

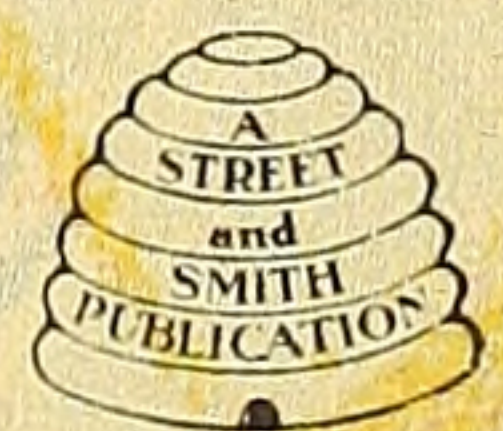
PICTURE PLAY

JUNE
1928

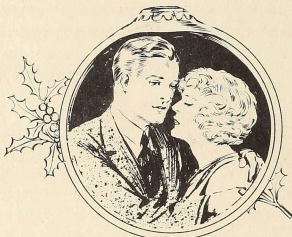
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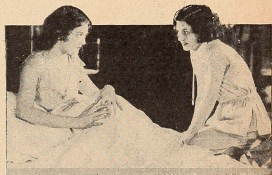
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ANOTHER GREAT



PRODUCTION

Picture Play

Volume XXVIII

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Number 4

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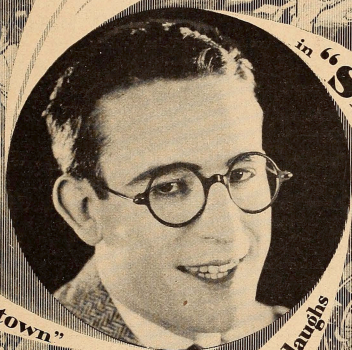
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Paramount Pictures



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CINDERELLA SAYS GOOD-BY



SHE'S gone out of business, you see. There isn't a place in Hollywood any more for the poor little Cinderella, who is "discovered" by some one and is made a star by sunrise next morning. It isn't done any more and never was done, really, though the legend has persisted with the help of the press agents. The so-called Cinderellas to-day have all worked hard to get where they are—some of them for years. Janet Gaynor, for one, played for two years in Fox pictures before she made her great hit in "Seventh Heaven." Whereupon was born the legend that she was just another Cinderella, a nobody who had never acted before. What of her long apprenticeship as an extra? No one knows so well as Janet what she endured then. In PICTURE PLAY for July the truth about all the so-called Cinderellas will be told by William H. McKegg, who explodes the myth completely.



Welcome the Plump Heroines

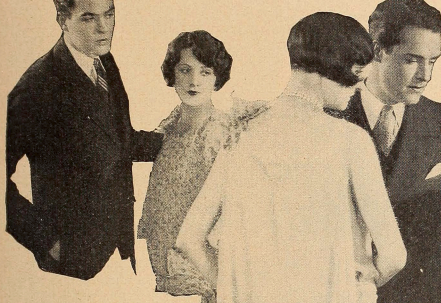
Give a hand to girls like Ann Rork, Renee Adoree, Audrey Ferris, and others who have the courage of their convictions in conserving their curves, and making no attempt to reduce them to the proportions of a pencil or a lathe. Myrtle Gebhart will tell you next month all about these girls and how they feel on the subject of their acknowledged plumpness. Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview with Dolores del Rio will present the Mexican star in a new light, and Margaret Reid's analysis of Vilma Banky will delight admirers of both writer and star, while the best, because the most unusual, story ever written about Zasu Pitts will explain her unique charm. These are but a few random items chosen from PICTURE PLAY's richly filled pages next month.



"Don't spoil the party!"

.. someone called when I sat down at the piano

—a moment later they got the surprise of their lives!



I WAS just about to enter the room when the sound of my name caught my attention.

"It'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again!" Bill was saying about me. "Maybe it'll seem too much like old times!" came the laughing rejoinder. "You'd better lock the piano!"

"Nonsense! He won't have the nerve to play after what happened the last time!"

"That was a shabby trick. I almost wish we hadn't pulled it . . ."

How well I knew what they were talking about! Yes, it was a shabby trick they had played on me. But, looking back, I really couldn't blame them.

Let me tell you about that last party. Jolly, informal—all the guests old friends of mine. I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing some popular numbers.

But before I had played more than two or three pieces I noticed an unusual stillness. I stopped playing, turned around, and saw—the room *was empty!*

Instead of entertaining the party, as I had fondly imagined, my halting, stumbling performance had been a nuisance.

Burning with shame and indignation, I determined to have nothing more to do with the "friends" who had let me make a fool of myself—when suddenly it occurred to me that there was a way in which I could turn the tables.

Carefully avoiding the "crowd's" parties, I had hid my true self until I was absolutely certain that I could put my plan over. At last, tonight, the moment had come.

Calmly walking into the room I pretended not to notice the guilty expression on Bill's face as he welcomed me. Every one seemed overjoyed to see me again—obviously glad that I had evidently forgiven and forgotten last year's trick.

Suddenly I turned to Bill and said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned, old boy. I feel just in the mood . . ."

Instantly the friendly atmosphere changed. It was amusing to see the look that spread from face to face. For a moment no one spoke. Then, just as I was sitting down at the piano, some one called:

"For heaven's sake, get away from that piano! Don't spoil the party!"

That was my cue. Instead of replying I struck the first bars of "Sunday". And how! Easily, smoothly, with all the verve and expression I had always longed for!

Gone was the halting, nerve-racking hesitation that had formerly made my playing a torture to the listeners. No wonder the guests gasped with amazement. Fascinated, scarcely believing their ears, they drew nearer. When I finished they loudly clamored for more. Time and again when I would have stopped, they eagerly insisted on "please!"

How I taught myself to play without a teacher

When they finally allowed me to leave the piano I turned around and said:

"Just a moment, folks! I want to thank you for what you did for me last year!"

The eager, laughing faces turned red with embarrassment. One or two of the boys murmured an apology. Seeing their confusion, I continued:

"I mean it! If you hadn't opened my eyes, I'd still be a dub at playing. I went home mighty angry that night, I'll admit. But it taught me a lesson. And believe me, folks, when I think of the real pleasure I get out of playing now, I'm only sorry you didn't pull that trick sooner!"

Before letting me go home that night Bill cornered me and said, "Listen, Dan, I want an explanation! How did you do it?"

I laughed. "Why, I just took advantage of a new way to learn music, that's all!"

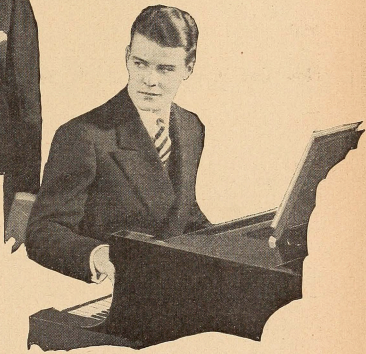
"What do you mean new way? Didn't you take lessons from a teacher?"

"No! I taught myself!"

"Absolutely! You've heard of the U. S. School of Music, haven't you?"

"That's a correspondence school, isn't it?"

"Yes. When that trick showed me up last year, I sent for one of their free demonstration lessons. Well, it proved to be much easier than I had hoped for that I sent for the complete course. And believe me, I'm mighty glad I did! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay—and since the lessons came by mail, I didn't have to set aside valuable hours to study. I practiced only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. And the course is thorough! Why, almost before I knew it, I could play anything—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"



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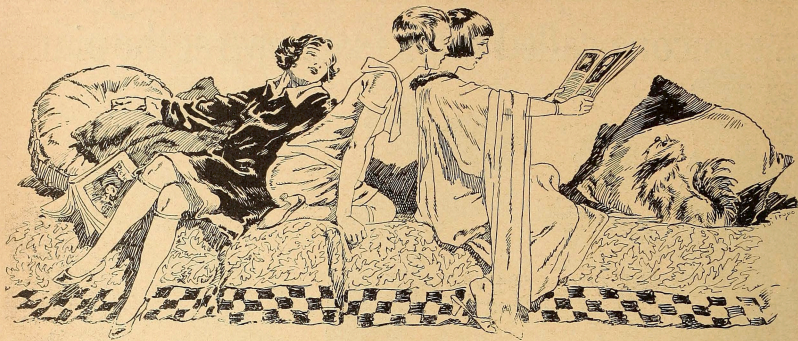
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What the Fans Think



POSSIBLY the readers of PICTURE PLAY would be interested in knowing something about the players as I have seen them going about their business or their pleasures.

When I was in the Paramount restaurant, not long ago, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Ford Sterling came in together. Wallace was wearing a long, flannel nightgown, and he held it out and danced to his table. He is usually clowning, and is pleasant and friendly. William Powell lunched there, too. His eyes give him his sinister appearance. He has long eyes with a light-blue iris surrounded by a dark ring. His hair is dark and curly. A ready laugh and a sociable, fun-loving nature make him popular. His is one of the few names that will draw me into the theater. I am always certain he will give an interesting performance, regardless of what the story may be.

The members of the "Abie's Irish Rose" company were lunching. Jean Hersholt, who plays *Abie's* father, wore a misfit dress suit belonging to Wallace Beery. If there is any player who can laugh more heartily, or get more enjoyment out of a joke than Jean Hersholt, I don't know him. Bernard Gorcey, who has the rôle of *Cohen*, lunched with Mr. Hersholt. If he is half as funny on the screen as he is in real life, he will be a wow. Mr. Hersholt let his food get cold while he laughed at Mr. Gorcey's antics.

Charles Rogers plays *Abie*. He is a tall, slim boy with a nice smile and an unaffected manner. Nancy Carrol plays *Rose*. She is new to the screen, but was very popular here on the stage. She is a beautiful girl, if you like the baby-doll type. She has reddish-blond hair, a round face, round blue eyes and a babyish nose and mouth.

Myrtle Stedman is a beautiful woman with blond hair and fine, expressive eyes. She is friendly, sweet, and gracious. George Bancroft and Fred Kohler lunched together. Mr. Bancroft looks as he does on the screen, and laughs the same way. Watch Mr. Kohler, for he is coming right along as a heavy. How mean that man can be on the screen! And he is so friendly and pleasant in real life.

Richard Dix was there, looking very thin and shaky after a siege of "flu." You girls who adore Mr. Dix, how would you like to have him buy your breakfast for you? That is what happened to an artist friend and me when he was sent here to make "The Vanishing

American." My friend had made a beautiful drawing of Mr. Dix and sent it to him. He replied with a nice letter and a photograph. When he came into the restaurant where we were having breakfast my friend spoke to him. He asked if he might share our table. I made room for him so that his fan could sit across from him. She sat there with her eyes fixed on her favorite.

My friend was getting along very nicely when she lost her head and spoiled it all. She told Mr. Dix that she adored him, and that she had gone to New York to be near him, only to find that he had been sent back to the Coast. I shall never forget the frightened expression on Richard's face, as he made haste to shake hands and say good-bye. I suppose the poor chap had visions of another madwoman camping on his doorstep and making a pest of herself.

Most of the players look about as they do on the screen, but occasionally one surprises you. William Boyd, for example, photographs blond, but has gray hair. He is, I believe, about twenty-six years old and has been gray since he was nineteen.

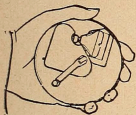
Some of the players surprise you with their lack of height. John Gilbert, Douglas Fairbanks, Roy d'Arcy, Adolphe Menjou, and Lewis Stone are a few who are not as tall as they appear on the screen. The players appearing with these stars are usually carefully hand-picked not to overtop them, and the camera man shoots up at them, thus giving them the appearance of height. John Gilbert and Roy d'Arcy look as they do on the screen. Douglas Fairbanks may own a hat, but he has never had it on when I have seen him. He is tanned as brown as an Indian. Lewis Stone is imposing on the screen, but in real life would not draw a second look. I saw him working with Barbara La Marr in her last picture, "The Girl from Montmartre," and he looked like a tired, old bookkeeper in evening clothes. He has almost white hair, dark eyes, and a small gray mustache. I enjoy Mr. Stone's acting, and usually go to see his pictures, but I wish he would not play the lover. He has reached the bless-you-my-children age.

Gilbert Roland photographs as he looks. He has black, curly hair and black eyes, and looks very Latin. He may be all the world to some fans, but to me he is only a trick eyebrow, a pair of side burns, and a hairy neck. How I would like to shave the back of that boy's neck!

(Continued on page 10)



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Continued from page 8

You wouldn't notice Ramon Novarro if you met him on the street. He is a good looking, but he doesn't look as he photographs. He seems to be a very quiet and studious boy, and gives the impression of being a clean-minded, sweet-souled young man. Norma Shearer is another player who doesn't photograph as she looks. Her beauty is largely in make-up, careful lighting, and good photography. Her eyes are her worst feature, and when she works before the camera she shadows them with bright green.

The most beautiful woman I have seen in Hollywood is Billie Dove. She is even more beautiful than she is on the screen. She has exquisite coloring. Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Gloria Swanson, and Bebe Daniels are very dark. Bebe Daniels looks Spanish. Bessie Love is very small and cute, but she is not a cutie. There is a difference, you know.

It remained for Robert Frazer to hand me the greatest number of surprises of any player. He doesn't look at all as he does on the screen. He looks about ten years younger and is much handsomer. I think Robert, Frazer is the handsomest man I have ever seen. He is tall and has delicate, sensitive features, very black hair with a soft wave in it that he tries desperately to brush into straightness, cloquent dark eyes—almost black—and a clear, golden skin. He has a most engaging smile—eager, boyish, and sunny—and a more colorful and vivid personality than he has on the screen. He has the simplicity of manner and the naturalness of an unspooled child. There is not a particle of pretense or pose about him.

Mr. Frazer doesn't run true to form. My idea of attempting the impossible is trying to get Mr. Frazer to talk about himself. He has the happy faculty of finding out what his companion is interested in and then talking along those lines. And he will listen when others talk. A rare virtue.

Yes, Bob Frazer certainly surprised me, but I am grateful for that surprise, for he is one of the finest men I have ever known.

GRACE LAURA SHAYER.

504 South Oxford Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.**Paragons of Beauty Not Wanted.**

The object of this diatribe is a letter written by one Gene Charteris, to the effect that it is lucky for the stars that they are expertly photographed, or else—horrors!—they would not be beautiful.

But, I ask you, who cares if the stars are not paragons of beauty? Certainly not the multitude of fans who attend the cinema, who go not to view the glorification of physical perfection, but to enjoy the excellent acting of such far-from-handsome stars as Lon Chaney or Wallace Beery.

It is these irregularities of feature that Mr. Charteris criticizes, which give a person individuality. Indeed, I might say that it is *only* these departures from perfection that make for character, for who ever saw a person of perfect lineaments whose face showed the slightest semblance of character? I, for one, would rather have a star of individuality and character than one with all the physical attributes of a Greek god.

In fact, the physical perfections of two thirds—I might even say three fourths—of the so-called beautiful stars will not bear analysis. Take Garbo as an example. This tremendously popular player is not beautiful in the conventional sense of

the word, but certainly she is the most potent personality on the screen to-day. But her strange enticement would be entirely gone if she were different than she is now, for it is her gaunt, thin face and awkward, careless carriage that make her unique. A star of the rare beauty of a Philbin or a Dove is most unusual. Yet who can truthfully say that the success of those two stars surpasses that of Adoree, Goudal, or Moore?

The same might be said of what Mr. Charteris terms the aging stars. The fact that Gloria Swanson is obviously older than many of the newer stars does not lessen my keen enjoyment of her acting. It is ability, not age or appearance, that counts.

Who wants to change the stars, anyway? I'm sure that many fans will agree with me when I say that the stars certainly are wonderful as they are, be they old or young, beautiful or plain.

ALICE L. KING.

536 Lowell Avenue,
Palo Alta, California.**What Do You Think?**

I am beginning to think it would be only fitting for PICTURE PLAY to rename this department, after the many and heated disputes which have occurred herein recently, and call it "What the Fans Think—and How!"

Seriously, the department for the past few months has represented one grand squabble. I suppose this is really what this space is given up for, but it seems to me that the remarks made herein might be tempered just a bit.

I think that Edwin Schallert's story, "The Battle of the Stars," in the March issue, has put our problem most efficiently. To wit, it is not the question of whether this reigning favorite surpasses that one, or whether this one must be a better man in private life, because of the appeal in his black eyes, but whether the oncoming flood of new stellar material can hope to overthrow the traditions which cling to the older stars.

If every one worshiped at the throne of the same star, what a dismal place the fan magazines would be! It's variety that counts. We can't all love the same stellar light, so why rail against our neighbor for lifting his eyes to a light that means nothing to us? That star, and less natural and less disputative.

Just to prove that I'm in the same class myself, I'll admit that Ramon Novarro is, and has always been, my supreme favorite; but I'll also admit frankly that I very much admire John Gilbert, consider him a great artist, and always go to see his plays.

Olive Borden is too artificial to survive opposition for long; Greta, the one and only Garbo, is and has been from the start of her career, publicized too much to live for long. She has been so often portrayed as the heartless siren that we really believe her to be such. Jetta Goudal is an artist of Negré's class—exotic and bizarre, a burning high light among screen personalities. Good direction and good casting have made Ronald Colman what he is to-day—without Vilma he will be little. The young man named Rex Lease should choose a name more suited to the silver sheet, and he will find himself "discovered" overnight. Last, but not least, the entire movie industry should unite to bring about the suppression of such titles as "Man, Woman, and Sin."

S. GARVEY THOMAS.

43 Summer Street,
Montpelier, Vermont.**Reporting on Hollywood.**

Hollywood may not be the hole of iniquity it is so often pictured, neither is it a sleepy, one-horse town. While I have heard that the stars shun night life, it is not so with the younger movie set. Joan Crawford, Alice White, Sally Blane, Virginia Lee Corbin, Sally O'Neil, and all the Montmartre Groves of the Biltmore, or any other accepted dancing place, week in and week out. I have been to several parties with them, and they are friendly, full of fun, and slangy. Sally Blane is coming along nicely, and if she is as talented as she is pretty—well, it won't be long now.

Another set in Hollywood, a little older, a little more established, includes Claire Windsor, Dolores del Rio, Johnny Hines, the Duncan Sisters, Billie Dove, and others. I met them at the Duncans' beach house. They are a lovely set, natural, good sports, and superb humorists—at once childlike and sophisticated. Imagine, if you can, Claire Windsor going down a slide at Venice, Dolores del Rio with a mouthful of popcorn, Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey riding off in an old car, leaving their gorgeous Rolls-Royce for their guests, and Vivian and Rosetta bicycling through Santa Monica on racers, whooping like a pair of Indians.

I have described these idols as I have seen them. They are so entertaining, so I know that they are. Under Hollywood is the magnet of eyes and ears the world over.

M. M.

San Francisco, California.

Some Stars in Review.

Here are a few stars as I have seen them:

Mae Murray. My first impression—how disillusioning! My second—how breath-takingly lovely she must have been in her youth. Her once piquant face is now a perfect spere, her little, pointed chin almost submerged in a second one by no means pointed; her beautiful body thickened almost to the point of top-heaviness. Only her slim, twinkling legs and bee-stung lips remain as provocative as ever.

Gilbert Roland. Very unprepossessing at a casual glance. His hair is very long, black, and oily looking. When I wish to look at him, I wish to see his eyes. His eyes are wonderful eyes, a close second to those famed Gilbert orbs. He has a low, husky voice that I found very attractive.

James Hall. So different from his screen self! His hair is red, very slick, and worn too long; his nose is decidedly pointed, and he is surprisingly short, but his smile is fascinating. Aside from his smile, he was disappointing.

Bebe Daniels. What a style! What charm! Superlatives fail me in regard to Bebe. She is one star who lives up to the fans' mental picture of her. More petite than she appears on the screen, and very attractive. And she has such a natural, unassuming personality—not at all uppity.

Thomas Meighan. Very unassuming, with a true Irish grin and a pleasant voice. Tommy Meighan, the younger, in person, is nothing distinctive about him. He is even as you and I, but is attractive.

Bert Lytell. Here is another star whose voice and personality overshadow his physical attractions. He should remain on the stage—his voice is irresistible! And he is good looking in an undefinable sort of way.

Ruth Taylor. No wonder gentlemen prefer blondes, if I may be permitted a banality. Her ability to wear clothes creates an illusion of height and dignity surprising in one so small. She has a beautiful figure, a piquant face, and a charming personality. She is self-possessed without being conceited. She is not the *Loretta* type at all—at least, not as Anita Loos portrayed her.

Francis X. Bushman. The most charming man-of-the-world type I have encountered. He is fascinating! Much better looking in person and exceedingly virile. He has a deep, intriguing voice and a magnetic personality.

Rod La Rocque. Again superlatives fail me! Tall, magnificent carriage, impeccable clothes worn with the air of a prince, beautiful coloring, flashing eyes. My allegiance to Ronald Colman almost deserted me when I first saw Rod in person—and, oh, how I envied Vilma!

ROSE FESTIVAL.

Seattle, Washington.

Forget Valentino? Never!

In August, 1926, the world mourned the death of Rudolph Valentino. It was a genius whom we had lost, an artist of the first rank, and an actor whose equal this generation had never known. Thousands, in apparent grief, crowded about his bier to catch a last, fleeting glimpse of the man they so greatly admired, while thousands more sought comfort in writing of their sorrow. His unfair critics were silenced, while his millions of friends praised him. Poets consoled us with all the beautiful words of heaven and earth. Even the great and the famous of other nations bowed humbly and spoke only with kindness and reverence.

In the natural course of all this respect and love, an elaborate and proper memorial was proposed to perpetuate his greatness and to inspire others with his success. But now it seems that that was the end. A businesslike campaign for funds was never sponsored. A few fans fortunately procured the address of Valentino's manager, and they sent their contributions to him.

The report now comes to me—sixteen months after Valentino's death—that the amount so far collected is insufficient for anything worth while, and that Valentino still lies in a borrowed grave. Where are those thousands of loyal fans now?

Again the critics speak. They are less harsh than they were once—but they ask us to forget our Valentino! They misinterpret the dignity of our sorrow and call our words of praise "gush!"

Come, Fans. Since it has been the custom from ancient times to build monuments to those who are loved and honored, let us all join in one sincere effort to raise that fund originally planned and to erect a monument in memory of Valentino—a monument of which all America can be proud.

604 Holly Avenue, Apartment 1,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

What Does the Public Want?

It certainly seems that a large number of directors and producers believe the public is afflicted with an inferiority complex—a taste for inferiority in films.

Why should some of the best pictures be cheapened by a bit of uncalled-for vulgarity—like a fine apple with a rotten spot?

Also, in this age of nudity is no novelty, and most of us are fed up on it, while long-drawn-out love scenes are only poor comedy.

When "Pajamas" was shown at the local theater, a giggle was heard at the beginning of the love scene. In half a minute the entire audience was in an uproar of laughter till the scene was over. Scenes of affection are enjoyable, but only in rare cases are scenes of amorous abandon justified.

The public is not wholly depraved in its taste, and it is time for some of our entertainers to realize it. A WESTERNER.

Billings, Montana.

Plenty of Room for Old and New.

I found unusual enjoyment in the story "The Battle of the Stars." It is a battle all right—in a sense, a battle of the players, producers, and public as well. The latter are the wholly responsible for the success of some players, while the producers are responsible for others. But, alas, there are those whom Lady Luck seems to avoid—those who have met with success and then mysteriously lost their grip. Of those who once were real leaders in the movies there are many whom we, the public, would welcome back to their former positions. Theda Bara, Mae Marsh, Clara Kimball Young, and numerous others will never be forgotten.

What about those aspiring youngsters who have given great promise in one or two pictures, only to be left to drift away in cheap pictures without ever realizing real fame and success?

There is room on the screen for all, and I, for one, welcome new talent and personalities, still continuing to admire my old favorites as much as ever.

NEW YORK. EDWARD HUNTLEY.

Not Enough Praise for Lionel.

There is one actor on the screen who is not particularly handsome, who never wins the heroine, and who never receives enough credit for his remarkable performances. Never, to my knowledge, have I read a word of praise for him in these or any other fan columns.

Recently, this great man gave an extraordinary performance, in "Drums of Love," so extraordinary, in fact, that I was never wholly interested in the film until he appeared on the screen. His rival was the handsome Don Alvarado, and yet I fell in love, not with the latter, but, instead, with this remarkable man, with his hunched back and his ugly, yet kind, face. Seldom have I seen such a tender and touching performance.

He is Lionel Barrymore—the man who has never given a mediocre performance—whose characterization as the Duke in "Drums of Love" tops a career overflowing with brilliant performances and who, in one opinion, has never received the credit due his marvelous acting ability.

Come on, Lionel Barrymore fans—for surely there are others who admire this talented actor—why not write to "What the Fans Think" and say you think he is deserving of the adjectives which I have showered upon him. Show that you appreciate a good actor when you see one!

ANNE.

Now You Know.

So "Another Fan" wonders how Joan Crawford arrived on the screen! Allow me, please, to inform you. By real, honest-to-goodness talent and ability, allied with her individual beauty and radiant charm. She has not only arrived—she is here to stay! Moreover, I predict that before long we shall see her acclaimed—and rightfully—as the greatest emotional artist ever known. S. BOWEN.

34 Castle Street, Stockport,
Cheshire, England.

Please Don't Neglect Billy Haines!

Why do so few readers write about William Haines? I think he is a very valuable star. Why do so many American fans favor the passionate ardor of the Latin players, who may be good enough in their way, but who can do little more than gaze with burning intensity into their loved one's eyes? Haines is universally liked—there is no question about that—but it annoys when no one makes a fuss about him, as they do about Gilbert and Novarro.

Billy Haines is more than a smart Aleck. Any one who has seen him in "Memory Lane" and "The Little Journey" knows that he can be wistful and pathetic, as well as fresh and conceded. In "Tell It to the Marines" he stole the picture from Lon Chaney. In "West Point" he gives as another example of his good acting.

F. A. SMITH.

178 Kingsland Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

A Shower of Flowers.

From the bouquets in my arms, I'm going to toss a bunch of gladioli to Edmund Lowe for his fine portrayal of a difficult role in "What Price Glory?"

Go on, Eddie, corner all the tough roles, if you must. Then get back into costume—the costume of a well-bred, handsome, manly fellow. You're great and versatile, Eddie, but you're just the old, likable Edmund Lowe, whether you're talking tough out of the corner of your mouth or using refined language.

Lars Hansen is a player who seems to live his parts. His acting grips you, holds you spellbound, and he dominates every scene. He was superb in "Captain Salvation," "Flesh and the Devil," and "The Scarlet Letter."

A bouquet of roses for Leatrice Joy, whose smile is like a summer breeze. Laura La Plante who is as cute as they come, and a first-class comedienne to boot; and flowers for the old reliables who have come back—Alice Lake and William Russell. FLORENCE OWENS.

San Francisco, California.

Justified Ravings.

Well, fans, I've just seen "Seventh Heaven!" What words can I find to express my heartfelt appreciation of the sincere beauty of this production? And Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell! What a lovely glow of beauty they shed upon their sordid surroundings, and what real feeling they put into their characterizations! They were such a perfect *Diane* and *Chico* that I fear I shall not be able to see them in any other roles with the same enjoyment.

This wonderful production left me with one regret. If only "Seventh Heaven" were an example of our average production! And why do we have to wait from year to year for one exceptional picture like this?

Doesn't a picture as splendid as "Seventh Heaven" make you realize that ordinary program pictures are more or less a waste of time and money? If my word has any influence—which, of course, it has not—my slogan would be—and is—"Down With Mediocrity!"

CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW.

Chicago, Illinois.

A Symphony of Stars.

My favorites suggest to me various compositions and composers.

Lillian Gish, for example, is, in her sweet, sedate restraint, suggestive of Mendelssohn's compositions.

Jannings' art has the depth and volume of Wagnerian opera.

Chaney is like Tchaikovsky—at home in any national costume.

The Gilbert characterizations have the warm, wild versatility of Rimsky-Korsakoff's crashing chords and crescendos.

Novarro—soul music, this—sacred music—*Ace Marias—Te Deums* reaching the souls of all the world.

Adolphe Menjou—Chopin, in all his dainty, mocking moods, masking agony. Antonio Moreno—Mozzkowski.

Garbo—Beethoven's sonatas. Adoree—Kreiser, and all the little love ballads that creep into our hearts.

George K. Arthur—the current Irving Berlin number. Sure-fire success.

George O'Brien—Rachmannoff, particularly the "Prelude Militaire"—man stuff, and how! ELISABETH COLLIER.

Wills Point, Texas.

Hurray for Billy!

Three cheers for Billy Haines, the best all-around representative of young America on the screen to-day!

The great popularity of Billy's pictures proves that fans can still enjoy a picture with good, clean humor, and a refreshing personality such as Billy displays. His aptitude for wisecracks is ancient history, not only in *real* life, but in *reel* as well. But in his latest, and, incidentally, his best—"West Point"—he's not only the same breezy, lovable figure, but he proves, as never before, that he can act!

If we are to judge by some of the interviews that he has had—he would lead us to believe that he is nothing but a wise-cracking youngster, but if he were that only, could he play his dramatic parts as well as he does? My answer is NO!

VIVIAN STEPHENS.

Perry, Lake County, Ohio.

Men Wampas Stars.

Well, here we are again at the time when the 1928 Wampas baby stars are picked. I have seen them in the *Box News* and think some of them look sick. The only ones that do not are Sue Carol, June Collyer, and Lupe Velaz. While I do not know any of the others, I hope they will do something to make themselves known.

As only feminine stars are picked by the Wampas, let me offer my thirteen best among the masculine players. Above every one comes Charles Farrell, who is easily the leader of all the newcomers among the men. Also Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen, who were fine in "Wings." Larry Kent also is talented, and so are John Mack Brown and William Collier, Jr. Victor Varconi is another addition to my list, with Nils Asther, Rex Lease, George Lewis, Nick Stuart, Neil Hamilton, and Gilbert Roland.

I hope all these fellows will become stars. They have the makings. F. E. B. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Knock and a Boost.

A word of praise for the man who played opposite Alice Terry in "The Garden of Allah." He doesn't seem to be mentioned in the fan magazines. His name is Ivan Petrovich. His work was very beautiful, and I think it is the handsomest man on the screen. Why doesn't Hollywood "discover" him?

Now a knock. Why make audiences endure some of the slapstick comedies that are shown? Before the feature picture appears on the program one is ready to go to sleep, because so much bunk has appeared before. M. E. S. Marquette, Michigan.

Ramon, Ramon!

I can see where Elnora Peel will give up reading many magazines, if she is waiting for Ramon Novarro's press agent to say he has done something startling. Times have changed, and it is no longer necessary for any artist to do something startling in order to make himself known. They are just people who desire to be judged by their work, and, like most humans, their characters differ. Ramon Novarro will not do anything extraordinary, merely to bring himself before the notice of a class of people who delight in reading of some one else's intimate life. Why, if that an artist, that is allowed to go unheeded until he becomes famous? Some of these people work hard to reach the summit of their ambition, yet as soon as they attain that height there are people who are anxious to learn all, and often more than what is true about them.

Good luck to these screen folk who entertained and brighten the lives of tired workers, and may Novarro's press agent ever remain the wise person he is at present, and write the truth regarding him as he really is—a splendid actor with a frank, boyish character, who chooses to remain seclusive. A RAMONITE. Sydney, Australia.

Sounds Good, Anyway.

Why all the agitation about youth versus age? Youth and age are states of mind. There is no such thing as time. If a person *looks* young, he is young; the number of so-called years he may have lived on this globe mean nothing at all. The belief of age is a relic of the dark ages and should be relegated to the discard, along with the beliefs that the earth is flat and that women are too weak to vote.

We are interested in the newcomers and are glad to see them progress. Those who have engaging personalities and outstanding ability will, of course, sooner or later reach the top. But those who have nothing but youth to offer will not climb very far. It takes something more than a schoolgirl complexion to make a motion-picture star. A FAN. Los Angeles, California.

Courage—and Then Some.

A great many controverters seem to be raging over "The King of Kings." I have seen this picture and can find no fault with it. People decry having *Christ* portrayed on the screen. Yet for years we have seen biblical films and I have had the opportunity of seeing these projected in some of the sternest Christian churches. Then why condemn "The King of Kings" and approve some rickety, ancient films, inferior in every way, portraying the life of Christ?

Just as DeMille had the courage of his convictions, so has Gloria Swanson for her defiance of the prohibitions placed upon "Sadie Thompson." Gloria has done a risky financial thing, of course, but she has shown what little regard she has for that group we know as censors.

When we have a group of people presiding over our films, dominating the portions that may "send us to Hades," we may well be compared to a little child who is spanked and sent to bed without supper.

I am making a collection of Ruth Roland clippings from magazines and wonder how many of you would care to help me out. MARTIN BOYER.

80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

The Spotlight on Picture Play.

I was so glad to read the article in PICTURE PLAY about the quickies, for in my opinion the pictures produced by these companies are well worth seeing, and often attract people when the larger productions fail. Let the quickies have their place, and the more popular the players we find in them, the better we will like it; but, no matter who the actors, quickies will always have their place.

And, too, I would like to compliment Mrs. Olive D. Thompson on her fine interview with John Gilbert.

Jack McElvany gave us something delightfully different in his chummy talk about his collection of stars' photographs. He certainly is a loyal fan, to say nothing of being a patient one, to have gone to the trouble of collecting so many pictures.

I am sorry that the Banky-Colman team is to be broken up, for they have given us some very good pictures. I am a little afraid of Vilma Banky's future without Mr. Colman, for she is a type that is being rapidly duplicated in the film world; while Ronald has given us many other productions on his own merit, so we know what he can do alone.

PEARL McLAUGHLIN.

137 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Overwhelming Praise.

I should like to voice my praises for two wonderful Fox stars. It was my pleasure to witness "Seventh Heaven," and the memory of that picture is as indelibly fixed in my mind as "The Big Parade," my supreme favorite.

Charles Farrell is the most refreshing hero who has flashed across the screen in many a day. I feel he will go far and play a great variety of roles, but he will ever remain *this* to me for that characterization he has achieved screen immortality. "A very remarkable fellow."

Janet Gaynor's *Diane* tugs at the heart with an appeal almost spiritual, and the love scenes between the two are most beautiful. There is a reverence about them that makes the adoring love of the little street waif for her sewer boy far sweeter, far more realistic, than the Garbo type of amour—Garbo, the alabaster, suffused with the ruddy glow of sex—or flamboyant Clara Bow, typifying modern youth on the rampage.

Little Gaynor is saner, deeper, plainer, and, though devoid of conscious allure, she is somehow so delightfully feminine that she makes those flauted possessors of "it" seem tawdry. Contrast the love scenes of "Seventh Heaven" to any Garbo or Bow picture, and it is like breathing the fragrance of spring flowers after rain, compared to the artificial heat of a hot-house.

William Fox is also to be congratulated on his choice of Victor McLaglen, whose *Captain Flagg*, in "What Price Glory?" blew across the country like a brisk Nor'wester, dispelling the memory of the humid, stifling type of hero who has soaked up the screen in so many superproductions.

George Bancroft is another whose work is barely noticed, and Gilbert Roland is surely climbing ahead with each picture. His work in "The Love Mart" was wonderful—and the interview with him in the March issue only confirms the impression his screen performances have given—that of an unspoiled gentleman.

Yes, new faces are coming, and new faces will probably just as quickly dis-

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

appear. To many of us they may come and go, but still Norma, Constance, and Gloria will always represent the real aristocracy of the screen, with little Mary our queen.

False alarms like Olive Borden will creep up—surfaced with her own importance. Contrast her to Norma, who personifies, both on and off the screen, the old adage, "Greatness and simplicity walk together."
ROSE A. KOHNKY,
5413 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago.

A Letter from Russia.

