

No Convent Belle

Lois Moran was
a ballet girl at
the Paris Opera

By Dorothy Spensley



Lois, at the age of eighteen, looks like the kid sister of the girl pictured below

AND here all the time I've been deceived, misled by popular belief.

I thought Lois Moran had been stolen from some grey-walled French convent and brought to this country, unworldly, inexperienced, to be an unsophisticated daisy in a field of blasé buttercups. But daisies do tell and Lois is no exception.

It did, I will admit, spoil the mental picture I had of Sam Goldwyn as a plumed Launcelot rescuing the fair damsel and rushing off with her to the screen Camelot of Hollywood.

"Tell me about the convent," I said to Lois, immediately. And she smiled. "Convent?" Lois said in her small gentle voice.

"The convent in Paris where Sam Goldwyn found you."

"Oh, but I was in no convent in Paris. Whatever gave you that idea?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Yet this photograph shows Lois as she looked when, a child of fourteen, she made her first screen appearance in a French film

Thanks to

ZIP

hair-free skin

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

CAREFREE—and happy! You can be also when you learn to resort to ZIP to destroy every vestige of superfluous hair.

No caustics; no sulphides; easy to apply; rapid; painless; fragrant and absolutely harmless, that is why ZIP is so popular.

Remember, this dainty Epilator can be used to destroy hair on the face, as well as on any part of the limbs or body.

Use ZIP once and you need never resort to ordinary depilatories. Money-back guarantee. Try it at my expense.

Sold everywhere. Treatment or FREE Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthe, Specialist, Dept. 921
562 Fifth Ave., New York

I should like to receive, without charge, in plain envelope, a copy of your book "Beauty's Greatest Secret", telling about ZIP. Also your book "Fashion Decrees".

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

LEARN TO WRITE WRITE TO EARN

"The Palmer Photoplay Course would have saved me at least a year in arriving at my present position and income."

"THE Palmer Institute is better equipped to teach the screen story than any institution outside of a motion picture studio," says Charles Kenyon, author of the story and continuity of *The Iron Horse*. "That fact, that studios are too busy making pictures to teach people how to make them, leaves the Palmer Institute alone in its field."

The Palmer Institute can teach you the dramatic technic of the screen story, the foundation which every artist must acquire who writes directly for the screen, or who sells his product as a magazine story or a novel and later disposes of the motion picture rights.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Dept. 12-V, Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

Short Story Writing English and Self-Expression
 Photoplay Writing

Name _____

Address _____

All correspondence strictly confidential
No salesman will call upon you

animals is his predominant trait. At his home, he has a heterogeneous collection of pets—birds, monkeys, dogs, and a cat that swims. Norman insists it's the only swimming cat in the world.

Minnie, the elephant, to whom he is devoted, was first brought from vaudeville to play with him in "Lorraine of the Lions" and for weeks he fed her peanuts, making friends with her before they began working on the picture.

THAT was three years ago, but since then he has visited the pachyderm every week with gifts of peanuts and bananas. She will probably never appear in another film with him, but that makes no difference. He and Minnie are pals.

He claims he can tame any animal. While playing in "The Acquittal" he tried to get chummy with a wolf at the Universal zoo. The animal bit him, sending him to the hospital with an infected hand. But as soon as he was released, Norman hurried back to the zoo, to talk to the wolf again. Now it has a dog-like affection for him.

Norman had proved he could pick screen material. He started many players, including Rudy Valentino, on the road to success. He advised Richard Dix to take up the new motion pictures. He took a little of his own advice and headed for Hollywood. Landing he went down to the Universal studio to visit his friend, Art Acord. As he crossed the lot, he was spied by James Young, the director. Young declared he was just the type for the lead in a film then in the making. Norman had never seen a movie camera, much less faced one. But when he saw Young was not joking, he argued he was worth \$125 a week, and got it.

He strolled into the dressing rooms and

beheld Kenneth Harlan, a dancer, whom he had known on Broadway. "Make me up, Ken," he ordered. "I'm this company's new leading man."

That started him. Though he has occasionally made pictures for other companies, he has always remained loyal to Universal. "I hope to stay with them always," he says. "When I get bored acting I can go play in the zoo and besides, they spoil me and let me have my own way."

