and often naïve comments on the efficiency of making pictures. She asked innumerable questions—where they got this, and what made that work?

On musi-movie sets the orchestra is at least fifty feet distant from the singer, and under another mike. This bothered her.

"I can't tune up by long distance," she would kid the conductor. "Can't you bring your harmonica boys closer, prof? Well, wait me a line."

This feminine aria has all the charm and friendliness of a ballad accelerated to the keener tempo of jazz. Beneath the veneer of a cosmopolite, a small-town naturalness is her outstanding trait. Her fight for a place in the sun has been managed adroitly. It has been a subtle mental battle.

"Endurance," she mentioned as an aid. "Mental stamina. Physical constitution, of course, but I've always been disgustingly healthy. I am gloriously happy, and happiness is necessary to sing or act well. Once I asked Calvé how, at sixty-two, she bloomed so perennially, looking younger every time I saw her. 'Because,' she replied, 'I am always in love.' I myself—I am in love with life!"

She loves her little jokes. While swimming one day she decided to stage a drowning act, to get the reactions of the beach lollers. To a discriminating observer she might have looked too strong and capable for helplessness, and her yells might have seemed a trifle too vigorous.

Her excitable French chauffeur, however, saw only that she seemed to be in considerable danger as she thrashed a hullabaloo among the waves. He dived in, fully clad in his uniform.

The rescue, though dramatic, was scarcely graceful, for the Moore diva is no featherweight. Stumbling, he struck a rock and sprained an ankle.

But she's a good sport and believes in dit-for-tat. For several days Hollywood was treated to the spectacle of a grand-opera star driving her car around town, while her chauffeur sat at her side, all one delighted grin. She drove him until his foot was well!

"Who are you?" she asks, right off the bat. "What magazine? They make appointments for me—thrust little slips of paper at me." She panтомimed studio efficiency.

"I never bother to remember names until I meet the faces that go with them. Faces tell things—watch out! You didn't come to my party. Why not? Really, I'm not a terribly impossible person, when one knows me."

Her pale-pink and jade dressing room, with its divan, peewee piano, and knickknacks
in pastel colors, strikes the sophisticated modern note in keeping with her mind so vital a mirror of to-day.

"I spent my girlhood practically in riding clothes," she replied to my comment that she might pass for a tennis champion, rather than a pampered opera star. "I remember how, in Paris, I would stamp in for my singing lesson, to the horror of my aesthetic Italian teacher. 'You swing-walk in here, you American cow woman!' he expostulated."

Sweeping up and down the small dressing-room, she caricatured his astonishment and exasperation, and his portrait of a prima donna. "To sing you must be spiritual. How can I make a singer of you when you come in here in breeches, and smelling of horses? Surprise! But he did make one of me, in spite of my neighing."

Being an advocate of speed, when a salesman claimed that a certain car could do ninety without straining a valve, she exclaimed, "Sold!" without further demonstration.

"Frankly, I disliked the thought of working in films," she admitted. "It was merely this"—making the do-re-mi gesture. "I had never been West California was a revelation."

She trilled a bar. "My only regret is that I have had so little time to cultivate the many charming people I have met. They are so alert, with a graceful social informality. So—simpatica. Grand word, that, isn't it? You can always use it in a gap. I felt at home among them immediately."

The vastness of her mansion, with its gardens swelling into grazing land, appeals to the sweeping action of her own spirit. She must have space, one feels, and virility and drama around her, else she would feel cramped, but all of it is overlaid with a comradely humor that mitigates its grandiose aspect. The three-storied living room boasts an immense fireplace and two tiers of balconies.

"Room for a Romeo on each floor," she explains. "I park them and call them according to mood."

"No one in my family ever had sung or followed any career," Most obligingly she launched into an account of what her happy estate demanded of her. "We were big-fish-in-little-ponds people. A below-the-liner yourself? Well, then, you know what that means in the South. Respectability until it hurts. A conventional routine, as smooth and spotless as new white kid gloves. Background and breeding, of inestimable value, but...

Continued on page 104
Whirled into the Hollywood maelstrom as secretary to a temperamental star, Annabelle St. John does the unthinkable in trying to run away from the cameras, but fate thwarts her attempt in a dramatic manner.

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

Annabelle St. John comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she follows a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company's funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. She grabs the chance to go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

Annabelle's eccentric employer gives her money with which to buy smart clothes and unwittingly takes her to task for being nervous after reading that the police are searching for "the mystery girl" in the Hill case. Aboard the train west, Annabelle and Miss Wakefield meet Dennis Lindsay, a cameraman, and though the elderly star tries to keep Annabelle in the background, romance lulls the girl's fear of detection.

As the train pulled out of Albany, Annabelle covered in a corner of the stateroom, fully expecting that at any moment a large policeman would stalk in and arrest her as "the mystery girl" involved in the disappearance of Stewart Hill.

"Are you sick again?" angrily demanded Caroline Wakefield. "I certainly never thought I'd have a chronic invalid on my hands when I engaged you! If you don't get better I'll ship you back from Chicago. My nerves won't stand illness! I'm so sensitive. I—oh, hullo, darling!"

At the sudden change from querulousness to a cooing tone, Annabelle jerked her head up, and smiled weakly as Dennis Lindsay strolled in.

"Hullo," he said curtly, and sat down beside Annabelle, tossing a sheaf of newspapers down beside him.

"Seen this stuff about Hill?" he asked easily. Annabelle turned even whiter, and he stared at her until Caroline impatiently asked, "Well, what about Hill?"

"Oh, nothing much," he answered, his eyes still fixed on Annabelle. "They thought they'd got the girl; some dame in glad rags and a hundred dollars' worth of orchids went to the district attorney's office and said she wanted to confess. The newspapermen leaped to it, of course, and she was photographed and all that. Then it turned out that she's a dancer in a new night club; Ritzenhoff's doing her publicity, and wanted to grab some space. She finally admitted that she didn't even know Hill..."

Annabelle tried to speak nonchalantly.

"Do you think that—that they'll ever find the real girl?" she asked.

Lindsay scrutinized her thoughtfully.

"No," he said at last. "No, they'll never find her. She's got nothing to worry about. In a few months this whole thing will be dead as yesterday's newspaper."
Annabelle drew back, trembling. "I don't want to go into the movies." They paid no attention to her objections.

Annabelle smiled suddenly in relief, and smiling, too, he moved a little closer to her.

"Dennis, have you seen the script of my new picture?" Caroline Wakefield demanded importantly. "Let's go over it together now; I'm so anxious to get your ideas on it. Come over here beside me and—"

Dennis settled back in his corner as if he meant to stay there.

"I'm still on vacation," he answered. "Till we hit Los Angeles I can still sit around and look at pretty girls without figuring out how they'll photograph. And without bothering with scripts.

Caroline gasped, and Annabelle blushed. Her heart began to leap. Then he thought she was pretty—he did like her!

Dennis returned her smile.

"How about having dinner with me the first night you're in Hollywood?" he asked. "I'll show you the town."

Out of the corner of her eye Annabelle saw that Caroline was smiling.

"Oh, I'll be too busy," he answered. "Miss Wakefield's mail has been piling up while she was away, you see."

A derisive smile twisted Dennis's lips.

"Sure a lot of requests for free photographs!" he exclaimed. "Don't take that stuff seriously."

Caroline drew herself up quite haughtily.

"I get letters from the most wonderful people," she began.

Dennis cut her short by retorting. "Yes, you've told me about them several times, practically every time we've met, in fact, but I still can't see how you or any one else could think fan mail amounted to anything these days."

Caroline managed to smile, and began to talk of something else, and Annabelle marveled anew at the power a cameraman could have.

Dennis was given no peace during the rest of the journey. Caroline was always on his trail, flattering, cajoling, begging for suggestions and praise. He never had a chance to be alone with Annabelle, but he managed to let her know, even in front of her redoubtable employer, how he felt about her. She would have been perfectly happy, if the Eastern papers hadn't kept the Stewart Hill case fresh in her thoughts every time she saw them.

She wrote her aunt that she was going west as companion to a wealthy woman, and wondered, even as she wrote the letter, whether it would be intercepted and stare back at her from the front page of a paper some day soon. Miss Wakefield's interest in the case did not abate, and Dennis fanned the flames by remarking that some scenario writer was sure to grab it and fix it up as a picture.

"I'd like to play the girl!" exclaimed Miss Wakefield in her deepest tones, clasping her hands. "Think of the scenes showing her in hiding, tortured, desperate—"

Illustrated by R. Van Buren
Annabelle, huddled on the opposite seat, realized suddenly that Dennis was watching her with keen eyes. She laughed jerkily.

"With her must be awfully frightened," she agreed.

"Probably she's right there in New-York—"

"Nonsense!" Caroline interrupted. "She's as far away as she can get."

"Sure," Dennis added. "Probably in England or France by now."

For all her fears, Annabelle faced the future hopefully when they finally reached Los Angeles. She would begin a new life in Hollywood—and she'd see Dennis often.

Miss Wakefield lived on Whitley Heights, on Primrose Avenue, a narrow, winding road, from which the land dropped sharply down a hill. During the drive home Annabelle gazed eagerly out of the window. Sunset Boulevard, dull and commercial though it was, was glorified in her eyes; Hollywood Boulevard was the beginning of enchanted country, and she was almost sorry when they swung out of it into Vine Street and then up into the hills.

"What's that strange-looking place?" she asked, as they passed a cluster of buildings unlike anything she had ever seen before.

"Oh, that's Crotola," Caroline answered disdainfully. "It used to be the theatrical headquarters here, but now it's more like a hotel, or a sort of barracks. People live all around in those cloisters; Gardner James used to live in the chapel. I've been told, and a lot of scenario readers and extras and utterly inconsequential people hang out there.

"You'll find a lot of more interesting places around here; the house Valentino lived in, before he was successful, and the one where dear Barbara La Marr died. Of course, a lot of people have moved to Beverly Hills and built showy, vulgar palaces, the sort of thing the nouveau riche like."

Annabelle smiled; she had learned that Miss Wakefield was always scornful of what she couldn't have.

"I'd love to see them," she said enthusiastically.

"You'll probably be much too busy to do any sight-seeing," Caroline answered. "Since they had left Dennis Lindsay at the Santa Fe station she was much more court with her secretary.

Her house was really charming; not at all what Miss Wakefield had expected. It was not large, but was beautifully furnished in a dignified, restrained manner. From the windows at the back there was a view of Hollywood, far below.

Annabelle hoped that her room would have that view, but it was on the front of the house, and looked down over a tiny square of lawn and a jaccaranda tree. She suspected that it had been meant for a maid's use; the furniture was severely plain, and the bed was none too soft. But she unpacked gayly. She was actually in Hollywood! And Dennis Lindsay liked her!

Miss Wakefield departed for the studio early the next morning, leaving just a few orders for her new secretary. Before noon Annabelle was to learn to imitate her signature, so that she could autograph pictures and sign unimportant letters. She was to read the two boxes baskets full of mail that stood beside the desk in the small library, and answer as many letters as she could.

She was to keep a record of all phone calls, order some flowers and two new check books, and take the dogs for a walk. And she was to wire the hotel where Miss Wakefield had stayed in New York, to ask if an enamel vanity case, a traveling clock, and three handkerchiefs had been left there.

As the door closed behind Miss Wakefield her maid slipped into the library.

"Don't worry," she urged. "Miss Wakefield, she forgets what she has said to do. I will order the flowers and telephone the bank, and you walk the dogs and read a little mail, that is all."

Annabelle thanked her and went diligently to work, soon becoming adept in reading a letter at a glance and classifying it. She was glad to be so busy. The Los Angeles papers paid no attention to the Hill case, she found, and she could only hope that few people on the Coast read any others.

She ate her meager luncheon from her desk and went back to work. "Sincerely, Caroline Wakefield," she wrote, over and over and over, on large pictures if the requests had been accompanied by a quarter, on small ones if they hadn't.

Miss Wakefield went out to dinner, after rushing through the house for two hours, demanding everything from cocktails to a body massage, and exasperating the stupidity of every one at the studio. She was going to the opening of a new picture that evening, and Annabelle planned to go back to work. But Dennis Lindsay telephoned just as she settled down at her desk, and insisted on taking her out to see Hollywood.

Feeling like a guilty child, she stood in the crowd with him and watched the famous and near-famous arrive at the Chinese Theater.

"They all have to buy tickets to these shindigs, whether they want to or not," Dennis told her. "If they don't go to So-and-so's opening. So-and-so won't come to theirs, and it won't be 'brilliant,' if the big guns don't come. And an opening has to be brilliant. Lord, what itokum!"

They got back into his little car, and he proceeded to keep his promise to show her the town, or at least that part of it that could be seen from long, winding hill roads over which the roadster fairly flew.

Without the restraining presence of the tyrannical Caroline their acquaintance grew rapidly. Only once was Annabelle uneasy; that was when he mentioned the Hill case, casually, judging by his tone, but Annabelle caught his glance as he turned to her, and grew cold with fright.

"Why did you mention that?" she asked. "It isn't really important, is it?"

"Nope," he answered cheerfully. "I just thought you might know about it, having lived in New York."

Continued on page 92

HERE'S A GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT TO GET INTO THE MOVIES.

YOUNG, pretty, Annabelle St. John not only turns down opportunities to face the camera—she fights against them. And her logical reason for shunning a career is only one of the unique features of "The Movie Runaround." There are many more, for the author, Helen Klumph, knows Hollywood, the studios and the stars as well as most persons know Main Street and their own particular circle of friends in their city or town. These unusual qualifications result in a novelette of more than usual accuracy, sympathy, and humor. But of course you're reading it, so you know.

Next month will find Annabelle in difficulties more serious than she has ever known, for even with the advice and protection of Dennis Lindsay she cannot confide in him the chilling fear she feels on hearing that Stewart Hill is in Hollywood!

Follow Annabelle in her adventures from month to month!
Whither now, Virginia? Introduced to the fans as Charlie Chaplin's heroine in "City Lights," you have now the problem of making a career of your own. You were helped by "Girls Demand Excitement," but what of future roles? You have beauty, charm, magnetism, and a Fox contract. It all depends on you. Here's hoping.
WYNNE GIBSON

YOU saw her in Jack Oakie's "The Gang Buster." You liked her and then you began to write letters to Picture Play about Wynne Gibson. Collectively your letters have reached into the hundreds, recalling the instant response of the fans when they first glimpsed Robert Montgomery. Miss Gibson is also from the stage and she, too, has that pleasant something greater than obvious beauty which arrests the eye and appeals to the mind. It is what causes newcomers from the stage to remain on the screen. And this Miss Gibson is doing, appearing in "June Moon," "Man of the World," "City Streets," "Kick In," and "Up Pops the Devil."
In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

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A T last a real picture, one with breadth and sweep, tenderness and passion and a true reflection of American life. "Cimarron" is as native as the soil. From every standpoint it is notable. It provides great stimulus to those of us who are tired of teacup drama, snarling gangsters, and ladies of leisure. It is vital, human, and enormously exciting, with such acting on the part of every one that you are left wanting more despite the length of the film. The story covers a lapse of forty years, which means that it is episodic. But this is not as grave a defect as might be the case had not those in charge of bringing the novel to the screen taken unusual precautions to avoid it. The result, in adaptation, dialogue, direction, and photography is extraordinary.

Beginning at the opening of Oklahoma in 1889, with YANCEY and Sabra Crowat among the early settlers of the territory, it ends in 1929 with the election of Sabra to Congress and her reunion with her vagrant husband who dies in her arms.

To tell what happens between would be to sketch the book and a score of interesting characters, obviously an impossible thing to do and unnecessary, too, either for those who are familiar with the novel or those who become acquainted with the screen version.

Enough, then, to say that there is no disappointment here. The exciting struggle of the land rush, the amazing, though primitive, civilization in the "boom" town of Osage, the first offshoots of culture and the rise to wealth and power of the principals in the panorama—these aspects of the picture are superbly real. And so it is with the portrayal of character. The struggle of Sabra, the tenderly reared young wife, to reconcile herself to the crudities of the settlement and its flaunting people; her struggle to understand her wayward, nomadic husband who, with all his tenderness and chivalry, is unable to resist the call of far places and leaves her to edit his newspaper and rear their children until he returns, flushed with the adventure of the Spanish-American War, to bask in a hero's adulation. This progress of character through conflict and adversity makes fascinating characters of the men and women in "Cimarron."

Yancey is so easily Richard Dix's best performance that everything else he has done seems preparation for this triumph. The complex character of the idealistic, rhetorical spellbinder is the most difficult he has ever undertaken, and could easily have become a thing of bombast and heroics in hands less adept than Mr. Dix's. But the actor's humor and charm, his good nature and manliness, succeed in making the character understandable and sympathetic, a friend whose virtues and faults one has known always.

It is Irene Dunne, however, who is the big surprise of the picture. In what is virtually her screen début, an actress identified with musical comedy emerges gifted with all it takes to make Sabra real. Both voice and presence are extremely sympathetic, with a refinement immediately felt and a gentle, though resolute, womanliness that remind one of that strength of character underlying the soft graciousness of women of the old South.

But by no means do the hero and heroine run away with the honors—not with Estelle Taylor in the most fitting rôle she has had in years. Dixie Lee, a lady of easy virtue who treads the primrose path in the grand manner of the early '90s. Miss Taylor is everything that her admirers wish for, but which too often her rôles do not permit. And that doesn't mean only a display of her glamorous, seductive beauty, but a measure of her rapidly increasing skill as an actress. Dixie Lee does her a good turn in both respects.

And there is Edna May Oliver, ringleader in causing the spectator to regret the brevity of her rôle and those of other luminaries—Nance O'Neil, William Collier, Jr., Roscoe Ates, George E. Stone, Robert McWade, and many others. Incidentally, score another outstanding merit—the costumes. They are marvels of accuracy, the only dresses of the period that I have ever seen perfectly reproduced on the screen, and I haven't forgotten

“Cimarron”

“A critical estimate of the latest pictures brings to light notable achievements and reveals old favorites and newcomers in performances that cause the rafters to ring with applause.

The SCREEN

AFER THE FIRST SHOWING OF NEW FILMS
in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

"The Florodora Girl," either. Why, in this picture the ladies have busts and hips and are proud of them, even as they were in the days of the bicycle.

"Trader Horn."

The best of all animal pictures and by far the superior of all pictures filmed in Africa or purporting to have that locale. It's interesting, unusual, and legitimately exciting. It shouldn't be missed, especially by those who want to get away from the Hollywood product. They will see one of the genuine performances of the year from a man they have never heard of and probably will never see again—Mutia Omoolu, a native, who plays the loyal gun bearer to Trader Horn. He also contributes the most thrilling moment in the picture, when he spears a charging lion, and his death is the most poignant. But for that matter our old friend Harry Carey, as the trader, is capital.

To him falls the lot of answering the ingenuous questions of his protégé, Peru, and thus acting as a guide who speaks the language of the spectator. This he does splendidly. Never didactic, always colloquial, he is entertaining and informative. Then, as the picture progresses, he becomes a brave and lovable old scout whose occasional tenderness always veers away from the sentimental.

The film begins as a travelogue, but don't let that cause you to think it is merely a scenic. It is gripping in the variety of animals, backgrounds, and natives encountered. And when Horn and Peru rescue a white girl kidnapped by tribesmen and worshiped as their goddess, a semblance of plot adds further interest. It is their flight from the infuriated savages that causes the big thrills until all danger is past and Nina, the ex-goddess, and Peru, in the throes of juvenile love according to civilized cinema, leave the white man's country while Trader Horn remains in the wilds he knows best.

With human interest given its due, "Trader Horn" must, however, be classified as an animal film. As such it has no equal. Herds of giraffes and kangaroos are seen where only few have been photographed before; crocodiles swarm instead of appearing in twos or threes, and every animal of the country is caught offguard. A fight between leopards and hyenas, the slaughter of a gazelle by a lion and a battle for its carcass by a group of beasts; the killing of a rhinoceros—these are startling glimpses of wild life au naturel, and they are made terrifying by sounds not of the earth as we know it. All this is a tribute to the director, W. S. van Dyke, and that unsung hero, the cameraman, Clyde de Vinna, whose sense of beauty in capturing the strangeness and remoteness of the African interior is as great as his bravery in recording the realism of its animal life.

Duncan Renaldo is attractive as the accented hero and old fans will be gratified by the brief, though effective, performance of Olive Fuller Golden, who is Mrs. Harry Carey. The surprise of the cast is Edwina Booth, as Nina. Her rôle is difficult because it is frenzied and incredible. For a newcomer she does extraordinarily well, though she forces an indulgent smile at her ease in emerging nearly white after weeks of hardship in the jungles.

"City Lights."

Whether you're a highbrow intent on discovering hidden meanings in Charlie Chaplin's clowning, or an average fan eager for a good laugh, you will find "City Lights" to your liking, for it is strictly along the lines made famous by the eminent comedian. His insistence on silence doesn't detract from the picture, for there's a musical accompaniment and incidental sounds take the place of speech. The characters never worry for want of words to convey their broad comedy.

It begins when Mr. Chaplin, as his familiar Tramp, is discovered in the lap of a statue at a public unveiling, a sequence that offers an irresistible parody on talking pictures. Unintelligible sounds issue from the lips of platform speakers as they saw the air in the familiar routine of such occasions. This is inspired fooling and
is one of the best moments in the picture, and there are others as, for example, when Mr. Chaplin swallows a whistle and is seized with hiccups. This is when sound is most eloquent. There is also a prize fight which is said by better judges to be the funniest ever filmed. These episodes are high lights in a simple story that is sometimes indelicate, always sentimental, and ends on a wistful note when the *Tramp* gazes adoringly at the *Flower Girl* whose sight has been restored by his gift and is now in charge of a shop instead of being a vender with a Marcel.

There are those who discern in Mr. Chaplin's pictures the woe of the world, the pulsing heart of all humanity. They see in his vagabond a kinship to all mankind, an analogy that eludes me. That being the case I shall neither attempt to search for, the esoteric, nor dwell on what seems to me to be flaws in the present opus. Enough to say that Mr. Chaplin is ably supported by Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer of decided prettiness, Harry Myers, the veteran comedian who is always admirable, and Hank Mann, whose name is sufficient recommendation to old-timers. They unite in making the picture fast and funny.

"Inspiration."

Handicapped by the material provided for her, Greta Garbo still shines with such brightness that it is only when the picture is well under way that one realizes the weight and dreariness of her burden. For not even the greatest artist maintains effulgence in the murrk of a poor picture. That is why laurels for Garbo should be dewed with tears of regret. She makes her heroine sensitive, intelligent, alluring, with a shimmer of laughter like sunshine after an April shower. So superior indeed is Yvonne to the trite circumstances of her story that you feel the player, aware of the disparity, is spurred to greater effort.

What no one has noticed is that the story is a rewrite of "Sapho," with no credit given Alphonse Daudet. Perhaps one remembers that morastic study of experienced passion and its effect upon the immature object of the courtesan's love, the bitterness of her discovery of its futility, and her logical termination of the liaison. It is a merciless expose of forbidden love, its exaltation, its degradation, with a brilliant background of Parisian artistic life in the '70s.

There is nothing of this in the picture, though. It is just another item in the endless procession of women with a "past," with everything depending on whether that "past" comes to light or not, in her infatuation for an undergraduate. Thus we have the usual tiffs and reconciliations as more and more "past" looms up, until finally Yvonne leaves a good-by note and slips out into the snow while her young man is sleeping. The shallowness of this evasion is pitiable if you know the original.

Almost as disturbing is the disclosure of Robert Montgomery's first poor performance. Completely overshadowed by Garbo, he gives up the game early and recites his lines with the pleasant unawareness of a freshman rehearsing the class play, at no time seeming to care for Yvonne, let alone being racked by love. A fault shared by the entire company is their failure to suggest anything but well-fed American actors in a dressy society play, though the film is supposed peopled by French painters, poets, sculptors, and their models, mistresses, and friends. Among those giving competent, standardized performances are Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Judith Vosselle, Beryl Mercer, John Miljan, Richard Tucker and a significant newcomer named Karen Morley, whose gentle voice and tragic face linger with me as long as any moment in the picture.

"Millie."

Young, attractive, sympathetically feminine, just why couldn't *Millie* hold a man? This is the question I asked while applauding the extraordinary performance of Helen Twelvetrees as the girl who had such a tough time of it. Then I read a catch line that implored me to pity *Millie* because she was "a good girl that loved the wrong men." Well, she had her pick of many in this new version of "Madame X," but every one of them gave her a raw deal. There was first her husband, then a newspaper reporter, and others too numerous to name. But the meanest of the lot was the
middle-aged admirer who enticed her sixteen-year-old daughter to a lonely hut in the woods and who was shot to death by *Millie* at the crucial moment. On trial for murder, *Millie* refuses to name the other woman or give a motive for her crime until the moment of anguish is held to the breaking point and the daughter bursts in from nowhere, sobbing the truth.

This is characteristic of the picture. Effective at times, you feel that it is plotted rather than motivated; that the heroine's wrongs are those of some one's imagination and not the result of circumstances; that the crises are timed for effect. The entire exhibit is, however, brightly directed and well acted, and Miss Twelvetrees is a real star with no one to say her nay.

Hers is a most interesting performance ranging over many years, first with the freshness of seventeen and ending as a dissipated, bedraggled woman. Between these extremes her gradual disintegration is witnessed. Never does the actress overdo a detail of *Millie's* moods and appearance, never does she stoop to an obvious play for sympathy. Miss Twelvetrees's acting is mature, and mental, and distinguished—quite a feat to achieve in this tawdry epic of loose women.

For that is what the picture is, even though pains are taken to excuse *Millie's* adventures with men on the score of her disillusionment with marriage. But in spite of moralizing the film resolves itself into another excuse for immorality by making it entertaining, amusing, and even attractive. Lilyan Tashman and Joan Blondell seem to this as two wise in the ways of the half world whose wisdom causes them always to come out on top. They play their roles with pungent understanding. Excellent also are Robert Ames, James Hall, and John Halliday, while Anita Louise, who as Anita Louise Fremau, you will remember as a child actress a little while ago, is exquisite. It is disturbing to see so youthful an actress learning early the technique of a seduction of more than usual horror, but I suppose it has to be if she is to acquire experience in the essence of screen acting.

"Rango."

"Rango," the highly successful picture of a few seasons ago, has a successor in the new film which was photographed and directed by the same man, Ernest B. Schoedsack, whose work in the jungles of Sumatra lasted over a year. This is easily believable, for while the earlier film dealt with elephants, this brings to the screen the intimacies of monkeys, apes, and orang-utans in great numbers. And somehow, though one may be wrong, simians seem more difficult to manage than pachyderms. But this is only a layman's opinion. Be this as it may, the new film is highly entertaining.

This is the case with Mr. Schoedsack's earlier work, this has the unusual angle of making animals behave like humans. Thus the simian tribe are the heroes and the villain is the tiger, while the patient, faithful friend is the water buffalo. The only humans are a native father and son, who are quietly pleasing in their efforts to sustain life against the depredations of the tiger. It is the orang-utans, however, who dominate the picture, *Rango* being the nickname of the lively young hero. While the antics of the simians are somewhat monotonous at times, there is considerable laughter, too, and their terrors and frenzied flights convey certain suspense, though the principal thrill comes from a battle to the death between the water buffalo and a tiger.

The film is interestingly embellished with a prologue in which a white man tells a boy of his adventures in Sumatra, and his voice is heard from time to time explaining the devious ways of the jungle as the scenes unroll. Altogether a worth-while picture for those who find in animals a needed escape from humans.

"Dracula."

Far from a merry tale, this, with its principal figure a corpse that emerges from a coffin from time to time and becomes a vampire that feeds on the blood of human victims. This is Count Dracula who, the fable tells us, has carried on thus for hundreds of years. His end comes when a scientist drives a stake into his heart. If you believe it, it's so. But for my part it's just a spectacular fantasy cleverly directed and brilliantly mounted, interesting because

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What Every Fan Should See

Ruth Chatterton as mother and daugh-
ter, both excellent, thank you, in heart
breaks in China and Colorado. Acting
of highest order, intensified by double ex-
posure, exceptional recording. Girl mis-
missionary torn between love and duty. Paul
Lukas, David Manners.

Echo of “The Big House,” superbly
acted by Walter Huston and Phillips
Holmes, latter as convict who won’t
squeal on friend who incites prison riot;
Huston, the warden, with daughter, Con-
stance Cummings. Mary Doran fine.

“Paid.”—Metro-Goldwyn.
Joan Crawford goes drummer, and is
good as shopgirl railroaded to prison for
crime she did not commit. Marries son
of boss to get revenge. Robert Armstrong,
John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis,
William Bakewell, Purnell Pratt.

“Reducing.”—Metro-Goldwyn.
Too little horseplay in beauty parlor
and too much fuss over saving girl from
her instincts, in funny, funny film with
Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No
team like this one. Anita Page, William
Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers,
William Bakewell.

“Little Caesar.”—First National.
finished story of snaring gangsters and
their fights for underworld power. Too,
too brutal for Buddy Rogers’s legions.
Edward G. Robinson gunman king.
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Thomas Jackson,
William Collier, Jr., Glenda Farrell.

“The Royal Family of Broadway.”—
Paramount.
Engagingly mad, these Caravanhages
of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don’t
have to live with them. Satire on stage
stars at home. Not a slow moment.
Fredric March excellent. Ina Claire, too,
Henretta Crosman, Mary Brian.

“The Devil to Pay.”—United Artists.
English drawing-room comedy as it
should be—intelligent, amusing, no ex-
citement. Rich youth returns to Lon-
don after farm life, and gets entangled.
Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ren-
ald Colman. Florence Britton, Frederick
Kerr.

“The Blue Angel.”—Paramount.
Emil Jannings in German film with
Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnifi-
cent, even if you don’t get some of the
speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl
to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character
masterly done.

“Lightnin’.”—Fox.
Best Will Rogers talkie so far, with real
character—the tippling, likable proprietor
of hotel on border. Louise Dresser good
as the wife. Jason Robards and Joel Mc-
Crea very good. Problems of divorce
hunters amusing.

“Min and Bill.”—Metro-Goldwyn.
Marie Dressler goes through on high
in vastly entertaining and melodramatic
manner. Wallace Beery as Min’s para-
mour is racy. Dorothy Jordan gives her
best thus far as girl adopted by ‘Min,
Marjorie Rambeau superbly acting the
girl’s mother.

“Tom Sawyer.”—Paramount.
Mark Twain’s immortal character in
little masterpiece of screen. No movie
sentimentality or irritating traits of kid
actors. Jackie Coogan good as ever;
Minnie Green gentle and demure. Jackie
Searl, Junior Durkin, Dick Winslow.

“Morocco.”—Paramount.
Marlene Dietrich takes her place among
the stars as an individual. Adolphe Men-
jou returns, though tamed by talkie
moraals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as
member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics
find that only simple, fundamental love
for each other counts.

“Feet First.”—Paramount.
Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as
funny and thrilling as ever. Straight hu-
mor, without taint of “sophistication”: no
tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love
tries to win girl by posing as rich play-
boy, but finds trouble and danger ahead.
Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec
Francis. Lilianne Leighton.

“Tol’able David.”—Columbia.
Amazing first performance by Richard
Cromwell, as mountain boy whose dream
of greatness is to drive the mail hack.
Three bad men of the hills and a sweet
little girl friend are involved. Noah
Beery, Joan Peers, Henry B. Walthall.

“The Doorway to Hell.”—Warner.
Good crook melodrama that has many
new touches. Story of young earl ofliquor gang. Lew Ayres, double-crossed
in love and racket. Arresting and capi-
tally acted. Robert Elliott, James Cag-
ney, Dorothy Mathews. Poised, mature
acting by Ayres.

For Second Choice

“Man to Man.”—First National.
Story of small-town folk is a little gem.
Not an alien touch. Boy in line for col-
lege honors knows that his pals have
learned his father is a convict. Leaves
school, more troubles. Phillips Holmes,
Grant Mitchell, Dwight Frye.

“Beau Ideal.”—RKO.
Same atmosphere as “Beau Geste.”
Foreign Legion story of two men and a
girl they both love. Debut of Lester Vail
favorable; sincere, eloquent. Not a slow
scene. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto
Matiesen, Loretta Young, Irene Rich,
Leni Stengel.

“Fighting Caravans.”—Paramount.
Restrainted story of pioneers, with no
attempt, thanks be, to make a stock-
yards epic, or the biggest and dustiest
wagon train. Scout attempts to mislead
girl driver, but ends at altar. Gary
Cooper, Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence,

“Illicit.”—Warner.
One of those loose gal films made pure
for censors by heroine intimidating all
that marriage is O. K. by her. Day-
dream food for romantic, but inhibited,
housewives. Barbara Stanwyck, Natalie
Moonhead, Ricardo Cortez, James Remmee,
Charles Butterworth, Joan Blondell.

“New Moon.”—Metro-Goldwyn.
Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in
film operetta, in which army officer loves
a princess, and is sent to Russia’s naughti-
est troops by rival, the governor. Robert
Young captures acting honors with com-
dedy. Adolphe Menjou his old self.

“Reaching for the Moon.”—United Art-
ists.
Why does Douglas Fairbanks don mod-
ern clothes only to strip them off? Here
we see a stockbroker who loves neither

Continued on page 118
Marion Shilling

A PENNY for your thoughts, a shilling for one look at Maid Marion, and a guinea for a ticket to see her next film. This is the natural progress of enthusiasm when one catches his first glimpse of Marion Shilling. The most recent was in "Beyond Victory," but do not think that she has soared above future appearances because of the title. Just glance at casts of important pictures, her next being "Big Brother" with Richard Dix, and you will be sure to find her.
No QUESTIONS Asked

By Edward Nagle

Lowell Sherman will not stand for quizzing on his climb to fame, or his reactions to life, love, and films. However, the interviewer turned reporter and came away with an excellent— even intimate—picture of his subject.

“I never indulge in reminiscence,” he said when asked about his beginnings in the theater. “No man between thirty and sixty should. My dead past has cremated its dead. I have no scrapbooks, no mementos whatever of my misspent youth. Some day, when I reach my dotage, I’ll write my memoirs. Until then the world will have to look me up in the files of the tabloids.”

If you must know, he was born in San Francisco about four decades ago, to John Sherman, theatrical producer, and Julia Louise Gray, actress. His maternal grandmother had been a leading lady for Edwin Booth’s father. Grease paint flowed in his veins, so what could be more natural than that he journeyed to Broadway at an early age? He made his début in a sketch and has never wanted for employment since.

“Don’t ask me about those dim, distant days,” Sherman repeated.

Since then he has become one of the leading figures in the American theater. No one else has managed to be so suavely sinister, so scintillatingly sinful behind the footlights as Sherman.

Knowing this, D. W. Griffith, when casting “Way Down East,” chose him to play the villain. His performance in that picture is one of the classics of the screen.

“I had the distinction of being the parent of Lillian Gish’s first illegitimate screen child. The fans took their movies seriously in those days, and for quite a while wouldn’t forgive me for having ruined their Lil. But they never mention it any more. The movie audience has grown up with the movies. I expected ‘He Knew Women’ to be a financial flop, because of its adult plot and dialogue. Instead it cleaned up, especially in the provinces. Isn’t that heartening?”

“I’m keen about this directing job. Nothing becomes so monotonous as acting on the stage, especially if you are successful. I was surfeited with it. Until I came to RKO to play in ‘He Knew Women,’ working in the movies seemed even duller. Nothing in it but money, I thought.

“While making that picture I became intrigued with the possibilities of the talkies. I wanted to try directing. William Le Baron gave me the opportunity and—well, I haven’t exactly failed. It’s a soul-filling job having all the stimulus of creative work.”

I asked him if he thought the stage would last until he returned to it.

“People who get all hot and hectic about the decline of the stage are daft,” he said.

Continued on page 108
Before coming to Hollywood, Lowell Sherman was one of the actors most gossiped about on Broadway, but the dual responsibility of directing and acting in films has tamed him somewhat. For a revealing close-up see opposite page.
Warner Baxter, above, as the doctor, diagnoses the “heart trouble” of Helene Millard with disturbing results to his wife.

Joan Bennett, above, piqued by the neglect of her husband, a great surgeon, decides to encourage the attentions of his best friend, played by Victor Varconi.
SCAPEGRACE

William Powell, in "Gentleman of the Streets," though no better as a man than he should be, comes through with a superlative performance.

Mr. Powell and Carol Lombard in various moments that tell the story of a blackmailer's love for an innocent girl and his decision to accept punishment bravely for his sins.
THEY DO!

"Strangers May Kiss," says Norma Shearer’s new picture, and the argument is all in favor of it.

Miss Shearer has the support of two popular leading men, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery, with Irene Rich and Marjorie Rambeau in attractive roles.
"DAYBREAK"

The mere title of Ramon Novarro's latest picture is welcome news to his fans.

Helen Chandler, instead of Dorothy Jordan, is his heroine, her role being that of a poor little music teacher who falls in love with the Austrian Lieutenant Willy Kasda, a devil of a fellow who decides that an officer can't afford a wife.
In "Men Call It Love" the trials and to be smart rather than simple are

In this merry comedy of married life, Norman Foster and Leila Hyams are happily wedded, as you can see at the top of the page, and would have ever remained so, probably, had not two "serpents" entered their Eden in the persons of Adolphe Menjou and Mary Duncan. The latter is seen, left, with Miss Hyams in the locker room at the country club where much of the action takes place.
A LA MODE
tribulations of various couples who prefer set forth by sophisticated players.

Mary Duncan and Leila Hyams have one of those "civilized" conversations, above, in which both conceal their thoughts and emotions, Miss Duncan giving Miss Hyams sage advice on how to hold a husband, the wife being fully aware that the other woman is trying to entice her husband away from her. Mr. Menjou, on the other hand, resorts to more direct tactics. He bluntly asks Miss Hyams why her husband is running around with a chorus girl if he really loves her.
TALLULAH

Miss Bankhead, the Alabama girl who went to London and remained for eight years, to become the most popular actress in the British capital, here shows you glimpses of her first film, "New York Lady."

Tallulah Bankhead plays a girl of good family and little money who promises to marry Clive Brook for the aid he can give her mother, though she loves a poor author. The marriage takes place and the rest is an intimate picturization of her conflict between love and duty. Phoebe Foster, Alexander Kirkland, Osgood Perkins, and Elizabeth Patterson, all well known on the stage, are supporting players.
The Understanding HEART

A short story that is all the more remarkable because it is true.
It has a "punch" that will amaze you. Don't skip a word of it.

By Romney Scott

The young man was planning to meet Miss Vere de Vere in a few days. She shall stop over for a day or two and we can fix things up. You'll have more to put in your book to show her by then, too. When you read the papers that she's returning, come to see me and I'll try to fix things for you.

The two intervening months seemed an eternity to Susie. The days dragged their weary lengths and the nights seemed interminable. But at last, after a few months, she read that Miss Vere of Vere was en route home and her steamer would dock the next day.

School out, Susie hurried down to the M.G.M. offices again. Finally she stood before the smiling young man. "You—you—I'm afraid you won't remember me—and your promise. You promised—"

"Indeed I do remember you. Now, I'll tell you what. There won't be the slightest chance of your meeting Miss Vere de Vere, either here or at the hotel. She'll be surrounded by people all the time. But you go down to the customs office and get a pass to get onto the pier tomorrow. Tell them you want to meet your cousin who can't speak English. And when you get there, look for me and I'll see that you meet her."

Susie spent the night reading for the thousandth time her scrapbook. She knew most of the contents by heart, but she must be well posted. She might get a chance to speak to the great lady.

The next morning Susie donned her best and with a glance of disdain at her schoolbooks, set out for the...
Illustrated by
Lui Trugo

SUN-BAKED

At the mention of bohemianism in the Los Angeles sector, a series of gaudy images flash through the mind—million-dollar movie darlings holding midnight carnival in Beverly Hills mansions, gaily tossing empty bottles down on the roofs of their sleeping neighbors; migratory salesmen and hungry extra girls petting and getting into drunken fights. And so on.

Yet most of this so-called bohemian life is just a clock puncher’s Saturday-night attempt to forget the boredom of the daily grind. The true gypsy spirit is lacking where the ruling passion is to get a bigger car, better home and higher social position than the other fellow, and the job in hand is just a gilt-edged meal ticket.

Nevertheless, there is a genuine bohemia in the orange-and-lemon capital, though its existence and its activities pass almost unnoticed.

Los Angeles has no Latin Quarter, no Greenwich Village, no Telegraph Hill. The sight-seer will look in vain for picturesque haunts of threadbare artists, or writers with a dream in the eye and a pint in the stomach. Nor will he find the tourist deadfalls that masquerade as such resorts.

The colony has no village square, no general meeting places, no homogeneity, either social or intellectual. It is, in brief, not a colony, but an ever-shifting pattern of small cliques sprawled out over a huge territory and scarcely aware of each other’s existence.

It has a voice, but its thin little peep is lost in the Niagara-like roar of boosters, gossips, and visiting critics. It asserts itself from time to time in print. Poetic gypsies sojourn in the colony and issue books of verse, usually at their own expense.

A newspaperman occasionally takes his life in his hands and makes a Left-bank attack on the community. Small arty magazines are launched.

Nestled in nooks or sprawling over hills of those unfettered souls who, if in apartments and go pallid and arty. But

Every so often some unknown scraps together a few dollars, borrows a motion-picture camera and a handful of actors, and makes an experimental film, remembering that such efforts skyrocketed Josef von Sternberg and Paul Fejos to the Valhalla of Beverly Hills.

This sunny bohemia knows strange bedfellows. There are characters with picaresque careers who have come from the ends of the earth. One finds, for instance, the Chinese poet, the transplanted Greenwich Village artist, the Russian exile, the Oregon radical newspaper editor who has done time in jail, a lesser Jarngan.

There are earnest youngsters who have left their home towns to seek careers in or out of the movies—clerks and stenographers pursuing romantic adventure under the cloak of bohemianism, eccentricities, and poses.

All who do not fit in elsewhere are welcomed into the fold. Few of them, however, remain long. There is an endless going and coming in the bohemian colony of Los Angeles. The various little groups are created, wiped out, or scattered overnight.

Although the colony is not centralized, there are spots especially favored for residence. The side streets of Hollywood, and the sun-scorched hills claim many.

Others locate in the hilly portions of old Los Angeles which have been passed by in the growth of the modern city, and remain much as they were in the ’80s and ’90s. Here are streets sleeping in the sunlight. Fantastic wooden castles of the clapboard mansion era are set back under palms of half a century’s growth. Gables, por-
BOHEMIA

surrounding the film metropolis are groups
Greenwich Village, take to basement
not in California. This article tells why.

ticos, bay windows, and wings pop out at the oddest
places. Foreign eyes look out through windows of
colored glass.

From an open window comes a strumming of guitars
and Mexican voices lifted in song. One is suddenly con-
scious of all sun-splashed Spanish-America stretching
limitlessly to the south. It is easy to understand why
poor stragglers of bohemian temperament flock to this
section.

The Los Angeles villager lives not in a garret, with
elevated trains rumbling by beneath his window, but in
lodgings in almost pastoral surroundings.

Though poor as the proverbial church rodent, he may
have the luxury of a home of his own, a garden, and
even a screen of discouraged banana palms whose fruit
never ripens.

Moreover, he may roost like a feudal baron on some
treeless hilltop in the low-rent districts north of the
business center of downtown Los Angeles.

Usually he has his own car, be it ever so humble; and
often it is topless, tenderless, paintless, and without bene-
fit of garage. He makes abundant use of it, but he has
to keep a close eye on it, for some of his penurious
neighbors have a habit of helping themselves to anything
that strikes their fancy.

Many a villager has awakened one morning to find that
his thirty-five-dollar flivver is missing from its cus-
tomary parking place on the front lawn, having been
appropriated by one of his restless neighbors.

The secluded hilltop home is the center of the social
life of the impoverished bohemian, who finds the prices
of night clubs and other resorts far too steep. The
house, perching high above the heads of prying neigh-
bors, is ideal for boisterous merry-making at all hours.
There is abundant space and opportunity for converting
the grape crop into beverage form.

No matter how isolated his domicile, the hilltop bo-
hemian has no dearth of callers; and when he announces
a party, it seems as if all the decrepit cars in southern
California were panting up the barren slope to his
bungalow or shack.

One can usually tell a block away what the sunniest
bohemian is and what he believes. He advertises it:
through dress, talk, and actions. The young artist goes
around looking like a character in the "Passion Play;"
The recluse goes around in rags, and lives in a tent, or
in a shack perched in the branches of a tree.

There is an aspiring novelist who tries to emulate a
great man by aping his personal habits. Reading that
Victor Hugo was an omnivorous eater, he gorged himself
for weeks. Another believes in doing exactly as he feels.
When he is in the mood, he runs around the house
naked, while his more conventional-minded wife yanks
down the window shades and pleads with him to think
of the police.

Many believe that a man may set up cosmic vibrations
beneficial to himself by wearing loud colors. In no other
community of white America is the plumage of the male
more brilliant.

In spite of the bizarre nature of some of the notions
and caperings of the would-be gypsies, they are less ex-
treme in some ways than many villagers elsewhere. The
matter-of-factness of their neighbors inescapably thrusts
itself in upon them.

[Continued on page 117]
Feathering

Stars, directors, and merely players obey that odd businesses in which they invest their money, they are

ONE evening I saw a limousine turn into the driveway at a beautiful home in Hollywood, and a well-known star stepped out, slamming the door behind her.

Half a block away I noticed a shabbily dressed man, not yet middle-aged, walking slowly by, casting covert glances in the direction of the star's home. I thought I recognized him. At the driveway he paused, and I saw him linger a second or two, then pull his coat collar more closely about his throat and move on.

He once was that star's husband.

"Oh," she said when I mentioned the incident to her. "I see him pass occasionally. He's no good. I've helped him out with some money a couple of times. He's dead broke. Never saved a nickel in his life. Gets a little work as an extra now and then, but he's through. Nobody wants him."

I know another man who, a few years ago, was well up near the top in pictures, but, growing old, he began slowly to slide from view. He sleeps occasionally now, he tells me, in a flop house. Sometimes he joins the bread line or panhandles among his old friends for dimes.

Haunting the studio casting offices there are possibly a hundred who do not get six square meals a week, yet who, a few years ago, scattered dollars as the wind scatters chaff. Liquor, women, and age took their toll. Now they're down—and out.

I may be mistaken, but I believe these "horrible examples" have induced frugality to a marked degree in the film capital. Scores of successful players are establishing businesses on the side—feathering their nests for the rainy day.

Some have done it playfully, because they have more money than they can use, others because they want something to divert attention on idle days. A third group is entering the commercial field in a spirit of adventure, while a fourth says "get the money while the getting's good, and salt it in brine that will last forever."

Almost every one knows that "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, head of Universal, has a chicken farm with flocks of hens which work for him every day. He sells the eggs, too—not Uncle Carl himself, but the foreman does. Uncle Carl probably can't count as far in eggs as he can in dollars.

Then Cecil DeMille, whose bank account is big enough to choke the Culebra cut, has a pheasant ranch in the San Fernando
Their Nests

urge to provide for a rainy day. Many are the hopeful of big returns. And more often than not, successful.

Ellsworth Fitch

Besides 250 egg-laying Chinese golden pheasants which constitute the commercial stock, he has specimens of silver pheasant, the Harel Manchurian, the Japanese, English blackneck, the Reeves, and Lady Amhurst pheasants, all preening about the pens.

Besides, he has African crowned cranes with gold topknots, dainty Demoiselle cranes, big blue Australian Goura pigeons, blue and sacred white peafowls, Abyssinian guinea fowl and about fifty white doves which he used in "The King of Kings."

All the newly hatched pheasants looking into the face of some ordinary brood hen when they break from their shells, doubtless wonder, "For the luvva all that's beautiful, are you my mamma?"

The movement in so many States to restock supplies of game with pheasants induced Mr. DeMille to establish his farm. His pens provide parlor, bedroom, and bath, with running water, to the bird tenants. He expects to make money in his venture after a while.

In the meantime, his 450-acre mountain ranch, "Paradise," probably will produce sufficient apples, alfalfa, and grapes to pay the overhead on the pheasantry. If it doesn't, Mr. DeMille may be able to scrape around somehow and get sufficient money to assure his winter's coal supply. His home is paid for, so there will be no rent coming due.

Uncle Carl and Cecil are the two outstanding men of wealth

Bessie Love has experienced too many hard knocks to be lured into investing money in any but a strictly practical venture. So she is proud of her dairy farm.

Charles Bickford lends a helping hand at his filling station. It is only one of his flourishing ventures, which include a hog farm, four garages, a parking lot, and three whaling vessels.
Feathering Their Nests

Gary Cooper heads a company operating a dude ranch near Helena, Montana, and, with his father, Charles Cooper, a former associate justice of the Montana Supreme Court, is establishing a still more extensive ranch in Arizona.

“We’ve found a paradise for fishermen and huntmen,” Gary says enthusiastically, “High on a mesa where it’s perpetually cool and where wild game is abundant. Just overnight from Hollywood. And, oh, boy, what trout streams! We hope to get it in operation this year.”

Lon Chaney owned an extensive interest in a gas water-heater company. His son is in charge of the plant. Noah Beery is executive head of a trout club which operates in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

James Gleason owns a half interest in the South Gate Athletic Club, between Los Angeles and Long Beach. The club’s objective is to keep its members physically fit and put on boxing bouts. Jimmie Gleason is also going in for raising and training polo ponies.

Like most men who remain more or less cooped up in town, the yearning for ranches appears to be the height of desire for the picture makers. Take the case of Fred Kohler. Fred had no thought of augmenting his earnings from the screen when he bought a ranch in the San Fernando valley.

He planted fruit trees and a vegetable garden, and bought live stock, simply because he enjoyed the rôle of farmer. Soon, however, there was a surplus of vegetables, milk, fruit, and other products which George, the hired man, sold in the Hollywood markets. From this it was but a step to engaging ranch hands and going after the money. Kohler is now breeding thoroughbred cattle.

Clarence Badger, director, had a similar experience. He bought a ranch in Owens Valley for use as a week-end retreat. But when he saw how his neighbors were making money on turkeys, he went in for turkeys, too. Now he’s a regular turkey Colossus.

Then there’s William Janney’s chicken farm near Arcadia, California, about fifteen miles from Hollywood. Right after William started work in “Coutette,” with Mary Pickford, he began putting his spare money in the bank. When the nurse who had cared for him as a baby came out from New York, they decided to go into business together. They bought two acres of ground in a celebrated poultry district and stocked it with 2,000 hens. A handsome profit was returned last year.

“We’re not doing so well right now,” William says. “So many hotels, restaurants, and bakeries use eggs from China, the business has been hit somewhat. Cold-storage eggs bought ahead to beat the tariff made our market sag.”

And this from a movie actor! Where are those yearnings for soulful art? The idea of an actor with a box of eggs under his arm, instead of "Peer Gynt!"

Young Janney expects to retain the ranch and enlarge it so that when the end in pictures is reached, he will have a paying business in hand.

Director William Beaudine bought an auto laundry and engaged a man to operate it. He says the return is greater than the return on his stocks and bonds, in proportion to the amount invested.

Raymond McKeen has made a small fortune from his "Zulu Hut," a roadside restaurant just outside the city. His patrons eat without knives, forks, or spoons. Small sticks are the only table utensils. [Continued on page 116]
ALONG CAME YOUTH

The old-time stars, with years and temperament, who demanded and got more bowing and scraping than royalty, toppled from their pedestals with the coming of realistic talkies and manageable young players.

By Everett Blagden

A RED glow is seen in the sky. The Valhalla of the stars is about to go up in smoke and flames. Whether the stars are awaiting their doom as grandly and majestically as would the gods of the Norse sagas is a matter for thought.

There was quite an upheaval with the coming of the talkies, and things will never be the same again. Some believe that those stars absent from the screen will soon be reinstated. This is merely an optimistic rumor. The old régime is dead: the new order occupies the cinema halls.

"The talkies are to blame!" the stars screech as one by one they drop from the heights.

"I can talk as well as the best of them, if they'd let me."

This last statement is sadly true. Many of the stars have talked themselves out of jobs. But as for the talkies being to blame for the present low-tide mark in stardom—well, read on.

The coming of talkies only hurried the downfall of the stars. Had there been no talkies, the stars would have vanished anyway.

