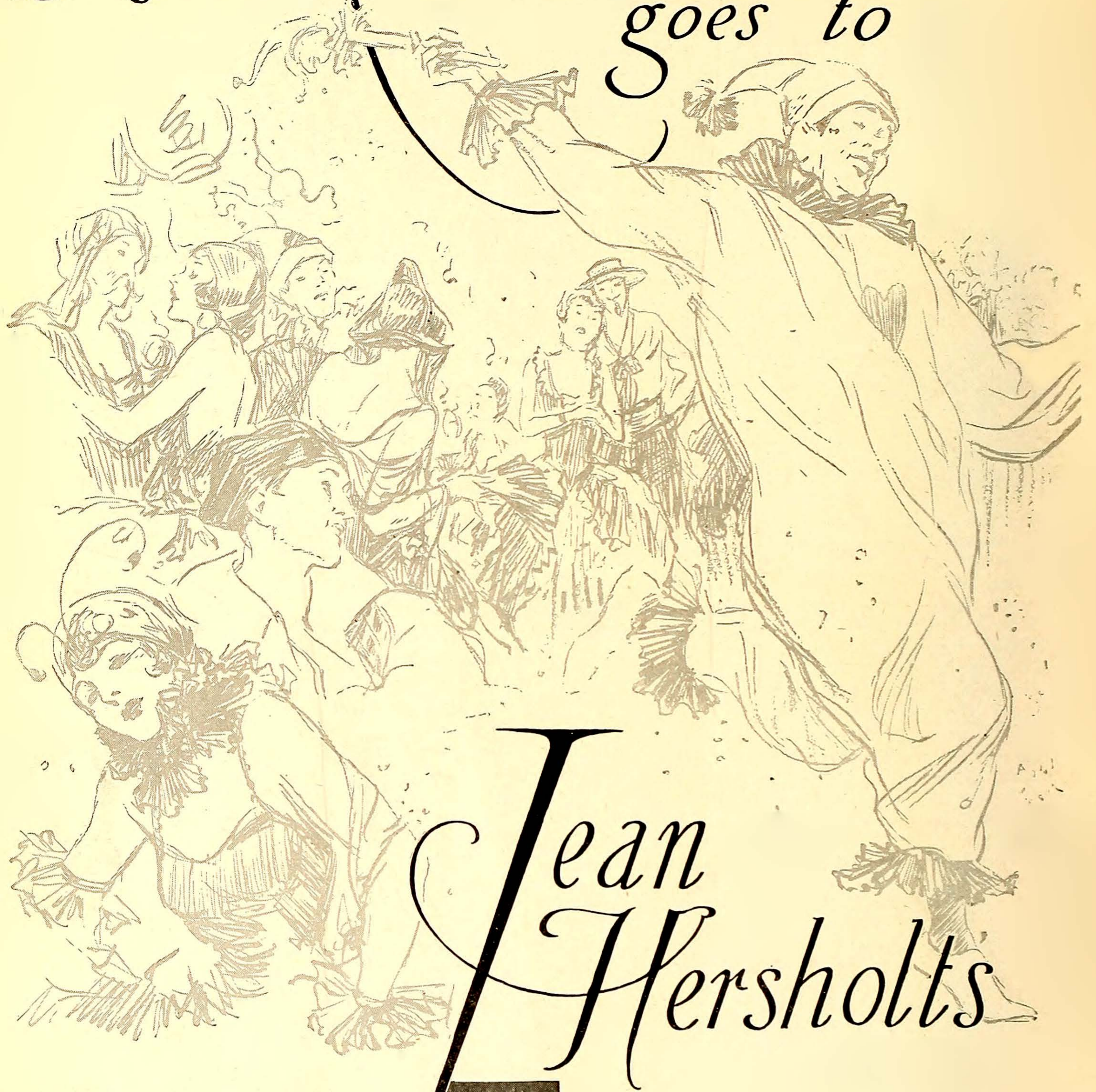


# GRACE KINGSLEY goes to



# Jean Hersholts

Richard Dix — he's good on the screen but at a party—a la-la!



Lois Wilson.