I was very much interested in "The Two Joseph Schildkraut Fans," whose letter appeared in the January issue.

Unfortunately, I only saw Joseph Schildkraut in two pictures—"The Song of Love" and "Orphans of the Storm." The latter was much better than the first and introduced Mr. Schildkraut as one of the finest actors. But the first one had a trite and poor plot, yet I was impressed by Schildkraut's bright personality and ability. He has perfect control of his movements, plus sincerity and simplicity, and is able to convey his feelings without overacting.

A large bouquet goes to PICTURE PLAY—it gives us fine articles and a great deal of information and photographs. "The Screen in Review" is, to my mind, its most valuable department, for it possesses an understanding, careful, and intelligent critic.
R. S.
Leningrad, Russia.

Not Fair to Irene.

To be forced to stand by calmly watching such a splendid actress as Irene Rich struggling with poor pictures, and attempting to make melodramatic and theatrical characters seem human, is maddening.

It was a gala event for her fans when "Lady Windemere's Fan" was released. It was the first opportunity Miss Rich had to prove how fine an actress she is. And her characterization of Mrs. Erylyne was flawless. Her fans were satisfied and sat back to wait for further developments—but certainly not the artificial and time-worn "Silken Shackles" they were given. None of the pictures which followed was any better. She was never given an opportunity to display her extraordinary talent.

Why doesn't some wise producer do something to bring out the latent talent in Miss Rich, and perhaps we will then see some worth-while pictures.

MARIAN E. SMITH.

3034 Heath Avenue,
Kingsbridge, New York.

Youth Every Time.

It is becoming apparent that callow youth is having more than its day in Hollywood. Some pictures suffer in consequence, but the majority are good.

I can speak only for those of us who are in the neighborhood of twenty and still flapping joyously. For us, life is not yet a poised and finished business—so we do not ask so much of our entertainers. Clara Bow spells youth to every girl in America. Going to see one of her pictures is like going to call on a girl friend and hearing about her latest love affair. That our home-town friends don't have such flaming affairs only makes Clara that much more interesting.

Jerry Miley, Lawrence Gray, James Hall, and Charles Delaney would be exciting Sunday-night dates for any coed, consequently we watch for them on the

Continued on page 118

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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D—n clever, these Chinese!

But they aren't clever enough to see through Johnny Hines' disguise as a big Butter-and-Egg Mandarin when he rescues his girl friend from a gang of cut-throat celestials and escapes with her across a chain of human bodies flung high above Chinatown's Broadway!

That's the sort of thing that makes "Chinatown Charlie" just about four times as thrilling and hilarious as a *real* trip through famous Chinatown . . . Opium dens—joss houses—the Bowery . . . Thrilling?—Of course!—But you don't stand a Chinaman's chance of keeping a straight face when Johnny leads the way!

Coming to Leading Theatres Soon!

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WALLIE
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STEPPING ALONG
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First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



Straight for the open sea is where Joan Crawford and Ramon Novarro are bound, in "Across to Singapore." It bids fair to be a voyage neither will forget, for they are in love, though *Priscilla* is engaged to *Joel's* brother, the brawny *Mark*, who despises *Joel* because of his youth and apparent weakness. But the boy proves more valiant than any member of the seafaring family, and finally wins both the right to command the vessel and to call *Priscilla* his own.

Behind

Mary Philbin, like a fairy princess in a ring to know what the outside world is like. experience and knowledge, which might

By Myrtle



Mary Philbin is still as innocent as a child.

MARY PHILBIN ran toward me, down the cement walk leading to the Universal café. The long skirts of her quaint costume billowed like petals blown by the wind. The ringlets of her blond wig danced, as did her eyes. Her tiny feet made little, staccato clicks.

Following her was Paul Kohner, Universal executive. He will be much in this story. Because wherever Mary is, Paul is not very far away, despite, in some mysterious fashion, the competent discharging of his manifold studio duties. He is the dragon of this piece. The nicest, most courteous dragon—but none the less a firm one. Seemingly he was appointed by Universal, and by Mary's parents some years ago, to be her gallant guardian.

"Merry-Go-Round" introduced a wistful little girl with a talent like quicksilver. Prophecies were made, giving Mary Philbin high honor. Then Mary's work lost charm. "A flash in the pan, a one-director actress," she was

summed up. "It was Von Stroheim's genius shining through her impersonation."

Now, through the static, Mary's name is being broadcast again. In "Surrender," and Griffith's "Drums of Love," we see Mary grown up.

Rumors of her excellent work as the blind girl in "The Man Who Laughs," and now stardom in "The Sunflower," which Paul Kohner has written for her, in collaboration with Baroness Kocian.

Mary is sweet alyssum—Tschaiikovsky's "Flower Waltz." She isn't brief skirts, slang, and cigarettes. Nor is she the ordinariness of gingham gingerbread, and Saturday-night movies.

She is a myth in Hollywood, where people mock the romances of their own creation, and where cynicism runs high. Mary's life is sheltered to an almost incredible degree. A short, smooth circuit—work, family drives to a carefully selected play with Paul, to Sunday afternoon musicales at the Lubitschs'. Though her association in Hollywood has been almost entirely foreign, she seems curiously untouched by alien influence. She is an artless child. She assimilates, but does not imitate. At these teas she sits quietly and listens.

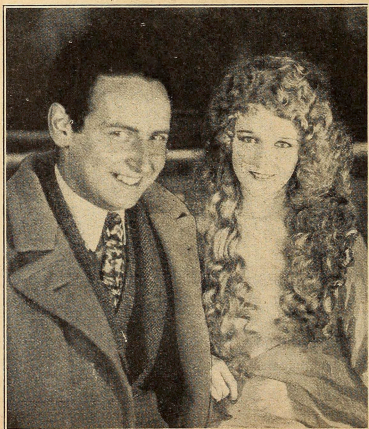
"No, I don't understand German yet," she said later, when we talked alone. "They speak German, whenever they don't want me to know what they are saying." She laughed slyly.

"Get bored?" I asked, with rather ruthless slashing to get at the truth of this chameleon child's feelings.

Her eyes fluttered. They would not meet mine. Mary does not know how to lie, and she would not speak unkindly.

"They talk to me a great deal in English. Sometimes it is lots of fun. They have taught me much of literature and art and music."

Mary has an inquisitive, alert mind. Its calm has scarcely been stirred, but its tendrils are reaching out. She has always been timid, and now that she is thinking new thoughts, as yet half-budded, she is doubly hesitant.



Paul Kohner guards Mary with watchful solicitude.

Locked Doors

tower, is beginning to show signs of want—
Is it fair of her guardians to deny her the
perhaps make her a less limited actress?

Gebhart

I noticed a new nervous tension, though she was always tremulous. White hands, scarcely larger than petals, fluttered from thin wrists, her tiny self surcharged by an inner lightning. There was some uncertainty in her blue eyes that, bright and birdlike, darted from one to another of us before they dropped under heavy fringes. Tight fists opened and closed. Next to me I could feel a quiver ripple through her.

"Mary says she hasn't slept for the last few nights," Paul said.

"Thoughts go round and around——" Mary broke in.

"About her work," Paul explained quickly. "She thinks about it too much."

Afterward I learned what Mary had been thinking about. Partly her work, but also of life beyond the short, even circuit.

"Mary will be the screen's greatest character actress," Paul beamed. "They took tests for the Griffith picture, with the blond wig as well as with her own hair. I selected the one with her own hair, but they used the wig to emphasize sweetness and innocence."

"Fairlylike, Paul," she broke in, blushing at her own boldness.

"What are you reading now, Mary?"

"Biographies," she whispered back, her eyes alight. "I love them!"

When we were left alone for a moment, I asked what had happened to the fairy stories and the things she was reading a year ago.

"I don't know." Her low voice was hardly a breath. "They don't satisfy me any more. I'm tired of books." Abashed, she halted. Startled eyes leaped to mine. In a rush, she plunged. "Not the jazz." She shivered. "I wouldn't like that—I've heard it. I want to know people. Bad people, good people, all kinds of people. What they do, what they feel. Things and people that I don't come in contact with. They say it would not be right for me, and they know best. But it's getting different. It's not only my work I think about. It's everything—outside." She spoke in hushed whispers and brief



Mary did not know how to play the vamp scenes in "Drums of Love," so she did as Griffith told her.



Photo by Foerlich

As DEA, in "The Man Who Laughs."

phrases. A mere glimpse of her own mixed-up questionings.

"Perhaps I am not grateful enough for all the care I receive. Other girls aren't protected as I am. Dreadful things"—vaguely—"happen to them. I just want to know and see. I don't know exactly what." Intangibilities. Thoughts that sprang across to me. Though it wasn't all very clear, I grasped the main import: Mary is a little tired of being hedged in.

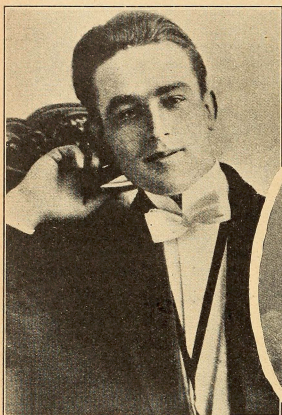
The others in our luncheon party returned and conversation drifted into the usual routine. Yes, Mary is still thrilled at being in pictures. She is, truly. That child has no guile. Besides, there are her imaginative journeys into the world—except that she is a trifle skeptical that they aren't real tours. She has no ambition in a material sense. She just "feels things" and she wants tremendously to act.

"For a while I was very poor on the screen. The stories weren't

Continued on page 110

On the Threshold Pausing

While waiting for success, these now-famous stars scarcely suggested the finish and polish they now display.



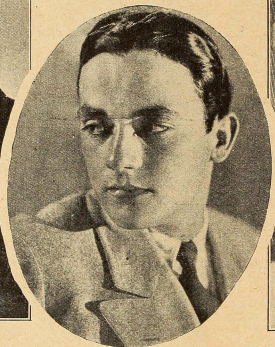
Harold Lloyd, above, in his first dress suit, minus his spectacles, is barely recognizable as the type he has made famous.

Esther Ralston, right, decidedly did *not* know how to wear clothes with her present distinction.

Mary Brian, below, was just a typical ingénue with curls, and no apparent glimmer of humor, when she was chosen for "Peter Pan."



When "Buddy" Rogers, below, graduated from the Paramount School he had not the animated personality and curly hair he has to-day.



Dorothy Sebastian, above, hadn't even learned to pose naturally when she first became an actress, though her beauty was just as pronounced then as it is to-day.

Norma Shearer, below, used to wear her hair like this, but success taught her to bring out her personality by drawing it back from her face.



*A Girl Comes to Hollywood

The first installment of a mystery romance of the glamorous movie capital.

By Alice M. Williamson

Illustrated by Modest Stein

CHAPTER I.

AT THE RESTAURANT MONT-PARNASSE.

MALCOLM ALLEN tried to look blasé, at least thirty-five, and to seem what these jolly Americans called "hard-boiled."

In reality he felt so happy that he could have jumped onto the table and capered for joy. He was afraid that he didn't succeed in looking more than twenty-five, which was two years less than his real age.

All the beautiful "visions" glanced, and more than glanced, at him as they undulated past with the young men of their species.

It was not too imaginative, or conceited, to be sure they were saying, "That's Malcolm Allen, the English author who wrote 'Black Sleeves.' I know that's his table! Pierre points it out to every one. Isn't he young? He's terribly good looking, too, don't you think?"

Allen was not wrong. The girls were saying all these things and more. They wondered why he didn't go into the movies instead of writing for them. They despised most authors, these little would-be stars, but Malcolm Allen was "different."

Everybody had read "Black Sleeves," and the play he'd done from the book would have been a wild success on the stage in England if the horrid old censor hadn't stopped it. That had queered it for a picture, of course. No studio would dare do a film now, and call it "Black Sleeves." But it was leaking out that the story Allen had contracted to write for Peerless, would turn into a version of "Black Sleeves" camouflaged. That was how to get away with these things. And, gee! that boy looked like the one to do it! You'd never take him for English, would you? Maybe he wasn't. Maybe he was Irish, or Scotch, or something. A regular looker! Too bad he was only a writer. But he might have some life in him at that!

As a matter of fact, Malcolm Allen bore no resemblance to any popular sheik of Hollywood, except that he had what Hollywood calls patent-leather hair, very black and smooth. He was one of those "dark-browed Yorkshiremen" of whom a poet has sung. In the war he'd been in the air force—an ace, and the youngest one—a detail which none had discovered or cared a hang about till Allen sprang to fame with his "Black Sleeves."

He had made a pot of money with the book in England and America, and it was nobody's business except his own if he had dropped more than half the pot's contents, putting on his own play. Producers had been afraid of just what had happened. But—well, anyhow he had a bit left—more than he'd ever dreamed

What is Miss Smith's Secret?

Why should an exquisitely beautiful girl in need of money, turn down a chance to get in the movies, yet risk arrest and imprisonment to get a job as cigarette vender in a restaurant?

That is the question you will ask at the conclusion of this installment of "A Girl Comes to Hollywood"—a question you will never solve outside the pages of PICTURE PLAY as this absorbing novel is continued from month to month.

But it is only one of the mysteries that will perplex you, and not even a hint of the romance, which begins with an act of chivalry on the part of Malcolm Allen in coming to the rescue of "Miss Smith," inspired by her beauty and her strange behavior.

PICTURE PLAY is publishing Mrs. Williamson's novel because it is the best romance of Hollywood we have ever read, and to those who have yet to read it we say—

DON'T MISS A NUMBER OF PICTURE PLAY FROM NOW ON!

than twenty-six years, was suddenly somebody. It was the adventure of his life to be asked in state to Hollywood—if you didn't count the little old war as an adventure; and why should you, when all chaps of his age had been in it, whereas few persons of either sex or any age were invited overseas to Hollywood?

The young man at the table known at the smart new Restaurant Montparnasse as "Malcolm Allen's table," was enjoying life so much that he felt capable of desperate deeds—the more desperate, the more fun! And it was just as he told himself this, that a girl appeared at the door.

"Appeared" is the word. She was suddenly there. And she stood staring into the restaurant with its rose and golden glow, its large windows that were sapphire squares of twilight, its small, satiny-white tables, its floor cleared for dancing, its gleaming saxophones, and its huge, illuminated African drum awaiting the musicians' return.

Was the girl seeking some one? If so, lucky man! Yet no; she hadn't the queening expression. She looked worried, anxious, uncertain what to do. Allen wished he had the cheek to jump up, claim the young woman as an acquaintance and say he hadn't ordered dinner, because he was expecting her to come.

Perhaps she was no prettier than some of the prettiest stars, at whose almost incredible beauty Malcolm daily wondered, without as much personal interest or increased blood pressure as he felt he ought to have. But the greatest beauties of Hollywood didn't somehow seem to him like real women. They were just visions, in a blinding light. This girl looked real and extremely human.

She had on an evening dress that was made of dainty material—silver gauze or something of the sort—and was noticeably picturesque; yes, quite a picture frock. Yet, Malcolm couldn't have said why, it didn't have the air of being right.

All those who faced the doorway fixed their eyes

upon the girl, but Malcolm didn't feel that it was her beauty which held them. Hollywood was too fed up with beauty to be paralyzed by Helen of Troy or even Venus herself. Something would certainly have been wrong with both ladies, even as there seemed to be something vaguely wrong about this fair young thing.

In their case the defect would most likely have been bulk. In Helen's day men didn't launch a thousand ships for a female lath, as they would now, if any. And Venus was never rumored to resort to lamb chops and pineapple at Olympian dinner parties.

This girl in the doorway was

Her long throat, held back, was slender enough to suggest the eternal smile of the lily stalk. But her great splendor, which gave that effect of dazzling beauty, lay in the contrast between copper-red hair and immense yellow-brown eyes, black-lashed and black-browed.

Of course the contrast might easily be due to henna and mascara. Surely all the women were thinking this, because one did judge by oneself in Hollywood. And the idea occurred also to the young man who was hard-boiling himself in the heat of the Kleig lights. Still, he couldn't believe the obvious, especially as the girl's hair was neither too lustrous nor too "set." And then that dress which suggested the Ark-to—cats! Well, cats had certainly gone into that vessel in more pairs than one, by the way they'd reproduced themselves since!



slim enough to delight a fashion artist. It was her dress which gave her that odd look, and it was the dress at which the women stared.

"Looks like the Ark," he heard one of them murmur to her escort, as both got up to leave vacant a small table close to the "Malcolm Allen table" in the best window. "Two years old, if it's a day!"

That was Hollywood, Malcolm said to himself. No distinction between the Flood and two years ago! Both epochs were much the same to girls in the movies.

Two years old! Well, maybe! Do dresses live as long as that? Anyhow, it was picturesque; silver, with those crushed, pink roses and floating scarfs of silver lace. And as the girl saw herself eyed and criticized, she seemed to increase visibly in beauty, youthful dignity, and even stature. It was a tall young creature who almost strode with a forced air of self-confidence into the room. She had creamy skin with no color in it, and a full mouth painted crimson by nature or art.

Having dared the plunge—it was rather like a plunge into surt, Malcolm thought, braving that wave of light and perfume and high-pitched chatter—the girl pinned her gaze on the just-deserted table and made straight for it.

"Please clear this," she ordered a waiter who hovered in surprise at the lone onslaught.

He was French and had not got beyond—say, his sixth lesson in Americanese. "Oui—yeah—madame—mees," he stammered, torn between politeness and a conviction that all was not well. "Mais—but—deesse tables, he is for two. Aussi—also—he sure is betooked. If mees—"

"I say Pierre," Malcolm Allen broke in, "it's time to stop this little play. I dared the young lady to do this. Then I was going to explain—and settle. Now you'll have to engage Miss Smith to sell cigarettes. How about it?"

"I'm going to sit here," said the girl. "I know it's not taken! Clear off these things and bring me the menu at once, please."

The waiter was the newest bit of flotsam and jetsam from the quota. He had heard comrades equally French, yet already Americanized, talk about the temperamental stars of Hollywood. For all he could tell, this might be Pola Negri or Greta Garbo or Dolores del Rio—ladies were so different off the screen! Anyhow no proud and poverty-stricken grand duchess stranded in Paris had ever brushed aside *hoi polloi* with a more expensive air than this. Hastily he cleared the table and began rearranging it. "*Mademoiselle*, she is *seule*—alone? Or do I put for a *monsieur*?"



"I am alone," replied the girl. She did not even glance at Allen, so flatteringly stared

at by others. She seemed preoccupied with herself, and then with the menu, when it had been placed in her slim, ringless hand. But Malcolm could hardly unhook his gaze from the girl. Who was she? Why was her manner so peculiar? Why was she by herself at this hour, in Hollywood, where every beautiful dream had her own screen idol in attendance, or if not a screen idol the next thing—a fat, generous "sugar daddy"? Or as a last, despairing resort, her own husband! Was her dress really of the Ark period, or was it prettier than any one else's, as Malcolm began to think her face was?

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF "MISS SMITH."

The two tables were so near together that Allen's ears missed no word the girl spoke. It was not eavesdropping to listen while a young woman chose her dinner from the menu at a restaurant. In most cases it wouldn't even have been entertaining, but in this case it was so, because of the queer situation in which a beautiful girl had placed herself, and also because she was ordering such an enormous meal.

"*Hors d'œuvres*, clam broth with whipped cream, partridge à la Mary Pickford, salad Pola Negri, *Pêche* Marion Davies, demitasse, cigarettes Montparnasse."

Heavens! And this was Hollywood, where the food part of taking a girl out was so cheap that smart restaurants had to make their profit in other ways. The girl wouldn't remain slim for long at this rate!

Malcolm had nearly finished his dinner, which was on no such scale as this, but he determined to add another item or two. He simply had to see this girl-business through to its close. He wouldn't miss it for a hundred dollars, or more. He laughed at himself a little. It was rather absurd, the way he enjoyed throwing money about. But it was nice.

The first course of the girl's meal arrived. She had a dainty way of eating, yet she ate quickly, until she got as far along in the menu as *Pêche* Marion Davies. By that time hunger was satisfied, and no wonder! Such masses

of food would have sufficed a dozen of the dieting beauties of Hollywood. Now she could afford to play with what was left. Time was evidently no object. It was lucky that Allen had thought of adding new dishes to his own list. Otherwise he would have lacked an excuse to linger.

This was not one of the two popular evenings for dancing at Montparnasse. There were only a few couples on the floor, although Marco Lopez, the handsome and graceful professional, had appeared for his nightly duty at eight thirty as usual. An opening was on at a new theater, and though it wasn't in itself an important affair, screen people liked to show up, if only to be photographed on entering, in a white blaze of calcium. Most of the diners had gone there for the pleasure of being seen, and the satisfaction of saying to each other, "How *poisonous!* Isn't this a bore?" Even Malcolm would have gone, being young enough, and new enough to success, to enjoy—secretly—being pointed out as one of the celebrities. But the solitary girl with the red hair and the dress out of the Ark, had caused him to erase the preview from his program.

At last she'd finished her dinner, had drunk two tiny cupsfuls of black coffee, and had smoked several cigarettes. She sat still for a few minutes, then took from a silvery bag that matched her dress an infinitesimal coin, which she laid on the table. She glanced at the hovering waiter, but without asking for her check got up to go.

He darted forward, however, and presented it. "Ze bill, mees," he announced.

"I will speak to the manager or the *maître d'hôtel*," the girl replied, accepting the check with seeming indifference.

Allen had paid his and left a dollar on the table for his waiter, so that he might be free at an instant's notice. Now he was rewarded for his foresight. He followed the girl at a discreet distance, as she walked toward the door. Her waiter, distressed, had hurried ahead to find the great Pierre before the client could escape without paying, if that were her intention.

Pierre, the proprietor of the popular Montparnasse, the new and only rival of Hollywood's beloved Montmartre was a genial fellow, a real personality, and Allen liked him. They generally exchanged a few words when Allen went out, and had a standing joke about the latter's desire to buy a share in the restaurant business. The Frenchman had a round, smiling face, humorously exaggerating his resemblance to a full moon. But for once the smile was gone. The gaze which fixed itself upon the girl was gimlet—sharp and inky—black.

"Madame, your waiter says you have forgotten to pay your check," Pierre said firmly, placing a large body in correct evening dress between the young woman and the door.

"I haven't forgotten," she replied. "I haven't the money to pay. I hadn't even enough for a tip—only ten cents."

"You mean you came from home without your purse?" suggested Pierre.

"No," said the girl. "I hadn't any money. But I was terribly hungry. I had to eat! I came here, because I thought you might care to give me employment. Then I could pay you for my dinner—and go on living afterward, which otherwise I don't see much prospect of doing. You have only one girl here selling cigarettes. At Montmartre they have two. Why shouldn't you have two—and let me be one?"

Pierre's big, sallow face flushed. The young woman, a stranger to him, had ordered an expensive meal, and having safely eaten it was now trying to make a fool of him. The instinct of long experience told the ex-

head waiter of Paris restaurants that this was no practical joke. It was an impudent bluff. The girl no doubt hoped that his reluctance to make a scene would save her. But fortunately the room had emptied. The few clients who remained, with the exception of Mr. Allen, were dancing to the moan and whine of saxophones. There was no serious reason why Pierre should sacrifice justice to expediency.

"I do not need two cigarette sellers," he said, "and if I did I would wish to choose both myself. You have done a dishonest thing. You attempt to cheat me. Your bill is nine dollars and twenty-five cents. If you refuse to pay, it is a case for the police."

Malcolm Allen stepped forward quickly. "I say, Pierre," he broke in, "it's time to stop this little play. I dared the young lady to do this. I thought it would be fun to see how deep your good nature went. I oughtn't to have done it! But I really did believe you see, that you'd bow her out, like a chivalrous knight, and say you were pleased to be her host. Then I was going to explain—and settle. Miss—er—Smith, I apologize for letting you in for something disagreeable. My faith in French politeness has crashed! Pierre, you'll have to mend it by engaging Miss Smith to sell cigarettes, if she wants to. How about it? Miss Smith, hand over that check to me, please. I've lost my bet; it's for me to settle!"

The girl stared, with wide-open eyes; and Pierre stared with eyes screwed up. He knew that the rescue was impromptu. The girl had played a trick upon him, and she didn't deserve to be rescued. It was an old trick, too, he thought. It annoyed him to see the little gold-digger get away with it. Pretty raw, even for Hollywood! But he would certainly not satisfy his spite at the expense of offending a client like the author of "Black Sleeves."

"Very sorry, Mr. Allen," he apologized. "I'm afraid I lost my temper. I have had much trouble lately with customers who wish not to pay, some of them very pretty ladies, and I do not like to be made a fool. If I thought your friend Miss Smith really wanted to get work in my place I would see what I could do for her, to please you. Only for that, because it is true I do not need any more help but—"

"I do want to work here," the girl interrupted him. "I need money and besides—"

"But I was going to say I cannot pay much" Pierre in turn cut in. "If Miss Smith thinks that the tips—"

Allen flashed him a look and Pierre's quick, Latin wits translated it. "The tips will help out the pay I can give," he went on quietly. He had intended to warn "Miss Smith" that she must depend upon tips alone if she wished to play the part of second cigarette girl at Montparnasse. But since Mr. Allen was ready to supply the deficiency—such was Pierre's interpretation of that look—why be mean with the money of another?

"Will Miss Smith accept"—his eyes sought Allen's—"thirty dollars a week? I might raise to thirty-five shortly."

"I would be thankful for thirty," the girl answered. "But—the costume?" At this moment Nora Casey, the one incumbent at present, had nothing to do and Miss Smith studied what might be described as her harem dress. "Would you buy it or should I have to?"

"I would buy it," replied Pierre, voicing the suggested answer in Allen's eyes. He took a thin notebook from his waistcoat pocket, scribbled something and tore out the leaf. "Here, Miss Smith," he said "you may go to that place to-morrow and they will make you a costume. In style it must be like Miss Casey's but you may choose your color. In one day they will finish the

An Infant Paradox

Sally Phipps looks and acts like a flapper, but she thinks like Minerva and Cleopatra. Just read what she has to say.

By Beth O'Shea

THEY never look as you think they'll look, or say what you think they'll say, but usually you do classify them, one way or another, before you meet them. With Sally Phipps it couldn't be done.

Sally it was who romped through "The High-school Hero" with captivating irresponsibility, and got herself acclaimed the screen's newest and most promising ingénue. Her picture, on the desk before me, showed her with wind-blown bob, laughing eyes and modern earrings—a typical flapper.

But her biography, also on my desk, recorded such a ponderous and utterly conflicting ambition. She had wanted to be a lawyer. She had studied Latin, mathematics, and most of the "ologies." So Sally was an enigma.

What sort of girl was this infant paradox anyway, and whither was she bound?

On a blustery morning she arrived in New York. That afternoon I called at her hotel and found that she was out. Was she at the Museum of Natural History, or tea-dancing at the Ritz? That was the question. I decided to wait in the lobby and find out. At five o'clock she blew in, breathless, radiant—a whirlwind of black velvet, soft fur and burnished, red-gold hair. She had been shopping.

Check one for the flapper side, thought I. But no, it had been serious shopping. Sally had been engaged in buying a wardrobe for her new picture, and with decidedly un-flapperlike foresight, she had taken a camera man with her to see that she made no mistake, photographically speaking, in her choice of lines and colors.

"If you don't get things right at the start," she said sensibly, "you have to hold everything up later while you get them changed."

She hadn't been able to buy the costume she had selected, because, when Joe looked at it through the little lens that registers the Kleig-light reaction, he pronounced it too glaringly white.

"It was a skating costume," explained Sally, "to be worn at Lake Placid."

Up in her room she tossed her coat and close-fitting hat across a chair, ruffled her mop of gleaming hair, and reached for a cigarette. Deep in the corner of a divan, she settled the cushions about her and blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Gee—I'm happy! Talk about lucky breaks!" she went on. "I don't believe anybody you know ever had one like this. Playing with Nick Stuart again, clowning along, with Dave Butler directing—which means fun every minute. Add to that, exteriors to be taken at Lake Placid and Palm Beach. Just coming to New York would have been enough, with the long train ride."

I glanced at her to see if she were serious, for I had heard other stars on the subject of that cross-country jaunt from the West Coast, and they had *not* found it thrilling.

Continued on page 114

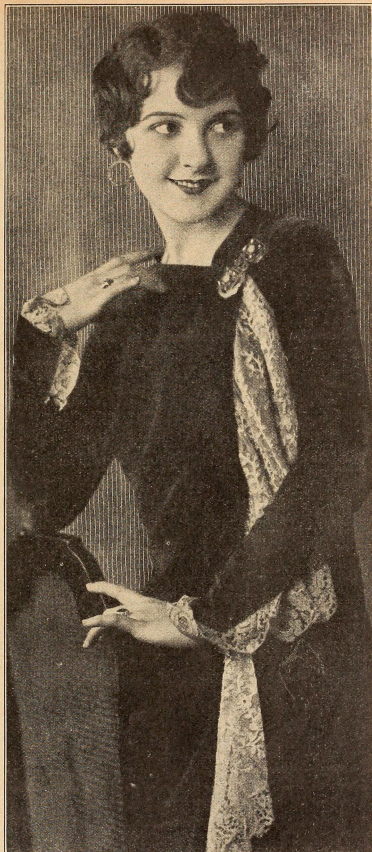


Photo by Chidloff

Sally intended to be a lawyer, because that is what people least expect of frivolous-looking girls.

She has one of the smallest waists in Hollywood.

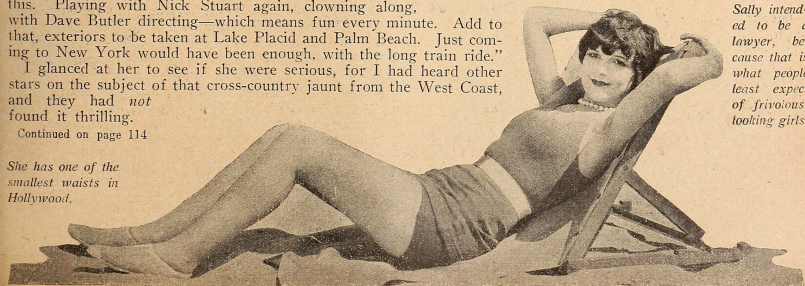




Photo by Clarence

"I told myself, when Vilma's message came, that there were thousands of movies, but only one Vilma," said Rod La Rocque.

THIS started out to be a story about Rod La Rocque. But that was my mistake. For then I saw Rod, and now it seems this will be a story about Vilma. Or rather Vilma and Rod.

"What—another?" you ask. Countless words have already been written about this romantic marriage. But just try, as I did, to talk to Rod about anything else!

The subject of movies came up, of course. Rod knows a lot about the industry. What this company was doing, how that one was prospering. That brought United Artists into the conversation, and there we were, talking about Vilma again!

There was mention of Hollywood, and foreign film stars, and Europe and—well, you see how it was. All roads led to Vilma. Rod is a young man so much in love, that nothing else in the world is important to him just now. And his feeling for Vilma is so genuine, so

All for

When Rod La Rocque re-
who was visiting her family
across the continent and took

By Alma

romantic that—dear me!—I'm afraid I've caught the fever and am going to get most awfully sentimental in writing about them.

You've heard all about their marriage. Well, this is a story of their first separation, when Vilma went back to Budapest to visit her parents. Rod was on his way to Europe, when I saw him, to bring her home. She had been gone just seventeen days and the separation had proved so unbearable that Rod did an unheard of thing—he left the DeMille studio right in the middle of a picture. That isn't done in movie circles. But Rod did it. He left right in the midst of "Hold 'Em, Yale," and poor Yale has to keep on holding 'em until he returns.

They had planned this trip together, Rod and Vilma. Why, she had been gone from Budapest for three years, and hadn't been back to see her parents. She had acquired a husband, and the family had never met him. They kept writing and writing. They couldn't understand why people with as much money as Rod and Vilma, couldn't dash off to Europe at any old time, just for a whim, if they pleased. Being so far removed from picture making, naturally Mr. and Mrs. Banky couldn't appreciate the exigencies of

a contract and the difficulty of a star's getting a whole month to himself. It takes twenty-four days to get to Budapest and back, with the very closest connections.

Rod and Vilma planned and planned for the time when they could go together. Rod had wanted to go to Europe even before their marriage, to ask the parental consent, as is the custom in Vilma's country.

But he never had the time. They had been in love for two years when the wedding finally took place. Then they continued to plan a trip to Budapest, this time together.

Then 1928 came along. Rod looked at his picture schedule. Not a week's time off. Just one picture after another, without time between to catch his breath.

"Vilma," he said, "you'll have to go alone."

Vilma didn't want to go alone. She would wait, no matter how long, until her Rod could go, too.

Love of Vilma

ceived a "come and get me" cablegram from Vilma Banky, in Budapest, he stopped work on his picture, dashed the first boat to Europe. Is he in love? Well, rather!

Talley

"But then I thought it out," said Rod. "It might be years and years before Vilma and I could get long vacations at the same time. Suppose, in the meanwhile, something happened to one of Vilma's family without her ever seeing them again? Why, I could never forgive myself. I'd always feel that it was because of me she hadn't gone home. So I determined she *should* go."

He knew it would be awful without her; she knew it would be terrible without him. But neither of them realized that it would be even worse than awful—worse than terrible. The separation was more than they could stand. Rod took Vilma to the train. He couldn't leave

her. He rode with her to Pasadena and told the chauffeur to drive along beside the train. At Pasadena he kissed Vilma goodbye and they both burst into tears.

"I looked at her eyes," said Rod, "at her hair. And I thought, 'I won't see her again for six weeks.' And I couldn't get off the train."

So he leaned out the window and motioned the chauffeur to keep on driving. He rode on to San Bernardino. But Rod had to get off some time, so at San Bernardino they wept and clung together, but at last he tore himself away.

He went back home. He wandered about the desolate house where everything reminded him of Vilma. He waited for telegrams from Vilma.

The next day he went to the studio. He tried to work. And every few minutes he would phone his house to ask if a telegram had come. At one o'clock in the afternoon he gave up. He couldn't work. There was no use trying. He returned home to mope. There were some things of Vilma's about, as forlorn as he was at her absence.

When she reached Chicago she phoned him. Again in New York. All in tears. She was coming right back to Hollywood. She couldn't sail without him. But Rod was determined they should carry on. She must go on, now she had got that far. She must sail.

So Vilma sailed.

When she reached Budapest she was fêted, lionized. She had left there, three years before, an obscure little actress, going to seek her fortune. She returned

in triumph, famous. There were parties in her honor, teas, receptions, dances.

But she sent a forlorn little wire to Rod. "Rod, dear, please come and take me home."

It was one of the greatest thrills of Rod's life, that pathetic little message, "Take me home." Why, Budapest was Vilma's birthplace, her girlhood home. All her people were there. Only three years before, California had been a strange, alien country. And now this message, "Take me home." No wonder Rod was thrilled. And no wonder his picture schedule, his contract, nothing else mattered.

"I told myself, when that message came," said Rod, "there were thousands and thousands of movies, but only one Vilma!"

So he left the studio and hurried to New York. The powers that be were not pleased, but they were amenable. They even booked his passage so he could take the first boat after he got to New York. But when he reached there, all ready to sail in two days, he found his passage had been booked on the *Mauretania*. The *Mauretania* was about to start on a trip around the world! That was another blow, for a young man already desolate. He had to cancel that reservation and wait in town for a whole week before he could sail. On the *Paris*, finally.

I saw him the day he sailed. It had been just seventeen days since he and Vilma had clung to each other and said good-by at San Bernardino. To Rod they seemed a lifetime.