Kerry probably has less conceit than any living actor. While he enjoys the praise "Annie Laurie" is winning, he hasn't seen it. He rarely sees any of his productions and never views rushes. He has no publicity agent. Neither does he read his press notices. Still, when Jack Pickford tried to tease him by saying he didn't think his Scotchman in the Gish picture was half what it was said to be, Norman murmured, "No? And what have you been so good in lately?"

Kerry is not a person who likes change. He has stayed in California ever since he returned from the war. His wife goes to New York every few months, Norman never. He once loved Broadway. His people, whose name is Kaiser, are still there. But he never goes back.

"SO many of the boys I knew there have died," he explains. "That keeps me away. It's the only thing I can't face in life—the thought of death. It's uncomfortable and I love life too well."

He has one ambition. He wants to do a story of the Vikings discovering America. "They were great people," he declares, "people full of enthusiasm, daring, and they were beautiful two-handed drinkers. I'd enjoy doing such a characterization, particularly the latter part."

No Convent Belle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

"All the publicity that went out about you before you made 'Stella Dallas.' The stories that you were a shy and retiring violet of a girl, a fragile blossom of a thing who knew nothing of the world, whose contract would be cancelled if Sam saw you rouging your lips, blooming your cheeks. You rode a bicycle to and from the studio, even, and scorned the cushioned splendor of limousines."

Lois laughed.

"THE only convent I attended was one in Pittsburgh. I was dancing in the ballet at l'Opera in Paris when Mr. Goldwyn came to town. He was looking for a Juliet for Ronald Colman's *Romeo*. I read the advertisement in a Parisian paper, and answered it.

"Mr. Goldwyn talked Juliet to me, but he really had in his mind the part of *Laurel Bud* in 'Stella Dallas.' It was then I signed the contract and came to Hollywood."

"Yes, but how about the minus-the-paint clause and the bicycle riding?"

Beneath the black felt hat, rather large, that Lois wore and above the black taffeta dress, flower-sprigged, and dainty with tiny puffed sleeves and velvet rib-

bons, her face was as innocent of artificial coloring as Mother Eve's. A faint dash of powder, yes. No mascaro frilled her eyes.

"I don't use any make-up to speak of really. And bicycle riding—that's splendid exercise. Everyone does it abroad. Especially in England, where they ride to and from work. It's awfully good exercise, you know."

That's where the convent legend started. With the first picture of Lois pedalling to the studio grew the story that she was just a little convent bud. It was watered with the paint and rouge abstinence story and Lois grew into the Lady Galahad of Hollywood.

THE fact that she had danced a couple of years in Paris, had made two motion pictures abroad, had traveled the length and breadth of the continent by the time she was sixteen was submerged in the swath of publicity about the "sweet old-fashioned" girl who had come to astound the motion picture colony.

She did astound it, because it was soon discovered that Lois Moran was a most amazing contradiction. And she still is.

She rarely goes to film parties when she

is working, because she must be in bed by nine o'clock in order to be thoroughly refreshed for the next day's work.

She does not drink nor smoke, and the lipstick container in her vanity is still empty.

She is not priggish. She is tolerant.

I have seen her spellbind a cavorting crowd by doing the Charleston. And doing it so well, with such spirit and abandon, that they stood about in little silent, gaping groups.

I saw her, one night at a party, completely ensnare the brilliant John Barrymore, while languishing, more exotic ladies of the screen patted marcelled and looked annoyed.

"And the next morning's paper said you were to be John's leading lady."

"We didn't even mention pictures," laughed Lois.

They probably talked stage, although I didn't ask her, and Lois by that magic charm of hers had John telling about his experiences on the boards. That's one of her flattering secrets. To direct the conversation to you—to things you are interested in. John undoubtedly found himself discussing Pirandello with her, for he knew that she did not think the Italian playwright a hair tonic. He found himself chattering in French with her. And it was by sheer force of her own personality and not by matching cocktails with him that set the other women's teeth to gnashing.

There are darned few actresses in Hollywood who can do it.

To begin with, Lois Moran and her mother are inseparable.

"She understands me," says Lois, with a bright little jerk of the head. "It's nice when mothers do."