The truth is, the star system has been on the wane since 1927. The talkies scattered stellar lights hither and yon, just as the late war knocked royalty off its throne, a little while before its natural date of collapse.

Many nations—in fact, most—are getting along quite nicely without kings. And new talkies reap applause without the stars of old. A people's homage to a king, a public's adulation of a star, are fickle things. Each is likely to drop at the slightest turn.

It's an old, but true, saying that history repeats itself. Motion pictures reflect the actions of humanity. Therefore pictures and players can hardly escape the ups and downs suffered by the rest of the world.

The coming of inventions killed the romance and glamour of medieval times, causing gallant knights to stop riding on quests for their "ladies fairy."

Kings were one by one dethroned for reasons similar to those that are sending stars into exile. In bygone days it was awe-inspiring to see a big muscular king riding with his men, banners flying, sunlight glittering on helmets, breastplates, and spears.

Before newspapers and trains—and movies—people outside the capital never saw royalty. To the majority a king was a mythical creature—a demigod. The coming of even the bicycle knocked a king's divinity west of the royal water tower.

People soon realized that kings were merely ordinary men. So, too, did they realize this about the stars.

From 1920 to 1927 stardom was at its height. One beheld these dream people in a vision. They were not worldly creatures, but phantoms made of dream dust.
Thus far talkies have harmed the stars—just as mechanical inventions shattered the glamour of olden days. Most of the stars who are no longer on the screen cannot blame the talkies for their absence.

It is said that Corinne Griffith's voice was not good for talkies and unsuited to the parts she played. It should be recalled that Miss Griffith's silent pictures were very, very mediocre affairs. It may be unkind to say so, but during the five years of her stardom she made only one good picture—"Classified."

Her contract with First National had still a long while to go. Roles had to be given her, for she was receiving a big salary. Her contract expired some time ago and was not renewed. So la Griffith cannot blame the talkies.

Colleen Moore is another whose films were on the wane before talkies arrived. A clever actress of her own particular type, Colleen won a large following. But she was eventually superseded by Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, and several others.

Her two talkies showed Miss Moore to be as entertaining as she was in her silent days. But the fact remains that her reign as a star was practically over when the talkies came in. Her last silent pictures were by no means knock-outs.

Billie Dove will return to the screen, and ought to, for few are as beautiful as she. But Billie's last film for First National was not a star's picture. Miss Dove's silent pictures were very saccharine, and it is scarcely believable that she would have remained a star much longer. Like the others, she is equipped to play in talkies, but hardly as the chief figure in the show.

Stardom went downhill with the exit of Pola Negri. When not at her chateau, Madame la princesse resides in her Paris apartment, in the Rue Pressbourg. There she graciously receives representatives of the press on certain occasions—her Russian secretary, Olga Schulgin, guiding and prompting the caller.

Such glamour and bowing and scraping belonged to the dear, dead, silent era of the movies. That is how the screen overshadowed the stage in popularity for a time.

Imagine Frank Albertson trying to create an aura of glamour about himself.
Another great rôle—another blazing triumph for the winner of the 1930 Best Performance Award

Norma Shearer

in

Strangers May Kiss

This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.

She faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love.... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with Robert Montgomery
Neil Hamilton Marjorie Rambeau and Irene Rich
Directed by George Fitzmaurice

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.

Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.
"More Power To You, Angel Face"

That was the message that the folks back in the hills of West Virginia sent to Jo, the beautiful girl dancer who was taking Broadway by storm. Very justly they were proud of Jo's sensational success, but there were sorrow and bitter tragedy as well beneath the gay surface of Jo's existence. And even while she danced her way to triumph, she was under the spell of a great love.

Here is a story which takes you behind the scenes of New York's night life and gives you a true insight into the colorful characters of those who live it. You will enjoy every page of

Angel Face

By Vivian Grey

This is one of a list of magnificently written love stories published by CHELSEA HOUSE, one of the oldest and best-established concerns in America. It has never before appeared between book covers, and it belongs to-day upon your library shelf. Ask your dealer for "ANGEL FACE," or for the full list of CHELSEA HOUSE love stories, write to

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THE PARTING OF WAYS
Just yesterday I hung upon the wall
Her picture in a dozen charming poses,
There on the bureau set the best of all,
And framed her lovely face with burning roses.

I read her book on Hollywoodian fun,
Her precious photo in my watch I carried,
And now with all the decoration done,
The papers say my favorite star has married!

Maurice V. Bochicchio.

TO GRETA
You are so tall, so very fair, it seems
You are not mortal, but of goddess kin,
Having a strange divinity within
That brings men romance and the breath of dreams.
The mystery your eyes are mistress of
Is blent of wisdom and of nameless pain;
And when you smile, that Helen lives again
For whom a million died, and dared not love.

Your move, and every gesture is an ode
To utter loneliness in womankind:
You walk alone, yet somehow seem to find
A swift content to share your silent road.
Your face is white and luminous: just so
The magic breath of moonlight over snow.

Mary S. Hawling.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS
There's not much left of me;
I'm bruised as I can be—
I got this way, you see,
Collecting souvenirs.

The stub of a cigar,
One fender off a car—
'Twas from my favorite star
I yanked these souvenirs.

This bit of hair so red,
I snatched from out his head—
My dear, the things he said
Are not for publication!

My face is mashed and flat,
But what's a thing like that?
Here's Buddy Rogers' hat
Among my souvenirs!

Barbara Barry.

OIL AND WATER
Laconic, handsome, shrewd, but sweet,
Clever, powerful, no deceit.
Please, Garbo, play with Clara Bow,
And teach her what she ought to know!

Cynthia Couza.

HEARTBREAK
Tragedy has stalked among us;
Lovely youth been desecrated.
How, by all the gods above us,
Could such crime be perpetrated?

Not a flood, nor yet a famine,
Fills our souls with such regret.
Heads are bowed and hearts are heavy—
Buddy smoked a cigarette!

Barbara Barry.

APPRECIATION
A change from flabby types and frilly,
Relieving, though, is Beatrice Lillie.
And of Kay Francis, all we'll say
Is she's right there and all Oh, Kay!

Cynthia Couza.

AH!
Still—
Like a deep, reflective forest pool,
Classic—
As a Grecian temple,
Wild—
As the snowy crags of Sweden,
Beautiful—
As the genius you possess;
A complete soul—Greta Garbo!

Richard Lester.

RECOMMENDATIONS
Testimonials to Elissa Landi,
Whose name in jingles is just dandy:—
Says la Glyn, the big "It" authority,
Her personality is in majority.
The stars, the moon, and the tides
Are in her eyes, an artist confides.
An author reads sadness, gladness,
Some madness, and a bit of badness.
Landi is a symphony in emotion,
A composer puts his devotion.
Well, maybe so; but this old fan
Will see her act, then rave—or pan.

Lee Smith.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST
The boy friend raved of Garbo's charms
Till I, just to surprise him,
Recalled to mind the many tricks
That seemed to tantalize him.

I gazed at him through half-closed eyes,
And spoke with accent thick.
He stared, wide-eyed, then muttered:
"What's the matter—are ya sick?"

Barbara Barry.
Annabelle got home just five minutes before Miss Wakefield did, and was busily autographing pictures when that lady swept in, magnificently in one of the creations she had bought in New York, and furious because the woman who described the gowns of the celebrities at the picture openings hadn't done justice to her.

"Just think—she cut mine short to tell what Anita Page was wearing!" she exclaimed. "Of course, Anita's a dear little thing; but after all, with my money, I have the right to everything. I'm much better known!"

Annabelle smiled, recalling that in her home town everybody knew who Anita Page was and went to see her films, while Caroline Wakefield couldn't draw a soul to the theater, unless some young, pretty girl was in the picture.

"I see that you have the proper spirit about your work," Caroline went on. "Have you been at it all evening?"

Annabelle wanted to lie but couldn't.

"I went out for a while with Dennis Lindsay," she said, timidly, expecting to be scolded.

"Oh, you did?" exclaimed Caroline, with a frown. But then, surprisingly, she smiled. "Isn't that pathetic, his wanting to be with you, since he couldn't be with me?" she continued. "I don't see what I can do about him; he'll just have to realize how hopeless his passion is. You might have let him wait to see me just for a minute, though. I don't want to be cruel to him—not till this picture's done."

Annabelle turned her head, unable to control the smile that was evoked by her remembrance of Dennis's remarks. He had gone to some pains to tell her just what he thought of her employer.

She worked happily for the next few weeks, almost forgetting her fears. Lindsay had less time, now that he was working, but made occasional opportunities to take her out. Miss Wakefield was more temperamental than ever. She was fighting at the studio with the star of the picture, a foe worthy of her steel.

But she had moments of being extravagantly generous. Annabelle began to acquire things—half bottles of expensive perfume, a lovely vanity case, some frocks which Miss Wakefield's maid cleverly remodeled for her.

She began to know her way about Hollywood, and to feel that she belonged there. Sometimes she wondered if this girl she had become, whose name was Anna Johns, whose face had grown really pretty, whose clothes were smart, was the Annabelle St. John who had wandered about New York, wretched, poor, frightened because starvation scared her in the face.

She had sat in one of Miss Wakefield's cars, outside the studio, waiting for her, but she had never gone inside. Waiting there, she would look at the really beautiful girls who came out at the end of the day, wondering how they got along, hoping that she would never be thrown on her own as they were.

Many of them were pathetically shabby, but they drove away in their rattletrap cars, laughing, gay, or wisecracked with each other as they waited for busses. What kept them going?—Annabelle asked herself. What glowing hope of success could possibly be strong enough to compensate them for the discomforts they must endure?

One day Miss Wakefield telephoned for some make-up which had been delivered to her at home, and which the maid had forgotten to take to the studio. Annabelle must bring it immediately.

Thrilled, Annabelle powdered her face, touched her eyelashes and brows with mascara, and departed. At last she was to see what a studio really looked like!

Miss Wakefield was on the set, she was told. After some difficulty she was allowed to go in, and she tiptoed past a huge set, shivering with delight when she caught a glimpse of Richard Arlen, who had been lent to the company, yearning for a look at other famous folk.

A man was talking with Miss Wakefield when Annabelle finally found her. Some lights were being adjusted, and there was no need for silence.

"Well, they've had so many stories about you that there's nothing new I can put over," he was saying. Then, glancing at Annabelle, "Say, who's this?"

"My secretary," answered Caroline, not bothering to introduce her.

"Secretary nothing!" he exclaimed, staring at Annabelle. "She's your new protectée? That's always a good yarn; people fall for it every time. You discovered her in a store or somewhere, and saw at once that she ought to go into pictures. Say, turn that way," grasping Annabelle by the shoulder, "turning her around. "Looks enough like Norma Shearer to be her sister! We'll get 'em to stick her into this picture and I'll send stuff to all the papers—"

Annabelle drew back, trembling, her face white with fear.

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" she cried, all her horror returning. "I—I'm just Miss Wakefield's secretary."

I really don't want to go into the movies!"

They paid no attention to her objections. Caroline Wakefield was looking at her thoughtfully as the publicity man talked on and on.

"You're so kind-hearted, see?" he was saying. "You want to help others, now that you're rich and famous. You remember how you fought and struggled along, alone, for years and years—"

Miss Wakefield glared at him.

"I made a hit at once!" she exclaimed. "I always had plenty of money. I just went on the stage because society bored me!"

"Sure, sure," he agreed hastily, with a warning glance at Dennis Lindsay, who had sauntered over when she saw Annabelle, and was openly enjoying the scene. "But this makes a better story. You want to help this girl, so you give her a chance in your picture. We'll give her a bit to do, just enough so that people can really see that she's there, photograph her with you, and—"

"I won't do it!" cried Annabelle, on the verge of tears.

"You'll do exactly as I say," Caroline exclaimed, needing just this opposition to urge her into accepting the scheme. She stamped her foot imperiously. "Go to my dressing room and have Suzanne make you up and then come straight back here. We've got to take that last scene over, and there are some girls in it, sitting at a corner table having tea; you can be one of them."

"And the girl who loses her chance to play the bit you get will be delighted!" commented Dennis sarcastically, and then, to Annabelle. "So you're going into pictures after all."

Annabelle caught his arm, as if for support.

"I am not!" she cried vehemently. "I won't do it."

"Good for you!" he said softly.

But Annabelle was already running across the studio toward the nearest door.

She hurried out to the car.

"Drive home as fast as you can!" she ordered the chauffeur, to his disgust. He had taken the job because it took him to the studio, and had been posing beside the limousine, hoping some one would see him and feel that he was just the man for a good role.

At home, Annabelle threw her clothes into her suitcases and scribbled a note to Miss Wakefield.

"I can't let any one manage my life," she wrote. That seemed better than saying she was leaving because she didn't want to go into the movies. Miss Wakefield would surely be sus-
Barbara Stanwyck

EXTREME naturalness and appealing womanliness—these are the qualities that have skyrocketed Barbara Stanwyck to great popularity in a short time. They were most evident in those two hits, "Ladies of Leisure" and "Illicit," and you will find all her charm in her forthcoming "Night Nurse."
The Movie Runaround

Continued from page 92

picious of any one who said that.

"The week's salary that you owe me will help pay for the clothes you bought me in New York, and I'll finish paying for them as soon as I can. Thank you for your many kind-

esses."

Then she took her bags and slipped out of the house not at all sure how she was going to earn a living, fear-
ful that Miss Wakefield might try to find her, but relieved at being able to escape for the present at least.

She went to Crotona. Miss Wake-
field never glanced out of the car as she passed it, and it was the only place Annabelle knew of where she could live cheaply for a little while. Soon she would get work, and go somewhere else.

She had saved her salary, although there had been many inroads on it. Miss Wakefield was always discover-
ing, when they were out together, that she hadn't money for tips or a tele-
gram or stamps, and never said any-
thing about returning what she bor-
rowed. But Annabelle had fifty-four dollars. To her that seemed a lot of money.

At Crotona she got a room, a little bare cell of a room with walls so thin that a medley of voices and ra-
dios filtered into it. But outside the tiny high window were sky and trees, and when she looked out—she forgot how cramped the quarters were.

Early the next morning she went out in search of work. Not in Holly-
wood, but in Los Angeles, where surely there would be many places where stenographers were wanted, places that had nothing to do with the motion-picture world, which so thrilled and frightened her.

There were plenty of such places. She found, but nowhere was there an opening for her. Too many girls had come out to California in search of careers on the screen, only to find that there was no room in the stu-
dios for them. Too many others had come, with members of their families who had to live in a warm climate, or because they themselves liked it, girls who had a little money and wanted to earn more.

Day after day Annabelle trudged from one store or office to another, or haunted the employment agencies. It was even worse than New York. No matter how hard she tried to save, no matter how little she ate, her money vanished at an alarming rate. She allowed herself only one luxury—the New York newspapers.

She was almost afraid to open each one. Sometimes she almost wished that she would be found—at least this ghastly suspense would be over then. She began to wonder, as she had wondered in New York, what people did when they didn't have a cent, or anything to eat. Surely they didn't just sit in the street and starve.

She had only two dollars left when she started out, early one morning, to find herself leaving just beside a girl whom she had noticed before. The girl smiled.

"Working?" she asked. "It's swell to have a call after these hard times, isn't it?"

"No, I'm not working," Annabelle answered. "Wish I were."

The girl's brown eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Then why aren't you sticking around here, so's if somebody phones for you you'll know it?" she asked.

"Oh, you meant was I working in pictures, didn't you?" Annabelle an-

swered. "I'm not in movies. I'm a stenographer."

"Well then, listen," and the girl clasped her arm. "We got a call, my girl friend and I, this morning, but she's too sick to go out. Why don't you take her place? They don't know her at this studio, and she'll be glad to have you do it: doesn't want to get a rep for not showing up. You'd get the money—it'll all be O. K."

Annabelle hesitated at the magic word "money." But she shook her head.

"I can't," she said. "I—my family would make me come home if they saw me in a picture."

The girl laughed derisively.

"Don't you worry," she exclaimed.

"They'll never see you; you'll be lost in the crowd."

Annabelle paused; did she dare go? She needed money so desperately—
and if she really wouldn't be seen in the film—"

"All right. I'll go," she said quickly, afraid that if she thought it over longer she would change her mind.

Only last night she had read that a relative of Stewart Hill's was de-
manding the renewed search be made for him, and her own description had been printed again. Well, she'd just have to take a chance.

It was rather fun, getting her make-up on, and going out to the set. She hadn't realized how thrilling it would be to have the lights on, and the camera beginning to grind, knowing that she would be photo-

graphed in that scene, even though

there were so many others in it that she wasn't noticed. She was almost sorry when the day's work was over; there was something so exhilarating about it. She couldn't see how any one could feel that that was work!

They had to go back for a retake, a few days later. Annabelle felt rather timid about it, yet it was like playing with fire. There was a rumor that Hill had been seen buying a ticket to the east, the papers said.

"If they find me, probably they'll say I'm a movie star!" she reflected

ironically, as she put on her make-up in a room full of other girls.

She took her place beside May, who was trying to edge forward to the front of the crowd. It was a dance-hall scene that was being shot, and May hoped to be noticed, as did the three hundred other extras.

There was some delay. New busi-
ness had been introduced by the di-
rector, an irascible man who yelled and stamped about, while the casting director brought forward six girls for his inspection.

"They won't do, I tell you," the director bellowed. "They've been in pictures since I started—"

"Impossible—one of 'em is only sixteen," the casting director cut in.

"It's just a bit, chief—"

"But in my pictures even bits are important!" the director howled.

"People get tired of seeing the same girls over and over again. Besides, this part calls for a girl who's sweet and shy, and these dames are as hard-

 boiled as Marie Dressler, in 'Min and Bill.' Look at that blonde—she doesn't know what 'shy' means; thinks it's being shy of cash, probably!

"Why, I could pick a dozen girls from this mob—"

He paused, cast his eyes over the crowd of extras.

"That one—and that one—come up here, you!" The two girls started forward as if jerked by invisible wires. "No, stay where you are!" he bawled, and they sank back into their chairs. "You"—to Annabelle—

"come here!"

Annabelle clung to the table.

"No, I can't!" she gasped.

"Come along," he yelled, taking a step forward. "See"—to the casting
director—"she's sweet, shy, meek. That's what I want. You go along and get your costume," he told her.

"And change that make-up; it's too heavy. You're the type I want—I'll develop this bit and give you a real chance. I'll show whether I know types or not!"

He gave her a little push, and An-
nabelle stumbled forward. The cast-
ing director hurried over to her.

"Here, this way," he said. "I'll take you to the wardrobe woman. We'll have to hurry—can't hold up the picture. This is a lucky chance for you, kid; you'll be right up front. He's mad enough to let you hog the scene."

Annabelle could not speak. She was in for it now! Oh, well, if some one in the East did recognize her, at

Continued on page 115
BLITHELY going from one film to another, Loretta Young continues to build a reputation for clever, appealing, and natural performances. No matter what the estimate of a picture is, she is always a charming, refreshing heroine whose youth somehow conveys a girlish dignity and poise that sets Loretta apart. See her in "Big Business Girl" and you'll know what we mean.

LORETTA YOUNG
of the pains expended on it rather than for any terror it evokes. Groans, squealing rats and strange cries from bats as big as eagles add eeriness to the goings on of Dracula, one of whose victims goes mad and dines off flies and spiders for their blood. There is also a girl who is abducted by Dracula for a lasting meal. Her rescue from his clutches constitutes the pseudo-love interest of the piece and whatever suspense the spectator can muster up.

Now all this is cleverly managed, but the result is one to pique curiosity as to Dracula's next move rather than to awaken any interest or sympathy for his victims, or the efforts of those who strive to put an end to his unholy appetite. However, of all the mystery melodramas this probably is the best because it is more outlandish than the others.

Bela Lugosi, of the stage, plays the title role. He doesn't suggest a corpse, but an actor who thoroughly enjoys having a baby spotlight on his eyes to show how much he can do with them. Helen Chandler, the heroine, indicates that she hasn't much blood to spare, but she chirrups bravely in spite of it, and David Manners is her rescuing sweetheart.

“The Gang Buster”

If you have reached the point where you can see the ridiculous in gangster films, then you have a nice treat coming to you in Jack Oakie's travesty on the underworld. It is highly amusing, its only fault being that after you've laughed for quite a while you are suddenly asked to take things seriously and share the terror and suspense of the hero and heroine. If you can switch your viewpoint at a moment's notice, then you'll enjoy this film all the more.

Mr. Oakie is a sap insurance salesman who falls in love with the daughter of a prospect, and when the girl is kidnapped by underworld enemies of her father, Mr. Oakie undertakes her rescue. He blunders into all manner of sinister situations, but pulls through unscathed due to his combination of stupidity and freshness. For example, when he strides into the den of the kidnapper and tells the villain that he'll get himself arrested for abducting the girl. A lively picture, with plenty of gags and constant movement.

Mr. Oakie is, of course, ideally cast, and William (Stage) Boyd is great as the heavy as he always is. Jean Arthur's intelligence again is evident in her playing of the girl, and a newcomer, Wynne Gibson, is appealing and clever as Mr. Boyd's discarded sweetheart. She is some one to look for in her next picture, "Gentlemen of the Streets."

“Scandal Sheet.”

George Bancroft contributes another excellent melodrama as his farewell to Paramount. And Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Gilbert Emery, Lucien Littlefield, and Regis Toomey cooperate whole-heartedly to give the big boy a swell send-off.

It is a newspaper story, more accurately written and produced than usual, with Mr. Bancroft the merciless editor of a sensational rag who scrupules at nothing to publish the news. Thus we see him calmly ruining a worthy family for the sake of a paragraph. Meanwhile the editor's domestic life is reaching a crisis of which he knows nothing. When he discovers that his wife is unfaithful and his own reporters have photographed her in compromising circumstances, the question is how will hard-boiled Mark Flint treat the news? The picture answers this question satisfactorily enough, but it is the superlative acting of the players as the film unravels that leaves the spectator with something to think about rather than the end of Flint.

Mr. Bancroft is capital in all the moods and phases of the unsympathetic character. Hesitating at nothing in the line of duty, he likewise refuses to allow the character to play for sly sympathy. His love for his wife stands as his sole bid for compassion. This restraint is admirable. Miss Francis is perfect as the wife, always intelligent and always superior to the usual reactions of a wife in love with another man. She makes the character mental. So also does Mr. Brook make the man who is nominally the villain. It is one of the best examples of his reticence. The same can be said, in different terms, of all the others.

“Bright Lights.”

Here is a curiosity, a reminder of the dear, dead days that we thought beyond recall. For this is a back-stage melodrama in Technicolor, with an elaborately costumed chorus in intricate maneuvers that cause one to speculate on the vintage of the picture. Every one works hard to put it over and they succeed up to a certain point, but the most charitable judge cannot give a favorable verdict to a pretentious, flimsy picture.

It seems that Louanne, a revue queen, is about to marry a millionaire though she loves, without admitting it, Wally Dean, her partner who has helped her along her uncertain career. When she is interviewed by reporters in her dressing room certain high lights of her professional past are visualized while she tells an amusingly false story. One of her incarnations shows her performing in a South African dive and repulsing Noah Beery. Naturally, being Mr. Beery, he turns up on the night of her Broadway triumph and renewes his attentions. There's a shooting, a back-stage trial and the fiancé's discovery that Louanne loves Wally Dean. There you have it all.

Dorothy Mackaill is Louanne, wearing most of her costume on her head, and Frank Fay is Wally. Eddie Nugent, Daphne Pollard, Tom Dugan, Inez Courtney, and Phillip Strange are others, with a glimpse of James Murray to remind one what a fine actor has been lost to the screen.

“Stolen Heaven.”

Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes, leaders of the ne plus ultras, are in no artistic or box-office heaven in their latest partnership. This is not casually published, for something like tears holds back the presses. But truth must be told and it needn't be held against Miss Carroll and Mr. Holmes. One has only to recall past performances to hold them blameless. But their present alliance misses fire. Beginning with a dramatic situation, the story peters out and at the end one has an unpleasant feeling that either the actors or the director made up speeches at the last moment. Indecision and confusion result and the pronounced talent of the stars is obscured in the cloud darkening the Florida moon where the final scenes take place. In the beginning, however, all goes well.

Miss Carroll, a streetwalker, befriends Mr. Holmes and takes him to her room, there to discover that he is a criminal wanted by the police. She saves him from the law and with his $20,000 plunder they go to Florida for a fling, agreeing to kill themselves when funds are exhausted. Now if you know your romance you are prepared to learn that love works a miracle. There's another miracle, too. The pair speak the lingo of the streets at the beginning, with "gonna" and "gotta" "whatcha," but no sooner are Tuxedo and spangles donned than they talk like stars of tea-table drama. The cultural influence of clothes has never been so advertised.

In Florida they get into a jam with an adventurer who stakes $20,000 on winning Miss Carroll, the police appear to arrest them and the pseudo-villain saves them. But the hero and heroine decide to play safe with censorship and take their punishment. Louis Calhern, of the stage, is the other man.

Continued on page 115
Margaret Livingston

Gayest of the gay, kind-hearted, generous, thoughtful of others—this is Margaret Livingston as she is to Hollywood. But the screen knows her as a fetching trouble-maker, the menace to many a wife. She's at her best in "The Lady Refuses."
They Say in New York——

Audiences may not care so long as a good actor has the rôle, but it means a lot to the newspaper editor around whom the part was written. Instead of slinking moodily out of his quarters at the Ritz, he now sports a gardenia and a dapper air. After all, even if the picture shows him up cruelly in other ways, it is something to have Menjou chosen as just your type.

Warner Brothers are more intent on making the managing editor of their newspaper production, “Five Star Final,” the accepted type, for they have chosen Edward G. Robinson, of gangster rôle fame, for the part.

The Show Must Go On.

As part of the general hullabaloo surrounding the opening of “Cimarron” in Washington, Wesley Ruggles, Richard Dix, and Estelle Taylor were invited to the White House. From all accounts, Wesley Ruggles bore up bravely, even though Peggy Joyce was not included in the invitation.

But Richard Dix was suffering torments from toothache and a swollen jaw, and Estelle Taylor had to tear

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LIKE many another charming girl who weary
of the tedium of "nice" roles, Marguerite
Churchill is beginning to change just a little.
In the picture, right, she gives us a sample of
her ability to reveal an unsuspected lure as
well as the figure of a sinuous vamp. But it
is doubtful if she will play such parts on the
screen, for her cool charm and cultured voice
are assets too valuable to adulterate with
vampishness.
The Crowded Hour

Ralf Harold. Juvenile character heavy hopefully exploited by his press agent as a coming Valintino, it being pointed out that both started in as heavies and both are dark. "Dixiana," "Frame," "Check and Double Check," "Hook, Line, and Singer." Fills a certain demand, but the Valintino stuff is out.

Rita La Roy was signed by KRO who had hopes of developing her into the sophisticated type that seems to be so much in demand. She was in "Three Little Diggers," "Duchess," "The Midnight Mystery," "The Conspiracy," "Sin Takes a Holiday," and was given the lead in "Gold Diggers of Hollywood," in which she plays her first lead and also makes her first appearance as a "good girl." A little tall for popular favor, but knows how to wear clothes. Her acting ability won't cause any one any worry.

Edna May Oliver is one of those gals like Blanche Friderici who knows how to read sour lines in a way to make you laugh. "The Saturday Night Kid," "Soup to Nuts," "Half-shot at Sunrise," "Cimarron," and "Assorted Nuts." Coming right along and can stay as long as she likes.

Norman Foster, besides his ability as an actor, has the glamorous Claudette Colbert for a wife. They made their initial appearance before a camera together in "Young Man of Manhattan." He followed with "Gentlemen of the Press," "No Limit," "It Pays to Advertise," and "Among the Married." Still under contract to Paramount and going along.

Henry Wadsworth is a juvenile who received splendid notices for his work as the sailor in "Applause," opposite Joan Peers. Signed by Paramount and brought West, he appeared in "Slightly Scarlet." Returned to New York and scored again as the wastrel brother in "Fast and Loose." A fine juvenile whose lack of height is against him.

Bramwell Fletcher, placed under contract by Samuel Goldwyn, has made but three pictures, "Raffles," "So This Is London," and "Men of the Sky." Should do well if he can get enough work to keep him busy between the Goldwyn productions.

John Halliday. "Father's Son," "Captain Applejack," "Recaptured Love," "Scarlet Pages," and "All Women Are Bad." Capable leading man developing draw among producers to play opposite older stars. Just when he was becoming established he had a breakdown and has gone abroad for six months to re-

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"BROOKSY'S" back! So the tidings spread over Hollywood when Louise Brooks returned after a long absence abroad, where she made several pictures in Germany. Her cynical wit, chic clothes, and worldly bearing struck a new note in the colony and soon the fans got wind of her comeback in "It Pays to Advertise." Though the part was small, it led to a better one, "God's Gift to Women," so Brooksy is with us to stay.
Information, PLEASE

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

MISSt VIOLET STOKES and Miss VIOLET WHITE.—Just a couple of shy violets! I'm answering your two letters together to suggest that you and other Oracle readers with the urge to write letters should try correspondence with some of the writers in "What the Fans Thinks." In other words, the old Oracle is threatening to become a correspondence bureau with no space left to answer questions. And that, boys and girls, just can't go on!

Violet White.—Gibla Gray's gilding is becoming a little thin these days; she seems to be leading quite a private life. She was born October 24, 1897, and is divorced from Galliard Boag. Alice White has no contract at present. She was born July 25, 1907.

A Betty Compson Fan.—See above. Alice Terry is living abroad with her husband, Rex Ingram, and has made no pictures since "Three Passions" two years ago. Alice was born in 1896. Vera Reynolds was born November 25, 1907. She plays only in occasional pictures—none since "Borrowed Wives," released last October. Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't give her age. She has been off the screen for two years due to illness. Mae Murray is about to try a come-back in RKO's "Bachelors' Apartment." Mae is thirty-eight years old. Joyce Compton is twenty-four; her next film is "Three Girls Lost." Marie Prevost is thirty-two; she is now working in "It's a Wise Child." Norma Talmadge gives her age as thirty-four. She expects to play on the stage in Los Angeles in "The Greeks Had a Word For It"; after the stage run, she will make a film of the play. Margaret Livingston is twenty-eight, Betty Compson thirty-four. Their next pictures have not been announced.

L. M. R. II.—Just a bowl of alphabet soup, with all those initials! Lew Ayres was born on December 28, 1908. He has a half brother and a half sister. Lew's next film is "Fires of Youth." Phillips Holmes is twenty-three, Frank Albertson two years younger. I am told that Frank is married, but I don't know to whom.

Lillian Roth is now in vaudeville; her film contract was not renewed. Lillian is twenty.

R. C. A. M.—"The Lady Lies" was a stage play, by John Meehan.

Ruth.—Three cheers for you, Ruth! It's a big day for me when some one realizes that it takes several months to see an answer in print. Ruth Chatterton uses her real name; no, she has no children. Robert Ames was the leading man in "Holiday." Elaine and Helen Ferguson are not related. So far as I have ever heard, Helene Chadwick used her real name on the screen. I've no idea how one could reach her as she rarely plays in pictures. The William Wellman you mention is her ex-husband. Winnie Lightner was born September 17, 1904, and is about five feet four.

Molly, Alias Mouse.—Why alias mouse? Because you don't stir on Christmas Eve, or because you go creeping around? Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is six feet tall and weighs 160. His wife's name was Elizabeth Allen; their daughter was born last October, and has been named Martha-Bryan. It's tough luck that he can't get any of his short stories published, but it's quite possible, you know, that his stories are not very good. To join his fan club, write to Jesse Jackson, Jr., 485 Wabash Avenue, Apartment 10, Atlanta, Georgia.

Mary Baye.—It's just a pain in my pride when some one asks a question and I don't know the answer. But there is no way of my finding out about the various players in foreign films that are released in this country. "Sous Les Toits de Paris" was made in France by Tobis Productions, the address of which I do not know. Perhaps some foreign reader would tell me and also write me something about Albert Prejean. I have never heard of this actor except in connection with this film. It is true that Frederic March is of German descent; his real name is Bickel. It is also true that Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn, New York, but he was taken back to Germany, his parents' country, as a baby, and has only recently learned to speak any English at all.

Peggy Codd.—I am just as resentful as you are that Dick Arlen has been relegated to Westerns, but anything a film company does can be blamed on the great god box office. Evidently Dick makes more money for them in Westerns than in other pictures. And I hate to confess it, but Gary Cooper is more popular than Dick as an actor. Dick and Jobyna have no children.

Lowell Sherman Fan.—Well, of all the hard tasks—asking me to check up on the truth of one of Walter Winchell's statements is just about as hard as they come. He finds out things—true or untrue—before the people they concern know it themselves. If RKO is "plotting a flicker" with Lowell and Pauline Garon opposite each other, they haven't revealed the plot. They played together in "Satan in Sables," Helen Costello, the unknown, may have played a bit unlisted in the cast. Dolores is several years older than Helene. Leslie Fenton is not married. Evelyn Booth was once on the stage, I think; so far as I know she is still alive. Directors have much to say in choosing their casts, though of course they are often assigned to direct a certain star's film.

Dengle Phillips.—Your home state of Georgia is not what it used to be as a birthplace of screen stars. Ben Lyon from Atlanta is the only current star from Georgia. But if you're a movie fan from way back, you'll remember Louise Huff from Columbus, Walter Hiers from Cordele, Fritzi Brunette from Savannah, and May Allison who wasn't a city girl.

M. S.—You're breaking my heart, asking how you can get into movies, because two out of three men, women, and children in the country would like to do just that! The best way now is to become successful first on the stage. Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1904. His next film has not been decided on.

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GLORIA SWANSON

The storm and stress of an eventful career take nothing of Gloria Swanson's determination and enterprise from her. No matter what obstacle stands in the way, she surmounts it. No matter what reverses come to her, she survives without loss of brilliance or inherent talent. She is truly a remarkable woman who would have succeeded in any profession by sheer mental force, for she knows not the word "fail."

Here she is seen in glimpses from her new picture, "Indiscreet," in which she seeks to protect her young sister from the attentions of a raunter with whom she herself has been intimate. But in disillusioning and saving her sister she jeopardizes her own romance. Barbara Kent is the sister, Monroe Owsley the profligate, and Ben Lyon is the hero.
heding young wings that long to fly, that need to fly.

“...looking myself into success has been my dominant desire since childhood. I loved the Tennessee hills, adored tomboying with my two brothers, and, riding, but one can absorb Jellico very thoroughly in sixteen years.”

Expressive eyebrows were lifted. “At that age, I decamped from Ward-Belmont College. It would have ‘finished’ me—pressed me as flat as a pancake. A rebellion fomented into a sudden decision to walk out, which I did in, if you will notice, my customary mincing—or—stride.”

We shared a smile which bordered on a very inellegant grin. Her movements are spontaneous and very direct. If quarters are crowded, there is no fussing with moving chairs to get to the telephone; she merely heaves her firm but pliant self over the impediment in the manner of one taking a fence by a side hurdle.

Her natural grace is unhampered by the slightest gesture of dignity or of affection. It is a joy merely to watch her do things so impulsively, so decisively.

“I started baking with another girl in Greenwich Village, on Tenth Street, before the scene became artistically fashionable. I was eighteen then, an arrogant eighteen. My family frowned.”

These family conferences were re-enacted in her frigid countenance. “I lived on borrowed money, and what a grand feeling was it when eventually I scratched off the last debt. I had done something, at least, that achievement meaning that I had made good to myself.”

“I made the usual rounds of the agents. One producer almost gave me a chance in musical comedy—until he asked me to raise my skirt. ‘I sing with my voice,’ I told him haughtily, ‘not with my legs’—and pranced out.”

“Exactly three years later, in 1923, the producer attended my ‘Music Box’ début and remarked after the show. ‘The day you flopped out of my office, I knew you would amount to something.’ Well, the knowledge was mutual.”

Nine years intervened between her Greenwich Village economies and her motion-picture début, only five of them spent in actual rehearsals or performance, the others in “wishing I were” and studying.

“Singing in a cabaret brought me seventy-five a week, until the manager mistook Wall Street for Coney Island, slid down the stock market and gave us a no-funds remark instead of cash. We girls cooked, washed our clothes, and gave joyously informal parties in our one room.”

“The opera was my distant goal; I read its romance continually. Not until a year had passed did I attend, hearing my first opera at sixteen. Gallery opera? Who? Me?—in the best ‘Big House’ Butch manner.

“Maybe I hadn’t a musical soul—have it your own way—but I went in style. I was afraid that some of the glamour that enthralled opera in my imagination might be shattered, and I wanted it perfect, choosing my star and my opera, the best—Farrar, in ‘Carmen.’

“Besides, I must get as close to the stage as possible. Ten dollars—orchestra—but it was worth it. Every illusion intact, a glorious experience. How very small and humble I felt! ‘My pet hobby is analysis.’ Recurrently she would let her mind amble along in reminiscence. Her quick, concise speech mirrors a parade of thoughts as assertive as twinkling lights.

“I figured that I must select everything in relation to my main purpose. Realizing that we are the product of influences, I cultivated those most profitable. I always have been intensely interested in my own development and the study of reactions. So I groped outward, upward, toward those who could give me something. Not necessarily people in every way superior—for I maintain a healthy respect for myself and my own heritage—but persons who had some quality of character or intellect that I wanted.

“Doubtless my natural pride and the splendid educational advantages given me by my family helped me to take disappointments with true Southern spunk: but the feeling that I am doing something thrills me.”

Three years of one-night stands led her back to New York and Irving Berlin’s “Music Box Revue.” There, and in “Hitchy Koo,” she made a name in the lighter forte, but jeopardized her real career.

“I got into a frightful state of mental lethargy, the futility of being at a standstill. Otto Kahn, patron of the arts, arranged a Metropolitan audition with Gatti-Cassaza. ‘Jazz has ruined your voice,’ he said. ‘Be content with this smaller success.’ I couldn’t.”

She carries on dual conversations, with you and over the phone, without breaking the continuity of either, all the while pantomiming the punishment in store for the caller, if he doesn’t ring off soon.

“What did I say about endurance? Have I forgotten? ‘I’m adding sotto voce. ‘This boy is such a darling. I can’t be abrupt with nice people.”

“The nostalgia finally threatened to get me,” she resumed, “so I walked out, sailing suddenly at midnight. I had to start again for the goal from which I had drifted. A year and a half abroad set me right. Doctor Marafioti, who lived in an apartment on the floor above mine, brought his family to Europe that he might continue my lessons. What that man’s faith has meant! As fast as I progress, by maintaining confidence in me, he shifts my vision still farther ahead.

“Mary Garden, who had become a close friend, was sweet. I rented her apartment in Paris and studied, read, rode, and traveled in southern France and Italy. I began to appreciate contemplation. While I had read a voluminous amount, my thoughts had been mental impulses. I learned then to absorb depths and to color the knowledge I had accumulated with personal considerations and conclusions.

“I made my début at the Opéra Comique. In the audience when I sang ‘Louise’ were Garden, Farrar, Calvé, a dozen prominent figures from the operatic world. They crowded into my dressing room to congratulate me. That was my proudest and happiest moment. Then in 1928, the glory of the Metropolitan warbling ‘Mimi’s pathos’ in ‘Julette’ followed by ‘Faust,’ and ‘Manon.’ Her active ideas persisted despite some essential curtailment, for never was she pressed into conforming entirely with operatic standards.

“I had to make sacrifices. Even I, volcano that I am, hadn’t enough energy for my work and my customary golf and riding. The discipline of that training has been beneficial during these six months of pictures with only one day’s vacation. I apply the same spirit to a new system.”

“Realizing the intimacy of the camera, I started from scratch, in a sense, wiping out operatic mannerisms, anxious to learn, though the acting technique I had acquired crept in, warming everything. I shall endeavor to carry back to opera some of this new detail of emotion, to make my singing less stilted and panoramic.”

Following her pleasant record of the Swedish nightingale’s life, “A Lady’s Morals,” she costarred with Lawrence Tibbett, in “New Moon.”

“If I go over, I shall be very happy; if not, I shall be truly sorry for I have tried my best. The previous five pictures was an in- deal of stage fright. I was all nervous chills and cries when they liked me.”

Opera without Airs
Rumors of clashes of temperament amused Tibbett and herself hugely.

"Aha! Enemy!" Striking the pose of a ruffled diva, she would flay Tim with scornful eye.

"Madame's temperature, one observes," he would retort with sweeping bow and icy stare. "is hitting its high C this bright morning."

Then they would both eat tangerines.

"We did not have a single disagreement. I also heard that I had a double for my songs!" she chuckled.

"Things people of consequence say hurt me dreadfully, those whose judgment I respect. But vague talk never disturbs me; I have cultivated assiduously a personal detachment from gossip.

"I would like to divide my year between films and opera, leaving me two months for a vacation in Europe. What's the use of accumulating houses, a habit I have, unless I can enjoy each occasionally?" I stagnate without a sojourn in Paris and at Cannes, where I renew old friendships, lose myself gazingly endlessly in the blue Mediterranean, read and loaf.

"I must sing, too, in Paris. They line up outside to welcome me, and when I leave they bid me an affectionate adieu, reminding me, 'You go to America in the winter, but the spring brings you back to us.' I couldn't live without their love.'

But she canceled her autumn vacation at Cannes to remain in Hollywood and make a French version of "A Lady's Morals," thereby proclaiming her absorption in the movies.

"Some one hearing of my proposed schedule asked, 'What? No provision for romance?' I told him," she laughed gaily, "that romance is recurrent, and everywhere, that I don't apportion love by seasons. Wasn't I a trifle wicked? He didn't seem shocked quite enough—a disappointment, that.

Her cherished dream is to present a screen's "Louise," when the talkie-musical returns to favor. "Styles in opera stars have changed. Garden and Farrar sounded a new note; we younger ones further stress individuality; we are slim, we are actors and personalities as well as singers.

"We go after the human interest, rather than the volume of tone, of figure, or of gesture. We shall humanize opera in the lay mind. Then, perhaps, 'Louise' filmed as a story, retaining just those songs essential to carry the motif."

She will do it some day. And Paris will love it, and Timbuktu and New York—and Jellico.

"Absorbent... to remove dangerous dirt"

That's why Jean Harlow insists on Kleenex to remove cold cream

She made one of the most rapid climbs to stardom in all Hollywood's amazing history! Read her beauty advice to you.

JEAN HARLOW, like other great beauties, stresses the supreme importance of cleanliness.

"Whenever I see Kleenex on a woman's dressing table, I know she understands beauty care. Women who know nothing of the scientific side of beauty often underestimate the importance of strict cleanliness.

"They are still using unhygienic methods of removing cleansing cream and make-up... methods which leave almost as many impurities in the skin as before."

"Too bad everyone doesn't understand about Kleenex!" Miss Harlow concludes.

"These wonderful tissues are so sanitary in themselves, and so absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!"

Towels unabsorbent

"So absorbent to remove dangerous dirt!" The dirt that lurks deep in pores. The dirt in which acne thrives. The dirt which harsh cloths, unabsorbent towels, often slide right over.

This is the dirt Miss Harlow refers to. It's the dirt Kleenex absorbs so quickly. Kleenex blots up cleansing cream, and every particle of grime comes, too. Every invisible fleck of powder. Kleenex is so powerfully absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary.

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Kleenex is rapidly supplanting handkerchiefs for use during colds. It prevents self-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use Kleenex just once, then discard it. Kleenex comes in packages at 25c, 50c and $1. Prices are the same in Canada. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

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Hollywood High Lights

We don't see Mickey often enough these days. And we admit it with a tear in our eye and a catch in our throat. For he is a true merry spirit.

Gossipy Talk Fades.

Maybe now the lives of Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck will proceed in peace. The gossips of Hollywood were forever linking the names of Charlie and Janet, though it must be said that the custom had abated of late. Janet and Charlie occasionally lent color to the report by being seen together at public functions like premiers, although this, too, had become a rare occurrence.

Anyway the gossips would talk on as long as Charlie was unmarried. Now the substance had been taken out of that sort of conversation, because his and Virginia Valli's wedding is the climax of a romance of long duration. Janet was at Palm Springs recuperating from her appendicitis operation when the news of the wedding was received. She promptly sent Charlie a charming message of congratulation.

Clara Good Little Sport.

The only comment worth recording about the Clara Bow-Daisy De Voe squabble at this advanced date is the remark credited to some wit who said that the theme song for the trial of Clara's secretary should have been "Bow-De-Voe-De-Oh."

Clara was harder hit by this trouble than any other, and spent several weeks in seclusion following the verdict against Miss De Voe. The fondness that she entertained for her secretary was apparently much deeper than any one thought.

Clara was herself responsible for retiring temporarily from picture work. Tearfully, one evening at her home she pleaded with the executives to give her time for a rest, expressing the fear that if she didn't obtain it, she might be forced to suspend work in the midst of "City Streets," in which she was replaced by Sylvia Sidney. Clara's next film is "Kick In," which, all things considered, isn't an inappropriate title.

What effect her so-called indiscretions will have on her career will perhaps be best determined when her contract comes up for consideration by Paramount in October. Present reports say her popularity hasn't been damaged a bit.

Too Much Career.

The amazing thing is that the marriage of John Gilbert and Ina Claire lasted as long as it did. By all predictions it should have ended within six or eight weeks after they were married, instead of lasting for nearly two years. The past year, of course, has been stormy, and therefore perhaps cannot be counted as exactly felicitous.

The domestic cyclones in this instance had more to do with temperament and careers than anything else, and the funny thing is the tortures of Mrs. Jack Gilbert—so she was bright-lighted in her early films—now appear to be in the ascendency, while those of Jack are contingent on what happens in his next picture or two.

Ina virtually sizzled into town, and expressed a variety of pithy and peppery views on how Hollywood gossip makes the success of almost any marriage between celebrities impossible. Jack, as is his custom now, remained the sphinx. He hasn't emitted a word or permitted an interview, and Jack's contention is that he won't talk until he has something to talk about.

The Feuds Go On.

Buster Keaton versus Kathleen Key! Something new, this, even in battling Hollywood!

It may be remarked that the season of 1930-31 will go down as the grandest fighting year since the good old days: Buster's and Kathleen's is the first instance during this season of a woman matching her pugilistic prowess publicly with a man. And it evidently took even Buster somewhat by surprise.

Proving his sense of humor did not desert him, Buster put a sign on his dressing room for a few days: "Closed for Repairs." A little later he followed this with another: "Open Under New Management."

Norma Visits West.

Norma Talmadge gave up her plans to appear in a stage play. She suffered an attack of pleurisy in the East, and dreaded the business of touring in a stage production as a consequence. She returned to California just shortly after the Key-Keaton fracs, but almost immediately began laying plans for her departure for Europe. Norma visited the Embassy one day during her stay, and hearing of her presence a large crowd assembled outside the club. Norma remained until after the other guests had departed, but even that did not discourage the onlookers. They evidently knew of her presence, and waited, proving that there are no stars like the older ones to induce lavish tributes of public attention.

A Personality Passes.

A hard-boiled exterior: a heart of gold. Louis Wolheim's friends...
knew him as the possessor of these two things. And the heart of gold always won.

As much of a figure in the colony as a slim leading man, and perhaps almost as well known on the screen as most leading men, Wolheim was one of the few players who succeeded in making a grotesque type into a true personality. And it was his intelligence that enabled him to.

Wolheim died very suddenly, and the speed of his passing was a genuine tragedy for his wife, Mrs. Ethel Dane Wolheim, whom he always affectionately called Sammy. He had been scheduled to play the city editor in "The Front Page," the role in which, curiously enough, Adolphe Menjou will now be seen. Wolheim wanted heart and soul to play in that picture, but destiny prevented.

There was a quiet funeral ceremony for the actor, with John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, and Claude King among the pall-bearers.

Wolheim loved to talk volubly and dramatically about acting, pictures, and the way that things should be done. Thus he earned his name of hard boiled. Those who knew him intimately realized what a splendid and kindly individual he was, and how deeply devoted to his wife and his friends.

Potentates Feel Spell.
The divorce epidemic is so infectious that the highest Hollywood executives, the Wall Street financiers, were recently a vacillating. His name is Fred W. Beckett, and he has acted as a sort of mentor of the colony in relating instructions from the ear of filmdom, and also has instituted policies himself.

About the time this was happening, Wolheim was honeymooning with his new bride in the gay and giddy West.

Goes Right on Reducing.
Marie Dressler has had her first real vacation in months. We found her sequestered at Arrowhead Hot Springs, a health resort, recuperating after making "Min and Bill" and "Reducing." And Marie was reducing in earnest, taking baths in steam caves, and massages, and rubs. She told us that she has to guard her health in earnest nowadays, for film work is the biggest drain that she has felt on her constitution in many long years of professional activity.

The Fibbing Camera

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lists. Once seen, they are acknowledged as beauties, technicalities forgotten. In this sure-fire section are Gloria Swanson, Lily Damita, Dorothy Sebastian, Carol Lombard, Constance Bennett, Myrna Loy, and Kay Francis, Hedda Hopper, Aileen Pringle, and Evelyn Brent belong in a very special class labeled "sophisticated."

Three exquisite blondes whose features were never successfully captured in celluloid are Greta Nissen, Phyllis Haver, and Claire Windsor. Eye-compelling blondes who merit consideration are Jeanette Loff and Thelma Todd, who will some day graduate into drama, one guesses.

To show how tricky beauty standards are, consider that eminent beauty authority, Florenz Ziegfeld. In an interview the shape-show impresario nominated Sally Filer—as the outstanding beauty of Hollywood.

It seems to this unbiased historian that Flo was looking at the world through rose-colored glasses at the time he picked Sally, for, although I have never seen her in person, I cannot wax enthusiastic over her animated portraits that were part of "Reducing."

But then there are people who think Jeanette MacDonald beautiful. And I anticipate letters from Old Subscriber, Constant Reader, and Indignant, Peoria, asking why Mary Brian has been left out of this discussion, or Olive Borden, or Anita Page, or Sue Carol. I dare say there are devoted worshipers at the red-hot shrines of Clara Bow, Alice White, and Lupe Velez. They have no place in this list of optical knock-outs.

The fact that the camera fails miserably, at times, in reproducing beauty is evident all over Hollywood and Los Angeles. The city is fairly glutted with beauty. It is a drug on the market. Girls who failed to register with the camera linger on, rather than return home to face the jeers of their friends.

Hat-check girls,auburn-haired cashiers, manicurists, and stenographers make you stop, look, and gasp. Extra girls reveal breath-taking beauty. The Studio Club is rife with luscious blondes, vivacious brunettes, titans—beauties whom the camera misses for some capricious reason.

And some regarded as beauties on the screen owe it to the same prevai- cating apparatus.

Don't let them tell you pictures don't lie. Compared to the camera, Ananias was an amateur.

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TO JACQUES d'ARCY, A Well-known Set Designer and Artist. Her Circle of friends includes such exponents of modern intelligence and sophistication as Confessor, George Gershwin, Condé Nast, and Ralph Barton. That is about all there is, unless I finally give in to the temptation of that name. You know, something about "pleased Damita." Well, take it or leave it. As a matter of fact, I was pleased to meet her. So would you be, if you are sufficiently discriminating to prefer champagne to gin, caviar to sardines, or Gershwin to Berlin.

A Toiling Lily

Continued from page 43

There were seven weeks of rehearsal. Lily, who had never done a tap in her life, learned a fast, off-beat routine which was counter to Donahue's taps. And Donahue was one of the best of tap dancers. Lily had never sung, except experimentally in "The Cock-eyed World." In seven weeks she developed a voice that had range as well as charm. From early morning until after midnight, each day was crammed with lessons, practice, rehearsal.

"On the opening night, every one was terrified for fear I'd go to pieces. I was more scared than any of them, but I'd have died before letting them see it. I went through the show without an eyelash quivering—and when I got to my dressing room I fell flat on the floor, and my maid had to throw ice water on me. Oh, it was so very amusing," she laughed.

In spite of the reviews which called enthusiastic attention to musical comedy's new jewel, Lily did not rest for a moment. Eight hours, every day, were devoted to studying English, dancing, singing, dietion. Even on matinee days her lessons were crowded in.

"I looked so funny," she said. "Like this"—indicating a match—"but I didn't mind the work. And Jack Donahue was wonderful to me. He helped me in hundreds of little ways and was so sweet. He was such a grand person. It is terrible, terrible, that he had to die." There were tears in her eyes for this ingratiating hoofer whose career abruptly ended last year.