Vilma was meeting him in Paris, at the boat train. They were going to Budapest together, so Rod could meet Vilma's parents and her sisters and brother. I think Rod said there were two sisters and one brother. Rod was to be lionized, too, when he arrived, and he was a little worried. He is shy about crowds. But Vilma had cabled him that Ferenc Molnar, the famous Hungarian playwright, was giving a reception in his honor, and all sorts of festivities were planned for his brief visit.

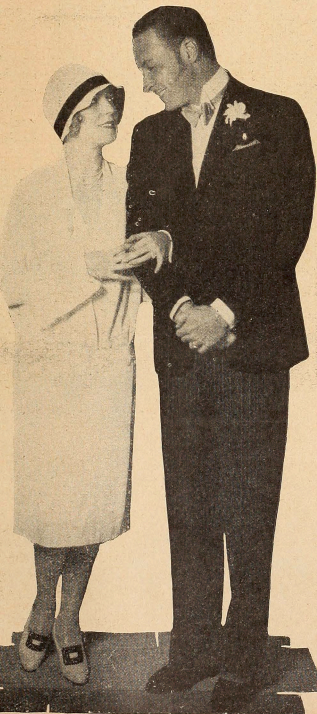
"I booked our passage home on the *Aquitania*," Rod said. There was a beautiful glow in his eyes as he explained that he had chosen that steamship, because it was the one on which Vilma had first come to America.

And what that trip and her three years in America have meant for Vilma! Instantaneous success, and now stardom. A romantic, adoring husband. Fortune has heaped things into her lap.

She came over, knowing no English whatever. And

Continued on page 96

The increase in the Banky-La Rocque fan mail since their marriage, explodes the theory that fans disapprove of favorites marrying.



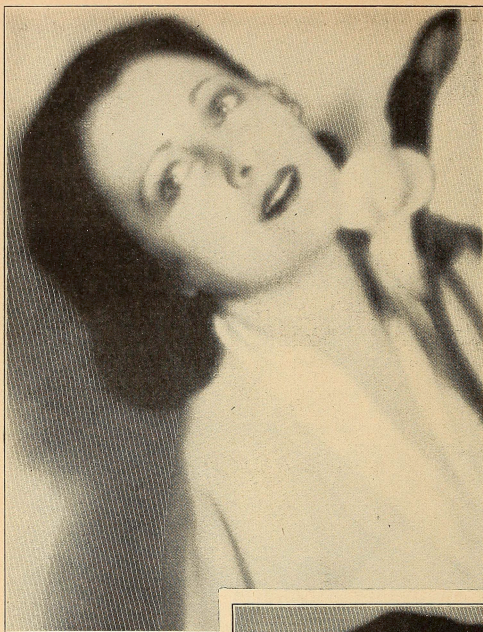


Photo by Hall

Any girl who tries to imitate Billie Dove, says FANNY, will meet with disaster.

THE door opened, papers flew, the door slammed, and windows rattled, as Fanny blew into the Gainsborough Beauty Shop with determination in her eye and a "go get 'em" ring in her voice.

It's a good thing Edna Flugrath Shaw—Viola Dana's sister, the owner—was there to take care of her, for Fanny immediately ordered everything from a hair cut to a pedicure. She was so busy she did not even see Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Teddy Sampson, and myself at a near-by manicure table. Even if she had, she would probably have done her ordering first.

She pulled off her sport hat and shook her brown bob at Edna Shaw. "I want one of those new raggedy-bobs like Marian Nixon's," she said. "Do you think it would look

Over the

Fanny the Fan descends upon a beauty and settles down to an uninterrupted

By The

well on me?" Before Edna could answer, she had rattled into an enthusiastic description of Marian's new cut. "It's the cutest thing. All uneven and cut so close to her head it looks like a cap. The girl raised an awful fuss about cutting her hair, at first, but once she consented to ply the shears she certainly went the limit. It's cut so short that Marian's ears show, but there is a little piece that curls over the ears and takes away from the boyish effect. It is so feminine looking. Hello!" Fanny had spotted us and drew up a chair to wait until the barber could take her.

"Why all this feminine appeal, Fanny?" I wanted to know after she, Viola, and Shirley talked about this and that for a moment. Last spring she had been all for the great outdoors and deep-brown sunburn, tennis, and swimming. But she seemed to have forgotten all this in the sudden "back to femininity" wave that has swept all Hollywood.

"It pays, my dear," and—believe it or not—Fanny had remodeled her old, frank smile into an utterly beguiling and helpless one.

"After Carmelita Geraghty's horse ran away and the best-looking guide on Jean St. Cyr's estate led her around all the rest of the visit, all the girls have given up knowing how to do things. Carmelita can ride like a streak and nobody believes she was in much danger, but after this handsome fellow rescued her she simply forgot everything about horsemanship. Virginia Valli and I are going to forget all we know about sports this summer, because Virginia had her own experience in being feminine, and it worked wonderfully.

"She and a girl friend went up to San Francisco and while they had all the nec-



Photo by Rieber

Nancy Carroll's red hair is lost on the screen, so she wants to change it.

Teacups

shop, orders everything in sight, discourse of other people's affairs.

Bystander

essary reservations, they had forgotten to take along enough cash. I think that is lovely and feminine, don't you? They didn't know a soul in San Francisco who would cash a check for them, so they walked in a strange bank and threw themselves on the mercy of the president. He was awfully sympathetic and not only cashed their checks, but sent roses to the hotel by way of cheering up the helpless little women," Fanny giggled. "Oh, everybody's going in for it.

"Did you notice how even the more sophisticated girls among the baby stars were dressed at the Wampas ball? Can you imagine Lupe Velez, with all her fire and dash, taking her bow in a fairylike white dress of the period style? I simply *couldn't* believe my eyes. Knowing Lupe as I do, I had a hunch she would show up in something between a fireman's helmet and a pirate's sash. But Lupe could wear pinafores and she'd *still* be the most dashing girl in any gathering," added Fanny, who is loyal even if a little gossip.

I hadn't been able to attend the Wampas ball and that was enough of an excuse for Fanny to launch into her own observations of the event.

"Sue Carol was another girl you would hardly expect to go ir violently for 'the lavender-and-old-lace' effect. Sue absolutely forgot what a cute little flapper she is and appeared in an all-white *bouffant* dress, with a white rose in her hand. Lina Basquette must also have got wind that all the girls were going in for Puritan effects, for even she discarded her favorite type of evening gown—something dashing and décolleté in black—and wore an orchid creation, with miles and miles of tulle. If the orchestra had taken its cue from the girls' gowns, it would have

Jobyna Ralston entertained her in-laws since Christmas, without a murmur.



Photo by Spurr

Marian Nixon's new bob has created a stir in FANNY'S set.



played nothing but 'Hearts and Flowers.'

Fanny might have gone on and on about the Wampas event if the barber hadn't been ready for her. Viola and Shirley had to leave to do a little shopping, but Fanny insisted that I come into the booth with her to supervise her new hair cut. This was a new barber and Fanny was tickled out of her customary poise when the fellow mistook her for a star, and asked for a photo to put on the wall next to one of Olive Borden.

"What on earth is Olive's picture doing in a barber's booth?" Fanny cried in shocked surprise. "Surely she hasn't had her beautiful, long hair bobbed?" It took both the barber and myself to assure her that Olive still retained her lengthy locks, before she became composed enough to remember she had



Photo by Beedy

Shirley Mason is a constant patron of her sister's beauty shop.

heard that Olive and Fox were on the verge of patching up their difficulties.

"It will be nice if she goes back there," observed Fanny with one eye on the barber. "Fox is an awfully important studio. With such pictures as 'Seventh Heaven,' 'Four Sons,' and 'Sunrise,' they've increased their prestige enormously. Then, too, they've bought the whole chain of West Coast Theaters and I hear they have an eye on one of the big companies and may absorb it. If I were a player I'd rather be under contract to Fox than almost any other studio." But I've a hunch that Fanny's



Olive Borden's luxurious manner of living hasn't changed since she left Fox.

real enthusiasm would come from the proximity of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, her special favorites.

"Getting back to Olive Borden," Fanny went on in her harum-scarum way, "a lot of people wondered how Olive was going to keep up her luxurious mode of living after she stopped work. But in spite of the upkeep of her maid, chauffeur and secretary, Olive must have been saving considerable money. Anyway, she's just rented 'Peg' Talmadge's beach house for the summer, and I hear she has bought an apartment house in Los Angeles. Can you imagine buying anything like that out of your savings?" she wailed, thinking, I suppose, of her own modest income. "It's all I can do to get a new dress every other meeting to wear to the Mayfair."

I took a look at Fanny's tan sport suit and couldn't work up any sympathy for her. It was obviously brand-new. She must have read my mind, for she immediately explained the creation.

"Oh, I simply couldn't resist this. Evelyn Brent owns some stock in Howard Greer's gorgeous new shop, you know, and she took me in there the other day. They have the most flattering way of selling things," said Fanny as though trying to excuse herself for having ever set foot in such an expensive place. "First, they fit you in a silver room of neutral background."

"What?" I inquired.

"That's right," replied Fanny, who knew I had heard her correctly. "It's just too elegant

for words. I bet Paris hasn't anything like it. Then after you have found something that is particularly becoming, they move you into the blue room, or the rose room, to get the finished effect. The blue room makes you look simply wonderful. I defy any one to come out of that room without buying something. It's so different!" For no reason at all she then asked, "Have you seen Eleanor Boardman lately?"

I suppose that speaking of the unusual things reminded Fanny of Eleanor, for every one knows Eleanor for her reputation in doing and saying the extraordinary. I told Fanny I

hadn't seen Eleanor recently, as she has been much too busy with her baby and her return to the screen, to see anybody.

"Well, I've seen her," boasted Fanny, who seems to have a knack of seeing even those people who are most secluded. "We had tea at Montmartre a few days ago. Isn't it just like Eleanor to invite you to tea at Montmartre, when absolutely no one goes there except for lunch? We arrived about four o'clock and there wasn't a soul to be seen, except a waiter who was aroused from a nap to serve us. It was simply wonderful," Fanny went on. "We could talk about anybody without the usual Montmartre danger of having her hear you over your shoulder.

"It seems as though everything marvelous in life has happened to Eleanor this year. Of course, the baby is the crowning climax, but on top of that King has promised to take her to Europe. As though that weren't enough to complete any woman's life, M.-G.-M. has given her a fascinating crook rôle, in 'Diamond Handcuffs.' Naturally, everything, no matter how glamorous, is just secondary to the baby in Eleanor's conversation. Before she drove me out to see their new daughter, she made me promise I wouldn't breathe a word to my friends on the newspapers, because Eleanor feels just like Gloria Swanson about publicity for the baby. She absolutely refuses to have it interviewed or photographed."

It seems to me that interviewing an infant of a few months would be a rather difficult task for even the most seasoned reporter, but Fanny always scorns logic.

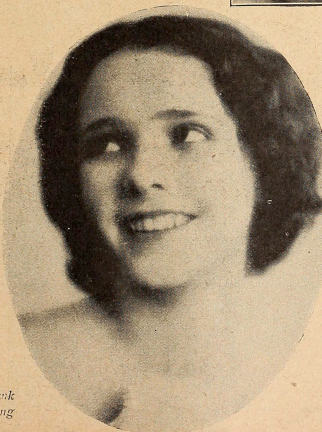
"I'm not supposed to tell you how cute and pretty the baby is," she continued, "but I just can't help mentioning what beautiful hands she has. I'm sure she is going to grow up to be a pianist—or else to make hand inserts for Cecil DeMille's pictures."

"Why DeMille in particular?" I asked.

"Oh, he always demands perfection in every detail," explained Fanny.

The barber was called out of the booth for a moment, which gave Fanny a welcome opportunity to whisper the information that she'd heard Frances Howard Goldwyn is expecting the stork in her home late this summer.

"Hollywood is becoming so domesticated the reformers won't have anything to talk about pretty soon," sighed Fanny, who has always had a leaning toward bohemian existence. "I met Jobyna Ralston on the



Dorothy Ward can thank Phyllis Haver for starting her in pictures.

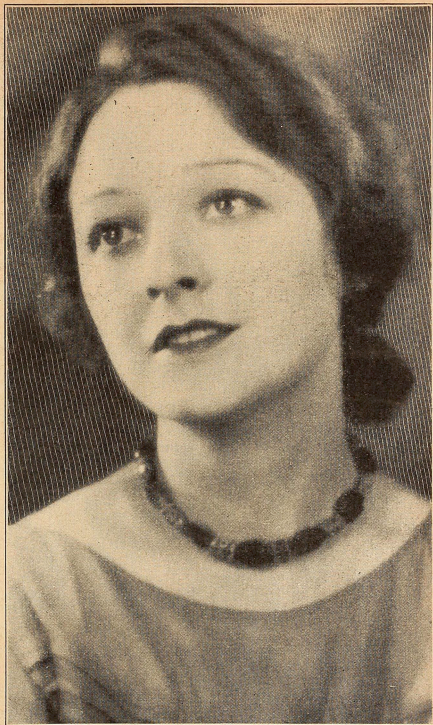


Photo by Ball

Eleanor Boardman's baby daughter has such beautiful hands, that FANNY predicts a career for her.

street the other day and all she wanted to talk about was her new home. Jobyna must have the disposition of an angel, for Dick Arlen's parents have been visiting them since Christmas, and a star who can get along with her in-laws for that length of time deserves some sort of decoration, I think," philosophized Fanny, who has a comic-strip idea of domestic relationship. "But Jobyna is such a lamb, anyway. She even forgives Dick when he invites people to spend the night—even if they haven't yet bought blankets for their new beds.

"Dick and F. W. Murrau have become good friends, and he invited Murrau to spend the week-end with them before Jobyna had completed the furnishing of her guest room. Jobyna was simply beside herself. She dashed around trying to get the room finished before the week-end, but the next day she had to go to work at the studio and the guest room had to go. The evening

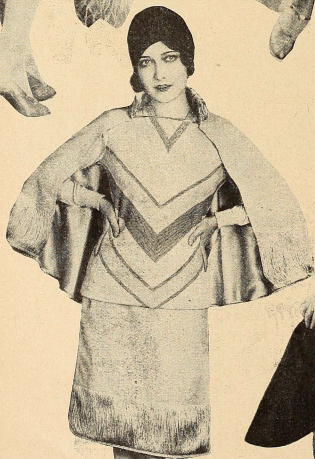
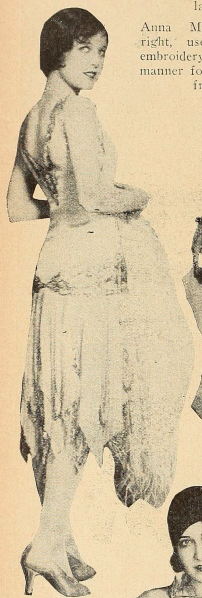
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Loretta Young, left, wears a frock of silver lamé with a fitted hip-girdle of silver lace.

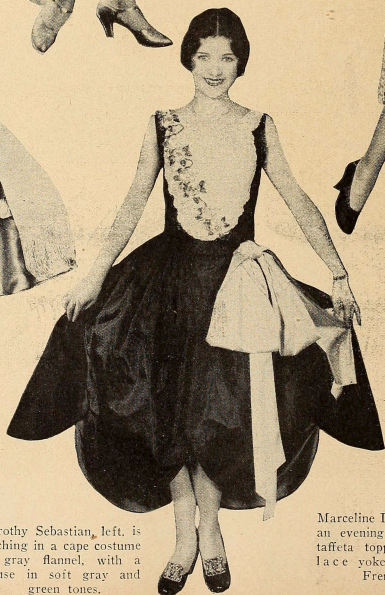
Anna May Wong, right, uses Chinese embroidery in a novel manner for her dance frock.

A Young

Turns to new clothes more but these charming frocks



Dorothy Sebastian, left, is fetching in a cape costume of gray flannel, with a blouse in soot gray and green tones.

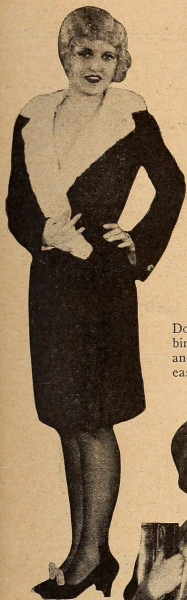


Marceline Day, left, displays an evening gown of black taffeta topped by an écu lace yoke strewn with French roses.

Dorothy Sebastian, above, wears a simple but very smart navy-blue jacket over a frock of printed silk.

Girl's Fancy—

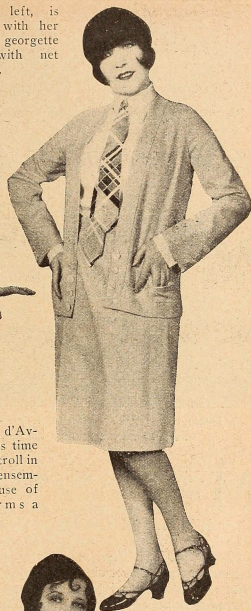
than it does to love in Springtime, may be a step in that direction.



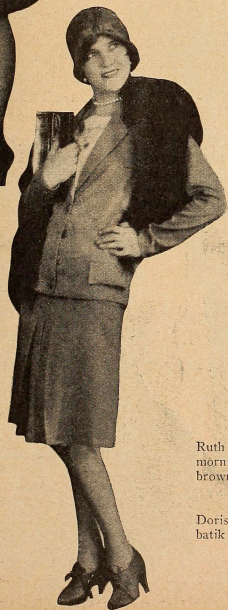
Doris Dawson, left, combines black broadcloth and ermine, with the ease of one accustomed to both.



Yola d'Avril, left, is justly pleased with her powder-blue georgette apron-frock, with net vestee.



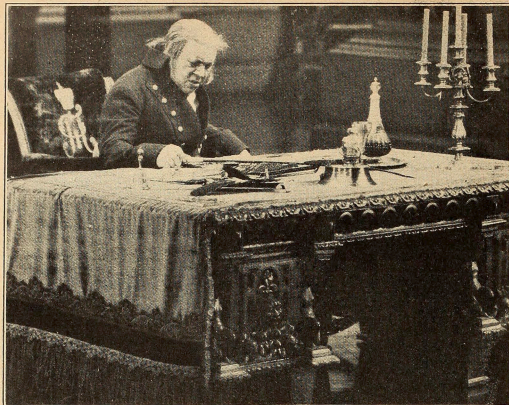
Again Yola d'Avril, right, this time ready for a stroll in a sweater ensemble, the blouse of which forms a teddy.



Ruth Taylor, left, takes her morning walk in a golden-brown flannel suit and a sable scarf.



Doris Dawson, right, drapes a batik shawl over her shell-pink chiffon frock.



Emil Jannings, as PAUL, promises a performance that will surpass all his notable achievements.

MUSIC sounded softly behind the big screen surrounding the set of "High Treason." People tiptoed and whispered, "Jannings is in the midst of a scene!" We found a forbidden peephole and peered inside.

The idiot Czar, *Paul the First*, was seated in a great, purple velvet chair behind a table. He read a letter, started to sign it, but before he had accomplished it, something distracted the attention of his groping mind and he laughed, forgetting. The sound of his own laughter startled him and he looked fearfully over his shoulder into the darkness behind him.

The music ceased, the lights went out and Paul shrugged himself painfully back to the reality of Herr Jannings, the great German actor. Blinking, as if a little surprised at the transition, he rose and came forward.

"This," he pronounced, in his labored English, "is the happiest day of my life!" He threw his great arm over the shoulders of Mr. Lubitsch, the director. "I play again with Ernst Lubitsch! He is my old, my good friend. It is now *sechs Jahre*—six years—since he direct me last in Germany. I am very happy! Thank you. Good-by!"

He bowed politely and walked away. Press agents fluttered after him. "But Mr. Jannings—the interview—you must talk."

"I am too tired," with ponderous finality. "I must rest."

"But Emil!" This was Mr. Lubitsch. "You have promised! It is important—"

"I am tired." Mr. Jannings walked away, heavy footed.

Mr. Lubitsch was rueful. "He is like a child," he said. "Will I do? I will do all I can to help."

We went to lunch.

"This is a difficult part, this *Paul the First*, which Jannings portrays in 'High Treason.' Paul was an idiot, you know. But he has his lucid moments. A great part with tremendous opportunities for Emil."

Mr. Jannings' plump, pink secretary bustled in.

When a Czar

"A million dollars' worth of good enthusiastic way of describing his new last years of the idiot czar, Paul, the pomp of a superb production and

By Hefleh

"Herr Jannings is prostrated!" he reported and darted away again.

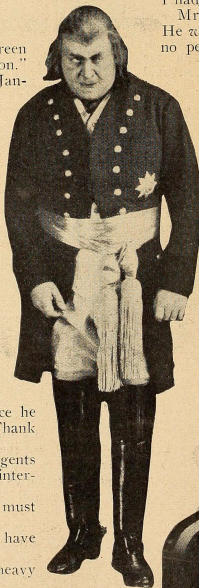
Mr. Lubitsch chuckled. "After one half day of work he is prostrated! Oh, well— You see, I know Emil so well. We were on the stage together in Germany, years ago. Then I went into motion pictures to direct, and presently here came Emil to act in pictures. We made a great many comedies together, before I directed him in 'Passion' and 'Henry the Eighth.'"

"You persuaded Mr. Jannings to go into pictures?" I was repeating what I had been told.

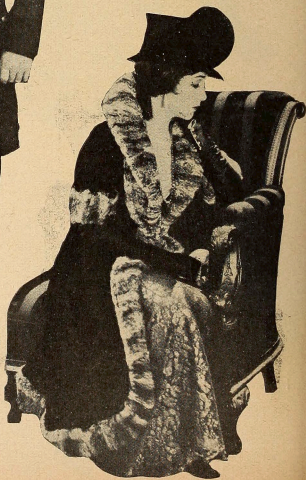
Mr. Lubitsch was surprised. "Why, no! He *wanted* to go into pictures. There was no persuading. But we were old friends and were happy to be together, as now."

The plump secretary hurried in again. "Herr Jannings has recovered," he panted. "He sends his apologies and says will you please come to his dressing room?" We agreed.

"Tell me about 'High Treason.'" I suggested to Mr. Lubitsch. "I



The unhappy monarch is suspicious of every one.



Florence Vidor is BARONESS OSTERMANN.

Goes Mad

performances," is Emil Jannings' en-picture, "High Treason," in which the First, are brought to the screen with the brilliance of an exceptional cast.

Louise Walker

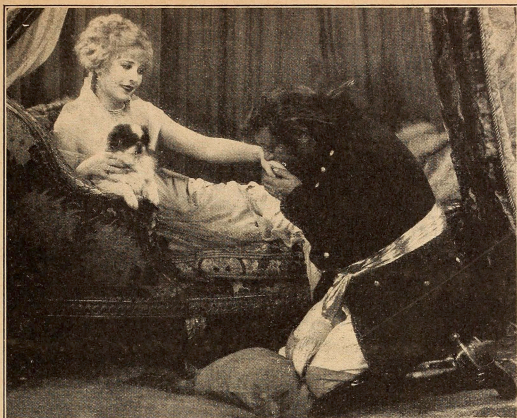
understand it is to be one of Paramount's biggest releases for 1928.

"The biggest," he returned. "It is taken from the play by Alfred Neumann, which is running now in Berlin. The story is about Paul, the mad Czar, who was assassinated in 1801. He is a dreadful combination of tyrant, coward, weakling, and madman. His subjects live in constant fear and dread of him.

"But he is also afraid—continually afraid of being killed by his enemies.

"Lewis Stone plays *Count Pahlen*, the military governor, a just and good man, who has a fanatical love for his country. *Pahlen* feels that the only hope for Russia is the abdication or, failing that, the assassination of *Paul* and the succession of *Alexander*, *Paul's* son, to the throne. He works continually toward one or the other of those ends.

"The plot to force *Paul* to abdicate fails and he is killed by his fear-maddened subjects, whereupon *Pahlen*, his duty to his country accom-



Vera Voronina, herself a Russian, plays a lady of the court, who holds PAUL in abject devotion.



PAUL's fate lies with Lewis Stone, as COUNT PAHLEN.



ALEXANDER, the heir to the throne, offers Neil Hamilton a striking rôle.

plished, has himself shot to death, according to a pact he has made with an officer of the court. Dying, he says he has been a poor friend—but a patriot.

"Florence Vidor plays the *Baroness Ostermann*, *Pahlen's* mistress, who assists in plots and counterplots, and I assure you she is very fine in the rôle. It is a new departure for Miss Vidor, playing a definitely bad woman. And she is doing it superbly."

Our luncheon finished, we proceeded to Mr. Jannings' dressing room. He was a strange, almost a grotesque figure in the make-up of the mad *Paul*. His weariness had vanished and he greeted us effusively, exclaiming again and again how happy he was to be playing once more under the direction of his friend, Mr. Lubitsch.

The conversation became a babel of mixed German and English, with much gesturing by everybody.

"I am one year now in Hollywood," said Mr. Jannings presently. "You remember when I first was here and you came to tea with Mrs. Jannings and me? Ah, I was fearful then! I was a stranger in a strange land. Not only could I not understand the language, but I thought and felt differently from these Americans. We had no common mental ground, I thought, upon which to meet.

"I feared that I might not get good pictures. Friends in Germany had warned me. They will ruin you, these Americans. They have ruined so many artists."

"But now, after a year, I am no longer afraid. It is all right. I shall be happy here.

"It is a good thing for me that I came to Paramount. "And," he added, smiling, "a good thing, I think, for Paramount that I have come to them." He beamed over this amicable arrangement. "Good business!" he said.

[Continued on page 100]

The Kid Herself

Though Clara Bow, when interviewed, is a combination of bored indifference and brazen success, she becomes a dynamic personality as soon as she faces the camera, and exhibits that intense magnetism which brings her 18,500 fan letters a month.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

YOUNG America figures Clara Bow is the little girl who will lead it out of the wilderness to freedom. Clara is freedom itself, from her rolled stockings to rolling her own cigarettes. She is the Statue of Liberty doing a Black Bottom. She's a hard-chewing, fast-talking little redhead, who responds to the directorial cry of "Come on, baby, let's see your stuff!"

Meteor though she may be, Clara is at the moment one of the box-office attractions nonpareil—which is another way of saying all that Mr. Schulberg would like an attraction to be.

Clara is engaged in burning 'em up in Peoria, Patchogue, Painted Post, and Pittsfield—and that is no idle Hollywood gossip. This little girl with the brash manner is drawing quarters in every quarter, in a style never surpassed save, perhaps, by Valentino. Clara is a baby cyclone as we go to press.

The temporal touch is included, because here is a freak star, offering little in the way of beauty, less in the way of talent, who is soaring to the heavens of popularity solely on wings of personal magnetism.

Off the screen she may be less magnetic, but once she is projected on the perpendicular platforms, she has whatever it takes to draw the crowds. She is the exhibitors' pet at this writing, the ace of the picture palaces, the golden girl of the moment. Step right up and take a look.

There was a time when Clara thought interviews were fun and publicity indispensable, but those days have fled. She has grown a trifle anesthetic to such things.

Now, when you seek her out to find what makes her tick and how she regards the future of the industry, she swaggers calmly over, patting a plump cheek with a fluffy powder-puff, and permits herself to be introduced.

Her hair is an amazing blend of bright tangerine and red lemonade. It is undisciplined and finespun, glowing in the glare of the arc lights. Her face is round, her chin verging on repetition, her mouth a rosy pout. From the neck down, one might describe her more enthusiastically, but one won't. Any one who has seen the Bow films has seen the Bow figure. The specifications are correct throughout.

Clara is a startling combination of brazen success and bored indifference. She is juvenile and pert and satisfied. She reminds you of Baby Peggy ten years later.

She suggests all the chorus girls of fiction, all the stage flappers Florence Nash has portrayed, from *Aggie Lynch* down. She is a composite picture of a waitress at Childs, a hat-check girl at the Ritz, and a protégée of Texas Guinan playing "The Battle Cry of Freedom" on a saxophone.

She lacks poise, but she is cultivating a grand manner that is calculated to set you on your ear. Clara used to say "ain't" and concentrate on slang, until some one initiated her into the secrets of how a star should sound. Now the slang is out. And Clara is pretty dignified.

More fan mail is received daily, addressed to the Bow child, than has fallen to the lot of any one in pictures, according to the Babson department at the Paramount studio. Arch Reeve showed me the figures, indicating that the wild redhead is getting 18,500 missives a month, or approximately 2,000 more than Valentino received at the peak of his popularity.

The young set the country over copy Clara's every fad. She is the jazz goddess of the flappers and flippers. The great audience that first saw teething ridges between 1907 and 1917 idolize Clara, blowing smoke-rings at her shrine. Manicure sets and garters are named after her; hats and hand bags bear her indorsement; shrewd *coiffeurs* will design Bow bobs, if urged. She is a national sensation.

It is not strange to discover that all this praise, adulation, and far-flung publicity has had a definite effect upon the star-spangled Brooklyn girl. She is a Brooklyn belle, who found her way into the movies through one of those beauty contests. Background she has none; assurance untold. She is the flapper transferred bodily—and I mean bodily—to the screen. And thousands of other flap-

pers see themselves in her shoes, and go to see her as often as opportunity presents.

"You broke into pictures by winning a beauty contest?" I suggested, to dissipate the silence shrouding us like a fog.

Clara stifled a little yawn.

"That didn't help any," she said. "Beauty contests are the bunk. The girl who won second prize got all the

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Clara Bow's hair is a blend of bright tangerine and red lemonade.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richer

CLARA BOW, who once delighted in being interviewed, now merely permits herself to be seen, according to Malcolm H. Oettinger, whose story on the opposite page nevertheless clearly explains the prodigious hold of the sprightly Clara on the public.



Photo by Edwin Hower Hesser

JUNE COLLYER'S patrician beauty is as rare on the screen as it is unforgettable, as you who saw her in "East Side, West Side" and "Four Sons" will agree. Watch for "Hangman's House" and you will see more of her.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

WHERE are the adjectives that fully describe Greta Garbo? Can it be that Noah Webster could not find them for his dictionary? They certainly are not there. There is nothing, then, to do except to gloat over this photograph.



IF the Paramount School had only given us 'Buddy' Rogers it would have more than justified itself." That is the gist of letters received by PICTURE PLAY in the past three months—more letters about Buddy than any other player!

Photo by George F. Hemmel



Photo by Irving Childs

HUGH ALLAN played a villain, in "Dress Parade," and ran away with the picture. Anybody who can do that is a marked man, so just mark him down in your date book, to be seen in "Hold 'Em, Yale."



MARRIAGE and long absence from the screen did not cost Doris Kenyon any of her popularity, for her return in "The Valley of the Giants" only made her charm more apparent. She will be seen in Milton Sills' next, too.



Photo by George P. Hommel

AFTER cutting a wide swath—if you know what that means—in "Four Sons," for Fox, James Hall has returned to the Paramount fold, to continue the enjoyable task of making himself even more popular, in "The Fifty-fifty Girl."



Photo by George F. Heam

RICHARD DIX has never been known to lose his temper, he hates to buy clothes, and periodically he decides to marry—but doesn't. These morsels of information are only crumbs from the store you will find in the article opposite.

"Rich"—As He Is

In this careful appraisal of Richard Dix, his career is followed step by step, and his popularity with coworkers and fans is accounted for.

By Margaret Reid

RICHARD DIX is a son of the Middle West. Born thirty-four years ago in St. Paul, Minnesota, spending a few years of his childhood in Des Moines, his family returned to Merriam Park, Minnesota. He received his early education there, later graduating from the St. Paul Central High School, and putting in a year or so at the University of Minnesota.

His university career was cut short when he spiritedly abandoned it for the stage.

It had been his father's wish that Richard become a surgeon. His schooling was conducted with this object in view. From the beginning, however, dramatics and the instinct for them made insidious inroads in his studies. Between football, baseball, and the more earnest business of school plays, he found the hours required for scientific learning increasingly irksome.

The real finish of his surgical ambitions occurred when he watched his brother, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, perform three operations. It was borne upon the youthful Richard that he did not have the strong nerves necessary to a physician. He became, in fact, very sick.

To his family's dismay, he refused to continue at the university. Taking a job in an architect's office, he studied dramatic work at night. This led, in turn, to small rôles with the Metropolitan stock company, and then to a contract with the Shubert Theater in St. Paul. Here he received fifteen dollars a week. He incurred the wrath of the principals in the company, because his school chums attended religiously and applauded Richard with more enthusiasm than discretion.

Feeling, now, that the world was his own vineyard, he set out for New York and bigger things. In the following three years or so, he saw little enough of New York, his brief visits there being the barren periods between engagements in unimportant road companies.

Three years of one-night stands in jerk-water towns put a damper on his ardor. While he had a good time—no misfortune being great enough to lay low the Dix humor—and suffered from no anxiety about his art, he became a misanthrope about his position in the general scheme of things. An unsuccessful actor, with no especial bent for anything else, he was deeply convinced of his complete futility.

During the course of an engagement in a play called "The Fourth Estate," he was struck by the significance of a line he had to speak. It was "Somewhere in this world is a place for every man."

That he should be speaking this line broke upon him with prophetic solemnity one night, and he was heartened. Two days later the company went on the rocks and Richard was forced to hobo his way back to New York.

Deciding to take a final, desperate chance, he came to Los Angeles and his chain of bad luck was broken. He was engaged as leading man for the Morosco stock company and for two years was Los Angeles' matinee idol, "Bunker Bean," "The Cinderella Man," and "Romance" being among his best-remembered plays.

At the end of two years an encouraging offer took him back to New York, where he put in a strenuous season of appearing in artistic successes. Which means that he went from one commercial flop to another in embarrassing repetition.

Replete with critical appreciation—but rather short on monetary acclaim—he returned to Los Angeles early in 1921. Film officials who attended the Morosco Theater became interested in his possibilities for the screen. It

is a well-known tale that Chaplin prophesied Dix would not screen well. Tests, however, proved the contrary and he was signed by First National to do the lead, a dual rôle, in "Not Guilty."

Followed "Dangerous Curve Ahead" for Goldwyn, which brought him a two-year contract with that organization. During this time, the domestic comedy-dramas he made with Helene Chadwick under Rupert Hughes were conspicuously successful, but his greatest picture was "The Christian," his first big dramatic opportunity.

Signing with Paramount in 1923, he served apprenticeship in Zane Grey horse-operas, and an occasional dramatic rôle. With stardom, he has developed a flair for light comedy and farce that has made him one of the most valuable names on the roster.

Underneath his kidding and levity is an innate sense of responsibility which prompts hard work. With the expert organization he has built around himself—by insisting on giving this assistant director and that third camera man a chance—he works out every detail, rather than contenting himself with a cursory reading of



Beneath his levity is a sense of responsibility which prompts hard work.

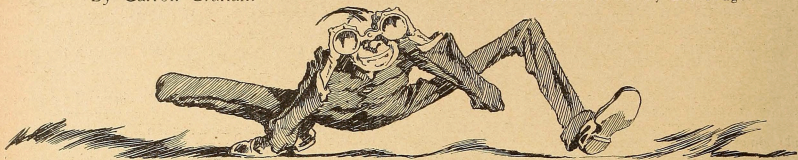
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The Stroller

A rambler in Hollywood makes amusing notes of happenings there.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo



WITH all Hollywood in an uproar about increasing costs of motion pictures, what is said to be the most inexpensive production on record has just been finished.

It cost one hundred and sixty-four dollars, as nearly as its producer could figure it. At this writing all of that amount has not been expended, but at least the picture is finished, because I saw it.

Harry Sweet, one-time comedian, gag man, comedy director, scenarist, and this and that, wrote, produced, and directed it. For lack of a better title, he is calling it "Rhythms of a Great City in Minor," which seems cumbersome, but describes the picture as well as any other. An alternate title considered by the director was "An Elephant, A Ten-penny Nail, and a Quart of Milk."