“A FANCY dress party seems to be just a challenge to all the dead serious people to put on clown costumes and all the funny people to turn into romantic characters!” exclaimed Patsy, as we made our way into Jean Hersholt’s drawing room, and met a bewildering array of Pierrots, Bo-Peeps,

Robinhoods, Russian princesses and other picturesque characters.

It was hot and everybody had unmasked. Only Albert Gran protested.

“You shouldn’t unmask until twelve o’clock!” he exclaimed.

“And,” confided Patsy with a laugh, “You couldn’t possibly miss Albert, whether he had a mask on or not, he’s so fat and so tall!”

Jean Hersholt was a roaring forty-niner, red nose and all, and it was good to see his beaming face, after our long drive, as he handed out near-beer to everybody across the long tables in his big party den, where we all sat down to supper. It is a sound proof den, and a party can make all the noise it wants to, and even the people in Jean’s drawing room won’t be dis-

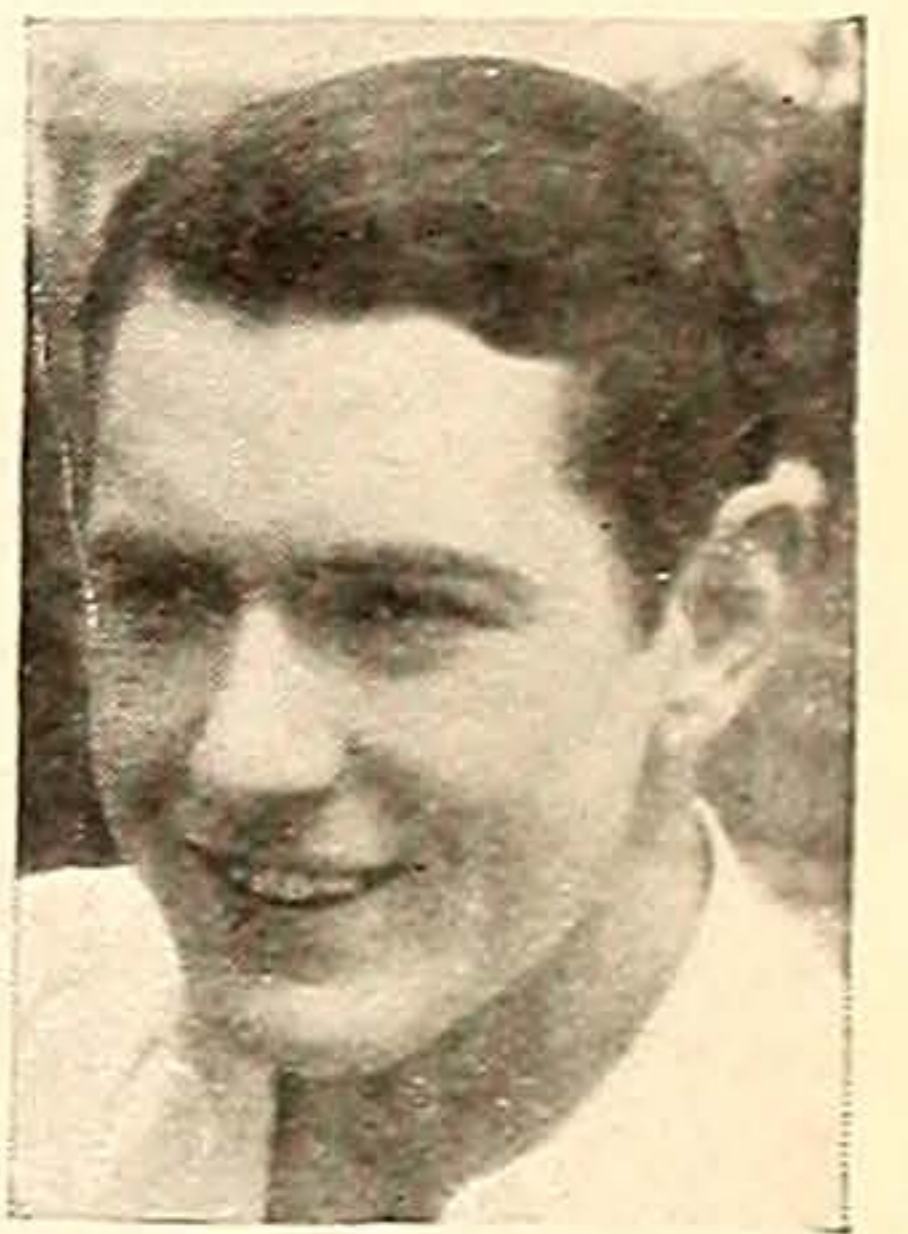
Can you imagine!  
When a great  
character actor  
wants fun he  
dresses up in an-  
other char-  
acter.



