

More Luck O' the Irish

Little Hoosier with long hair selected as Harold Lloyd's next leading woman because she's a typical Irish girl of New York's East Side

By Frances Denton

GIRLS, girls, maybe, after all, you may have been too swift with the shears. Maybe, when that bob, bob, bobbin' came bob, bob, bobbin' along, you should have ignored the new fashion, kept your heads—and on your heads kept all your hair.

Ann Christy did.

And now she's Harold Lloyd's leading woman, the fourth leading woman he's had since he's been making pictures for himself.

And she's his fourth leading woman with long hair.

His first was Bebe Daniels. She was fifteen when she got the job, and her hair was hanging down her back in braids. His second was Mildred Davis, then seventeen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His third was Jobyna Ralston, then eighteen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His fourth is Ann Christy, once of Logansport, Ind. She's nineteen—and just look at her hair.

It's worth looking at, because there aren't many other woman's crowning glory like it in Hollywood. There, as elsewhere, everybody's bobbing it.

Ann Christy—she's exactly five feet tall—went to Hollywood four years ago without the slightest intention of going into pictures.

Born in Logansport, she'd lived in Indianapolis, and came to Hollywood to enter the business world. In Hollywood she studied bookkeeping. In Hollywood she got a job as bookkeeper in the office of a finance company, and she's held that job for over two years.

But, although she was keeping books, she also was keeping her blue eyes open. Seeing a chance to pick up more money in pictures, she took it. But hair or no hair, she set no studios on fire.

Luckily for Ann, she was not the only person in the picture business whose eyes were open.



Think before you bob! Ann Christy got her job because she resisted the Great Temptation

One other was Harold Lloyd, who, even when he's not wearing his spectacles, can see pretty well.

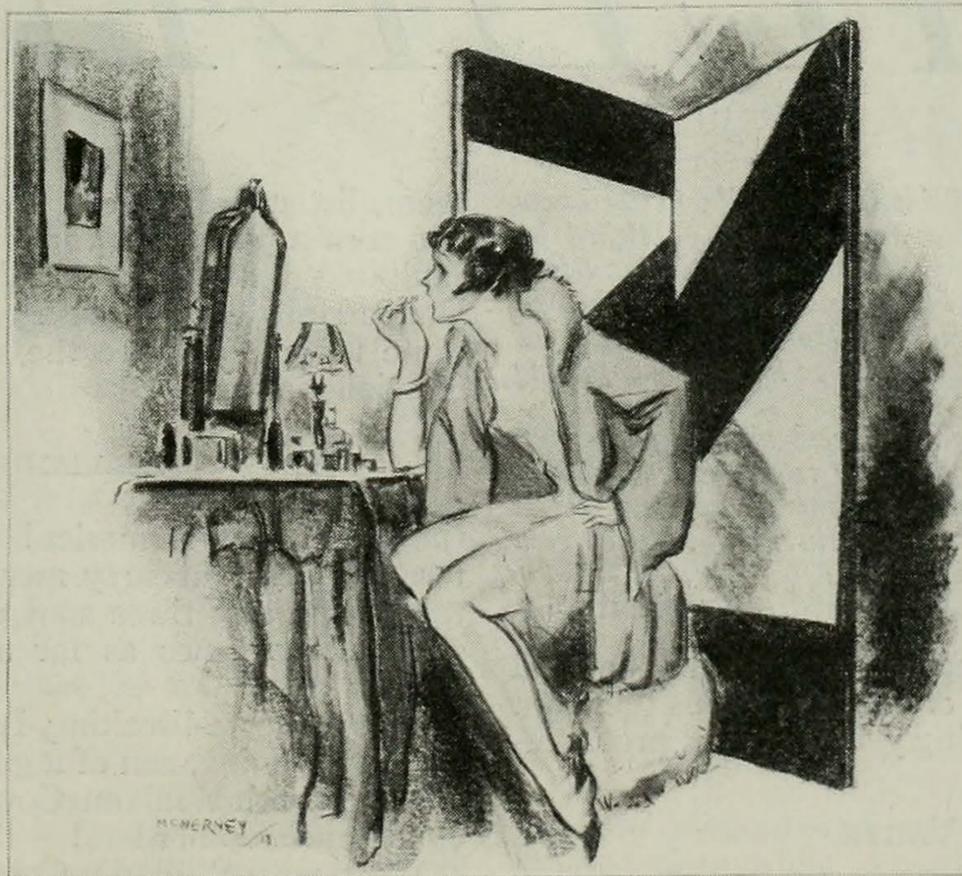
He was looking for a new leading woman. He needed her for his new picture upon which he's already spent more than \$100,000 for sets in California and upon which he'll spend several months in New York—the picture having a New York background.

What he was particularly looking for was an Irish girl typical of the East Side.

And here's where Ann Christy got her share of the luck of the Irish—and got it by right of birth, her real name being Cronin, and if Cronin isn't Irish, what is it?

Her picture happened to appear in a Los Angeles newspaper as illustrative of a new way of wearing clothes—not, mind you, a new way of wearing hair.

Lloyd, sitting at breakfast with his wife, Mildred Davis, was read-
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"Still in negligee! Don't be absolutely silly, my dear. This is my new evening outfit!"