Only eight hundred and fifty feet long, including the titles—which makes it considerably less than a reel—"Rhythms of a Great City in Minor" contains four distinct stories, each with a cast, plot and setting all its own.

It opens with futuristic camera shots of a city's skyline, with weird jumps into busy streets, traffic jams, and sordid alleys, then launches without further warning into its first story.

No one was paid any salary for working in the picture, but its cast is quite imposing. Arthur Housman, Charles Puffy, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Leslie Fenton, Betty Davis, Max Wagner, and others more or less well known on the screen, appear. Even the director and his assistant are in it as actors.

The picture contains no interior sets, and many of the scenes were "stolen" atop busses and in busy streets.

A good many in Hollywood have seen the picture, including Sid Grauman, who was so enthusiastic that he borrowed a print to show to Chaplin.

Now that it is finished, Sweet hasn't any idea what to do with it, but feels he would like to make a series along similar lines.

Another picture of about the same nature, I am told, has been made by Robert Flohri, writer, press agent, and assistant director. Flohri's picture, it is reported, has the ambitious title of "The Life and Death of an Extra Man" and was made principally in miniature sets constructed and photographed in the kitchen.

If nothing more, "Rhythms of a Great City in Minor," and "The Life and Death of an Extra Man," should be of especial interest to those tireless souls who produced "Ben-Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Wedding March," and "Old Ironsides."

In the large and beautiful homes of Beverly Hills where the film great make their abode, there is often much talk of art in motion pictures.

Loud and earnest is the talk of the tragic ending, and how the creators of the cinema yearn to give their public dripping drama and terrible tragedy if only that public would accept it.

Well—when Metro-Goldwyn produced a version of "Anna Karenina" and called it "Love," two endings were made. One showed Greta Garbo diving into the path of an oncoming train, while her sweetie went back to his regiment. The other showed the inevitable reunion of the lovers after a few years, with the mean husband conveniently out of the way and everything hotsy-totsy.

I saw "Love" at a downtown Los Angeles theater, where the great unwashed go to see films, and it had the tragic ending attached. I saw it again—inadvertently, you may be sure—at the Beverly Theater, the only picture house in the precincts of the great, and the conventional ending had been tacked on.

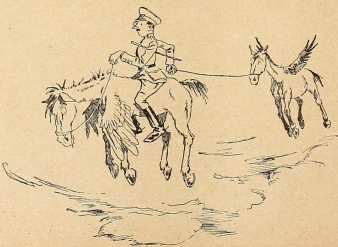
Lucien Littlefield, who has played some excellent character rôles in a number of pictures, is perhaps the most unusual actor of his type I have ever known.

Only thirty-two years old, he almost never appears on the screen except as an old man, or at least a middle-aged one. In Will Rogers' sparring picture, "A Texas Steer," he not only played a prominent rôle, but did an impersonation of President Coolidge in one scene that was so remarkable that many wondered how the director had induced the chief executive to appear before the camera.

Yet despite the fact that Littlefield is virtually in a class by himself, he has always faintly regretted that he became an actor instead of a professional baseball player.

When he was sixteen years old, Lucien and another boy were playing baseball in high school in a Texas town. Big-

An army flyer, engaged to advise a director on airplane technique, had only seen service in the veterinary corps.



league scouts offered them a try-out, which his partner accepted. He later became a famous ball-player. Lucien, being a minor, could not get his parents' consent and gave up his aspirations, eventually becoming an actor instead.

Despite his success, Lucien still feels he would much rather be playing baseball, and has gratified his youthful desires to a certain extent by purchasing a semiprofessional team which contends in a Los Angeles league. He plays second base every Sunday he isn't working in a movie.

Richard Barthelme and John Gilbert are very good friends. But it is said they became embroiled in a semihumorous argument recently.

They were making wholly mythical and highly exaggerated threats of physical violence on each other.

"The worst thing I could think of doing to you," said Barthelme, "would be to kick you in the teeth."

Erudite Hollywood.

I heard a press agent in conversation with Alice White, and in some sentence or other he used the word "flagellation," which, after all, is not the most obscure member of the English language.

Alice didn't know its meaning and he refused to tell her. "I'll ask Mervyn LeRoy," she said, Mervyn being then her director. The press agent offered to bet Mervyn didn't know. He won the bet, then collected similar wagers from all the gag men and scenario writers then present.

An obscure character actor finally came to the rescue and offered a definition, which the press agent refused to give.

Alice has not yet paid the bets.

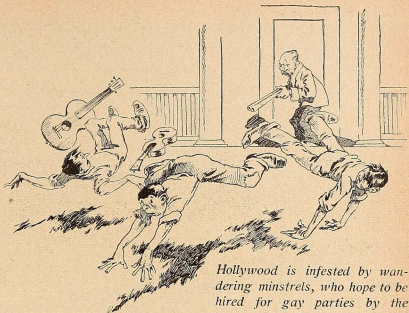
When Colleen Moore was making "Lilac Time," which seems to have become an aviation story—it may have been that on the stage, for all I know—a flock of army flyers were engaged as technical directors.

One in particular seemed to be the headliner of the outfit. He had the impressive record in the British army of having shot down any number of enemy planes and dirigibles, but manifested a curious reticence about actually getting into a plane himself.

Shortly after his departure, it developed that his war service had actually been confined to the veterinary corps of the British army.

Meanwhile there were on hand some real aces of the

If a hapless soul were obliged to see the 8,500 feature pictures that have been filmed since 1915, anything might happen to the producers of them.



Hollywood is infested by wandering minstrels, who hope to be hired for gay parties by the hour.

American and British armies, all of whom said nothing while the aeronautical veterinary was strutting his stuff.

Among them—to make this item still more drawn out—was a reckless flyer, who had recently inherited a matter of seven million dollars. He crashed a plane just for the fun of it for a thrill in the picture, which seems an odd form of amusement for a man worth seven million dollars.

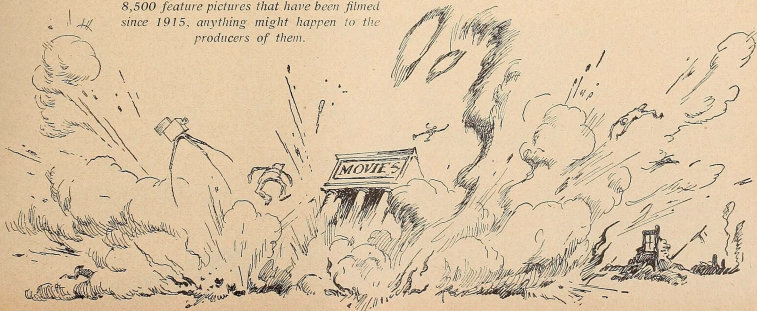
A number of wandering bands of minstrels make the residential districts in and near Hollywood their habitat. They are mostly Hawaiians, and in groups of three or four they come to your doorstep and play loudly and enthusiastically until you tip them, or drive them off with a rifle.

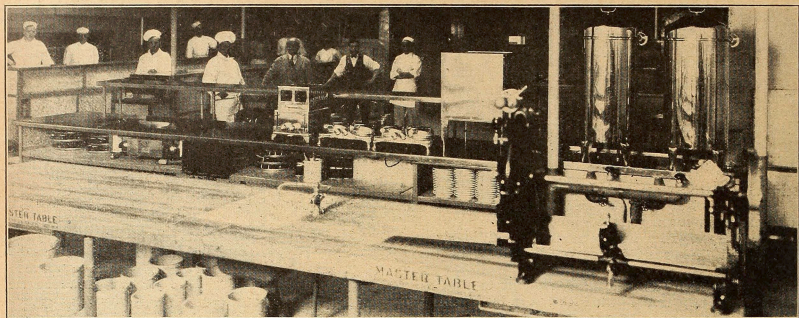
They cause considerable embarrassment and annoyance to sober folk sitting by the fire, for what the musicians are looking for are the hilarious parties, where they will be called in and engaged by the hour.

The theater owners' nation-wide vote for the ten best directors of the film industry is no great comfort to Mayor William Hale Thompson and the other 100 per cent Americans.

Of the ten selected by exhibitors, only five are American born, by name Clarence Brown, Malcolm St. Clair, Henry King, Rex Ingram, and King Vidor. Triumphant Europe is represented by F. W. Murnau, Ernst Lubitsch, and E. A. Dupont, of Germany, Victor Sea-

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Quick Lunch

These views of the restaurant at the Paramount studio show that not every one in the movies is on a diet.

Behind the scenes of the café, above, where three thousand pats of butter, twenty pounds of coffee and thirty dozen eggs are used daily.

Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll, left, in their "Abie's Irish Rose" make-up, share the menu with Richard Dix and decide how far to go in ordering lunch.

Seventy-five dozen glasses polished and ready, below, to be whisked to the thirsty.



Hollywood High Lights

Telling the news and gossip of the picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

STRAIT lines are out. Curves are in. The svelte, "boyish" figure that used to glide across the Hollywood landscape will soon be no more.

In its place has come the graceful arc of avoirdupois.

The new "finds" of the screen are plump, and the established favorites are aiming toward roundness. One very famous exponent of the live-to-grow-thin cult told us not long ago that she had gained eight pounds, and was proud of it.

The straight, flat-chested type has been long in vogue, but forecasters have been predicting a change. Of course, it goes without saying that large hips and bulging waistlines will never, never be tolerated. However, the anemic-looking girls with pencil forms, will have to start eating spaghetti and chocolate sundaes to substitute, figuratively speaking, ellipses for right angles.

Billie Dove was one of the first to make an asset of a pulchritude that was not angular. Perhaps she even introduced the mode, since she is so very popular.

Madge Bellamy, who has been a hit in her recent pictures for Fox, also possesses more curves than the average screen player.

The girl who exemplifies most strikingly the new and rather pleasing roundness, is Nancy Carroll. She will make her debut in "Abie's Irish Rose," and is distinctly a new type and very winning in personality.

Neither Fay Wray, Molly O'Day, nor Sally Eilers, the cute little girl who is featured in Mack Sennett's "The Good-by Kiss," are of the willow genre, to name but a few among a number of newcomers we have lately noticed.

A Tribute to Dolores.

Dolores del Rio captured the silver trophy at the Wampas Ball.

This means that in two years she has gone far in her career, in the opinion of those deciding the contest. The other entrants included Mary Brian, Mary Astor, Olive Borden, Joan Crawford, Marcelline Day, Dolores Costello, Janet Gaynor, Madeline Hurlock, Edna Marian, Sally O'Neil, Vera Reynolds, and Fay Wray. They were the Wampas stars of 1926.

Miss Del Rio and Janet Gaynor were the closest contestants for the silver cup, but the vote of the dramatic critics of the Los Angeles newspapers was in favor of Miss Del Rio. It was felt that she had, actually, more successful performances to her credit than Janet, even though the latter scored such a triumph in "Seventh Heaven."

Of the new 1928 stars, Lina Basquette won the most applause at the Wampas affair, which was held at the Ambassador Hotel, with a large crowd in attendance. Ruth Taylor, Lupe Velez, and Sue Carol were among others warmly greeted. Miss Carol, by the way, wore an exquisite dress of billowy, white chiffon, trimmed with countless rose petals. Miss Del Rio was strikingly



"Ring out, wild bells!"—Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver voyaged to Paris to be married, and are probably honeymooning now.

attired, the greenish-gold cape she wore, with green-dyed fur trimming, evoking an "ah!" from the audience. She always looks stunning, however.

Mary Garden an Idol.

It is always fascinating to watch the effect of a visiting celebrity on film folk.

The latest to cause a flurry was Mary Garden, when she came to Los Angeles for a series of performances with the Chicago opera company. She sang twice, and the house was packed on each occasion, many stars being present.

Norma Talmadge scarcely missed a single performance during the engagement, and she was escorted on nearly every occasion by Gilbert Roland.

Norma confided to us one evening that she wished she had Miss Garden's drawing power. But considering that Norma plays to millions of fans with each picture, while Miss Garden's audience is limited to the capacity of an auditorium for a single appearance, we felt this was a generous compliment. Norma, nevertheless, lavishes admiration without stint on any one who evidences art and accomplishment.

Laura La Plante and William Seiter, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and Julia Faye, who had just returned from Europe, were also regularly in attendance. D. W. Griffith went to a matinee performance of "Sapho" and drew more attention than a star, a crowd stampeding him for autographs.



Mary Ann Jackson, second from the right, is the newest member of "Our Gang," the others being Joe Cobb, Fatina, Harry Spear, Jean Darling, and "Wheeler."

Will H. Hays a Godfather.

Kenyon Clarence Sills can seek future advice as to what he should do, right from the head of the motion-picture industry. His godfather is Will H. Hays, who, for all practical purposes, is the films' chief executive. Kenyon Clarence is the youngest born to Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon about a year ago. As Mr. Sills and Mr. Hays are old friends, the latter was invited to be the godparent, this being his first assumption of this particular obligation in Hollywood.

For the christening, the little boy was clad in the same robe that his father had worn on a similar occasion. It had been kept by Sills' mother, and was remade by Doris for her child.

Sills and Miss Kenyon are remarkably devoted, not only domestically, but professionally as well. Miss Kenyon has played the lead in three of her husband's starring productions.

The Sub-deb's Wardrobe.

How much money should the sixteen-year-old daughter of a famous star have for clothes?

Here are the figures as presented by Olive Stokes Mix, the mother of Ruth Mix, and ex-wife of Tom:

Three or four evening dresses.....	\$225 to \$250 each.
Two tailored suits.....	\$165 to \$200 each.
One cloth coat.....	\$100.
One fur coat.....	\$250.
Sport suits (number indefinite).....	\$175 each.
Twelve pairs of shoes.....	\$12.50 each.

In addition, she listed other items, such as hats, hose, and lingerie, the total with the dresses, suits, et cetera, coming to \$4,326.

These figures were submitted during the long-drawn-out suit which the former Mrs. Mix filed against Tom. In this she asked for Ruth's allowance to be raised from \$50 a month to \$1,500 a month. The judge granted her \$2,500 a year, with the proviso that if Miss Mix were sent to a boarding school, she should receive \$4,250.

Colleen Waxen Romantic.

Those who have been hoping that Colleen Moore would do a picture disclosing her finer talents, may well look with high anticipation to "Lilac Time." In

this Colleen submerges her comedy and gives a very sympathetic portrayal. The picture itself tells an ardent love story, with a war background. We liked the film better than any in which Colleen has played since "Irene." It is to be released as a special.

"Lilac Time" was played on the stage by Jane Cowl, who also starred in "Smilin' Through," which Norma Talmadge made into a very successful film. "Lilac Time" promises to do for Colleen what "Smilin' Through" did for Norma, and that should be sufficient recommendation.

Name Question Settled.

The discovery of Karl Dane's real name evokes bewilderment.

In full, it is Rasmus Karl Thekelsen Gottlieb, so you can't blame his shortening it for screen purposes.

Dane recently became an American citizen. He asked, incidentally, that he be allowed to keep his screen name instead of his real one. He desired to retain only the Gottlieb, as a middle name. On the screen, though, it will still be Karl Dane.

Bushman Again a Grandfather.

Francis X. Bushman is twice a grandfather. A boy has been born to his daughter, Virginia, who is the wife of Jack Conway, the director.

Bushman's son, Ralph, also has a child, several years of age.

Francis X. was away from Hollywood on a vaudeville tour at the time of the new grandson's birth, but was advised by wire of the event, and sent an elated telegram in reply.

Corinne Plans Her Castle.

Corinne Griffith will build a new home in Beverly Hills. It will be of Spanish architecture and will have no less than twenty rooms, rivaling the beautiful Harold Lloyd manse now under construction. Her nearest neighbors will be Fred Niblo and Emid Bennett.

We see Corinne from time to time, and she is very happy with her new First National contract. She feels that "The Divine Lady" will be one of her best pictures. It is the first "big" historical romance she has ever done, the plot centering around *Lord Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton*. The film is adapted from the book of E. Barrington, and Frank Lloyd, who made "Black Oxen" with Corinne, will direct.

"It doesn't seem possible," Corinne commented to us, "that after being in pictures for ten years 'The Divine Lady' should be the first big break I have ever had. Every star has had at least one big production, but I never have had. This will be my first real opportunity in a picture done on a pretentious scale."

After "The Divine Lady," the fair Miss Griffith will star in "Outcast," from the play in which Elsie Ferguson triumphed years ago. Miss Ferguson appeared in a film version of the play, you may remember, but it was far from a fortunate venture.

Too Much is Plenty.

The warning may as well be sent out. There is going to be another "Cohen and Kelly" excursion. They have been to Paris, and now they are going to Turkey. We hope next time that these two worthy families

travel to Abyssinia, Patagonia, or some other remote place, and get lost there.

It is amazing how many of these comedies can be built around the domestic squabbles of two sets of characters, and still find an audience. Each new outbreak seems worse than the last. We have thought this true recently of the Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton combination.

Back to the Fold Once More.

Film life occasionally insists on moving in a circle. The return of Jack Holt to Paramount is an instance.

Holt left the company a year ago, but did not fare so fortuitously while freelancing. Now he is back, doing a series of Westerns.

We have always felt that Holt had a fine, inherent acting-talent, very much overlooked. Assigning him to outdoor pictures isn't the wisest move, perhaps, if it is to be his permanent work. He is really capable of portrayals more polished.

Bachelor Life Palls.

Stars do not stay unmarried very long nowadays. Reginald Denny was divorced only a few months ago, but he plans to wed again in the fall. He is engaged to Isobel Stiffel, who is doing small rôles for Universal, where Denny stars.

The engagement was announced at a party held at Denny's mountain cabin near San Bernardino.

Miss Stiffel is an attractive youngster, known by the nickname of "Bubbles."

Rudy's Estate Settled.

It is curious how the memory of Rudolph Valentino is recalled in the film colony, if only in a dull, commercial way.

There was an auction not long ago of some Egyptian cigarettes that Rudy bought during a European tour, and a number of young girls were among the bidders for these mementos. The cigarettes were unclaimed at the customs office, and were, therefore, disposed of at public sale, after being held for a year. The consignment sold for \$88.

The estate left by Valentino has been settled, and shows a balance of approximately \$300,000.

Pola Will Commute.

Pola Negri informs us that she has definitely settled her plans for the future. She will make two pictures a year—one in this country and one in Europe.

Pola feels that she has encountered more vicissitudes, perhaps, than any other foreign star who later came to this country, because she was the first arrival.

She wants, now, to do only very big productions, and would like at least every other one to have an authentic European background.

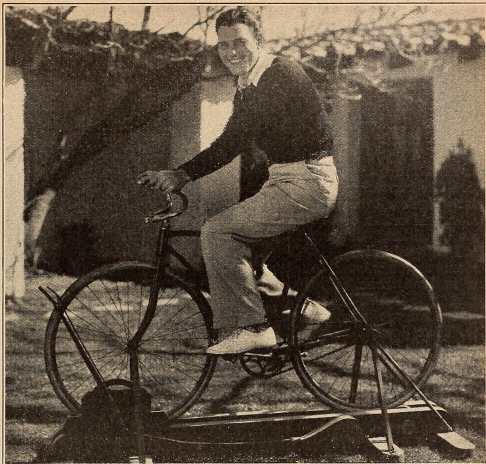
Her new contract is with United Artists.

Bancroft Succeeds Monte.

George Bancroft was recently accorded the honor of being elected president of the 233 Club, a Masonic organization composed of film people. Monte Blue was previously president.

Confidential Report of Bout.

Famous last words in Hollywood: "Who won the Barrymore fight?"



Richard Arlen does his bicycling "in position," on his own lawn.

Participants—Messrs. John Barrymore and Myron Selznick.

Time and Place—Midnight, Ambassador Hotel bungalow occupied by John Barrymore and his brother, Lionel.

Witnesses—Lionel Barrymore and, intermittently, Owen Moore.

Referee—Owen Moore.

Inspiration for Fistic Encounter—Undetermined.

Casualties—Indefinite.

Amount of Purse—Vaguely guessed at. But it might have been plenty, if Hollywood had only been tipped off.

Winner—No decision made, as referee had a special system of counting, similar to one employed in the Dempsey-Tunney battle.

New Fields Look Greener.

A new shifting about of professional destinies is due to occur, various players being affected. Leatrice Joy, for one, is likely soon to be seen in Fox pictures. Her contract with DeMille is expiring, and it is known that she has been desirous of a change. She has had very few satisfactory rôles lately, with the possible exception of "The Angel of Broadway" and "The Blue Danube."

Gloria Swanson has decided to make her next production at the F. B. O. studio, though it will be released by United Artists. What with the departure of Corinne Griffith, this leaves the number of stars on the United Artists' lot somewhat depleted.

Raymond Griffith and Thomas Meighan are with Caddo productions. Menjou is reported leaving Paramount to make pictures abroad. The marriage of Menjou and Kathryn Carver is planned for the early part of May.

It has been rumored that Rod La Rocque plans to leave DeMille. However, the report was denied. It was said he might go to United Artists for only one picture, "La Piava."

An Islander Returns.

Monte Blue returned with some interesting impressions of the South Sea Islands.

During the shut-down of Warner Brothers' studio he worked in "Southern Skies," for Metro-Goldwyn, and the company went on location to Tahiti and other islands of the tropical Pacific.

Blue said he didn't believe in cannibals until he went there. "But now I know they swarm the shores," he told us. "If you think they're dusky-haired natives, though, you're wrong. They're mosquitos. I had welts on me like barnacles, after being bitten by them. That country isn't all that the authors and artists crack it up to be, either. But any way I enjoyed it."

Monte stayed only a short time in Hollywood on his return. He is now on the way to Europe with his wife, Tove Jansen. They plan to visit Denmark, the birthplace of Tove's mother, known on the screen as Bodil Rosing, and they may go to see Tove's uncle in Constantinople.

Sounder and Sounder!

Warner Brothers have announced that virtually all their new pictures will be made with Vitaphone accompaniment, and many of them with spoken dialogue. In a number of the important films more than half of the picture will be dialogued.

Jack Warner assured us that no one who cannot speak lines or has not taken up voice culture will, in a few years, have a chance on the screen.

By the way, Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time" is to have sound effects, although no actual conversation.

Is Erich Speeding Up?

A newspaper headline says "Erich von Stroheim will make quickies." Now what do you deduce from that, *Watson*?

Griffith Retains Scepter.

No more interesting sport could be devised than attempting to guess whom D. W. Griffith will choose to play in his pictures. Griffith's long absence from the film colony makes his selections exceedingly problematical. What is more, he has in the past nearly always used a certain small coterie of talent, including Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, Neil Hamilton, and a very few others.

In "The Battle of the Sexes," his newest film, his company includes Jean Hersholt, Phyllis Haver, and Belle Bennett. Miss Haver is a DeMille contract-player, but she was lent for this production.

All actors regard working under Griffith's direction as a great experience.

From Africa to England.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry seem determined to stay in Europe. Alice, of course, takes a trip to Hollywood occasionally, but Rex has definitely turned his back on the film colony, whether for his own artistic good or ill can only be vaguely conjectured.

In any event, Rex and Alice have for a time changed their abode to England, and are working there on a film called "Three Passions," for United Artists. Ivan Petrovich will play opposite Miss Terry.

The question asked in *studioland* is: "What are the other two passions?"

D'Artagnan to Live Again

Douglas Fairbanks is again preparing to flash his sword and twirl his mustache, as that famous character of fiction, *D'Artagnan*. Doug seems to revel in sequels, and after many debates, he has decided to make one to "The Three Musketeers." It will probably be called "Twenty Years After," but it will not follow very closely the Dumas novel of the same title.

Dumas wrote several novels relating to the intimate and the public adventures of his famous group of swashbuckling heroes, but none of these had the zip necessary for a real Fairbanks production. As a result, Doug evolved an adaptation that is almost wholly original, and that the author, himself, were he alive, probably wouldn't object to—at least any more than most authors usually object under such circumstances.

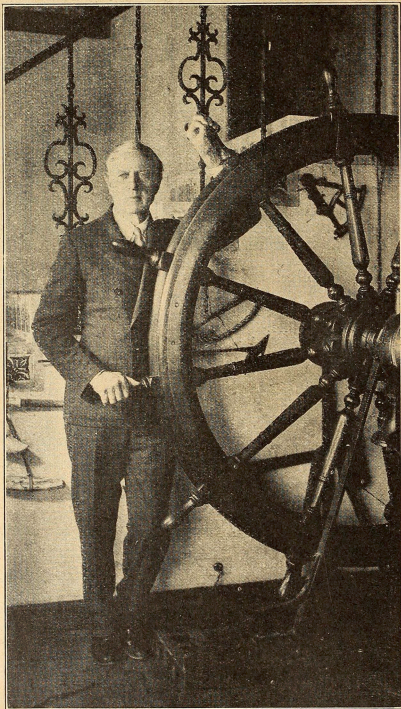
Secretly, we believe, Doug has entertained a fondness for *D'Artagnan* greater than for any of his other portrayals. "The Three Musketeers" was one of his best pictures,

and though we don't believe much in trying to revive the impression of something very well done, we feel, from what we have heard of Doug's story, that it is going to be something interestingly different. One thing—the picture may not have a typical happy ending.

May Aid New Generation.

There has been talk again lately in Hollywood about the new generation of screen stars, and prophecies that

Continued on page 94



Hobart Bosworth loves ships so much, that their influence is seen in every room in his home.

Watch Him for a While

Lane Chandler came out of the West, where he was discovered in Yellowstone Park, and now he can't go back. This story tells you why.

By A. L. Wooldridge

A *RARA AVIS* has been discovered in Hollywood. *Rara avis* is Scandinavian, or something, for "rare bird." He's a red-headed young giant, and unspoiled. His name is Lane Chandler. He has recently completed the leading rôle opposite Clara Bow, in "Red Hair." Here's what makes him rare:

He doesn't think he's as good as Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, or Richard Barthelme.

He doesn't crave spats, purple neckties, nor an automobile that shines like the aurora borealis.

He doesn't care whether the camera photographs his face, his hat, his shirt, or his hip. The ingenue may hog the scene, for all he cares.

He doesn't want any love affairs. His mother in Montana is *this* boy's girl friend.

He doesn't want to own a mansion in Beverly Hills with Filipino servants and a cellar. He'd rather have a cabin in the hills, with a fishing rod, a gun, and a few good books, than be John Barrymore, Emil Jannings, or the greatest actor in the world.

He doesn't take life seriously one way or another. If there isn't money enough in his pocket to buy a regular meal at the Montmartre, or the Mayfair—well, there is much sustenance in a hamburger sandwich, and there are many good fellows hooking their toes into stools at lunch counters along the Boulevard.

He doesn't care whether he's the leading man for Esther Ralston, Clara Bow, or the snake charmer in a circus—provided the charmer knows her stuff well. He'll see a lot of humor in anything.

If the studio were to notify him to-morrow that he was through, he'd smile the sweetest smile imaginable, extend his hand to say good-by, turn his face toward the pine trees and the grandeur of the Montana hills and exclaim, "Old-timers, here I come!"

Can you understand why the movie colony is crazy



Clara Bow jumped for joy, 'tis said, when Lane Chandler was chosen to play opposite her, in "Red Hair."

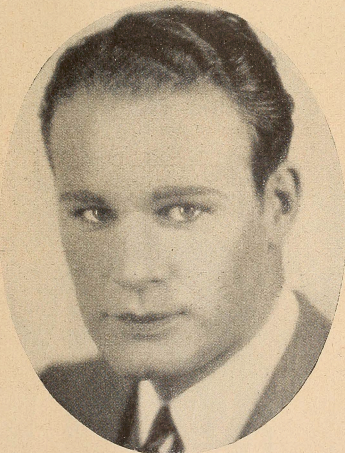
about him? Can't you sense why Esther Ralston wanted him for her leading man, in "Love and Learn," and why the irrepressible Clara Bow exulted when she learned he was to play opposite her, in "Red Hair?"

Lane Chandler brought into the studio the freshness, gentleness, and honesty of the open spaces, and he doesn't care a tinker's dam what the movies do to him. There is always the call of languorous days in the shadows of the Rockies, miles from Hollywood, where the trout are leaping and where a big boy can live in the outdoors. Robert W. Service painted a word picture of Lane Chandler when he wrote:

"There's a four-prong buck
a-swinging in the shadow
of my cabin,
And it roamed the velvet valley
till to-day;
But I tracked it by the river, and
I trailed it in the cover,
And I killed it on the mountains
miles away.
Now I've had my lazy supper, and
the level sun is gleaming
On the water where the silver
salmon play;
And I light my little corncob, and
I linger, softly dreaming,
In the twilight, of a land that's
far away."

The very indifference of this lad has amazed Hollywood. His was a case where a big, good-natured boy drifted in and said, "Here I am—do you want me? Thought I might fit in, somewhere."

And want him they did—with all his one hundred and eighty-five pounds of good nature. I imagine that if I were a child, and some fellow took my gumdrops, I'd



Red-headed, a young giant, and unspoiled—that's Lane.



Lane Chandler doesn't want any love affairs, but he plays them very well, with Clara Bow.

go racing about to find Lane Chandler and start blubbering, "Bad man—he took my gumdrops!" And I'd expect Lane Chandler to wrap both hands about the neck of the thief, press him to the ground, and in my presence extract the stolen bag and say, "If I ever hear of your doing this again, I'll brain you!" That's his way.

Producers are crying for new leading men. The dearth never was so great. But they must have talent. Legions of these young fellows who come to Hollywood believe they have it. Yet the casting directors don't see it. Lane Chandler arrived just at the time Paramount was looking for a new Western star, and grabbed him. After a couple of horse operas, he was given a rôle in "The Legion of the Condemned" and that ended his pioneering. Esther Ralston wanted him forthwith as her leading man, then Clara Bow fairly jumped up and down in glee when told she was to have him.

"All right, urchin," Lane said to her. "I'll do the best I can. May not be very much." But the studio officials knew better.

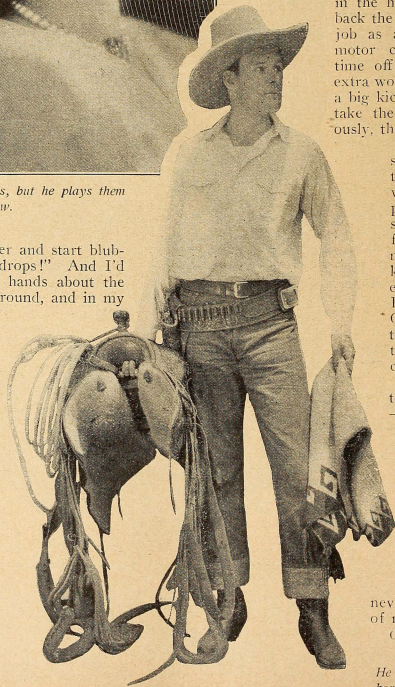
Lane Chandler is a new type. He was born on a ranch near Culbertson, Montana, twenty-six years ago. He is the son of George W. Oakes, now deceased. His education was received in Helena, where he attended high school, and Wesleyan University. While in college, he was on the football team which won the Montana championship in 1921. He played both guard and tackle. Before coming to Hollywood, he was passenger agent for the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, stationed at Old Faithful Inn. His chance for a screen career came when a director, filming a picture in the park, gave him a leading rôle in a two-reeler. And that gave him the film fever. He got it in virulent form, because it seemed to offer opportunity for a lark.

"You should have seen me," says Lane, "when I arrived in Hollywood, in 1925—husky, looking for a job as an extra. Nobody paid any attention to me. I found occasional work and got my five dollars a day for every day I worked—which wasn't often. But when spring came I hit it right back for the park and the wide, open spaces. Nothing equals the joy of living in the hills. When I came back the next winter I got a job as a mechanic with a motor company, and took time off occasionally to do extra work in a picture. Got a big kick out of it. Didn't take the movies very seriously, though.

"Then some one showed Paramount the two-reeler I had worked in at the park, and they did seem to like it. Sent for me and looked me over. Didn't know I had played extra for them. And I didn't tell about it. Outcome of the interview—they took a test and offered a contract.

"Now I have eight, ten—possibly twelve—years I can spare to pictures. I can spare that much only because of the salary they pay. And after that? Well, just watch me head once more for Montana and a ranch. Hollywood can never get that idea out of my head."

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He is twenty-six and was born on a Montana ranch.



Colleen Moore is so superstitious she will not admit "Lilac Time" will be successful.

Colleen Attempts Tears

In "Lilac Time" the popular comedienne has a rôle far removed from her usual hoydens, but so shrewd has been her judgment in the past that no one—except herself—is in doubt of the result.

By Helen Louise Walker

COLLEEN MOORE is blossoming forth in a big production. She has been content—or at least so she has seemed—to jog along in program pictures, the financial backbone of her company, one of the biggest box-office attractions, according to exhibitors' reports, in the industry.

She has never gone in, as have other stars of similar reputation, for super-productions, or special pictures, which are in the making for months and months, which cost large amounts of money, and which are released amid tremendous ballyhoo with gala premières, attended by stars in evening clothes who go to be seen, and curious fans who go to see them.

Colleen's pictures, four of them each year, produced at a nominal cost, have opened quietly, unattended by arc lights, celebrities, or depressing speeches by masters of ceremony.

And she has consistently filled those theaters at a rate which many stars of million-dollar productions may well envy.

"Lilac Time" is a big picture. Not in the epic class, but costing somewhere around a million dollars, and with a shooting schedule far longer than anything else she has done recently.

When I asked her if she were graduating into the super-production, ballyhoo-and-arc-light opening, Colleen shivered.

"Don't say it!" she begged. "I'm horribly superstitious! Perhaps—if this picture is as good as we hope—but I dare not say it is going to be, because that is bad luck. Something would be *sure* to happen! But"—here she stopped and beamed—"the rushes looked awfully good this morning!"

She flitted away to walk, glassy-eyed and staring, through a garden where broken, bandaged soldiers sat on benches, or lay in wheel chairs, accompanied by pretty French nurses. A camera on a truck followed her.

She came back and explained, "I have lost my lover and I am empty with grief—lost and wandering."



It does one good to get a drama out of one's system once in a while, says Colleen.

She wore a peasant costume, with a little black shawl about her shoulders.

Artillery rumbled past in the street beyond the garden, circled round behind the set, rumbled past again, an unending line of blue-clad soldiers mounted upon discouraged horses, pulling gun carriages after them.

Colleen watched them.

"I should like to make one picture a year—or two. Spend a lot of money on them, and take time enough to work them over and over until they were really good. I would do two comedies and then a drama, just for variety. I am so happy over this one. It does you good to get a drama out of your system once in a while!"

"But the responsibility of making a big picture is so great. It is such a serious matter if you fail.

"You know—it takes a lot of courage to risk failure. But you have to do it. If you never risk failing, you never get anything done at all.

"You know, ego holds you back. You think, 'If I fail, I shall be hurt. I shall lose faith in myself. I am afraid to try!' It isn't the actual failure that matters so much as losing faith in one's self.

"Why, 'way back when I was a youngster, I used to play the piano. I was rather good at it and people

thought that when I grew up I should be a fine musician.

"Well, there was a competition for a scholarship. It was taken for granted that I would win it and study abroad. I practiced and practiced and I began to think, 'What if I shouldn't win?' There was another little girl who was pretty good. I let that thought get hold of me and I began to be terribly afraid. It was not the thought of the scholarship—although I wanted that very much—it was the idea of failing that had me beaten before the competition began. I played very badly and I did not win. Fear lost it for me.

"But as I grew older, I began to see that I could learn from every setback. One failure did not necessarily mean the end of everything. I could try again. And I got over being afraid.

"When I was still quite young I used to spend my summers in Chicago with an aunt. And I would play extra rôles in pictures. I was just beginning to want to go into pictures then.

"One day the director asked for a girl to do a bit. She was to don a maid's costume and carry a tray of dishes across the set.