☞ Jean Hersholt in his masquerade costume representing a plastered placer miner, and with him his wife Pierrette.



☞ Fascinating Patsy Ruth Miller always wrecks the stag line.



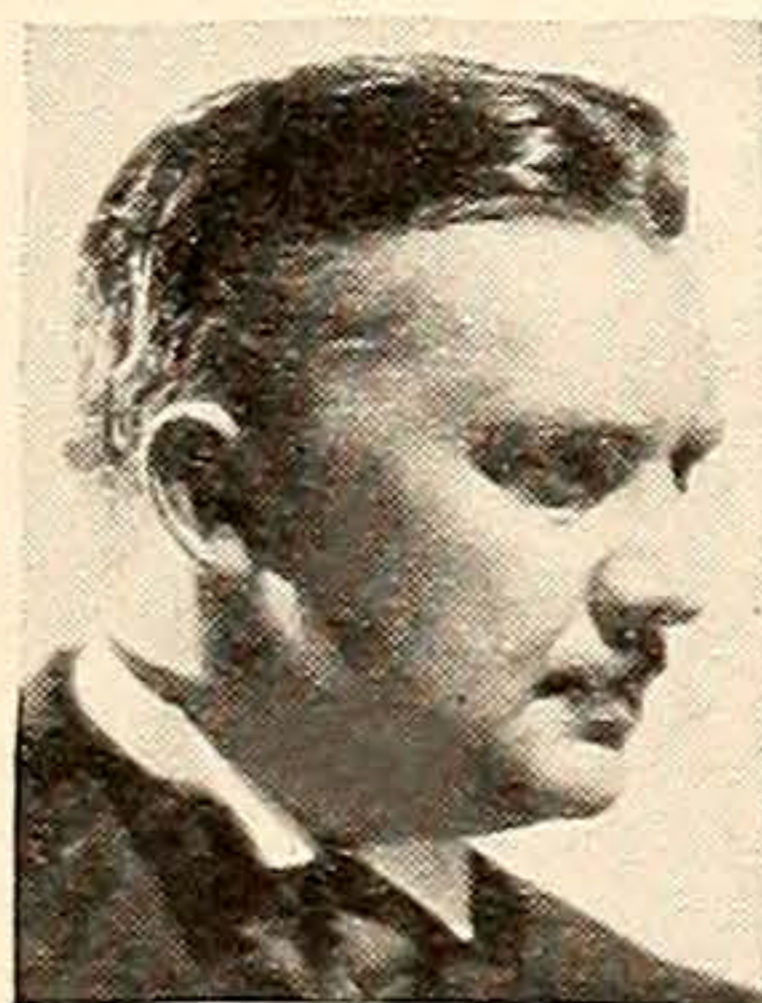
☞ Johnny Mack Brown smiling along.



☞ Beautiful Billie Dove.

# PARTY

☞ Jean Hersholt, actor, gentleman and genial host.



turbed, much less his neighbors.

Mrs. Hersholt looked radiantly lovely in a Pierrette costume. Little Jean, their son, was on hand for a little while, but was sent early to bed. However, I caught a glimpse of him, clad in his pajamas, looking wistfully over the balustrade from upstairs at the revellers below.