She has been working since she was ten years old. Her ambition was the ballet. Her first professional appearance was as Cupid, with insecur wings, and she saw herself as the new Pavlova. The progression of her career and her life cannot be told briefly. It is too vivid and eventful for usual paragraphs.

"There has been a terrific amount of work," Lily says. "But every minute of living has been good. I've loved it. I still do. I think I always shall. There are so many things in the world. The trick is never to stand still for a moment—always to be moving forward."

Even Hollywood doesn't bore her. To avoid missing New York, Paris, and Vienna, she occupies her leisure with golf, tennis, riding, swimming, at all of which she is expert. Her appearance gives evidence of abounding health and electric vitality.

Suitably, she is partial to the modern in all things. Her knowledge of painting is sound. She herself paints a bit, but will show the results only to intimates. She adores the music of DeFalla, Stravinsky, Gershwin. Debussy is too sweet for her. She owns every record Louis Armstrong has made. André Maurois is nearly her favorite author.

If you ask her about the possibility of marriage and children, she says, "But of course," in as surprised a tone as if you had asked if she ate every day. She will never marry an actor, but speaks favorably of sportsmen.

There was furor in German royal circles while the second son of the ex-crown prince was "that way" about her. She showed inherent good taste in her dealings with the press at that time, and in the manner in which she made plain the impossibility of such a match.

She is currently seen about town with Jacques d'Arcy, a well-known set designer and artist. Her circle of friends includes such exponents of modern intelligence and sophistication as Covarrubias, George Gershwin, Condé Nast, and Ralph Burton.

That is about all there is, unless I finally give in to the temptation of that name. You know, something about "pleased Damita." Well, take it or leave it. As a matter of fact, I was pleased to meet her. So would you be, if you are sufficiently discriminating to prefer champagne to gin, caviar to sardines, or Gershwin to Berlin.

No Questions Asked

Continued from page 74

"The theater will never perish. Playwrights will keep it alive, if not the actors and producers. First-rate dramatists will never submit to conditions imposed by the movie producers. Imagine a Eugene O'Neill selling an original to a movie company!"

So Broadway has lost one of its leading drolls, and Beverly Hills has gained another respectable citizen.

Before coming to Hollywood, Sherman was one of the best-liked and most gossiped-about actors in New York. Any number of women were madly in love with him, and Lowell loved them all wisely, but not too well. His wit had the flavor of Mer-
Mr. Sherman was undressing for his bath. "Contentment," he said, "is good for the soul, but it's ruinous to the waist line. Look at mine!"

He surveyed my gaunt frame. "You writing chaps never have trouble with overweight, do you?"

He sighed deeply, with envy. "I suppose, and hopped into the tub."

"Mr. Sherman," I whimpered, "I haven't got a story. Your admirers have circulated the report that you're an immensely witty person, and it's up to me to prove it. Come now, can't you manage a single epigram?"

He leaned back, closed his eyes and concentrated. "No," he said, after a while, "I'm afraid I can't. I'm seldom witty so late in the day. Write anything you wish, short of libel."

"That would be unethical," I explained.

"Well, come around to-morrow. I may not be so busy then, and if I think up any good gags meanwhile I'll write them down for you."

But I didn't go back. I had spent six hours on the lot already and while interviewing Mr. Sherman is an amusing task, still I have no intention of taking it up as a life work.

The Crowded Hour

Continued from page 100

coperate. May return to pictures later.


Leon Errol, of the uncertain legs, tried pictures during the silent days, but the results were none too happy. With the talkies well established, he returned as one of the masters of ceremony in "Paramount on Parade" and followed it with "Only Saps Work." Still under contract to Paramount, his most recent picture was "Finn and Hattie."

Helen Chandler. Appealing ingenue who would probably click if she ever learned to talk without trembling her voice over every word she utters. "Salute," "The Sky Hawk," and "Rough Romance." Released by Fox and signed by Warner Brothers for "Outward Bound." Option excercised and she was lent to Universal for "Dracula" and to Metro-Goldwyn for Novarro's "Daybreak."


Evelyn Knapp. Reputed to have the most gorgeous figure of any girl ever in the "Follies." That gives her a contract, and "River's End," "Fifty Million Frenchmen," "Simmer's Holiday," and "Mother's Cry," and "The Ruling Passion," make her an actress. Warner's have big hopes for her.


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And this winds up the list of those who are still trying to make the grade. Some of these are people who never should have been signed for pictures, chorus girls and men, bit players, and others who had made no definite impression on the New York theatrical trade, but whom some scout for a movie concern happened to latch—and like.

But back of the names and performances of others lie tales of untold heartbreak, people who meant something in New York and who came hopefully to the Califilmia gold coast only to find that their names meant nothing, or that the camera was too kind to them. They deserve respect for their efforts and perhaps a tear or two for the tumbled dream castles that lie in ruins around their heads.

Next month's analysis is the most interesting of all: the Broadway big shots who failed utterly in pictures.

TO BE CONTINUED.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 98

**Chaplin's Choice.**

While social leaders were making something of a spectacle of themselves clamoring for Charlie Chaplin to attend their parties, Charlie slipped quietly up to Sing Sing the night before his departure to England, and showed "City Lights" to the prisoners. They were deeply touched, and Chaplin, always sensitive to others' misfortunes, was hardly able to pull himself together and speak to them at the close of the picture. Prisoners in solitary confinement and in the death house are not allowed to see pictures, but a radio carries the speeches to them. They don't tell that to visitors any more, though. Too many of them have broken down at the thought of saying anything of importance to a condemned man.

The stock joke of the prisoners is that they couldn't walk out on a film if they wanted to, but at the close of the Chaplin picture the verdict was that they wouldn't have walked out if they could.

**Sharing Honors.**

Thomas Meighan has long been the idol of Sing Sing, because ever since he made scenes for a picture there years ago, he has taken a deep interest in the Mutual Welfare League and has visited the prison often. Now Chaplin has joined the pitifully thin ranks of their best friends.

They both look forward to Meighan's pictures. Soon they will have a chance to see him on the screen again. Just the other day he
Judging from his example, you won't even have to make drastic changes in the dialogue. "Inspiration" is our old friend "Saplo," brain child of Alphonse Daudet. Metro-Goldwyn professes ignorance of that fact, but almost any of their young actresses could have pointed it out to them. The girls always go on makeup when Mary Garden sings the title in Los Angeles.

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books, new art, new everything—something different all the time. To-day I am a fairly successful director. To-morrow my place will be taken by some one else. So with the stars of to-day. If we were in the oil business, or banking, we might carry on through a lifetime. And most of us have worked long years to gain our positions.

"Hollywood takes a lot and takes it quickly."

"That is why the entire community is abnormally intense in whatever it does, whether it be play, work, exercise, or gossip. It knows its time is short, the candle is burning rapidly. Everything is taut and tuned to a thin, fine key. Some day Hollywood will be consumed by its own fires."

That from one of the most successful directors! Now as to the writers.

Al Boasberg came to the film capital five years ago to write gags for Buster Keaton. His salary was to be about four times what he earned in New York.

"My first mistake?" comments Al.

"I might just as well have asked ten times as much. I'd have got it, I soon learned that."

On his first location trip, Buster pushed Al off a make-believe bridge into the water. "Never take anything seriously on a comedian's set," he was informed. Upon which Al, half mad, pushed Buster off in retaliation.

"From then on," said Boasberg,

"I was on my guard. Anything might be expected in Hollywood where practically everything happens. Instead of a sleepy little village basking in the sun, Hollywood proved to be a hair-trigger town full of wits, nitwits, and half-wits. It's a battle of the fittest. If you've got something on the ball, or if you are salesman enough to make some one think you have something on the ball, it's great. But then you really have to live here to know Hollywood."

Ruth Chatterton frankly says Hollywood seemed a spot far from the world she knew, before she moved West. "To me," she said, "there were only two places, New York and Paris. The first was my working home and the latter, the city to which I went for restful vacations. I had heard that they worked as they pleased before the camera, without anything definite to do and with just a finished product as a distant goal.

"But we all change our minds, Hollywood has me in its grasp."

To which Irene Dunne added,

"I thought Hollywood would be a circus city. I could fairly see the elephants parading down Hollywood Boulevard. I thought it a little village, too—dirt streets, pepper trees, quaint houses. I thought the people would be a strange tribe of half acrobats. All of which shows that I hadn't given it serious thought at all."

Catherine Dale Owen's great illusion was that she would find all Hollywood just one big happy family.

"It never occurred to me that screen people were not all joined together by the ties of pictures," she said.

Now she knows of the clans, and the sects, and the factions.

When I asked Lawrence Gray, a successful leading man, what his most outstanding illusions of Hollywood were, he replied,

"I have none about its people. But I have about Hollywood. Success comes through very hard work, plus an element of very great luck. If I get a very good part in a picture, I say it's luck. Take it or leave it. I say luck has much to do with success here. I've been ten years in the business and I know. Ask any of the others who have won their way. They'll tell you so, too."

I find the players call it "The City of Golden Dreams," "The City Where Nobody Cares," and "The City of Discontent." And there are a few other nicknames which can't be printed.
recognizable at one of the tables. Rising, he came over, carrying a glass of iced tea which comprised his lunch. He had, he explained, been doing scenes which required him to eat; and food, for the time being, was distasteful.

In his costume of overalls and blue cotton shirt, with dark smudges on his cheek—he wears no make-up—he looked like a cheerful country boy. Having worked myself into a critical humor, I told him so.

“Yes,” he agreed, “I look like Charles Ray used to.”

Did I imagine it, or did the publicity department start slightly.

Presently Lew pushed his tea aside, folded his bare arms on the table, and looked across at me with disarm-
ing friendliness.

“I don’t see what any one can find to put in a story about me,” he said.

“Where I was born, and how I gave up playing in an orchestra to try the movies, have been told. There isn’t anything else.”

The lady and gentleman from the publicity department looked a bit uncomfortable at this troublesome ad-
mission. Finally some one suggested that the angle regarding the wide variety of his roles might be used.

“But if you used that,” said Lew, with disconcerting logic, “you would just be making a statement, and there wouldn’t be any story, would there?”

The publicity department gave him glances which were the equivalent of a surreptitious kick. I began to like Lew considerably. The kid is straightforward and rational.

His current production, I learned, is a new version of John Gilbert’s comparatively recent picture, “Man, Woman, and Sin.” Is that, or is it not, inviting the world to make com-
parisons? Since the subject has been brought up, I predict that Lew will top Jack’s performance. Lew is the correct age for the part, and a skillful
actor as well.

“I’m the world’s worst comedian,” says Lew. “I’m not funny. Recently I had to do a scene with a girl in which we had to fall into a stream of water. I couldn’t make it look funny; I couldn’t get into the spirit or it, somehow. If I’m ever cast as a comedian, I’ll be so bad I’ll be put back to extra parts.”

I suspect that Lew exaggerates his lack of talent as a comique, yet the depth and wistfulness of his dra-
matic work proves the latter to be his forte. In person he appears to be a most amiable young blade, with a lively interest in good, clean fun.

“What fascinates me most of all,” said he, turning on his engaging smile, “is astronomy. I bought a new telescope—”

“But, Lew,” protested the lady publicist, “I promised the writer who is coming to-morrow a story about your interest in astronomy.”

Lew looked slightly disappointed and obediently relapsed into silence, but when he learned that I was in-
terested in the subject, he could not resist dwelling on planetary matters, although the publicity people listened apprehensively.

Had I read a certain very excellent and concise book on astronomy? No? Would I like to have it? He would send it to me. It was the best he had found on the Grand Canyon. Nothing would do but that Lew must explore the sur-
rounding country, visiting prehistoric caves, and ferreting out relics of races long vanished from the earth. This baby is in his glory when dig-
ing in ancient ruins.

After lunch the girl from the publicity office returned to her work, leaving me in the chaperonage of her coworker, who took me to the Ayres set.

Lew went to his dressing room, returning later in evening clothes. Director Monte Bell looked him over and set the silk hat very straight on his
head.

Coming over to where we were watching rehearsals, Lew tugged unconcernedly at the top of his trousers.

“I forgot to put on suspenders,” he remarked.

The publicity man looked uneasy. Everything had gone reasonably well thus far, but that last crack was a bit disconcerting. And then suddenly
the blow fell.

“Come back to my dressing room with me,” said Lew impulsively, addressing the two of us. “My pants are about to fall off; I want to put on my suspenders.”

A prop boy caught the publicist when he swooned.

The last I saw of Lew he was non-
chalance climbing the stairs that led to his dressing room, one hand pressed against his very slender
middle.

“The publicity department is right. This charming youngster is not to be compared with any one.
The Understanding Heart

Continued from page 83

lace her precious book clutched in her arm.

The steamer docked and Miss Vere de Vere swung languidly down the gangplank. Immediately she was surrounded by photographers, reporters, officials of Metro-Goldwyn, and the smiling young man from the publicity department. And presently she was declaring her baggage.

Susie saw it all from a distance, her heart in her throat. She was only one girl in a great, heedless crowd. And suddenly the smiling young man caught sight of her and pushed toward her.

All at once, so it seemed to Susie, she found herself in the great presence and the smiling young man was saying, "Miss Vere de Vere, this little girl is a great admirer of yours. She isn't just a silly fan—her devotion goes deeper than that. She has a scrapbook of clippings here that must have taken her months to assemble and—"

But Susie didn't hear any more, for as one of Miss Vere de Vere's famous slow smiles began to dawn on her face Susie fainted.

When she came to, the star was kneeling on the floor and Susie's head was in her lap. Susie opened her eyes and as she did so Miss Vere de Vere said, "There, dear, don't be afraid. Everything's all right." She leaned forward and kissed Susie. And then Susie began to sob. Great, choking sobs. All the pent-up emotion of two years burst its dams. She had achieved an almost impossible ambition. She had been kissed by genius—had rested her tired head in its lap.

And presently she found that Miss Vere de Vere had sent the officials of her company and the smiling young man ahead in other cars and Susie was riding up Fifth Avenue alone with her. And when they reached the hotel, Miss Vere de Vere ordered the chauffeur to take Susie home.

That's all there is to this little true story. It hasn't any climax, for Susie never saw her idol again. But, if you ask her, she'll tell you with shining eyes that one of the biggest and most misunderstood stars has what so very, very few of us have—an understanding heart.

For, you see, Miss Vere de Vere is known to millions of fans as Greta Garbo.
Along Came Youth

Her Diane, in “Seventh Heaven,” brought in the régime of youth. It smashed all the old standards. From then on, studios signed mere boys and girls and gave them leads to play. The stars who have held their places during this general upheaval are the ones who personify youth—Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Buddy Rogers.

To-day the young players are as you and I. Even those who are not yet stars—and never will be if this prophetic article is true, which it is—live very simply.

Frank Albertson resides with his mother in a modest apartment. Frank would have a tough job to fling himself into an aura of glamour and hokum. His breezy personality typifies the boy himself in real life.

William Bakewell is another who could not walk in the ways of Valentina. The days of idol-worshiping are gone. Billy, like Mr. Albertson, lives with his mother in an apartment and rattles hither and yon in his modest car when the fits take him.

Marguerite Churchill and her mother might be those very nice people who reside in that well-kept house down the street. Marguerite has a glowing personality. She is gracious and intelligent—but she belongs to the new era. No trailig gowns and long cigarette holders for Churchill.

There are other young people—Arthur Lake, Lew Ayres, Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes. All sane and intelligent in their mode of living. You would never suspect them of being actors, if you met them on the street.

Arthur Lake resides in a quiet court with his mother and Florence, his sister. Though brought up on the stage, Arthur and Flo are like those nice young people who drop in at the country club.

In spite of the fact that Florence placed in “Romance” with Greta Garbo, she receives her friends at the Lake abode with the ease and grace of a Récamier. Bridge, I am told, is far more important than hokum and glamour with the Lake family.

And Mitzi Green, my present favorite, in spite of collecting seven hundred and fifty a week, is a very sensible, intelligent child. Mitzi will never be brought up after the manner of a Mary Miles Minter.

We still have a few stars left, grown-up stars, such as Garbo, Chatterton, Shearer, Swanson. But the old era is passing, and not because of the talkies. The downfall of the stars is merely a microscopic reflection of world-wide upheaval.

It may be sad for some, but the hokum days with their glamour are gone. The red glow is seen in the sky. The Valhalla of the movie gods and goddesses is in flames. The dusk of the stars has fallen. A new era of youth is in the ascendency.

Yo-ho-ho and a Cream Puff

Marian floated home. “Well, darling,” she exclaimed, “what if I told you I’m likely to be John Barrymore’s leading lady?”

“I could think of no one better than you,” remarked Sister Jeanne. “Barrymore has good taste,” said George.

While many movie girls are affected, Marian is calm and natural. If you imagine she is beautiful but dumb, you’ll get a surprise. This child knows what she wants and will get it.

“I’m taking lessons in singing, dancing, and elocution,” Marian says. “Not because I am proficient in any one talent, but because they will help to improve my acting.”

Everything looks rosy now. Jeanne Morgan has just finished a part with Constance Bennett, in “The Easiest Way,” and has changed her name again, this time to Jean Fenwick. Since playing two of the young avatars in “The Dawn Patrol,” George and Edward are prepared for anything in the movies.

I pleaded with La Marsh, “What of your love life, your admirers?”

Marian serenely wrapped her scarf about her neck.

“This lunch has been long enough already,” she declared. “We’ll be thrown out if we don’t move. By the way, I’ve discovered a wonderful shop near Highland Avenue where they make real homemade cakes. Come along, we’ll drive home that way.”

Just a sweet kid after all—but a brainy one at that.

P. S.: The family from Trinidad is moving into another home. I have lost my dazzling neighbors, but the screen has gained them. Especially Marian Marsh. So I’ll try and bear my loss with stoicism.
The Screen in Review

Continued from page 90

"Seas Beneath."

Another case of having a good
time at a picture if you find yourself
able to overlook a story that's pretty
flimsy. Yet by reason of brilliant
camera work, experienced, imagina-
tive direction and, for the most part,
good acting, the film raises itself to
importance and becomes entertaining
in spite of handicap.

It is a submarine film and relates
the activities of a United States ves-
sel used as a decoy to capture a Ger-
man undersea menace. During a stop
at the Canary Islands, the young com-
mander of the American vessel meets
the heroine, a German spy, whose
brother is captain of the enemy craft.

Naturally, he is unaware of her
status. He rescues her at sea, takes
her aboard his vessel and is slow to
discover that she is signaling her
brother. The climax comes when he
is forced to sink the German sub-
marine, but they say that love con-
quers all, so the girl makes no bones
about loving the man responsible for
a death in her family.

George O'Brien is admirable as the
commander and so, too, is John
Loder as the German. As much can-
not, however, be said for Marion Lees-
ing, whose ability to speak both
English and German is her strong-
est qualification for the role. War-
ren Hymer, Larry Kent, Gaylord
Pendleton, and Walter MacGraff fit
into the scene and Mona Maris is
glimpsed regretfully in a bit.

"Finn and Hattie."

A reasonably amusing comedy that
might have been more, is this version
of Donald Ogden Stewart's funny
book, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock
Abroad." It fails to live up to its
possibilities because the direction is
conventional, uninspired, while the
material at hand is good. However,
it will amuse where it might have set
a record.

It's all about a go-getter business
man, his sad wife, their precocious
young daughter and their trip to
Paris. The child knows the world
better than her parents, so she is
equipped to circumvent the plot of a
vamp to blackmail her father. This
she does with the skill of a veteran.
And when you know that the role is
played by Mitzi Green, with Lilyan
Tashman her adversary, your expec-
tations will be realized.

Leon Errol is the father, Zasu Pitts
the mother, and Jackie Sears the
mean little boy in "Tom Sawyer," the
victim of Mitzi's mis-chief. All
do well, but the total of their efforts
does not put the picture over.

"Girls Demand Excitement."

But do they get it? And what
about the boys? Well, the girls and
boys in this picture try their darned-
est to stir things up for themselves,
as well as those of their age and kind
in the audience. Their efforts have the
shriekiness of collegiate high spirits,
for this is filmed in a cool head of
learning, and the result is thoroughly
juvenile. But what else could it be?
asks the optimism of the dyspeptic.

And so we have the conflict that
ensues when the male half of the
college decides to lust the female con-
tingent. The girls choose their own
means to get even with the boys and
resist dispossesion, with, of all
things, a basket-ball match between
the two factions to decide the issue.

Since the picture was directed by a
dance specialist it is no wonder that
the ensemble frequently has the ap-
pearance of a chorus without music.
But the action is fast and the aggre-
gation of youth is pleasant.

John Wayne, late of "The Big
Trail," is the hero who obviously cuts
the elocution classes at Bradford Col-
lege, but he is good looking. Vir-
ginia Cherrill does well as the typical
heroine, and Margarette Churchill,
William Janney, Eddie Nugent, Marion
Byron, and Martha Sleeper are other
upholders of youthful enthusi-
asm. But where was David Rollins
when all this youth was frolicking?
He's missing.

KNOW THESE
FAMOUS EYES?

You should not be one of Universal Pictures' greatest stars. This brown-eyed actress, who
wears a year she clothes, is now appearing in
a dramatic picture of Russian life. See below:

refreshes eyes
after motoring

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For Your
EYES

Millions of Bottles Used Yearly!

Quick Relief!
For rashes and all forms of itching, burn-
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FRECKLES
Spring Sun and Winds Bring
Out Rusty Brown Spots. How
to Remove Easily

This is the time to take special care of your
clothing if you wish to look well the rest of
the year. Spring sun and wind bring out freckles
that will stay all summer unless removed now.
What you do in its needs in Ohlone-double strength.
A few nights' use of this dainty white cream
will show you how easy it is to fade out those
ugly brown spots and restore the natural beauty
of your skin.
Be sure to ask for Ohlone-double strength at
any drug or department store. Money back if it
does not remove even the worst freckles and
leave your skin soft, clear and beautiful.

The Movie Runaround

Continued from page 94

least she'd have a little fun first,
make something of herself. But that
was poor consolation.

At the door she ran into Dennis
Lindsay, who stared at her in amaze-
ment tinged with disgust.

"Well, I've been looking all over
town for you!" he exclaimed. "But
this is the last place I expected to
find you. Couldn't resist the movies
after all, could you?"

"No, I couldn't!" she snapped, and
stalked past, though the very sight
of him made her heart ache.

TO BE CONTINUED.
Feathering Their Nests
Continued from page 88

Harry Green, the comedian, is a dressmaker. That is, he and a business partner manufacture women's and children's dresses in New York.

One of the most cordially welcomed crazes to sweep California—as well as all America—was peewee golf. This backyard pool has done more to clean up vacant lots and dispose of tin cans and liniment bottles than any municipal campaign ever started here.

The fad struck Los Angeles and Hollywood just at a time when vacant lots were duds on the market. First to realize what the possibilities might be was Mary Pickford. The Mary Pickford Company which manages and develops the actress' extensive realty holdings, early filed application for a permit to build a miniature course on Lincoln Boulevard where five lots were idle.

William Seiter, husband of Laura La Plante, followed with a course near the Hollywood public library. Then came Sol Lesser, producer, with a third right in the heart of cinema-land.

This was followed by the opening of the Irene Rich baby golf course which she leased on a percentage basis. All have been extremely popular, and earnings have been sufficient to meet the grocery bills.

This thing of feathering the nest seems to have taken definite courses in the land of waverling fortunes. The movie stars have been bilked out of outrageous sums in years gone by, but bankers and legal advisers are curbing these raids now.

Mrs. Wallace Reid, seeing that 1931 would be bad for independent producers, bought a large apartment house and recruited tenants from among the film people. The building is equipped with a swimming pool and a complete gymnasium, and each apartment is furnished to please the tastes of the tenant.

Helen Jerome Eddy has a popular tea room which she leaves in the hands of a manager while she plays in pictures. There are numerous beauty parlors and minor establishments to which actresses have lent their names, even though they do not have proprietary interests.

Besides these, there possibly are half a hundred actors and actresses who offer engraved cards announcing that they are real-estate agents—honest-to-goodness real-estate agents who will sell you almost anything from harrassment lots near San Francisco's ferry building to a whole subdivision, or a stretch of lonely beach, for "just a dirty fraction of what it is worth." Every one out of a job in California sells real estate.

I think the most ingenious of all the actors retiring from the screen is Harry Woods. Harry played heavies in Westerns for years. Taken on location in the desert time after time, he was attracted by the beautiful specimens of wild cactus so utterly foreign to usual hothouse plants. He began collecting them. For the past year or two he has been building cactus beds in some of the most beautiful gardens in the Southland. This has brought him a splendid income.

So—may I say this?—Mr. Woods has "feathered his nest with cactus." Quick, Watson, the needle!
Sun-baked Bohemia
Continued from page 85

Thus far sun-kissed bohemia has produced few men of general renown, and its very existence passes almost unnoticed. But this does not mean that there is no wheat in the chaff. It means that conditions conspire to make it hard for the beginner in the arts to get recognition.

The languorous appeal of out-door life distracts him from concentrating on hard work. The inscrutable sun blazes down, driving up the fancy-breeding mists.

In this climate there is no crash of thunder, no sudden summer shower, no wind whistling eerily down the chimney on murky nights, no starlit splendor on new-fallen snow, no miraculous spring rebirth of the world to whip up his imagination.

The stinging lack of ambition and necessity does not drive him as hard as in more unfriendly climates, and he frequently bemoans his lack of imagination.

There are compensations, of course. The out-of-door life, the golden sunshine, and the strange splendor of color everywhere are a constant inspiration to the artist. There is a hard spindlier in the untamed sun that transforms even the most opal Mexican salt into a picture perfect that cries for his brush.

The Bohemian often suffers, too, if isolated from that congenial spirit. Many of the cliques, particularly those of Hollywood, are so thoroughly enmeshed in their own little worlds that they are only remotely conscious of each other. They have little of the sustaining group awareness of other bohemiens.

The struggling beginner is also cut off, to a large extent, from the financial support available to those in other communities. The movies are practically closed to him. The newspapers are swamped with job sedates.

What’s Wrong with Hollywood Men?
Continued from page 18

women see an opportunity to get publicity out of a prominent man’s attentions. They plaster the affair sky high when the poor man wants to keep his love affair private.

“The poor actor!” la Duncan concluded in a wistful tone. “It’s really a shame—all this criticism they get from their screen sweethearts. They try so hard to please!”

And, in a truly touching way, as we took one last pitying look at the gilded darlings feeding at the Embassy Club, and struggled into our coats to brace the unusual California weather, Mary whispered: “It’s almost as hard being an actor as it is being an actress.”

A rainbow arched the Boulevard as we came out of the club. Ah, well, I thought more cheerily to myself, as Mary left me to deposit a staggering check in the corner bank. “There’s recompense—there’s recompense!”

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No need to tell you fat is going fast. Think back ten years ago. Most folks above 40 were over-fat. Now slender figures are everywhere the vogue.

It is clear that some new factor is fighting obesity. New starvation, not over-eating, not harmful drugs. It is something which doctors everywhere employ. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a weakened gland, and they are feeding that gland to correct the condition.

Ask your doctor. He will tell you how and why this great new factor acts.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new idea. A world-known medical laboratory prepares them to find the average case. They are for those who don’t want to pay a physician.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes. Laws have been redrawn and the forest has spread. Now it holds a place in a field once dominated by patent treatments and by frauds. In every church there are people who can tell you what they do.

Marmola is not a scene. A book in each box tells the formula and explains results. Free $1.00. Go into it if you need it. It is the right way to fight fat.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

work, but short of greatness. Love interest: two soldiers, two nurses. June Walker, of stage, makes excellent début; Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames also good. Zasu Pitts, Marie Prevost.

"Madam Satan."—Metro-Goldwyn.
Slow-moving tale of humdrum wife who goes "wicked" to get husband from cabaret girl. The clash and victory come aboard a Zeppelin, which then wrecks in most faked scenes of recent date. Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Roland Young, Lilian Roth.

"What a Widow!"—United Artists.
Disappointing on the whole, but displays new talents of Gloria Swanson. Slapstick farce in swanky settings. Rich young widow goes to Paris for good times and has it. Owen Moore, Margaret Livingston, Herbert Bazzett, Gregory Gaye.

If You Must

"Kiss Me Again."—First National.
Pleasant but not stimulating is this tale of shopgirl who renounces high-born lover, to be reunited when she becomes a prima donna. Pretty airs don't make a movie. Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer.

"The Man Who Came Back."—Fox.
Misguided attempt of two nice young people to be wicked, with bitter realism of a Mother Goose story. Separated, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell do an Anna Christie in an opium den, and reclaim each other. Leslie Fenton, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Once a Sinner."—Fox.

"Resurrection."—Universal.
Old silent brought to life, but it happens every day. Tolstoy's story well directed, but not quite effective on the whole. Best work of Lupe Velez. John Boles, Nance O'Neil. The plot is familiar.

"The Truth About Youth."—First National.
Oh, yeah? All about a girl's hidden love for middle-aged guardian and his efforts to make her to "The Imp"—David Manners, who is anything but, and, anyway, fails for a night-club cuto. Loretta Young, Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.

"Way for a Sailor."—Metro-Goldwyn.
Indifferent film of sailor with girl in every port. John Gilbert still minus the glamour of the old days, through the mike's capriciousness. Wallace Beery, Jim Tully playing at acting. Leila Hyams.

"The Boudoir Diplomat."—Universal.
Amusing play called "The Command to Love" becomes dull and pretentious, and

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You are entitled to good health, too...

More valuable than mere beauty is the irresistible personality of good health. Men do prefer women who radiate the charm of good health. Dancing, tennis, golf, swimming—even a bridge game cannot be enjoyed with aching heads or nerves on edge. Women who continually feel fidgety...nervous...irritable...usually lack the joyful companionship of both sexes. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will enrich your blood, soothe your nerves and restore the tenses to your face. Ask your druggist for

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If you are in the film business you are entitled to this valuable confidential service. You can get complete current information on every release before it appears in your city. Plus a Confidential Market Bulletin with every release.

Complete, accurate, guaranteed $1.00. U. S. residents can pay postages.

"The Passion Flower."—Metro-Goldwyn.
Rich girl marries a chauffeur, and her cousin falls in love with him, although she first despised him. Trite story made entertaining by Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson; Zasu Pitts and Lewis Stone effectively cast.

"Lauughter."—Paramount.
The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brillianlly, Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet."—Warner.
Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Otis Skinner as beggar in Arabic Night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Manners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

"War Nurse."—Metro-Goldwyn.
Sufferings of volunteer nurses behind the trenches, physical and moral. Good


"No Limit."—Paramount.
Clara Bow prettier and slimmer than in recent films, entertaining, but not always convincing. Innocent usherette accepts an apartment to find it's a gambling den, and being so innocent, when things are to her? Voilà! Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd, Dixie Lee.

"The Bachelor Father."—Metro-Goldwyn.
First part Marion Davies at her best, then somebody decided to put in slapstick excitement. Bachelor who tries to collect his offspring well played by C. Aubrey Smith. Ralph Forbes, Guinn Williams.

"The Royal Bed."—RKO.
Trials and woes of royalty in delightful travesty. Nance O'Neil burlesques Queen Marie. Many came to see her, and she is adequate, clever. Mary Astor, Anthony Bushell, Hugh Trevor, Robert Warwick.

"One Heavenly Night."—United Artists.
Début of Evelyn Laye prima donna of operetta. Film is tasteful and charming, but does not justify expense. Miss Laye loses much when put on the screen. John Boles, Lilian Tashman, Leon Errol, Hugh Cameron do well.

"Free Love."—Universal.
Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about scats of husband and wife, though admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. Zasu Pitts wistful maid; Monroe Owsley, Ilka Chase.

"Just Imagine."—Fox.
If they had only imagined a little more and done less song-and-hoofing! Tin Pan Alley goes prophetic and sloughs life fifty years hence. Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick, Frank Albertson, El Brendel, J. White.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and bad voices enjoy conversation, go to theaters, etc., and hear. Yet has Leonard Invisible Ear Drama which resembles Tony Meaphone-flashing in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and written statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.


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20 DAY MONEY BACK

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They Say in New York—
Continued from page 116

been acting. And all that time, and even longer, Charlie was paying court to Virginia. She had been married before, and had been so shattered when her marriage went on the rocks that she was hesitant about taking the step again.

To avoid being married on Friday the 13th, Virginia and Charlie were married just after midnight. Accompanied by Blanche Sweet, Alice Joyce, and Charlie's manager, they drove back to New York and had a wedding breakfast at four a.m. Then they dodged reporters for two days until they boarded a ship for Italy. Unless the studio sends an urgent call for Charlie, they will tour Europe for three months.

Virginia won the award for cruel frankness for all time by giving her age as thirty-six. Beside her many an ingenue just past twenty looks jaded and faded. Garbed in deep blue that set off her delicate coloring, and swathed in a mink coat that made her look fragile, she wasn't youthful—she was childlike.

**Goldwyn Takes a Chance.**

Reckoned by many the most astute scout in the picture business, Samuel Goldwyn has decided to take a chance on Ina Claire. After her brilliant performance in "The Royal Family of Broadway" RKO wanted her for "Rebound" and Paramount wanted her for a picture some time in the future, but only Sam Goldwyn had faith enough to offer a five-year contract. Miss Claire has the reputation of being caustic, demanding the best of everything and of being temperamental, but so has he, so she can't frighten him. It looks like an even break, and they probably will make fine pictures together, just because neither of them will accept mediocrity without a struggle.

Long heralded as the living example of what the well-dressed woman will wear, Miss Claire must be fed up with the rôle. She appears at first nights in a wrap of a poisonous shade of blue and lets her hair hang over her face à la Airedale.

**Vaudeville Calls.**

Leatrice Joy is on a vaudeville tour taking in New York and the hinterland, wearing lovely frocks and giving the most dramatic recitations you ever heard. Leatrice has developed that spellbinding, up-and-at-'em technique that is so necessary in vaudeville, and throws herself into her work as if she loved it.

Blanche Sweet is toying with the idea of going into vaudeville, and may do a song-and-dance act. That's Hollywood's answer to all the revue performers who have come out and overrun the studios.

**Still Waters Run Deep.**

Elissa Landi has been in Hollywood for several months and she hasn't started piloting a cerise airplane, been kidnapped or announced her engagement to a famous athlete. All she has done is make a picture called "Body and Soul" which at the preview made stockholders shout "Boy, we've got something here!" Also when two extremely clever young men, Kenneth MacKenna, the actor, and William Menzies, greatest of set designers, were made codirectors on "Always Good-by," they asked just one favor. Give them Elissa Landi for the lead, and they'd guarantee to turn out a picture.

with all the ingredients and laughter, plus a bit of love and romance, make a big band. When a producer realizes that fans want interesting people and acting, not another Warren search, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, new names under old noses do well.

"Du Borry, Woman of Passion."—United Artists.

Sad Boss in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of esteem. Story of Linda, an old friend who escapes mistreatment to arms of Conrad Nagel, William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Ulrich Haupt, Alison Skipworth.

"The Bot Whispers."—United Artists.

Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slightest tremors, if not actually boring, as Bot works its old lady in leased house. Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburne.

A Written Guarantee assures the permanent removal of unwanted hair

THOUSANDS or women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the re-growth of ugly unironed hair. KoremLu Cream—the achievement of a noted French scientist—not only removes the hair for all times, but actually is most beneficial to the skin itself. KoremLu is a delightfully fragrant cream. You easily and quickly apply it to the skin, like cold cream, and leave it on all night. KoremLu may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms, underarm or any other part of the body.

KoremLu Cream is not to be confused with temporary correctives that merely burn off the hair and make it grow back coarser. KoremLu is a permanent cure. It removes the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, destroying them safely but surely. KoremLu Cream, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

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Yes, just like the fellow in the mirror, with the same powerful fine-shaped muscles and a body full of pep, and all I want to do in is 90 days. All you need right now is to fill out the coupon below.

Honest, how fast are you keeping? Or are you just kidding yourself? You can't afford to do that if you want to succeed. You'll need a stiff backbone and a body without fatigue. Competition is too keen nowadays. You have got to be able to buck the line with the best of them. Be two-fisted from start to finish.

In order to do that you must be fit. There is a very simple way provided, it requires just a few minutes every night right before retiring. IT IS MY WAY. It cleans every organ and every cell of the poisonous carbon left from the day's toil and will set the machinery going to clean house while you sleep. Build up your muscles and give you the endurance of a greyhound. Send you bounding out of bed like a ten-year-old, and ready for a full day after waking hours.

That's the way you ought to feed. Do you? Dare you face yourself in the mirror? Have you got a body to be proud of or are you ashamed of it? Check up on yourself and let me help you weed out your weak spots, and build up your muscles and give you the endurance of a greyhound. Send you bounding out of bed like a ten-year-old, and ready for a full day after waking hours.

My new book, "THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG," will tell you how to get these live-wire muscles and nerves of steel. How you can build for yourself a body the equal of any man, with measurements in proportion. You will be surprised to realize how easy it is to put 4 inches on your chest and 2 inches on your arms and neck. Send for my book and learn the great secret of building a powerful body.

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Dear Mr. Jowett:
Please send me your new illustrated booklet, "The Thrill of Being Strong," immediately, without any charge or obligation on my part.

Information, Please
Continued from page 102

EVELYN.—You're out of luck on Lew Ayres' home address, because he doesn't give it. His first picture was "The Sophomore" in which he played a small part. His first turned roles have been in "The Kiss," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay," "East Is West," "The Doorway to Hell," and "Fires of Youth."

BARE.—If curiosity really killed a cat, it just about killed every movie reader. Tim McCo, was born on April 10, 1891. He is five feet eleven and weighs 170. He is married to Agnes Heroon McCo. They have been married for many years and the great event took place. Tim has been out of pictures lately, but perhaps Metro-Goldwyn would forward your request for a photograph.

HILDA GAY.—I'm sorry, but I have no record of the name of the Broadway restaurant in which Valentina danced prior to his fame. As to the date, it was about 1915 or 1916.

ELIANE L.—What is an old guy like me to say when you ask if Joan Crawford's hair is naturally wavy, or if she has a perm? It doesn't matter. Joan's boudoir secrets. Joan is American, born in San Antonio, March 23, 1906. She grew up in Kansas City and worked her way up to a career and fame herself. She can away from home at the age of fifteen and joined a musical show in Chicago. From there her stage career brought her to New York, where she was "discovered" for pictures by Harry Rapf of Metro-Goldwyn. Her first film role was a small one in "I'll Tell the World." Her next film after that, Joan Crawford has been announced at this writing. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan's husband, is also American.

MISTER O. K.—Your question is a hard one. I have no way of checking up on the financial backing of the company you describe, which is producing plays in Los Angeles with a view to doing them later on the screen. However, Irene Rich has been playing on the stage there, so the chances are very good that a picture is also producing plays on the West Coast.

VIOLA HOPE.—You've answered your own questions about the lack of stories on Kay Johnson and Larry Kent. You say that other fans seem not to inquire about them! Naturally an editor has to publish stories about players in whom the majority of fans are interested. You'll be glad to know that Larry Kent returns to the screen in the film "Sueno Beneath." Kay Johnson was born in New York of Scotch-English ancestry. Kay was on the New York stage when she married John Cromwell, and later accompanied him to Hollywood. Her new film is "The Single Sin" for Tiffany.

CHARLOTTE OTTE.—Aren't you just a little mixed up? Bernice Claire was not teamed with Alexander Gray in "Vienneuse Nights," as you stated in the last issue. Bernice is now playing in vaudeville, but she will undoubtedly return to the screen. You can reach both of them in care of First National studios. The songs in "Vienneuse Nights" were "I Bring a Love Song," "You Will Remember Vienna," "Here We Are," "Regimental March," "Ja, Ja, Ja," "It's Only Love." These are published by a Harms Music Corporation, 62 West 45th Street, New York City.

NOVARRO FOREVER.—Well, he may not go on forever, but Ramon is still going strong. And his next picture is "Daybreak."

Addresses of Players
Richard Barthes, Dorothy Mackail, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Marian Marsh, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Culver City, California.
Rose Hobart, Genevieve Tobin, Lewis Ayres, Jack Oakly, and others, at Universal City, California.
William Boyd, Lionel Barrymore, Shilling, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillian, at the United Artists Studio, Culver City, California.
Joan Blondell, Evelyn Kaan, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Irene Detrox, James Hall, Joe Brown, William Claxton, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.
Trevor Howard, Roe Daniels, Rita La Roy, Russ Lebedoff, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Wouley, Betty Compson, Sue Carol, Arthur Lake, June Clyde, Irene Dunne, Karl Daniels, and others, at the C.B. Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Robert Fraser, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Desert Center, California.
Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Dorothy Gish, 6040 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Kay Johnson, 1212 Sunset Street, New York City.
Jackie Coogan, 89 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Harold Lloyd, 6 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.
Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Gertrude Astor, 1121 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Helen Twelvetrees, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Mary Virginia, 5959 North Hollywood, California.
Edith Taylor, 1341 Los Felix Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Pat O'Sullivan, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Danny McCall, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.
George Duryea, 5059 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Al Plante, Margaret Livingston, Lloyd Hughes, Dorothy Bevier, and Lois Whittemore, 3737 Sunset Boulevard, California.
Margaret Lockwood, 2 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.
Bette Davis, 12126 Places, Hollywoodland, Los Angeles, California.
Claire Windsor, The Savoy Plaza, New York City.
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"To test for color-fastness — before buying wash goods of any kind it is safest to obtain small samples of all patterns and soak in clear water.

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1912! Movies in their infancy. Adolph Zukor visions a mighty dream! Wholesome entertainment for all — young and old, rich and poor alike! Across the screen thunders the first long motion picture — immortal Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"! Since that time Paramount has been known everywhere as the greatest name in entertainment.

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Greater value for less money—that's the spirit of the times. Reduction in price, but not in quality. That's the new slogan. Picture Play lives up to it by offering the July number for less than half the former cost. Think of it! And go to it!

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In the new Picture Play you will find all your favorite contributors and all that friendly intimacy which has attracted to the magazine its great family of readers in the seventeen years of its existence. And there are as many fans waiting to be introduced. So spread the good news! And hold your breath till May 25, when the new issue appears.

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George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

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Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI
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DAVID MANNERS
EVALYN KNAPP
JAMES CAGNEY
NOAH BEERY
IVAN SIMPSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE
If in Doubt—Like Both.

I HAVE been crazy about Greta Garbo since I first saw her in "Torrent" several years ago, but that does not prevent me from admiring Marlene Dietrich immensely. I think any one who admires one would admire the other, since they are of the same type. However, they have so many minor differences that it is not at all necessary to choose between them. One can admire both of them for different reasons.

Garbo has the more beautiful face—except for the mouth, all her features are better than Dietrich's—but Dietrich has a prettier face and prettiness is often more appealing than beauty. Dietrich has the better figure, but she is not seductive in street clothes. She is too fat.

Garbo's figure is far from perfect, but it is very seductive and, although awkward by nature, she carries herself gracefully. However, with few clothes on she is too thin. Dietrich has a more pleasing voice and speaks better English than Garbo. But she has not the emotion in her voice that Garbo has.

Dietrich has one immense advantage in this: everything is being done to help her. She is being well-publicized, is given an excellent director, an excellent supporting cast, and good stories. Garbo has become famous in spite of her company.

Publicity writers do not like Garbo, because she has succeeded without them and this will not help her in this crisis. I do not believe that Marlene Dietrich would ever have risen to the place she has on the screen on her own. Did she not act on the stage and screen abroad for several years without any particular attention? This is not true of Garbo. She was commented upon from her first picture and has always been above her material.

Dietrich has considerable talent and charm of her own, but she, or her director, copies many of the Garbo traits. In "Morocco" she obviously wore false eyelashes in an effort to resemble Garbo. All this is too bad, because, as I have said, she has charms of her own quite different from Garbo's. For example, her ability to sing. But she is much more commonplace than Garbo in looks and talent. There is humor in her face where there is tragedy in Garbo's.

I predict that Dietrich will surpass Garbo, because prettiness, sex appeal, and humor appeal more to the masses than beauty, distinction, and tragedy.

To sum up—I like them both, but I feel that Garbo is a great actress, the only woman genius the movies have produced, while Dietrich is merely a very attractive one.

Ted Sommers.

55 Charles Street, New York City.

Joan Her Incentive.

SOME months ago, an article appeared in Picture Play which discussed the reasons for some stars' tremendous popularity. It said of Miss Crawford, "Why has Joan Crawford become one of the most popular players? Certainly not because of beauty, nor because of any great dramatic talent," a most decidedly unfair statement.

Joan Crawford is lovely. She is the type of woman that inspires, that offers an incentive. For six years Joan Crawford has been my incentive. If ever I become anything of importance, Joan Crawford will be behind it all. When she scores a success, which she is constantly doing, I am sure no one is as glad for her as I am, unless it might be Douglas.

As for possessing great dramatic ability, she certainly has a wealth of it. Certainly any one who has seen "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" wouldn't make such a statement as Picture Play has made continuously. Joan Crawford is indeed one of the most inspired dramatic artists on the screen to-day.

For a long time Joan's fans have beseeched M.-G.-M. to give Joan a role worthy of her talents. It seems they have decided to comply with our request and we wish to thank them. As for myself, I should like to see Joan in pictures like "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance" rather than silly, plotless films such as "Montana Moon" and "Untamed," which were interesting only because of her.

Dorothy Rogers.

2916 National Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Continued on page 10
Why waste time on old fashioned methods

... when you can learn to play at home

without a teacher?

Don't let the thought of long years of tiresome practice scare you from learning to play! Don't let the thought of an expensive private teacher keep you from letting your dreams come true! For you—anyone—can easily teach yourself to play—right in your own home, in your spare time, and at only a fraction of what old, slow methods cost!

It's as easy! Just look at that sketch on the side. The note in the first space is always E. The note in the second space is always A. The way to know the notes that come in the four spaces is simply to remember that they spell face.

Now, isn't that simple? You don't have to know one note from another in order to begin. For the U. S. School way explains everything as you go along—all in print and picture—so that almost before you know it, you are playing real tunes and melodies right from the notes.

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You'll find yourself studying the U. S. School way with a smile on your own home is your studio. The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. There are no dry-as-dust exercises to struggle through. Instead, it's just like playing a game—you learn so fast!

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Forget the old-fashioned idea that you need "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And remember—no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average just the same—only a few cents a day.

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If you really want to play—if you want new friends, good times, social popularity, and increased income appeal to you—open and mail the coupon NOW. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 534 Brunswick Bldg., New York.
What the Fans Think

She bears the interviewer not to mention her beauty, saying "they all do," et cetera. Mr. Jordan shouldn't worry over such inconsequential things. Rather, she should beg on bended knees for the mention her egotism, her utter lack of talent and sincerity, and her painless progress. I have seen her in four pictures, due to her great good luck in playing with top-notch stars, and in all four she has been imposing beyond "Call of the Flesh." The same reason that Shakespeare does not appeal to them. They are utterly unable to appreciate her type of beauty.

Let them have their ga-ga girls, their Alice Whites and Clara Bows, with their weak, vacant, pretty faces. These come within the limits of their mental appreciation. But give us Garbo! To that sphere belongs to what is highest in art and beauty she is like some master symphony. A being from another world. Rare, exquisite—all earthly things. Her haunting beauty makes our throats ache with the wonder of it.

Because she has the shy, sensitive soul of a genius she withdraws herself from a world that cannot understand her. So she is called an eccentric. Because she prefers a sane and simple life to the hectic, artificial, unnatural life of Hollywood she is called a mystery by those who simply do not understand her.

To take a man who can appreciate nothing of art but that which appeals to the cruder senses to see a Garbo picture is like leading a bull into a museum of art!

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Garbo, Shakespeare, Aching Throats.

THERE seems to have been much criticism of Greta Garbo of late. The reason is that Greta does not appeal to persons of low intelligence for the same reason that Shakespeare does not appeal to them. They are utterly unable to appreciate her type of beauty.

Let them have their ga-ga girls, their Alice Whites and Clara Bows, with their weak, vacant, pretty faces. These come within the limits of their mental appreciation. But give us Garbo! To that sphere belongs to what is highest in art and beauty she is like some master symphony. A being from another world. Rare, exquisite—all earthly things. Her haunting beauty makes our throats ache with the wonder of it.

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To take a man who can appreciate nothing of art but that which appeals to the cruder senses to see a Garbo picture is like leading a bull into a museum of art!

Worcester, Massachusetts.

Tibbett Is the Berries.

IT was with little satisfaction I read the interview with Lawrence Tibbett in March Picture Play. Thank Heaven for a man, tickled to enjoy his work, and grateful for the success it has dealt him, too manly to be high-hat and all that rot.

Evidently there are a few false gods in Hollywood and Mr. Tibbett is one of them. You don't catch him hiding the twins, either. He is too sensible to let his children photographed. Good boy, Lawrence! They are fine lads and here's one who hopes that Lawrence, Jr., and Richard inherit some of their father's musical and dramatic talent.

M. G.-M. are to be congratulated on adding Mr. Tibbett to their list of stars. For those of us who are a little tired of the pretty boys, the bored boys, and the all too soulful boys, the virile personality, evident good humor, and God-given voice of Mr. Tibbett is more than a relief.

his successes increase and his producer give him pictures worthy of his talents.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Mothering Our Clara.

GIVE her a break! The most unselighting, peppy, happy-go-lucky person it has ever been our pleasure to hear or see. The ugly publicity thrown at her by her ungrateful secretary must have been a trying experience. Didn't it seem a pity, you who have been beyond peradventure a boy friend, devoted though he is, should be the only one to accompany her to court and encourage her against the stares of a curious public?

I felt as though I should mother her and say a few encouraging words to let her know that she really has some true friends who like her for her own self and not for her money or her fame.

Oh, the mean narrow-mindedness of the Oklahoman that refuses to show or go to see any of her pictures! Such people aren't worth the little part of Miss Bow's little finger.

ELEANOR CLARK.

7048 Damere Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Why Not Shoot All Writers?

ONe minute I find myself regarding with amusement the letters in "What the Fans Think" and the next—well—here I am!

In February Picture Play, Everett Blagden said that Marie Dressler talks too much about her friendship with gay friends. I'll admit, Mr. Blagden, I find nothing so detestable as a snob. And if by personal experience you have found Marie Dressler to be such, I can only say she is not the woman I have pictured her to be.

On the other hand, it may be that you are judging solely by published interviews. In that case, has it occurred to you that the gay friends were better for Marie than for you? If the interviewer questions her about such things, what has Marie to do but answer? This being so, it is surely not Marie who is afflicted with the social complex.

MARY FRANCES K.
New Brunswick, Canada.

Mr. Mook, How Could You?

FOR shame, Mr. Mook, to compare Janet Gaynor with Nancy Drexel, the ingenue type. I rise to remark that Janet is not an ingenue, but a real, honest-to-goodness actress. If she has not his electronic ability, as our scribe says, may I ask who on the screen has?

I do agree with M. Shorey, of Casper, Wyoming, that Constance Bennett was in every respect unsuited for the role of "Effie Carver" in "Common Clay." Sophistication certainly could not be embodied in the heroine, and Constance Bennett cannot cast aside her worldliness and air of boredom to imbue such a rôle with innocence.

MISS M. LEADER.
Petaluma, California.

Continued on page 12

Grilled to a Crisp.

THERE is a limit to human endurance, and mine was reached when I read the interview with Dorothy Jordan in February Picture Play.
Yes, I mean it. Others have and now you can. I have hit upon a "crazy" scheme to get advertising and publicity by giving thousands of dollars worth of valuable prizes. I am going to spend over $100,000.00 on advertising this year and if you haven’t yet won one of the prizes in our liberal campaigns there was never a better opportunity for you than there is this time. In this one offer I am going to distribute dozens of valuable and desirable prizes, including prizes of $2,500.00, $1,100.00, $1,000.00, $900.00 and $500.00 cash or brand new latest model 1931 sedans if preferred.

Can You Make Up 20 Words? Get Highest Puzzle Score!

You will notice the drawing at the right is made up entirely of letters. The outline of the face is "O," the hat is "A," etc. There are 14 letters altogether. Find these letters and write them down. Then use combinations of them to spell out words. 20 words are required for a correct answer, and this number will give you the highest score given for this test. I know your eye immediately hits on several words such as "hat," "gun," "son," etc. These are all good acceptable words and you may include them in your list. Each letter in the drawing may be used as many times as you wish, but no letters that do not appear may be used.