THEY are from Pittsburgh, those two who look and act so much alike. After leaving the convent which accredited her with high school honors, Lois and her mother went to Europe. They made their way, lazily, through England, through France, Germany—"you must see Munich," a pretty pink flare of excitement came to Lois' cheeks, "and its open air concerts, its galleries. It's a perfectly joyous town."

In Paris the two hesitated. This was the place for Lois to perfect the things she wanted to express.

"First came dancing." Lois' small left hand was official scorekeeper. The index finger bowed.

"Second came the stage." The middle finger was crooked.

"Third came the screen." Down went the ring finger.

"Fourth came the violin." The little finger sank.

"For two years I danced at l'Opera. Not with the large chorus of a hundred or more who are used in the older operas, but in the newly formed group of thirty who dance in the modern operas. Our technique was different—interpretative, emphasized by soft flowing chiffons, instead of the tulle and fleshings and routine toe-and-dip of the classical ballet."

Dancing, her first aspiration, was fulfilled.

It was then that a French motion picture concern offered Lois a contract for three pictures. The first was made in Italy—"The Gallery of the Monsters,"

Armpits Dry and Odorless



THAT, today, is the condition of the armpits of more than a million women who use NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) to keep their underarms dry and odorless.

NONSPI does not stop perspiration. It destroys the odors and diverts the perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation. The underarms are kept dry and odorless. Lingerie, dresses and gowns are protected from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, has brought relief and happiness to more than a million women. It has relieved them from the mental distress caused by woman's most embarrassing problem—excessive underarm perspiration.

And how simple it was for these women to free themselves. A few drops of NONSPI applied to the underarms just before retiring, on an average of twice a week. No more odors! No more ruined clothing!

No woman can be at ease or comfortable who is a victim of excessive underarm perspiration. She lacks that daintiness and charm so essential to her happiness. That is why fastidious women use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Get a bottle of NONSPI from your department or drug store today! Start using it tonight! A 50 cent bottle lasts several months. We will, if preferred, mail you a bottle postpaid for 50 cents (we accept postage stamps) or will mail a testing sample free.

No more perspiration ruined dresses!



THE NONSPI COMPANY
2641 Walnut Street,
Kansas City, Missouri

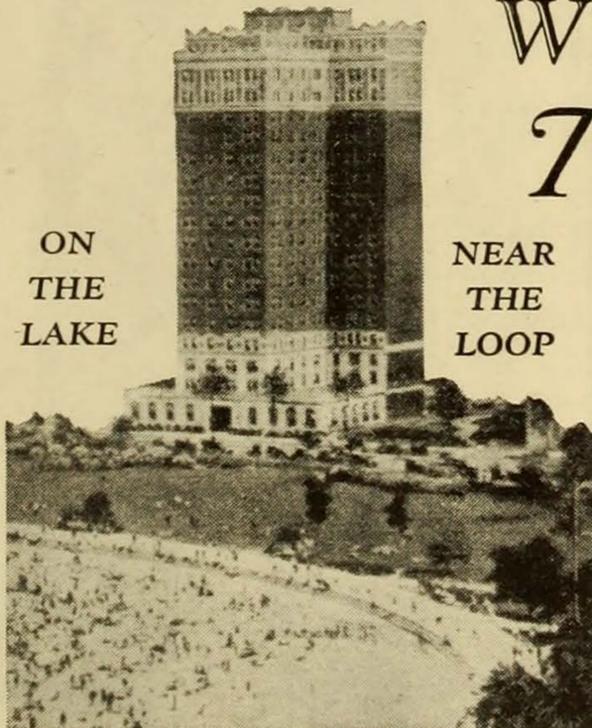
Send free NONSPI sample to

NAME

STREET

CITY

When in Chicago



THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL the most commanding Hotel in Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan on *Lake Shore Drive*, around the corner from the internationally known upper Michigan Avenue, has an unobstructed view for miles and miles of the beautiful North Shore. Impressive in its *period design* and *furnishings*, it embodies every conceivable *service* for your comfort.