"I stepped forward very cockily and said I could do it. I thought here was my big chance! So they gave me the costume and the tray, and suddenly I thought, 'What if I can't do it?' A simple thing like that! I got so frightened that when the camera started to grind and they called to me to start, I tripped, and crash! went all the dishes.

"The shot was ruined and so were the dishes, and I was fired.

"I thought it over and realized that if I had not been so frightened—so afraid of failing—I should not have tripped. And I made up my mind that I would never let fear get hold of me like that again."

Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, called to her. "Now wait," he said, explaining the scene, "until I say 'Go!'—and then don't go for a minute. Then run!"

Colleen twinkled up at him. "When you say 'Go!' I don't," she said. "I see perfectly!"

"Little mutt!" he growled and they grinned at each other. It was obvious they were friends.

The shot finished, she returned and took up the discussion where she had left off, exactly as if there had been no interruption.

"Failure and disappointment," she said. "Sometimes I think we learn more from those things than from any success. There was the time that I wanted—oh, so much!—the leading rôle in 'Peg o' My Heart.' I thought I could not bear it if I did not get it. Later I realized that I was not fitted—more ready to do such a rôle. It would have done me no harm than good had I tried to do it.

"There was the time when I was fired by Griffith." She giggled. "I received a blue slip—one of those fatal, blue slips—saying that they were dispensing with my services, though they appreciated my artistic ability. I read the part about the artistic ability, but did not grasp the rest of the communication. I thought they were paying me a compliment and it was not until the next day that I realized I had lost my job!

"That hurt. It was a blow to my ego. But somehow it gave me a grim determination to go on trying.

Continued on page 169

Manhattan Medley

Bits of information and gossip
about film celebrities in New York.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

NEW YORK is fast becoming the center of a frenzied search for buried fictional treasure. Directors, scenario writers, stars, executives, have all joined in the story hunt, which yields no end of promising clues, but only an occasional haul of scenario loot. The trail leads to first nights, publishing houses, libraries, and to authors famous and obscure, in the hope that one or all may yield a prize from across the footlights, from a dusty cubby-hole, or from a voluminous literary sleeve.

Tod Browning journeyed all the way to Europe, wandered over the highways and byways of foreign lands for weeks and had the satisfaction of procuring two stories suitable for the varied talents of Lon Chaney. Samuel Goldwyn likewise, while ostensibly on a belated honeymoon, had a determination to find new screen stories. Lillian Gish has been haunting first nights, hoping to find a play that will suit her. Although, at the expiration of her contract with Metro-Goldwyn, she signed with United Artists, there is still no prospect for her immediate return to the screen for the simple reason that she has been unable to find a story adapted to her *spirituelle* personality.

Max Reinhardt is returning to America in the autumn to direct her, and I hear that he has a definite idea in the back of his head of the subject which will mark his debut as a Hollywood director, but in the meantime the fair Lillian continues to scan manuscripts in the hope of unearthing a brilliant theme.

Having completed "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" in California, Herbert Brenon joined the eager band of story hunters, and succeeded in purchasing Fannie Hurst's "Lummox" for future use, and it is our prediction that when this sympathetic story of a Swedish servant is filmed, Louise Dresser will appear in the title rôle.

When not absorbed in manuscripts, Mr. Brenon took time to confide that he considers Lon Chaney the greatest character actor on the screen, bar none, that Nils Asther has greater potentialities than any other screen juvenile, and that the road to success in films is to have a definite idea and to cling to it. In other words, stick to the guns of your conviction, no matter what the cost or opposition. He points to "Sorrrell and Son" as a case in point, because it was pooh-pooed from one film executive's desk to the other before he produced it.

Eddie Sutherland, too, cast his keen eyes over the situation, journeying higher in an airplane. No bones were actually broken but an accident did indeed occur which, as a matter of fact, was not part of the original script. The plane made a landing which was not according to schedule, and Eddie, like Humpty Dumpty, had a great fall, though all the king's horses and all the king's men were not needed to put him together again.



Lillian Gish has been haunting first nights, hoping to find a play suitable for pictures.

Speaking of accidents, Maria Corda, who, if rumor is to be believed, went to Europe to rid herself of an extraneous husband, played an emotional scene unaided by glycerin or a megaphone. A taxicab in which she was riding ran into an "L" post, and though she escaped serious harm, she was, as the familiar phrase goes, "considerably shaken."

Frances Marion, who has not been in these parts in many moons, joined the first nighters from Hollywood, though Miss Marion, with her sharp wits, is never at a loss for screen ideas. As those who know their film history are well aware, Miss Marion is an institution in herself. She has written scenarios since the industry first began, having supplied stories for virtually every star on the horizon, from Farina to Fairbanks. You may remember that she wrote most of Mary Pickford's early scripts, that it was under her skillful fingers that *Abraham Lincoln* and *Hester Prynne* came to life on the silver sheet, and as the wife of Fred Thomson she fills an equally important part in the domestic sphere.

As a matter of fact, Miss Marion is prouder of her domestic achievements than she is of her public attainments. She tells you with pride that Junior is such a fine physical specimen that at the age of nine months he utterly demolished two kiddie cars; and now, though still in rompers, completely dominates the household. She puts it down to the father's development of the



Maria Corda, according to rumor, went to Europe to shed a husband.

boy's physique, and points to the truth of her assertions by the fact that the father's monopolization of the boy is so complete, that she had to adopt a baby recently in order to have a bairn of her own to play with.

After she had cast many an anxious eye at "The Trail of '98," which she was cutting while in New York, Miss Marion withdrew to Palm Beach, where Fred Thomson joined her for a brief holiday on the sunny sands.

Rod La Rocque and Ben Lyon came East on the same train, which was the cause of an amusing contretemps at Grand Central Station. An enthusiastic young reporter, being assigned to get Ben Lyon's statement as to the state of his affections for Marilyn Miller, awaited the arrival of the train with impatience. As it drew in, the reporter, imbued with the enthusiasm of his craft, sensed in a tall, well-groomed young man all the earmarks of a star.

He tapped the stranger on the shoulder, and an immediate cross-questioning of his matrimonial intentions began.

"I'm on my way to join my wife," said the young man.

"Say," exclaimed the reporter, "don't tell me you've married her already! I didn't know she was divorced from Jack Pickford yet! That's news to us."

"No, I'm not married to her; I'm married to Vilma Banky," explained the tall young man.

"Den Lyon married to Vilma Banky? Say, you're spoofing me," and the reporter gave a reproachful glance.

"My name's La Rocque," explained Rod hastily. "Lyon just got in that taxi over there." And the reporter turned and fled after the disappearing auto.

Samuel Goldwyn, who is never at a loss for ideas and whose energy is proverbial, is looking not only for stories but for stars, and before he ascended the gangplank with his pretty wife, he delivered himself of these heartening sentiments:

"Actress or shop girl, chauffeur, or soft-shoe dancer, you are a candidate for the movies. I'm looking for a hero to play opposite Vilma Banky, and a heroine to play opposite Ronald Colman."

The two persons he will select must possess seven characteristics, not one of which is sex appeal, which he considers *passé*. Good, wholesome personalities are what the screen requires to-day, he avers, in outlining these seven requisites:

1. Intelligence and a sense of humor. Movies, like the stage, have outgrown stock gestures, emotions, and situations.
2. Color—that is, distinction of personality. People command interest, or they don't.
3. Youth and adaptability. We don't want people out on a crusade to tell us what's wrong with pictures.
4. Imagination.
5. The modesty that will enable a player to see

a rôle as something that forms part of a story, not as a chance to emote all over the lot.

6. Willingness to work. The movies will eventually demand as thorough training as the stage did thirty years ago—physical training as well as cultural. To develop into a rounded and finished player requires long hours. Remember, we start making pictures at eight in the morning.

7. Screen personality, not a doll-like perfection of face and form. We've outgrown all that.

It has become the fashion of the film world to marry in haste and to honeymoon at leisure. Norma and Irving

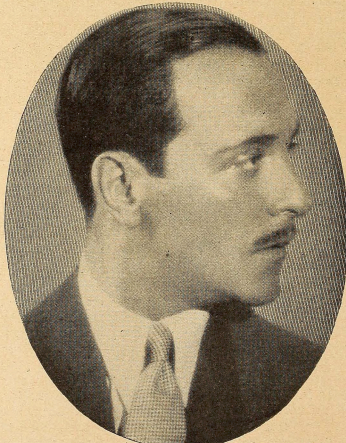


Photo by Louise

Ricardo Cortez will play in "Ladies of the Night Club."

Thalberg, married months ago, returned to their respective jobs forthwith. Only recently they passed through New York on their *voyage des nocces*, embarking for a Mediterranean cruise. A few days thereafter Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, whose journey to Europe had been cited likewise in the nature of a honeymoon, passed through New York on their way to Hollywood.

Cortez need never fear being described as "the fellow Alma Rubens married." Alma for all her talent, has married talent, too, and while she has been on a holiday, "Ricky," as his friends call him, has proceeded assiduously with his career.

He took part in British productions while in England, and upon his return to America barely had time to write his name on the hotel register, before he was asked to sign on the dotted line of a film contract. He is to be the chief masculine reason for "Ladies of the Night Club," produced by Tiffany-Stahl. Having just come from his ocean liner, he permitted himself only a brief survey of the metropolis, and hastily boarded the train. Being a dutiful wife and one of matrimony's staunchest advocates, the fair Alma resisted all inducements to dally a while in New York, and accompanied Ricky to Hollywood.

On the opening night of "Four Sons," at the Gaiety Theater, when the applause after the showing was going full tilt, the familiar figure of Courtland Smith stepped onto the stage and spoke.

"As the result of her exquisite performance in this picture William Fox announces that Margaret Mann becomes automatically a star," he said. The spotlight was turned on an unobtrusive figure in a simple, afternoon frock. Here was not one of your simpering ingenues, nor a hard-faced doll from the sticks, but a mature, well-poised, and sensible woman, whose quiet dignity was as apparent in her acknowledgment of the applause as was her intelligent restraint as the mother on the screen.

A woman of sixty, an extra for ten years, Margaret Mann never aspired to stardom. Hers is not the nature that craves the plaudits of the crowd but, faced by the problem of making money, she went about her work in the studios with a well-defined dignity which attracted the attention of Fox officials.

While in New York, hers was not the rôle of the besabed star who haunts the night clubs, and her



Patsy Ruth Miller is writing a novel.

Photo by Frenlich

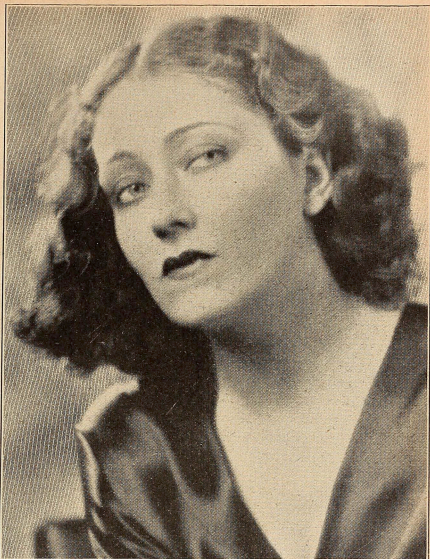


Photo by Childress

Gloria Swanson is happy, because "Sadie Thompson" is a great success.

proudest memory of her visit was the afternoon she missed her personal appearance at the theater, went over to Ellis Island, and was highly amused to find that the actualities of Uncle Sam's landing spot are very different from Hollywood's conception of it.

Enter Patsy Ruth Miller, authoress, but by no means exit Patsy Ruth Miller, actress.

Miss Miller finds the task of blending histrionic and literary expression highly satisfactory, especially when it is possible to sandwich in a trip to Europe in addition to histrionic pursuits. Miss Miller, an outspoken young person, admits that her stay abroad will depend entirely upon how much work she will find on the other side. If the screen gods are kind, and she is signed for a couple of pictures, she will remain many months. If they refuse to smile upon her, she will come home in a few weeks. If she has a good time over there, she will stretch her stay as long as possible. If she is bored, she will come back to New York at once. In New York Patsy Ruth is assured of a good time, for she is one of the most popular girls



Photo by Louise

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg are honeymooning on the Mediterranean.

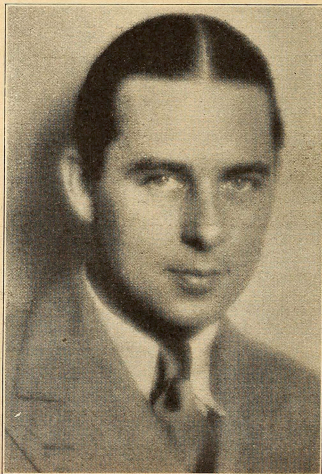
who come a-visiting from Hollywood. She is always frank, wide-awake, sophisticated, and hasn't the slightest inclination, or desire, to pull the wool over any one's eyes. It is extraordinary how different Pat is off the screen, but if you have found her distinctly "blah" and undistinguished in many of her screen portrayals, blame it on the casting director. They've been casting her for years as a pallid ingénue, when in reality she is like a flashing meteor.

But to get back to her writing proclivities. Miss Miller believes that writing is the perfect expression of the ego.

"An actress," she says, "can only express the ideas of some one else. A writer does the whole thing. He portrays his own ideas, his own thoughts, his own characters, his own theme, his own plot in his own way. Nothing at all influences him.

"I'm halfway through a novel myself. Only one person has seen it so far,

Photo by Ball
Ben Lyon was in an amusing mix-up at the station.



and from what he says probably only one person will ever see it. Regardless of all that, I've simply got to finish it. With the help of my author-friends I have already written several short stories, but I'll never let my name be used in connection with anything I write."

That does not sound so egotistical for a writer, now does it?

There is probably no happier woman in the world to-day than Gloria Swanson, for with "Sadie Thompson" Miss Swanson, who had been wabbling for two years, achieved with one stroke the highest niche of contemporary film-fame. Not only artistically is the picture a huge success, but financially it has been garnering ducats all over the country. In the language of the exhibitor, "Sadie Thompson" is a wow.

"And now," says Miss Swanson, "I have to do something different. I want to dress up again. I'm looking for a story that gives me a chance to dress up in a humorous background. I loved making *Sadie*. Whatever I make now will be a fearful let-down for me, for *Sadie* had character, courage, and individuality. How many heroines are there with those qualifications not only in fiction, but in real life? They are precious few, I tell you. And I am afraid that whatever I do now cannot fail but be an anticlimax."

Miss Swanson says that she finds the task of combining financial and artistic responsibility a fascinating one. "Indeed," she says, "I get a huge kick out of putting over a good business deal, and a huge kick out of giving a good performance. I think it is because it is all part and parcel of accomplishment. There's always a thrill in accomplishing what one sets out to do, if it's only a shopping tour. As for the responsibility of it, I've always felt that the responsibility of having other people's money

invested in you was just as heavy—indeed, much heavier—than merely risking your own. When I know that some one else has money in a picture of mine, I would never dream of taking a day off. But if I felt worn out, and only my own money were at stake, I would say to myself, 'Well, it's my own money I'm spending. Why shouldn't I stay in bed to-day and take a rest?' It's my loss and no one else's."

So there, in a nutshell, you have Gloria's philosophy of independence. Since other people's money is always invested in pictures, her soul is never her own.

And while Miss Swanson is poring over pages and pages of scripts and novels searching for a "dressed-up" comedy rôle suited to her colorful personality, "Sadie Thompson" is earning money for her all over the country.

Don't Let His Smile Fool You

For Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is a very serious young man and his father is justly proud of him.

By Margaret Reid

DO you remember—I address, necessarily, only the veterans among fans—pictures in the movie magazines of Douglas Fairbanks with a chubby, round-faced little boy at his side? It seems just a brief while ago; but here, all at once, is the same little boy hidden away in the past of a tall, serious young man. Unmistakably the same, this rather aesthetic, youthful edition of his father.

Douglas, Jr., is only in the vicinity of nineteen, but is mentally mature beyond his years. He would appear older if he didn't consciously try to. The fact that he does try is the most youthful thing about him.

The first indication Hollywood had that Douglas, Jr., was rather more than just a nice boy suddenly grown up, came when he starred in the Los Angeles stage production of "Young Woodley," the play which Glenn Hunter did with great success in the East. The program gave most of its space to the fact that Douglas played *Woodley*, and the first-night audience was drawn more by curiosity to see the son of a famous father, than by anticipation of a good performance.

Young Fairbanks had previously done one or two sketches at the Writers' Club; done them nicely, without causing any furor. When the first curtain was raised on "Young Woodley," no one was prepared for the skillful, finely sensitive characterization of the youthful star. It was a performance a seasoned troupier might well have envied, and it was Doug's first play. Hollywood was quite properly impressed.

Fairbanks, Sr., when approached on the subject of his son, said he had expected it.

"To me it was an excellent piece of work. Junior gave the rôle a deep understanding. I believe he shows the makings of a really fine actor."

In speaking of his son, Douglas, père, is proud and enthusiastic as only he can be about something which interests him. But he is never guilty of parental fulsomeness. Young Doug to his father is just a more than usually intelligent human being, of whom he is particularly fond.

His father is pleased that he has chosen to be an actor.

"He is well equipped for acting. Particularly because he is not limited to that form of expression. He writes very good verse. He studied painting and sculpture in Paris for three years, and does both excellently. His knowledge of literature is extensive. And, through conscious observation, he has gained an understanding of human nature that is rare in a boy. All these things give finish to an actor.

"Eventually, I think his place will be on the screen, since there is greater sweep and scope there. But at present he is wise to prefer the stage. A comparatively obscure beginner on the stage has more opportunity

for interesting work than a beginner on the screen. For instance, when 'Young Woodley' was taken up to San Francisco, Junior was asked to codirect the production. Whereas in pictures he is only given inconsequential, characterless rôles that are of no value to his training.

"He has good picture judgment. I like to have him see my rushes and give me his opinion. I had him do a few of the more romantic titles for 'The Gaucho,' and it ended in his practically titling the entire picture." Fairbanks grinned appreciatively.

"He has so much poetry in him," he went on, "he floats in the clouds. I bound up there now and then—if you know what I mean—but he stays there, living in the half-world of his imagination. That is where his verse comes from, and his slightly morbid trend in painting and sculpture. He lives apart, but his humor, fortunately, gives him an anchor to earth when he needs one.

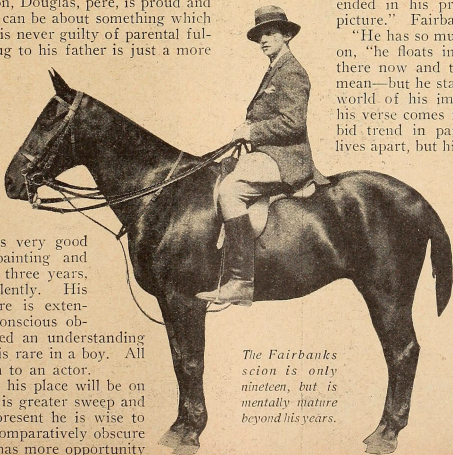
"When I was his age, I was keen on polo and football. I wanted to be outdoors and active every minute. But Junior is happier sitting with a book, or dreaming over a sketch, or a bit of sculpture."

Don't, however, get the impression of a young pedant, whose only idea of a rousing good time is a dozen chapters of Nietzsche. He is anything but that. His father

Continued on page 107



Young Doug, for all his ready wit and nimble feet, is a poet and a dreamer.



The Fairbanks scion is only nineteen, but is mentally mature beyond his years.

Caught by

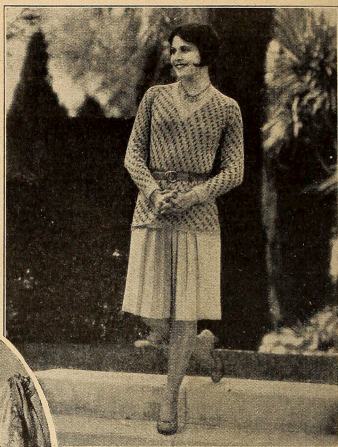
Glimpses of the players in all sorts



Mary Brian, above, is the proud possessor of an autographed slipper signed by most of the Paramount celebrities.

Gwen Lee, right, obligingly displays a patchwork quilt made of scraps of gowns worn by her friends.

Vera Voronina, below, just must have cauliflower, and if the cook rebels, she prepares it with tenderest care.



Lina Basquette, above, poses in her garden just as all the successful stars do.

Stan Laurel, below, is not one to say that a dog is man's best friend, for he has a wife and new baby, but still his St. Bernard has a place in his life.

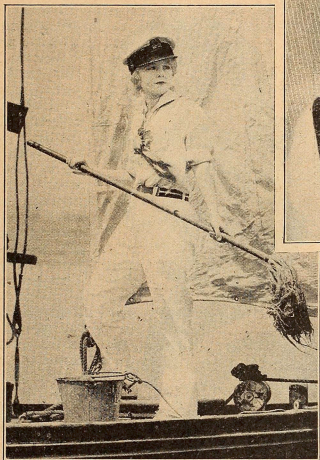
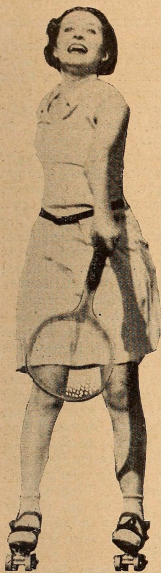


the Camera

of odd moments away from the studios.

Marceline Day, left, likes to play tennis in double-quick time, so she speeds the game by strapping on roller skates.

Allene Ray, below, swabs the decks just like an old salt when she is week-ending.



Do you remember the chin strap? Well, Dorothy Sebastian, above, reminds Hollywood that it can be very becoming.

Dorothy Gulliver, lower left, makes flowers and miniature trees of twisted tissue paper, then applies sealing wax for permanence. What next, did you ask?

William Haines, below, teaches Polly Moran some of the tricks by which he has gained stardom, while Polly carefully follows suit.



They May Have

Perhaps you lived next door to a star-to-be—series, deals with players born in the Middle

By Alma



Photo by Spurr

Georgia Hale comes from St. Joseph, Missouri.

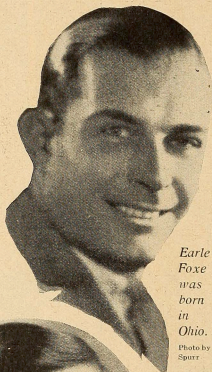
IT hardly seems tactful to compare a film star to a cornstalk, or a shack of wheat. The idea only occurs to me because some parts of the country seem to have their bumper crop of stars, just as some States produce corn or cotton.

You've heard of the great wheat belt? Well, there's a star belt that begins in Mexico and goes on up through Texas. That was discussed in last month's PICTURE PLAY. The belt continues north-east of Texas. The line leaps right through Arkansas, stopping only to pick up Betty Francisco, from Little Rock, who got into movies by way of the stage. Betty's a former "Follies" girl.

And then into Missouri, which has turned out quite a crop of stars. Pearl White, of Springfield, who as a child attracted a theatrical man's attention by reciting—of all things!—*Hamlet's* soliloquy, and so was given her first job as little *Eva*. Patsy Ruth Miller was brought up in luxury in St. Louis and educated at Mary Institute, a fashionable girls' school there. In 1921 the Millers went to southern California for a visit; it was four years before Patsy Ruth returned. Buster Keaton, meeting her, asked if she would play a small rôle in his picture. She did! The next year she was a Wampas star, and her career has flourished ever since.

Eva and Jane Novak, of St. Louis, found entrée to the studios rather easy, because their aunt, Anne Schaefer, had already paved the way for them.

Quite different was Laura La Plante's departure from St. Louis.



Earle Foxe was born in Ohio. Photo by Spurr

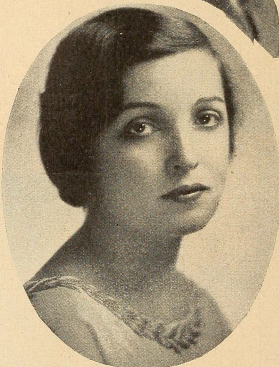


Photo by French

Alice Joyce first saw the light in Kansas City, Missouri.

When she was fourteen, dire necessity made Laura the family breadwinner. She took a chance, went to California, got an extra job at the Christie studio and progressed steadily. Her first leads were with Tom Mix.

Pauline Starke grew up in Joplin and started out, in a small way, in Triangle pictures.

Georgia Hale had a long struggle. Her family moved, when Georgia was six, from St. Joseph to Chicago. In 1922 she was sent as Chicago's representative to the Atlantic City beauty pageant. With fifteen hundred dollars prize money she went on to New York to try for screen work. There were many weary months. Finally, with two hundred and fifty dollars left, Georgia determined to go to Hollywood. For the first five weeks she got intermittent work at the Fox studio as an extra. Then—a tragedy for her—she broke her ankle and was crippled for eight long months. On her first day out, she ran into Josef von Sternberg and, as the upshot of this meeting, she agreed to play in "Salvation Hunters" without salary, just for the chance.

You know the rest! Her rôle in "The Gold Rush," and so on, though Georgia still has her troubles on the screen.

Wallace and Noah Beery were born on a farm in western Missouri and went to school in Kansas City. There they both

Blanche Sweet first said "da" in Chicago.

Photo by Keays



Been Your Neighbors

and didn't know it. This article, the second of a West, and recounts their beginnings in the movies.

Talley

joined the O. D. Woodward stock company and proved their ability. Finally they had their own repertoire company, touring the Middle West, and were established players when they first began in movies.

Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City. He too joined a stock company in Baltimore, and another in Syracuse, and gradually grew in stature as an actor until movies followed.

Alice Joyce, of Kansas City, was once a telephone operator. Then she became a model for magazine illustrations, and finally obtained screen work with the old Kalem company.

Rosemary Theby left St. Louis to attend Sargent's Dramatic School in New York and began her professional career in that way.

Claude Gillingwater came from Louisiana, Missouri, and was well known on the stage before he played on the screen.

Our star zone now continues on into Illinois, the real heart of this belt. My, my, what Chicago has done for the movies! In the old days of the Essanay and Selig studios there, getting a film start was fairly simple. If you lived near by, all you needed was looks and patience. Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Bryant Washburn, all of Chicago, and Helen Ferguson, of Decatur, got their start in this way. Bryant Washburn had had some previous stage experience.

Gertrude Olmsted is another gift of Chicago to the movies.

Photo by Louisa

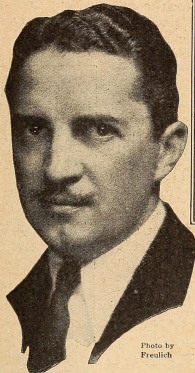


Photo by
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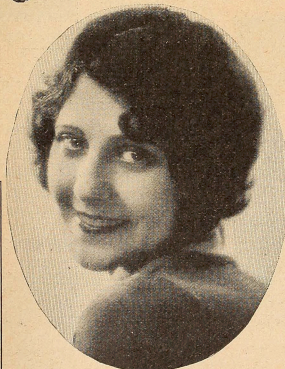


Photo by
Freulich

Thank St. Louis for Patsy Ruth Miller.



Photo by Souer

Dire necessity sent Laura La Plante from St. Louis to Los Angeles.

Bryant Washburn hails from Chicago.

Myrtle Stedman attended Mrs. Starrett's School in Chicago and then went on the stage in light operas. She became a prima donna and then she learned of a wonderful film opportunity for a girl who could ride a horse. And how she could ride a horse! She had become expert during her summers in Colorado. So she applied for the film job and was accepted. After making two Westerns she was signed for five years, to make society dramas in the winter, Westerns in the summer. And so to Hollywood.

Virginia Valli, Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Dalton, all of Chicago, went out and joined stock companies. That is not so difficult when you live in a city where there is a stock company and you don't have to plead, "Please, pa, lend me some money to go to Chicago

and try to get on the stage." Many of us might now be second Ethel Barrymores or Mary Pickfords if father hadn't said, "No child of mine shall go on the stage!"

Blanche Sweet, of the Chicago Alexanders, joined Gertrude Hoffman's dancers and then toured in Chauncey Olcott's company. Stage experience often paves the way for a screen career, if one has looks and that secret password—personality! Clara Kimball Young also graduated from the stage to the screen. Her career began when, at the age of three, she played in a Chicago stock company.

Milton Sills also was recruited from the stage. He got most

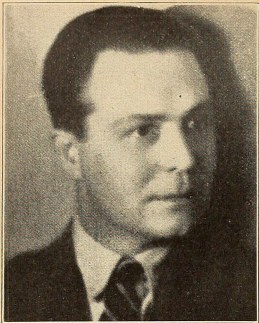


Photo by Spurr

Harrison Ford's birth certificate was filed in Kansas City.

with a group of troupers at New Palestine, Ohio; and then pursued his stage career until William A. Brady, then starting to produce pictures, offered him three hundred and fifty a week to play in "The Pit," at the old World studio in Fort Lee. For two years Milton played both on the stage and screen, until finally he went to Hollywood to appear in "The Honor System," which made him famous.

Gertrude Olmsted, of Chicago, won the *Elks-Herald Examiner* beauty contest and was given a contract with Universal as a prize. Oddly enough, Mary Philbin got

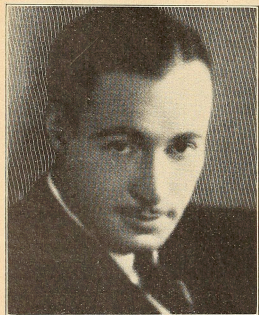


Photo by Spurr

Again Chicago scores—Rod La Rocque.

her start by way of this same contest. Mary didn't win, but she was second. Carl Laemmle liked her looks, also, and sent Mary and her mother to Universal City. She has been with Universal ever since. Sue Carol is the most promising newcomer from Chicago, but so much has appeared of late about her start in pictures that, for lack of space, let's omit it here.

Mary Astor was born in Quincy, but her family moved to Chicago, where both her father and mother taught school. Mary's mother taught a dramatic course, and with high hopes for her daughter, took Mary to New York. A photographer, who took pictures of her, declared she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She started in Triart two-reelers and was first acclaimed when she played in "The Beggar Maid," based on a famous painting.

Ethel Clayton, born in Champaign, Illinois, went on the stage in a Chicago stock company. Kathryn McGuire, now Kathryn Landy, was born in Peoria. Her family kept moving from one city to another—Dan-

tremendously educated at the University of Chicago. He was a Fellow in Philosophy, and was also studying for a medical degree, when he was offered a job with the Donald Robertson stock company. Ambition at once hit him so hard, that he decided to get some preliminary stage experience before joining this company. He toured tank towns and made his debut

ville, Aurora—and then, most conveniently, to Hollywood. Kathryn had planned to be a dancer, but one day, while she was still in high school, she went with a friend who had business at the Mack Sennett studio. Kathryn was one of those lucky girls who was asked to play in pictures.

Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville and his family moved to Los Angeles. He played on the stage for four years before beginning his screen work. Ralph Lewis came from Englewood, Illinois; James Morrison, the former Vitagraph player, from Mattoon; Peggy Montgomery from Rock Island.

And now let's take the train into Indiana. There aren't many Hoosiers on the screen. Monte Blue, of Indianapolis, is probably the most popular star from this State. He worked at almost everything before becoming an actor. He was a locomotive fireman, a cowboy, sailor, soldier, miner, lumberjack, salesman, prop man, and finally secretary to D. W. Griffith, which was the springboard to his movie career.



Alice Terry is one of the few Hoosiers on the screen.

Julanne Johnston, of Indianapolis, studied dancing with Ruth St. Denis. She toured with her in vaudeville, then played small

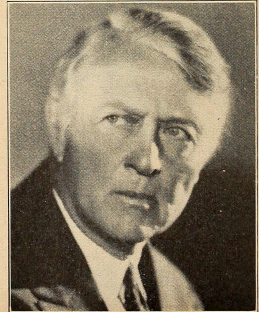
rôles in movies. Her best rôle was the feminine lead in "The Thief of Bagdad."

And then there's Alice of old Vincennes—Alice Terry. She moved with her family to Los Angeles, where she finished school. Right in the midst of all the film studios, it wasn't so hard for Alice.

Louise Fazenda's family also moved, fortunately for Louise, from Lafayette, Indiana, to Los Angeles. She started, in 1915, as an extra in Universal comedies.

Buck Jones, of Vincennes, joined a "Wild West" show and then turned his horsemanship talents into account in the film show.

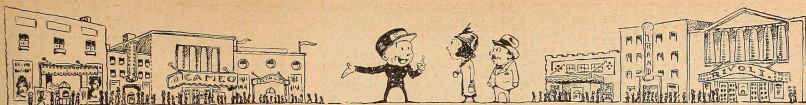
It was all very simple for Carmelita Geraghty, of Rushville, for her father is Tom Geraghty, the scenario writer. Could a girl ask for a better break in making a start in motion pictures?



Marietta, Ohio, claims Hobart Bosworth.

Photo by Spurr

Continued on page 92



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beau Geste"—Paramount. A gripping film production of this unusual mystery melodrama of the French Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Ralph Forbes score individual hits as the three devoted brothers. Entire cast excellent.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Novarro, in title role, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as *Messala*; May McAvoy, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grippingly realistic war picture. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played remarkably well by Renee Adoree.

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

"The Crowd"—Metro-Goldwyn. An epic of the middle classes. You share the joys and sorrows of John and Mary from their first meeting, through marriage, parentage, failure and success. Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

"Four Sons"—Fox. A simple and superbly told tale of the effects of the war on a German mother and her four sons—three of whom are killed, the other migrating to America. Margaret Mann, James Hall, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and June Collyer.

"The Gaucho"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks as a bandit of Indian and Spanish blood, his usual reckless self in a picture that not only has beauty, but substance and drama. Eve Southern and Lupe Velez both excellent in their respective roles.

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

"Man, Woman, and Sin"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tale of a boy reporter who idolizes the mistress of the publisher and during a fight kills the older man. He is finally freed. Jack Gilbert magnificent as the shy boy and Jeanne Eagles, as the scarlet woman, is unique. Gladys Brockwell and Marc MacDermott are also good.

"Sadie Thompson"—United Artists. Gloria Swanson stages a triumphant comeback in the role of an outcast, who is temporarily reformed by a fanatic. Lionel Barrymore shares honors with Miss Swanson.

"Seventh Heaven"—Fox. Tale of a Parisian waif whose first taste of hap-

piness is snatched from her when her lover, a sewer worker, is swept off to war just as they are about to be married. Admirable performances by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

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

"Way of All Flesh, The"—Paramount. Emil Jannings' first American film. Simple, human story revealing the star at his best in a tragically pathetic role. Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, and Donald Keith.

"What Price Glory"—Fox. Swift, engrossing film version of the unusual war play. Racy story of the rivalry between a captain and a sergeant over a French girl. Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Dolores del Rio.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Angel of Broadway, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Excellent picture of entertainer in rowdy cabaret who tries to mock the Salvation Army, but is eventually reformed. Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi.

"Baby Mine"—Metro-Goldwyn. Robust slapstick by the inimitable team of Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. The latter pairs Karl with a gawky girl from the country, and they are married—but Dane runs away. Arthur induces him to return by announcing he is a father—whereupon he and his wife search for infants. On Dane's return he finds triplets—then the fun begins. Charlotte Greenwood is a scream.

"Beau Sabreur"—Paramount. Tolerably interesting so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." The efforts of a young major to avert a native uprising, and his eventual success. Gary Cooper, Noah Berry, William Powell, and Evelyn Brent.

"Buck Privates"—Universal. Dull comedy about an ingenu, her pacifist father and a regiment of American soldiers—with the hero and heroine enjoying slapstick happiness forever after. Lya Le Patti, Zasu Pitts, and Malcolm McGregor.

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

"Chicago"—Pathé-DeMille. The play, which was a clever satire on a murder trial, is made into a sentimental melodrama. While there are some clever bits of acting by Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi, the film fails to click.