$2,500.00 to you if you get 20 correct words and are prompt and win first prize; or, if you prefer, a latest model eight-cylinder Studebaker four-door Sedan and $715.00 cash.

$715.00 Additional for Promptness makes the total first prize you can win $2,500.00. Nothing to buy now, later or ever. Just send your list of words in a letter or on a post card. That’s all. No obligation. If correct, you will be qualified for this opportunity. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Persons living in Chicago and outside the U. S. A. not eligible.

T. A. HUGHES, Dept. 241, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
What the Fans Think

S

EVERAL persons who had the good fortune to visit Hollywood and found it different from what they expected, are trying to guess just how it happened. I was told so. In August, 1926, when journeying from St. Louis to Milwaukee, I found myself without a book to read, and no magazine but Picture Play, which is being sold for free by a harken’s daughter, I believe the average public would like her, because she would come up to their standards.

I have read several magazines and newspapers, that the American Federation of Music had an advertisement that depicted a Robot singing. What of it? I’d like to see Polka Doodles sing, via the screen, than to hear a funny-faced tenor, with a ton of whale meat on his tummy, sing in the flesh. Who wouldn’t? Won’t some feed Joan Crawford a good meal? It is a shame the way she starves for a shape. I look for her to fall apart with each succeeding picture.

I am one of the few that knows why Charlie Chaplin doesn’t make a talking picture. What would the fans think when they heard his Cockney English? He would join the ranks of shattered illusions. 1473 South Belmont Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

All For Garbo.

THERE are so many different conceptions of acting that it is almost impossible to get many people to agree on any one standard, but I have been a theater and moviegoer for many years and can say, with all due respect to Greta Garbo a fine actress are not mistaken. Of course she is not cute—thank goodness! we have so many cuties—but she is very beautiful. She is one of the very few beautiful women on the screen. Beauty is not perfection of face and figure according to measure—no matter what is called a “divine hunger” and no face or body on the screen does that so much as Greta Garbo. Greta Garbo is almost without any training in the art of acting. If you are pri-

marily an admirer of trained voices and highly polished acting such as that offered by the people from the stage, Miss Garbo might not appeal to you very strongly. The only way to be stage-trained is to have acted on the stage and Miss Garbo has not. This school of acting is less popular from the stage such as Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, George Arliss, et cetera.

What Greta Garbo has is great natural ability as an actress. Almost any intelli-
gen person can be taught to be a good actress, as is seen in the way Nancy Car-
r

roll improves in every picture, but what Greta Garbo has you have to be born with. It is a screen, true face, great emotional depth, and lovely hands which she uses beautifully, are her attributes.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Miss Garbo is adequately honored. All the stars copy her hair dress, her clothes, her poses. Some of the imitators have talent of their own, like Marlene Dietrich, but who is even side of the Garbo personality and there’s more to Greta than that. Her imitators, in fact, only continue to show us how incomparable she is.

Although I don’t really approve of taking actors’ private lives into consideration unless they are forced upon you, we also have every right to comment on Greta in this respect. She is stronger than Hol-
l

lywood and has not let it change her. She seems to have a great deal of cour-
g

age and good taste. I can easily under-

stand why she does not give interviews. I cannot understand on what basis one

of the fans calls her conceited, unless it is just that she thinks that any one so important is. George Graham.

New York City.

Mixing, Brains and Ink.

I WAS pleased to voice my protest against the idol-worshiping method of exploiting the stars, as demonstrated by the letter in a recent Picture Play anent Ramon No-

varro. Poor Ramon! I can imagine him standing once more in our midst. He is too fine an artist to be exploited in the Rudy Vallée fashion.

No one could be a more loyal Novarro fan than I. I have always admired him. His singing in “Call of the Flesh” reduced me to tears. His wealth of personal charm and his golden voice place him in the ranks of the truly great. All the things I concede, yet I must confess that seeing him has never sent me to bed for three days. I am sure he wouldn’t wish his performances to be a punishment. I come home from a No-

varro picture feeling very much at peace with the world, thinking, “There, that was an evening well spent.”

No wonder the stars ignore their fan mail, if such letters are a sample of what they receive. Let us mix some brains with our ink. Eugenie Van Houten.

The Last Ninth Street, Brooklyn, New York.

She Doesn’t Like to Cry!

NOBODY loves a theme song, say you. Well, here’s some one who does! I would much rather see a good musical than the drama. I go to the movies, not to weep, not to have my emotions worked up. Of course, I like drama, too, but given “The Love Parade” and “Monte Carlo,” and you can have your heavy hysterics. Of course, all audiences don’t like musicals. Most important is that there are so few good ones. Another reason is that people who cannot sing are giving us the job. Better MacDonald and given cheap little blues songs. Witness “Let’s Go Native.” In the same film, the moving-man chorus is another reason for the fans swearing off musicals.

But pictures like “The Love Parade” and “Monte Carlo” are no ordinary musi-

cals. They are directed and acted with such force and charm that they are a joy to see and hear.

I say, let’s have more musicals, but of the Ernest Lubitsch-Maurice Chevalier type.

PEARL A. KATZMAN.

601 West 189th Street, New York City.

Sultan’s Bid Proves It.

THE letter from Mel Grayson in February Picture Play settles the matter. I am at last fed up on hearing such players as Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, and Lillian Roth panned. I have never felt the pleasure of knowing many of these fine and beautiful actresses personally, so I felt that I really didn’t know enough about them to come to their rescue and defend them.

At last it has come to my ears that some of them whom I know personally, and whom I have had the pleasure to watch at work. Mel Grayson said, “Who would try to compare Helen Kane, Lillian Roth, and Nancy Carroll with snappy, vivacious Clara Bow or dainty Nancy Carroll?” Here’s where I rise to protest. Helen Kane, Zelta O’Neal, and Nancy Carroll are the three actresses whom I know very well.

Who would indeed try to compare the
 natu ralness which is vivid in the work of Helen Kno r re and Zelma O'Neal, and their human tidesness, with the all too evident effort of Nancy Carroll to ap pear sweet and innocent in her pictures.

The French will meet the fact that you are conscious that every action is a carefully planned pose, that she is trying to impress you with her sweet, childlike innocence.

I should like Mel to mention, if possible, any one thing that Nancy has contributed to national life, such as Helen Kno r re's "Douglas Fairbanks" and Zelma's big box and "Varsity Drag.

In a very short time after Helen's success "boop-boop-a-doop," became a national expression. Today, if Mel will be good enough to notice, Zelma's big box and stomp are copied by professional people all over the country.

Nancy has never in her career, I believe, had the luck to make any important pictures, as David O'Neal's work in "Good News" when it played in London that he met her after the show and invited her to visit his palace at any time. That is, as any one knows, making great stars as being presented at court. I would like Mel to mention any instance in Miss Carroll's career when she has had as great a tribute paid her as B. W. New York City.

Be Still, Sad Heart.

THERE is always a sad feeling in my heart when I read about a falling star, even though he is not my favorite. I have three stars in mind who have been treated with the greatest injustice.

There is Clara Bow, for instance. Right from the beginning of her career until now, she was no more than the eternal flapper; she was just the natural type and nobody expected more. Yet she got loads of publicity and praise by the tons. But why pick on her now and publish secrets of her private life, which hurt her career? She could not have had her done better, Clara's acting improved through the talkies, but her stories did not. Why should such things happen?

And there is Miss White. She cannot be compared with Clara Bow. Though flapperlike, she has something piquant and charming that Clara Bow and many others have not.

Alice cannot act? I think her work in "Show Girl in Hollywood" was perfect. Of course she is not Greta Garbo or Lilian Gish, but she is someone who some time ago that even these two actresses cannot act? So why take those few brick showers seriously? No, Miss White, you have no need to worry, you are a great star, you will return to grace your fans, and we hope that the future will see her brighter for you.

Mary Bary.

New York City.

Pipe Down, You Jolly Scot.

T is a pity that Donald Jolly, of Scotland, should have taken such an attitude toward the English accent. Coming from the Count, this might be easily misunderstood by our American friends. Americans should know the average Scot loves the English as dearly as he loves a rat.

According to Donald Jolly the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh have a "lift," but the English—blah! His letter breathes hatred for the English. I can assure American readers our critics do know their business.

For fair dealing and sensible, constructive criticism, beyond of any cheap sentimentness, the leading British critics cannot be beaten. I read our critics carefully every week, and as my husband and I have attended the cinema since Florence Nightingale, we should know something about the subject. I do about four shows a week.

When the talkies first came out we decided to make a "drama"—true story of the "Kyber Rifles"—"Black Watch" in America—converted us both. Then it has been a thrill waiting to hear the voices of the their characters represented on the screen. I used to imagine how each would "come over," and they have for the most part spoken as I thought they would. Still I was agreeably surprised with the beauty of telling voice; I thought she would be very American. Lloyd Hughes spoke in a rich baritone when I expected a light tenor, something like Winston Churchill.

It's been an amusing game. I think I've heard pretty well all and I've not had a real disappointment as far as the stars go.

When a bunch of "critics" start to chatter in the dialect of Broadway, it sounds like nothing so much as the parrot house at the zoo to my British ear.

From the British Front.

In December Picture Play, one letter left me speechless with rage. It was the letter of Ruth Stagg, of London, England.

It was not that I entirely disagreed with Miss Stagg, because I, too, admire Pauline Frederick immensely, and I agree with everything Miss Stagg said about her. She is a wonderful emotional actress, and has certainly reigned on the screen as the queen of tragedy for many years; some of her portrayals will never be forgotten.

But the reign of every queen, unfortunately, must come to an end; and in my opinion Ruth Chatterton is our reigning queen of tragedy now, and will be, I hope, for a great many years to come.

Ruth Chatterton is a fine actress, but I like Pauline Frederick second best. Ruth is so much more versatile. I think she could portray any role from chorus girl to tragic queen. And then that is not a true actress? And when Miss Stagg said she had no tragic appeal, I simply had to rise up in defense of the divine Ruth.

Tragic appeal is just what she has got. In "Madame X," which I consider the finest talkie ever made, Ruth simply tapped at our heartstrings, with her magnificent performance. She is undoubtedly the greatest tragedian of our stage and screen to-day. Her voice, which, according to Miss Stagg, "fails to touch the heart," is a thing of loveliness, and it certainly touches me.

I feel quite certain thousands of other hearts, too. I am very much afraid that Miss Stagg's heart must be made of cast iron, if she possesses such a thing at all.

I love Miss Stagg, in the role of Miss Fairchild, everything about her is tragic, even her eyes, which I think are the most appealing eyes I have ever seen.

This is the purpose of running down Pauline Frederick, for, as I have said, I admire her nearly as much as Ruth, and that is saying a great deal. I am simply for the purpose of telling Miss Stagg that she cannot criticize Ruth, without a few faithful Chatterton fans rising up in defense of their idol.

Majie Larnes.


Footnotes on Gilbert.


John Gilbert is truly handsome, but not self-consciously so. He had a good sense of values and perspective, and is not highbrow.

It was during those extremely hot days last summer. All members of the "Way For a Sailor" company were at the Fox studio and uncomfortably hot. A thoughtless child extra ran over to John Gilbert and requested his autograph. And he kindly, and distinctly put her hand on the head, and gave her the autograph and told her it was for her. That is democracy for you!

Mr. Gilbert is truly kind and considerate, a real gentleman. He is a real gentleman. He is a thoroughbred.

He is very human and a real person. In all my time as an extra, I know no actor has behaved better than John Gilbert. I have only worked with him on a picture. Yet I am happier for a day under his direction than with any other actor.

He is not temperamental or overbearing on the set. He listens attentively to the director, and takes direction very easily; he is a real actor with a good understanding of the business of drama. He learns his lines easily, as he has a good memory.

He admitted himself that the first day on "Way For a Sailor" was the most trying day he ever put in, as he was aware people were curiously wondering about him and his voice. In spite of all this, high-strung and tense as Mr. Gilbert is, he never once got angry.

Rachael Eulanda.

El Nido Hotel, 1042 North Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dot's First Screen Crush.

For the first time in many years of moviegoing I have a crush on a star; and oh, how thankful I am to talking pictures for being able to see and hear the gorgeous English star, Evelyn Laye, which I have just seen "One Heavenly Night" and in spite of the fact that it is a mediocre picture as far as story, plot, and novelty are concerned, I enjoyed it as much as any picture I've ever seen because of the presence of Miss Laye.

Here is a woman who has everything. An intelligent actress, a clever comedienne, an attractive woman, a woman with physical ability, and a beautiful woman with a sense of humor—she is all these. And her speaking voice, with its crisp English accent, is delightful. Could any one ask for more?

Who says the public is tired of singing pictures? I admit that audiences have every right to be fed up with revues, pictures of high life, because of the formula in which the Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow of the screen burst into song for no apparent reason. But if the producers would give us intelligent musical pictures with characters, real characters, like Pauline Frederick, and Grace Moore, I am sure that music-loving Americans would flock to them.

Dorothy Harris.

Shreveport, Louisiana.

Continued on page 117.
THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wisecracking you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick Barthelmes plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!
Edwina Booth

While Edwina Booth was waiting for the release of "Trader Horn," her one and only film effort, her contract expired and her future was uncertain. But, joy of joys, she made a hit as Nina, the white goddess, and Metro-Goldwyn offered her a new agreement on the proverbial sterling platter.
WHERE do the thoughts of a player fly when the studio grants a vacation? Not to New York, Florida, Bermuda, or Caliente. Not to Honolulu, Corsica, Capri, or the Balearic Isles. But to foggy old London, where on a winter day there is as much as fifteen tons of soot dangling in the air over every dim square mile.

It is true, of course, that stars sometimes holiday in Honolulu. One has also heard of them in Miami, and seen them in New York. A man like Douglas Fairbanks has de luxed around the world so much that for a vacation with a kick he has to beat it to Tibet.

But taking them by and large, the great mass of players think of London when somebody suggests a trip to knock all others for a loop.

But why? Just why do Douglas and Mary, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Marion Davies, Buddy Rogers, Barbara Kent, James Gleason, Louise Fazenda, Walter Huston and fifty others elect to exchange the heavenly blue of the Pacific for the purgatorial grays of misty and rheumatic old London?

With some of them, of course, it is the call of nativity—"Home, Sweet Home," with a round-trip reservation. That goes for Ronnie Colman, Clive Brook, and other exiled lineyes—particularly Colman, because his first action on arriving in London is to grab a train to Leeds, where his sister lives. Leeds is like Pittsburgh. You have to have some one near-and-dear there to make it bearable.

Others, like Barbara Kent, want to see the little island their folks emigrated from 'way back in the '90s. Barbara took her first look at the land of her ancestors last December, when she made the trip specially to attend church service at Westminster Abbey and to eat turkey at her grandmother's London home on Christmas Day.

One wonders if she made a speech over the coffee and liqueurs, and whether she congratulated her forbears on having had the sense to emigrate.

Others know from reading and listening to travelers' tales that after heaven and hell the place least like Hollywood is London, and so they get the curiosity bug. The more they hear about it the worse grows the itch, until finally they go cockney, cash a check for $5,000 and hit the Atlantic trail, murmuring to themselves, "Ha'penny, penny, six-pence, shilling, florin, half crown, ten shillings, pound."

That was why Louise Fazenda went. Louise has been troubled by the liney bug for years. It bit her at an early age, while she was meditating on the consequences of having had a Dutch mother, a Mexican father, and an Indiana Pullman as a birthplace.

Louise grew to hate patios, cole slaw, red cheese, and chili. They had too much of the familiarity which breeds contempt. The Fazenda built herself a duplex house,
filled it with Jacobean furniture and Queen Anne silver, and began to say "bally" when she meant "dog-gone."

She took to visiting British Columbia just to get the feel of having shopgirls say "Thank you!" even when she didn't make a purchase. Then Warners gave her an eight-week holiday, her first in years. Louise let out a "Whoopee!" grabbed husband Hal Wallis and went to Southampton.

“What do you expect to get out of England?” I asked her while she packed.

"Yorkshire pudding,” she said, “and Scotch shortbread. Fog and rain. Beefeaters and Scots Guards and a Dickens inn. Really green fields and trees and farms like pocket handkerchiefs. I hope King George drives past, and I want to see the Prince of Wales riding a horse. I hope I get lost and a big cockney policeman leads me by the hand back to my hotel. The only thing I don't want to do is sleep.”

Curiosity—just that. But when Louise Fazenda got back home she began thinking about her next vacation in London.

They all do. There is Jimmy Gleason, who spent a year in England acting in his own play, “Zat So?” You would think he had enough—but no, sir! Ever since Jimmy got back to Hollywood he has been talking about another trip to the cockney fogs.

His home is one of the most "Gorblinney" in Beverly Hills. Jimmy has lawns and yews that would be a credit to Oxford, a team of polo ponies of which Ranelagh would be proud. But Jimmy is not content. He wants to hunt in Berkshire, watch cricket at Lords, dine at Ciro’s, and sup at the Embassy, and watch the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

So do Doug, and Mary, and Marion, and Powell, and Rogers, and Huston.
Of all the studios in Hollywood and the surrounding countryside—and there must be fifty of them in all—Universal City is easily the most picturesque.

It is the superlative in everything. It is the oldest, it is the largest, It is the hardest to get to, with the exception of Sennett’s new plant, and it contains more surprising features than all the other film factories put together.

Compared to any other large plant devoted to the manufacture of any commodity, a studio, by necessity, is a Gargantuan nightmare. Universal City is the dream of a Jack-in-the-beanstalk ogre who has gone to sleep after devouring a Welsh rarebit thirty feet in diameter.

Universal City—its old familiar slogan, “Where the pictures are made,” once fooled a good many people into believing that that was where all the pictures are made—is located on Lankershim Boulevard, about ten minutes from Hollywood Boulevard, if you are a fast driver.

The route takes you over Cahuenga Pass, which led to the old witticism of “over the hill to the bughouse.” This no longer applies, for there are now three studios over the same hill.

The studio embraces two hundred and thirty acres, and one may roam over them and discover any number of things which are hardly to be expected in a motion-picture studio.

There is a zoo, with an elephant and lions, a tiger, a chimpanzee, and everything. There is a chicken ranch with several thousand chickens and all the newfangled ideas in incubators and poultry houses. There is a river coursing along one side of the studio.

Most of the year, the river has all of an inch of water in it, but when the winter rains begin, it becomes a raging torrent. It was wont to bite large chunks out of the studio grounds, before its banks were reinforced. A good many years ago, all hands were called out at midnight to pile up sandbags and keep the river from washing the entire studio away.

No studio has been so exciting, nor so picturesque, as Universal City, now the last of the thrown-together type.

MILLS of

Year after year the studios create stars who, Thus every studio has its friendly ghosts and In this article, the first of a series, a brilliant City and brings back

There is a stable, or corral, with a large number of horses therein, and when Westerns were popular, there was a fairly permanent staff of cow-punchers, known as the Universal ranch riders, on the pay roll.

There are hills and valleys, and oak trees, and shaded nooks on the back lot where many a Western hero has pursued many a Western villain to save the heroine’s father’s ranch. These hills and valleys have saved numerous location trips for the canny proprietor, Carl Laemmle, who used considerable vision when he selected the studio site.

There is what probably represents the largest permanent set in any studio, a replica of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was originally made for “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” and has paid for itself in rentals to other film companies.

It is also a boon for harassed office boys and press agents who, having been assigned the annoying task of guiding visitors about the lot, keep them out of the way of working companies by leading them to the “Hunchback” set and permitting them to gape themselves to exhaustion.

There is a real post office recognized by the U. S. post-office department. There is a large
the GODS

by Carroll Graham

after a brief reign, are supplanted by new ones. intriguing memories, as well as its place in film history. citizen of Hollywood takes you to Universal forgotten days and persons.

and noisy restaurant, the only one in any studio open to the public. There is a recreation hall for employees. There is a golf course just across the river where most of the scenario writers go to meditate.

All these things are aside, of course, from the routine sound stages, laboratories, plaster shops, offices, wardrobes, dressing rooms, property departments and the other customary units of a large studio.

Universal City, in all, is an amazing place, and you should see it. Just use my name.

For some years prior to 1915, Carl Laemmle and his Universal Pictures Corporation had been making films in a little studio at Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, which later became the home of Century Comedies, a subsidiary organization, and, later still, a pile of ashes when its ramshackle buildings somehow caught fire.

Laemmle decided that his company was rapidly becoming too large for the little plant. He foresaw the vast growth of the film industry, possibly more clearly than any other producer of the time. He wanted more room, a whole lot of it, and, after scouring the countryside, hit upon the present location.

Other producers of that period thought, no doubt, that the head of Universal was a bit touched by the sun, when he moved his studio to that barren spot. It was really barren then, and a great deal more inaccessible than it is now. There was no such town as Lankershim then, and Universal City seemed as remote as Death Valley.

Those same producers probably wondered later if they were possibly not the ones touched by the sun, for every major film company has been forced to move to larger quarters within the last few years, and tracts of land near Hollywood cost a great deal more now than they did then.

Universal City was opened March 15, 1915, with the customary Hollywood hullabaloo, and has been in a state of more or less permanent hullabaloo ever since. Special trains brought guests from the East for the three-day celebration, and more than 45,000 persons from southern California took in the spectacle.

Thomas A. Edison and Henry and Edsel Ford motored down from San Francisco that summer to dedicate the first artificially lighted stage. Their car broke down en route, so the chronicle goes, and despite the presence of the automotive genius and the electrical wizard, they could not arrive until nine o'clock that night, at which time the stage had been dedicated anyway.
Universal City started the serials. I remember, as will others of my age, following with fanatical devotion the adventures of Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, in “Lucille Love, the Girl of Mystery,” and other serials. And George Larkin and Cleo Madison, in “The Trey of Hearts.”

“The Gray Ghost” brought out Priscilla Dean, who later starred in “The Wildcat of Paris,” “The Spitfire of Seville” and other hot-and-bothered melodramas. The serial “Liberty” launched Jack Holt and Eddie Polo, sending the former a good deal further than it did Polo.

In 1916 a school for movie children was begun on the lot, believed to be the first of its kind. Lina Basquette was its first pupil.

Lon Chaney, who had been playing bits since 1912, was beginning to attract attention. So was Jean Hersholt. With the coming of the War, Universal burst into patriotic fervor, as did all the other studios. Rupert Julian made “The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin,” which he probably now regrets, and played Wilhelm in it. Alan Holubar’s “The Heart of Humanity” gave Von Stroheim his first real chance.

Herbert Rawlinson became a star through his work in a crook picture, “Come Through,” about this time, as did Mae Murray in one of her best, “The Delicious Little Devil.” “For Husbands Only” won fame for Lew Cody and Mildred Harris.

All this was just after the War. Universal began to go in for spectacles on a big scale. Erich von Stroheim started it, I believe. He first persuaded Laemmle that he was a director, and, after making “Blind Husbands,” proved it to the world as well. Then came his “Foolish Wives,” the first million-dollar picture—at least the first heralded as such.

Lon Chaney became one of the greatest of stars following “The Miracle Man.” made elsewhere, by his amazing characterizations in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” and “The Phantom of the Opera.”

Mary Philbin, who was a Laemmle discovery, became a star in “Merry-Go-Round,” which Von Stroheim started and Rupert Julian finished.

This period, in the early years of this decade, was Universal’s heyday. At one time, it is said, there were forty-two companies working on the lot simultaneously. Universal made everything—spectacles, society dramas, program pictures, feature-length Westerns, one and two-reel comedies, two-reel Westerns, and serials.

Wild animals from the zoo roamed the jungle sets in the river bottom for “Tarzan” pictures. Cowpunchers galloped the hills in Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Art Acord, and Jack Hoxie Westerns.

The late Lon Chaney rose from a bit player to the star of “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.”

Those were carefree, romantic days in filmdom. They saw the rise of many stars and directors to fame. Some have stayed on top, some have died, some have fallen back into obscurity.

In the roster of the stars of that era, great and forgotten names mingle: Harry Carey, Mae Murray, Mary MacLaren, Monroe Salisbury, Marie Wilcox, Ella Hall, Fritz Brunette, Herbert Rawlinson, Dorothy Phillips, and a score of others.

Lois Weber was the first woman director. She came back a few years ago, then married and retired again. Alan Holubar, who died some years ago, was one of Universal’s leading directors. Rex Ingram, who has made so much money he can’t be bothered any more, was just starting.

Francis Ford, who directed and starred in serial thrillers, is now a character actor. Hobart Henley, a star then, is a prominent director now. Frank Lloyd, obscure director then, is a famous one now. Ethier Clifton is a scenario writer. William Worthington, Joseph de Grasse, Edward J. LeSaint, prominent directors then, have retired.

John Boles pauses before his dressing room in the modern Universal City.
William Duncan, William Desmond, Jack Daughtery, and Joe Bonomo were the serial stars over this period.

Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante, and others, played farce inside the stages, while next door, Herbert Rawlinson, Frank Mayo, and House Peters performed dramas in starring pictures, and just across the way comics were hurling pies for the two-reelers.

The studio property increased in value more than twenty times its original purchase price. Rambling buildings were thrown up without regard for their fellows. Sets were built one day, used the next, and torn down the third to make way for others.

Then Universal City began gradually to quiet down. Westerns were becoming out of date, and all the cowboy stars except Hoot Gibson departed. Serials were forgotten for a time. Old stars began to go, new ones to come.

Then came the talkies, and a period of general reorganization. The studio continued with its program pictures for a time, and its comedies as well, with a few big productions occasionally.

Within the last two years, "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Show Boat," "The King of Jazz," "Broadway," and "Captain of the Guard" have ranked with the biggest films of the industry and carried the Universal banner into the foremost theaters of the land.

Universal City, it seems to me, has lost some of its old flavor in the light of present-day efficiency.

It was a hectic, madcap factory, running with no definable system, but finishing pictures somehow. Films, it seemed, were made on the spur of the moment, and no sort of complete program for a year's production was ever carried out as planned.

It was a saying in Hollywood that no one's education was complete until he had worked at Universal City. There are few persons who have been in the film industry more than two years who have not worked there in some capacity. No studio has been so kidded, so publicized, so

Many stars of to-day were extras or obscure players there, many of them not so long ago. Janet Gaynor and Fay Wray played in two-reel Westerns there before Fox or Paramount ever heard of them. Esther Ralston was an obscure ingenue for Universal. Lois Wilson began there some years ago. after winning a beauty contest, as did Dorothy Guiliver and Nancy Drexel.

Universal City is a miracle that only Hollywood and the motion-picture industry could produce. Stretching along Lankershim Boulevard, it presents an odd spectacle, with its red-and-yellow build-

ings grouped in a not-too-successful attempt at uniformity. Huge oak trees, a fountain, and a semicircular lawn before the entrance to the main building create a sense of quiet.

A more unusual scene is found within the studio walls. A highway runs through the studio just behind the administration building, turns as it nears the river and continues southward, bisecting the huge lot. Buildings, stages, shops, and offices are strewn about with no attempt at system or symmetry.

It is a fascinating, topsy-turvy place, a Coney Island crazy house. It is, moreover, the last of the old thrown-together type of studio. First National is new, glittering, and uniform. Paramount, in fairly new quarters, presents a sober and sedate appearance, and is laid out efficiently.

United Artists is divided into compact units. Fox is moving into its ornate and efficient Westwood studio. Even Metro-Goldwyn, old as its studio is, is laid out with some sense of form.

Only Universal remains a monument to the grand old days of the movies. Friendly ghosts and intriguing memories haunt every corner of it.
GOODNESS knows there are enough accents in pictures, but Una Merkel has made a place for hers, which is like no other. It's a Southern drawl—and how! There's a reason, for she comes from Kentucky and you feel that she might have lost a little of it if it were not so funny. Yet Miss Merkel is no eccentric comedienne, but an accomplished actress whose speech is combined with a sure knowledge of how to make the most of every word she utters. Watch for her—she helps every picture in which she plays.
Eddie Nugent says that picture people are the poorest buyers of antiques, because they've been cheated so often.

ANTIQES and
APPLESAUCE

As proprietor of a shop, Eddie Nugent, the comedian, hands out both with equal ease and a profit to himself and his listener—or customer.

By William H. McKegg

HOLLYWOOD seems to be going mercantile with a vengeance. I mean even more so than usual. Ruth Roland has made millions out of real estate—and not paper profits, either, if you judge by the smile with which she accepted her losses from "Reno."

Mary Pickford has a finger in many a commercial pie. Finance rears its head above art. "Art for art's sake" is out, and the almighty dollar has raised its ugly head where formerly nothing was heard but the cooing of the muses.

Perhaps it was hearing the astounding returns some of the movie players were getting that urged Eddie Nugent to dabble in big business. Eddie now owns an antique shop, and is doing fairly well. (Buy now! And take back an antique.)

Of course, this is no new interest to Antiquarian Nugent. I know for a fact that Eddie has been wrapped up in antiques for lo, these many moons. And what is more, believe it or not, he knows quite a lot about antiques.

His shop on Vermont Avenue displays various articles in this line—furniture, paintings, silverware, et cetera.

Besides giving Mr. Nugent something with which to occupy himself during his leisure moments, dealing in antiques gives him a delightfully liberal education he would miss were he content to let acting alone absorb his attention.

Eddie may be humorous on the set, but it is a serious well-informed individual we hear when E. Nugent, merchant, speaks.

"From antiques I have learned and absorbed many things I never knew before," he admitted one day, "I never cared for history in school, but now I've found that history is written more in furniture than books."

"You'll find one nation passes its styles on to another. Egyptian furniture was severe. It had few decorations. It suggested wisdom. The style passed on to Greece. It became classic during the age of the philosophers. When the philosophers died, Greece turned her attention to the restaurant business and passed on the classic style in furniture to Rome. Then Rome became decadent."

"Well, even furniture can't be expected to last forever. During the Roman era flowery decorations were placed on furniture and all the wisdom learned from Egypt was lost—except the manufacture of Egyptian cigarettes."

"Three great nations had fallen. The furniture of
each reflects its rise and downfall. During the Dark Age Gothic architecture came into being. Furniture was not so much attended to as buildings. Cathedrals rose. Mankind was groping toward something higher than worldly comforts. He sought the light and wisdom he had lost, and what did he find?"

Eddie glared at me suddenly.

"I'll bite. What did he find?"

"Bootleg liquor and income-tax reports," Eddie answered disgustedly. "Pay attention, will you?"

I dusted off my ears and sat back to absorb some more light and wisdom. "Then what?" I asked, determined to be agreeable.


"The Renaissance style of furniture bears little resemblance to the old pagan period, in so far as decorations go—save in Cecil DeMille’s classics. But you can tell that the people of the period were coming out of the Dark Age rather than going into it.

"The heaviness of the Renaissance style gave way to the lighter mode of Louis XIV. That was the period of André Boule. Monsieur Boule was a very clever chap. Long after he was dead they named a song after him—"Boola-Boola."

"He got himself appointed the king’s cabinetmaker and turned out some fine inlaid cabinets, tables, et cetera. Hence the Boule furniture typifies royalty, richness, luxury, revolutions, and kingdom crashes.

"Louis XV furniture is more delicate. Curves and corsets came into fashion. Plenty of liquid was used—both liquor and lacquer. This was the time of the white-wigged aristocracy. The people became too soft. Everything was artificial—except the bills.

"Louis XVI was just one step further toward delicacy. It didn’t help the people. Refinement was there, but too near the edge of decadence and super-super-epic films.

"Came the French Revolution when furniture was burned, not made. Only Monsieur Guillotine used his head. They say he had a wit as keen as a knife and a lot of people lost their heads under his sharp thrusts. The Revolution was the downfall of royalty.

"The empire of Napoleon followed. Wherever Napoleon went somebody followed. However, the furniture of this period is a composite of all the styles from ancient Egypt and Greece, with touches here and there from other ages. This idea of borrowing and adapting to the needs of the moment is still being practiced by the present-day scenario writers.

"The Victorian, the last royalist period of furniture making, was ugly, smug, and stuffy—like the first picture theaters."

Eddie’s exhaustive study of antiques began when he was a prop boy at the M.-G.-M. studio. He’d go to the prop room when a set had to be dressed and was soon able to distinguish between a mock Sheraton and Chippendale. So really, to a certain extent, he must thank the movies for firing him with a desire to study antiques, as well as to act.

Not all actors are so fortunate. Some are born under contract. Or inherit a batch of lovely hooked rugs and a trundle-bed, but no real feeling for these things.

To Eddie there is something romantically ancient about modernistic furniture.

"Take modernistic furniture," he said.

I took a modernistic chair, but I had to give it back.

"There is nothing very modern about it," he declared.

"It is merely a throwback to ancient Egypt and Greece. Why, I know an actor right here in Hollywood who..."

Eddie Nugent became interested in antiques through his work as a prop boy. Here he is seen with his collection of silver miniatures.
LET us join in a hymn of thanksgiving for Elissa Landi. She lives up to the fanfare that heralded her coming in "Body and Soul," and she has the individuality and talent to triumph in any film. Her beauty has that strangeness which is inseparable from true art, but more than this she has vibrant intelligence. It charges her every word and gesture. It makes her magnetic, alluring, sympathetic. Because of her pronounced gifts she steps easily beside Garbo and Dietrich, yet with no faintest likeness to either. Landi is herself!
T
HEY are not doing right by Marlene Dietrich in Germany. They like her pictures—and who doesn’t?—but when a fabulous celebrity like Chaplin comes along, she is just another of the crowd to be elbowed out of the way, as far as the German people are concerned.

Elbowed, did I say? The seething mob that greeted Chaplin at his hotel all but used bludgeons and hobnailed boots on the poor girl when she tried to get through the crowd to meet him. Police came to her rescue, took her safely into the hotel, and locked the doors. She had not come just to have a pleasant chat with him and renew the acquaintance begun in Hollywood. She wanted an autographed picture. And thereby hangs a lesson to be learned by all little boys and girls in Hollywood who expect to go visiting in their home towns.

You may be a sensation in Hollywood, as Miss Dietrich unquestionably is, both professionally and socially, but don’t expect the people back home, who knew you when, to believe that you really visited Pickfair, knew Chaplin, and were a guest at any of Marion Davies’ parties, unless you have evidence to support it.

An amused onlooker in Berlin wrote me that the German people were quite ready to believe that there were social barriers in Hollywood that made meeting the aforementioned triumvirate as difficult as presentation at their own late court, and that there was such antipathy toward a foreign invader that the better she was the less they liked her. Explain as she will that Hollywood is a friendly town that all but swamps a newcomer with parties in her honor, the Germans just don’t believe Miss Dietrich.

She did not care much for Hollywood when she was there, but now it all seems friendly, and casual, and appealing. She is eager to come back, and she will very soon. Even the prospect of getting a weak-kneed story now—and then does not dismay her. “Dishonored” proved that her light was undimmed by the most worn-out fabric.

Ask Any Man Who Does Not Know.

“Dishonored” was frankly based on the legend of Mata-hari, the most glamorous spy of the Great War, and authorship is attributed to Von Sternberg and a couple of others. If it had been a good story, I wouldn’t care if they had never been nearer the spy nests of central Europe than Walla Walla, and never even seen a picture of Mata-hari. But it wasn’t a good story, and neither, I suspect, is the Mata-hari derivative that has long been planned for production by Metro-Goldwyn. The latter has been going the rounds of Writers Row for many months, having a little patchwork done on it here and there.
chat about players in the Metropolis—their the spice of anecdote read nowhere else.

Hollis

Meanwhile there lives in Hollywood the one person who could tell a scenario writer more dramatic and authentic material about Mata-hari than all the books about her. This person is Fern Andra, who at the time of Mata-hari’s rise to fame was one of the two reigning film favorites in Europe. She knew Mata-hari well. Miss Andra has worked in one or two American films, but no one has given her a real chance yet. And no one has capitalized on her amazing inside knowledge of war-torn Europe.

Wanted—a False Front.

If you want one of our most competent and polite young directors to haul off and give you a sock on the jaw, just murmur when you are introduced to Mervyn Le Roy “Why, you look like a child.” Mervyn—pardon me, Mr. Le Roy—is short, slight and decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. It causes him no end of trouble. Actors come to see him and think they are being stalled off by an office boy. But the most crushing experience came a few days ago when he arrived in New York on a hurried trip to see “Five Star Final.” He has to go back to the Coast in a few days and make a picture of this gaudily furious expose of the heartlessness of tabloid newspapers.

Mervyn—excuse me again; I just cannot get used to thinking of him as the old master—went to the box office, asked for his tickets, and finally got some from a frankly dubious attendant. The seats were well situated for a view of the side wall and a post, and he could hear every word of the ushers out in the lobby, but not much that went on on the stage. He went out and demanded that they be changed, but—well, have you ever known any one to win an argument with a New York box-office attendant? The next morning he stormed into the office of Warner Brothers, and soon over the telephone there were harsh words.

“Mr. Le Roy didn’t show up,” the theater manager complained. “Some youngster came around and asked for tickets, and he seemed to think he ought to have them, so we gave them to him. Thought he was his kid brother, or his son, or something.”

Unsympathetic as a Train Schedule.

I do not want to make out that motion-picture fame is just a series of broken bubbles, but I must...
Hollywood is eager to take Gabrielle Chanel to its arms, but she will not let herself be mobbed.

tell you about the royal welcome accorded Jeanette MacDonald when she arrived for her umpteenth visit to New York the other day.

She was coming in on the Century, which pauses for a moment at Harmon-on-the-Hudson before tearing into New York. If you want to make incoming travelers feel that their arrival is really an event, you get up at the crack of dawn and take a suburban train that lands you in Harmon just in time to board the Century, or whisk the honored one off in a car to drive to New York.

Miss MacDonald's manager, a sizable delegation from the Fox office, and a group of friends set valiantly out for Harmon bearing flowers, reviews of her recent pictures—the favorable ones—and invitations by the score. Their train was late, just late enough to miss her. So she came into the Grand Central Station and had to fight for a porter like the rest and had that empty, chilled feeling that nobody cared.

She felt a little better when she got to her hotel and found that the porter was still working on his imitation of the clicking heels and suave manner of Jack Buchanan, in "Monte Carlo," and was progressing pretty well. Scoring the smarter hostleries of Park Avenue, Miss MacDonald always stays at the moderate-priced Lexington, because it is operated by old friends.

**Not New to Movies.**

Now that Helen Hayes, ranked by many as the most important of our young stage stars, has been captured by the screen, the newspapers have gone into a perfect furor of excitement over her change of medium. But she would have you know that she is not a newcomer to pictures. She says that she was in pictures when you and many present-day stars hadn't even seen one. At the age of eight, which was some twenty years ago, she made two films with Jean the collie who was one of the most popular Biograph stars.

You will hear a great deal about Helen Hayes, and I think you will like her. Apart from being a gifted actress, she is one of the most engaging and outspoken young people I have ever met. She says that the film tests she made last summer when she was in California were uniformly terrible, and that the one made by Metro-Goldwyn, the company with which she signed, was the worst. She is happy at the prospect of working on the same lot with Greta Garbo. Miss Garbo had her ordered off the set when she tried to watch her, but she still thinks Garbo is about the grandest thing she has ever seen.

Present plans—need I remind you that they are always subject to change?—call for her to make "The Lullaby" as her first picture. On the stage this was played by Florence Reed, and they can't both be right. It is one of those sinking down, down in the tropics stories where the heroine looks up one day and finds that she is staring at the gutter. Miss Hayes is certain to give the lost-girl role a refreshing originality.

Just in case you have never seen Helen Hayes, I wish that I could find words to describe the haunting loveliness of her voice, the poignant appeal with which she endows every character she plays. Brash as I am, she fills me with awe.

*Marlene Dietrich was not treated with respect by Berlin crowds.*
Keep to the Dark Side.

Just as everyone heaved a sigh of relief when Bebe Daniels went back to dark hair in "My Past," along comes word that she is wearing a blond wig in "Woman of the World." Won't some of you—a lot of you—who are good at letter writing join me in sending protests to Bebe, Ben Lyon, each and every one of the Warner Brothers, your local exhibitor, and any one else who you think might have influence? If John Barrymore wants to be a tap dancer, and Ruth Chatterton fancies undress and torch songs, we may humor them, but to accept the gorgeous Bebe as a blonde is asking too much.

Visitors to New York.

Film players in search of stage careers no longer arrive by every train. Rumors that it is not easy have sifted back to Hollywood. Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, although enjoying a certain mild success through the country, are not rated strong enough to bring to Broadway. Olive Borden's stage début out of town was inexpert. Saddest of all is the case of Betty Bronson.

Signed to appear as guest star with a Middle-Western stock company, after a few days' rehearsals she was given a very small part. Words were said about a suit over breach of contract.

Carman Barnes made herself remembered at the hotel where she lived in New York.

The retort was that Miss Bronson was guilty of selling goods under false pretenses when she signed as an actress. That was the end of that argument. It is always possible that under expert direction she will emerge as a skilled actress, in which case the small-town producer can expect to stay in the sticks for a long time.

Lois Moran still lingers in New York, if you can call an endless round of parties lingering. As the only one of the younger film players to make a hit on the New York stage, she need not worry over her career, but she is anxious to get back to work, now that Fox has notified her to be ready to come to Hollywood on short notice. A hull in production at the Fox studio, said to have some vague relation to the fact that they have to have some eighteen million dollars to pay on notes in a few weeks, is said to have postponed starting her next picture.

Blanche Sweet is playing in vaudeville, and Colleen Moore is in New York, said to be a har lot bound as soon as her divorce is final. Her prospective husband is Albert Scott, a business man not concerned with pictures.

Jean Harlow, the most spectacular in appearance of all film players, is visiting New York. When she is released from her contract with Howard Hughes, who can't seem to find time to provide work for her, she has her eye on Paramount.

The other beautiful blonde, Mary Nolan, is also in New York after a series of misadventures. Many people, including Junior Laemmle, who did not renew her contract, believe that she is potentially one of the greatest attractions in films, but she just cannot be held to time schedules and company's orders. Let me assure you that she still has the appearance of a lovely pastel-tinted angel. She is slated to appear on the stage in a skorch entitled "Diamond Lil's Daughter," but meanwhile she is making a picture with some little independent outfit over in the long-neglected Fort Lee. While exhuming the
"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth
stars who swept triumphantly into Holly
of conquering. Theirs were the biggest
dealing with the invasion—

Helen Morgan, who sang her way to fame atop a
piano in "Show Boat," made two, "Applause" and
"Road House Nights." She gave admirable perform-
ces, but the public simply wasn't interested.

Walter Woff whose voice ranks second only to Alex-
der Gray's, but who was more successfully exploit-
ed on the stage, came out and made "The Golden Dawn." It was enough. He's playing on the stage this season.
The striking Ethelind Terry who delighted audiences
for a year on the stage in "Rio Rita," was signed by M.-G.-M. One picture, "Lord Byron of Broadway,"
convinced them of their mistake.

Texas Guinan is another luminary who flickered
briefly though profitably—to herself. She came out with
diamonds flashing and teeth bared to raise her voice in
song so-called, "Queen of the Night Clubs" was the
picture that did justice to both jewels and voice, and
Texas wisely refused to waste any of her valuable time
in waiting for offers of further pictures, thereby proving
her shrewdness.

Another billed as "the great Broadway star" although
in reality he was merely a featured leading man, was
Basil Rathbone. Signed at a reputed salary of $2,500
a week, he was intended to fill the place on the M.-G.-M.
program occupied on Paramount's by William Powell.
He made four pictures for them, "The Last of Mrs.

By Samuel Richard Mook

PART III.

In part one of this series we consid-
ered the stage folks
who had made the grade in pictures. In part two we
discussed those who are still fighting their way. And
now we come to the most interesting group of the lot:
the Broadway big shots and near-bigs who, for the most
part, failed ignominiously. People whose names in
lights above a legitimate theater spell almost certain suc-
cess for a play, but whose monikers heading the cast of
a picture meant nothing—or less.

Irene Bordoni, fair, plump, and forty. She gets over
admirably on the stage, but she didn't click with the
moviegoing public. She made one picture, "Paris," and
was glad to call quits. She's now in vaudeville.

Fannie Brice, one-time favorite in the Ziegfeld "Fol-
lies," made two, "Be Yourself" and "My Man." She
was herself, all right, but the public didn't respond to
that fact in large numbers.

Harry Richman—Broadway's favorite son and for-
merly Clara Bow's—made one film, "Puttin' on the
Ritz," but the most optimistic could hardly have called it
a success. The supporting cast was composed almost
entirely of picture veterans—James Gleason and Lilyan
Tashman, among others—who conspired quietly and suc-
cessfully to take the film away from the star. Even his
engagement to Clara Bow did not create enough interest
in him to pull crowds into the theaters where it was
shown.

Dennis King, another favorite of old New York, re-
made his greatest success, "The Vagabond King," for
the movies and Paramount was glad to see the last of
him.
an age without a name." This may be the consoling thought of the stage
wood—and then trailed out again, defeated by the talkies they dreamed
salaries and theirs the bitterest retreat. This chapter—the third and last
considers the most interesting group of all.

Cheyney," "This Mad World," "A Lady of Scandal," and "The Bishop Murder Case." Then they started
farming him out. In addition to his being an indifferent
screen actor, his wife insisted upon trying to dictate to
studio officials how pictures should be made, so they
dispensed with Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone's services—
although the latter's were gratis. He is now back on
the stage, the star of "Heat Wave."

Beatrice Lillie, who ranks
second to none on the stage and
whose wit keeps you right on

the edge of your seat,
made one for Fox—
"Are You There?"
—and went right
back to England. Decidedly the screen's loss in this case.

The mighty Lenore Ulric came out and did a couple
for Fox, "South Sea Rose" and "Frozen Justice." She,
too, is back on old Broadway. Her husband, Sidney
Blackmer, hung on for a year more until First National
recently bought off his contract for $16,000.

Ina Claire, another shining light from the New York
stage, joined Pathé under a contract for three pictures
at a staggering figure. She made the first "The Awful
Truth," and the awful truth was that theaters billed her
not as Ina Claire, but as Mrs. John Gilbert in an effort
to bolster her up at the box office.

One film was enough and the contract was dissolved
by mutual consent. Miss Claire talked Paramount into
giving her another chance in "The Royal Family of

Broadway" and then Samuel Goldwyn signed her for
five years—but time will tell.

One of the costliest contracts negotiated for a stage
player was that which M.-G.-M. signed with Charles
King. King scored in "The Broadway Melody" and
was put under a long-term contract. In a little more
than two years he played in the picture mentioned, the
"Hollywood Revue," in which he sang one or two
numbers, in "Chasing Rainbows," a bit in "Remote
Control," and was finally lent to Warner Brothers for
"Oh, Sailor, Behave." Then the studio joyfully discov-
ered his contract had expired. Now he's back in New
York on the stage.

Another costly contract was that of Carlotta King.
Miss King made one of the first talking-singing pictures,
"The Desert Song." She
was immediately signed by
M.-G.-M. at $1,000 weekly.

They kept her under contract for one year and she
never made a picture for them. Gone now, but not for-
gotten. I'm sure.

And still another bit of enterprise that cost Paulie
dearly was the contract they gave Mary Lewis, grand-
opera star. Under contract for almost a year, she
never made a picture and finally ended the matter by
bringing suit against them for $22,500 for their failure
to use her.
The Crowded Hour

Grand-opera stars have been notoriously unsuccessful in the talkies. Everett Marshall was signed by RKO following Tibbett's success in "The Rogue Song." Marshall made "Dixiana" and departed as soon thereafter as his contract came up for renewal.

Alice Gentle did two pictures for Warners, "The Golden Dawn" and "Song of the Flame." She gave good performances, but the camera didn't treat her kindly and she, too, has returned to Gotham.

Ted Lewis, whose phonograph records sell second to nobody's and who has appeared in numerous stage shows, made "Is Everybody Happy?" Most emphatically, everybody was not. Needless to say, one was enough.

Sophie Tucker, billed as "The Last of the Red-hot Mammas," came out and found one picture was one too many. The film was fittingly called "Honky Tonk," but the title and star combined were not enough to lure people into the theaters where it was shown.

Nick Lucas, the singing troubadour, found his public appreciated him more when they could hear him over the talking machines than when they had to look at him. "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "The Show of Shows" were enough to convince Warner Brothers he would never be popular screen material.

Ann Pennington whose knees are as famous as Clara Bow's "It," came out for two pictures, "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Is Everybody Happy?" But she didn't have the lead in either and her screen personality didn't warrant keeping her on.

Belle Baker, famous songstress of vaudeville, was signed to glorifying the talkies. "The Song of Love" it was called. Well, that was as good a name as any, I guess.

Another ghastly contract—from the studio's viewpoint—was the signing of Clark & McCullough by Fox. These two men are as funny as they come on the stage, but in pictures it was a verra, verra different story. They had a year's contract at something like $8,000 a week. Unable to find feature-length stories, the studio put them in a series of two-reelers hopefully designated as "The Clark & McCullough Comedies," but they quickly became known around the lot as "The Clark & McCullough Tragedies." The end of that year couldn't come too soon for the studio.

And another one that smelled slightly of herring was the piece of paper negotiated by Walter Catlett, who was featured in New York musicals for several years. His first assignment was an opus variously released as "Imagine My Embarrassment" and "Why Leave Home?" Mr. Catlett was new to the screen, but that didn't stop him from running the whole show. So he managed things to suit himself, and as far as footage was concerned he certainly didn't suffer.

Recently he was signed by Pathé to write shorts. Well, he might as well be there as anywhere.

George Jessel who, in his own estimation at least, ranks second to nobody in the show business and who does manage to pull them in in New York, also came out to say his say. The opus was "Love, Live, and Laugh." From an audience standpoint it might better have been called "Look, Yawn, and Sleep." One was more than enough in his case. Fox bought his contract at a price in the neighborhood of $80,000 and he returned to New York.

John McCormack with his contract for half a million for one picture made "Song o' My Heart." They have not arranged for another film for him at the Fox studio.

Two other semibig shots from New York signed by the hopeful Fox were Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray. The former leaped into fame via the stage "Show Boat" and made two pictures, "Married in Hollywood" and "Cameo Kirby." I don't know whether Miss Terris or the studio was more disgusted with the result, and she has entertained with imitations at Florida night clubs this winter.

J. Harold Murray lingered longer and was popular with the studio employees, if not with the public. He appeared with Miss Terris in the two pictures named and followed them with "Women Everywhere" and "To-
night and You." Then he, too, gave up the cinematic ghost—or the studio did.

The amount of money collected by some of these people for doing little or nothing almost passes belief, and each time I think of another name I am tempted to write "this was the costliest of them all." Paul White- man, believe it or not, collected more than $200,000 salary for himself and band before he had done a day's work for Universal.

They had him under contract, but his agreement stipulated that he was to O. K. his story. He refused to O. K. the stories they submitted and they had no choice but to pay him. He was out here about eight

weeks and left for a concert tour. When he returned they had "The King of Jazz" ready to start shooting, but they had to pay him additional salary while he worked on it.

Charles Kaley was an ingratiating master of ceremonies at the Maribro Theater in Chicago. After a great deal of search for a lead for "Lord Byron of Broadway," M.-G.-M. discovered Kaley and paid something like $40,000 for his theater contract.

He was cast in the title role of "Lord Byron," made the one picture and they let him go. In justice to Charlie, however, it should be noted that if he had had half a chance he might have developed into a picture personality. His director didn't like him, didn't want him for the part, and did everything possible to discourage him while he made it. It is small wonder that his work reflected the disadvantages under which he made his debut. Following "Lord Byron" he returned to the stage.

Vivienne Segal, known as the highest-priced light-opera prima donna on the New York stage, came and saw, but didn't conquer. She made one picture, "The Golden Dawn," had her nose bobbed and was signed for four more. Made three of them, "Song of the West," "Bride of the Regiment," and "Viennese Nights." She was last heard of in vaudeville singing of her fame in Hollywood.

Elsie Ferguson, glamorous star of yesteryear, finally permitted herself to be cajoled into another appearance on the screen. She detested films when she starred in pictures years ago. This time, she told me, it was simply a crucifixion. She made one picture, "Scarlet Fages," and returned to the footlights.

Inez Courtney, one of the Courtney Sisters of vaudeville and record fame, was signed by First National. Played in "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," lent to Fox for "Not Damaged," recalled by First National for "The Hot Heiress" and "Sunny." She's back in musical comedy.