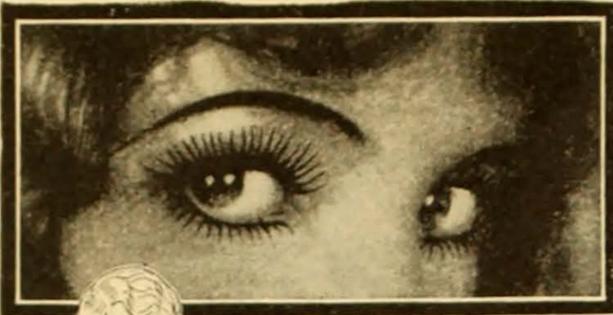
The Dining Room

which is open to non-residents is unsurpassed in Chicago. In cuisine, it meets the most exacting demands of epicure.

THE LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL

181 LAKE SHORE DRIVE • CHICAGO

W. B. JOHNSON, Manager



*Charming
Eyes like
these -- are
Easy to have!*

EYES that ask or command, laugh and dance or tell tales on your heart; they're charming eyes—attractive—and very easy to have.



To obtain this delightful effect all you need do is make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. This is best and easiest done with genuine Maybelline.

You'll like Maybelline, because it goes on easily, looks natural and is guaranteed absolutely harmless in every respect.



Obtain a box of Solid Maybelline or a bottle of the Liquid form from any toilet goods dealer. You will be amazed at the marvelous difference Maybelline and just a minute can make in your appearance.

Either form in black or brown, 75c everywhere

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

a story of a circus sideshow with Lois, not fifteen, in a black wig, as a forlorn little mother with a baby. It smacks of the pioneering hardships of the Gish girls and Mary Pickford, pigtailed kids in smocks off-screen, who, by the direction of Griffith, were matronly martyrs in early motion pictures.

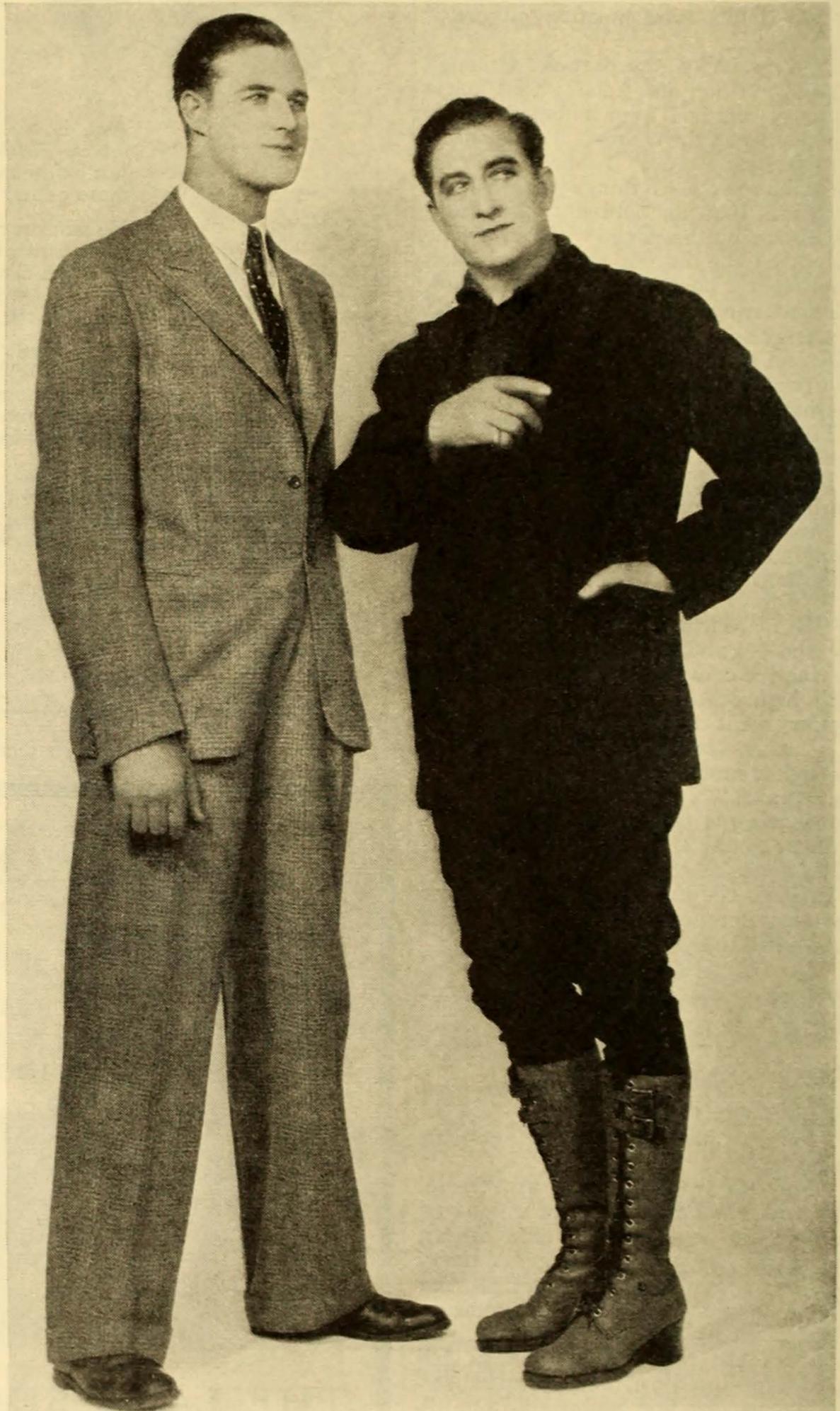
In France, as in America, it is hard to raise money for the cinema. A year passed before Lois and her mother went on location to Spain where "The Living Dead Man" was made. The little company could raise no more money. The third picture was not made and Lois wrote her letter to Sam Goldwyn. Not as