"Cohens and Kellys in Paris, The"—Universal. Boisterous adventures of the now famous movie family abroad, with actors who could have utilized their talents to better advantage. Far-

rell MacDonald, George Sidney, and Vera Gordon.

"College"—United Artists. Buster Keaton in amusing college comedy of awkward bookworm who, to impress his girl, strives vainly to become an athlete.

"The Devil Dancer"—United Artists. Gilda Gray in unusual role of a Tibetan dancer. Costumes and settings magnificent, but story too thin. Anna May Wong, Kalla Pasha, Clarissa Selwynne are all admirable.

"The Dove"—United Artists. A tame version of the play. Norma Talmadge makes an elegant prima donna out of what should have been a cheap cabaret singer. Noah Berry's best role since "Beau Geste." Gilbert Roland the hero.

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

"The Enemy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Moderately interesting story of the Austrian side of the late war. Lillian Gish is excellent, but hasn't nearly enough to do. Ralph Forbes, Frank Currier, and George Fawcett.

"Forbidden Woman, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Engrossing film of lady spy and her machinations. Full of suspense and exciting complications. Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut.

"Get Your Man"—Paramount. Excellent picture of fascinating Clara Bow as an American girl in Paris, who falls in love with a French youth betrothed to a friend of the family. She compromises him and "gets her man." Charles Rogers and Josephine Dunn are in the cast.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Paramount. Fairly amusing version of the famous book. Ruth Taylor's *Loretta* excellent, but Alice White, in the role of the unrefined *Dorothy*, injects snap into what otherwise might have been a rather dull film.

"Girl in Every Port, A"—Fox. Live tale of a sailor who sets out to "lily" his rival, but both men discover the unworthiness of the girl and end by swearing eternal friendship. Victor McLaglen excellent in his first starring film—Robert Armstrong and Louise Brooks.

"Her Wild Out"—First National. Enjoyable, though absurd, story of a girl who runs a lunch wagon, falls in love with the son of a duke posing as a mechanic, and what happens when she, masquerading as a duchess, meets the hero in white flannels. Colleen Moore, Larry Kent, and Hallam Cooley.

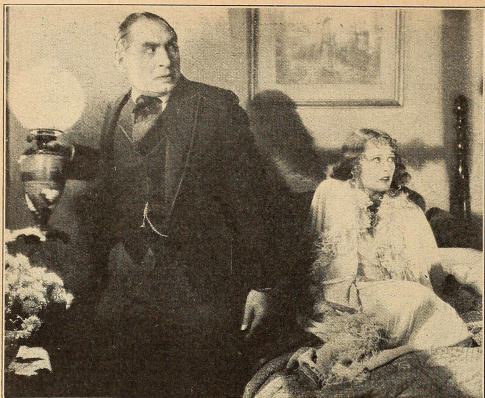
"High School Hero, The"—Fox. Comedy of high-school life, featuring youngsters who really look like high-school girls and boys. Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps.

(Continued on page 115)

The Screen

A critical inspection of the new

By Nor



Mitchell Lewis and Dolores Costello impersonate villainy and virtue, in "Tenderloin," and are enabled to talk about it, by means of the Vitaphone.

TENDERLOIN" is the first picture to employ the Vitaphone as a means of recording dialogue—not constantly, as in a stage play, but in the high spots of the picture. There are three such episodes in the new melodrama, with Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, and Mitchell Lewis as the speakers.

The experiment is interesting, of course, and marks an important phase in the recent development of talking films, which every one will want to see and hear. It is far from satisfying, however. But those who feel the need of the spoken word in connection with motion pictures, will see in this experiment the forerunner of a more tasteful effort, a more convincing demonstration.

For myself it is a dreary prospect, a consummation most devoutly undesired. There is too much unnecessary noise in the world as it is, not a little of it coming from human throats. Escape from this was found in the soothing quiet of the movies, where the appeal of many a player was enhanced by the grateful silence which surrounded him. But now that Dolores Costello, the fragile, is given, by means of the Vitaphone, the driving, vocal force of a radio loud speaker, where is peace, where is illusion? Nor is Conrad Nagel a good actor when he speaks, for the talking device shatters that opinion in a syllable. Like Miss Costello and Mitchell Lewis, his enunciation is distinct enough to be heard above an earthquake—or so it seems—but more than reverberating distinctness is required to give color and light and shade to human speech. Without these the voice isn't human and words are empty sounds.

As if to make their words as empty as possible, the players have been given dialogue such as was heard in ranting melodramas a generation ago—but not since. To cite one example, the villain stalks into the room where Miss Costello is sleeping, and after she refuses to tell him what she has done with the money he thinks she has stolen, he glares at her and says: "All right; you're not bad to look at, so my night shall not be wasted." Miss Costello shudders and cries out: "No, no—not that! You have a sister!" It may be that in some communities this will be accepted as the plausible utterance of virtue in distress, but elsewhere it will be deemed hearty burlesque.

Yet for all this "Tenderloin" is an exciting picture.

An extravagant melodrama of the underworld, with crooks, gunplay, a bank robbery, and a lovely heroine addicted to coquetting over the rim of a ginger-ale glass, even though she is a dancer in a cabaret. What is more, it has ingenuity, suspense, and excellent acting until the spell of silence is broken.

Rose Shannon, the heroine, loves Chuck, a crook. To protect herself from his advances, she strikes him and he falls heavily to the floor. She thinks she has killed him and dashes out into a terrific storm, during which Chuck and his confederates rob a bank. In their flight, a sack of money is flung into the gutter, where Rose finds it. She is arrested, but when the bag is opened it is found to contain paper.

Chuck reappears and puts into operation an elaborate scheme to make Rose divulge the hiding place of the money she is supposed to have. In the process Chuck is disarmed by her love and, of course, reformed by it, too. Nevertheless he goes to prison for his crimes, but after five years comes back to Rose, and with the help of two other reformed crooks—and the Vitaphone—the happy ending is achieved by means of song, a quartet. The song is "Sweet Adeline."

She Fell in Love with Her Husband.

"Two Lovers" is the inept title of a picture that deserves a far better one, for it is brave, glamorous, and romantic—just such a picture that should mark the final appearance together of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, before they go their separate ways in quest of further popularity. "Two Lovers" might be tacked onto almost any film.

These lovers lived in the sixteenth century, when Flanders was under Spanish rule, so their romance is played against a background of political intrigue and military maneuvers, but the flower of love blooms as fully as if treachery and murder were not there to blight it.

The Duke of Alva, the cruel Spanish governor of Flanders, arranges a marriage of convenience with his niece, Doña Lenora de Vargas and Mark van Rycke, the bailiff's son, neither of whom has seen the other. Lenora is willing to sacrifice herself and Mark says that many men have died for their country, but few have married for it. The wedding ceremony is incredibly beautiful and finds Mark in love at first sight of Lenora, but after their marriage she makes clear to him that her love is for one of her countrymen, Ramon de Linea, and Mark chivalrously withdraws to dwell on the doubtful bliss of being wedded but no husband.

Around this familiar situation has been built a picture of charm and fire, of delicate sentiment and forceful thrills, with moments of unforgettable beauty at either extreme. Lenora gradually and quite logically falls in love with her husband, and her erstwhile fiancé is shown to be faithless. But after Lenora has acknowledged her love for her husband, she discovers him to be none other than the mysterious "Leatherface," whose daring exploits as a spy have repeatedly

in Review

pictures, with notes for your guidance.

bert Lusk

enraged her uncle and thrown the Spanish troops into confusion and defeat. Her reconciliation to his seeming duplicity comes with the discovery of her uncle's treachery.

To me the most thrilling moment is found in *Lenora's* almost superhuman efforts to release the drawbridge and permit the Flemish soldiers to enter the *Kasteel*, and the sight of these men struggling in the moat is a picture that remains with one long after they have escaped its slimy waters.

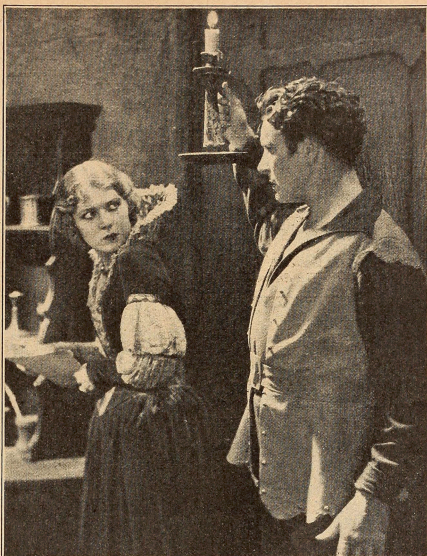
Miss Banky is lovelier than words, so there are none on this page to capture the perfection of her performance. Mr. Colman, though to me a man of introspection rather than action, is sufficiently established with the majority as an incomparable hero in any mood he elects to play, so no applause of mine is needed. Noah Beery is familiarly impressive as the *Duke*, and all the minor rôles are capably played.

Great, Big He-men.

On the strength of "Underworld" George Bancroft has earned stardom in "The Showdown," a careful attempt to build around him a series of situations equally effective. The result is not quite successful, because it has neither the strong motivation nor the unusual characterizations of the crook picture. But it rates nevertheless as a good, though not conspicuous, melodrama in which primitive emotions are at a premium. Mr. Bancroft is *Cardan*, an oil prospector whose quest takes him all over the world.

In this story he is seen in the tropics, where he is confronted by his old enemy, *Winter*, who represents an oil corporation. The two recall *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*, of "What Price Glory," because their hatred of each other is mixed with admiration. *Winter* attempts to take *Cardan's* girl, *Goldie*, away from him, but fails. With the coming of another woman, their rivalry is sharpened. She is *Sibyl Shelton*, who follows her husband, *Wilson*, into the tropical wilderness. *Cardan* warns her that the heat will demoralize her, but she haughtily denies that possibility and bravely faces loneliness and peril when her husband is forced to leave her. Alone with *Cardan*, *Winter*, and her half-crazed brother-in-law, *Sibyl* is weakened both morally and physically, when her husband unexpectedly returns with news of his discovery of oil. *Cardan*, who has just succeeded in gaining *Sibyl's* confession of her love—if you choose to call it that—proposes a game of cards with *Wilson* for the oil well. It is made clear that *Sibyl*, too, will belong to the winner. But *Cardan* is stricken with sentimentality and permits the young couple to go back to civilization, with their oil rights intact.

All this is set forth with eloquent byplay, a convincing background and excellent acting on the part of all concerned. Evelyn Brent's spirited performance is unhampered by the beautiful clothes she brings into the wilderness. Neil Hamilton, in the highly dramatic rôle of the young husband, plays with fire and conviction, and Helen Lynch, as *Goldie*, is vividly true to life. Fred Kohler is *Winter*, and Leslie Fenton is the brother-in-law.



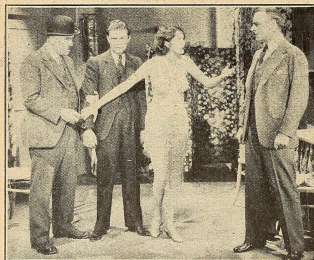
Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman invest the matter of falling in love with great beauty, in "Two Lovers."

Hats Off to Edmund Lowe.

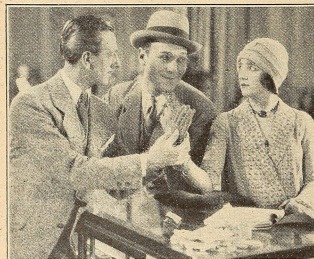
A crook picture can be clever, adroit, subtle, and polished as well as thrilling. "Dressed to Kill" is such a one. It is droll and ironic, too, with the best acting Mary Astor has ever done and a rôle for Edmund Lowe to equal his *Sergeant Quirt*, in "What Price Glory." There is no similarity between the tough soldier and the suave but iron-willed crook, yet both characters are equally effective in the hands of the actor playing them. I can think of no one who could play "Mile-away" *Barry* in the new film with the brilliant, yet firm, authority of Mr. Lowe. The story has unusual phases, too. The beautiful girl who intentionally crosses the path of *Barry* is not a detective, but is seeking to recover bonds for the theft of which her sweetheart is in prison. That in itself is not a breath-taking situation, but the development of it is. There are scenes in a night club frequented by the gang which have not been equaled, particularly the quiet murder of a stool pigeon and his funeral attended by his murderers in the guise of mourners bearing floral pieces. In the course of the gun-play, the narrow escapes and the heroine's gradually increasing evidence against *Barry*, the two fall in love. It is believable love, though, because it is not sickled o'er with the pale cast of sentimentality. Of course *Barry* cannot marry the girl, so he dies defending her from his confederates. This sums up the plot, but like many other good pictures it is embellished with characterization more interesting and pungent than the story itself. Besides Mr. Lowe and Miss Astor, Ben Bard is also conspicuous, and the supporting types were chosen with inspiration. "Dressed to Kill" shouldn't be missed for it is the best crook picture since "Underworld."



"The Showdown."



"The Heart of a Follies Girl."



"The Smart Set."



"Dressed to Kill."

Snobbery in the "Follies."

Whether "The Heart of a Follies Girl" should or should not be seen, depends entirely on the place occupied in your affections by Billie Dove, Larry Kent, and Lowell Sherman. The picture is weak, illogical and quite lacking in lightness, with comedy as far away from it as plausibility. But it has considerable beauty, thanks to Miss Billie and the production, but emotion means more, doesn't it? *Teddy O'Day*, of the "Follies," falls in love with *Derek Calhoun*. When she admits this to *Roger Winthrop*, the producer of the show—who, of course, adores her—he turns the tables by making known to her that *Derek* is his secretary and a thief as well. From *Teddy's* reaction to this you would think that a secretary was a garbage man, but she says she loves him in spite of it. *Derek* is sent to prison and *Teddy* waits years for him. He escapes, but *Teddy* tells him it is his duty to go back. He does. Voilà! Also blah.

A Melodrama of the Rails.

For a nice, unpretentious picture which many will like and some won't, why not see "The Night Flyer?" It has atmosphere, quaintness, mild thrills, and good acting by William Boyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Philo McCullough. It is a railroad story, of course, laid in 1894, when the president of a Western road saw a chance to save his company from bankruptcy by winning the government contract to carry the mails. Human interest comes from *Bill Bradley*, fireman of old No. 99 which is about to be scrapped when *Bill* saves the mail from a crack locomotive on its trial run and delivers it in triumph on No. 99. There is also the rivalry of *Bill* and an engineer for *Katie Murphy*, the lunch-counter girl. All this is as simple as love among the daisies, but it is developed with a great deal of humanness. Mr. Boyd is skillful and engaging as *Bill*, and Miss Ralston and Mr. McCullough fit in well.

Fear Life and Fresh Air.

"The Shepherd of the Hills" is all that you would expect of Harold Bell Wright. This means that the picturization of his novel is a faithful one, with more vitality than usual and a sincerity that is very apparent. It is a story of plain people in a backwoods community, with characterizations so clear that each one stands out. There is *David Hoxutt*, who seeks peace in the solitude of the country and who comes to be known as *The Shepherd*, because of his gentle leadership of the people. *Wash Gibbs*, the villain, turns the people against *The Shepherd* when the latter prays for rain, and causes a landslide to destroy the supply train that *Young Matt*, the hero, is bringing into the town. This precipitates a gory fight, in the midst of which *The Shepherd's* prayers are answered and rain pours down in torrents. There is much more to the story than this, as well as some interesting characters, including *Little Pete*, beautifully played by Maurice Murphy, Molly O'Day is the heroine, and Alec B. Francis, John Boles, and Matthew Betz are fine. Altogether, the picture is worth seeing. It is not to be missed if you are a reader of Harold Bell Wright.

Miss La Plante Dons Trousers.

Laura La Plante casts genuine radiance over the proceedings known as "Finders Keepers." She is really a brilliant comedienne, though you may have known it all along. It is a frail picture, so far as story goes, and hinges upon one situation, but that alone is worth seeing. It has to do with *Barbara Archibald's* attempt to disguise herself as a soldier in order to be near her sweetheart, and her discovery by her father, who happens to be the colonel. Scarcely more than that is the story, but it is played with such verve and unself-consciousness by Miss La Plante—who is the whole show—that the unpretentiousness of the film only throws into sharper and pleasanter relief the fair Laura's performance. John Harron is her sweetie, Edmund Breese her father, with Arthur Rankin and Eddie Phillips somewhere in the background.

The Last of the Apes—Maybe.

"The Leopard Lady" is *Paula*, a vaudeville performer who is sent by the Austrian police to join a circus and uncover the secret of the murders committed in every town the show visits. It takes

several reels for her to do it, because evidently she had never seen any of the recent films in which an ape is the menace, and therefore has no suspicions of the hairy monster owned by *Cesar*, of the circus. The truth is kept from her, while considerable suspense is developed and much circus atmosphere is spread over all. One of the thrills comes when *Paula* is attacked by her leopards as she puts them through their paces during a performance. The picture is not as effective as it might have been, because dullness has been allowed to creep in—probably through the effort of the director to prolong the film. Overacting, too, detracts from its plausibility, but on the whole Jacqueline Logan, as *Paula*, Alan Hale, as *Cesar*, and Robert Armstrong, as *Paula's* sailor sweet-heart, are quite satisfactory and the film is above the average.

Miss Ralston Has Nothing to Learn.

In no other player is found Esther Ralston's beauty and her delicious sense of comedy, to say nothing of her skill in expressing that state of mind. Or is it just technique? But no matter. She is both beautiful and clever, and that happens so rarely that the harassed critic can be forgiven his enthusiasm. In "Love and Learn" she has ample opportunity to display her gifts. Her rôle is that of a girl whose parents are on the point of separating, and her endeavors to cause them enough trouble to take their minds off each other. Her innocent escapades land her in jail, so her parents unite in freeing her. There is much more to it than this, especially when she finds herself in the same hotel room with a young man, a political candidate, whom she is trying to save from the machinations of his rivals. This situation is played with delicacy and charm, but it is in the earlier sequences that the story of "Love and Learn" is most unusual. Lane Chandler is the hero.

A Pretty Shrew is Tamed.

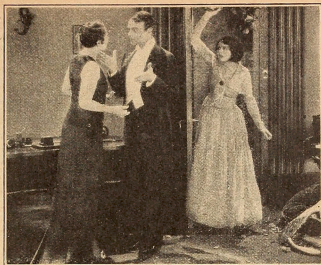
Pleasantly inconsequential, but excellently directed and skillfully acted. That, in a peanut shell, is "Soft Living." Madge Bellamy's new picture. It is based on an idea of considerable originality. *Nancy Woods* is secretary to a divorce lawyer, who is successful in winning large alimony settlements for his feminine clients. So *Nancy* decides to become a *divorcée* for the sake of what she can get out of it. But first she must marry, of course. She chooses *Stockney Webb*, a young millionaire lumberman, and makes him think she loves him. He sees through her deception and sets out to teach her a lesson by means of lumber-camp hardships and jealousy. Needless to say *Nancy* has loved her husband from the first, without knowing it. Consequently it is only right that she is brought to her senses in time for a happy ending. All this is played with farcical intent, the result being an agreeable picture of charm and polish. Miss Bellamy's talent for light comedy grows with each rôle. In this one she is scintillant and provocative.

Love Among the Go-getters.

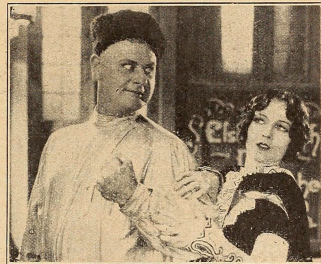
"The Latest From Paris" is a misnomer, for it is a tedious comedy minus a trace of sartorial smartness—or smartness of any kind. Its background is the cloak and suit trade, its dramatic kernel the competition between representatives of rival firms. Ah, but one of them is a girl! So we are treated to the great surprise of having her love her commercial enemy. There is just no telling what these scenario writers will think up next. You will agree when you see what *Ann Dolan*, the heroine, does to outwit the vamp and keep her from marrying *Joe Adams*. *Ann* gathers together all her woman's wits and strategy, cloaks herself in the vamp's furs, and dashes off in a sleigh with *Joe* to the wedding, casting many a coy look at him over her collar. Alert go-getter that he is, *Joe* never suspects the deception. In case you are eating your heart out with suspense, it all comes out hotsy-totsy. Norma Shearer is *Ann* and Ralph Forbes is *Joe*, rôles that must have taxed their endurance, but not their talents.

The Sorrows of a Waitress.

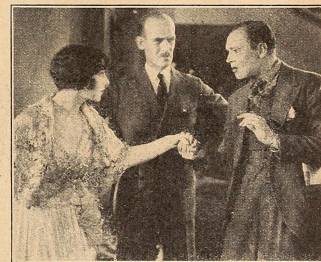
Far from among her best pictures, "The Secret Hour" is not among Pola Negri's least. Faced with the problem of converting



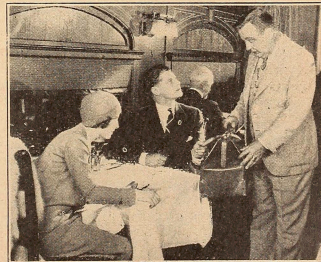
"The Garden of Eden."



"The Leopard Lady."



"The Count of Ten."



"The Latest from Paris."

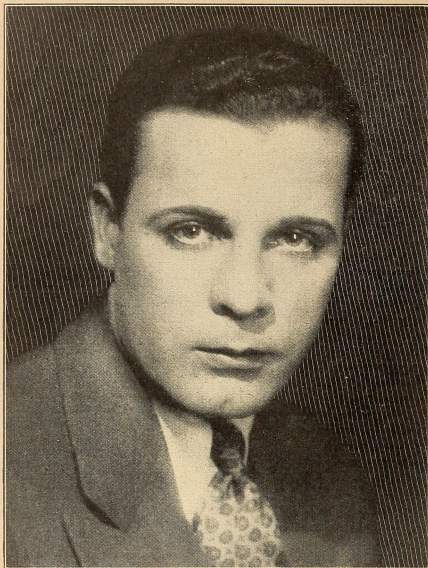


Photo by Louise
James Murray's "averageness" is his strongest asset.

WHAT does an eye reveal? Or an ear disclose?

"She won by a nose," is an expression applied in Hollywood not to race horses, but to stars.

Most actors play the same rôles over and over. There is Pickford, the eternal sweetheart, Gilbert, the impetuous suitor, Gish, the wistful and ethereal heroine.

You wonder why no greater opportunities for versatility are given certain players. It is because they are limited, not by acting ability, but in facial equipment. However much they long to, however well they might portray other rôles by skillful technique, they cannot—because of an eye, a mouth, or a nose.

"Casting by psychology" is a new phrase in Hollywood. It sums up a method of casting which has helped directors considerably.

Character is revealed in the face, minutely so in each feature. The consideration of these revelations of traits is what is called casting by psychology. A feature must show that the actor has a certain characteristic of the rôle he is to portray. All emotions are stamped on the face, and various degrees of each are reflected in slight differences of eyes, mouth, nose, and so on. It is an absorbing study.

A handsome leading man was astonished when a director examined his head, murmuring, "Umm, good

Why Their

Time was when players were chosen accord could portray. But now that psychology surprised to learn how much the mind of

By Myrtle

width from ear to ear—proportionate length of face—head in profile a complete half-circle from brow to nape of neck—face in profile divided into equal thirds—compressed brow, deep-set eyes—planning ability and judgment, energy, quick but cautious decision." Of course, the director was kidding the theory a bit, for my benefit, pointing out indications of a hustling American type.

"You often have heard the expression, 'He is not the type.' There is no such thing as a type. That is merely a term used to convey the idea that an actor does not seem suitable for a pre-conceived rôle. On analysis, we find that the reason for it lies in some feature, which indicates the lack of a certain quality that the character is supposed to have." Paul Sloane, the director, was speaking. "More and more we are studying features as they reveal character, and pictures are being cast after analysis of eyes, noses, and ears.

"Rod La Rocque's steady popularity is due to the fact that he appeals to the mother instinct in women, and he is usually cast in rôles that give this quality full scope." Sloane discussed players whom he has directed.

"His steady, clear eyes seem to be inquiring about something, with a hint of appeal. And he has a timid smile. His chin and mouth are firm, indicating no weakness of character, yet there is a delightful whimsicality about his lips. This combination makes the ideal film hero, sweetheart rather than lover. He is the 'permanent' sort, the 'big-boy' type, who is protective in a certain sense, but who always needs maternal care."

Alan Hale's character, as revealed by his features, caused him to be selected for an important rôle in "The Blue Danube." Another actor was scheduled for the rôle of an Austrian, but was replaced by Hale when, as the story evolved, Hale's features suggested him as more suitable.

"The character is a comedian, and so is Hale, though he used to be miscast as a villain. His popularity—he has been forced to act by public demand, though he would much prefer directing—is largely due to proper casting, now, as a heavy with a humorous quirk. His mouth reveals humor, turning up at the corners, and his bland, twinkling eyes further the suggestion.

"Jetta Goudal is a lady of mystery. She appears to be almost a mystic, not only because so little is known

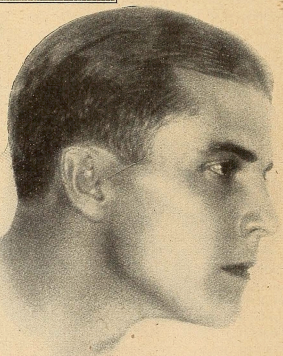


Photo by Louise
Idealism is written all over Ramon Novarro.

Rôles Fit Them

ing to preconceived notions of what types they influences the casting of pictures, you will be the actor has to do with the rôle he plays.

Gebhart

of her—artful lady!—but also because of her odd features. Her face is of the Oriental mold—high cheek bones, a nose which one might term Mongolian, an oval face, oblique eyes. These suggest, first, impassivity, and then wisdom. And great reserve force.

"Richard Dix? You see aggression in his jaw line and strong mouth, in his snappy eyes, as well as in his energetic manner. He is the typical American—at least, the sort we like to call typical of our country."

Other directors are also applying this theory of casting by psychology, following certain general rules.

A prominent eye indicates emotionalism, deep-set eyes reflective tendencies and controlled thought.

Though the eyes are supposed to be "the windows of the soul," the nose is really the most important feature, psychologically. To summarize a few of the directors' observations—a large nose indicates exceptional capacity, both mental and physical, with such traits as courage, energy, and ambition. Yet the players would resort to plastic surgery to remodel the feature that tells directors the truth, even if it isn't beautiful!

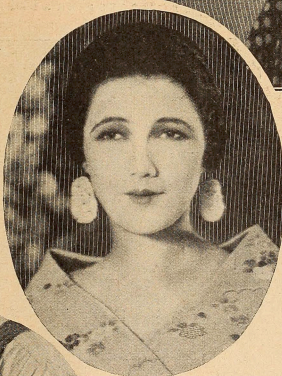
Gloria Swanson's very individual nose has had much to do with her success. First, by attracting attention, and because it denotes her determined character.

William Boyd
wisely
shuns
charlotte-
russe
heroes.



Photo by Balmo

Mary Pickford is eternally the child, innocent and good.



Jetta Goudal's face spells mystery.

One who possesses dilated nostrils is sensitive and excitable. Refinement is shown in the thin, delicate nostril. A nose like Florence Vidor's means conservatism and breeding.

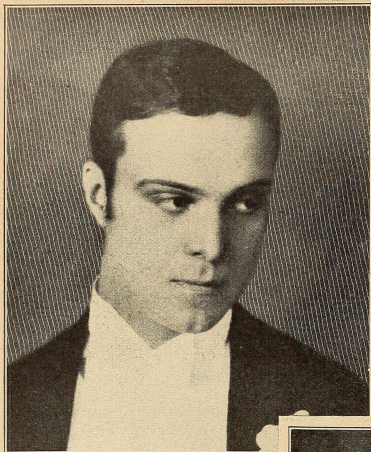
A contracted mouth, with the corners drawn toward each other, bespeaks ultra-conservatism, an unwillingness to make friends, and self-centeredness. A well-shaped mouth—Mary Pickford's, for example—with a medium underlip, reveals sweetness and sympathy. Deliberation is shown in an upper lip mildly drawn down in the center, meeting the underlip gently drawn upward. A protruding lower lip indicates arrogance, intolerance, and a tendency toward despotism.

A narrow head denotes limited mental scope and often deficient physical vigor, this being confirmed by a thin face with contracted features—a composite proclaiming weakness and selfishness. A well-curved and high upper-forehead indicates imagination and powers of reflection. A brow running at right angles to the nose, except when it turns upward at the inner corner, tells a tale of cynicism and superciliousness.

Anita Loos looked over the waves of blondes that ambition to play *Lorelei* washed upon the beaches of Hollywood. Ruth Taylor was chosen as high priestess of the gold-diggers, because her eyes were unusually large and perfectly round. Baby eyes do not, as some think, mean stupidity, but observation and quiet alertness.

His eyes make John Gilbert the impulsive lover. They are the eyes of a romantic lover. Small, now sparkling, now teasingly tender, now angry at being thwarted, back

Continued on page 112



Voya George.

A Hero from Serbia.

IT is the usual thing for foreign players to turn up their noses at Hollywood, if they fail to win a favorable reception at the beginning. It is rare that a foreign actor takes things as they are, and forgets his past performances in Europe.

Voya George has just done that, so he must be counted an exception. Three years ago he arrived in Hollywood. He had played at the *Vicux Colombier*, a theater in Paris which corresponds to the Theater Guild in New York, and the literary play enlisted his talents.

In Hollywood, Voya was given test after test; in all, seventeen of them. Nothing was wrong with his acting. Many times he was *almost* promised a rôle, but at the last moment a name with bigger box-office value was used. *Prince Danilo*, in "The Merry Widow," and *Radolphe*, in "La Bohème," were but two of the important rôles he almost played.

Finally, when Voya heard the word "test" he gave up any hope of a job. This nearly made him miss his lucky chance.

William Wellman gave him an interview and heard his history. "I shall have a test taken of you," he said. Voya's expression evidently showed what he thought of tests in general. "Great! That's just how I want you to look for the rôle," Wellman exclaimed. So Voya got the part of the French aviator, in "The Legion of the Condemned."

He is a Serbian, and was born in Belgrade. He was educated in Paris and began his career there. He speaks Serbian, French, German, Russian, Bulgarian, and Italian. And while waiting for work in Hollywood, he learned English at least.

A Change of Clothes Did the Trick.

You can't always tell about the movies. If you decide upon one thing as a fact, you are belied by another. Tell a girl that the struggle is hardly worth the candle, and she will probably point out dozens of cases to the contrary.

Take Gael Kelly, for instance. After finishing school, she studied to be a singer. One morning she went over her vocal exercises, only to discover that her high notes were very low. They told her she should have waited before taxing her voice. She should have waited until she was older.

"If I don't do one thing, I'll do another," Gael prophesied. So she came to Hollywood, with her mother and brother.

While doing extra work, Gael determined to stagger the colony. She dressed like a bird of Paradise, but soon altered her mode when a couple of agents told her she looked very much like another actress. Unable to speak to say what she thought of such a comparison, she staggered home, discarded her finery, and next appeared as herself.

The change in dress seemed to work like a charm.

Just for not being afraid to ruffle her hair while acting, she was given a lead in an independent picture, "The Law of the Island." Gael had played her first leading rôle. Extra work was abandoned from then on.

After that she was chosen for the lead opposite Gardner James, in "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

If you want to know if she can really act, by all means see "Thou Shalt Not Kill" when it comes to your neighborhood.

He Has an Operatic Past.

A man who cannot retire. That is the predicament of Andres de Seguro, who gained fame as an opera singer. But when he gave up a singing career to pass



Andres de Seguro.



Gael Kelly.

Those Present

about a few of the less-heroic players.

the remainder of his days in peace and comfort, he suddenly found himself dragged into the limelight again, with prospects of remaining there for some time to come.

De Segurola was a leading bass-barytone at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, at the time he resigned, in 1920. He refused to wait until his voice should fail and be asked to retire. So he proceeded to follow his whims—as an impresario, taking his own company to Havana each year for a season of opera, and sponsoring a series of "Artistic Mornings" at the Plaza Hotel, in New York.

Gloria Swanson was selecting the cast for her first independent picture, "The Love of Sunya," and was looking for an actor to play the rôle of an impresario. As a last resort she turned to her old friend, De Segurola, and begged him to do it. He stepped in and gave a striking performance.

That ended De Segurola's retirement. He was immediately besieged by other producers, and finally found it necessary to come to Hollywood last year to follow his new career. He has brought his voice on the screen in "Glorious Betsy," the Napoleonic picture, in which he sings the "Marseillaise" over the Vitaphone.

Alice, Thy Name Is Versatility.

When Alice Belcher first started on a career, she hoped to become a singer. A few trips to Europe had led her to believe that the operatic field was her goal in life. Instead, musical comedies and plays fell to her lot. So opera was abandoned and never thought of again.

Leaving the stage in New York to enter pictures, Miss Belcher played opposite John Barrymore in "Here Comes the Bride," one of his early pictures, a comedy.

As if one celebrity were not enough, she was chosen to play with Caruso in his picture, "My Cousin." This was thrilling! She thought that her old desire for operatic glory was now to be fulfilled—not in reality, but by bringing her in contact with great singers in the movies. The ill-fated result of Caruso's screen venture dulled such ideas.

Opera now became a thorn in Miss Belcher's artistic side, for she was sent to appear in Mary Garden's still more ill-fated "Thais."

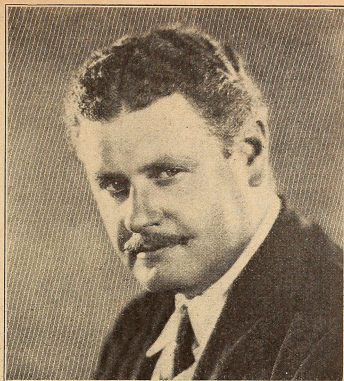
"All opera singers, except Geraldine Farrar, should appear only with an orchestra," Miss Belcher avers.

When John Barrymore made "When a Man Loves" he had Alice in the cast, wearing a massive wig which had to be propped up to rest her neck between scenes.

"Did you wish this thing on me?" she asked John after a hard day's work.

"Yes. But, my dear, see how beautiful it makes you," he replied.

One of her pronounced successes was as the eccentric heiress in "Pals First," one of Dolores del Rio's first pictures. She has lately appeared with Claire Windsor, in "Blondes By Choice."



Alan Hale.

Another Villain Reforms.

At what stage of his life does a villain become a comedian? This has become an interesting question in the studios. Wallace Beery has arrived at the goal in the years of his maturity as an actor. And so has Raymond Hatton, and more recently George Bancroft. In "The Patent Leather Kid" Mathew Betz, one of the most menacing of bad men, showed a rare flash of humor.

Quite as strikingly as any of these, Alan Hale proves that an accumulation of years spent in films, adds considerably to one's gift of comedy.

Hardly more than a year ago, Hale scored a brilliant hit as a roystering sea captain in Leatrice Joy's "Vanity." He was the life of the production, which wasn't, perhaps, one of the season's outstanding features. He followed this with another mirth-maker of the sea, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and more recently played a comic heavy in "The Leopard Lady," with Jacqueline Logan.

Hale has personality and is versatile. He likes directing better than acting, but every time he gets a start with the megaphone, somebody selects him for a rôle that is not to be ignored. So his dream can't be realized, except spasmodically.

No one needs to be told that Hale's first work in pictures goes back almost to the beginning of film history, when he did slapstick, went through the Griffith school, and performed all other traditional duties which served then to establish a player as one of the true old-timers.

Curiously enough, he is still only in his middle thirties. That is because his stage debut was made at nineteen years of age.

The pictures that Hale is chiefly remembered by, include "The Covered Wagon," "The Four Horsemen," in which he played the German father, and "Robin Hood."



Alice Belcher.