Jack Whiting was signed by Warner Brothers and made a record number of pictures in a comparatively short time: "Top Speed," "Life of the Party," "College Lovers," "Maybe It's Love," and "Men of the Sky." At present he is playing on Broadway and his return is problematical, although the studio insists he will return. But why?

Alexander Gray, possessing one of the finest voices on the stage, was brought out hopefully and left a victim of ill luck. His first picture was "Sally." All attention was focused on Marilyn Miller, with the result that Mr. Gray was badly lighted and poorly photographed. He knew nothing of picture make-up and no one bothered to show him. In addition, he "mugged."

He was so unmercifully panned for mugging that in his second picture, "Spring Is Here," he played throughout almost without expression in an effort to correct the mugging. His third picture, "No, No, Nanette," was negligible. His fourth was "Song of the Flame," his last "Viennese Nights." There again he was a victim of circumstances, for he was forced to dye his brown hair blond. With sympathetic direction and coaching he would probably have been a favorite. He's in Europe now.

Bernice Claire who was signed at the same time, showed promise—to an extent. "No, No, Nanette," "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," "Numbered Men," "Top Speed," and "Kiss Me Again" mark her
Poised, intelligent, direct in speech and manner, Ruth Chatterton delights a seasoned interviewer who finds in her added proof of the screen's coming of age.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Her life has been the theater. At eighteen she was a star. The stage claimed her for more than a decade, advancing her and submerging her with erratic tides of fortune. "Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out of the Kitchen," and "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" were impressive commercial hits, but Chatterton was eager to do more serious things.

"This caused a break with my manager of many years standing," she said. "I went in for producing on my own. The Shuberts gave me backing, with provisos that reached from here to here." She grimaced wryly. "After all sorts of difficulties I persuaded them to let me do 'The Man with a Load of Mischief,'" by Ashley Dukes. The troubles attached to presenting a play are incomprehensible to any one who hasn't poked backstage and wandered into the counting room where everything is decided. For a temperamentally person to attempt it is foolhardy."

She talked with ease, spacing her words effectively yet without straining for effect. Her diction was beyond reproach. There is about her something and everything bespeaking breeding.

"After ironing out various details 'The Man with a Load' was announced. We cast it, rehearsed it, and finally presented it—after the curtain had been held for an hour. Owing to this last-minute squabble—one of many with my producers—the play was taken off after an abortive run."

Then Charles Dillingham produced Barrie's "The Little Minister," with Chatterton as Lady Babbie. It failed. "And I might add," said the lady, whimsically, "that Holy Week is not the ideal time to stage a revival."

Some historians feel that at this point in her career Chatterton was through; that she turned to Hollywood with pictures in mind as a last resort. This inaccurate supposition was corrected by Miss Chatterton herself.

"I was sick of Broadway and its bicker-ing," she said. "I had worked very hard over the two plays and their failure tired me completely. California seemed pleasantly far away. So Rafe and I went to San Francisco."

"Rafe" is Ralph Forbes, her husband. Saddened, disillusioned, weary, Chatterton tried to forget the theater. For a year or more no one heard of her. Programs no longer bore her name. Then she visited friends in Los Angeles and some one urged her to have a picture test.

"I was quite bad," she says frankly. "They told me I screamed abominably and I agreed with them. But one day Jannings was looking at tests, searching for a woman to play in 'Sins of the Fathers,' and by
THE reason for Ruth Chatterton's amazing success on the screen is her love for acting and the theater, says Malcolm H. Oettinger in his interview, opposite. Absorbed by every role she plays, she leaves nothing undone to make it perfect.
As if to prove his versatility, Buddy Rogers bids you look at his mustache. It is only to be seen here, however, for he sacrificed it for "The Lawyer's Secret," but there are rumors that he is cultivating a bass voice.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee
MITZI, everybody's Miss Green, wears a Mona Lisa smile when you ask her the secret of her cleverness in making important every rôle she plays. She's the last one to chirp "It's a gift!" because Mitzi's not that kind of a child.
Karen Morley

She is the interesting girl who played the suicide in Greta Garbo’s “Inspiration” and caused many to ask about her. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, she went on the stage and recently was discovered by Metro-Goldwyn who promise further glimpses of Karen, in “Daybreak” and “Never the Twain Shall Meet.”
Stardom soon, the wiseacres say of Carol Lombard, and Picture Play heartily indorses the nomination, while refusing to add the "e" that Miss Lombard has lately annexed to her name. Carol is lovely, but there's no such cognomen as Carole.
WITH almost every young actor in Hollywood urged for the role of Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy," Phillips Holmes wins the assignment with not a soul even to whisper objections. And his past performances earned it for him.
By now you have seen Neil Hamilton in "Strangers May Kiss," and know that rumors of his conspicuously good performance are not the ravings of press agents. Here he is all set for another hit in "Torch Song," opposite la Crawford.
TEN years in the movies find Mary Astor with strange opinions. Beautiful, young, and rich, she is weary of Hollywood and its narrowness, its hollowness. On the opposite page she is persuaded to tell why she continues the treadmill.
Poor LITTLE SUCCESS

Mary Astor is fed up with films, because she has been in the game since she was fourteen, but still she admits that she would be "sunk" away from the studios. That feeling is an epidemic, she says.

By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD does nothing by halves. Its effects are perhaps more positive than those accomplished by any other city—but then Hollywood isn't a city. It is a state of mind, of emotion, of spirit. It is a virus, inescapable, and potent. It can do many things to many people. It is a dangerous place for those whose wits are not continuously alert.

Hollywood can variously excite, wound, madden, destroy, gratify, starve, and delight its inhabitants. In every case the effect is excessive. Among its other quaint achievements, Hollywood is unequalled in the degree of boredom and weariness it can induce in sensitive victims.

Example—- Mary Astor. Twenty-four years old. Beautiful. Successful. Famous. Rapidly becoming rich. Intelligent—which is the rub, of course, that's beside the point.

Mary is sitting on what would generally be called the top of the world. But, as the moment. Mary doesn't give a damn. She is tired of the whole show.

"If," she amended suspiciously, "you say I'm tired of it all, I'll have you in court. Because I'm not. I just fed up—which is something that I can't exactly explain."

"Well, just what are you tired of?"

"I'm tired of making pictures—and that probably covers everything."

Then dropping her voice to Barrymore pitch, "It's all a hollow mockery!"

She laughed, and would have shrugged the topic aside. Mary not being one to dwell on dismal subjects. But, she was the fourth person I had encountered in the space of one week who complained of the same weariness. I felt impelled to discover and relay the cause of it to a public that sees in Hollywood the answer to all prayers.

"It must be an epidemic," Mary said, "a form of spring head cold. Probably all we need is a good dose of something or other to restore us to normal. But in the meantime we take comfort in moaning and carrying on about our troubles, instead of being grateful for our blessings. Some one ought to hit us over the head and black us out until we're human again."

That is hardly accurate. Mary doesn't go in for self-indulgence in the matter of moods. She is prey to none—and I mean none—of the little stellar foibles. Eminently sane, she sees clearly and assigns everything its proper place and value in the scheme of her world.

Mary wanted to let the matter drop.

"Will you please tell me the who in the name of Heaven gives a whoop if I feel low? There's nothing unique about it. Thousands of people feel worse, at the moment, and for more adequate reasons. Let's talk about something else."

But with the rudeness characteristic of my profession, I insisted that Hollywood blues were a specific brand, and she'd better come clean or else—

"Well, if that's your idea of a jolly little interview, all right. I think you'd do better to tell what I think of the East Indian political situation, with some funny stories here and there. I know a lovely one about the dowager in the theater."

Quite on the side, this gal who would have been Mélisande had she not delayed her birth a few hundred years, has a neat way with stories and general humor.

It isn't customary for angel faces to have heads on them. Einstein himself probably would be willing to relinquish the key to relativity if he could have the Astor features greeting him in every mirror. That Mary is good company as well as an ornament might strike some people as superfluous. But they would be the rank economists.

Which is all aside from the point. That is, the reason for weariness in twenty-four-year-old stars, using Mary Astor as illustration.

Continued on page 108
HAVE you ever thought how charming life must be for the gay bachelors of Hollywood? A big salary, usually no family responsibilities, no one to provide for or consider but their own good-looking selves.

Add to those romantic qualifications the fact that these men are in continual contact with beautiful, well-groomed women who are ready and willing to play, and the Hollywood bachelor's life appears to offer pleasures that exceed the glories of a hashish smoker's dream or a Mohammedan's conception of Paradise.

But there is a catch in the halcyonic scheme of the bachelor actor's life. Sentimental saws to the contrary, it is the man who pays and pays—and then gets his salary attached.

Hoping to get to the bottom of the situation, I asked James Hall to tell me approximately what it costs an eligible bachelor to keep up with the Hollywood social whirl. Mr. Hall isn't, to be sure, a bachelor, but he is matrimonially unattached and qualified to give firsthand information on the subject.

The night before he had attended the Hollywood opening of "Once in a Lifetime," and it was several minutes before he would stop talking about that hilarious play and get down to brass tacks—or rather silver dollars.

In the beginning it should be understood that these bachelors who pay and pay are not necessarily spendthrifts, nor are they attempting to make a social splurge. They literally have to keep up a brave and prosperous front.

The delirious social values of Hollywood are such that a leading man who is not seen at the right places, in the right clothes, and at the right time is considered to be slipping in his profession, and his career suffers. It is a vicious fallacy that no actor below stellar rank dares brook single-handed.

"We may as well begin with premières," said Jimmy good-humoredly. "Recently we had eleven of them in three weeks, but there are only two this week.

"For the opening of Charlie Chaplin's 'City Lights,' I bought two tickets at ten dollars each. The orchids I shall send to the lady I escort will cost fifteen dollars. "Our dinner, including the tip, will be about twelve dollars. After the show we will go some place to dance and have a bite to eat. That will cost about ten. Sometimes to avoid the terrible opening crowd I take a taxi to and from the theater. As this opening promises to be particularly wild, I won't take my own car, and the taxi bill will be about eight dollars. Figure it out for yourself."

I did it and it amounts to sixty-five dollars for an evening's entertainment. A girl could buy herself a good-looking summer outfit for that amount, or take a trip to—but we won't go into that.

A former star of my acquaintance, who is really well-fixed financially, went to see "Trader Horn" the second night of its run. The word went around that she must be slipping fast, since she could not afford to attend the première. Such rumors do not help one to land a contract.

"Then," continued Jimmy, "there is the matter of home entertainment. It is said around Hollywood that the reason no one has given a party recently is because no one can hope to top or even equal one given by William Haines. He spent fifteen hundred dollars on orchids alone."

"When a man isn't married he has no one to assist in entertaining his friends, so he usually tries to give them something a little special in the way of diversion when he attempts a party. I often show a silent film which I think they will enjoy. Last week I put on 'The Covered Wagon' for some guests. The rental charge was $275 per reel, and that film is about twelve or fourteen reels long.

"Then, of course, there were the smaller expenses of dinner before and refreshments after the picture."

"When guests drop in to play bridge or poker the expenses are small, not worth mentioning—high balls and sandwiches. We have good times.

"But the worst evil in connection with keeping up a bachelor establishment is the servant problem. When a man is working he hasn't time to check up and see that his servants are playing fair."

"I had a driver who had been with me a long time. I depended on him to buy the tires for my car and everything else that was needed, not only for the car, but for the house. The bills that came in were terrific, but I thought they were honest and said nothing."

James Hall spent sixty-five dollars on a movie opening and all that went with it.
Money
By Madeline Glass

"One evening some guests were dining with me and I had to send for something at the market. When the boy brought it he demanded—and received—payment on the spot.

"I was very much astonished and annoyed, for the grocery bills were sent to me each month. I called the market and they not only apologized, but called me several times to say that they were firing those responsible for the blunder. When three had been discharged and they had exhausted their supply of apologies, I began to wonder why they were so anxious to keep my patronage.

"Finally it came out that they were padding my bills and splitting the profits with the chauffeur. When I learned that, I began checking up on him and found that I was paying sixty dollars for tires that cost him $42.50 each. I also found that I was paying for the gas which he and his wife used for their car.

"I fired him, of course, and after he was gone a bill came from a drug store for forty dollars. On investigation I found that it was for things my chauffeur had bought for his home. I told the druggist where he lived and he was made to pay the bill.

"Then," he continued, his cheerful manner in nowise diminished by his tale of injuries, "one has to drive a good car. That is important. And how dealers do love to raise prices when they see a player coming! A fifteen-hundred-dollar car will jump to two thousand dollars in nothing flat.

"Clothes are a big item of expense, too, although this suit I have on cost only forty dollars. It was copied by a tailor with a conscience from one that cost one hundred and fifteen dollars, which is the usual price we have to pay.

"If an actor wears the same clothes in private life that he wears on the screen he is considered stingy. So we must have two complete wardrobes.

"But the biggest graft of all," said Jimmy, "is carried on by certain jewelers. Some of them make a practice of trailing actors and getting introductions to them. Once you have met them they insist that you accept a social invitation.

"Finally you give in and accept just to be polite. They tell you that you must feel free to use their stores. The credit they extend is practically limitless. Many players have taken advantage of their offers to buy things for themselves or their friends, particularly their girl friends.

Continued on page 110
LOUIS WOLHEIM

ALWAYS a superb actor, even in ordinary films, Louis Wolheim's final gesture was to walk away with what was supposed to be a star's picture. Ironically enough, "Gentleman's Fate" was the title.
BABY SPITFIRE

Well-established players can register temperament and Hollywood thinks nothing of it, but when Maureen O’Sullivan, the Irish colleen just getting her first breaks, began to assert herself around the studio, the film capital arched a plucked eyebrow.

By Laura Benham

A MOP of black hair, eyes blue as the lakes of Killarney, a bridge of freckles across a delicious stub nose, wide, humorous mouth, and a bubbling, irrepressible sense of humor—that’s Maureen O’Sullivan. A merry, well-mannered little Irish colleen—yet she gave blase Hollywood a new thrill.

For Maureen dared to live her own life!

Now it’s all good and well for Garbo, Gaylor, Banerof, and others of the older, established players to register temperament all over the lot. Such explosions cause no excitement in the colony. But for a youngster just getting her first break to kick over the studio traces! That was something entirely different.

But Maureen wasn’t Irish for nothing.

I remember when she arrived in Hollywood. As you recall, she was a protégée of Director Frank Borzage, who discovered her in Dublin and gave her one of the leading roles in “Song o’ My Heart.”

At that time Maureen was a shy, rather bewildered little girl who seemed afraid even to speak to any one. The studio took more than usual interest in her. established her at the Studio Club—for women only—and set about managing her affairs. Of course they had her best interests at heart—studios always do.

All went well for a couple of months. Then suddenly Hollywood was electrified. Maureen had determined to “live her own life!” She left the Studio Club and took an apartment high in the Hollywood hills.

The entire colony, which had taken the little stranger to its heart, felt real concern. Gossip flew fast and furious. The studio grew alarmed. Conferences were held. Maureen was summoned before an executive council.

Instead of a shamefaced and humble penitent, however, Maureen arrived gayly in her sparkling new roadster with which she was burning up the roads in and around Hollywood. She listened to the lecture. She replied pleasantly to the questions. She nodded meekly at the advice. And went quietly and determinedly back to her apartment.

Then more rumors began to circulate. Maureen was going to night clubs. Oh, only the nicest ones, of course—but at her age!
The climax came when Maureen went out with a writer. Baby stars are supposed to save their attentions for male stars—or at least embryo stars.

Again the studio executives sent for her. But this time Maureen was not so quiet. She lost patience and spoke up for herself.

When she told me about it, we were sitting in the bedroom of her suite at the Savoy-Plaza in New York. She was en route to Ireland for a visit to her family and was thrilled at the prospect. But reservedly so, as befits a well-brought-up young lady—no effusiveness, no grandiloquent gestures.

I had asked her about the time she faced the executives of the studio. Maureen smiled at the memory. "Oh, it really wasn't such a terrible scene," she assured me. "And they really thought they were doing what was best for me. They didn't realize that the Studio Club wasn't a home, and that I had been used to a comfortable, roomy house.

"I tried to make them see that I didn't want an apartment in order to throw wild parties. That I lived rather quietly, but I wanted a place really my own.

"Then they mentioned my roadster. They murmured that I would be safer if I had a small closed car and a chauffeur. That it wasn't safe for me to drive around alone, as I didn't know the roads and might get lost—especially at night.

"I answered that I never went out at night without an escort. I thought that would certainly reassure them. But from the ominous silence that followed my remark, I realized that I had said the wrong thing.

"'Ahem,' some one muttered. 'About your escorts, Miss O'Sullivan,—and the battle was on.

"My fighting Irish was up. Regardless of how kindly were their intentions, I refused to let the studio choose my friends. As long as I was going with the right sort of people, and as long as my work was satisfactory, I didn't see why my personal affairs were any concern of the studio. And I said so.'

Maureen flashed a cunning grin. "But we finally patched it up," she finished tactfully. Tactfully, I say, because she came away with all the laurels.

Maureen has unusual poise for one so young. There is nothing of the painted ingenue about her. She is a well-groomed, smartly dressed girl, with splendid taste in clothes.

Born in Dublin she was reared carefully with a full appreciation of the niceties of life. There was no thought of other than a social career for her. It was by accident that Frank Borzage saw her in a restaurant where she was having tea with friends, and opened the door to film fame.

Unexplicably, for none of her forbears were Thespians, Maureen displayed a nice acting talent from the very first. And during the Gaynor-Fox fracas, she was being groomed for the royal robes of the little redhead, Janet, just in case things weren't settled peaceably.

Following her rôle in "Song o' My Heart," Maureen appeared in "So This Is London." "Just Imagine," "The Princess and the Plumber"—opposite Charlie Farrell—and her last part was with Will Rogers again, in "The Connecticut Yankee." All her work has been praised highly by critics and the public.

On her way home she stopped in New York for only one day, but, being feminine, managed to spend part of that in shopping. She was surrounded by new hats, coats, and frocks.

"I like to shop here," she remarked as she pulled one of the hats down snugly and turned this way and that to view the effect. It was charming. "But now that Hollywood is home, I'm used to the stores there. These seem so big and strange compared to them."

"Are you trying to tell me that you like Hollywood so much better than New York?" I asked her.

"Well, I know people in Hollywood," she countered. "When I first went out there, I was lonely—oh, so lonely. Now I've met lots of folks, and I don't have enough time to do the things I want, to go the places I wish."

"After all, it isn't a place we like, is it? It's the people in those places which make the difference."

Of course, that statement isn't original. Most of us have learned that about life—that places are only the frames for the people we meet—but Maureen is very young to have realized that.

She can't be serious for long, though. Her irresistible humor bubbles forth every moment. And did I mention her brogue? She went on slyly, "And there are two special persons in Hollywood now——"

I was all excited at that. I am a woman and a reporter, so you can imagine my curiosity at the hint of a big romance. But Maureen refused to say any more. She wouldn't describe either of them for me, but I know they're not actors, for along with some of her other policies, Maureen has decided against actors.

"Somehow or other, it doesn't seem fitting for great big men like Victor McLaglen to be making their living putting paint and powder all over their faces. I think business men and writers are much nicer," she confided. "And when I come back to New York on my way to Hollywood, I'll tell you all about the letters I've been getting from my two lads in Hollywood—and maybe I'll tell you their names."

I had to be content with that. After all, when the whole Fox studio couldn't influence Maureen to do as they pleased, how could I expect to talk her into telling me about her romances?

But I won't miss talking to her when she comes back.

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Miss O'Sullivan told the studio executives in straight-forward Irish brogue that her personal life was her own concern.
Sighing for new worlds of comedy to conquer, Jack Oakie goes tenderfoot. Here he gives you an idea of what happens in his new picture, "Dude Ranch." Beginning as an actor in a traveling company, he, Eugene Pallette, and Mitzi Green are hired to entertain the bored guests at a ranch where excitement is missing. Whereupon Mr. Oakie outdoes the real cowboys, has a run-in with desperadoes and comes off with flying colors. But June Collyer, as the heroine, sees through his disguise.
SHOCKING

People who don't know Hollywood are shocked and repeat the rumors they have heard about the stars—eyes wa-ay up wide

I THINK I had better see some theatrical managers right away about going on a little tour as a monologist. Having just returned from a trip to the East, I have had a lot of practice giving monologues. In fact, I have had hardly anything but practice. My throat is sore and my poor old vocal cords are mere ravelings.

It wasn't that I set out with any intention of changing my profession and doing a sort of informal vaudeville act. The thing was thrust upon me. It was like this. Some one would introduce me to some one and add the fateful words, "Miss Walker is from Hollywood!"

Whereupon every one within hearing would pounce upon me with loud cries of, "Oh, do tell us all about it! What is it like? Is it really as mad and fantastic as we have been told? Oh, do tell us!"

And we would be off. I would go into my act. I would answer questions and questions and questions. I never dreamed there could be so many questions in the world.

Occasionally in the midst of the hubbub, I became conscious that, as a visitor from Hollywood, I was a disappointment. People would eye me expectantly as if they thought I might at any moment cut some sort of dido like leaping onto a table and doing a little dance, or kicking a slipper through a window.

"After all, you're from Hollywood—" they would remark reproachfully. And I would know that I had failed them.

Realizing that I was not by nature a very successful table dancer or slipper kicker, or, for that matter, any other of those rather frisky things, I would try hard to make it up to them by answering diligently all their questions and giving as much information as I could about Hollywoodians who were good at cutting capers.

The things they wanted to know! The worst question of all, and the one asked most often, was, "What is John Gilbert, or Clara Bow, or Ronald Colman, or any one of a thousand other people, like?"

Now how do I know? Most of the people in Hollywood aren't like any one I ever saw before. How in the world do you tell any one what any one else is like?

It's no use to say that Ronald Colman is tall, and dark, and handsome, and that he has an engaging habit of quirking one eyebrow at you, because they already know that. In all probability they know what kind of car he drives, what brand of tobacco he prefers, and what sort of soap preserves his youthful charms for the Kleig lights.

They know how many times he has been married and to whom. They have read his opinions of talking pictures, love, marriage, morals, and travel. They know who are his best friends and what his golf scores are, if any. They know his favorite colors and his favorite foods.

And yet they babble eagerly, "What is Ronald Colman like?"

I give it up. I'm a third of a ghost. I don't know what they're like. So there!

But the most astonishing thing of all is what people outside of Hollywood think of us. That, my dears, is something to make you open your eyes wa-ay up wide and gasp, "Goodness!" At least, that's what I did.

There was, for instance, the woman who, in the midst of a quite commonplace conversation in a New York apartment, suddenly turned to me and asked about the symptoms a dope addict manifests in his last stages.

"I don't know," I had to confess. "I never knew any one in the last stages of dope addiction."
incredulous when told of its tameness. But when they that, my dears, is something to make you open your and gasp, "Goodness!"

Louise Walker

"You didn't! Why—don't you live in Hollywood?" she exclaimed in great astonishment.

Apparently it was her impression that we were simply knee-deep in narcotic addicts, week in and week out. That people ambled along the Boulevard quietly sniffing "snow," and that pedestrians were constantly having to step over the recumbent forms of cocaine victims strewn along the sidewalks.

"I thought people out there took heroin instead of cocktails!" she protested, with obvious disappointment.

Well!!

And the rumors about our own citizens! Some one asked me—
I think it was the eight thousandth time—"What about Doug and Mary? Are they going to separate?"

I chanted my usual reply, which goes like this: "I have been living in Hollywood nearly four years and I have heard that rumor at least once a week during the entire period. I have heard the same rumor about every other couple of any prominence who stayed married for three months or more. I haven't the vestige of a way of knowing anything about the Fairbairns' plans. But I'll bet a nickel that they are not going to separate."

A firm-looking woman piped up, "Well, I heard that they were going to separate, and that Doug was going to marry a Chinese girl and go to live in China with some of the royal family!"

I could do nothing about that except look google-eyed. Hollywood, in its wildest moments, never told one like that! I have always thought we were pretty good at rumors, too.

I listened to a conversation in the women's lounge on the train coming West. One girl averred that Greta Garbo was not a blonde at all—nor was she Swedish. She was an Italian with hair so black that it had to be bleached every day. When some one attempted to register a mild doubt about this, she quashed her with extreme finality: "Don't try to tell me!" she advised darkly. "I know." She went into one of those involved explanations about a friend of her cousin who knew a man who knew a girl—they always know. And from just such unimpeachable and remote sources.

I heard that Janet Gaynor was dead, and when I remarked that I had seen her at lunch on the Fox lot, looking particularly blooming just before I went away, my information was dismissed with an airy, "Poof! That was just her double!"

I asked a young bond salesman from Boston how he pictured Hollywood, and he went into quite a rapturous description of Universal City, "With all those strange, pink houses, each with its own big swimming pool—Rolls-Royces everywhere——" He was devastated when I told him that Universal City was a large gray manufacturing plant, with no pink houses at all—and that it was not in Hollywood.

I heard that Chaplin had changed his mind and made a talkie out of "City Lights," after all!

There seems to be an impression that all girls in Hollywood wear ermine coats and orchids at breakfast each morning, and that a sober breath is never, never, drawn by any one within the city limits. That folks are constantly diving into swimming pools in evening clothes. That no one ever goes to bed before dawn. That every one in sight on the Boulevard is a motion-picture celebrity. (Where do they imagine that electricians and prop men and fan writers live?) That producers stroll about tossing thousand-dollar bills to the winds with
ROBERT Montgomery has a ready wit. It works, too.

Not long ago Bob appeared before the reviewing committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution to make a speech. It was a gathering of sedate women who render judgment on current films with great seriousness. One of the pictures they had appraised was "Inspiration." Bob looked on the mimeographed program to see what they had said about it, and found that it had met with emphatic disapproval.

So when he got on his feet, he slyly remarked:

"I feel somewhat out of place as a guest of honor at this distinguished function. I am proud to be here, of course, but I am also really disgruntled. The only picture I played in on your list of films reviewed is one labeled 'Not Recommended.' I certainly feel sorry about this, but anyway I hope that even if you did not recommend it, you at least enjoyed it."

Bob's naive speech made a tremendous hit with the ladies present.

A Fair Fighting Lady.

Ann Harding is turning into a contract battler. She doesn't like morality clauses and other things, and who can blame her?

Morality clauses, like curfew laws, have always been designed as bugaboos—good for little movie girls who had to be frightened, spanked, and sent to bed, but scarcely planned for self-sufficient actresses like Miss Harding, whose home life is the ultima Thule, or what have you, of Hollywood.

Ann doesn't like long-winded studio documents, with a lot of ifs, ands, and buts. She cherished for a long time a three or four-paragraph agreement that she entered into when she first came to pictures, that simply stated what sort of films she was to make, and how much money she was to receive.

Even though this paid her but one-sixth the sum promised by a later contract drawn up by legal experts, she clung to it until she was satisfied with her new agreement.

She could have been some thousands of dollars richer if she had signed without protest, but she preferred to retain command over her own destiny. She receives approximately $6,000 per week under the new arrangement and many concessions not usually granted stars. Her husband, Harry Bannister, took an active part in the negotiations.

It is understood that the morality clause, among others, was waived.

Opposed to Babbitty.

Stage players generally resent the uplift ideas sponsored by the movies.

The solemn pronouncements that have originated from the Hays office, especially, meet with resistance and more or less kidding.

So far, the campaign has been a whispering one. When film czars and other nabobs at Academy and other meetings, make speeches extolling the great good influence that pictures exert on the minds of the populace, there is often tittering and undercover comment. In one instance, during a Will H. Hays address, this almost grew to the proportions of an angry hum.

The newcomers in the studios seem to think it utter nonsense to take the mission of the movies too seriously,
HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

and above all to speak about them from the Babbitt standpoint. It's 'man nowadays with such old-fogy notions in pictureland.

A Grand Old Evening.

Meanwhile, there is plenty of old-fashioned excitement, with actors even going to jail occasionally. Among those who were incarcerated recently were William Henry Boyd (stage), Walter Catlett, and Pat O'Brien who was brought West for "The Front Page."

When they were caught in a raid at Boyd's home, the host, apparently with chivalric intentions toward his guests, fought the police, and was subdued only after a struggle.

Several amusing incidents occurred when Catlett was taken to jail, and started to lecture the prisoners who were in the same tank with him, declaring he felt honored to be among them. He also invited them out to breakfast, but failed to show up. He offered to buy another prisoner's suit for $50, because, he said, it was the funniest he had ever seen.

O'Brien lived up to the record of the other two, verbally at least, by declaring that they could have cleaned up on the coppers, if it hadn't been for the women present.

The only impairing note was that Catlett and O'Brien were confined in what is known as the "spud tank," which doesn't sound very complimentary.

Only Boyd had to pay a fine. It amounted to $500, but the evening was probably worth it.

Youth Will Be Chivalrous!

William Bakewell is another of the fighting stars of Hollywood. He came close to a fistic encounter with Myron J. Selznick, once a puglistic opponent of John Barrymore, at the select Embassy Club. Bakewell resented the fact that his dancing partner, Mrs. Verna Chalfi, a cousin of Mary Pickford, was struck in the eye by a ball of hot candle tallow thrown by Selznick.

He started to go for Selznick, but one of the latter's friends interfered. Bakewell was quite mad about the whole matter, and so, too, was John Mack Brown, a member of the party. But Mary Pickford, who joined them later, treated the affair airily when interrogated, indicating that men must play to have a good time.

Sudden Population Gain.

How large is the Marx Brothers' family? This question has been perplexing movieland ever since their arrival. It is known that three or four automobiles were required to transport the stars and their entourage from the railroad station to their homes. The fans know, of course, only four Marxes, but the number increases surprisingly when they are encountered personally.

We learn upon investigation that there are thirteen members of the party. These include wives for Groucho, Chico, and Zeppo, the silent Harpo being to all intents and purposes a bachelor, as well as two children of Groucho, one nurse, two gag writers, and the father of the Marx brothers, who generally goes with them.

They constitute one of the largest cortéses which ever entered the film colony, creating more comment than any advent of this kind since Eddie Cantor arrived with his large family of daughters.

Money-mad Starlets.

Youngsters in the movies are becoming plutocrats. Mildly speaking, anyway. They can't expect to capture the salaries of the grown-ups in this sophisticated era.

But at all events Jackie Coogan is getting $25,000 per picture, and Mitzi Green approximately $600 weekly.

What a Lorelei is Leila Hyams, her blond hair streaming, her blue eyes teasing you to try for her place on the springboard!
Hollywood High Lights

Forecasting a Sock.
The art of pantomime is not dead in Hollywood. A scene enacted at the Embassy Club recently proves it.
It seems that Estelle Taylor was lunching there, and Leslie Fenton stopped at her table to chat with her.
A director seated in the vicinity attracted Fenton’s attention. He shook his head at the young actor, and then pretended to hand himself a wallop in the jaw.
The inference was obvious enough—“Young man, look out for Jack Dempsey!”

True Artist Passes.
The passing of F. W. Murnau, director of “Sunrise,” leaves us heartbroken. He was one of our artistic idols in the movies. His sudden death in an automobile wreck was tragic and depressing, because so much of accomplishment was to be expected of him. He was still in his early forties.
Murnau leaves as a heritage a beautiful and romantic picture of the South Pacific islands, called “Tabu.” It is a silent film, and we were fascinated when we saw it at a preview. The exquisite poetry of this man’s work should live on as something rare and radiant, a thing to enrich the memory for many months, and perhaps even years to come.
Before coming to this country Murnau made that half-tragic, half-humorous picture with Emil Jannings, “The Last Laugh.” “Sunrise” was his most remarkable creation, though, until “Tabu,” nor will “The Four Devils” be forgotten.

Recognize the likeness?
It’s Robert Coogan, brother of Jackie, making his debut in “Skippy.”

Blow for Sophistication.
What a terrible let-down it must be for a worldly-wise girl to have to sign her movie contract in the presence of a judge, because she happens to be a minor! In other words, to be treated just like any of the other movie children.
Sophisticated Carman Barnes recently had to undergo this experience. She might be old enough to write “School Girl,” but she wasn’t sufficiently mature to affix her signature without the aid of a magistrate.
Movie companies arrange to have contracts with minors signed this way so that they may not be broken on the grounds of youthful incompetency of the player in business matters.
One simply can’t be legally precocious in pictures.

That Secret Sympathy.
Greeting of one ex-husband to another at premiere:
“Hello, Mr. Beery!”
“Howareyuh, Somborn!”
This happened at the opening of “Strangers May Kiss” at the Carthay Circle. Wallace Beery was radio announcer, and Herbert Somborn was one of the patrons, both being former husbands of Gloria Swanson. We missed Wally’s greeting to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Condraye.
There is something of a masonic understanding among ex’s, however.

Catherine Moylan, late of the “Follies,” is out gunning for a big role. She’ll get it.

Movieland’s Bambolina.
“Little Baby!” That’s Dorothy Jordan’s nickname. Mario Marafioti, vocal trainer at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, gave it to her. Only he calls her “Bambolina,” and it has been taken up by everybody.
It’s very descriptive, too, if you happen to know Dorothy with her sweet Southern accent and her ingenuous attitude. She is rare in being able to maintain an almost childlike enthusiasm in the midst of filmland disillusionment. But then being favored in one’s work does help matters. And Dorothy has been that. Her young career in pictures has apparently gone ahead unimpeded.
Her nickname symbolizes progress, incidentally, for when she first came to him to study voice Marafioti called her “little mosquito.” This is explained, he says, by the fact that she had such a tiny singing voice.

Fish Worry Winnie.
Having a tête-à-tête with an eel—and not a human one—is one of Winnie Lightner’s latest experiences. With Ole Olsen and Chick Johnson as companions, she had to take part in a seafaring finish to her comedy, “Gold Dust Gertie,” and though the scenes were enacted on a comparatively dry set, they had plenty of lobsters, mackerels, and barracuda for company.
Winnie balked at one thing. They wanted to put the eel down her back. “Have a heart!” she exclaimed. “It’s bad enough to eat fish, but for Heaven’s sake, I’ll never stand for one flapping against my spine.”

Help This Girl Along.
Won’t somebody please give Anita Page a good break! What’s happening to all the good luck that formerly came her way?
Hollywood High Lights

Interest seems to have ceased in her future on the part of executives and directors, and we even hear her contract may be allowed to lapse.

One reason assigned is that too much has been made of the fact that Anita is a nine-o'clock girl, and is always overchaperoned by her parents.

Next step in that case will probably be for this young lady to stage a revolt. That will be running true to form, even if the revolt happens to be only an imaginary one. But understand, Anita, we're not encouraging you.

Bringing Home the Bacon.

This is the beau season for Norma Talmadge. Meaning that she is not accompanied by just a single escort. She now goes out attended by David Mir as well as Gilbert Roland. All three were together at the performances of the Chicago Opera Company, and may often be glimpsed ensemble at the beach.

Roland, it seems, has a great passion for trying the wheel-of-chance concessions on the various midways, and is successful in winning veritable truckloads of ham, bacon, coffee, and other groceries.

Norma and Mir therefore leave him to his gaming propensities, and go on their merry way, generally to a movie theater. Roland may always be depended on to turn up with an abundant supply of provisions.

Dramatizing a Kick.

Kicked in the eye while in a barroom! And El Brendel is one actor who knows that's no joke. He was kicked in the eye, and he was in a barroom, though it was only a set. But the kick was no pop kick. It was accidentally administered by a dancer in "Women of All Nations," Antoinette Morales by name. She was whirling in a dance, which ended with her flinging her foot high in the air, and Brendel happened to be too close. He nearly lost his eye.

The company made the most of the accident. They wrote a special scene into the picture where Brendel is shown with wounds of battle. He wore a bandage on which was pasted a gold cross—probably to signify "X marks the spot."

Pulchritude Appraised.

Selecting film beauties, a sport that sees frequent revival, has come into vogue again. Josef von Sternberg, director, is accredited with the following choice: Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Lily Damita, Clara Bow, Frances Dee, and Joan Crawford.

About the same time, an artist, Cecil Beaton, of London, picked these: Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Lilian Tashman, and Ina Claire.

The artist's comments ament his selection were somewhat disconcerting. Of Miss Shearer he said, "She is a lovely, simple countrywoman whom sophistication has not spoiled." Of Greta Garbo, "She is absolutely mad, and being absolutely mad, is, therefore, ethereal." Of Ina Claire, "She is a gorgeous almond, typifying the acne of gavety, laughter, and youth."

We've heard only one retort: "Huh," said witty Ina, "hope when he says I'm an almond he doesn't mean I'm a nut."

Lillian Bond, a newcomer, says that she'll get there in films just the same.

Bebe Crashing a Gate.

Talk about determination! Bebe Daniels has no end of it. We saw her make two valiant attempts to break through a revolving gate at the First National studio that automatically locked to prevent entrance to the lot, and was used only for exit purposes. Bebe was determined to crash that gate, or wiggle through it, until several studio hands came to her rescue with advice that it couldn't be done. She then laughingly gave up.

The only person reputed to be able to slither through the gate is Loretta Young. She is one of the slenderest girls in pictures. Nor does that mean that Bebe is overweight.

Polly Wants Baby Girl.

Polly Moran wants to adopt a baby girl. She is mother to a young man of sixteen years, at present in a military academy, whom she adopted when he was six weeks old.

We met Polly at a tea recently. Mitzi Green was with her. "She's my chaperon," Polly explained, while Mitzi emulated the manners of a be-sected duenna.

"I'd love to have a darling little girl like Mitzi," Polly confided. "But, honestly, I'm afraid to adopt one. The things you hear about young girls these days! Especially the tiny ones. They tell me they're terribly heavy drinkers!"

Barrymore "Begs" Signatures.

Can you picture John Barrymore, of all persons, becoming an autograph collector? Well, it's true, friends.

The relatively unapproachable John, who has been cornered on countless occasions for his own signature on theater programs, pictures, shirt cuffs, anywhere at all, is now bidding for cachets of the world's illustrious, for his young daughter's album.

When an Einstein or a Duke of York drops port in Hollywood, John sends one of the studio scouts after the signature of the famed one. It is said Barrymore hesitates to go after the autograph himself. Can't blame him exactly for that. Supposing a presidential provisional of Mexico or Peru turned his request down flat? Wouldn't that be a laugh on the esoteric John?


Mae Marsh still has the divine spark of talent that D.W. Griffith discovered many years ago, in the days of "The Birth of a Nation." Conti. on page 106.
These Englishmen!

Even their grueling disappointments, of which other actors make heart-scarring dramas, they take with a certain polished sang-froid. The interviewer welcomes that reserve, though it makes less colorful copy.

To many whose tales of woe have assailed my ears, eight months out of work and apparently the end of a highly successful career would have spelled dark-purple depression. They regale any sympathetic audience—which the interviewer must be, however unwillingly!—with their litany of travail. How they have suffered, and what they have learned in the reactions of human nature to make more poignant their art in future!

But to put himself, his deeper feelings, under a public microscope for observation would be tantamount to ill-breeding, according to the Englishman’s code. Emotions are disciplined. Introspection is furtive, or at least too personal for conversational résumé.

“A setback, a rather tough experience,” Reginald Denny describes his season on the outside looking in, following the breaking of his Universal contract by mutual agreement. Only careful manipulation of the conversation coaxed him into admission of profitable lessons.

Evidence of any change or effect wrought by that period of enforced leisure is slight, but it is there, in face and manner, an inclination toward silence and seriousness in place of the light bantering that used to be habitual.

He thinks before he speaks of professional factors, weighs his own impulses. His opinions are less critical, his comments less declamatory. A tolerance and a willingness to see the other fellow’s point of view add a mellow touch to remarks that used to be denunciatory.

Instead of a chip on his shoulder he carries a dove.

“Denny at peace!” I murmured. “Will wonders never cease?”

My eyes measured him, a well-knit figure as lithe as ever, good-looking though not handsome face a trifle firmer of jaw line than I recalled it, his manner jaunty, confident, and candid.

“Not mad at anybody, because I’ve nothing to be angry about.” His hearty laugh rang out. “Besides, you are now beholding Pollyanna’s brother—or did she have one?”

What lessons had he assimilated for future application?

“Well, I’d scarcely call it one of those ‘earring experiences,’ but perhaps it has taught me to keep my mouth shut. I did considerable thinking. Though the premise for all my arguments was right—my objection to being professionally slaughtered by poor pictures—I often wondered while out if I had talked too much when I should have kept still. And I became convinced that I had.

“I find it pleasant to be agreeable.” His eyes twinkled over this admission which, considering everything, was rather a confidence. “Now I keep quiet a lot of times when impulse prompts the opposite course.

“However, I really have no justifiable complaint. If I had any great grievance, I wonder how long my noble resolutions would last? I am given better roles—no quarrel on that score. Miss Pickford built up my ‘Kiki’ part for me. Directors are more considerate, too. Frequently they permit the actors to suggest opinions and bits of business. If we feel a situation or line to be unreal, they will substitute something else. So you see”—his clipped accent still curls around certain words, giving them a buoyant air—“I’ve really nothing to get agitated about.”

When he left Universal, with a year cut from his contract, he was told that he never would work again. Yet in making eight pictures within the year of his return, he has established himself in the verbal cinema, transferring thereto all the likableness of his silent personality.

During his five or six years at Universal, while other stellar tantrums were spasmodic and easily solaced, Denny had a continual, somewhat muffled mad. A bomb exploded at intervals. I wrote an annual story on his grievances. Usually it was the same one—poor stories, mediocre productions. It got so that we could calculate just when the next eruption was due. Over a luncheon table, or in the calming atmosphere of the Athletic Club, I listened sensorially to his vocal lava.
at PEACE

Throwing aside his British reserve for a moment, Reginald Denny reveals himself as a calmer, more peaceable man than he was before he broke his old contract and went into a long between-engagements period, and tells the inside story of his temporary retirement and comeback.

About six years ago I called him "an abysmal brute with dimples." That caption seemed on the point of becoming an actuality during the Universal warfare, when the old British spunk was aroused to a dogged fight. The fact that he never got what he wanted was no deterrent. He took another breath, sighed in exasperation, and plunged again. These English sometimes settle the thing amicably, as he did, by both contestants agreeing to call quits and part, but they never are licked. They have too much patience.

"I still defend my course of action," he says calmly. "I was fast establishing a record for poor pictures. Though it seems impossible, each was worse than its predecessor. Ludicrous stories, mostly raw newcomers for leading women, and insufficient production budgets. Yes, it is true that I did want too much say, but it was attempted in the desperation of self-preservation and not in braggadocio. I let myself out of work for months by my stand, but had I remained there under the existing conditions I would have smothered myself for good."

With all the new faces popping on the horizon during that hectic era of the talkies' establishment, were his fans loyal?—I asked.

"Many of my pictures were late in reaching the neighborhood theaters," he replied. "So my letters were divided about half and half. Some asked why I wasn't making comedies any more, and some asked why I was making them!"

So vibrant is that recurrent mania of the actor who believes with childlike faith that he is always on the verge of a break, that for several months he scarcely realized he was out. That information came to him directly from a representative of his public.

"Various negotiations were on. Before each dwindled to nothing another offered possibilities. I wasn't really brought face to face with the situation until one day as I emerged from a restaurant a kid ran up and asked me to sign his autograph book. His greeting was, 'You're Reginald Denny, aren't you? Didn't you used to be in pictures?' Rather a jolt, that! I had been coddling the opinion that I still was in pictures, but just between engagements.

"The attitude of the profession? Cordial but ambiguous. Theatrical people are innately good-humored, their work developing in them qualities of charm and good-fellowship. They dislike being nasty. They are inclined to evade issues. Besides, things move so swiftly in Hollywood, each change of régime elevating and lowering prestige with dramatic haste, that it doesn't pay to snub anybody—openly.

"I think these qualities native to the film colony were responsible for the genial disinterest I met everywhere. No one was rude. I was received with polite but indefinite promises. There might be something for me—or else they regretted with apparent sincerity that their programs were full, and their contract players must be used.

"A deal was pending with a British producer. I was to work here for English release. It was practically arranged when some one at this end stepped in and queer it. I'm glad now. Things have turned out better for me, but I was terribly hurt at that time. Such a petty trick!"

"How do you explain such meanness? Jealousy? Just downright malice?"

"Ego," Reg thought. "Every star—Gilbert is an instance—gradually annexes a lot of hangers-on, back of whose interest is a calculating eye on the future. They all want to be somebodies in pictures. The majority yearn for acting honors. Each of us is a terrific egoist—we wouldn't have the con-

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THE Movie Runaround

By Helen Klumph

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

ANNABELLE ST. JOHN comes to New York intent upon success, but soon finds herself jobless and broke. Lonely, she falls into a group into a night club, out of girlish curiosity, and is enchanted with her first taste of gay night life. She dines with Stewart Hill, a contractor who disappears that night with his company’s funds, and Annabelle is sought for questioning. She grabs the chance to go to Hollywood as secretary to Caroline Wakefield, a movie star of the old school.

Annabelle’s eccentric employer takes her to task for being nervous after reading that the police are searching for “the mystery girl” in the Hill case. Aboard the train west, Annabelle and Miss Wakefield meet Dennis Lindsay, a cameraman, and though the elderly star tries to keep Annabelle in the background, romance falls the girl’s fear of detection.

Going to the studio on an errand for Miss Wakefield, a director insists that Annabelle do a bit in a film. Annabelle runs away from Miss Wakefield, and finding no office job, is starved into doing extra work. She hopes the New York police will not notice her face on the screen.

PART IV.

ANNABELLE knew that she ought to be delighted over having been selected for even a tiny bit in a picture. Such luck wouldn’t come to one girl in a thousand. Even before she came to Hollywood she had read that, and had heard it repeatedly. But as she sat before a mirror while a thin, deft man made her up, she could think only of Dennis Lindsay.

Probably she’d never see him again after this! He’d been so pleased because she didn’t want to break into movies. Now he’d despise her for jumping at the chance to do so.

“I don’t want to do this. I can’t!” she said, jerking away from the man who had taken her in charge.

“Here, there now.” His voice droned as if he were trying to soothe a child. “There’s nothing to be afraid of. Every one gets nerves, even the greatest of them. Why, I’ve seen even Wally Beery get cold feet and try to run away before a big scene. And I just push ‘em back in the chair and go on making them up. Not one ever got away from me.”

“But I can’t, I tell you—I can’t!”

There was an almost hysterical note in Annabelle’s voice as she vainly tried to convince him.

“That’s what they all say.” He gave a final pat to the grease paint on her cheek, wiped his hands on a towel, and began smearing dark-green paste over her eyelids. “Why, I’ve had to throw scared cowboys down on the floor and sit on their chests while I made them up.”

Annabelle clutched the arms of her chair and looked hopefully toward the door. If only Denny would come, she would beg him to take her away. In her dismay at displeasing him she had forgotten momentarily that there were other reasons why she couldn’t face a battery of cameras. Let her picture be seen in New York, and the police would locate her at once to demand all she knew of Stewart Hill’s disappearance.

“There, now, don’t you look nice?”

Annabelle took one startled look at herself in the mirror and screamed. There facing her was not herself, but the highly idealized version of her own face shown in the sketch of her that had appeared in the papers when Stewart Hill disappeared—the exaggerated eyes, the sensuous, full, drooping mouth, were the same.
A maid came hurrying with smelling salts and water.

"There, there, dear," she murmured, holding the salts to Annabelle's nose, almost choking her. "It won't be so bad, really. Why, everybody acts just like this the first time and then later sometimes they get worse."

"I'm not like the others," raged Annabelle. "You don't understand. I'm different. I can't—"

The maid pushed her back in the chair and held a cold wet towel over her mouth.

"Don't go straining your voice, honey," she advised. "You'll need it." Turning to the man, she went on, "Looks like we've got a real actress in our midst. She don't think she's no second Clara Bow or Nancy Carroll—she knows she's different."

Sobbing, protesting, Annabelle was led out to the set. Two extra girls stopped talking as she came up, but not before she heard one of them say, "Thinks she's a star already, and she's got 'em eating out of her hand. I told you it never pays to act calm."

Annabelle would have turned to her and screamed, "If you were in my shoes, I'd like to see you act calm," but Bill Keene, the director, came up just then.

"There, I knew it," he announced to the company at large, who appeared less than interested. "Under that money exterior beats the heart of an artist. She has given me a new conception of the part."

"Yeah?" said a girl's voice from behind the camera. "And you just get one more bright idea that upsets the shooting schedule and you'll have the efficiency man on your neck."

Encouraged by the script girl's frankness, it appeared for a moment as if the star would advance to do battle for his own views, but suddenly from above came a rhythmic tap-tapping, and

They took no more notice of Annabelle than of the furniture. So this was Hollywood where it wasn't safe for a girl to dine with a man like Keene!

Fate takes the heroine of our unusual serial in hand and drags her unwillingly into screen work, and entangles her private affairs almost beyond endurance.

Suddenly Annabelle felt a part of it all. It was like some secret society to which one was elected, and from which one couldn't escape.

When the supervisor had come, asked a few questions, found some fault and departed, Keene turned to Annabelle.

"You won't have much to do today," he told her. "See, you walk in like this and look around sort of bewildered, and when you see him"—indicating the star, who had been one of Annabelle's pet aversions since she began going to movies—"you run over and take his arm, and smile up at him. You say, 'Oh, here you are! I was afraid you wouldn't be here.' Then she"—indicating the leading woman with a contemptuous shrug—"she glares at you, but you don't notice her. You keep right on smiling at him. See, like this."

He went through the bit of action for her, a silly, supposedly ingenious smile on his ugly face, and Annabelle, nervous as she was, could hardly keep from laughing. But no one else even smiled, so she bit her lips and went through the action after him.

She knew that she was terrible. With all those people watching so critically she was painfully self-conscious,
but Keene insisted that she was great, just what he wanted—the picture of girlish innocence.  
And, miraculously, when the lights went on and deadly stillness fell on the set, and other people began talking, she forgot her nervousness. She tingled with excitement, felt suddenly capable of playing a heavy dramatic part. Too bad she hadn't more to do, she told herself, as she clung to the star's arm and gazed into his eyes.

But that night at home as she thought over she wondered how she could have been such a fool. She couldn't go on like this. Keene had told her that he'd have her part built up. She had wonderful talent, he insisted, and he was going to develop it. Nobody could tell him he didn't know an actress when he saw one!

"It would be just crazy to go on," she told herself wretchedly. "I can't risk it. Oh, why did I go to that studio? Why didn't I keep on looking for work in offices or stores?"

Well, she wouldn't go back tomorrow. She was worse off now than she had been before, except that she'd have a little more money. But before this Dennis had liked her and now he despised her. There was a letter on her table from her aunt. Wearily she tore it open, read the first few lines. Then, sitting up straight, her body tense, she read them again.

"You will know how I hate to do this," she read, "but I am afraid I'll have to ask you for money, dear. The bank here failed and, though I may get something eventually, I'm left almost penniless. I handed my salary two days before the doors closed. Then when I was hurrying downtown after I heard the news, I broke my ankle. If you could send me just a little money—twenty-five dollars would be enough—I can get along. I console myself with the thought that you are doing so well out there that it won't be a hardship for you to make this small loan, but I wouldn't ask it of you if I could see any other way out."

Annabelle's eyes filled with tears. Poor, dear Aunt Ellen! How hard it must have been for her to write that letter! Of course she must have some money at once.

"She was always so good to me," Annabelle thought tearfully. "Always giving up things for me when I couldn't do anything for her!"

And then she realized what this new need for money meant. Aunt Ellen must have plenty of money—that meant going back to the studio the next day and doing everything possible to make as much as she could!

Annabelle walked up and down the little room. Going into pictures might mean disaster. It would certainly mean losing Dennis. But Aunt Ellen mustn't ask for money in vain.

She got up early the next morning. It would take an hour to get to the studio, and she wanted to be there on time. Keene had said he'd be there at nine, and wanted to talk with her before the day's work began.

She was waiting for a bus when a car drew up in front of her. Dennis Lindsay opened the door.

"Want a lift?" he asked rather grimly.

Without saying a word Annabelle got in.

"I suppose you're headed for the studio," he said, jamming his car into gear. Annabelle knew by that how disturbed he was. He always treated his car as if it were a delicate baby.

"Yes, I am," she faltered.

"Bound to be an actress!" he grumbled. "Just like all the rest of 'em. I suppose you think you're another Garbo."