a shy little maiden seeking freedom from her cloistered garden, but as an independent person who knew just what she wanted and how to go about getting it.

"Why did you neglect the stage? That's second on the list."

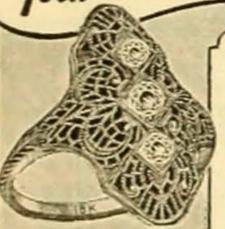
"I've juggled them a bit," smiling, then with that flattering, confiding bit of charm—"I think it's better, don't you, to have screen experience first? It's really valuable to the stage."

Of course I said yes. One does. You would have declared, while looking into the blue frankness of her eyes, that to-dancing was the only training on earth for missionary work, if she had asked you.



Francis X. Bushman has always been considered one of the tallest men on the screen. But ranged up besides Francis X., Jr., he looks small. So the younger generation scores again. Both Bushmans are working at the Universal Studio

3 Greatest SPECIALS \$29.75
Your Choice at



AA1 - Gorgeously pierced, lace design dinner ring; 18K white gold set with 3 perfectly matched genuine diamonds. Special \$29.75

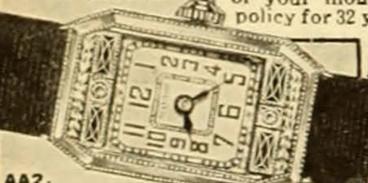
A Full Year To Pay

The greatest genuine jewelry bargains ever offered! Credit values which defy cash store competition. Pin only \$1 to your order and your choice comes to you parcel post prepaid on **10 Days Free Trial**. Then pay postman only \$1 more on delivery; after free trial period pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments of \$2.32 each. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or your money refunded—our policy for 32 years

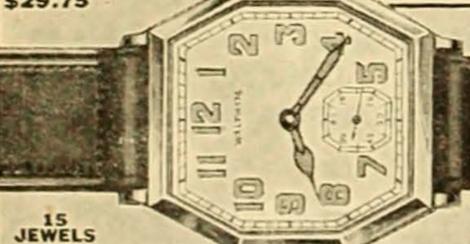
FREE—Royal Book of Gems

Thousands of special values in genuine diamonds, jewelry and watches. Send for your copy at once

Wear while paying.



AA2 - Spectacular value! Lady's wrist watch, 14K solid white gold engraved case set with 2 genuine diamonds and 4 French Blue Sapphires; guaranteed 15 jewel movement. Special \$29.75



15 JEWELS

Elgin or Waltham

AA3 - Never before offered at so low a price! Gents strap watch; 20 year guaranteed, newest Olympic octagon case, white or green gold filled. Fitted with 15 jewel nationally advertised Waltham or Elgin movement. Special \$29.75

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ESTABLISHED 1895
ADDRESS DEPT. 1836 170 BROADWAY N.Y.