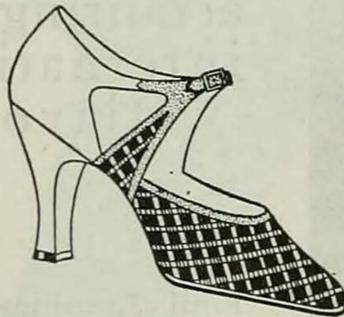
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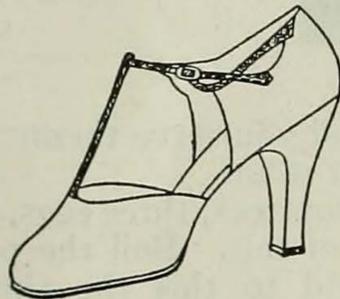
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Medium Vamp and Heel

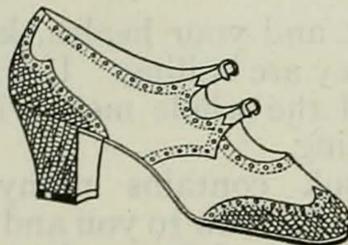
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

ing the paper. His eyes, traveling from the theatrical pages where they had rested on the names of his two other leading women, Bebe Daniels and Jobyna Ralston, fell upon a news page.

And upon that page was the picture of Ann Christy.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Harold, meaning, of course, not the California town of that name, but the Greek equivalent for "I've found it."

So he had. Because, after Ann Christy had been located, interviewed, and film-tested, it was discovered she was the typical East Side Irish girl of whom he was in search.

And this in spite of the fact that the little Hoosier has never even visited New York.

Yet, if Ann Christy's hair had been bobbed, Harold Lloyd would not have wasted upon her his Greek vocabulary.

What price scissors now?

Olympus Moves to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

in cameraland is less than 120 pounds, with Mary Philbin, five and one-half inches tall, the lightweight champion with her ninety-nine pounds.

Now here are the figures of the nine in the Venus' height class, revealing Joan Crawford's supremacy. Joan varies from Venus by a one-quarter inch loss around the chest, an inch loss through the hips, a half-inch loss in both ankle and calf.

But remember this. The camera has a trick of making everyone look ten pounds heavier than they really are.

Thus it does not permit Joan to weigh the 125 to 135 pounds correct for her height. If she did weigh that instead of the 110 pounds she maintains for screen beauty she would undoubtedly be exactly the size of the lady from Melos.

THE other eight vary much more than Joan. Leatrice Joy's ankles and legs are out of proportion to her very slender chest and hips—32 chest and 36 hips. Elinor Fair has the same chest measurement as Leatrice but her hips are 37 inches. Billie Dove is both too heavy in the bust and too slender in the calf. Yola D'Avril is hippy—39 inches. Colleen Moore is altogether too thin. Pola Negri's lower body, hips, calves and ankles are too heavy. Thelma Todd's chest is too narrow, her hips just right, her calves too small, her ankles right, which is not so good.

Aileen Pringle would delight the cloak and suiters if not the Greeks. Aileen is a perfect thirty-six, bust and hips.

Compare the figures in the box beside Richard Arlen's photograph and you find that the men are as close to Apollo's standard as the girls to Venus'.

Sixty-nine male stars made that composite star. Of them thirty-one are taller than Apollo, thirty-five shorter, and three his exact height.

The tallest is John Philip Kolb, six feet seven, yet he is not the only stellar skyscraper. Rod La Rocque, Monte Blue, Victor McLaglan, and Karl Dane are six feet three; Lane Chandler and Gary Cooper, six feet two. There's a mob of six-footers including Lloyd Hughes, Ben Lyon, Lucian Prival, Charlie Murray, Donald Reed, William Boyd, Tom Tyler,

Wallace Beery, Richard Dix, Charles Rogers, Fred Thomson, Conrad Nagel and H. B. Warner.

Ken Maynard, Clive Brook, William Haines, John Mack Brown, James Murray, Owen Moore and Ralph Forbes lack only a half inch of Apollo's height. They are five feet eleven. The very shorts are three and all of them funny—Chester Conklin, George Sydney and Raymond Hatton, these cut-ups being five feet five. The three true to Apollo's height are Richard Arlen, Paul Vincenti and Jack Mulhall.

But Jack Mulhall is otherwise under the standard; too slender through chest, hips, calf and ankle, and Paul Vincenti's proportions are too varying. Dick Arlen outclasses the other two quite thoroughly. He has a 38½-inch chest, 39½-inch hips, 14-inch calf, 8¼-inch ankle and weighs one-hundred and fifty-five.

The boys have the same need to be slim as the girls. There are five very husky boys prominent in the casting office but weight in their cases is an asset. Kolb scales 243 pounds, Tenen Holtz 225, Fred Kohler 209, Vic McLaglan 215, Emil Jannings 212.

Tyler Brook is the flyweight — one hundred and twenty-five.

McLaglan outchests all. His chest is 46 inches, that of his nearest competitor, Fred Thomson, 45 inches—and that above a 32-inch waist. Lucian Prival scores oppositely—30 inches. There are no particularly large feet among the boys, the average is size 8½ C, while the average above is an 8, but Tyler Brook has particularly small ones, two sizes smaller than Madame Corda's—size six.

THUS do the gods of the new Olympus compare with those of the old.

Centuries ago the Greeks knew how to be healthy, wealthy and wise. Then the world forgot so thoroughly that thirty years ago Oscar Wilde got by with the remark that all art was unhealthy. The senseless censors still think so.

The Greeks knew better.

Hollywood knows better. Its artists with their work, its figures with their beauty, glowing with the vitality of sun, sea and sports, prove it.

Art often lies but figures don't.