"If that's the way you're going to talk to me, I'll get out and walk," Annabelle retorted angrily. "I don't think I'm Garbo, or even Anita Page. But I do know that I've tried to get work in about a thousand offices and stores, and can't, and I've got to make money."

Dennis stared at her suspiciously.

"Just for general reasons?" he asked. "Or is it for something in particular?"

She lifted anxious eyes to his face, but he was staring straight in front of him again. Did he know about her connection with Stewart Hill? The old fear came back. The little things he'd said, the way he'd looked at her when he brought up the Hill case so casually.

"My aunt lost her money in a bank crash and broke her ankle," she blurted out. "I've got to help her."

"Why, you poor little kid!"

Despite the heavy traffic, Dennis turned to her and patted her hand.

"Why didn't you tell me that yesterday? Listen, I've got a few hundred dollars—"

Annabelle swallowed hard and shook her head.

"Don't offer it to me!" she said quickly. "It's awfully good of you, but I'm not going to run into debt on top of everything else. I'll make out all right. Mr. Keene said he'd help push me along——"

"Keene, the dirtiest rottter in the business!" In his wrath Dennis almost ran into a bus. "Watch your step with that baby. Listen, you've got a dinner date with me for every night in the week, and all day Sunday. Don't you let him date you up. I'll call for you to-night and we'll have dinner together and talk things over."

"And if Keene gets fresh to-day, tell him where he gets off and walk out. Don't be afraid because you need money—you had better owe it to me than get mixed up with him."

As she got out of the car Annabelle lifted her blue eyes to his face and wished that she didn't have to hurry away, that she could stay right there with him.

"You've been awfully kind to me," she said. "I wish I could thank you."

Dennis grimmed sheepishly.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "I'd do as much for anybody."

With which discouraging remark he drove away, leaving her staring after him. Did he really?

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MARY DUNCAN

FOREVER cast as a flamboyant siren, Mary Duncan disguises her true skill by vamping to the point of causing embarrassment among those who recognize a fine actress manhandled by the movies. But a better day is coming as a reward for her determination to show her ability as a comedienne. Let's wish her luck in "Men Call It Love."

Photo by Buswell Hall
Under her father's direction, Anita Page is docile before the portrait camera.

ANY one would think that a 1931-model star who spends her days, and now and then her nights, acting before cameras would be at ease when asked to pose before the box of a portrait photographer.

But it isn't so. Just another one of those cases where your reason says one thing and facts say another. Even as you and I, she—or he—gets a little self-conscious, and fidgets, preens, fusses, and grows temperamental. The cold glass eye of the camera and the bored eye of the photographer stare and mesmerize the sitter.

The explanation is simple. In Hollywood, the players have lines to learn, emotions to portray, a story to tell. Be natural or begone is the watchword—and it's take and retake until the bobbins are bare. In the photographer's studio, there is no drama—just the attractive girl. There is no action—just a pose.

The glass eye stares. Somehow it brings out all the ego in a girl. And often inspires her to do what she has always had a hankering to do—direct the picture herself. All her days are spent under the more or less tyrant glare of a director. Before the portrait camera there is no director. What an opportunity. And yet, with it all, most of them behave like lambs.

Ken Maynard, husky cowboy star, once got really mad at his cameraman.

"You snap me before I get set," he complained. Maynard, accompanied by his valet, had come in his best go-to-meetin' chaps and Sunday pistols.

But when the pictures arrived, he was crazy about them. He told Irving Chidnoff, the photographer, they were the best he had ever had taken.

Jetta Goudal—where is Jetta now?—bossed the cameraman, too. She said, striking a pose.

Eve Southern will make no appointment unless the zodiac is favorable.

"Now take this one," and so on. The cameraman obeyed.

When she was through, he said, "Now may I take a few?"

About a hundred in all were taken. When Jetta got the proofs, she threw away those she had directed and, like the good sport she is, graciously called Chidnoff on the phone to tell him he was right, she was wrong.

The best of them have little nerve attacks. Gloria Swanson dropped her jewel case in the middle of the studio floor and about a million dollars' worth of rings, brooches, necklaces, and what have you, Mr. Tiffany?—went tumbling and rolling under sofas and chairs. There was a stampede. Everybody hurried to help pick up the baubles.

"Have you got everything, Miss Swanson?" some one asked when the scramble was over.

"Sure. I guess so. It's all right," said the star with that

The portraits of Buddy Rogers reveal changes in personality.
SHY

By
George Kent

...you? But just read this lively description of what will get a different insight into their idiosyncrasies.

delicious smile, “I'm so careless.”

Gilbert Roland came in and borrowed a cloth gardenia from off the hat of one of the girls in the studio. He posed with it, and no one ever found out. You yourself probably saw the picture.

William Powell came in after a party, but debonair and, as always, unperturbed. He also borrowed a flower, a live one. And made one of the best photographs of his career.

Anita Page came in with papa and mamma and twenty-five changes from the Metro-Goldwyn wardrobe. Papa did the directing and Anita, good daughter that she is, jumped through the hoop obediently. Docile and an adorable subject.

Norma Shearer, with a heap of clothes on her arm, walked in, took orders like a soldier, and got excellent results. Lois Moran, that cultivated lady, appeared with her mother, and behaved.

Laura La Plante came without changes. She liked the results so much she ordered a thousand prints.

Photographers find Nick Stuart, always accompanied by Sue Carol, easy to please.
Camera Shy

"It's rose-madder," he insists.

They liked their pictures a great deal. But pranking around, as the young and irrepressible will, it came to pass that the proofs got torn up. The next day a butler walked stiffly down the Boulevard to present the fragments at the studio—with apologies and an order to print.

Which brings memories of Buddy Rogers. He came twice to the studio of Irving Chidnoff, the visits a year apart. The change for the better in this youth was something to marvel at. The first visit saw him in a dazzling black-and-white necktie, striped scarf, pearl-gray fedora. Rah, rah, rah—and rarin’ to go!

The next time, however, he came in a dark suit, a sure, self-possessed individual. He had dignity. He had arrived. The evolution of Buddy Rogers is a pleasant spectacle.

Ronald Colman came without a change, posed as he stood, smiled, and was gone in twenty minutes. A studio record.

Corinne Griffith is the embodiment of neatness. She came into the studio followed by a maid and a chauffeur bearing her changes.

Each garment was neatly folded and wrapped in tissue paper. No other star goes to that much trouble over her clothes. Perhaps her carefulness is due to the fact that Corinne takes exceptional pains in choosing her clothes. Most of them she buys in Paris, a city she knows as well as Los Angeles.

Parisian couturiers who have done work for Corinne confessed that they took special pleasure in sewing for her—she has such exquisite taste, she is so appreciative of a job well done. In one or two instances Chanel designed models for her exclusive use.

Kay Johnson is an imperious creature. More than any one

Continued on page 109

asleep and she is obliged to run her finger through them to get her eyes open. Sounds like a yarn, but it's a fact. Another interesting item—she's a spiritualist. And believes in astrology. She takes no step, acts no part, accepts no engagement, until she has consulted the stars.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are the most amiable, most natural couple in the world. After having had their pictures taken, they sat around the studio chatting with the folks. There was a bowl of fruit on the table and the pair of them between foolishness and gossip devoured two dollars' worth of fruit. What appetites the young have!

The men are, for the most part, docile subjects. The women, concerned so much with chic and personal loveliness, are more fastidious. Most of them come toting clothes. When they are swanky, a maid or valet does the portering. When they are just their sweet selves they take the bundle up unaided. Rather amusing seeing one of them stepping out of a limousine with a cargo of dresses for all the world like an old clothes man.

They spend a lot of time in the dressing room, far more than they do in preparation for the movie camera. Odd, how much time they spend with perfume. Several have gone so far as to bring their own atomizers. Does aroma affect the camera? Perhaps this is a new wrinkle, something that has eluded scientists. Or maybe it's just the man behind the camera that it affects.

That spirited capsule of charm, Alice White, posed in a white blouse and black-velvet trunks. The best acting Alice has done has been in comic roles. But she insists she will not be content until she has a real serious part to play. For Miss White believes that she has the making of a great tragedienne.

Stranger things have happened. Think of John Barrymore. Not so long ago he was a comedian, one of Broadway's best actors of farce. Incidentally, John refuses to be photographed save in profile.

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol came to their appointment in Nick's car which he doesn't like referred to as pink.

G4

Even Gloria Swanson gets a bit nervous before the still camera.

John Barrymore refuses to be photographed except in profile.

Lupe Velez had the fidgets until told that Gary Cooper had asked for her.
Winnie Lightner

She can clown and get away with it. Winnie Lightner is the only feminine star of rough-house comedy and she gets bigger billing and draws larger crowds than most of the serious stars. Far from being just comic relief, she's the whole show every time. You'll see her soon in "Gold Dust Gertie."
YOU saw her first in "The Criminal Code," her screen debut, and you asked where she came from? For here was a young actress who knew how to speak, how to wear simple clothes gracefully, and how to act like a human. Then she stood out in a more difficult role in "The Last Parade" and you knew that she was with us to stay. She came from the stage, but won't return just yet, for she must first finish "Traveling Husbands."
CAST and FORECAST

In this line-up of names in pictures soon to be released you are sure to find a favorite player in a film above the ordinary, for these productions are selected because they promise unusual entertainment.

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<td>Paul Lukas</td>
<td>Norma Shearer.</td>
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<td>Regis Toomey.</td>
<td>Clarke Gable.</td>
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| Up Pops the Devil       | Cheri-Bibi           | Svengali          |
| (Paramount)             | (M-G-M)              | (Warner)          |
| Carol Loughard.         | Leila Hyams.         | Marian Marsh.     |
| Lilyan Tashman.         |                      |                   |

| The Lawyer's Secret     | Five and Ten         | Woman of the World |
| (Paramount)             | (M-G-M)              | (Warner)           |
| Clive Brook.            | Marion Davies.       | Bebe Daniels.      |

| Women Love Once         | Girls Together       | Young Sinners     |
| (Paramount)             | (M-G-M)              | (Fox)             |
|                        | Monroe Owsley.       | Hardie Albright.  |
|                        | Armand Kaliz.        | David Kollins.    |
|                        | Marjorie Rambeau.    |                   |

| The Smiling Lieutenant  | Daddy Long Legs      | Obey That Impulse! |
| (Paramount)             | (M-G-M)              | (United Artists)   |
|                        |                      | Monroe Owsley.     |

| Shipmates               | Never the Twain Shall Meet | Big Business Girl |
| (M-G-M)                 | (M-G-M)                   | (First National)  |
| Robert Montgomery.      | Conchita Montenegro.     | Loretta Young.    |
| Dorothy Jordan.         | Leslie Howard.           | Frank Albertson.  |
| Gavin Gordon.           |                            |                   |
| Joan Marsh.             |                            |                   |
| Cliff Edwards.          |                            |                   |

| Dancing Partner         | The Squaw Man          | Party Husband     |
| (M-G-M)                 | (M-G-M)                | (First National)  |
| Irene Purcell.          | Lupe Velez.            | James Remie.      |
| Gerald Fielding.        | Roland Young.          | Dorothy Peterson.|
| Lenore Busman.          | Eleanor Boardman.      | Helen Ware.       |
| C. Aubrey Smith.        | Charles Bickford.      |                   |
| Albert Conti.           | Paul Cavanagh.         |                   |
|                        |                      |                   |

|                            |                      | The Iron Man      |
|                            |                      | (Universal)       |
|                            |                      | Lew Ayres.        |
|                            |                      | Jean Harlow.      |
|                            |                      | Robert Armstrong.|
|                            |                      | John Miljan.      |
THOUGH the producers harked back
to the hoary past for "East Lynne"
there is nothing to smile at in the
beautiful film currently on view. There
is, indeed, much to admire and something,
perhaps, that will cause many to shed a
tear, even as buckets have been shed in
the past over the sad plight of Lady Isabel.

If you remember her story, she was an
aristocratic young bride in the Victorian
era who married the man she loved and
was taken by him to his coldly correct ancestral mansion.
There she found his elderly sister in charge of the
household, with a frown for the young bride and a
jealous determination to rule the roost. Gradually she
antagonized husband and wife, until the latter's innocent
flirtation with a former suitor was magnified into flagrant
infidelity. And because of the husband's willingness to
believe his sister and his refusal to accept the truth from
his wife, she left him.

All this occurs in the new version of the old story.
Changes have been made in the events subsequent to
Lady Isabel's desertion of husband and child, but they
do not mar the spirit of the original. Formerly Lady Isabel,
saddened, disillusioned, and hopeless, returned to
her home and, with the childish disguise of black glasses,
was able to act as governess to her son and endure untold
anguish as the unrecognized witness of her husband's
happiness with another wife. That absurdity is now
banished by her secret visit to her former home.
Discovered and once more driven out by her husband, she
stumbles through the grounds of the estate and, with
eyesight impaired in the Franco-Prussian War, she
plunges over an embankment and is killed.

Surprisingly, you believe all this while it is taking
place. Lady Isabel's sorrows do not seem to come from
the wire-pullings of scenario writer and director, but
are the destiny of a misguided lady who trusted not
wisely but too well. This is because of the superlative
performance of Ann Harding—the best, in my opinion,
that she has ever given—and a series of backgrounds
that mirror the Victorian viewpoint with such complete
illusion that one understands Lady Isabel as never be-
fore. Clive Brook, Conrad Nagel, Cecilia Loftus, and
Beryl Mercer lend themselves with complete success to
the sympathetic appeal of the film.

The SCREEN

Inspection of the month's new films brings to light
an amazing personality and evokes enthusiasm for performances by veterans tried and true.

"Body and Soul"

Seldom does a widely touted actress come up to ex-
pectations. Marlene Dietrich did. Greta Garbo had no
ballyhoo to live up to, and Elissa Landi does. Inten-
tionally I place the newcomer in the distinguished com-
pany of Garbo and Dietrich, because I believe she be-
longs not a step lower. She is arresting, brilliant, and
distinguished. Best of all, she challenges comparison
with no one and therefore will cause no resentment
among followers of any star. She is herself. There is
no compromise. Too individual to awaken a half re-
sponse, too skilled an actress to give less than an ex-
ceptional performance, Landi comes to join the elect
and to remind us that acting on the screen is becoming
less and less an accident of personality and more an
expression of intellect, of soul. And Landi is a soulful
intellectual.

But don't. I beg, assume that she is a highbrow cal-
culated to appeal only to those who frequent "art" thea-
ters in search of foreign films, the queerer the better. By
no means! She is young, slim, and strangely beautiful.
But beauty and youth notwithstanding, it is her intel-
gence that sharpens one's interest and stirs emotions.
And, naturally, that mentality is expressed in her voice.
Just hear her say, "I am not a spy," and you are con-
fronted not by a heroine virtuously denying a mean
accusation, but a woman who somehow gives you a word
picture of her inner self. But there is no use. There
are some players who give more to the critic than he
can pass on to his readers.

Enough, then, to say, that Landi is concerned in a
tolerably interesting, though rather shoddy, spy melo-
drama which she alone justifies. She does this with such
complete success that her superiority to the picture need
not be mentioned. And charity not unmixed with pity.
is the only record I can make of Charles Farrell's performance as the nominal hero of the piece. The flat tonelessness of his voice, the insistent juvenility of his action, recall a bygone day in the movies when these qualities were enough to mold an idol out of common clay. But the time is coming——

Humphrey Bogart, Donald Dillaway, and Myrna Loy do well as supporting players, though for the first time Miss Loy's lure seems obvious and callow. There's a reason!

"The Great Meadow."

This story of the trek of a band of Virginians across the mountains to found new homes in the Kentucky wilderness is moving in its struggles and subdued emotions. Based on the recent novel of the same name, much of the heroic determination and picturesqueness is transferred to the screen. The ragged band goes through storm and starvation to the green fields beyond the mountains, only to face new danger from the Indians. The mother of young Jarvis, the leader, (John Mack Brown) is killed and scalped by a stagy-looking redskin, and the young man deserts his wife to devote the next couple of years to tracking down the Indian and recovering his mother's scalp. Meanwhile a friend of the couple marries the girl after a scout reports the death of the husband. The latter comes back and, according to pioneer custom, the wife must choose between the men. Which man should be sent out in the snowstorm, the wandering husband or the stay-at-home mate? Problem enough for any wife.

The tale is unfolded nicely, except for an occasional overdose of sentimentality. The quaint lines are in a thick Southern accent, but I suspect that the Southern drawl was not developed until long after pioneering days.

"Dishonored."

And in all my Injun thriller days, never once did a redskin advance to battle on a pony. They always crawled up from tree to tree.

Eleanor Boardman is lovely as Diony, the wife. The Indians should have scalped the husband for leaving her. Lucille La Verne is perfect as the hero's mother. John Mack Brown is pleasant, but even in the face of cliffs, storms, and starvation he cannot lose his contagious amiability which comes to the fore in a pep huddle at the foot of the last mountain range to be crossed. Others in the cast include Anita Louise, Gavin Gordon, and Guinn Williams.

"Dishonored."

Marlene Dietrich's second picture to come out of Hollywood indicates that the enthusiasm aroused by "Morocco" was not altogether because it revealed a new and striking personality. She is still extraordinary, although the new film is not. It is interesting, however, if for no other reason than to illustrate the skill of Josef von Sternberg and Miss Dietrich in camouflaging a commonplace story and making it seem a work of art. True, they take themselves very seriously and move with the measured tread of Greek tragedy. They mustn't continue the stunt else they will lose the high place they have made for themselves. Audiences want movement as well as characterization. Here we have too much of the latter and not enough of the former. It is set forth with great skill until the picture becomes a thing of distinguished beauty, but it leaves the emotions unstirred. One doesn't really care about the fate of the woman spy, but is more interested in watching her lethargic movements and admiring the director's illusive lighting, the detail of his scenes, and in matching up the symbols he employs in one sequence to dovetail with later ones.

Through all this Miss Dietrich strides with veiled eyes and that casual air, pausing to make laconic speech and then moving slowly on. It is as if the Delphic Oracle or a high priestess of some sort had stepped from her pedestal to give her opinion of the weather. But you feel that this is a passing phase in Miss Dietrich's artistic progress. She showed a different and more interesting side in "The Blue Angel."

The story concerns an Austrian spy who falls in love
The Screen in Review

with a Russian officer and pays the penalty before a firing squad. Victor McLaglen, as the officer, is a revelation. His performance gives no hint of the wisecracking comedy usually associated with him. Warner Oland, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Lew Cody, and Barry Norton play lesser parts.

"Unfaithful."

Ruth Chatterton is always interesting and sometimes is a remarkable actress. But in her latest exhibit she suffers a lapse of judgment. Even this does not, however, lessen her interesting attractiveness. It merely mars the memory of some of her previous characterizations.

She asks us to accept her as the American bride of Lord Kilkerney, but her mannered accent compels us to consider her more British than any of the gay set with which she mingles. Coming upon proof of her husband's infidelity with the wife of her brother, she swallows a cocktail with stagy recklessness and proceeds to go on the loose. But with such discretion that while her friends are shocked, she remains pure in the eyes of the audience. Which is to say that Miss Chatterton flourishes an elongated cigarette holder, stops at a wayside inn for refreshments right out in the open with a merry crew, sings a torch song in a high hat and an abbreviated skirt, and is just so flippant and careless that you wonder how a good woman can think up such devilment. Even more frantically bad is her conduct at another party. She picks up a couple of American sailors and shoots craps with them under the piano!

All the time, mind you, her heart is breaking. But she will not divorce her husband and thereby disillusion the public and cause her shell-shocked brother to become a maniac. So intent is she on self-sacrifice that when her husband is killed in an automobile accident with his inamorata, Lady Kilkerney talks, every one into believing that she accompanied him. In fact, there is so much talk and such eagerness on the part of the heroine to get the worst deal, that you give up long before the picture ends, even though there's a good man, a poor artist who understands, waiting to marry this heroine overcharged with dramatics.

All this is related against a background of richly handsome settings and with the help of Paul Lukas, Paul Cavanagh, Juliette Compton, and a newcomer, Donald Cook, whose performance as the heroine's brother is the best of the lot.

"June Moon."

This exposes bitterly and contemptuously the goings on in Tinpan Alley. A more discouraging document couldn't be offered to prospective song writers. Every one who has written a little thing and is undecided where to send it, should see this picture. Perhaps pride will then step in and frustrate an attempt to join the ignoble clan who comprise the majority of characters here depicted.

They are an awful lot, with the hero included. Not alone for his shabby character, but for his epochal stupidity. Superbly played by Jack Oakie, one shudders at the thought that such a boob may cross one's path some day. Mr. Oakie makes him amusing, of course, but the lines provided by the authors are bitterly revealing. The entire picture is in the same key. While it is unusual, I imagine that it will not be relished by many. Its humor is acidulous, with sympathy for any of the characters entirely lacking. Not even for the ingenue who loves the hero. One wants to cry out, "Don't, little girl, don't be a fool, too!"

Briefly, the story concerns a sap from Schenectady who comes to New York to sell his song "June Moon." Quickly he becomes involved in the song-writing racket, with the inner workings of a publishing firm his background. Ignoring the girl who loves him, he falls for the publisher's sweetie. His song is bought as a means of encouraging him to marry the sweetie and thus rid the publisher of her. But the little ingenue gets him, worse luck.

Every player is admirable. They include Frances Dee, Wynne Gibson, June MacCloy, Sam Hardy, and some strangers from the stage.

"The Easiest Way."

Brought up to date with considerable skill, the play that created a sensation on the stage some twenty years ago emerges as a rather interesting film. Time has, however, robbed it of its daring. You will find the heroine, Laura Murdock, one of the familiar sisterhood who exchange poverty in the tenements for the luxury of modern-
she apartments with all conveniences, including a duplicate key in the hands of a rich man. But instead of the modern accommodation of wise-cracks Laura goes in for old-fashioned suffering.

Realistically the squalor of Laura's home life is pictured to excuse her choice of the easiest way to escape it. Then she meets a young man who offers her love instead of money and they plan to marry with the knowledge of Laura's chum ami. But her fiancé is ordered to South America and she promises to wait for him. No longer a kept woman, she shifts for herself and makes a bad job of it. Her deserted friend wants, sure, that she will return. She does, when everything is pawed. Joyfully her young man returns to claim her and learns the truth. He flings at her a bitter invective and leaves for good, while she wanders brokenly in the snow to her sister's home on Christmas Eve.

All this is related with movement, deftness of characterization, some suspense, and little emotional reaction. Constance Bennett is sympathetic as Laura, though she fails to make you believe that she is swept into her troubles without calculation. She does, however, convince you that she thinks and that is saying a lot. Adolphe Menjou is brilliantly successful as the pseudo-villain, who is so much a human being and a gentleman that he is no villain at all. Robert Montgomery returns to form as the young lover and makes us forget his defection in "Inspiration." Minor roles are admirably performed by Anita Page, Clark Gable, and Marjorie Rambeau.

"Ten Cents a Dance."

Ah, pity the poor dance-hall hostess! She gets a raw, not to say bleeding, deal in this. Barbara Stanwyck wins admiration for her own appealing naturalness and makes the heroine's troubles real. There isn't a more unaffected actress on the screen, nor one with as few reminders of her calling as Miss Stanwyck. She is simple, direct, and sincere, with a wholesomeness that counts for more than beauty and emotional expression that seems uncontrolled by any technical tricks.

In this she is concerned with a story that bears a strong resemblance to "Honor Among Lovers." Which is to say that the heroine marries the young man who turns out to be a rotter, while the supposed villain lets his nobler instincts guide him after a few false moves and wins the girl. As in the other picture, she appeals to him for money to extricate her husband out of his difficulties. Again we see a heroine offering herself for cash and the bad man laying his check on the altar of passion denied. Though not so smartly set forth as the other version, this is more vital, with more movement and a better performance by Monroe Owsley, who plays the same role in both pictures. Ricardo Cortez is good as the pseudo-villain and Sally Blane, in a bit, is attractive, while Blanche Friderici leaves regret behind her few scenes because of their shortness.

"Don't Bet on Women."

Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young, and Una Merkel take us for a short flight into light—or is it high?—comedy. The result is pleasant enough, even if it doesn't cause us to forget that the laundry must be counted when we get home. Their efforts are pooled to tell the story of a dull husband who enters into a bet with a gay philanderer that the latter can't kiss his wife within forty-eight hours. The stake is ten thousand dollars, which at once informs us that we are inspecting a farce. Things move along smartly until the moment when victory is to be had by the philanderer. Then he decides that he loves the wife too much to put a price on her kiss, so he gallantly proffers his check and jauntily exits.

Mr. Lowe is smooth and glib as the loser, but he doesn't quite make us believe he is the man to toss away ten thousand dollars without gaining something more tangible than the center of the stage, probably because we've seen him in racketeer films. Miss MacDonald, who doesn't sing this time, proves her sense of humor and easy lightness instead, and Miss Merkel visits upon us the rigors of a Southern accent so pronounced as to make us see virtues in the nasal twang of the West. But she is awfully funny as a flapper of a new sort. It is Mr. Young, however, who reaches brilliance in what is probably the most uncongenial role he has ever played—that of a stodgy, unaware husband. What values he puts into his lines!

[Continued on page 84]
What Every Fan Should See

"Cimarron."—RKO.


"Rango."—Paramount.

Entertaining wild-animal film in which an orang-utan is the hero and a tiger the villain. Only human actors are a native father and son who struggle to sustain life against depredations of the tiger.

"The Right to Love."—Paramount.

Ruth Chatterton as mother and daughter, both excellent, thank you, in heart-throbs in China and Colorado. Acting of highest order, intensified by double exposure, exceptional recording. Girl missionary torn between love and duty. Paul Lukas, David Manners.


Echo of "The Big House," superbly acted by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes, latter as convict who won't squeal on friend who incites prison riot; Huston, the warden, with daughter, Constance Cummings. Mary Doran fine.

"Paid."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Joan Crawford goes drummer, and is good as shopgirl railroaded to prison for crime she did not commit. Marries son of boss to get revenge. Robert Armstrong, John Miljan, Marie Prevost, Tyrrell Davis, William Bakewell, Purnell Pratt.

"Reducing."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Too little horseplay in beauty parlour and too much fuss over saving girl from her instincts, in funny, funny film with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No team like this one. Anita Page, William Collier, Jr., Lucien Littlefield, Sally Eilers, William Bakewell.

"Little Caesar."—First National.


"The Royal Family of Broadway."—Paramount.

Engagingly mad, these Covenhymes of the stage, and a lot of fun, since you don't have to live with them. Satire on stage stars at home. Not a slow moment. Fredric March excellent. Ina Claire, too. Henrietta Crosman, Mary Brian.

"The Devil to Pay."—United Artists.

English drawing-room comedy as it should be—intelligent, amusing, no excitement. Rich youth returns to London after farm life, and gets entangled. Loretta Young, Myrna Loy out for Ronald Colman. Florence Britton, Frederick Kerr.

"The Blue Angel."—Paramount.

Emil Jannings in German film with Marlene Dietrich, and both are magnificent, even if you don't get some of the speech. Schoolmaster follows cabaret girl to his ruin. Poignant, pitiful character masterly done.

"Morocco."—Paramount.

Marlene Dietrich takes her place among the stars as an individual. Adolphe Menjou returns, though tamed by talkie morals, and Gary Cooper going strong, as member of Foreign Legion. Two cynics find that only simple, fundamental love for each other.

"Feet First."—Paramount.

Harold Lloyd, the hardy perennial, as funny and thrilling as ever. Straight humor, without taint of "sophistication"; no tears behind the smile. Shoe clerk in love tries to win girl by posing as rich playboy, but finds trouble and danger ahead. Barbara Kent, Robert McWade, Alec Francis, Lilliamne Leighton.

For Second Choice

"Trader Horn."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Superior to all films picturing jungle life. Subordinate love interest in rescue of white girl from African tribe who regard her as a goddess. Edwina Booth does well in difficult role. A native, Mutia Omonu, genuine as gun buster to Harry Carey. Duncan Renaldo, Olive Fuller Golden.

"City Lights."—United Artists.

Fast and funny Chaplin film, with sound effects, along lines made famous by the screen's best comedian. The familiar Tramp in inspired fooling runs to wistfulness in adoring a blind flower girl, Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer. Harry Meyers and Hank Mann.

"Dracula."—Universal.

A thriller tries to be too thrilling and is a bit funny in the portrayal of evel-rolling corpse that emerges from his casket by night and feasts from jugular veins. Pretty girls prefer Bela Lugosi the vampire, Helen Chandler the terrified morsel, Dwight Frye, David Manners.

"Girls Demand Excitement."—Fox.

The "men" of a coed college undertake to rust the girls, and a basketball game settles the issue. With dance specialist directing, the effect will surprise fans who sport gold-plated basket balls. John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill, Margaret Churchill, William Janney, Eddie Nugent, Marion Byron.

"Inspiration."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Weak adaption of "Sapho," is saved by Greta Garbo, who holds one's entire attention. A girl with a "past" offers herself to juvenile prude, played by Robert Montgomery, who is not strong enough to kick her out or accept her love. Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Judith Vossell, Beryl Mercer, Karen Morley.

"Millie."—RKO.

Good girl loves everybody but the right man, and, maturing with knowledge of the world, shoots an admiral who makes play for her daughter. Helen Twelvetrees excellent in character study of another Madame X. Lilyan Tashman, Joan Blondell, Robert Ames, James Hall, John Halliday, Anita Louise.

"The Gong Buster."—Paramount.

Jack Oakie as a sap insurance agent who falls in love with the daughter of a prospect and walks into a den of gangsters who have kidnapped the girl. He lives to be rewarded by the heroine, thanks to his blundering freshness. Jean Arthur, William (Stage) Boyd, Wynne Gibson contribute to lively film.

"Scandal Sheet."—Paramount.

Excellent melodrama of yellow journalism in which a hard-boiled editor accidently diggs up scandal about his wife and has to decide between her reputation and that of his newspaper. George Bancroft the editor. Kay Francis the wife, Continued on page 118
HELEN CHANDLER

Brought to Hollywood on the strength of her pronounced stage success, Helen Chandler found that she was virtually unknown. Then began her uphill climb in the talkies, made difficult by uncongenial roles. But her fortune changed with "Outward Bound." Now Miss Chandler finds herself with roles to pick and her future is assured. She is seen, right, in Ramon Navarro's "Daybreak," with "Salvation Nell" to follow.
The PHENIX RISES

Setbacks are turned into stepping-stones by Ina Claire, who by not knowing when she is beaten is never beaten. Now she has triumphed over the talkies which once threatened to defeat her ambition.

WHEN Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" had its New York première, Ina Claire was among those present. Any one who attended will attest to that. The irrepressible Ina tripped up and down the aisles full of high spirits and good news. If you looked at all interested, she'd stop and tell you that she had just signed a five-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn. If you didn't seem particularly excited, she'd tell you anyway, just for luck.

That she was tossing about big news seemed to bother her not at all. And Miss Claire once the wife of a newspaperman! Perhaps Jimmy Whitaker had grounds for divorce. Put yourself in his place. Imagine telling the little woman a potential front-page yarn, only to have her spill it over the back fence, or across the court, before you had time to catch an edition.

Anyway, when the toilers of the Fourth Estate telephoned United Artists next morning for confirmation of the story, a harassed press agent nearly had what passes in the medical profession for a stroke.

"Where did you get that?" he yelled.

After a number of news gatherers began, "Well, last night, Ina Claire—" he groaned and prepared to make the announcement formal.

When in New York, Ina Claire parks at Pierre's. It takes a little courage and a lot of cash to make your home in that imposing structure, whose white façade gallops into the Park Avenue sky to the tune of forty stories. In fact, Lady Mountbatten might waver. But not Ina Claire. Ina could give a duchess an inferiority complex. She's so grand and so groomed that you find yourself remembering the date of your last manicure, and you're sure the brand-new stockings have sprung a run. Yet she's as ingratiating as an insurance salesman, so admiration soon replaces awe.

Miss Claire, you see, is the popular conception of an actress during her offstage moments. A woman who demands intelligence in her Peke and in the maid who puts on his woollen sweater and takes him to Central Park; whose suite is always flower-filled and whose repartee is ever scintillating.

On the afternoon of our visit, however, the maid had no time for walking the dog. She was packing seven trunks in preparation for the triumphant return to Hollywood of the conquering heroine whose "companionate separation" is even now in full blast.

Miss Claire was a trifle too valuable to be at ease.

"Jack and I are going to work this thing out separately," she said very, very lightly. "He will have his work and I shall have mine. It's better that we are not under the same roof discussing pictures and giving each other unsolicited advice. Of course we're the best of friends and he is as thrilled about my contract as I am. Divorce? Certainly not! He will meet me at the train and before I talk to a single soul, we shall plan our future."

Leaping ahead a bit, Jack did not meet Ina's train. She waited for him at the station and then did a little more waiting at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. But the screen's erstwhile great lover failed to so much as telephone, let alone put in an appearance. So only time and reporters will tell when the Claire-Gilbert matrimonial bick will hit the rocks—"for publication."

And when it happens, trust Miss Claire to use the cannibal wreckage as a foundation on which to build something bigger and better. She has a way of doing that. Take, as an instance, her precocious screen career.

There's a gangland term, "pushed around," that Ina has come to know since her introduction to the talkies. It's manhandling without intent to kill. Just a gentle applying of the works—like buying your contract rather than permitting you to fulfill it, promising you a role and at the last moment assigning it to Josie Splevins, et cetera.

Miss Claire has met these particular and several similar vicissitudes. But she possesses the proverbial bulldog tenacity. She doesn't know when she's beaten; so, she's never beaten.

Ina crashed Hollywood two years ago with a couple of titles—the foremost actress on Broadway and the best-dressed woman on the stage.

Well, you probably don't much care who happens to be the first citizen of Siam. Siam's too far away. So is Broadway—when viewed from the top of Beverly Hills. And, as for being best-dressed! Hollywood has had Lilian Tashman, Kay Francis, and Joan Crawford giving the high cost of low-cut gowns for years. So Ina's advance campaign failed to register.

[Continued on page 114]
Once billed as Mrs. John Gilbert because she was unknown to movie fans, Ina Claire has made her name an asset instead of a liability to theater owners. The interview opposite tells why.
LEST WE FORGET

It is fitting and proper that "The Squaw Man," the very first picture directed by Cecil DeMille many years ago, should be selected for what promises to be his finest effort in audible films. The earlier version was directed in a barn, the present one comes to life in the magnificent confines of Metro-Goldwyn, with a cast comprising Warner Baxter, Lupe Velez, Eleanor Boardman, Roland Young, Paul Cavanagh, Julia Faye and many, many others. The pictures on this page show Mr. Baxter and Miss Boardman in the English environment of the picture's first sequence.
SHE is the redoubtable character whose exploits in the early days of the West are history and who comes to the screen, though not for the first time, in "Roped In," with Louise Dresser playing her. Leather-lunged, sharp-tongued, and respected for her fearlessness, she is proprietress of a saloon with gambling on the side. She is seen, at top of page, with Richard Arlen, as Lieutenant Tom Colton, the hero of the romance in which Calamity Jane sheds her hard-boiled shell to show the mother love within her. Mr. Arlen, right, is posed with Frances Dee, as the heroine.
THE BIG

In "City Streets" Gary Cooper man of the underworld, with playing the role first

UNWITTINGLY drawn into the "alky" racket, Gary Cooper, as The Kid, is seen with the attractive Wynne Gibson at the top of the page. One of the most unusual photographs of Mr. Cooper, left, shows him as a full-fledged racketeer in all the sartorial glory of his kind, pausing in the prison waiting-room to see his girl. Their interview is poignant.
RACKET

is seen for the first time as a Sylvia Sidney, of the stage, intended for Clara Bow.

THE KID, above, is first seen as an employee of a shooting gallery where Sylvia Sidney, as Nan, daughter of a crook, is attracted by his skill with a gun and learns to love him. In the photograph, right, she begs The Kid not to return to the night club where the fatal shooting takes place. But if you know your Gary's determination, you know he will go.
THE Spanish actress, Conchita Montenegro, who came to Hollywood to play in foreign versions, exhibits her accented English in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." She plays the role of a South Sea Island princess who falls in love with an American. Their life together in her native tropics is a compelling argument in favor of the title of the picture. Leslie Howard, Miss Montenegro, and Mitchell Lewis at top of page.
Irresistible

The favorite adjective of Maurice Chevalier’s admirers is discovered by the two heroines of “The Smiling Lieutenant.” Claudette Colbert as Franzl, leader of a Viennese orchestra, loves Lieutenant Niki, and a kiss blown her way while he is on parade convinces Miriam Hopkins, as Princess Anna, that Niki has insulted her. But when he is summoned for a royal rebuke she, too, finds him irresistible and marries him almost without his knowledge. Miss Hopkins appears in the circle and Miss Colbert, below.
TEMPTATION

RICHARD BARTHELMES, as a newspaper reporter in "The Finger Points," is tempted by the big money of the underworld until he meets a violent end, with Fay Wray mourning him for the honest man he might have been, and Regis Toomey unknowingly grieving for the passing of a hero.
NEW FACES for OLD

Would you like to exchange features you have for those you admire more? Or is it just a slight alteration that you want? Either is possible to the studio expert, whose miracles in make-up are here described.

By Jeanne de Kolty

Oh, Jim!" calls Fifi d'Orsay, looking in through the door of the make-up room at the Fox studio, "may I have a new widow's peak? The old one got washed off in the rain scene." "How about a wart on the side of my nose?" demands Edmund Lowe, "and Victor McLaglen told me to let you know he's coming over for a streak of gray hair."

Jim Barker, noted in Hollywood as one of the foremost make-up experts in the motion-picture business, pauses in the laborious task of putting a new face on Maureen O'Sullivan long enough to rummage around among his supplies for a widow's peak, some gray hair, spirit gum, and putty. And, lo and behold! within a few moments he has transformed each of his patrons, with the ease of a magician!

Jim Barker is king of a cream-colored dominion of immaculate cleanliness where the stars gather to have their faces put on for the day, and a tiny office where none but the mighty are allowed. The office is Jim's private room where he keeps his files, reference books, and the tools of his trade. The outer room is long and spacious, and a row of dressing tables with large mirrors extends along the wall from one end to the other.

Another wall consists mostly of windows. From the outside the building resembles one of the proverbial glass houses. Sunlight filters in through snowy curtains and gentle breezes sift through cascades of varicolored crêpe hair suspended on racks.

It is from these racks that Barker selects the hair of players—a special kind of hair for each rôle. Don't get the idea that all the stars wear wigs, though. The false hair is only for use when the actor's own hair does not fit his rôle.

In glass cases are to be found the complexities of the stars; tan grease paints for tan characters, pale tints for anemic ladies, and blushes for those who need to blush. Often a star must change color for the sake of a particular part. She goes to the make-up man, tells him her needs, and he revamps her so that often even her best friends don't know her.

Should an outsider chance to look into the average make-up room, he probably would wonder whether all those pretty ladies and gentlemen he has seen on the screen were just so many eyebrows, lashes, arms, legs, and other features fastened together, instead of actual human beings. He would see cases of eyelashes, false eyebrows, putty for making false noses and changing the shape of the features, beards, mustaches, and wigs.

The make-up man would explain to him, however, that all these are merely character stuff, materials with which to make the old young, the young old, the blonde a brunette, and vice versa.

If the necessity arises, the make-up man can change every feature in an actor's face, including his teeth. In order to become a star, one must have perfect teeth. Sometimes a tooth becomes discolored through accident, or is chipped off; often a perfect tooth must be camouflaged to look discolored or ill-shaped. The make-up expert searches in a glass case filled with teeth until he

Continued on page 116
R E D - F L A G G I N G  T H E

T he Hollywood bull—that is, Hollywood public opinion—is usually an amiable beast. The average star can feed him indigestible peanuts and boloney in perfect safety. He'll eat it, wrappings and all, and won't even mind a few sharp tacks in the fodder.

But just try waving a red flag in front of his bullish nose! His small eyes grow red and furious, he snorts, paws the earth, and runs after one, with horns set for gore.

Which is to say that an unlucky few have a certain something in their personalities that makes picturedom froth at the mouth, though it is as innocent as a crimson sash. It is nothing more than a streak of aloofness, the most misunderstood quality in the world.

The roll call of stars who have had to put a fence between themselves and the pursuing bull is an impressive one. There are Greta Garbo, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Lillian Gish, all taking the brunt of the attack for attempting cloistered seclusion.

To their names might be added those of Ramon Novarro, Joan Bennett, Marguerite Churchill, Eleanor Boardman, Jeanette MacDonald, Mary Philbin, Carol Dempster, the late Lon Chaney, and others.

Strangely enough, this class of stars is the most inoffensive group one could bring together. Unlike many players who are proficient as mixers, they don't go around showing off in public. Unlike some, they don't go in for bragging and swaggering.

Their clothes and manners are apt to be quiet and unassuming. They don't affect bogus culture. Most of them wouldn't think of grandly snubbing those of a "lower caste," although some of their uncriticized fellow stars do.

They don't work frantically to steal scenes and pictures from other actors, or to run them down. They don't throw jealous tantrums, or pull the hair of their rivals. In fact, if they did burst forth into these familiar exhibitions of temperament and delusions of grandeur, their critics might laugh indulgently and forgive them.

They are, as a class, ladies and gentlemen in the deeper meaning of those words, with a dislike of display. Some have a consideration for the feelings of others that is rare in rough-and-ready Hollywood.

But Hollywood doesn't understand them. It sees only that they try to avoid parties, openings, and crowds, to remove themselves, at least occasionally, from the staring eyes that are forever busy picking them to pieces. And Hollywood, offended, mutters, "Too good for us, huh?"

It took the death of Lon Chaney to make Talkietown realize that there was good reason why that solitary man held the crowds off at arm's length. He was a sick man.

It took the death of Jeanne Eagels to silence the critics of her temperamental outbursts. They realized, too late, that her shattered nerves could not stand the daily irritations that other people's do.

But it is not so easy for Hollywood to understand that the perfectly healthy individual may have a crying inner need to be alone. True, they recognize that even as genial a mixer as Charlie Chaplin may have his moody days, when he wants to get away from everybody. They chalk that up to the strange workings of genius.

When a lesser star plays the recluse, they are apt to say, "So you think you're a genius, too?" Signs of a retiring nature in a player are almost sure to be mis-
innocently antagonize the picture colony, stood, and find themselves still more in gestures are misinterpreted and snubbed.

Woodmansee understood. Hollywood is as indignant as the old hen that hatched a brood of ducklings, only to have them go swimming.

The film colony loves to build myths about stars who have a touch of reserve. In the case of Greta Garbo, for instance, legend is piled upon legend, until the tower topples over. Then the fabricators begin all over again.

Of course, as secretive a player as Garbo is a constant stimulant to the Hollywood imagination. But, considering other retiring players who have tried to be mixers and failed, one wonders what the villagers would do to the Swedish recluse, if they knew her more intimately.

A few years ago a fine, sensitive star was practically driven out of pictures by the antagonism of studio people with whom she tried to be friendly. Her few intimate friends agreed that she was as lovely and unassuming a character as has graced the screen.

She was no mixer, yet on the set she would try to be pleasant to everybody, from the director to the prop man. She had a good word for all, and it was not a patronizing one. Yet her friendly advances were rudely snubbed. In amazing ways her every word and action was misinterpreted. The very persons who snubbed her called her high-hat.

It doesn't seem to make any difference whether such players insist on privacy in as flat-footed a manner as Greta Garbo, or make an occasional attempt to be one of the gang. The Hollywood bull knows a red flag when he sees it, even when its bearer tries to turn it into a more agreeable pink.

The attack may come from the most unexpected quarter. One girl star was secretly engaged to a popular and influential executive, although she was seldom seen in public with anybody. Some of her critics opined that she couldn't get any man to escort her places. When the news of her engagement came out, a few declared that probably no other girl would have had the man. Of course both opinions were utterly ridiculous.

One girl doesn't like to go to dinner parties. Those who resent her lack of conviviality say she is afraid of using the wrong fork or wouldn't know what to say, or what to do with her elbows.

A male star is frequently attacked for being surly and snobbish. He is uncommunicative and likes privacy, but so do a great many persons in other walks of life. Hollywood likes its silent men in Western drama, but apparently not in real life.

Lillian Gish for years has been criticized and ridiculed for her unlike seclusion from Hollywood. Ronald Colman has been dubbed a woman hater, because following his separation from his wife, he did not mix freely with the party girls of Movietown. People couldn't understand his strong British reserve.

One look at girls such as Jeanette MacDonald and Eleanor Boardman convinces any Hollywood play boy that they wouldn't take kindly to rough practical jokes, such as being hurled unexpectedly into a swimming pool. They're not the type, though some would like them better if they were.

Ridiculous, and often malicious, rumors swarm like mosquitoes about the heads of the less gregarious of the stars. Some shrug their shoulders philosophically; others are justly indignant.

Mary Pickford probably expressed the sentiment of Continued on page 117
Where Garbo Is Out

Show-boat audiences of the Dismal Swamp country do not care how long Greta remains the silent enigma; they care only for "drammer" across the floating footlights. The writer takes you aboard a river theater to discuss films and the last stand of "rep".

I

USED to believe that all flappers the world over knew Robert Montgomery's love-making, that all married women had suffered with Garbo, and that Mary Pickford was an adopted cousin of every household.

And I thought that all New York stage stars, no matter how snooty and high-hat they had been about the flickers, were now running after Hollywood producers.

John Barrymore, Lenore Ulric, Ruth Chatterton, Pauline Frederick, Ann Pennington, Will Rogers, Lowell Sherman, and others had succumbed to the silents, and since the advent of the talkies, George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Nance O'Neil, Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Claudette Colbert, and many others have signed their names without noticeable protest.

Elsie Ferguson is even now dangling her bit of talent in a Hollywood theater within easy reach of the directors, and the elusive Maude Adams is said to be holding confab with playwrights in California. Even the cagy Adams may be won over by a plea for the historical necessity of perpetuating her art in celluloid.

You see when you've been writing about the stars for ten years, as I have, you firmly believe that every road in the world curves out from the film metropolis, and that they are all paved with celluloid.

You believe, like the press agents, that this village is an omnipotent empire controlling the news, the fashions, the manners, customs, the fun, and the tears of an entire world.

True enough, the advent of radios gave Hollywood a frightful jolt. But the village is resourceful, and as soon as a fickle public could be exalted by hoofbeats and clock ticks, cack crows and pistol shots, all its complacent self-assurance returned.

But Dixie recently treated me to a distinct surprise. The exigencies of fate sent me temporarily to the South. When I heard that a show boat was playing "down Deep Creek way," I drove there faster than Clara Bow ever whirled her red hair and glittering roadster down Hollywood Boulevard.

You must go to Dismal Swamp when you go "down Deep Creek way." There are occasional wooded clumps of tall, straight pines, and open fields for garden truck or cotton. Colored folk for the most part occupy the unpainted houses that slant at loose angles, and discard bricks and shingles at every change of weather. The houses are far apart, as if they had borrowed atmospheric effects of depression and desolation from the swamp itself.

If you remember nothing else from your geography, you probably never forgot the lesson about the Dismal Swamp. There were thrills and mystery in the descriptions of these dark and tangled jungles. Or perhaps your knowledge was gleaned from Nick Carter who liked to have his villains sucked under by the swamp's bogs and quicksands.

These days it is still tangled and menacing: soggy underfoot and dripping with chilly rains in winter; rife with rattlesnakes and ravenous mosquitoes in summer.

That smashing view you hear from within is not always the hunter's tale of a husky bear breaking a log, but is one of the sound effects associated with earnest bootleggers tending still, cheerful in the assurance that Federal agents don't like to put their noses into the dangerous mire of the swamp lands.

The Dismal Swamp skirts one edge of a tranquil, slow-moving canal which our first president planned in an effort to clear the bog. The George Washington Canal is only one of the many streams in the South where, on certain mornings, a show boat drifts down to make fast to a bank and throw its own white reflection on shadowy water that already mirrors soft-leaved willows.

I was jerked from my initial admiration of showboat life by the approach of a gentleman of the company wearing a vivid-green silk shirt, white trousers, spats,
Where Garbo Is Out

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cynglasses, and a wrist watch. Oh, shades of Broadway! How did they know all that down here?
I explained that I wrote for the fan magazines and wanted to nose about.
Even on a river barge, they seem to have acquired a few nautical terms, for "Green Shirt" gave me the usual deep-sea greeting, "Glad to have you aboard."
The interior reminded me of any small-town playhouse of a dozen years ago: a lobby display of the company photos; manager's office on the right; rows of "opry" chairs slanting stageward; and jagged wings symbolizing vivid green woods.
But this theater differed by having a galley and mess room behind the stage, and sleeping quarters on the second deck. Scrumptiously clean and shipshape, it glinted with white paint inside and out.
"We're used to having a writer about," added Green Shirt. "Edna Ferber traveled for a while on this very boat to get material for her book."
"Oh, then you must have been awfully interested in seeing the picture version of 'Show Boat'!"
His reply gave me a distinct surprise. "I've never happened to see it," he replied with a DeMilloish indifference that implied if the picture was playing across the street it would be just too far to go.
Other members of the company filed out of the mess hall—an attractive brunet leading woman, a decisive blond second woman, the menacing villain, a juvenile, character men and women, and props. They dropped down into comfortable positions on the grassy river bank.
"By the way, have you never seen the film, 'Show Boat'?" asked Green Shirt, turning toward the company with a blase air.
They all nodded in the negative. Their indifference to the cinema was overdone. No actor anywhere, I figured, could dare to be so casual these days about the affluent cinema. I had a hunch they all had seen it. Not long afterward I learned the underlying motive that occasioned this indifference.
"Aren't you interested in pictures?" I asked. This question didn't seem to disturb the calm of a compliant company turning themselves in a lovely land. I added, "Don't you players aspire to be film stars?"
It's only fair to Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, and Gloria Swanson to repeat the reply.
"We have our own public!"
And to think that hundreds of Broadway actors are fairly panting for a chance to go West!
Green Shirt summoned a bright, businesslike fellow, Charles Hunter. "Hunter," he told me, "went to Hollywood and worked three months with Charlie Kenyon, the scenario writer, in adapting Miss Ferber's book to the screen."
"You worked three months on the story and never saw the picture?" I asked.
He nodded in the negative with a bored yawn. They could have their Hollywood, his expression implied.
These players were as self-sufficient as wealthy, retired country gentlemen. Their peaceful theater-on-the-farm plan of life implied a superior detachment from the turmoil of Broadway and the studios.
Yet I thought I noted a readiness to exchange a pair of theater tickets for a farmer's vegetables. Surely there couldn't be much money in show-boating these days.
The assertion of the press agents—I used to believe it, too—that film reaching end to end might touch the moon, or if wrapped around the world would soon strangle us all, etc., etc., did not account for a break in the celluloid right here in the South.
"We get a full thirty-five-week season," Hunter told me. "That's better than many road or rep shows used to get in the old days. We winter in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, then in the spring go up the George Washington Canal and out into the Chesapeake Bay, where we play a lot of ports, including those on the Solomon Islands."
"Then we go up the Potomac River and its branches. We have played Albermarle and the other sounds along the Carolina coast, and by going only fourteen miles to sea, we can play the Florida ports."
To prove their seamanship, he showed me a real navigator's room in a boxlike enclosure on top of the boat, introduced two seamen who navigate the craft and showed me the tug that pulls the showfolk, appropriately named The Trouper.
"There are other show boats," he added, "on the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers, doing business in the same towns just as they did two generations before the cinema."
The James Adams Floating Shows do six plays over and over.
"The Lure of the City" has run on this boat for two generations as it, but now Charlie Hunter has doctored the title for the present generation. It is now "The Girl Who Ran Away."
"Mr. Jim Bailey," from the standpoint of play writing and drama, is the strongest bill of the six, but "Peg o' My Heart" is the tearful throbber that pulls them to the box office.
Then they play "S'manthny" and "Flappers and Grandmothers," "Why Girls Walk Home" is the come-on title of another bill, although there is not a thing in the play pertaining to the name.
And they play these at fifty and seventy-five cents sometimes in competition with such cinema attractions as "Whooppee," "The Big House," and "All Quiet."
Where Garbo Is Out

Show boat comin' 'round the bend.

I showed my amazement. Although short-sighted managers had in some instances stubbornly resisted the onslaught of the movies, one by one they had all booked pictures in order to carry on. I wondered how the show boats were able to hold this last stand of the traveling reps.