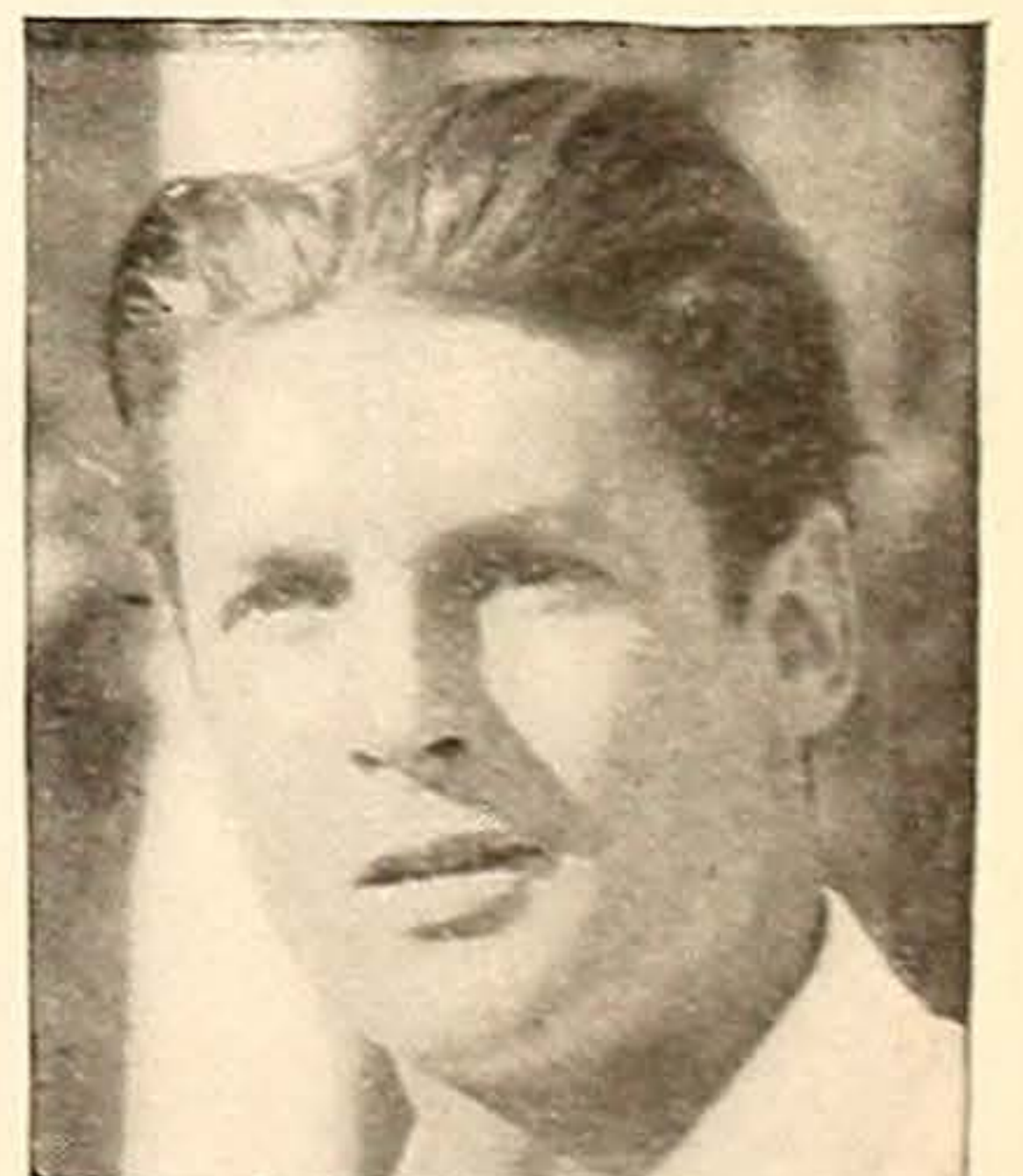
Donald Crisp was gorgeous in a South American