Photo by Cursey

She is a piquant, intriguing beauty, with a warm, golden voice.

ONE of the rarest sights in the world is a truly happy person. Usually there is a fly in the ointment, some obstacle to this much-desired state.

Even in gay Hollywood one hears hard-luck stories and sees strained, apprehensive faces. Stars fear for their popularity, extras for their job. Lively flappers flap determinedly to attract attention, fading beauties resort to peroxide and false eyelashes, stereotyped sheiks strive to cultivate sex appeal—oh, it's a grim struggle. All, of course, are hoping for ultimate happiness, success.

I suspect that the nearest approach to happiness comes when the player is young and eager and is getting the breaks. It is then, surely, that fan mail, published photographs, waiting interviewers and flattering press notices bring real enchantment. In this odd business, fame may be won, at least temporarily, by one striking performance, and a player who is unknown to-day may keep a room full of journalists waiting to-morrow.

All this is preliminary to saying that Lupe Velez—pronounced Lu-pay Va-leth—who played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho," and who was Rod La Rocque's leading lady in "Stand and Deliver," is a very happy girl—the happiest, I think, that it has ever been my lot to meet.

She was, to be sure, somewhat late for our appointment. Tardiness, it seems, is Lupe's chief weakness. A few days previous to our meeting an incident had occurred that served to aggravate this tendency.

Lupe had an appointment with an interviewer and, after much persuasion from the publicity staff, astonished every one by being exactly on time. The inter-

In the First Flush

Lupe Velez, the young Mexican actress, tastes the first sweets of success and revels in what may, alas, bore her next year.

By Madeline Glass

viewer, however, was forty-five minutes late. Then and there Lupe made a resolution never again to be prompt. So far as I could determine, the resolution will never be broken. After nearly an hour the starlet arrived, apologetic but undisturbed.

"You will forgive me, won't you?" she begged, as we were led to a place of seclusion.

On the table lay many motion-picture publications, which were arranged in rows.

"Weech do you write in?" asked Lupe, looking at the magazines.

When I told her she studied the cover of PICTURE PLAY, then settled into her chair and smiled across at me.

"All time I am so happy," she bubbled. "I cannot believe all these wonderful success have come to me. I wake in the night and ask myself if it is true. It is like miracle. I am so happy!"

From under the brim of her wide, felt hat her small face beamed. Miss Velez possesses odd, intriguing loveliness. The narrow brown eyes, with their delicately tinted lids and long, black lashes, the dusky, oval-shaped face and the marvelous mouth, skillfully painted a vivid scarlet, present a study in Spanish-Aztec beauty not soon to be forgotten. Her dark hair, entirely invisible from the front, hung in ringlets on the back of her neck.

"I go to the shows with my mother and grandmother," said Lupe. "All time people think I am wild and go to parties. But I am not wild. At the studio I have pep, but at home I am quiet. Once we work from tan in the morning until seex the next morning, and all the time I have pep. But I do not like parties. I do not go to them."

The words tumbled in unstudied profusion from her lips. Her voice, rich, golden, and intense, rang in my ears for hours afterward.

"I hate to go to bed and I hate to get up. My grandmother do not like my dresses, or the way I do. She say she were different w'en she were a girl. So I ask her about her first kees. Then she start to tell me. For two hours she talk—all about hees hacienda, and hees horses, and hees peoples. Then, after two hours, she tell about the kees. I think it very foney—her lover like Eskimo! He navair do for movies!"

From time to time she raised her long, narrow hands to roll back the brim of her hat or demonstrate with quick, undulating gestures.

"I do not know why they say I was doncer in cantina. I navair donce in cantina in my life. Always I donce in theaters—the best theaters in Mexico. I do that because I must earn money, and I do not know anything else. My father was wounded in the revolution and he

Continued on page 96



Photo by Edwin Bowser Heuser

Lupe Velez gayly denies that she ever danced in a Mexican *cantina*, but only in the best theaters. After setting the world right about that more or less vital fact, she exults in her sudden success, in the story opposite.

Half-Baked

Glimpses of adolescent life, in "Harold Teen."

The well-known comic strip is brought to the screen by Mary Brian and Arthur Lake, left, as *Lillums* and *Harold Teen*.

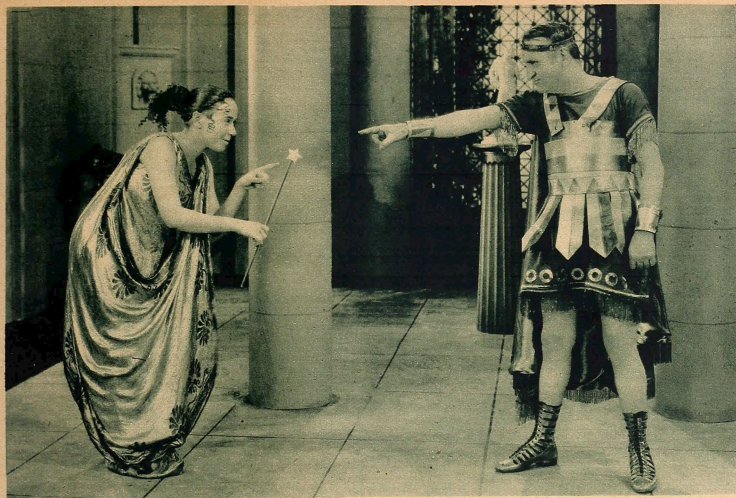
William Bakewell, right, as *Percival*, the "sophisticated" cousin of *Harold*.



Alice White, above, as *Giggles*, the high-school vamp, whose kiss is fatal.

Arthur Lake, left, in the full glory of *Harold's* regalia.

Ben Hall, right, plays *Goofy*, who furnishes much plot.



All a Dream

Hilarious moments
in "Vamping Venus."

Charlie Murray, at top of page, as *Cassidy*, who is transported to ancient Greece and finds Louise Fazenda, as *Circe*, the enchantress.



Thelma Todd, right, as *Venus*, and again, outer right, Mr. Murray and Miss Fazenda.





Laughter—with a

The eternal tragedy of the clown who must



Loretta Young, as *Simonetta*, the circus girl, at top of page, is wooed by Nils Asther, at *Luigi Ravelli*.

Cissy Fitzgerald, left, as *Giacinta*, a maid, prepares *Simonetta* for her act.

Lon Chaney, outer left, as *Tito*, the clown, realizes too late that his fondness for *Simonetta* has grown into love.



Breaking Heart

not show his grief in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."



Lon Chaney, Loretta Young, Nils Asther, and Bernard Siegel have a magnificent supper.

Loretta Young and Lon Chaney, outer right, misunderstand each other for the first time.

The clowns on this and the opposite page are, of course, Mr. Chaney.



By Order of

The charming romance



Dolores Costello, above, as *Betsy Patterson*, with Conrad Nagel, as *Jerome Bonaparte*.

Miss Costello, below, as *Betsy*.



Conrad Nagel, at top of page, worsts his enemies in a duel.

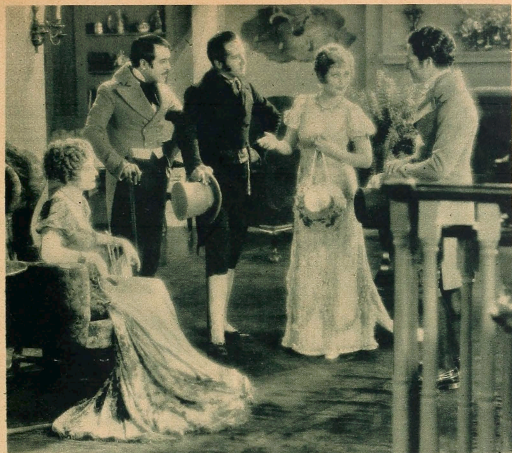
Miss Costello, above, in a sad moment.

Betsy, right, enters the presence of *Napoleon*.



Napoleon

of "Glorious Betsy."



Betsy, above, does not suspect Jerome's identity, nor her own beauty, below.



Miss Costello, above, and, again, inner left.

At top of page Betsy, the belle of Baltimore, receives visitors.

In the garden, left, the lovers plight their troth.



Delicious Absurdity

Adolphe Menjou's new picture, "A Date with a Duchess," promises a delightful rôle for the suave comedian and many chuckles for those who see him as *Heuri*, whose position is so humble that he makes his living by sitting on the back of an elephant, in the costume of a maharajah, at the *Folies Bergères*. From this coign of vantage he sees *The Duchess* in the audience and, in true Menjou fashion, falls in love. What is more, he eventually wins her. Evelyn Brent, above, and, again, left, is *The Duchess*.

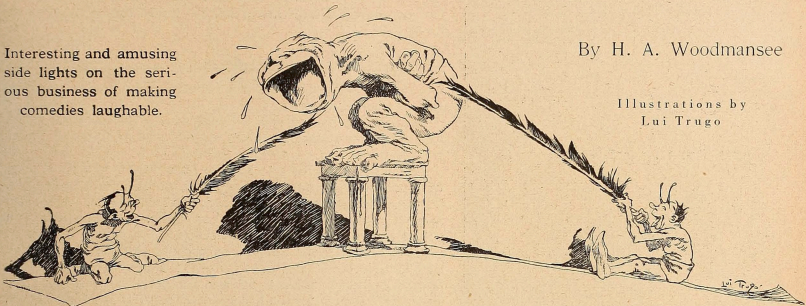


Make It Funnier!

Interesting and amusing side lights on the serious business of making comedies laughable.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrations by
Lui Trugo



MAKE it funnier!

That's the imperative command that flicks like a whiplash over a comedian and his professional funny men every time they put their heads together to concoct a new comedy. Most comedians would give their right arms for a score or two of sure-fire laughs. Anything to make the picture funnier!

But what *is* funny? Gag meetings resound with heated arguments over whether or not audiences will take to a certain bit of funny business. Leading comedians often differ violently on matters of gags. They use the gags of their competitors as horrible examples of what to avoid.

It's all a matter of opinion. Some of the Harry Langdon gags, which have garnered laughs in his recent features, were offered and turned down as not funny when the comedian was working for Mack Sennett.

It is said that when the script of "Behind the Front" was submitted to one of Paramount's directors, he refused to produce it, saying it was not funny and would flop at the box office. Another director was assigned to the job, and the picture turned out to be one of the greatest box-office hits. There are many cases such as these. On the other hand, when everybody in the studio has agreed that a certain thing is very funny, often it dies dismally when shown to an audience.

Frequently gags and titles, which seem funny to their creators, will be vetoed by supervisors and other studio officials, who are unable to get their point of view. There is the amusing case of the new title writer who put this caption into a comedy: "That guy's name is Boyle. He gives everybody a pain in the neck." It turned out that there was an executive named Boyle in the organization, so the title was speedily changed.

The work of making a comedy funnier does not by any means end, even when the scenes are assembled and the titles written. The previews show up the weak spots and a lot of unlike stuff is clipped out. Sometimes the gags that a comedian is sure of, have to be eliminated.

For instance, Buster Keaton once made a picture in which he worked in a garage, with a magnificent, new car standing near by. Gag men had worked out a series of clever and potentially funny gags by which the dumb mechanic accidentally broke the wind-shield, lamps, fenders, and finally completely wrecked the car. The audience did not laugh as it should have, and it finally dawned on the comedian's staff that they wouldn't, because the destruction of so beautiful a car horrified them. They would have roared if it had been a cheap car.

While Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, and the other big-league comedians are trying out their comedies at previews, stealthy business is afoot in other quarters. The smaller fry of two-reel comedy makers on Poverty Row find that it is cheaper to "borrow" new gags than to invent their own.

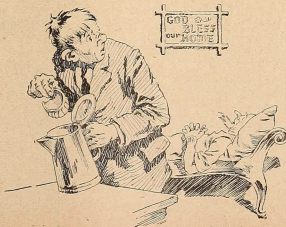
They always manage to get wind of the previews of the new feature comedies, in spite of the mantle of secrecy, and pirate many of the gags. Often their cheap and hastily-made pictures will appear in the theaters before the big pictures are released, giving them priority on the funny business they have pirated. Sometimes the gags which the small fellows have pilfered are eliminated from the completed feature, and so they find themselves sole possessors, without having spent one cent or one hour of thought on the gags themselves! And they are often *good* gags, although eliminated from the big features through some exigency.

In spite of the constant endeavor to make every moment of a comedy funny, some feeble stuff does get onto the screen. Often it is an imitation of some picture that was very funny.

Several years ago Buster Keaton made a comedy in which he tumbled from a building, the force of the fall carrying him into the ground out of sight. Several scenes later he emerged from the hole, with a Chinese wife and several children. Comedians haven't been able to forget how audiences roared at that famous gag. They try to think of something just as wild. And

Continued on page 100

Hiding an unwelcome guest's false teeth, to keep him from eating—a gag man really wanted this in a comedy.





The first gift Gwen Lee received from a fan was a "good luck" mirror which she has used ever since.

MANY articles have been written about fan mail. Yet, curiously, the topic seems perennially new. Why? Because the situation between player and public changes with screen trends, or because each year ushers in a new group of fans, who ask the same old questions.

Compare the fan letters of five years ago with those of to-day. You will find that the fan's viewpoint has changed amazingly. The fan often writes constructive criticism, idolizes far less gushingly. But the same demand persists: send me your photograph! And the old query: how can I please the star and get a picture, or an answer to my letter? Some of the following advice may have been given five years ago, and some of it may be new. I offer it as to-day's suggestions from the stars.

The obvious reason why a star does not answer your letters is that he or she hasn't the time. Even with a battery of secretaries, it would be an impossibility. The majority make some effort toward sending photographs, regardless of whether or not a quarter is inclosed to defray the enormous expense of these portraits. With such huge stacks of mail, however, letters are bound to be lost, some addresses are illegible, employees are not always reliable, and the waiting fan continues to wait—and unjustly blames the star. Often, too, the studio at which a free-lance player has

How Can the Fan

While stars cannot even attempt to read the hundreds unnoticed and are almost sure to be answered.

By Myrtle

worked, or one where he has formerly been under contract, will not bother to forward mail.

And, too, a photograph will not satisfy many fans. How, then, can you attract the star's attention so as to merit a personal letter?

Mary Pickford likes to receive letters that suggest stories, or types of rôles in which the public would prefer to see her. Though she may not answer them, she reads them. Mary has made a genuine effort to please her public. I have seen her in actual throes of worry and indecision. And when, instead of heeding requests, she filmed her own choice "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and "Rosita"—the clamor from her fans taught her never again to let her dreams sway her. In "My Best Girl" she thinks she has the qualities that her fans expect, combined with a little of her own judgment. Now, she is searching her fan mail to determine a majority vote for the selection of her next rôle.

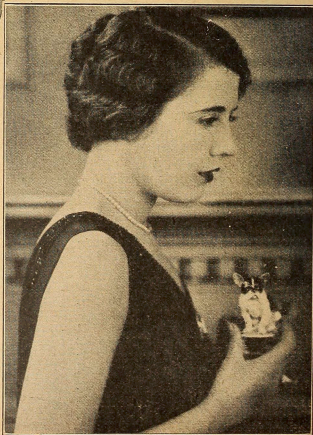
Douglas Fairbanks, on the other hand, is less guided by fans' suggestions, but likes their opinions of his work. That is, he does not care particularly for them to suggest heroes for him to play, but likes to know what they think of each film. He makes what he pleases, and wants the fans' reactions *after* the picture.

Norma Talmadge enjoys most those letters which are sincere tributes. Criticism neither annoys nor amuses her, and is sometimes followed. "Kiki" did not please Norma's fans—seldom is a star's own idea of what she should play in conformity with the fans' ideas. There will

A schoolboy sent Lois Wilson a model of his bulldog.



A fan sent Alice White a baby pig for good luck, much to the amusement of the express company.



Please the Star?

of fan letters they receive, yet, certain ones never pass. Read this article and find out how to please your favorite.

Gebhart

be no more gamin rôles; instead, she will confine herself to characterizations of lovely womanhood.

"I admit that I do not begin each day with my toast in one hand and a letter opener in the other," Constance Talmadge laughed one day. "I do enjoy reading most of my fan mail, however. Some of the letters are very amusing. I adore the passionate declarations of temperamental foreigners, especially the Latins, with their lavish adjectives and their charming insincerity.

"Seriously, though, I do like comments on my work. I can't say that I really prefer criticism to applause, but I realize it is better for me."

To Corinne Griffith, her mail constitutes a barometer of public opinion. During her recent year of uncertainty, she paid particular attention to her mail and expects to profit by taking the fans' advice as to rôles.

Likewise, Colleen Moore is eager to know exactly what people think of her pictures. She has built her following by obedience to her fans.

With her inherent candor, it is not surprising that Dorothy Mackaill should read letters giving honest opinions, instead of flowery epistles. Sincere, intelligent comment is appreciated by Billie Dove. Fans desirous of pleasing Irene Rich should write her regularly, giving worth-while criticism and suggestions. Whether or not you approve of her, or her work, make your letters to Marian Nixon ring true. In fact, sincerity is prized by all the players.

If you want to make a hit with Louise

Dorothy Sebastian received a Hungarian doll from one of her foreign admirers.



Mary Brian prizes a box of wax orange blossoms made by a blind ex-soldier.



This hand-carved and hand-painted fan was sent to Myrna Loy by a Norwegian fan.

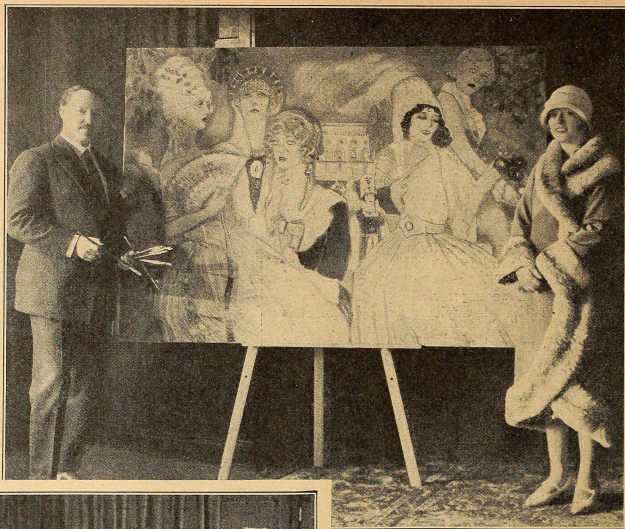
Fazenda just ask her advice. It is a part of her practical, helpful nature that she loves those letters which ask her to decide perplexing personal problems, and make her feel, as she says, "like Beatrice Fairfax." I wonder if she realizes what she is getting herself into, by stating this for publication! Criticism interests her doubly, because of her inferiority complex and some girlhood hurts which taught her to fear flattery. She is ready to agree with your criticism, but becomes astonished when you praise her.

John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess, and other men players like suggestions. Barthelmess, particularly, searches his mail for hints of books and plays for suitable vehicles.

Mary Astor's reply surprised me.

"I enjoy most the letters from the shut-ins, the invalids, or those who live in lonely districts and seldom see pictures. These carry a note that goes straight to one's heart. Recently I received a delightful letter from a man who is marooned eight months of the year on a peak in the Sierras, where he operates a weather and water gauge for the government and a big power company. He had just seen his first picture in eight months—one in which I played with Lloyd Hughes. Certainly I answered that letter, and he received one of my nicest photographs."

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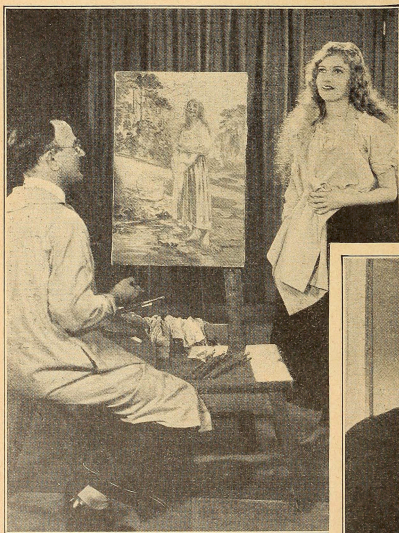


Milady Sits for

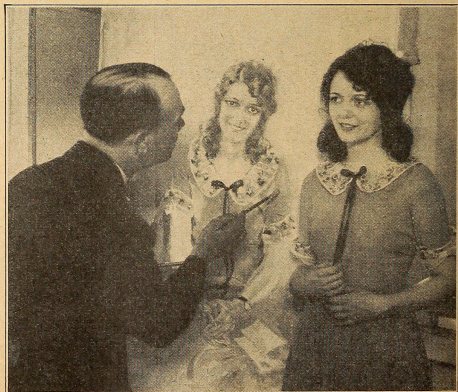
When celebrated painters visit Holly so much in the scenery as in the faces

Señor Beltram-Masses, above, former court painter to the King of Spain, painted Marion Davies in several of her romantic rôles. Miss Davies, herself, stands at the right.

Louis Ubobel, below, has transferred to his canvas the wistful smile of Janet Gaynor—or has he not?



In "The Shepherd of the Hills," John Boles, as the artist-hero, is supposed to paint a portrait of Marian Douglas; but as he does not paint in real life, Sacarole, above, a studio artist, obliged with this portrait.





Her Portrait

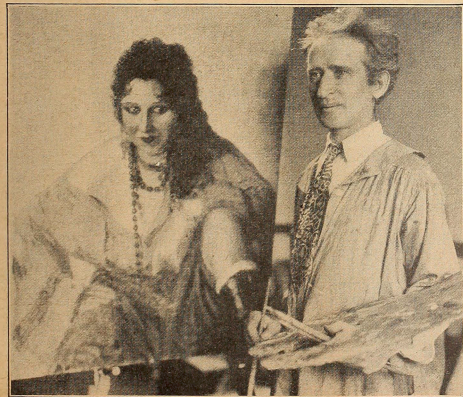
wood, they find inspiration not and personalities of the stars.

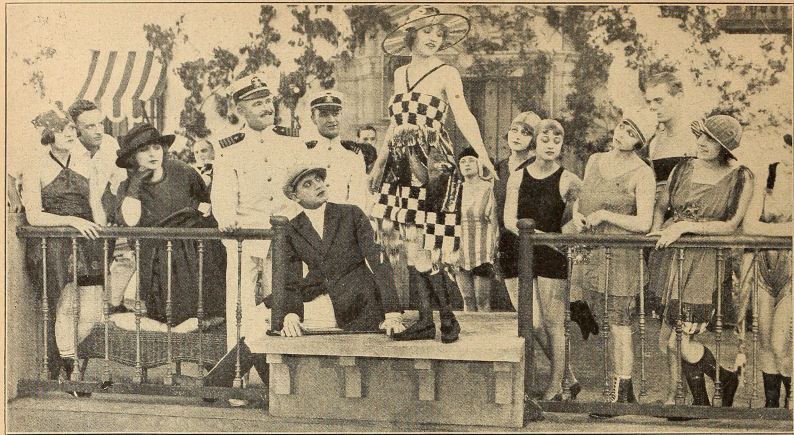
Colleen Moore, above, is quite pleased with her sparkling image which Leon Gordon, a Russian painter, executed during his stay in Hollywood.

The striking canvas of Julia Faye, below, as *Mariusha*, in "The Volga Boatman," is the work of Power O'Malley, an internationally known artist.



Claire Windsor, above, congratulates Ernest Linnenkamp, of Vienna, on his portrait of herself, as well as thanks him for nominating her the most beautiful blonde in the United States.





In this scene from "Why Change Your Wife?" William Boyd, then an extra, stands at the left of Julia Fay, center.

They Cracked Their Shell

Cecil DeMille, in giving advice to movie aspirants, recalls how many now-famous players found themselves.

By A. L. Woolldridge

THIS is Cecil DeMille's message to all those who aspire to careers in the movies. It was given to me on the set, while Phyllis Haver was doing an emotional scene as DeMille looked on from the side lines.

"And," said the producer, "two years ago Phyllis was in obscurity! How did she find herself?"

There was a hint of pride in his query. Phyllis had graduated from the Mack Sennett lot, with the reputation of having the loveliest figure on the screen. Her photographs were framed all over the world. But she could not act. Phyllis watched her chum, Marie Prevost, flame into stardom. She saw Louise Fazenda—"the ugly duckling" she called herself—offered contracts. She saw Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, and others soar into prominence. But she got nowhere. Then suddenly she emerged—a beautiful, radiant actress, whom every producer in Hollywood would like to have under contract.

"How did she find herself?" DeMille repeated.

He watched Phyllis, as she threw her soul into her work. Phyllis, the failure, the heart-sick girl whom nobody wanted, the same Phyllis whose present success is the talk of Hollywood.

"It's worth three years of any young man or young woman's life to find if he or she has talent for pictures," DeMille said. "If, at the end of that

time, the spark has not been developed, and the player is still where he began, it's better that the movies are dropped and some other vocation followed. Three years should tell the story."

In my hand I carried a copy of a newspaper which contained a report from the Central Casting Bureau, where extras are employed. The report said:

"One in six thousand! Only one extra girl, among the six thousand registered at the Central Casting Bureau, averaged as much as five days' work a week during the past six months.

"Out of a total registration of five thousand men, only two managed to average six days every week for six months, and two averaged five days a week.

"Eight girls averaged four days a week, and twenty-one were fortunate enough to get three days a week. Twenty men averaged four days, and

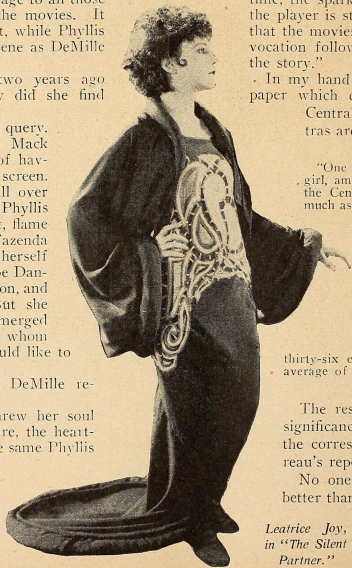
thirty-six earned their living by working an average of three days a week."

The rest? Well, never mind. The significance of DeMille's musings, and the corresponding Central Casting Bureau's report provide food for thought.

No one knows motion-picture work better than Cecil DeMille. No one has developed more stars. He

Leatrice Joy, in "The Silent Partner."

brought forth Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Jack Holt, Julia Faye,



Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, William Boyd, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, and others. He has encouraged at least fifty widely known players to carry on and has gently but firmly, advised as many more to "go home and forget it."

Back in the hinterland there are possibly a hundred thousand girls and young men, looking hungrily toward the movies. "Can you afford," asks DeMille, "three years of your life to find out if you belong on the screen?"

Success means luxury and all that goes with it, including publicity and perhaps adulation. Are they worth striving for? Decidedly—for three years!

But one sees those lines of extras outside the studios. There are the lonely rooms somewhere south of the Boulevard. There are the young men with haunted faces, the disappointment on the faces of the girls, and the older men and women just hanging on. One sees written in ever-deepening lines the yearnings, the bitterness of unrecognized, the plodding of the thousands.

"After three years go home and forget it!" says DeMille.

There is a whole sermon in his admonition. Hollywood is full of aspiring actors and actresses. Some of them have been there for years, hoping against hope. Just around the corner, just beyond the next turn, they believe the big chance is waiting. So they hang on.

"Not long ago," DeMille went on, "a very pretty girl came to me and said, 'I don't seem to get anywhere. Tell me what's wrong, please. I've tried so hard.'"

"She was attractive and well dressed, but there was a coldness about her which showed that the shell had not been penetrated. She was merely a girl with a pretty face. There are thousands of them. I advised her to quit.

"The truth of the matter is, that their shell has to be cracked,

Phyllis Haver saw others go ahead, while she stayed behind.

Photo by Childress



Photo by Hesser Gloria Swanson's possibilities were first seen in a Sennett comedy.

just as a baby chick has to crack its shell. As it develops, it has to find itself. It took William Boyd five years to crack the shell he had about him. He came to me several times, discouraged. 'I can't make it,' he complained, 'I won't do.'

Bebe Daniels, when she advorited in slapstick.

Photo by Witzel



"But I believed he had it in him, felt confident of it, and advised him to stick."

In the photograph files of the DeMille studio we found half a dozen stills of "Why Change Your Wife?" which was filmed at the old Lasky studio. William Boyd, in the uniform of a naval officer, stood in the crowd just back of Julia Faye. Al-

though in a minor rôle, he stood out like the proverbial million dollars. His poise and personality were becoming evident.

"That was the day he found himself," said DeMille. "That was the day he let loose and cracked his shell. From that moment he felt that he had arrived and we knew it, too.

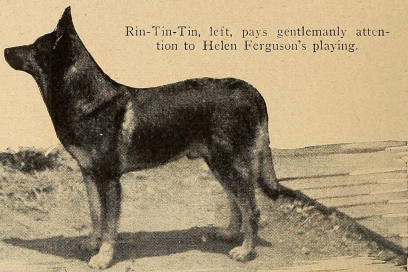
"Tommy Meighan came to me in his early days and protested that he wasn't getting anywhere. 'Keep at it, Tommy!' I insisted. 'I felt confident of him and he rang true—in time. I said to Leatrice Joy one day, 'You're through!' 'I can't do anything with you. It isn't in you to succeed. 'You are pretty, but that's all. You can't act, because you have no inspiration.'"

Continued on page 106

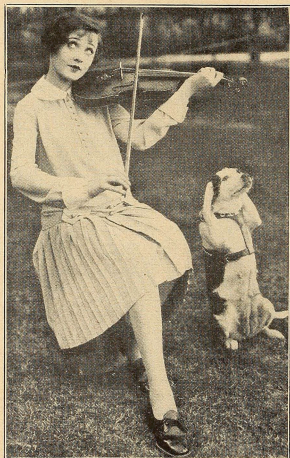
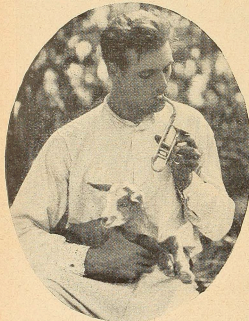
Somebody Must Listen

When the stars give vent to music, animals prove to be their best friends.

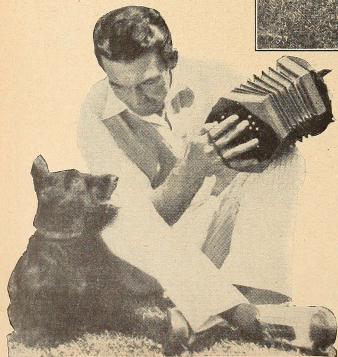
Rin-Tin-Tin, left, pays gentlemanly attention to Helen Ferguson's playing.



The little goat, below, is *distract*, but Gary Cooper plays on.



"How can you?" is what Clyde Cook's audience thinks, below.



If Bozo is any judge, Sally O'Neil, above, had better consult her music teacher.

Charles Delaney, left, has hit upon a rapturous tune, if Stubby's expression is sincere.

William Demarest, right, puts his soul into his music, but his listener is merely polite.



Are You Going to Hollywood?

Then this miniature dictionary of studio "slanguage" will interest you.

By Lulu Case Russell

FOR the information of Dakotans, Arkansans, Canadians, and other foreigners about to visit hectic Hollywood, the land of make-believe and motion-picture studios, a serious and well-intentioned attempt is hereby made to compile a visitors' compendium, embracing those strange and incomprehensible terms heard in the jargon of the studios. The more general terms like "lot," "set," and "location" are too familiar to the average fan to be gone into here.

The language of the electrical department, that most essential accessory to embalmed drama, is perhaps the most picturesque and mysterious of all. It permeates and gives color to all other branches of the overgrown industry, and it may be wise to take it up at once, leaving the maverick expressions to be hog tied and branded later.

Taking the "slanguage" of the electrical department, then, we have "juice," the electrical current, and it therefore follows, as night does the day, that "juicer" is the term applied to the electricians. They have other names, one of the printable ones being "gaffers." The camera itself has several "slanguage" names, one being "cheese box," referring presumably to the product it turns out, with "coffee grinder" and "rock crusher" for variety.

"Twist it" means to turn the camera crank. "Punk" is the term applied to assistant camera men, those agile youths who scale mountains and wade raging torrents with the precious camera slung over their shoulders, it being their fate not to "question why, theirs but to do or die" at the command of their superior, the cinematographer.

"Broads" are the side arcs, out of which grow the expressions—"hang the broad," which means to take the head of the lamp and hang it on a chain on the side of the stem, and "trim the broads," studio language for resetting the carbons; "feed the broads," a phrase indicating to a juicer that the carbons are to be reset by opening and closing the control switch.

"Broads" are diffused lights, whereas "spots" are not diffused. The command, "Hot your spot!" indicates to the particular juicer in charge, that he is to light his spotlight. A 35-ampere spot is called a baby," therefore if you hear a hoarse-voiced electrician shout, as you pass through a studio, "Hit the baby!" there is no need for a call to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, because all the electrician wants is that the "baby spot" be lit. The even more astonishing cry of "Kill the baby!" simply means "put out the baby spotlight," just as "Kill that sun!" means to turn off one of the sunlight arcs, or "sun arcs," as the powerful lights that turn night into day are called; while "Crack the sun!" means to light a sun arc.

"Rotary" is a spotlight from 80 to 150 amperes. "Scoop" is a side arc with a scoop-shade opening. "Hit the domes!" means to light the overhead arcs, and "Turn the banks over!" is just another way of suggesting that the humble juicer reverse the polarity of the Cooper Hewitt mercury lamps. "Save 'em!" is not a Hoover slogan, but electricians' slang for turning off the current.

Instead of saying to the men in charge of the lights placed above a set, "Gentlemen, we are about to start shooting—will you kindly take your places among the rafters?" a great deal of time and language is saved by one word, "Decorate!" and the workers proceed to

scramble up to their lofty perches, not among, but *above* the stars.

Harbor no suspicion that you have wandered into a farmyard or a meat-packing plant if you hear some one shout, "Hook on that pig!" because the meaning conveyed to the initiate is simply that a very short plugging box is to be put on the line; and no cruelty to the genus Arachnida is contemplated when the order, "Tie on those spiders!" is sent through the air, as this only means to connect a few cables.

"Get your iron!" means that the rigging crew is to line up the sets, and "Give us more spaghetti!" means to run out more cable. "Hit the deck!" means it is lunch hour, or quitting time at night.

When the camera angle is changed and it is found necessary to change slightly some article in order to get it into the picture, the term "cheat" is used. So if you hear the director saying, "Cheat that chair!" you know he means that the prop man is to shove the chair forward or backward slightly.

The publicity department has a language all its own, too, much of it being the same as that in most newspaper offices, but with the idea of making this the last word in lexicography, it is appended.

"A break" means that some innocent editor falls for a press agent's dream about one of the players, and prints the story. "A lousy break" is the same thing, only the editor fails to print the story in a prominent place.

"Art" is the euphemistic synonym for photograph of star, star's home, star's chow dog, or other item of breathless interest to the world at large.

Not to wander afield, culling flowers of unassorted slanguage thither and yon—one expression that came into being when "The King of Kings" was being cast in Hollywood, and which crops up whenever a period picture is rumored to be about to start, is "peddling the brush;" in more understandable, but less picturesque words, it means that actors allow their beards to grow and then hopefully apply at the casting offices for jobs calling for bearded beauties.

"Poverty Row" is a certain Hollywood street where the smaller companies, makers of what are known as independent films, have their offices and studios. The name indicates that the actors get little cash in return for their services, and that the pictures made by these companies are to those released by the bigger companies about what a ten-cent store purchase amounts to compared to a gift from Tiffany's.

"Gag man" is a humorist, who thinks up unusual and interesting bits of funny business for the makers of comedy pictures, and therefore "gag" is the term applied to an alleged funny line, or bit of business.

"A hoss opera" is the term applied to Western pictures.