"We have our own following," they told me again, with the sort of high pride. "This boat has been traveling for three generations, and almost all the players grew up in the show-boat family. They do not care for any other sort of acting." As if actors had been choosers the past few years!

This proud optimism is the sort that is not given up until the abyss is yawning at the next step.

And, as if to prove the indestructibility of their life, I heard that this very boat had struck a snag the year before where the canal passes through Lee Mills, North Carolina. The boat sank and the players lost most of their belongings, but it was promptly raised, repainted, and towed on its way to again make the rounds of the river towns where it has long been a tradition.

Conditions have helped show-boat folk. For years, the dirt roads of Virginia, the Carolinas and other Southern States were hardly passable in winter. Only slow-moving craft, and its unhurried audience filing in and out, are of a world far removed from the rush of the Rialto, and the hectic uncertainties of the Hollywood studios. The show boat is a hangover of the gas-light era, in its physical aspects as well as the theatrical offerings in the repertory. As I have pointed out, some of the small rural towns do not yet boast of a cinema hall, and again, it is the choice of the people on those rare nights when the boat hitches up at the river front. Perhaps the audience likes being part of the show.

But even if Garbo, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow, and Chatterton are sitting on top of the world from the Hollywood point of view, they haven't managed to crash the show boats!
Hercules HAD A SNAP

The stars are burdened with the superhuman task of always being what they are supposed to be, rather than what they really are. Thus they have two personalities, one of which you probably do not know.

By Everett Blagden

CONSIDER the tasks Hercules had to perform. If you don’t know about them, permit me to say they were pretty tough. “Herk” had to meet impossible situations with many a superhuman effort. This was necessary to keep up his fame as the strong man of his time. Had he allowed his strength to be doubted, his reputation would have been lost beyond recall.

So it is with many of the gifted ones of filmdom. They are imprinted on the public mind as being such and such. And being so, each must maintain the particular personality for which he is famous, no matter in what situation he finds himself.

Mary Pickford, for instance, must always appear before the public as a Pollyanna, the golden-haired child of the screen. Mary herself must surely have tired of being constantly the glad-hearted gamin of movies, for she attempted to break away from that personality several times, as in “Rosita,” “Dorothy Vernon,” and “Crepette.”

But to no avail. Back again she had to go to her world-famous personality—the dear little girl of simple mien.

I wonder if Mary has ever felt like swinging to the extreme now and then. Her Pollyanna personality must be something of a Herculean task on various occasions. But Mary undoubtedly uses her other personality when the occasion calls for it.

A motherly tourist, confusion the jolly, healthy
Janet Gaynor with Diane, advised her to seek sunshine and rest.

Charles Farrell has to carry off the reputation of being utterly devoid of sophistication.

It is well known that she is an expert business woman. It has been remarked that had she not become an actress, Miss Pickford would have made an excellent financier. She has handled much money and invested it to advantage.

Besides being a star, she owns a majority share in United Artists, and has a finger in many a commercial pie. When it comes to making or weighing propositions, Financier Pickford is a match for any board of hard-boiled business men.

Regardless of her many charities, the mistress of Pickfair is known to be very economical. She never pays her leading man a very large salary. It is surmised that his being chosen is sufficient remuneration, for he will get world-wide notice. But strange to say, no leading man Mary selects is ever noticed.

There are two Mary Pickfords, the shrewd business woman and the golden-haired child of the screen. The latter must be a task at times, for meekness won’t do when business deals are on hand.
Hercules was followed hard to see a few dare the continued wonder Is the task to see producer's entry into the talkie field.

During some business altercation with Samuel Goldwyn, it was reported, Miss Bennett slapped his face—the first time a producer’s face was slapped and the fact made public. Though I dare say a few producers stroked their checks, with stinging recollection, when they heard of the famous Goldwyn-Bennett slap. Miss Bennett denied this report. It was, she said, a slight exaggeration. She ought to know. But even a saint's patience, we are told, is tried at times. Surely no movie player can claim more patience than a saint.

Even in trying circumstances, Miss Bennett is gentle and forgiving. It is expected of her. But I wonder, would she not sometimes like to be otherwise? Is her gentleness a task, or second nature?

Louise Fazenda has been known for years as Hollywood’s dispenser to the desolate. She is truly a comforter on many occasions. Even strangers in need of solace go to Louise and ask her counsel.

La Fazenda possesses the rare knack of giving just the right kind of advice. Yet I wonder whether Louise, the consolatrice, ever years to appear as another personality which she keeps hidden away?

In private life, Louise is a charming, clever person. During her fifteen years in films, she has made a great deal of money. She is smart in business deals.

She told me once that some undesirable tenants lived in a house let by her mother. Besides holding rowdy parties and failing to pay the rent, they were also wrecking the place. Madame Fazenda got rid of them by taking off the front door.

The evicted tenants looked to daughter Louise for comfort, but that was one time Louise found her role of consolatrice too Herculean a task to perform.

It is a well-known fact that La Fazenda has longed to do a dramatic rôle. No one can see her as a tragédienne, a Tosca, or a Camille. To one and all she remains a clown.

Oddly enough, it is to her they turn when in trouble. Kings always sought comfort from their jesters. Yet I dare say Louise would dispense with her kinship to past royalty, at certain times, to have the tables turned.

Ramon Novarro is regarded by the fans as a mystic. His spiritual sister, Belle Bennett, draws others to her. Not so Ramon. Every one expects him to remain alone. Fans visualize him as pacing up and down a cloister at his home, reeling off prayer after prayer.

When I see Ramon, he is the liveliest person in his immediate surroundings. Genial and humorous, he sparkles with gaiety. All the same, in the public’s mind he is a devout religious man of solemn, pious deportment, without a smile to spare, or a humorous comment.

Continued on page 115
Another sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!
In times of financial depression and unemployment, widowed mothers and orphaned children are first to suffer—and silently, they suffer most. Thousands of them today need help—money help—for food and clothing and creature comforts.

It is for them that we ask your help this Mothers' Day. Whatsoever your mother would do for a sick neighbor or hungry child, do in her name for unemployed and destitute mothers and children who lack the comforts and necessities of life.

The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund will be distributed through the most efficient agencies where the need is most acute.

Give for mothers—for their children—the gift that will make them happiest.

To The Golden Rule Mothers' Fund Committee
Lincoln Building, 60 East 42nd Street
New York, N.Y.

I hereby subscribe........................................ Dollars to the GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND, to be applied by the Committee where most needed, unless specifically designated below.

Signed..........................................................

Address...........................................................

This gift is to be recorded in the name of.......................................................... and used for ..........................................................

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION MARKED FOR "GOLDEN RULE MOTHERS' FUND"

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YANCEY
The burning eyes,
They tell a story
Of prairie plains
And danger touching glory.
Empires glow in them,
And in that dusky smile
The high gods pause
To tarry for a while.
The massive head
And swinging gait
Are but the outer coat of fate,
That lodged in mortal guise.
A heart so free,
So true to trust,
That it could carve
Out of the dust
A fruitful land,
A Canaan's paradise,
A Canaan's paradise,
Alice Menaker.

SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE
My slang is the latest,
I've a Southern drawl, too,
I can put the right crackles
In the gum that I chew.
I'd know how to act
In an old country manse,
I'll make burning love,
If there's ever a chance.
I've seen all the great kings
And have learned how to bow.
My dear, I even know
Einstein's theory now.
Do you thirst for knowledge?
Is it learning you seek?
Well, just go to movies
Three times a week.
Denise Eileen Ortman.

TALKIE CULTURE
You'd scarcely think, to hear him talk,
His native burg was old N' Yawk.
His words with oily unction uttered
With English accent now are buttered.
He used to say, "Me and me goil!"
And in his car pour gas and oil,
But now a "lady" is his choice
And "petrol" motivates his Royce.
Dorothy Garbut.

GARBO
Generous has beauty been to Nature's favored maid,
Robed in indifference, her countenance sweet and staid.
Ethereal eyes half shut to shield from envious gaze
The treasured secret sorrow that wraps her in its haze.
Ah calm, mysterious maid!
Give to the restless world the arts thou knowest so true,
Asking so little in return, a shelter from all view.
Reviving passion from the past to breathe upon the throng,
But quietly within your heart sing soft, untroubled song.
Oh thou mysterious you!
Madelyne Keats Jennings.

MY DREAM OF LEW AYRES
Had I a friend, a real tried friend,
I'd want him to be just as true,
With frank and honest laughing lips
And loyal eyes of blue.
Had I a brother, he must be
Ambitious, brave, and more than these,
Tall and quite aloof, and yet
Somewhat like yourself—a tease.
Had I a son, he would be wistful
Lew Ayres, as we all know you are,
With lips a-touching my own cheek,
And eyes that pray fixed on a star.
Catherine Crupe.

CITY LIGHTS
Pathos walks
Against the hard brilliance
Of city lights—
A little man
In rags.
Why is it
That a white flower
Worn gallantly,
In a ragged coat,
A bit of rag
Treasured,
A twisted grin,
A nervous gesture,
Can bring swift tears
To eyes
As hard and clear
As city lights?
Pathetic little man,
Wrap close your tattered coat,
With hat and cane,
The threadbare gloves,
Yes, and a white flower,
Come soon again,
That we who are so poor
May know how rich we are.
Helen Lexhart Yoke.
care for her, or would he be just as
tired to speak. "It won't mean a thing to us, but it'll keep him in his
place. You can't go to his house unless your fiancé goes too—see? You have to spend your evenings with me. Pretend you're heels over
head in love—that'll give you a chance to show what a good actress you are!"
Annabelle laughed shakily.
"Maybe it won't," she said, and
then glanced down at her plate,
frightened by her own daring.
"Dennis had only been told that
he was one of those men who, when
absorbed by an idea, pay no attention
to any one or anything else.
"He'll not bother you then," he
went on. "Of course, you may be
cut out of the picture when it's fin-
ished, but you'll have made some
money in the meantime. I'll hunt
around and see if I can't get you a
job as script girl or something. At
that, I might speak to the cameraman
on this thing you're doing. He
could get you into a few important
shots so that they couldn't possibly
leave you out.
"I don't care whether I'm in or
not," Annabelle exclaimed. "All I
want is the money."
"Then you'll probably walk away
with the picture," Dennis answered.
"That's the way things go out here.
Say, it's a good thing you left Caro-
line when you did. She's been rais-
ing Ned all over the place. Wants
the story changed, drives everybody
crazy with suggestions that will build
up her own part. Fights with her
leading man every day regular as
clockwork, and he's a poor bozo
who'd been on the stage for years
and never saw a studio before. He'll
be a blithering idiot by the time this
is over. Thank Heaven I'm a camer-
amer. I'm the only one in the place
she doesn't dare row with. She
knows what she'll look like on the
screen if she does."
"I suppose she thinks I'm an un-
grateful hussy," remarked Anna-
belle, wishing he hadn't dropped the
subject of their engagement so hastily.
"Sure," Dennis replied laconically.
"But half of Hollywood thinks the
other half stood 'ein up, so what do
you care? Want to go home?"
With extreme reluctance Annabelle
said she did. She wished he'd sug-
gest going for a drive. Out in the
cool, startup hills he might bring up
the subject of their engagement again.
But he helped her into her coat in a
business-like way quite devoid of
romantic implication, and she meekly
followed him to the cashier's desk.
A man was just turning away from
the desk, but at sight of Dennis he
stopped.
"Say, I got that lens!" he said.
"I'm going to try it out to-night.
Want to lend me that camera of
yours?"
"Sure," Dennis glanced at Ann-
belle. "Come along with me now and
we'll pick it up, and then I'll come to
your house, after I take Miss Johns
home."
All the way to Dennis's apartment
they talked about the new lens. An-
belle understood the language Den-
is was talking as well as she would
have understood Greek, but she was
happy sitting there close to him and
hearing his voice, even if he was talk-
ing across her to the man on the
other side.
Both men got out when they reached
the apartment, assuring her that
they'd be back in a second. Anna-
belle slid down in the seat and waited.
After a while, when it seemed as if
they'd been gone a long time, she
glanced at her watch. Fifteen min-
utes had passed since they had hur-
ried into the house.
She leaned back again and waited
some more. She began to feel drowsy.
If only Dennis would hurry!
The next thing she knew, the empty
street warned her that it was very
late. She sat up with a start. She
must have been asleep! A glance at
her watch showed her that it was just
three hours since Dennis and his
friend left her.
Three hours! He'd said he'd be
right back, and he'd been gone three
hours! Well, that showed how much
he cared for her. Feeding cold and
stiff, she climbed out of the car and
started down the street. Furiously
she told herself that he knew she was
frightfully tired, yet he could treat
her that way! Well, she was a fool
to care for him, and she wouldn't
care any more! Trudging down the
street, shivering when the cool air blew through her
thin coat, she lashed herself into new
rage every time she found herself
trying to make excuses for him.
"Warning me against Keene and
then treating me like this!" she
stormed. "I'll show him. I hope
Keene will ask me to dinner to-mor-
row night. Ill go!"
She got up early the next morn-
ing, so that she could be sure of start-
ing for the studio before Dennis
would call for her—if he dared call,
after the way he'd acted! She
went to work as usual. It was one of those
days when everything was held up.
Annabelle sat around, waiting for
something to happen, till she wanted
to scream. The extras played bridge
or sewed, but she couldn't very well
join them.
She began thinking of her troubles.
If only she could find out how much
Continued on page 94
Because she is not an obvious movie beauty, Mae Clarke's unusual artistry makes itself apparent to critics sooner than to fans. The former raved over her in "Big Time" and "Nix on Dames" and are equally enthusiastic over her acting in "The Front Page." Wake up, fans!
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money she was going to make, she could telegraph Aunt Ellen. Finally, after luncheon, she saw Keene standing alone for a moment, and went over to him.

"Mr. Keene," she began timidly, "could you tell me how much money I’m going to get for this work?"

He stared at her disgustedly.

"Money!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were a real artist, and right away you begin to talk money! Why, there are dozens of girls around here who could play this part better than you can, and would be glad to do it for nothing but the prestige of working for me."

That wasn’t all at what Annabelle had expected. She could only stare at him.

"I suppose now that you’re all set in the picture, you’re going to hold us up," Keene went on. "Well, that Litt you’re doing isn’t worth more than eight or ten dollars a day, and it may not last more than two or three days more."

"Oh, will I get as much as that?" Annabelle cried delightedly.

She couldn’t have said anything that would have helped her more. Keene beaméd, and took her by the arm.

"I tell you what you do, little girl," he said, bending close to her. "The business manager of the company is having dinner with me to-night. You come along, and I may be able to get you three hundred flat for your work. How’s that?"

Annabelle drew a long breath. Well, this was just what she had been warned would happen. Of course the business manager wouldn’t be there! Still—if she was going to get that money for Aunt Ellen and have some to live on while she looked for work, she mustn’t refuse. Well, she’d just go, hoping everything would be all right.

"I’d love to come," she answered, her voice trembling. "That’s fine," Keene told her. "I’ll be with you tonight. You’d better go home and I’ll send my car for you. What’s your address?"

Annabelle told him, and spent the long afternoon worrying. Ought she to take a gun? Every wild story that she had ever read came into her mind. Oh, she must think of something, or else she wouldn’t go!

When she left the studio Dennis’s car was standing in the usual place. He was walking up and down beside it. When he saw her he hurried forward, both hands extended.

"Anna!" he cried. "Say, I’m awfully sorry about last night. We got to fitting that lens to my camera and I forgot all about you. Will you forgive me?"

Annabelle clutched his hands eagerly.

"Oh, Dennis, I do," she exclaimed, too intent on her new difficulty to feel anything but delight at seeing him again. "Listen, Dennis, I’ve got to have dinner with Bill Keene to-night. And she went on, as they got into the car, explaining the situation.

Dennis drove away thoughtfully.

"The oldest stunt in the world!" he said contemptuously. "And you fell for it!"

"I didn’t!" protested Annabelle. "But I’ve got to hang on to that job, and I’ve got to have money for my aunt. Ten hundred dollars will give me a chance to send her some, and leave the studio and look for work somewhere else."

Dennis glanced at her pityingly.

"You’re just a little fool," he told her. "But I suppose I’ll go right on getting you out of jams like this. Well, here’s what we’ll do. About an hour after you leave—you can call me up when you start—I’ll drop in at Keene’s house. I know him slightly, and I’ll think up some excuse. How’s that?"

"That’s wonderful, Dennis," Annabelle told him, laying one hand lightly on his. "You’re a darling. I don’t know what I’d do without you."

She had acted impulsively, but had thought, even as she did so, that he would make some response. But he only said "Yeah," in a tone worthy of Victor McLaglen, and devoted himself to his driving.

A moment later he stopped beside a news stand.

"I suppose you want the New York papers, as usual," he remarked. "Well, here they are." He glanced over her shoulder as she unfolded one and sat staring at it. "Bill hid in New York and then cut for California, did he?" he exclaimed, staring at her.

Annabelle put one hand to her throat.

"Yes," she said through dry lips. "You certainly get the jimjams every time you see anything about him, don’t you?" he commented.

"What is he—your father or something?"

Annabelle shook her head. She longed to tell him the whole story. But memory of that indifferent "Yeah" restrained her. He didn’t really care for her. She mustn’t think he’d be interested in helping her out of the worst trouble of all. Later, if she was found and he was questioned because he’d been seen with her, he must be quite ignorant of her connection with it.

At home she sat down and tried to think. Hill in California—probably that meant Hollywood. The paper said that detectives had left by plane to search for him. They’d find her, of course. Now, more than ever, she must go through with this dinner party to-night, get as much money as she could for Aunt Ellen, before she was locked up!

She was icy cold and trembling all over when she walked into Bill Keene’s house. He took her hand cordially and led her into the living room.

"This is Mr. Brundage, our business manager, Miss Johns," he said. "Have a cocktail? No? All right, then we’ll eat."

Annabelle could hardly believe her eyes and ears. There, certainly, was another man. Keene hadn’t lied! Keene and Brundage sat next each other at the small round table placed where they looked out into the garden. Keene brought up the subject of Annabelle’s salary almost at once, and Brundage finally said "Oke," in a bored tone. Annabelle drew a long breath. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money—how easily that man made it hers!

Then Keene began to talk shop with a vengeance. Did Brundage think musicals were really done? If so, what about that musical comedy that was slated for Keene’s next picture? What about the opera star who was under contract? "Get new story and cut out the songs, all but one," grunted Brundage.

They went on to costume pictures, to shorts, to news reels, to foreign versions, dialogue. They took no more notice of Annabelle than of the furniture. When she wanted anything, if the butler was not in evidence she had to ask for it, and Keene or Brundage shoved it at her and went right on talking.

Never had she seen men so much interested in their own business, except the night before, when Dennis and his friend had become immersed in theirs. She wanted to shout with laughter. So this was Hollywood, where it wasn’t safe for a girl to dine with a man like Keene! Remembering having wondered if she ought to take a gun with her, she giggled aloud, but the two men were so deep in talk that they didn’t hear her.

Then she recalled that Dennis was coming. Oh, if only he wouldn’t! Keene would see through it—he’d be done with her then!

Dennis arrived promptly and was shown into the dining room. Keene and Brundage were discussing trends in films over their coffee and cheese. Was the trend toward more dialogue or less, toward sweet, simple stories or the kind of thing Garbo and Die-
SEZ YOU!

WOMEN of All Nations" gives back to Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen the roles they made famous in that ribald picture, "The Cock-eyed World," which caused shocked laughter and a financial furor. Equally important is the return of Greta Nissen, who of course plays the girl that starts the friendly enemies fighting.
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"Father's Son."

Charm, tenderness, and understanding make this comedy of domestic life exceptional. Every one who has a son or wants one will enjoy it, but perhaps sons themselves won't get as much out of it unless they are mature enough to look back on their boyhood with the appreciation that only years bring. For the simple tale has to do with an average family in a small town. With a boy's pranks that rile his father because the latter can't or won't understand, and the mother's willingness to forgive and start all over again. There isn't a strained effect in the entire picture; it is beautifully natural. Based on a story by Booth Tarkington, it was brought to the screen by a mother and directed by a father, so there's reason for its lifelike quality, not forgetting the acting of Leon Janney, who is wonderfully real. He is a thoughtless boy who falls as easily into mischief as he is quick to feel the hurt of his father's disapproval. Finally the father in exasperation tells him he isn't the kind of son he wants and the boy runs away. He is brought back by a friend of the family, but the father still can't understand him. Not until mother and son leave home together does father see their side and of course it ends pleasantly.

Quite devoid of excitement, the picture, nevertheless, has humor and pathos and constant movement, with not too much dialogue but just enough. It is perfect of its kind. True, one can hardly accept Lewis Stone and Irene Rich as everyday folks in a small town—not with Miss Rich's gowns and furs and Mr. Stone's meticulous grooming. You feel their son would be stagestruck at least. But this is perhaps beside the point. Theirs are feeling performances.

"The Last Parade."

The underworld flourishes anew in this, and with cause, for it is excellent, with good old Jack Holt giving his best performance in the memory of man. The picture is fast, stirring, and human. If you thrill at the threats, and snarls, and killings of racketeers you shouldn't miss it.

The story begins at the front during the War where a strong friendship is cemented between two soldiers from New York, one a detective, the other a reporter, with Mr. Holt in the latter rôle, Tom Moore the other. Another friend brings them even closer together. She is a nurse whose patient Mr. Holt is as a result of wounds sustained in saving Mr. Moore's life. When the policeman returns he is made a sergeant, but the reporter finds no job open. Just then he is embroiled in a speakeasy fight and acquits himself so well that the owner engages him to drive a liquor truck. Mr. Holt confiscates the liquor and starts a speakeasy of his own in defiance of the other man, hence a feud that keeps the story moving. At the moment when Mr. Holt yields to the pleas of the ex-nurse to give up racketeering, his enemy kills the girl's young brother and Mr. Holt goes out to get his man. He succeeds and goes to the chair for it, supported on either side by the sergeant and the girl he was to have married. This is the "last parade," the march to the death house.

Mr. Holt is entirely satisfying—in turn tense, tough, terse, tender, and always likable. Mr. Moore is equally good and Constance Cummings, who attracted attention in "The Criminal Code," does even better in this. Robert Ellis is well cast as the enemy and Gaylord Pendleton is responsive to the acting needs of the young brother.

"My Past."

Possibly the outstanding feature of the screen version of "Ex-mistress" is the return of Bebe Daniels to brusque coloring, a gesture that will interest her devoted fans.

Those who have no great personal interest in some of the players will fall back on familiar situations in this story whose naughty-sounding theme is something about the course of true love in the more promiscuous set. It is pleasant enough, unexcitingly like a confession love story on account of one hint of looseness being offset by ten hints of innocence and trust.

Miss Daniels is an actress whose love is sought by a sentimental millionnaire. She is old enough to know better and loving like that, she prefers the millionaire's partner, Ben Lyon. Well, Ben has a wife—Natalie Moorhead—and the poor heroine having regarded the affair as the one great adventure in life, is heartbroken when the wife returns. But the wife coldly informs huhby that she, too, has a lover, which pleases her mate, and he nonchalantly suggests a divorce. Now everything is beginning to look hunky-dory, except there's still the millionaire. You know Lewis Stone—he always loses the girl. So he sails away in his yacht, waving an affectionate farewell to the happy pair.

The settings are excellent, the acting just so-so, the dialogue less than so-so. Others in the cast are Joan Blondell, in some effective moments, Albert Gran, Virginia Sale, and Daisy Belmore.

"Dance, Fools, Dance."

There is no excuse for Joan Crawford's new picture, not even the presence of the star, whose acting is in keeping with the inadequacy of the material provided, a relash of half a dozen racketeer films, with a touch of a newspaper influence so popular. It is as synthetic a picture as you will find in all Hollywood's desperate stenciling. Not that Miss Crawford falls below her standard and gives half measure. Heavens, no! She overdoes everything to such an extent that one feels that the strange-looking person she has permitted herself to become would reach hysteria in so simple a matter as buffing her fingernails.

She is seen as a society girl who becomes an inexpert typist in a newspaper office and is assigned to ingratiate herself with a liquor racketeer and learn the truth about a murderer which her editor believes he committed. So she gets a job in his night club and there Miss Crawford comes into her own as the only star who can dance in a way that wouldn't make her a laughingstock among professionals. Everything from there on moves strictly according to formula. Miss Crawford makes the discovery that her young brother is the tool of the liquor baron and was forced to do the deed. In a shooting affair all those who menace the ending of the picture are killed off, including her brother. So the happy clinch is more than usually grateful to the disturbed spectator.

Such exceptional players as William Bakewell, Clarke Gable, Russell Hopton, and Purnell Pratt are given a free rein to go the limit, and how they act! Lester Vail and Cliff Edwards move more quietly, but they are equally ineffectual.

"Charlie Chan Carries On."

This is well worth while, for it is one of the best murder-mystery melodramas, with a cast bristling with good players in good performances. And Warner Oland, if you please, is no longer sinister but sympathetic as the Chinese detective, Charlie Chan, who gets his man as kindly as he can.

An original feature of the piece comes from a travelogue as the steamers on which all the characters are taking an around-the-world tour goes from port to port. The murder occurs in London and the guilty man isn't unmasked until the ship reaches San Francisco. So you can see how much ground is covered and how suspense lengthens with mileage. It would never do to give you the particulars, for this is indubitably a picture which is enjoyed in proportion to one's lack of preparation for it. Only, if you like murder mysteries, you mustn't ignore it.

Besides Mr. Oland, who is capital,
Another willowy blonde comes to join the Hollywood legion! She is Noel Francis, once of the "Follies," who has that hothouse beauty and air of luxury which sets apart the most gifted members of Mr. Ziegfeld's classes. Cast in "Bachelor Aportment," she qualified as an actress with such ease that she was given a contract by RKO. Now Miss Francis is 'way up front in the parade of talent linked with beauty.
you will find Marguerite Churchill and John Garrick as the love interest, Warren Hymer and Marjorie White as comic interludes, and C. Henry Gordon, William Holden, Jason Robards, and Lumsden Hare doing their duty in varied roles.

"Tabu."

F. W. Murnau, the great German director who lost his life in an accident, leaves a legacy of beauty in his film of the South Seas. In company with Robert J. Flaherty, who gave us the unforgettable "Moana," he put Hollywood behind him and went forth to realize his ideal of a motion picture. Nearly two years were spent in far places amid primitive people and ravishing scenes of natural beauty. So you can imagine that their picture is no ordinary romance of the tropics. In the first place, it is silent save for a musical accompaniment, and is acted by natives. The acting is so natural and spontaneous as to make one realize that what comes out of Hollywood is labor of affection.

The nameless players tell a simple, dramatic story of the consecration to the gods of the maiden Keri, her love for a youth and their flight to a distant island, where she is claimed by the priest and borne away. In desperate pursuit of the boat her mate loses his life. All this is visualized in beautiful rhythm. It is a wordless poem, a hymn to life, and death, and the brooding mystery of nature.

"Honor Among Lovers."

Strange to say, with Dorothy Arzner at the directorial helm, such leading lights as Fredric March and Claudette Colbert found in a sea of nothingness despite the company of Monroe Owsley, Charles Ruggles, and Ginger Rogers. Indeed, all are in the same boat. Perhaps it is another tragedy of the cutting room, or the biloqueness of a supervisor, or something. At any rate we hear inexplicable dialogue, and we are asked to let our intelligence jump hither and yon with a story that doesn't matter anyhow.

It concerns a Wall Street man and his seductive secretary who refuses his vernal offer and marries an underling. But she makes it clear that she does so because she's afraid she might accept the proposition. Sophisticated, oh very! And the rich man, just to show how tough he, too, is sophisticated in the modern manner, proves that he isn't a villain by permitting the young husband to handle his brokerage account, giving into his custody securities galore. The husband embeds them, the wife visits the apartment of her former boss at midnight and, in further proof of the modern viewpoint of heroines, offers herself in exchange for a check. The latter is given without demand of any kind, followed by a meeting between the two men. Whereupon gun play, arrest, and so forth clear the air for a trip to the Riviera in a cabin for two, with the husband left to shift for himself. If you care for it, it's yours to enjoy.

"The Single Sin."

That a woman may drift to debaucheries and jail, reform, and happily marry her millionaire boss, and though her paws of the past will bob up and blackmail, Heaven helps the wayward gal. That's the theme of this and a dozen others of recent date. Their great mission seems rather to bring a word of comfort to women with a "past" than to entertain an average unadventurous audience. But there, I have it. It's because the average audience is unadventurous that these so-called sin stories—taking the theological premise that sexual lapses are the only sins worth talking about—are popular.

Not that there's anything of that sort in this particular film. It's the implication of the title mostly, for in this story the man the girl sent to jail comes to her and demands not hush money, but her happiness. He will tell her rich husband all, just to get even. But fate steps in in the form of a goofy secretary and the happy marriage is saved. The story is smoothly acted, however, by a cast that knows how to read lines, headed by Kay Johnson. Holnes Herbert is the virtuous husband, and Mathew Betz is the grimacing, though convincing, villain. Bert Lytell plays the second lead.

"The Hot Heiress."

A pleasant, unimportant picture that somehow is magnetic, like a person one enjoys meeting for no good reason. Not that the film is as negative as that sounds, but it's just a trifle. All about a rich girl who falls in love with a riveter working opposite her window, her attempt to introduce him to society as an architect, his discovery of the deception and his indignant withdrawal long enough to bring about a reconciliation. It is replete with wisecracks, fresh touches of byplay, and there are a few songs, all of them luring.

Ona Munson, from the stage, plays the heiress à la musical comedy, and Ben Lyon is the steel worker. Tom Dugan and Inez Courtney are often really funny, and Walter Pidgeon and Thelma Todd are nice to have around. The audience enjoyed their combined efforts.

"Lonely Wives."

A husband hires a stage impersonator to take his place at home for an evening, not knowing that his wife is returning from a long absence that night. This is the supposedly hilarious situation of an antique farce that comes to the screen and causes embarrassment and considerable coarse laughter. It is quite the most consistently broad comedy of any film since "The Cock-eyed World." And that, you may remember, was a huge success; so you may like this.

There is certainly plenty of action and no effort at all to veil anything, least of all Esther Ralston when she emerges from her bedroom to greet the masquerader in a shred of lace and, later, when her mother locks them in together. But the climax comes with the husband's discovery of what has happened. "What did I do?" he asks his wife. "What didn't you do, darling?" she exclaims. This is the vintage of the wit, but I can't deny that it is laughable.

Edward Everett Horton plays both husband and impostor, Laura La Plante is brightly in evidence, and Patsy Ruth Miller, another absentee from the screen, returns in a small role. Maude Eburne as the incredibly exaggerated mother-in-law, an old-fashioned stage character if ever there was one, is comical in spite of it.

"The Painted Desert."

Perhaps, if you see this, you will tell me what it's all about or go further and explain the reason of its being. For a duller and more pointless picture I've never seen. Yet William Boyd is interesting and so is Helen Twelvetrees. So, too, is the Western scenery. But neither one nor the other can make a picture unaided by a story, or at least some general conception of what is in mind. Mr. Boyd, Miss Twelvetrees, and Clark Gable act their respective roles with more distinction than is usually found in a Western, but there is no denying their wasted efforts. So, too, are the activities of stampeding cattle who might just as well have been allowed to graze in peace, and dynamiting cliffs seems wasteful until the thought comes that perhaps the picture was written around the destruction for commercial purposes. It begins when two old-timers find a deserted baby and quarrel over it. Years bring their estrangement, with the ex-baby, now grown to man's estate in the person of Mr. Boyd, falling in love with the daughter of his foster father's enemy. It really doesn't matter except for the scenery.

Continued on page 116
THOSE who have seen Sidney Fox, in "Bad Sister," want to know all about her, and it's only a question of time with those who have not. She was born in New York, is twenty, and comes from the stage. Her next film is "Riding for a Fall."
London. On his last visit he dropped into an affair given by Pat Mannock, the English critic, at his Bloomsbury apartment, and warbled choruses with the best of them until the small hours of the morning. Since Bloomsbury has supplanted Chelsea as the residential seat of the artistic, nobody cared.

Fairbanks in London is not the demure gentleman we know in Hollywood. On a daylight visit to the famous Drury Lane Theater where one of his films was to be shown, Doug light-heartedly leaped a fruiter-er's cart in Covent Garden market. Can you imagine him permitting himself so much public joie de vivre in Hollywood?

In London the incident caused no sensation. The fruiter-er said "Blimey!" Doug's English companion said "What-ho!" and that was the end of that.

One notices that Doug is a bit of a trial to Mary in London. On their last trip they were asked to autograph a pile of nearly five hundred photographs in the United Artists offices. Doug was for delegating the task to an amateur forger, but the suggestion appeared so shocking to Mary that he withdrew it. When their pens had been scratching steadily for fifteen minutes Doug looked over his wife's shoulder.

"Why do you write 'Sincerely'?" he asked. "It's not a letter."

Mary looked at him coldly.

"Because I like to," she said. Doug just sighed. Perhaps he was thinking that the hour had struck when they were serving cocktails at the Carlton.

On the canvas backs of the Gleason garden chairs you may find cryptic drawings illustrating London adventures. There is a picture of the opera hat which Jimmy Gleason bought from a porter for Robert Armstrong. Robert and his chapeau had parted company at an adventure of the previous evening. You know that kind of party, do you? Well, Jimmy said he wouldn't go out with Bob in a lift, and Bob said where in hell could he buy a high hat at that time of night?

The hall porter of their hotel said he knew. Back of the cloakroom were a hundred hats of the silk and opera variety, whose owners had never come back for them. One instinctively knows why. So Jimmy bought his buddy a twenty-dollar topper for two, and they sailed forth to absorb the "culture" of an unprohibited country.

On the back of the same chair, next to the topper, is the curious symbol, 6/6. This is a memorial to the Gleason-Armstrong flat—limy for apartment—in Knightsbridge, one of the fashionable quarters of London.

Every morning very early—well, say 3 a.m. —the principals of "Is Zat So?" solemnly swore off liquor, "even good, honest, unsynthetic European liquor. Every morning at 11:30, when the public houses open—limy for saloon—the pledge would be amended to "Well—just half."

To leave Jimmy's Anglomania at that would be unjust, for the Gleasons have a yen to motor through the famous lake district where Wordsworth wrote his poetry, to sleep in Tudor inns, to trudge the heather-covered Trossachs, to watch them reaping corn and feeding it to horses, and to fox hunt with the immortal Quorn.

Corn used to be the cause of a kick Marion Davies had against London. Search as she would, she couldn't get corn on the cob. That was three, or perhaps four, years ago.

On her last visit one of the first things I told her was the address of a new West End sandwich counter where you can now buy corn on the cob. That was three, or perhaps four, years ago.

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Take It or Leave It

El Brendel has a collection of his old shoes. Who said actors were different from the rest of us?

Alfred Santell collects salt shakers and has more than two hundred. He'll probably turn to egg cups when he reads his Emily Post and learns that it is not nice to have salt shakers.

Thomas Meighan is experimenting in chemicals, says his press agent. Aren't we all?

Marguerite Churchill says her motto is "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Not when she finds it out.

Hollywood's Hideaway

London was probably unique—and is now nonexistent. For herself, she prefers Paris, where clothes and manners are no more gentle but distinctly more exquisite.

The marquis, however, is fond of London, and among Fleet Street newspapermen who have called on him professionally and discovered a regular fellow in De la Falaise it became generally known that the periodic Swansonian descents on the English capital were undertaken for the sake of Henri more than any other reason.

Whatever Constance Bennett may believe, Henri de la Falaise is a European man's man, and if she is wise she will give him a little time off—not to fraternize with Parisian exquisites, but to yarn with the cosmopolitan he-men of the West End clubs.

The risk of mob adulation, which causes Hollywood celebrities to go warily in any American city, existed for only one star in London.

Poor Valentino never found London, even in a fog, the hideaway that it is for the rest of Hollywood's plutocracy. If he stirred from his room he was mobbed in the hotel lounge. If he left his hotel he had to take a taxi to avoid being recognized on the streets. If he went to a night club he held up the show. If he threw a press party he had to be rude to the sob sisters to get rid of them.

Once when he was so indiscreet as to make an appearance at a theater, five thousand women packed the street opposite the doors, and not even good-humored cockpit constables could persuade them to move on.

Valentino waited until midnight, and then in desperation escaped by walking half a block along the rooftops and descending to a back street through an office building.

Next day he left Hollywood's favorite hideaway in search of peace and quiet.


Joan Blondell's umpty-seventh grand sire was a troubadour for King Richard the Lion-hearted. Did the old man get his option renewed?

Fox publicity says the motto of Elizabeth Keating is "Never give up the ship," and the motto of Helen Keating is "Never give up the ship." What ship?
ROSCOE ATES

STUTTERING is no handicap to Roscoe Ates, but an artistic and financial asset. It made him a success in vaudeville and now in pictures he causes chuckles on his first appearance in any film, with laughter following his speech. At his best as the printer in "Cimarron," his next is "Too Many Cooks."

Photo by Ernest A. Boehm
Information, PLEASE

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of current movie gossip and pertinent side lights on the lives and personal interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

MUCH as I hate to be a great disappointment to you all, there are times when I have to say no. The Picture Oracle, designed for the purpose of answering questions, threatened to become a correspondence bureau instead. Buddy Rogers fans in Australia or Shanghai wished to hear from other Buddy Rogers fans elsewhere, and so on.

So the next time you feel that you'd like a couple of pen pals, look some up in "What the Fans Think." That has enough names and addresses to keep you writing letters to other fans until the old writing arm goes to sleep.

And now let's get down to this business of questions and answers.

CHAW, DORIS BARNETT, DONALD KENTON, MARTHA GRACE STEINMETZ—See above.

MISS M. SHERMAN—I'll be very glad to keep a record of your Lew Ayres club and route your admirers to you. The Oracle does not announce fan clubs except when some one asks about them.

FRANCES—How do I know so much? It's a knack, Frances, and I carry my knapsack with me wherever I go to gather knowledge in. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, and Mary Brian was born in Texas also, in Corsicana. David Rollins comes from Kansas City, Missouri. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn.

A LOYAL BAXTER Booster—Questions are no bother to me, I assure you! They're the cream in my coffee. No questions, no cream. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891. He went to school there, and then he went into the insurance business. He was on the stage for eight years before going into movies in 1922. Yes, he played in "Ramona"—he was the Indian with whom Dolores del Rio ran away. He played the title rôle in "The Great Gatsby," and in "Mannequin" he played the father of Dolores Costello. He played opposite Pola Negri in "Three Weeks," he frequently played opposite Betty Compson in her Paramount days, and Bebe Daniels. He was in "Aloma of the South Seas," with Gilda Gray, and he played in many Westerns, also for Paramount. I don't know just when he married Winifred Bryson, as it occurred before he was known in pictures. Her pictures—years ago—includ"A Heart to Let," "Her Face Value," "South of Sultana," "Truxton King," "Suzanna," "Crashing Through." The newest picture announced for Warner Baxter is "I Surrender."

SALLY—Carmel Myers was born April 9, 1901, the daughter of a rabbi. She is now working in "Swengali," the new Barramore film. Greta Nissen returns to the screen in "Women of All Nations." Her accent has been a handicap in talking. George Duryea is twenty-seven and Marjorie Beebe twenty-two. Pola Negri has lived in Europe since the expiration of her Paramount contract three years ago. She wanted more money for its renewal than her popularity justified. She made a few pictures in Europe, and now I understand she is writing her memoirs. She is also considering a return to America with the idea of going on the stage.

A MURRAY-BAXTER Fan—I'm just an old shock absorber, so I wasn't as shocked as you were that J. Harold Murray should return to the stage. After all, most singers seem to go back and forth between the stage and screen. And, in case you hadn't noticed, the screen's vogue for musically has rather died out just now. But, if I know my movies, there will be another epidemic of them later, and the J. Harold Murays will all be back again in the studios. "Under Suspicion" was the last film he made for Fox. He was born in South Berwick, Maine. He is a blue-eyed blond, is five feet eleven, and weighs 156. He is married, but I know nothing of his wife. Your other favorite, Warner Baxter, is a native of Columbus, Ohio. His wife is Winifred Bryson, former actress.

LUCILLE—How's the new year been treating me? It hasn't been treating me at all; I always have to buy my own. Kay Francis is five feet seven and Marilyn Dietrich is about the same. Anita Page's official biography still gives her height as five feet three, though these old eyes suspect there's more to her than that. John Wayne was born in Winterset, Iowa, in 1907. He is six feet two and weighs 200. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. As you have probably heard, he was a prop boy at the Fox studio before he got his chance as an actor. Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, December 28, 1908. His mother was a pianist, and his father had played with the Minneapolis Symphony. But Lew did not become interested in music until he took up the banjo. He attended the University of Arizona, and after that played in dance orchestras in hotels, and restaurants in Los Angeles. Now, he no longer cares for jazz. He lives alone, is seen often with Lola Lane, and threatens to be the most popular young man in pictures.

WALBURGA SANSO—Well, for once, when I'm accused of making a mistake—two mistakes, in fact—I can plead not guilty! Jacqueline Logan played the rôle of Countess Corvola in "General Crack." I saw the picture, so I know it wasn't cut out, either. But it was nothing more than a bit, really—she was just one of the court ladies—so it's quite understandable that you didn't notice her. As to Reginald Denny's wife, her name is Isobel (Bubbles) Steffel, but on the scene she used the name of Bette Lee, and who can blame her? Evelyn Brent was born in 1899. Richard Tucker doesn't give his age: he admits only to being born in Brooklyn on June 4th. He attended Canadagua Academy in New York and was on the stage for years with John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Henry E. Dixey, and other famous stars. He was leading man

Contended on page 119
DORIS KENYON

Ever since her husband, Milton Sills, passed away, Doris Kenyon has been doubtful about her future career. But with her recent decision to return to the screen have come excellent roles. She is seen on this page with Lewis Stone, in "You and I," to be followed by "Upper Underworld," with Walter Huston. At present she is playing opposite George Arliss, in "Alexander Hamilton."
ruins of Fort Lee, the producers also thought of Lou Tellegen and cast him in support of Miss Nolan.

We won’t say that Mr. Tellegen had been lost in obscurity. That might have been far preferable to the pitiless spotlight he has been in lately. He wrote a book called “Women Have Been Kind,” in which he broke down and told what an irresistible guy he has always been. Acute dis- tase is a mild name for the feeling it inspired in many readers.

More About Blondes.

One of the most cunning and daz- zling of Ziegfeld beauties of two or three years ago, a youngster named Ruth Fallowes, might have walked into a contract last year when musical films were flourishing. But she got ambition. She turned dramatic, played a small part in Katharine Cornell’s company and went on tour with her. Now she is making a few shorts for Warner Brothers. Don’t be surprised if some big company discovers her soon. They are already interested.

What do inexperienced actresses do between jobs in the way of study? The question was put up to me in a letter from a reader of Picture Play, so I have been doing some scouting both among those who have arrived and those who are just hoping.

They read the great plays of all time, learning a variety of parts, sometimes alone, or with a coach if they can afford one. They haunt the Civic Repertory Theater where Eva Le Gallienne so gallantly and expertly presents great plays. They go in droves to the night court on Fifty-fourth Street to learn how all sorts of people act under stress. They aren’t seen around the night clubs much.

You Have Probably Heard It.

The most quoted line of the month comes, as usual, from Walter Win- chell, Broadway’s irrepresible col- umnist. Some one said of a certain film star, and you can fill in the name yourself, that she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. “And according to her last talkie,” so the story goes, “it’s still there.”

Discoveries.

Whenever a player makes a big hit in films, droves of people rush for- ward to claim credit for discovering her talent and urging that they, too, be given a chance. So before a mob shouts “She’s mine” of Edna Mae Oliver, who is about to be elevated to stardom by RKO, I’d like to say a word about Richard Dix.

He was solely responsible for her first appearance in films and he has never stopped shouting for her since. He saw her on the stage years ago and just wouldn’t be happy until he had her in one of the silent pro- gram pictures he made for Para- mount. Whenever the casting office saw him coming, they forestalled his remarks by saying, “I know. You want Edna Mae Oliver.”

About that same time he was re- sponsible for bringing my idol, Harpo Marx, into films. It took years to vindicate Richard’s judg- ment, but look where his favorites are now. I understand that he wants to become a director. I do not know anything of his ability along that line, but I do know that he would give us some swell casts.

Chaplin discovered a girl who he thinks will be a great bet for the screen when he was in London re- cently. Her name is Patricia Deitering. She is a model who has had a little stage experience, and she is of the opulent type of ingénue beauty. He urged her to go to Hollywood at once, gave her a lot of encouragement and a pet marmoset, but so far as is known, no contract. However, she is on her way. I wouldn’t be human if I could resist the temptation to push forward a discovery of my own. The only trouble with this one is that prac- tically every theatrical producer has already discovered him. He is never idle, and only the fact that the Thea- ter Guild, the goal of every actor, wanted him for “Roar China” kept him from going to Hollywood under contract months ago.

His name is Bill Gargan. He is of the Charles Bickford type, so far as he can be said to resemble any one. He is younger, but a husky, domineering sort that makes him age- less. He has done only small parts in Paramount pictures.

Girls from the colleges and board- ing schools around New York haunt Sardi’s for luncheon on Saturday. They have heard that that is the place to see their favorite actors. Often they pass up well-known stars with- out a flutter, but clutch the waiter when they see Bill Gargan come in and ask who he is.

Their Favorite Old Grad.

The audience was quite as interest- ing as the picture when “Ten Cents a Dance,” with Barbara Stanwyck, was shown on Broadway. Only five years ago Barbara was one of the dancing partners for rent at the Strand Roof here, so naturally all the taxi dancers in town turned out to pay tribute to her when the picture was shown. They are all wondering when they will get a break, and meanwhile they have considerably more pride in their job than they used to have. Girls who never met her confide to their partners nowadays that dear Barbara can hardly wait for them to join her in Hollywood. They think she is grand, which does not make them in the least original.

Is She an Actress?

The announcement that Carman Barnes, the child prodigy author, was also to act for Paramount fell like a bombshell in the New York hotel where she used to live. It happens that I live there now, and all the bell boys think I ought to know her just because I, too, have a typewriter.

They say she is an awfully smart kid, “Smart enough to act dumb and wistful and helpless when there is something she wants.”

“Act? I should say she can. She was acting all the time, especially around the lobby and library when a flock of college boys blew in for the week-end.”

“Beautiful? Well, she’s no Claudette Colbert, but she is kind of pert and cute. She’ll be all right if people don’t make too much fuss over her. She loves attention. Her mother should have spanked her and torn up that dirty book she wrote.”

The Incomparable Chanel.

Hollywood is sure to love Chanel, whom Sam Goldwyn has imported to design clothes for United Artists stars. She goes around without a hat whenever the spirit moves her. She thinks that the wearer is far more important than the frock, and would rather hear people say of some one dressed by her, “Isn’t she beautiful?” than “Look! That’s a Chanel creation.”

She likes to work with soft jerseys and cotton materials, and most of her designs are derived from peasant cos- temes. It was she who brought sweaters off the golf course into the best restaurants. She dresses the loveliest members of Europe’s royal families, but they get nothing elab- orate from her. There is magic in the lines of her frocks. They aren’t just hung on the wearer—they seem a part of her. Chanel hasn’t acquired a single gray hair or wrinkle over thousands of copies being made of her designs. No one has yet suc- ceeded in copying a dress of hers and giving it the flair of the original.

She was not at all impressed by New York. She had seen it so well photographed in news reels that it all seemed an old story. She won’t be impressed by the stars’ homes in Hollywood, in all likelyhood, nor by their habit of having a town house, a country house, and a beach cottage all within a few miles of each other.
She has four homes herself in and near Paris.

Although she leans toward simplicity in most things she has a fabulous house, built in 1719 for the Duchesse de Rohan-Montbazon. It is a treasure house of precious antiques leaning heavily toward the gilt variety, and lavish with furnishings of crystal. Chanel isn't very respectful toward this treasure of hers, however. Friends say she likes it because it reminds her of carousels at country fairs.

While in New York she did not commit herself about her favorite actress. She seemed a little vague about remembering having seen any of them.

**Shockling Opinions**
Continued from page 51

large gestures—just for fun—that no one makes less than five thousand dollars a week. That no one spends less than six thousand dollars a week. And things like that.

There was a staid, plump middle-aged physician who blushed and stammered like a schoolboy when he inquired whether Clara Bow was "really as—er—alluring and—uh—sexy" as he had been led to believe!

There was an anxious motherly woman who asked if she didn't think that Hollywood would reform soon, explaining that she meant "stay married, have babies, and save money!"

There was a big-business man who opined that two years from now there would be no motion pictures! And a colleague of his who blamed Hollywood, by some mysterious method of reasoning, for the stock-market crash!

A brakeman on the Santa Fe boasted of the number of picture celebrities the Chief carries to and fro. "They usually ride in drawing-rooms or compartments," he observed. "I suppose that is so they can go right on makin' whoopee while they travel and not be disturbed!"

And then there was the woman who sighed rapturously, "Oh, I do hope it is as fantastic as I think it is! I think of it as a sort of three-ring circus out there on the Coast. Not that I want to go there and stay or anything—I just like to think of it sometimes."

Two young men are making a lot of money picturing Hollywood as people like to think it is—in a stage play called "Once in a Lifetime." It is a gorgeous burlesque on this mad village. And how it is packing 'em in!

The world would seem to have given us quite a reputation to live up to. But at least it is finding us interesting—and that is something!

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KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
told me his modernistic furniture goes all the way back to Barker Brothers if he misses just one more payment.”

But to get back to antiques and their profit—if any. Dealers suggest to Mr. Nugent that he buy this piece or that.

“It's too much,” Eddie bargains. “But you know so many stars,” the dealer argues. “You can easily sell it to one of them for two or three times its value.”

“Oh, yeah?” says Eddie. “Well, picture people are the poorest buyers on earth. They have been tricked so often that they steer clear of any one who attempts to sell them anything. If they do buy, an agent usually makes the purchase for them. Just once in a while one of them buys something regardless of the cost.

“A well-known producer came in not long ago and saw an old silver tea service which had happened to have the same initial as his engraved on it. The producer immediately bought the service and now tells admiring guests that it has been in his family for Lord only knows how many years.

“But the thing that amuses me most,” Eddie went on, “is when I go to their houses and they show me some object possibly twenty or thirty years old, telling me they know positively it's at least three hundred years old, and they'll let me have it for only eight hundred dollars. They hate to part with it, but it would go so well with my collection!

“People collect strange things in the way of antiques. In addition to jade and china, and things of that sort, a man I know collects wooden Indians that used to stand in front of cigar stores. Strange? Not at all. In a few years he will have cornered the market and they'll be worth their weight in gold or something.

“Another man I know collects cricket cages. Ever hear of them? They're little boxlike objects with perforated tops and various designs all over them. They are very rare indeed. The Chinese use them as kennels for fighting crickets. These cricket fights were—and still are, I believe—considered great sport in China and they bet on the outcome. These cages are made of jade, gold, and silver, and set with precious stones.”

I looked politely incredulous, but Eddie's face was as solemn as a judge's as he went on. “Occasionally something funny happens. Recently a woman came in, looked at a very old bed and said, 'I would buy this, but it looks so very rickety. Will you personally stand behind it?'

"'I would be glad to, madam,' I answered, 'except that I'm on a picture right now and we're working nights.'"

“Anything else?” I asked.

“Yes. Look at this old chest. Would you believe there are eight secret drawers in it?”

I looked, but found nothing. “Watch!” Eddie screamed delightfully. He pressed a small spot that looked like a bit of dust, and drawers sprang out all over the place.

"Send that up,” I ordered recklessly. “I've been looking for something like that to hide old razor blades in.”

“Now take this Borgia ring,” he resumed. But Eddie knew me and held on to it.

“You touch a little spring here and presto! It opens up, revealing a little compartment to hold poison.”

“Yeah, I know all about that,” I retorted. “Richard Cromwell, who plays in 'To'able David,' has one and, being romantic, he actually carried poison in it. Once when he was eating the thing came open and the poison dropped into his food. He didn't notice it and went on eating. It was only because the poison was stale and had lost some of its strength that he didn't pass out. I don't think I care for any of those.”

He cast a speculative eye around the place. “Let's see what there is here you might be interested in for yourself.”

"Nix, Eddie,” I begged, “I gotta go.” And I did.