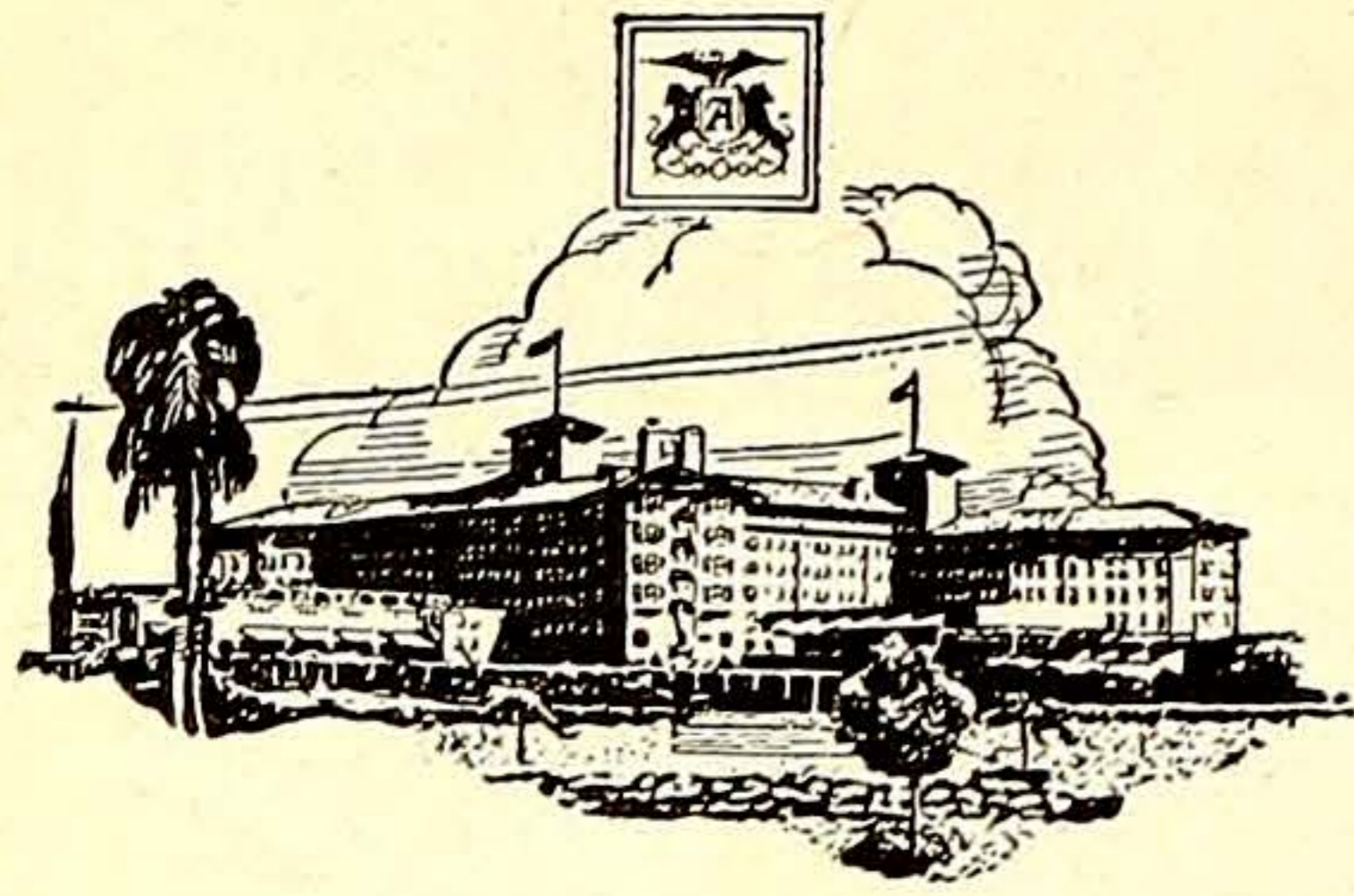
gala gaucho costume, like the one which Douglas Fairbanks wears in his new picture, *The Gaucho*,—wide, red sash, high, flaring boots, wide hat and all. Donald was quite the beau of the ball.

"No wonder women are slaves to the men in countries where the men dress like that!" whispered Patsy. Leah Baird overheard—

(Cont. on page 76)

☞ Charles Farrell one of Hollywood's most popular men.





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## Jean Hersholt's Party

Continued from page 37

"Oh, well," she retorted, "men always think women are their slaves anyhow!"

Leah was dressed in a silver-cloth gown, tight-fitting and cut away at one side to reveal silver-cloth trousers, also tight-fitting. She looked very lovely and very vampirish.

Arthur Beck, Leah's husband, wore a handsome long Mandarin coat.

Earle Foxe is out of comedies now—and says he never was so glad to escape from the 'comedy relief' in his life!—but he wore a Pierrot costume, pointed hat and all, and his wife, who isn't in pictures, but who stays at home and takes care of their son like a good little home-keeper, looked charming as Bo-Peep.

"Didn't I tell you?" demanded Patsy. Here's Mrs. Foxe dressed as Bo-Peep, when, if ever there was a gadabout, it was Bo-Peep, losing her sheep and having to trail them and all!"