Don't get the impression that Eddie has turned highbrow or evolved into a wealthy art dealer. Investing in an antique shop forces him to be more than careful with the weekly check filed from the coffers of M.-G.-M. But, as he points out, he is learning a lot of interesting things from the venture, in addition to making a modest return on his investment.

If he gains as much success in his store as he has in his acting, he need have no worries. In fact, he can truly say that art and antiques walk hand in hand.

Continued from page 55

She amazed us at the last high jinks of the Dominos—Hollywood's large feminine clan of stage and screen actresses and writers. Mae appeared in a satire on the old blood-and-thunder melodrammer of yesteryear, as the little Nell who fell into the clutches of the villain holding the mortgage on her dad's farm.

Even in a rôle so broadly exaggerated and designed primarily for comedy, the peculiarly wistful quality that so preeminently was Mae's as a girl when the movies were not talkies gleaned as radiantly as ever.

When she sang that laugh teaser, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," some members of the audience weren't certain whether to shed tears or to laugh, she put such sincere pathos into it.

Hectic Fan Madness.

Can a star stop traffic? Yes! She can also cause a collision.

Antiques and Applesauce

That's what Norma Shearer did one spring afternoon on Wilshire Boulevard, fashionable thoroughfare of Los Angeles. She was fair to look upon, we'll admit—all Alice blue and beige fox—in the open back seat of a long, sleek honey-colored car. Her chauffeur, too, was breath-taking, stunningly uniformed in three tones of brown!

The big question before the cop on the corner was what should be done to the college boys who smashed into the rear of her car? And also what fate should await the women in the Ford with the Minnesota license plate, who experiencing their first star hysteria, side-swiped the Rolls-Royce in which sat an elderly gentleman back-seat driver who was almost bursting a blood vessel attempting to force his chauffeur alongside Miss Shearer's car?

We have heard of these mad admiration-and-curiosity happenings occasionally and always discounted their verity. To this accident, however, we were eyewitnesses. Hereafter we suggest that for the safety of all Norma should ride in a closed car.

The Angel Gabrielle.

The players expect to learn the meaning of the word "chic" from Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel. We gather this from what we have read concerning the French fashion creator brought to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn to design attire for the United Artists stars.

Mlle. Chanel made an unobtrusive entrance into the film capital, contrary to all local expectations. The conventional-minded had figured that she would head a style parade down Hollywood Boulevard, and when a tea was announced as her début, it was anticipated that she would be robed in trailing chiffons or the fa-
mons. Chanel-red velvet pajamas (formal) to demonstrate what the hostess should wear at 5 p.m.

Instead, a very modest, almost mouse-like little woman, who spoke only French, bowed her way reservedly into the room. She wore a light-gray street suit, with a turbaned beret, all very simple. Contrary to her own dictates regarding accessories for sports costume, her throat was garlanded with long strands of pearls which threw the feminine group of observers into a state of near panic, until they finally concluded it must be a concession to Hollywood. Everybody overlooked the fact that the creator of styles does not necessarily have to wear them. The first subject for Mlle. Chanel’s experiments will be Gloria Swanson.

**Hail! More Returns!**

There are more returns of stars to watch for. Doris Kenyon, Lois Wilson, Dolores Costello, and Louise Brooks are among absentees who will soon be seen again. Doris’s renewal of her career is being particularly

**The Movie Runaround**

Continued from page 94

trich were best in, toward be-man stuff or away from it?

“Hullo, Lindsay!” Keene interrupted himself to exclaim, grasping Dennis by the hands. “You know Brundage, don’t you?”

“Glad to meet you,” Brundage exclaimed. “When are you coming over to us?”

“When you give me enough money.” Dennis answered.

“Well, now, see here,” Brundage began. Annabelle shifted uneasily in her chair. Was this discussion to last forever?

“The little lady’s getting tired,” Keene interrupted to remark. “Say, Lindsay, would you be a friend and take Miss John-Home? Then come along back and we’ll have a good talk.”

Annabelle cast one laughing glance at Dennis as she rose. So he knew all about Hollywood, did he? She went into another room for her wrap, and the men followed her. She turned to face them happily, but a remark of Brundage turned her to stone.

“Sure Hill’s here,” he said. “I used to know him. Saw him myself yesterday.”

As Annabelle walked to the door, she felt as if the heavy hand of the law was already on her shoulder.

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

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"**I trust only Kleenex... to remove creams and cosmetics safely**"

**Says Universal’s lovely star. **LUPE VELEZ

Even such dramatic beauty as hers needs the protective cleansing of Kleenex!

**HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in ‘Resurrection’.**

She says: “One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics.”

Why do you suppose screen actresses are so insistent on this matter of Kleenex? It’s because they know that you simply must get cold cream and dirt out of the pores.

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As Miss Velez says, “The blemishes that start from embedded dirt or cosmetics just don’t have a chance... Kleenex is so soft and gentle, and absorbs so quickly.”

Kleenex does away entirely with the ugly, germ-filled “cold cream cloths.” Kleenex cleans the skin of cosmetic stains and grease.

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KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, 10. Please send free sample of Kleenex.

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In Canada, address: 39 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.
Poor Little Success

Continued from page 43

"Maybe I've been working steadily for too long. You go stale before you know it, and one day you suddenly realize you've been stale for a long time.

"I've been in pictures now for ten years. I started at fourteen. At fourteen you're just beginning to think consciously, so my first mental processes were limited by movies. And since I stayed in movies, I've been thinking them ever since."

"And"—vehemently—"no child of mine will ever go into pictures! I could weep for the poor little brats I see around the studios. If they are nice normal youngsters, I am disgusted with their parents for endangering their health and normality by letting them work. And if they are those dreadful, sophisticated, made-up children, I yearn to have their parents arrested. Childhood is too important to play tricks with."

But to return to the main issue, just what is it about Hollywood that depresses her?

"I'm sick of living in a prop town. The whole place has about as much stability as a back drop. There are no roots in the ground. You live synthetically—you touch only the surface of things. I don't know what causes it. Maybe it's partly the climate, partly the excitement of making a lot of money, partly the feverish speed with which you accomplish nothing of any real value."

"I'm tired of having to be continually on guard against losing my balance. I read a flattering story about myself, and if I'm not careful I may start believing it. The director asks me for a suggestion in a scene. I make one. He says 'Fine!' I make another, and would probably go on if I didn't bring myself up short. 'Here, here, Astor, you're no marvel. Stick to your own job.' I hate having to consciously retain my sense of proportion."

"I'm tired of being so interested in pictures that every book I pick up I hope may be a picture possibility. And every conversation that starts out to be decently general settles down into a discussion of some new lens or star or script. I decided I needed a hobby—and the only thing I could keep my mind on was doing things with a home movie camera."

"I'm sick of people expounding on 'art' and then turning somersaults for money. I'm sick of people talking money and then complaining because they can't express themselves. The screen is a business, yes, but it's regarded almost as the ultimate religion."

"Hollywood is too deadly serious
Camera Shy
Continued from page 64
else, perhaps, she enjoys directing in the still-camera studio. She came late to an appointment with Chil-
noff one afternoon and found him busy with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, both of whom had arrived
promptly for an appointment of their own.

Hollywood High Lights
Continued from page 107
chanted. In quick succession she has worked in three pictures, “You and I,” “Upper Underworld,” and “Alex-
ander Hamilton.” This is her first activity since “Beau Bandit” about a year ago, and also since the death of
Milan Silas.
Lois Wilson will reemerge in pic-
tures as the mother of five children, in the film “Seed.” Lois had some difficulties with one of the producers,
we learned, and opportunities didn’t come her way as much as usual during the past six or seven months.
Dolores Costello has been working to lose some weight, and is just about ready for her first picture, “The Pas-
ionate Sonata.”
Miss Brooks plays an incidental part in “God’s Gift to Women.”
The Creatus Steps.
First, an automobile, second, a boat,
third, an airplane.
These are the guides to a star’s standing in the movie colony. Of course, an auto is usually bought as
soon as a contract is signed, or in the case of a stage player, before he or she steps off the train. They acquire
one or two other automobiles of elaborate dimensions and garnishments as the salary grows. Then comes the
boat.
Marjorie White has arrived at the
second stage. She now owns a thirty-
foot cruiser.
“What did you get it for?” asked
Kay stormed and avowed that no
one could take her place. Perhaps
no one could. But it piqued Bebe
who remarked, “Goodness gracious,
she thinks she is Mrs. Hollywood
in person.”
But all this is under your hat.
Don’t breathe any of it to a soul.
Warren Hymer, dead-pan comedian.
“Can’t you swim?”
“Fools and Children——”
Whether we want to believe it or
not, we probably have to. Little Rob-
ert Coogan, Jackie’s brother, is the
latest studio wisecracker. Almost
every day somebody repeats to us
some tale of his wit, so there must be
something to it. Here, at any rate,
is one of his latest outbreaks:
“I don’t want to be in pictures, Mr.
Director.”
“Why not, Robert?”
“Because everybody in them is
crazy.”
Lil Versus Kay.
What resemblance is there between
Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis?
Our eyes fail to discover any, but
apparently Paramount sees them in
different light. For they have signed
Lilyan apparently to replace Miss
Francis, whom they will soon lose to
Warner Brothers.
Funny thing about Lilyan’s career,
she has worked for years, but has
never been under contract. It is one
of the fates of the vampish type—or
has been until the talkies came in.
Although they can both fill rather
strong dramatic roles, we don’t see
any particular likeness between Kay
and Lilyan. For one thing, Lilyan
has more marked gifts of comedy,
whereas drama is Kay’s red meat.
Continued on page 111
The Crowded Hour

Continued from page 33

Film efforts. It is doubtful if she will be seen in front of a camera again.

Otis Skinner brought his greatest stage success, "Kismet," to the talking screen and signed a contract to contribute two pictures a year thereafter. The reception accorded "Kismet" makes it doubtful if the contract will be fulfilled.

A prize lemon, as far as contracts go, was that negotiated by RKO with the peerless Vallée. Rudy arrived for one picture, "The Vagabond Lover," and took approximately $75,000 out of the company's coffers for his efforts—or rather, his time.

Helen Kane was looked upon to do big things for the "singies" but alas and alack! "Nothing But the Truth" with Richard Dix didn't do her any harm, but it didn't do the public much good. Came "Sweetie" and she hoop-hoop-a-doodled her way through it, following it with "Pointed Heels," "Dangerous Nan McGrew," and "Heads Up," when all and sundry declared they'd had enough. So long, Helen.

Paul Muni's signature on a Fox contract was widely publicized. He made two pictures, "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces." His work in both was highly praised, but he failed to develop any fan following and has returned to the stage.

Hal Skelly scored one of the outstanding successes of the decade on the stage in "Burlesque." In fact, his whole stage career is dotted with outstanding successes, but he lasted for just four pictures, "The Dance of Life" ("Burlesque"), "Woman Trap," "Men Are Like That," and "Behind the Make-up." Back in New York.

Cyril Maude whose stage appearances are awaited with bated breath—almost—has made one talkie to date—"Grumpy." A grand performance which, unfortunately, appealed only to a limited number of people, so future appearances are doubtful.


Jack Buchanan, one of the few surviving matinee idols of the British stage, has two pictures to his credit, "Paris" and "Monte Carlo." Some say he doesn't inspire the same enthusiasm in picture audiences that he does on the stage, and he has returned to London.

Benny Rubin landed on both feet in "Marianne" and then something happened to him. Clever Jewish comedian who has managed to keep

Lillian Roth was not particularly well-known on the stage when she was signed for pictures, but she is well-known now. Housed in "Illusion" and followed with "The Vagabond King," in which she gave a good interpretation. Followed "Honey," "Paramount on Parade," "Sea Legs," "Animal Crackers," "Madam Satan," and "Queen High." Released by Paramount, she is now in vaudeville.

Marie Saxon made one picture, "To-night and You." Released by Fox and so far as is known has returned to the stage.

Dorothy Burgess scored a big hit in one of the first talkies, "In Old Arizona." Worked in "Pleasure Crazed," was released by Fox and months later did a small part in "Swing High" and another in "Beyond Victory"—the latter piece refined without her. Has returned to the stage.

Zelma O'Neal made "Follow Thru" for Paramount and overplayed the part badly. Her option was not exercised and she returned to the stage.

Evelyn Laye has been as widely publicized as any one entering the films since the talkies. She made "One Heavenly Night" and her option was not renewed.

And there you have a history of the talkies' recruits from the stage.

Only a person who has lived through it and lived with it has any idea of what it was like. Instead of the old familiar faces on the sets, one confronted newcomers everywhere. Big shots, semibig shots, and unknowns from New York and provincial stock companies, but all of them giving themselves the airs of Bernhardt or Mansfield when they got to Hollywood. Some of them eagerly trying to make the grade, most of them haughtily condescending.

Now that they're gone—or adjusted—the business of making movies has settled back into a routine affair. The excitement was like a debutante in the first flush of her social success. Once the parties honoring her are over, it is hard for her to realize that she is no longer the cynosure of all eyes. But life was a crowded hour while it lasted.

And so it is with the movies and the stage people. It was better to have made one picture and seen one's name on a twenty-four-sheet poster, than to have eked out an existence in New York with most of the world never realizing they were on earth.

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 109

Like Son, Like Father.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., having made a variety of experiments, is now to take a flight in the direction once pursued by his father. In other words, young Doug will mix himself up merrily in a South American revolution film. You remember the glad days, of course, of Doug, Sr.'s adventures in the same fields.

The film in which young Doug will essay this diversion is called "I Like Your Nerve." It may prove the turning point that will enable him to forsake his present seriousness. Here's hoping!

Some Foxy Humor.

Sidney Fox, a newcomer, is a great little gladhander. Her dressing room is the setting for much gay chatter, and there is a reason, for Sidney has a mellow sense of humor. She recently named a dog Option, because, she said, he likes to be taken up.

Post-honeymoon Reunion.

A "mere marriage" won't interfere with Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor appearing together in a picture. They are scheduled to do "Merely Mary Ann," together early in May on Charlie's return from his honeymoon in Europe.

There was talk for a time of Hardie Albright, a new find of Fox, taking the Farrell rôle, but that is now unlikely. So Charlie and Janet will be the romancers in this opus, and will they be closely observed? Believe us, they will, by the curious and the gossipy folk of Hollywood.

Baxter Daddy Long Legs.

Meanwhile Janet has been appearing in "Daddy Long Legs," once a Mary Pickford film, with Warner Baxter as the daddy.

Thomas Meighan was to have done the picture with Miss Gaynor, but first there was some conflict in schedules, and then, we hear, Miss Janet herself prevailed upon the studio to assign Baxter to the lead opposite her. There she has always wanted to play in a picture with her.

Meighan returned to the screen in "Young Sinners," playing the rôle of an athletic trainer. He is a matured Meighan, needless to say, but proved himself very effective.

Continued on page 113
FRECKLES
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Only that freckle-mask keeps you from a lovely complexion. Get rid of those homely spots and
your skin will look soft and fine instead of dry and harsh; clear, fresh and young instead of
rusty, patchy and old.
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Another Lady!
Continued from page 34

purest chance they ran off my picture.
Jannings walked up to the screen, kissed me, and said 'Here she is. I want her to play the part.'"
When she heard that the great German actor wanted her, her old acting fervor kindled anew.
From that first picture on, her success is known to all.
She has an interesting, intelligent face, and a gracious, easy poise. Her conversation is not cluttered up
with nonessentials; she talks clearly. She has individuality, distinction, and a
straight-thinking mind. Her work is
a genuine problem to her; her
success is not the lucky break that marks
nine out of ten screen successes.
The night before she had seen "To-
morrow and To-morrow" and was
delighted that it had been obtained
for her use in pictures. She was
debating whether to do "Spring Cleaning."
"Apparently I must play loose
damsels," she said, with a smile. "But
I'm afraid Freddie Lonsdale brought
her into the play too late for a central
part. For pictures. Of course we
may be able to show her earlier, on
the screen. It's a lovely comedy."
On the stage her favorite role was
Mary Rose, the heroine of Barrie's
spiritual play. In pictures she ex-
pressed a preference for "Sarah and
Son."
Her husband was up in the Adi-
rondacks for winter sports. "I hate
 tobogganing, and skiing, and things
like that," she confessed. "I'm an
indoor person."
She admitted that her pet of the
moment was none other than Jimmie
Durante, the mad buffoon of "The
New Yorkers."
"When Cécile Sorel played here
with her Comedie Francaise troupe
she was elaborately feted at every
turn. One evening she asked to be
shown the New York that wasn't in
the guidebooks. So we started in
a smart speakeasy, proceeded to Har-
lem, and wound up at Durante's saw-
dust joint over a terrible garage. He
sang everything in his amazing recre-
toire and we all had a delightful
time."
A telegram broke in upon us.
"I'm to sing over a national broad-
cast," said Miss Chatterton, indicat-
ing the yellow paper.
"But do you sing?" I asked, not
having seen "Unfaithful."
"For the millions involved. I'm
afraid I should do almost anything,"
she admitted.
No one has had a more consistently
intelligent series of pictures than
Ruth Chatterton. No one has con-
tributed more vitally to the screen's
coming of age. After talking to her
it is not difficult to understand this.
She is passionately devoted to acting.
Just as she gave all her time and
energy to the theater, now she is
completely bound to picture plays. She
is wrapped up in whatever part she
is preparing to create. Undoubtedly
she communicates this enthusiasm to
the scenario writer, the director and.
most important, the producer. Much
of her talent lies in assisting in the
treatment of the scenario.
As long as the screen has Arliss
c and Chattertons the screen will
continue to progress. And, again, oc-
casionally one will meet a lady.

Denny at Peace
Continued from page 57

fitness to get up and make fools of
ourselves, otherwise. We each think
we could give a better performance
than any other actor.
These sycophants, who become
barracules to every successful career,
gloat when the reigning star is de-
moted. Their manner isn't so much
unkindness as it is merely self-satis-
faction. They wear an I-told-you-so
air and think that the failure of the
star will make more room for them.
Every actor needs one of these on-
the-shelf spells to teach him to look
beyond applause for the rotten eggs.
"I was a triffe too self-sufficient,"
Denny conceded when he spoke of
the film colony's volatile friendships.
"I had chosen my friends as I
wished, not politically. Sequestered
for so long on one lot. I hadn't
sought entrée to other studios, a dis-
advantage which I realized only when
I had to hustle out for a job. While
I shan't care for favors—that would
go against the grain—I find it agree-
able to be very courteous to every-
body." Another sly wink hinted
without being brazenly frank.
"Ronnie Colman and several other
fellows were loyal. They'd drop in
to chat and indicate that financial aid
could be had if needed. I had no
money worries, however.
"Shall we give parties again, enter-
tain the crowds that congregate mag-
ically at every well-to-do actor's
home?" He repeated my question

slowly, in a quizzical tone, and his answer took the form of a sharp glance which advised me not to be an idiot. The Denny house evidently is no haven for fair-weather friends.

"And the little write," I observed, "was a great help and inspiration? Best pal stuff?"

The ensuing silence which proved to be merely the Englishman's reticence regarding personal matters, I at first attributed to other causes. My brows shot up as I murmured, "Ah! A faust pas! Pardon! And what is the status, if one may inquire?"

"No, no, no!" At last I drew a quick retort. "The status is thoroughly great. Bubbles was true blue. Her companionship made light of my inactivity and helped to pass the time when it began to drag."

His tastes and hobbies remain very much the same, with the exception of aviation, which he has renounced. "I sold my four planes. It costs too much and isn't worth while, unless one can devote more time to it than a working actor has to spare."

He still collects prints of English hunting scenes and etchings, having passed many of his leisure hours in pursuit of new treasures, and he has a fancy now for colored woodblocks. He hunts and fishes and is wrapped up in his lodge. Building a road, and improving the slice of mountain in which the house of logs and rocks seems to be embedded, occupied him and kept him physically fit. Rough furniture, furs, and animals' heads provide a rustic atmosphere. When winter's snow blankets its windows, a mule sled meets the Dennys and their guests at the main road and carries them the half mile to the lodge.

While song brought Denny back, his talent as a farceur won him the M.-G.-M. contract and is keeping him pleasantly employed. An ambitious independent, Sono-Art, was willing to take a chance on the voice that had been heard in musical comedy for many years. "What a Man" revealed that it still could carry a tune engagingly. Some one mentioned him to DeMille.

"We had only a bowing acquaintance. On a friend's recommendation he sent for me. 'I understand you sing?' he inquired. I replied that I, also, understood that to be a fact, though it had been disputed in some quarters. He arranged tests. 'Madam Satan' was a medley of farce and melodrama, but I'm more grateful for his faith in me than I ever could express. He fought for me. I'm terribly happy not to have disappointed him."

Several films followed in rapid succession, including the mildly entertaining "A Lady's Morals," with Grace Moore, the "Kiki" lead with Pickford, and a comedy that originated from "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," with Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood. He was lent to Fox to go Irish in behalf of Jeanette MacDonald.

"Why not?" He twirled off a brogue that was oddly a shock. Reg and his broad English are synonymous. "I used to be an actor—before I went into the movies."

His ambition is to direct.

"Never once, even when most glum, did it occur to me to quit my fight to get back. For I know nothing but acting. My family, of the same town in Surrey where Ronald Colman was born, always has been theatrical. My great-grandfather started it. The theater is in our blood."

"I began at seven at the Court Theater in London, and at sixteen left school to join the Charles Frohman company at the Duke of York Theater and stuck through good seasons and bad, at home and on tour. The thought of going into business didn't interest me at all, but I did think that if I could not make a new place for myself as an actor I might persuade some producer to give me a chance at directing."

That whim, however, will not be indulged for a few years, if his present good fortune continues. Nonchalant and amiable, buoyant of spirit, intensely enthusiastic about his new work's combination of situation, humor and clever dialogue, glad that being merely featured releases him from stardom's responsibilities, and a capable technician in the little gradations of the farceur—with these attributes and a more conciliatory attitude, he should get along very well indeed.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 111

Dropping a Few Notes.

Much talk there is, but less action, about young stars suddenly acquiring bass voices. It has been reported that Charles Rogers was in quest of profoundo tones to add to his register. Latest indications are that the changes are mostly in his warbled notes, rather than in his spoken ones. Anyway, if you note any difference when you hear him talk in "The Lawyer's Secret" you may attribute it to recent vocal training.

Charles Farrell also had some less...
Dancing Partner
By VIVIAN GREY

Many of you will remember Vivian Grey's "Party Girl," that quick-moving love story of the modern age, which was so favorably received. Here Vivian Grey once more gives us a vivid picture of life that is as up to date as your morning paper and far more enthralling.

"Dancing Partner" might be a fairy story, glamorous, fantastic, unreal, did it not give the sense to the reader that Lolita, glove clerk by day and taxi dancer by night, was the very sort of girl that he might well meet around the next corner.

Lolita, looking up into the handsome eyes of aristocratic Phil Nearing, fell suddenly and hopelessly in love with the owner of those eyes, and from then on her life became complicated. There were those who would bar the gate to her entrance to that world of wealth and fashion through which Phil Nearing walked so confidently. Out of a clear sky the false accusation of theft was made against her. She felt desolate, an outcast, and the cruelty of the world cut deep. And then just as suddenly there came a turn in events that brought the gold of sunshine into the blackness that covered Lolita's soul.

Vivian Grey, shrewd, sympathetic observer of youth, wise interpreter of the modern, you have done it again in this altogether fascinating novel.
Hercules Had a Snap

We are all dual in nature. Ramon is a student of religion. He is more devout than many; but he is also a merry soul, such as he revealed himself to be in "Call of the Flesh." To his few friends, El Novarro is liked for this happy personality. But on most occasions Ramon must appear silent and grave. A task?

Janet Gaynor is stamped on the public mind as a romantic little waif, such as she portrayed in "Seventh Heaven." I recall that when she was making "Lucky Star," some out-of-town visitors came to the studio. Being introduced, one motherly soul took Janet in her stout arms and kissed her.

"Isn't she a darling?" she crooned. "She shouldn't be working here. She ought to be out in the sunshine with some one to look after her."

The bewildered expression on Janet's face, her sudden dismay, evidently caused the visitor and her companions to believe the prototype of Diane was before them. They appeared to regard Janet as a forlorn little girl yearning for friendship with her fellow mortals.

In real life, Janet is a merry young thing. She has a keen sense of humor and is far from being the down-trodden Diane of "Seventh Heaven."

People regard Ronald Colman as a profound enigma. Why this is so is beyond me. Ronnie is one of the least enigmatic men I've ever met. Like Novarro, he is a humorous soul. His films, "Bulldog Drummond," and "Raffles," "The Devil to Pay," offer a glimpse of the true Colman personality.

If you meet Ronald on his own level, you encounter a very pleasant chap, what ho! I recall some lively anecdotes Mr. Colman related to me which, if repeated, would dispel immediately the myth of his enigmatic personality.

One wonders if Clara Bow ever yearned to be the opposite to what her public character is. She told me once that people regard her as a wild young thing such as she plays on the screen. Wherever she goes, she is expected to be wild.

Recent reports lead one to believe that Clara acts wild on her own initiative. But I dare say public opinion causes her to give way to demand. Clara must have her hands full of tasks.

If William Haines let himself be drawn into a wisecracking prototype of his screen fame, he has paid a stiff price for his venture.

Without a moment's notice, Mr. Haines has now become a Hamlet of reflection. Interviewers no longer are thong into embarrassment—if that is ever possible—by Habelaisian humor. A philosopher confronts them, calm and meditative. Which is Mr. Haines's Herculean task—the wisecracking guy, or the man of pensive mood?

Players are fond of exacting one personality if it fails to conquer the public. Olive Borden came to the screen as a luxurious beauty of ultra-extravagant tastes in dress and deportment. Olive's starring pictures for Fox publicized this first personality. Then came the debacle.

The Borden mode did not go so well. Olive, during her comeback, confessed that she had made a fool of herself—that stardom had gone to her head.

Yet, if La Borden's ultra-extravagant personality had kept her on top, would she have admitted such a thing?

When Charles Farrell came to the screen he plodded on as nothing in particular. Then "Seventh Heaven" lifted him to the front ranks.

Next to that film, his best work was in "The River." Charlie got over the fact of being a carefree boy, entirely devoid of sophistication. I doubt if any other player could have acted the part with such convincing reality. That in spite of the fact that Mary Duncan, as a ravishing vamp, tried every known method of seduction.

But the talkies have done something to simplicity. In silent days it went over. But no longer. Now Fox is billing Farrell as The Sheik of Budapest, since he enacted Lihom, the no-account young husband, "Lihom" was altered and made a trifle sweeter than the stage version. In any case, to-day Charlie is a carefree fellow. Naturally, such a personality suited the bohyik roles he portrayed. But to be brutal and sophisticated—all, what Hercules task looms ahead for Mr. Farrell?

Even Buddy Rogers is being put in more sophisticated films. Must all artists be contaminated to suit box-office demands?

A player's troubles are many. All day long it is one task after another. His acting, business affairs, and other things, keep him distracted. In the midst of all, the personality that has sold him to the public has to be put over.

To my way of thinking, that is the most Herculean task of all.
Alluring Youthful Hair

This Marvelous French Formula Makes It Yours!

ROYAL LOTUS

For those who appreciate and possibly yearn for the glorious hair of vibrant youth.

Not only gradually rejuvenates the color of the hair, but also, as an added and almost miraculous bonus—its protects and helps to grow hair.

Royal Lotus is exhilarating and wholly comfortable to use—no stain, no itch, no violent dyeing.

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Creme Royale Renovates and tones the skin. Creates and maintains the perfect illusion of youthfulness. Write for two informative FREE pamphlets TODAY. Arthur Antoin, Sole U. S. Manufacturer. Royal Lotus Corp., 60 Ackerman Ave., Ramsey, N. J.

Song-Poem Writers

If we compose music to your words we will guarantee that the song will be accepted for publication by a New York music publisher. Mail your local song-poem to us today.

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FORM DEVELOPED IN 30 DAYS
FLAT-Ironed! Felt demands the full rounded appearance of the modern form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their remove character. You too, can easily and extra followings.

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Send only $2.00 for three is of NANCY LEE and I will include FREE my special figure developing course and complimentary advice. AT ONCE.

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Almost all eruptions and dissections by regularly using pure Mercolized wax. Get an ounce, use as directed. Fine, almost invisible marks, particularly in the face, scalp, and foot suffer similarly, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully smooth and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of their faces. It quickly and completely makes the marks and other age lines. Use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Sandalwood and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

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Anita Nose Adjuster gives you the most natural and natural—quickly, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. 87,000 users. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

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New Faces for Old

Continued from page 82

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 98

"The Front Page"

The best of all newspaper films is here to excite you. It will surprise me not at all if you sit through it twice. I did. For it is thrilling, humorous, and amazingly honest. Even though it takes place in one setting, the reporters' room adjoining a criminal court, it moves so rapidly that one never considers the drabness and monotony of the scene. It is the characters that arrest, their acting that makes up the greatest and most of the work. It is a story that development is the picture-oral. It is a building, without a spark of that fictional nobility of character which often bores. But it's grand, nevertheless.

Of story there isn't much. Mostly it has to do with the concealment of a murderer, an anarchist, in a roll-top desk by the star reporter and his efforts to ward off his pursuers. There's a sweet young girl, appropriately stupid, and a woman of the streets who is not. But it is primarily a study of men, with emphasis on the strangeness of those who follow newspaper reporting.

Adolphe Menjou is astonishing as the managing editor, slangy, hard-boiled, sardonic. He gives a wonderful performance. Possibly of greater interest is Pat O'Brien, a newcomer from the stage, as the leading reporter. He has everything to put him high in the favor of fans. George E. Stone, who was so fine in "Cimarron," again comes through magnificently, and Mae Clarke, Mary Brian, Edward Everett Horton—all are ideally cast.
Red-Flagging the Hollywood Bull
Continued from page 85

many when she said, "I didn't know anybody hated me enough to start such a report."

Most stars with reserved natures find an uphill fight in winning through Hollywood indifference to public recognition. Most of them probably would never have made good without the sheltering aid of a solitary person who understood them, and who had the prestige and determination to develop their talents.

Hollywood did not ask for Greta Garbo. She was forced upon it by the late Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller.

It is doubtful if Hollywood would have given a real chance to most of the stars developed by D. W. Griffith. He instinctively picked players with a spiritual quality, and built them into box-office attractions that Hollywood had to recognize.

When Garbo made her first talkie, those who resented her withdrawal from the crowd hopefully predicted that it would ruin her career. When, instead, it was a success, a few made dire forecasts for her second effort. The fence still stands between her and the bull, but the bull continues to bellow.

Contrast this atmosphere of resentment with the good will that follows the star with a social streak. Such players as Mary Brian, William Haines, and Bebe Daniels are always sure of a boost in Hollywood.

At that critical moment in Miss Daniels' career when she made her plunge into talkies, for instance, the film colony made no such loud predictions of failure as they did in the case of the Garbo debut. When Bebe clicked, the applause was of the "I knew you'd do it, old pal" variety.

All credit to these sociable stars. Such popularity must be merited. But perhaps the starring player who finds Hollywood society standing off at a distance, perhaps half admiring, but also half hoping, that he or she will slip up on a banana peel.

It is too bad that, with all the seers and mystics in the film colony, some don't tell the crowd how they misjudge the nonmisters among the stars. They might tell Hollywood that a yearning for a secluded life is not necessarily a sign of insufferable conceit, nor a sinister attempt to hide damaging evidence.

Nonconformist, introspective, retiring natures are common among professional people of all sorts. Perhaps the mystics can explain why they should be regarded as contraband in the screen world.

What the Fans Think
Continued from page 13

If ever a girl deserves three cheers and a helping hand, it's Clara Bow. From her childhood days, Clara has struggled against the bitterest kind of poverty. Her record of screen successes is a long and brilliant one, filled with triumph after triumph. It will take more than sarcastic words to extinguish the Brooklyn Bonfire.

If you really were a Clara Bow fan you wouldn't have judged her by her private affairs, but by her many splendid performances on the screen. Yes, I admit that Clara has been a little too frank with the world. She has seldom appeared. The reporters will twist things to their advantage. They get an inch and take a mile. In my opinion, they take entirely too much liberty.

I hope Bow fans read Buddy McCleary's letter about Clara in the same issue of Picture Play. He very cleverly expressed how Clara's laughter made us forget our troubles, our sorrows, our cares.

BLANCHE SVEHLA.
3215 South Ridgeway Avenue.
Chicago, Illinois.
Continued on page 121

Thin Beauties Tell the Way

All about you see a new condition as regards obesity. Excess fat has been fast disappearing. Abnormal figures are nowhere near so common as they were a great reason lies in a new discovery made by modern science. It is used by doctors the world over.

A popular way lies in the fact that multitudes of men and women are exhibiting and telling the results. They are met in every circle. Women with new youth, new beauty, new vivacity. Men with new vigor.

Modern science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. It is found that the correction of this cause stops the formation of fat. And all self-denial, all starvation, fails to do that when this gland secretion is inadequate.

So all modern physicians are feeding this system gland substance which it lacks.

A Popular Way

Marmola prescription tablets present this right way at its best. They are prepared by a world-famous medical laboratory, and adapted to the average case. Marmola has been used for 24 years—35,000,000 boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, by users telling others.

The results are seen wherever you look. Ask your pleasant physician. Ask your friends.

Many men and women still retain their fat, to their vast detriment. Many are trying hard and harmful methods to reduce. Many are misled by the advertising field.

We urge all of you to try Marmola. It embodies the factors which modern doctors use. It is doing more than all other methods combined to create the slender figures which you see today.

Don't waste your time and effort. Adopt the scientific method which all doctors now advise. Do it through your doctor, or with Marmola tablets. Watch the results, and decide.

Marmola costs $1 a box at drug stores. A booklet in each box gives the formula and explains results. Go order it today.

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MAGIC DISC dainty as a powder puff

The Wonderstone way of removing needless hair is in the wonderful Wonderstone Wondero™. Touchable, non-dye, erases hair as easily as you erase a pencil mark. Just rub Wonderstone on the skin and while the hair goes, leaving the skin hair-free, velvet-smooth. Bellini's Wonderstone is guaranteed not to contain Sulphurides or pigments.

So safe, physicians prescribe it. It is clean, odorless, sanitary, economical and always ready for use. Millions of women the world over employ this modern method for erasing hair, and thousands of men use it for removing underarm hair.

Wonderstone has been in use for years. A complete set of Wonderstone Wonderone™ includes: Wonderstone 10c, Wonderstone Wonder Brush 3c, and Wonderstone Wonder Brush 5c. Bellini's Wonderstone Co. for cream, shaving and upper lip 12½c. On sale at department stores, drug stores and perfumery shops, or direct from manufacturers (add 10c for each order, and send name and address to Bellini's Wonderstone Co., 1123 Broadway, N. Y. C. Dept. P.P. Free Booklet.)
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 72

Clive Brook the other man, supported by Gilbert Emery, Lucien Littlefield, Regis Toomey.

"Stolen Heaven."—Paramount.
Virtues of streetwalker glorified in story of girl who befriends a burglar, turns "lady" on the plunder, only to share the punishment. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes overwhelmed by poor material. Louis Calhern.

"Seas Beneath."—Fox.
United States vessel is decoy to capture German undersea menace, and a shipwreck throws spy, sister of German commander, aboard hero's boat, from where she signals enemy. But her brother is killed instead of her admirer. George O'Brien, John Loder, Marion Lessing, Warren Hymer, Larry Kent, Mona Maris.

"Finn and Hattie."—Paramount.
Comedy of business man, tired wife, and precocious daughter on trip to Paris. The child, Mitzi Green outwits Liylan Tashman and saves father from blackmail. Lee Errol the father, Zasu Pitts the mother. Jackie Searl victim of Mitzi's mischief.

"Man to Man."—First National.
Story of small-town folk is a little gem. Not an alien touch. Boy in line for college honors knows that his pals have learned his father is a convict. Leaves school, more troubles. Phillips Holmes, Grant Mitchell, Dwight Frye.

"Beau Ideal."—RKO.
Same atmosphere as "Beau Geste." Foreign Legion story of two men and a girl they both love. Debut of Lester Vail favorable; sincere, eloquent. Not a slow scene. Ralph Forbes, Don Alvarado, Otto Matthesen, Loretta Young; Irene Rich; Leni Stengel.

"Fighting Caravans."—Paramount.
Restained story of pioneers, with no attempt, thanks be, to make a street-yards epic, or the biggest and dustiest wagon train. Scout attempts to mislead girl driver, but ends at altar. Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall.

"Illicit."—Warner.
One of those loose gal films made pure for censors by heroine intimidating after all that marriage is O. K. by her. Daydream food for romantic, but inhibited, housewives. Barbara Stanwyck, Natalie Moorhead, Ricardo Cortez, James Reiniie, Charles Butterworth, Joan Blondell.

"New Moon."—Metro-Goldwyn.
Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore in film opera on which army officer loves a princess, and is sent to Russia's naughtiest troops by rival, the governor. Roland Young captures actions honors with comedy. Adolphc Menjou his old self.

"Reaching for the Moon."—United Artists.
Why does Douglas Fairbanks don modern clothes only to strip them off? Here we have a story which does not justify either. Miss Hay loses much when put on the screen. John Boles, Liylan Tashman, Leon Errol, Hugh Cameron do well.

"One Heavenly Night."—United Artists.
Debut of Evelyn Laye prima donna of operetta. Film is tasteful and charming, but does not justify expense. Miss Laye loses much when put on the screen.

"Free Love."—Universal.
Gayer, more knowing than most films labeled sophisticated comedy. Diverting, but proves nothing about spots of husband and wife, though admirably played by Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin. Zasu Pitts wistful maid; Monroe Owsley, Ilka Chase.

"Laughter."—Paramount.
The screen is going too whimsical for words, if this is a sign of the times. A group of the quaintest folk in the world make high jinks. Nancy Carroll and Fredric March brilliant. Glen Anders, Diane Ellis, Frank Morgan.

"Kismet."—Warner.
Another warmed-over silent, a bit flat, for the cooks slipped up somewhere. The Orient without its old flavor. Ottis Skinner as beggar in Arabian Night story, with pretty girl, caliph, and all. Loretta Young, David Mauners, Sidney Blackmer, Mary Duncan.

If You Must

"Bright Lights."—Warner.
Here is a reminder of the dear revue days when love blossomed backstage and the hero was the hoofer partner. Dancer about to marry a millionaire, though she loves her partner. A shooting clears up the situation. Technicolor. Dorothy Mackaill, Noah Beery, Frank Fay, Eddie Nugent, Daphne Pollard, Tom Dugan, James Murray.

"Kiss Me Again."—First National.
Pleasant but not stimulating is this tale of young girl, who remeets her high-born brother, to be reunited when she becomes a prima donna. Pretty airs do not make a movie. Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer.

"The Man Who Came Back."—Fox.
Misguided attempt of two nice young people to be wicked, with bitter realism of a Mother Goose story. Separated, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell do an Anna Christie in an opium den, and reclaim each other. Leslie Fenton, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Once a Sinner."—Fox.

"Resurrection."—Universal.
Old silent brought to life, too, but it has lost its atmosphere. Tolstoy's story well directed, but not quite effective on the whole. Best work of Lupe Velez. John Boles, Nance O'Neil. The plot is familiar.
"The Truth About Youth."—First National.

Oh, yeah? All about a girl's hidden hankering for middle-aged guardian and his efforts to make her snug as a bug. The imp's David Manners, who is anything but, and anyway, falls for a night-club cutie, Loretta Young. Conway Tearle, Myrna Loy.

"Way for a Sailor."—Metro-Goldwyn.

Indifferent film of sailor with girl in every port. John Gilbert still minus the glamour of the old days, through the nuke's capriciousness. Walthall, Beefy Jim Tully playing at acting. Leia Hyams.

"The Boudoir Diplomat."—Universal.

Amusing play called "The Command to Love" becomes dull and pretentious and why the more suggestive title? Ian Keith miscast as hero. Mary Duncan, Betty Compson.

"The Virtuous Sin."—Paramount.

The cinematic sin, rather. Wife makes play for Russian general, to save condemned husband's life, and gets fond of him. He will be hot, tosy when hubbly is shot. Walter Huston, Kay Francis, Kenneth MacKenna.

"Sin Takes a Holiday."—Pathé.

But only in this film, presumably, for Julie, the Tower, becomes the lawful bride of the boss, and tumbles into millions, having nothing to return. You know, just like those idols of stenogos you have known. Constance Bennett plays the little gel. Kenneth MacKenna, Basil Rathbone.

"The Big Troll."—Fox.

Just a noisy "Covered Wagon" which, with all the Injuns and buffaloes, fails to get a big hand. When will producers realize that many want interesting people and acting, not longer wagon trains? Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, John Wayne, newcomer with schoolboy dictation.

"Du Barry, Woman of Passion."—United Artists.

Sad lapse in career of one of screen's best, Norma Talmadge, released probably on word of yes men. Story of Louis XI's girl friend who escapes guillotine to arms of Conrad Nagle, Elissa Landi, Finley, Douglas Gerrard, Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Quinn. "Let's Go Places"—Paul Cadmus, Joseph Wagstaff; Marjorie Lorin, Pauline Avery, Thomas Meighan, Hurley, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lilie Lee; Bruce Arbuckle, John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatt; Zsa Zsa Gabor; Joe, Bert Roach; Sam, William Mack; Finley, Douglas Gerrard; Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Quinn. "Let's Go Places"—Paul Cadmus, Joseph Wagstaff; Marjorie Lorin, Pauline Avery, Thomas Meighan, Hurley, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lilie Lee; Bruce Arbuckle, John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatt; Zsa Zsa Gabor; Joe, Bert Roach; Sam, William Mack; Finley, Douglas Gerrard; Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Quinn.

"The Bot Whispers."—United Artists.

Shivers of ten years ago calm down to slight interest. Actually boring, as The But annuys old lady in lease house. Chester Morris's energy uncurbed. Una Merkel, William Bakewell, Maude Eburne.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

in various road companies and went into pictures in 1914, when other stage actors were taking up motion pictures. His pictures now number many hundreds, so the 'principal ones' are hard to choose. For the past year his films are "Puttin' on the Ritz," "Cowardly," "Shadow of the Law," "Safety in Numbers," "Manslaughter," "Brothers," "College Lovers," and "Inspiration." He married Ruth Mitchell, November 8, 1925. I don't know whether he has any children.

ERLENE OF SOUTH DAkOTA. — If more people asked questions like yours, easy to look up this life would be just dandy. The Erlener the better. Regis Toomey was on tour in Philadelphia and attended the University of Pittsburgh. He is married to Kathrym Scott. The rest of the cast in "Under a Texas Moon" were [illegible] George Stone; [illegible] George Cooper; Bud Man of Pool, Fred Kohler; Jose Romero, Charles Selon; Buck Johnson, Jack Curtis; Pancho Gonzalez, Sam Appel; Albrecht, Tully Marshall; Antonio, Francisco Moran; Tom, Tom Dix; Jerry Jerry Barrett; Mother, Inez Gomez; Moza, Edythe Kramera; Don Roberto, Bruce Covington. Yes, Matty Kemp played Junior, and the other supporting players were [illegible] Tully Marshall; Judge Felton, Hal Hamilton; Richard Fullerton, Purnell Pratt; Anne Fullerton, Mary Thydals; Edieards, Charles McNaughton; Mrs. Fullerton, Guevieve Bliin. June Collyer is twenty-two, five feet five, with brown hair and hazel eyes. She weighs 114.

CURIOUS ME. — I suppose you're eaten up with curiosity by this time, waiting for me to save space to that great number of casts you wanted. Here are more: "True to the Navy"—Ruby Nolan, Clara Bow; Gunner McGee, Frederic March; Souloum Bumper, Harry Green; Eddie, Rex Bell; Michael, Eddie Fetherston; Albert, Eddie Dunn; Prevere, Ray Cook; Artie, Harry Sweet; Mazzie, Adele Wiegler; Groovy, Sam Hardy; Dance Hall Manager, Ted Prouty. The Argyle Case, Alexander Bayton, Thomas, Thomas Meighan, Hurlay, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lilie Lee; Bruce Arbuckle, John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatt, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Joe, Bert Roach; Sam, William Mack; Finley, Douglas Gerrard; Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Quinn. "Let's Go Places"—Paul Cadmus, Joseph Wagstaff; Marjorie Lorin, Pauline Avery, Thomas Meighan, Hurley, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lilie Lee; Bruce Arbuckle, John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatt, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Joe, Bert Roach; Sam, William Mack; Finley, Douglas Gerrard; Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Quinn. "Let's Go Places"—Paul Cadmus, Joseph Wagstaff; Marjorie Lorin, Pauline Avery, Thomas Meighan, Hurley, H. B. Warner; Mary Morgan, Lilie Lee; Bruce Arbuckle, John Darrow; Mrs. Wyatt, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Joe, Bert Roach; Sam, William Mack; Finley, Douglas Gerrard; Kitty, Albert Pendleton, Skidd, J. Qi...
Days. Leave. "Only the Brave," "The Texan," "The Man from Broadway," "The Spoilers," "Morocco," and "Fighting Caravans." Lupe Velez is five feet five and weighs 115. Marlene—pronounced Maryanne—Dietrich is also only one star and has red-tiled hair and blue eyes. Why do you want to write to a fan club if you have nothing to write about? But if you insist, I will say that Gary is a very, very fine star—and I think that must be Gary!

Lila Malkin.—I suppose you are mystified that John Boles and John Mack Brown should both have daughters named Jane Harrie; but I think that is correct. Jane Harrie, younger daughter of Jean Harlow, is not quite two. Vivienne Segal is divorced from Robert Ames. She is in her early thirties and is about five feet three. Leon Errol, or perhaps you the American stage. Yes. I have met Lupe Velez, who is as placid as a storm at sea, and John Boles, who is intelligent, well-bred, and seems quite unan actor.

Peg o' My Heart.—Of course that name means you're probably romancing. "The darling girl" who played opposite Hoot Gibson in "Points West" was Albert Vaughn, who hasn't done much since that picture. He is now playing in a Fox picture; write him at the studio. Corinne Griffith has retired, but I think an address of Hollywood, California. "Rumors of Ramon," by that no girl friend; he lives for his art. Mrs. Anita F. Potter, 726 West 64th Street, Chicago, was a close friend of Barbara La Marr and writes me she will be glad to give pictures of Barbara to any of her fans.

La Senorita.—You have no date line on your letter, so I don't know what city you wrote from. If you want songs out of any current picture, I advise you to get the dealer is the proper place to ask for them. All the music for M-G-M. pictures is published by Robbins & Company, 799 Seventh Avenue, New York City, to whom you can write directly if there is no music store in your town. The little Spanish song Ramon started to sing in "C'Hi Chi Chi" is now published, but is an old song. Elsie Janis is one of our biggest vaudeville stars, whose specialty is imitations. As she is not a screen player, I do not believe she was born in Kansas City, and she is about forty years old. She worked in an advisory capacity in one of Novarro's films, so perhaps you the American stage. Yes, I have met Lupe Velez, who is as placid as a storm at sea, and John Boles, who is intelligent, well-bred, and seems quite unan actor.

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Another Perfect Lover.

THREE cheers for Geraldine Olyanney and the brickbat she so nicely aimed at Nibert Lusk for his unflattering criticism of John Boles. At least, he did have his reviews and gnashed my teeth at the sarcastic manner in which Mr. Lusk attacks this player. Certainly if John Boles ever gets hold of a bright idea toward swollen head, he has but to read a review of one of his films by his devoted admirer, Mr. Lusk, and be properly squelched.

I do not pretend to possess the ability of criticizing the acting of a player with the authority of Mr. Lusk, but I fail to see how anyone could have done any more than he has done with the roles allotted him. It was his wonderful singing that made "The Desert Song" the success it was, for certainly the plot was asinine. Also, a more stupid or slow-moving film than "Song of the West" has never been inflicted on the public. Mr. Boles' rendition of "The One Girl" was the only bright spot in the entire feature.

Surely Lady Luck has smiled on Mr. Boles more than his share, as it is. In addition to his wonderful voice, he is unusually intelligent, which is evident on the screen and if, at present, he is not quite the finished actor Mr. Lusk expects, surely better and more frequent pictures, properly directed, will make him as good an actor as any of them. One thing is certain, he needs no improvement in the art of making love. He's got them all stopped there.

Buffalo, New York.

The Bath-robe Test.

WELL, I've seen the new "Garbo rival" in "Morocco," and while I admire her very much, so far as I am concerned, Greta still occupies the throne. After seeing Garbo in "Inspiration," I am deeper rooted than ever in my admiration of the skinny Swede. Any girl who has the courage to appear in a scene with several smartly dressed women, draped in an unbecoming bath robe and with her hair pinned back, is still not to haveone's attention glued to her, is worthy of all the laurels coming her way. Yes, Garbo is capable of keeping the niche she has made for herself, and Marlene is also capable of making one for herself, and we can admire them both.

E. T. CARSON.
8123 Escanaba Avenue.
Chicago, Illinois.

Witness For the Defense.

I WISH to suggest that certain fans are irrational, contradictory, and even slightly natty. C. B. V. of Atlanta, Georgia, was extremely vexed.

He says of Ruth Chatterton: "She has intelligence, poise, and a delightful sense of humor," but he can't see the same qualities in Ramon Novarro. There is something wrong somewhere. Get the screw driver.

He admires Richard Barthelmess because he was popular in silent films and has emerged as a fine talking player, losing no appeal. Ramon Novarro has accomplished the same feat and has something more than Mr. Barthelmess, a beautiful singing voice. Tell me, how does he get that way?

He thinks Greta Garbo should be in the Hall of Fame because she does not appeal to people of low intelligence. Ramon Novarro, one of the most cultured men on the screen, doesn't have to, either, and yet C. B. V. went to sleep at a Novarro picture.

He says that Ramon Novarro never gives his supporting cast a break. Does John Gilbert get more footage in Garbo pictures than in Novarro's? Rene Adoree and Ernest Torrence, two of the best players on the screen, are afforded opportunities in Novarro pictures that give splendid performances. A good many people complained of seeing a little too much of Dorothy Jordan in his films.

From an interview in which Anita Page told what she had learned from the actor, she said she played with, came the following paragraph: "Ramon taught Anita to neglect no detail, no matter how small. He would stop a scene to correct a bad lighting which was making a shadow across her cheek, or to suggest a more graceful movement."

Marlene Dietrich was in the limelight when she was Novarro's leading lady. Joan Crawford played opposite him and I do not think she delayed her progress on the road to well-deserved stardom. I could go on like this forever.

People do like Ramon Novarro and I, for one, wouldn't care if he gloated over it. In reading of his name Monica Andrews Shenton, says the following: "You have the great gift that is the secret of all remarkable success before the public, but most of all, naturally, in any interpretation. It is a sense of dramatic attractiveness and an undying charm."

Incidentally, I wonder how a girl who appreciates Mr. Novarro could go with a guy like Peter on. I wanted to see Mr. Novarro's picture and couldn't find any other way to get a ticket.

PEARL MOORE.
854 Colorado Avenue.
Grand Junction, Colorado.

Those Nightmarish "You-alls."

IN March Picture Play, Mary Rose of Memphis, Tennessee, wrote of the Southern accent being slaughtered in recent films.

How I agree with her! Even here in Virginia where the accent is not as pronounced as it is farther South, our flesh creeps at the sight of Nightmarish attempts to imitate it. When they say "I ain't and 'you-all," they underscore themselves as being anything but a Southerner.

I hope the people of the North, West, and East are not judging us by the portrayals in recent pictures. I assure you we are as cultured, and as gracious as any others. You will encounter some people in the South that do not reflect a real Southerner, but you investi- tigate, most always you will find they are not Southern born. It would be a pleasure to bear some one from the South speak via the silver screen.

RICHARD KAY.
Richmond, Virginia.

Talk to Marie Dressler.

ISN'T it about time that the fashion for stock figures was thrown in the ash can? It is only a question of a short time before all of our best beloved stars are going to land in a sanitarium or the cemetery. I am pining to see a girl on the screen that I could put my arms around without breaking her in a thousand splinters.

BON SANDS.
We Are Happy
to Announce That——

Beginning with the next (July) issue of Picture Play, the price of the magazine will be reduced from twenty-five cents to

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In line with price recessions in other fields, the publishers of Picture Play are meeting present conditions by offering you your favorite magazine at this marked reduction.

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