Ralph Lewis said he thought he was disguised enough in his evening clothes, after wearing all those engineer, mail-carrier, firemen and other sorts of working-men clothes, so he didn't bother to put on a fancy costume; and Vera Lewis, who is playing in D. W. Griffith's picture, doing a Spanish part, wore her screen costume, saying that she was saving money that way!

Louis Moomaw's serious, earnest face looked out above a clown costume. Moomaw, by the way, has just come from Alaska, where he has spent many months making a picture.

Anders Randolph plucked off a little comedy relief for himself by wearing a tramp make-up, very funny, and he turned out to be the real comedian of the evening. Mel Brown, the director, wore an orchestra leader's costume, with little goatee, and we hardly knew him even unmasked. He carried his violin, but said that he couldn't play for us, because his G-string was broken!

Dave Upright was a fascinating Robin Hood, and sang for us in his splendid voice songs about nut-brown ale, which may be taboo in fact, but which can still be glorified musically, it seems.

After supper we went into the garden, which is a most picturesque place, with its little nooks, its fountain, roses and lawn. There is a lovely summer house, with cushions on its seats, the last word in Luxury, but it was, as Patsy remarked, just too terribly light with the electrics all about.

"But little Jean is growing up," suggested Patsy, "and will probably remedy all that."

The big tables being removed from the den, we went back there to find a Hawaiian orchestra holding forth lustily, and everybody danced, except those who preferred card playing. These latter included Ralph Lewis and Vera, who danced one dance together and then became absorbed in bridge.

Patsy decided, along about 2 o'clock, that she needed some beauty sleep, but Jean Hersholt exclaimed—

"Why, you're going to stay to breakfast with us, aren't you?"

However, we didn't, but trailed homeward, leaving the party still going strong.

"PREPARE to be vamped and revamped!"

exclaimed Patsy to George O'Hara, who was having tea with Patsy and me in her lovely rose garden.

"Why?" asked George.

"We're all invited to a Lorelei party, which Mal St. Clair, the director, is giving for Ruth Taylor, who plays Lorelei in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and for Alice White, who plays the lively Dorothy in that work of art."

When we entered, we found Alice White dancing a tango with Lige Conley, who was taking it very seriously.

"That music always makes me feel serious," he explained when he had finished.

Alice did an impromptu Spanish dance very beautifully, and then a lively Black Bottom.

Alice is a brilliant little wise-cracker, pretty, charming, and altogether delightful. She had come with Victor Fleming, to whom some people say she is engaged. We asked her, and she admitted that she was quite crazy about Victor, but that as yet there was no formal engagement.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Patsy, "if they would go off and get married without ever having been engaged! It would be just like them."

Mal St. Clair is a great host, and his wife is a great hostess, and so everybody enjoyed himself and herself hugely.

Don Alvarado was there with his lovely wife, Ann. Don had just had a big success in *Carmen*, but it doesn't seem to have gone to his head in the least, nor to have made him the least little bit less attentive to Ann, to whom, and to his little son, he is most devoted.

Micky Neilan's old orchestra was playing. They have given themselves some high-sounding name now, but I always remember them as they appeared on Micky's set, clad in old sweaters or in their shirt-sleeves, and wearing old funny looking hats, but discoursing the sweetest music that ever made a film heroine shed real tears.

While Alice was dancing, her pet monkey, a tiny Marmoset, which she carries everywhere with her, in her sleeve or her satin shopping bag, stuck its head out of the latter, and squeaked, whereupon Alice picked it up, fed it a nut from the dining room table, and petted it, after which it curled up and went to sleep in the velvet sleeve of her dress.

Madeline Hurlock was there, looking lovely as usual, and there were the Baroness and Baron Pongranz. The Baron is working in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. We naturally expected that his wife would not be able to speak a word of English, and regretting it because she is just too beautiful, when she spoke up in a perfectly good middle-west accent. She is an American girl, who met the Baron abroad and married him.

Chester Conklin added to the gaiety of nations by singing a funny song, and Montagu Love sat beside us on the sofa and related some of his funny experiences, because, being a picture villain, he simply must have his light moments, he says.

"I do hope," said Patsy, as we drove away, "that that darling Mrs. St. Clair has put us on her permanent guest list."