"Rushes" are the hurried, first prints made of the film taken during one day's work on a picture and are projected nightly that the director, producer, and star may see if the work they have done is satisfactory. If it isn't, then the set will not be struck and the call for retakes will be sent out.

This covers the most frequently used expressions, although each department has a few stray, unbranded words of its own. But this gives the visitor a vocabulary extensive enough to make him feel at home in that orderly hodgepodge known as a motion-picture studio.

Continued from page 22

dress, because it is for me, not for you they work. And it is for Mr. Allen, not yourself, that I say, come when the costume is ready; report at ten a. m. and I will show you what to do. We open for lunch at eleven thirty, but there is little to do at that hour. I hope you are pleased, Mr. Allen, that I accept your friend?"

The emphasis was marked, but Malcolm took no notice. "Yes, I'm much obliged, Pierre," he said. "I'm going now but I'll drop in for early lunch to-morrow."

Pierre understood that he would then settle the business of Miss Smith's wages, et cetera, in a way satisfactory to the restaurant; and Malcolm knew that the Frenchman guessed just how long and how well he had been acquainted with Miss Smith. To-morrow he would make it clear, he resolved, that his interest in the girl was chivalrous, not sentimental.

Whether that was or was not entirely true, he wasn't sure. But he must insist for Miss Smith's sake. Meanwhile, he was consumed with curiosity about her. What kind of a girl was she who would steal a dinner, then save herself by letting him name her "his friend, Miss Smith," and accept a situation given to please him?

She allowed him to walk out with her into brilliantly lighted Hollywood Boulevard. The street was bright as day and all the shop windows were aglow, showing smart hats and dresses, paste-buckled slippers with immensely high heels and fantastic jewelry. Even Broadway, with its famous white lights and electric advertisements, could hardly be more dazzling.

The girl drew round her shoulders a silver scarf, the only wrap she had,

and stopped Allen as he beckoned the doorman.

"I thank you more than I can tell," she said in the same low tone in which she had spoken to Pierre. "I suppose you think I'm dreadful. Maybe I am. But—if you only *knew!* Besides, I was so terribly hungry. The trouble is, I can't explain much. I'd rather not even tell you my real name. Miss Smith will do very well. I hope I shall see you again in the restaurant, and I shall pay you back when I get money, which I ought to have soon. Besides, there will be tips, I hope. I shall accept them! I know, of course, that man Pierre expects you to stand for my salary. But I mean to be a success and then he'll be willing to invest thirty dollars a week in me, himself. Now I must go. Good-by, and thank you again."

"Do let me take you home," Malcolm begged. "I don't ask to know your name if you don't want to tell it. But I'd like you to know mine. I am—"

"I heard the man call you Mr. Allen," the girl broke in, "and I always see the newspapers, so I suppose you must be Mr. Malcolm Allen, who wrote 'Black Sleeves.' Don't think, please, that I don't trust you. I do! The way you did everything showed me that I could. Besides, I've read your book. The man who wrote that would never be horrid to a woman. Only I'd rather go home alone, thank you all the same. I live not very far away, in a house where they rent rooms."

Malcolm was disappointed, though not vexed. Perhaps he even liked Miss Smith better for her refusal.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I won't urge you. But I hope we are going to be friends. After meeting in such an odd way, we ought to be. And—look here! For Heaven's sake don't

misunderstand, but—but you said you were hungry—"

She laughed. "Well, I'm not now! I shan't be for a long time. I took good care of that. I know what you want to ask. You'd like to suggest lending me some money to go on with. That's not necessary. My landlady will believe me when I tell her I've got work at Montparnasse, starting at once. I owe her only for one week. I hate getting into debt. That's why I was hungry! Everything's going to be all right with me, now, thanks to you. But I believe, even if you hadn't helped me, I should have landed that job. *I had to!*"

"It doesn't seem your sort of job," Malcolm objected. "Have you ever tried to break into the movies?"

"No," Miss Smith answered. "I've been in Hollywood only two weeks. But in any case I don't—"

"I'm sure I could get you a small part in my picture," Malcolm said. "The picture that Peerless will produce from the scenario I'm writing.

"You *are* kind!" the girl exclaimed. "That would be a perfectly miraculous chance for me if I did want to act. But just at present I don't. What I want is to be what I'm going to be at Montparnasse. Good-by again! We shall meet there."

She was gone!

She had dashed away like a Cinderella at the stroke of midnight. And she was as mysterious to Malcolm Allen as Cinderella had been to her prince at the ball.

She *wanted* to work at Montparnasse. She preferred to be second cigarette girl there, rather than accept an offer over which most young women would have been inclined to faint with joy. Why? Why?

TO BE CONTINUED.

They May Have Been Your Neighbors

(Continued from page 64)

And then there's Tom Santschi, of Kokomo, who joined a stock company. John Bowers who did the same, and Charlie Murray of Laurel, who for twenty-one years was part of the well-known vaudeville team of Murray and Mack. His movie offers came as a matter of course after he had established a reputation.

And so we go on into Ohio, most notably represented by the Gishes. Lillian was born in Springfield, and attended Ursuline Seminary at Massillon; Dorothy was born in Dayton. Their careers are too well known to need much space here.

In 1898 William Boyd was born in Cambridge, but during his childhood

his family moved to Oklahoma. William started out to be a business man, but he was ambitious for fame and went through all the hardships of getting movie work and establishing himself.

Warner Baxter grew up in Columbus and was in the insurance business before going on the stage for six years, and so into movies. Earle Foxe, born in Oxford, attended Ohio State University and then joined Douglas Fairbanks' company in Chicago. When Doug went on the screen Earle soon followed.

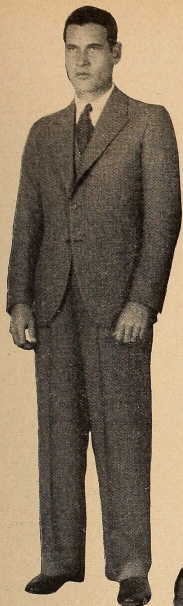
Hobart Bosworth was a real adventurer. Leaving his home in Marietta, he ran away to sea when he was fifteen. He tried his hand at

everything. He was a fighter and wrestler, a cow-puncher, a stevedore, a longshoreman. He did odd jobs in San Francisco. And then he went on the stage there, in the McKee Rankin stock company, and eventually became leading man for such noted stars as Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske. When he achieved stardom himself, movie offers followed.

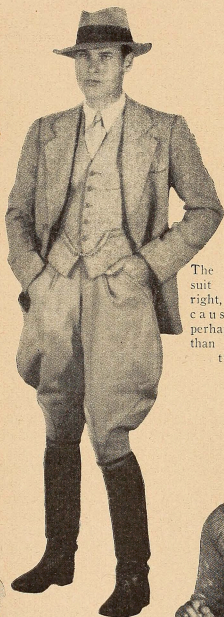
Perhaps some of these famous people were once your neighbors. Growing up, going to school, hoping some day to be famous, perhaps never even thinking of a possible screen future. Certainly these States, through which a star zone runs, have done more than their share to add to the world's entertainment.

Tweeds and Twills

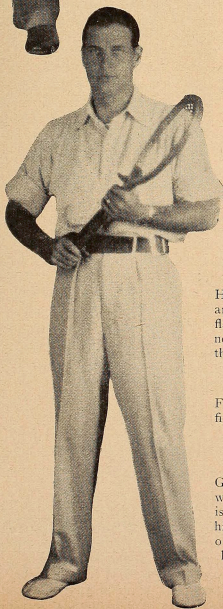
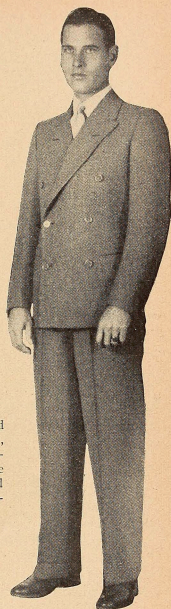
Richard Arlen demonstrates how the well set-up young fellow should wear them.



Mr. Arlen, left, with a single-breasted suit of slate-gray wears black shoes and a Spitalfields tie of dark color, thus upholding the conservative mode.



The double-breasted suit of dark gray, right, he likes, because its uses are perhaps more varied than any other daytime clothes.



His riding togs, above, are equally devoid of flashiness, or even horsiness, and are worn with the ease of a gentleman.

For tennis, left, his outfit is practical, with roominess emphasized.

Golf, right, finds him wearing more black than is usual in Hollywood, his tweed sweater being of black and gray and his knickers all black.



Continued from page 69

the highly censorable play of "They Knew What They Wanted" into celluloid pabulum for innocents, those concerned in the task tackled a stiff job. For the crux of the plot lay in the relation of the waitress heroine and the young worker on the fruit ranch of the old man she came from the city to marry. The ranch is in the picture, together with *Annie*, the waitress, *Luigi*, who has offered her marriage by mail, and his shiftless foreman, *Jack*. But instead of being swept by *Jack* into illicit passion, *Annie* walks with him into matrimony instead. When finally they confess to *Luigi*, who has recovered from his accident and is eager to wed *Annie*, he accepts it with good grace and invites the two to go on living with him. This is far from being the turbulent drama of the original. It is, in fact, almost placid. But it moves along steadily enough and Miss Negri plays with careful restraint unlighted by any sparks. So completely is she in character, she never once gives any hint that she has known the emine of royalty. Jean Hersholt is *Luigi* and Kenneth Thomson *Jack*.

Family Life of a Pugilist.

"The Count of Ten" is a prize-fight picture in which *Billy Williams*, the hard-boiled manager of *Johnny McKinney*, goes to arrange a match with the champion and returns to find *Johnny* in love, much to his disgust. But he cannot prevent *Johnny's* marriage to *Betty*, though he sees sooner than *Johnny* does, that *Betty's* family is sponging on him and encouraging the young wife to go in for the society racket. The climax comes when *Johnny* bravely fights with a broken hand in order to earn a large sum of money for *Betty's* demands. Disillusionment comes when he discovers it is for her brother's gambling debts, but on learning that she knew nothing of the truth he is reconciled. A worn story, yes, but it is nicely directed and finely played by Charles Ray, as the fighter, James Gleason, the manager, Jobyna Ralston, as *Betty*, and, as usual, Arthur Lake stands out as the brother.

Bad Manners Among Swells.

After much raving about William Haines, in "West Point," last month,

my impressions of his new picture, "The Smart Set," are blurred by slight boredom. It is not that Mr. Haines' skill is less, but perhaps it is more obviously employed to force the new Haines hero into our good graces. He is *Tommy*, whose hobby is polo instead of golf, baseball, boxing, or football, as we have seen in other pictures featuring the same hero with a different name. But he has all the "fresh" characteristics of the others, if not more. For one thing, he takes off his shoe at a country-club dinner and tosses it into the soup of a fellow diner. That may be funny, but as a matter of taste it is too utterly utter. However, to go on with the story: *Tommy* goes too far with the conservative polo set and his services are dispensed with. Need I say that in the nick of time he redeems himself by reckless courage, dare-devil horsemanship, and rather maudlin devotion to his pony, whose life is imperiled in a stable fire? Alice Day is wholesomely charming as the girl, who sees good in *Tommy* in spite of his outrageous treatment of her, and Jack Holt and Hobart Bosworth are, of course, at home on the polo field.

Who Cares?

"If I Were Single" is one of those domestic comedies in which the four characters busily misunderstand each other, quarrel and patch up their differences. All their maneuvers are so thin and petty that it would take a shut-in, deprived of pictures for a year, to be interested in them. *Ted* and *May*, married, have a tiff. *Ted* lends his cigarette lighter to a flirtatious girl he doesn't know. A great deal of footage is given over to his explanation of the affair to *May*. Then the girl turns out to be *May's* school chum. Did you ever! There's a funny pianist mixed up in all this excitement. Played by André Béanger, it is the best rôle in the piece. The others, in the hands of Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, and Myrna Loy, are very suburban.

With Rolling Pin and Lorgnette.

"Bringing Up Father" is a glorification of the rolling pin as a symbol of a wife's rights. The picture is, of course, based on the comic strip of the same name, with *Maggie*, *Jiggs*, and *Dinty Moore* naturally

very much in evidence. *Mrs. Dinty Moore* here appears as *Jiggs's* sister, a departure from the cartoon which I suppose will be as shocking to the readers of the comic strip as if *Ophelia* were made *Hamlet's* mother-in-law to suit the exigencies of a film. The story—such as it is—centers around the ambitions of *Maggie* to live up to her idea of society life, her efforts to marry her daughter to a nobleman, and her resolve to snap out of it when *Jiggs* frightens her by attempting suicide as a joke. It is all rather rowdy slapstick, but its underlying humanness makes it worth while. Polly Moran, Farrell MacDonald, Marie Dressler, Tenen Holtz, and Jules Cowles are adepts at low comedy, and Gertrude Olmsted and Grant Withers are the young people whose love affair furnishes sentimental interest.

Disrobing in a Rage.

Lowell Sherman is the serpent in "The Garden of Eden," so you know Corinne Griffith's new picture is not a biblical film. In fact, it's awfully modern—or pretends to be. The garden of the Eden Hotel at Monte Carlo, you see. *Toni Le Brun* runs away from her humble home to go to the big city to be a "star." But she only gets as far as the cabaret, where she is extremely unpopular with the other girls because she is more beautiful than they, and with the management because she is virtuous. But she is popular with *Rosa*, the wardrobe mistress, for when *Toni* is discharged for slapping the face of *Henry von Glessing*, *Rosa* takes her to Monte Carlo. *Rosa* is really a baroness, who saves and scrimps for an annual fortnight of glory at the resort. There *Toni* falls in love with *Richard Spanyi*, who believes her to be the daughter of the baroness. When *Henry* turns up at the moment of *Toni's* wedding—well, she tears off her finery and stands revealed in her teddies, rather than marry into a family that believes everything it hears of a girl. Yes, it ends happily. The picture is entertaining enough at the beginning and the end, but it sags and rambles midway. Besides Mr. Sherman, Louise Dresser, Charles Ray, and Maude George are in the cast.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 50

they will occupy the center of the stage in the future.

Along with this have come rumors that some of the long-established luminaries of the screen will soon be

giving a portion of their time to the production of films starring others.

So far nothing has materialized, and in view of the successes scored by Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, and others in their

recent films, the report wouldn't appear to have much substance.

However, there is a thought suggested in these passing forecasts.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea

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For the Ladies

Marceline Day visits an orchid farm and learns all about the exotics.



Marceline pitched right in and learned the business from the seed up. She is seen, above, with baby plants several dozen of which are placed in a pot of fern roots and set in a hothouse for eight months.

She inspects the almost-grown plants, left, waiting to blossom after seven years of careful nurture, while, right, she is shown with a five-year-old plant.

The tiny plant she is holding, lower left, is three years old and has just been transplanted into its own pot.

The triumph of the orchid is shown, lower right, when it is ready to be pinned on some dance-going shoulder — m a y b e Marceline's own.



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now, though she has still a decided accent, it's amazing how well she speaks it, Rod says—with an astonishingly large vocabulary. And the language was all the more difficult for her to learn, because there is no Hungarian-English dictionary. She had first to translate every word from Hungarian to German, and then look it up in a German-English dictionary.

Rod is quite a cosmopolitan person. He had one experience, on a previous trip to Europe, which most Americans would give ten years for—a tête-à-tête with the Prince of Wales.

It was in England. Rod had been invited to a hunt breakfast in Sussex, and the Prince was also a guest. When Rod was introduced and the Prince caught the name, Rod La Rocque, he said, "Ah, the 'Ten Commandments.'" No comment. No praise. But it won Rod's liking instantly. The next morning after breakfast, the guests departed for the hunt. Rod didn't go, because he had injured his arm and was unable to ride, with all the strenuous jumps involved. And the Prince

didn't feel up to it, so he stayed behind also. The two sat on the veranda overlooking a beautiful garden bright in the sunshine. The Prince lit his pipe and so did Rod. They sat there smoking.

"I had no idea what to say or do," said Rod. "Whether to call him 'Your Highness' every time I addressed him, or to call him nothing at all."

They sat there fully five minutes in complete silence, puffing on their pipes. It is customary always for royalty to open the conversation, if any. So Rod waited.

"Ripping day," said the Prince finally. The universal topic for beginning conversation! Rod said, yes, but he enjoyed London fogs, because they were so different from anything they had in southern California.

And so they chatted, the Prince fumbling constantly with his necktie, a nervous habit he has. He got quite confidential and spoke wistfully of the frightfully social life he has to lead. Never a moment to himself. Everywhere he goes, crowds, crowds. "I thought," said Rod, "that he seemed the most pathetic man I had ever met."

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have navair been well since. I have been in a sanitarium. I am not ashamed that I am poor. I work and my mother encourage me. My leetle brother and sister, they want to help, too."

Miss Velez is quick to explain that she is a Mexican, not a Spaniard. Both parents have Aztec blood. Lupe first saw the light of day in a small town near Mexico City. This little place had no less than three hundred churches. The inhabitants, with the exception of Lupe, prayed much and often. Lupe, it seems, was inclined to forget her religious duties. Once, while trying to amuse herself in the yard of their quiet home, she unintentionally hurled a stone through a window. Her father and mother came to the door. Also her grandmother. No one said a word; they merely looked. And continued to look. Finally Lupe could endure it no longer.

"No, I didn't," she squeaked, defensively.

At the age of fourteen she went to San Antonio, Texas, where for two years she lived in a convent.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, Lupe has a great future before her. Since the most extravagant language is used to describe actors and actresses of mediocre charm and abil-

ity, one hesitates to eulogize for fear of seeming susceptible. But I will go so far as to say that Lupe completely captivated me. She is frank without being bold, naive without being affected, and romantic without being spurious. Despite her gay, exuberant manner there is nothing of the obvious flapper about her. She is not a flapper—she is Lupe.

All this talk about her career in the movies being dimmed because Del Rio preceded her, is nonsense. Didn't Valentino precede Novarro? Had poor Valentino lived he could not have held his popularity against the steadily growing favor of the beloved Mexican. Perhaps I am prejudiced—as the man remarked when arguing against his own hanging—but I stoutly maintain that Lupe has more sweetness and warmth than the opulent Dolores.

Some one brought in a dozen magnificent new portraits of Miss Velez, taken specially for the Wampas ball. Each picture was inspected and pronounced beautiful by Lupe. I think, however, that she was referring more to the exquisite photography than to her own pulchritude.

"Look at that hand! Look at that mouth! Beautiful! That man do wonderful work. I mus' have more of these picture."

Getting up, she gave an amusing

All this has nothing whatever to do with the story of Rod and Vilma, but we can't all meet the Prince of Wales, and I just thought you might like to hear about it.

In his own little niche, and on a proportionately smaller scale, Rod had the same kind of social thing before him in Budapest. A round of festivity, when all he wanted was to see his Vilma and her people.

"It's all bunk," said Rod, "about fans not wanting stars to marry. Our fan mail has increased twenty per cent since our marriage. I think that, in the old days, when it was considered bad business for actors to marry, the trouble was not in marriage itself at all. It was the fact that many of those former stars didn't admit they had wives, and then when the public found out, they resented the deception. As if marriage were something to be ashamed of, instead of being the oldest institution in the world."

And I've an idea that, if Rod and Vilma ever make that picture together which they talk of making, the love scenes will certainly be the most wonderful and romantic love scenes ever filmed!

In the First Flush

demonstration of the photographer's antics while posing her for the pictures.

"I sink heem ver' foney and I laugh at heem. Now I mus' ask heem for more picture." The last was added with some chagrin.

"I love my fan mail," she told me. "They write to me and I read the letters—every one of them. The women here in the States they are wonderful to me. They say nice things about my work and I know they are sincere."

"How about the men?" I inquired, my own voice sounding flat and uninteresting compared with hers.

"The men they are good, too. Yes. They are the pajamas off the cat!"

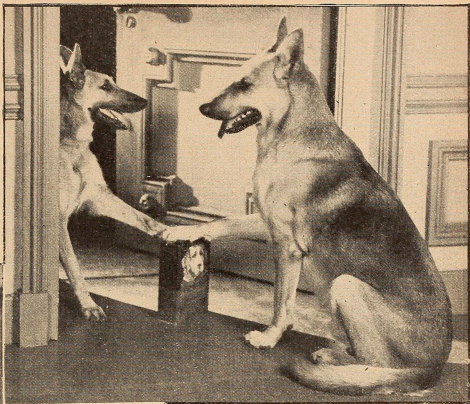
A troubled journalist poked his head in the door to say that he could wait for Lupe no longer, as he had another appointment. Lupe, a picture of surprised innocence, asked him if he would please make arrangements to see her another time.

Fearful of being politely assassinated by the three or four other writers who were waiting to see Miss Velez, I reluctantly got to my feet. Even a person who knows better than to wear out her welcome dislikes to leave such a happy, radiant personality.

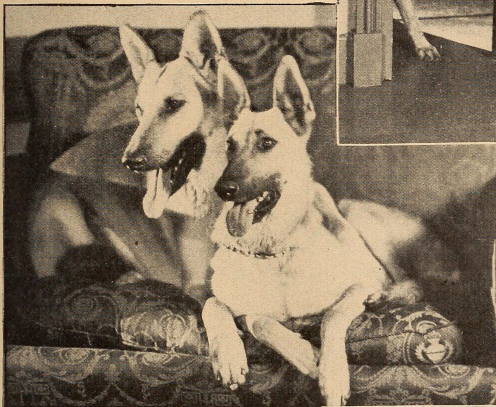
Yea, verily, she is the pajamas off the cat!

No Rough Stuff Here

Flash and Cita revive a lost art by "keeping company," with the dignity and restraint of an old-fashioned parlor courtship.

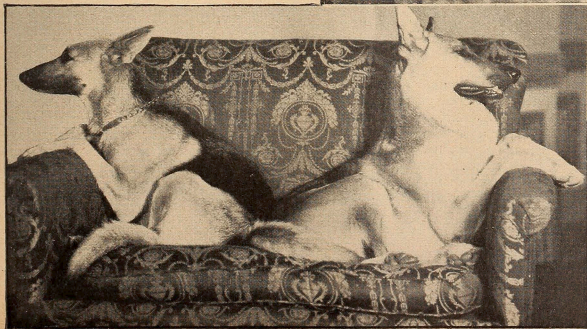
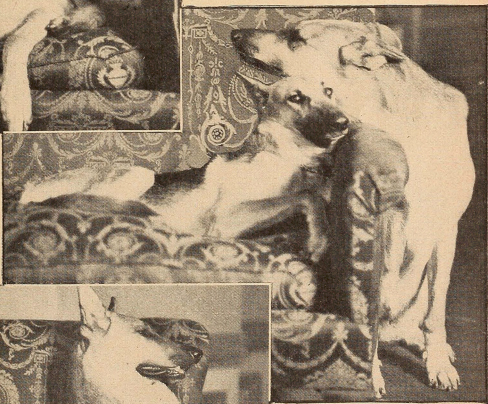


Flash, above, has the right idea when he pays his evening call, accompanied by an offering of dog biscuit by which he hopes to win a smile from Cita—and he does.



Since a bit of boldness is never amiss, Flash, above, climbs up beside Cita on the divan and lightly rests his "arm" on her shoulder.

In common with the rest of femininity, Cita, right, listens with enjoyment to the sweet nothings Flash murmurs in her ear.



What courtship would be interesting—or real—without a tiff such as Flash and Cita, left, are enjoying? But they are only pointing, though Cita's expression indicates that she will be the last to speak first.

The Kid Herself

Continued from page 34

attention, because—well, because. I didn't get into "Down to the Sea in Ships" until a year later. Elmer Clifton saw my picture in a magazine. He gave me a test and I got the part."

It was an effort for her to be so informative. But she was good enough to exert herself. If some bozo had to see her, maybe it was a good idea to see him and get it over. And it didn't hurt to be civil. He wouldn't stay long. Why didn't they get those side lights fixed beforehand, and get the action going again?

"I've learned how to do the hula for this picture," said Clara. "Got my legs scratched wearing those prickly wreaths. Had a tough time learning steps, too. Ride horseback a lot in the picture, too. That makes you stiff, you know. Sore all over. Gee!"

Then a friend appeared on a nearby stage, and Clara whisked off to see her, reappearing a few minutes later. Conversation languished. Leads led nowhere. Was she aware of the fact that some 18,500 letters came for her every month? "Yeah?" she said.

Nor was she outwardly concerned

to hear that her pictures were creating more or less of a furor from seaboard to seaboard. Her nose was shiny and she made immediate steps to remedy the situation. She tapped her riding boot with a quirt and rubbed her chin reflectively. "Yeah?" she intoned.

Then they were ready to go on with the day's work. Lights clicked and sputtered on, camera men took a final squint through the finder, there was a fatherly call of "Come on, baby!" from the director, and Clara walked jauntily before the camera.

As she came under the arc lights she seemed to become a totally different person. The indifferent girl metamorphosed into a dynamic personality. The schoolgirl became the starlet. Her eyes sparkled, her manner grew sportive. Clara was snapping into it. Bow was playing the kid herself. Here was the little girl every one was giving such a great big hand; here was the flapper who was sharing attention with John Held's immortal *Margie*, the cartooned soubrette, whose styles set the styles all over the country, if hearsay is to be credited.

Clara's feet jiggled nimbly to the strains of the two-man orchestra

wheeling near the set. Clara's tangerine hair frisked beneath the absurdly large sombrero she was wearing. Her eyes widened, her shoulders shrugged as she turned to inquire regarding the delay. "How come?" she asked.

The third assistant director gave the signal to the second assistant, and he in turn advised the director that all was in readiness. "Come on, baby," the latter called.

She scampered in the door, tossed her hat on the gas jet and approached the stove. That was all. But it was enough.

"Save everything," called the director. The lights dimmed. Hammers resumed their pounding. Clara relaxed. Her face once again assumed its *ennuyant* expression, resembling a doll-like mask. Clara was the star again.

"Well, see you some more," she said mechanically, to speed the parting guest.

There is little to be gained in tracking the stars to Hollywood, you see. If you would know Clara Bow, stick to the Bijou Dream and see "Get Your Man" or "Red Hair" or "Ladies of the Mob." For there you see the kid herself.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

strom, of Sweden, and Herbert Brenon, of England.

This information I gleaned from the annual edition of *The Film Daily*, a trade publication, and many other items of interest and surprise assail me in its pages.

For one thing, I find precious little originality in picture titles. For instance, eight pictures have "Love" as the first word of the title, and one has that and nothing else. Next in popularity is the word "fighting," which begins five titles. "Ladies," "Women," and "Man" are tied, each being the first word in the titles of five pictures, while "Desert," "Gallop," "Broadway," and "Heart," are tied, with four apiece.

The movies are still glorifying the "Rose" of this and that, this year's product being "Rose of the Bowery," "The Kildare," and "The Golden West."

Also, I discover the somewhat appalling fact that since 1915 there have been something more than 8,500 feature pictures produced, not to mention comedies and serials. Madness lies in the direction of the statistics which might be worked out from this figure alone. Consider, for instance, one man starting out to look at all

these pictures, on the hypothetical and entirely impossible basis that he could keep a firm grip on his reason to the end.

Each picture would consume, on an average, an hour and a half of that man's time. So, if he worked every day for eight hours at the task of witnessing these pictures, and took no time off for Sundays and holidays, he would be 12,750 days at the job and it would be something like thirty-five years before he saw "The End" flash on the screen.

Imagine, then, this man stumbling out of a dark projection room into the blinding sunlight, muttering subtitles softly to himself.

Imagine him touring Hollywood and seeing these vast motion-picture studios turning out more and longer productions by the dozen.

Imagine those improbable events, and you can bring the thing to a vivid climax by visualizing the greatest campaign of arson, pillage, and murder ever known in this land, as this poor soul set upon the temples of the cinema with sword and torch.

To Alexander Korda, Hungarian artist and gentleman, and now a director in Hollywood, must go a medal distinctive and unique.

He is one director who makes and

has made a serious and, at times, cunning drive to prevent having his picture taken, particularly of the variety known as "publicity stills," wherein directors are shown beside the camera, reading the script or showing the leading man how to embrace the star.

Directors as a whole are peculiar-looking mugs, though Korda is not excessively so. His quite plausible theory is, however, that he is no particular ornament to any photographer's art, and that, furthermore, the public is not interested in seeing directors' pictures.

He boasts proudly that he got through his first American production without having a single picture made, one of his shrewdest artifices being to go without shaving whenever possible, and offer his stubby beard as an excuse.

When he directed "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," however, studio officials were anxious to ballyhoo the picture as much as possible, and ordered Korda to pose whenever requested. He acceded to the requests silently, but as balm to his personal views, he managed to look as sad as possible when the shutter was snapped.

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for Mary, Doug, and others to spend a part of their time on this sort of enterprise, between their own starring films? They would have much to contribute to the development of the new talent that seems so decidedly in the spotlight.

A few years ago Charlie Chaplin registered an achievement when he directed "A Woman of Paris," in which he did not appear. And it would be very interesting to see if this feat could not be duplicated by some one else in the group of the screen's most celebrated personages.

James Hall Rewarded.

James Hall has earned his spurs. And by that we don't mean he is to appear in Westerns, either.

Hall has been climbing steadily up the ladder of popularity, and was recently rewarded with a long-term contract and several nice verbal pats on the back, by Jesse L. Lasky indicated in his prognostications of the future, that he thought Hall would become a star.

Mostly Hall has played leading man to Bebe Daniels. He has been in several of her best pictures. Working in "Four Sons" apparently advanced his career considerably, although we must confess that we couldn't develop any wild enthusiasm over his performance in this production.

Just the same, we believe he is on the highroad to fan favor. The mail that he receives at Paramount is described as of "mammoth proportions"—which is a high superlative, even in the case of a press agent.

The Eternal Idol.

Though her appearances in pictures are rare, Pauline Frederick returns to the stage at regular intervals on the Coast, and every time she does, it means a big turn-out of her admirers. Pauline's latest triumph has been in a comedy, and the ovation given her the opening night lavished evidence of her popularity. There were, as usual, so many floral tokens that the stage could hardly hold them.

The footlights are exerting more sway constantly in filmland. Joseph Schildkraut and Henry B. Walthall have been among those recently attracted. Schildkraut has launched a company that is staging very high-class productions. Walthall starred

in Edward Knoblock's "Speakeasy," and at the premiere D. W. Griffith, Colleen Moore, George Siegmann, and others with whom he worked in the old "Birth of a Nation" days, were present. Bessie Barriscale, whom you may remember as a star some years ago, also recently returned in a play.

In vaudeville one finds the names of Agnes Ayres, John Bowers, and Marguerite de la Motte, and Bryant Washburn headlined.

The Lovely, Languid Lya.

We heard from Lya de Putti over the phone upon her return from Europe, and her voice sounded charmingly languorous and world-weary. Lya remained abroad almost six months, and during that time disposed of her home in Berlin.

This doesn't necessarily mean that she will stay in Hollywood permanently, she says. She feels that her future in America depends a great deal on her success here in pictures, but she has always averred that she would never relinquish the fight for this success until she had turned it into a complete victory.

There is no mistaking Lya's fascination as a personality, but she has lacked the chance to demonstrate this adequately in the rôles she has played in this country.

Cough It, If You Like.

How would you like to have to tell your friends to address your mail to a place called Cuantymotzin? It sounds very complicated.

Cuantymotzin is in Mexico, and Dolores del Rio went there on location for "Revenge," in which she is now being starred.

A Hymeneal Omen?

There must be marriage impending between Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli. When we shook hands with them recently at a preview, our arms did the crisscross which is universally considered prophetic of a wedding.

Both Charlie and Virginia have been denying the report of their engagement regularly to newspaper reporters. However, they are seen very frequently in public together.

Camera Becomes Acrobatic.

What is a "go-devil"? If anybody

should happen to ask you, it is the name of a new device that moves the camera about in a very animated way, while a scene is being photographed.

F. W. Murnau seems to be sponsoring the invention. In any case, it was specially built for his production of "The Four Devils," and maybe that's why it is called the "go-devil."

The device looks somewhat like a steam shovel. It swings the camera about, and lifts it up and down, with an amazing rapidity. It is being used to photograph trapeze performers in action, and its gyrations are so swift that it can follow their every move and their flights through the air, without missing anything.

"The Four Devils" will probably be a very expensive production. It is said already to have cost fully three quarters of a million.

Eddie Raises Salads.

Edmund Lowe may be nominated the successor of the late Luther Burbank. Eddie has acquired a ranch, and is experimenting in raising a new kind of vegetable. He describes it as a combination of a tomato and green pepper, and says it makes an excellent salad.

Eddie's brother is in charge of the ranch, but he and Lilyan Tashman visit there nearly every Saturday and Sunday. Eddie, by the way, has been playing the lead in Colleen Moore's picture, "Heart to Heart."

Hamilton Sings for Himself.

Among players severing old connections, is Neil Hamilton. He is leaving Paramount after three years, ostensibly to free lance, though it would surprise no one if he connected with Fox. He has played in several Fox pictures, and his sympathetic rôle in "Mother Machree" is thought to indicate that others may be forthcoming. His success in the "mother" picture was due in no small measure to his singing, via the Movietone, of the sentimental ballad which gives the picture its name. Instead of employing a vocal double, Neil was permitted to warble as he pleased, the result being as pleasant a baritone as "talking" pictures have so far disclosed.

"Rich"—As He Is

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the script. His knowledge of production is very sound.

He is without temperament and has never been known to lose his temper.

He does, however, rebel openly when an effort is made to run his pictures into the channel of starring vehicles, where every situation is draped around the star.

When he looked at the final edition of a picture in which appeared that hilarious comedienne of the stage, Edna May Oliver, he found her rôle

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so there is an orgy of wild gags on the screen, some idiotic and funny, but more are just idiotic.

The public never sees the wildest gags, however. A comedian, like a doctor, buries his worst mistakes. Sometimes it takes a preview audience to detect them, and then they are quickly interred in the waste film on the cutting-room floor. But usually they are vetoed when first suggested at the gag meeting. Gag men, sitting in solemn conclave, pursue the elusive laugh like a half-starved negro chasing a black hen in the dark, and often flop on their noses. Some of the ideas evolved in such meetings are weird—gags gone ga-ga!

A gag man at one studio thought it would be amusing to show Junior Coghlan washing his pony in the bathtub, spattering soapsuds and horrifying the English butler. And, just to top it off, the boy could mount the pony on four bars of soap and skid him around the hallway!

An assistant director, whose interest also ran to animals, suggested that there could be nothing funnier than a pair of porcupines trying to stage a Gilbert-Garbo love scene. He was told he could shoot the scene all by himself—and must be still trying.

Somebody suggested to Mack Sennett that Ben Turpin should be shown reading a note from a lady,

while tears streamed from his eyes. The cause of the tears was to be, not unrequited affection, but the fact that the note was written on onionskin paper. Out!

A gag man, working on a comedy of a husband besieged by his wife's relatives, evolved a quaint notion. Whenever dinner was served, thrifty hubby could hide *Uncle Zeke's* false teeth and thus save the price of a meal!

Still another gag man, working on a hospital comedy, suggested that one of the surgeons, after performing an operation, should sew up the patient on the sewing machine! The suggester was somewhat drunk, it must be said in his defense.

Liquor gags are always cropping up, but, good or bad, are usually discarded, because they are frowned on by the censors and the Will Hays organization. So are various other gags which bear upon vulgarity, forbidden subjects, and the like.

Now that circus pictures are in vogue, a writer suggested that a circus dwarf should fall in love with a seven-foot lady, and should get a job as a steplejack to train for kissing her. Another bright idea was offered for a divorce comedy. A neglected wife artfully persuades her husband to move to New Jersey. Why? Once in that mosquito-infested State, errant hubby soon discovers the advantage of having a loving spouse to slap the mosquitoes

where he can't reach them, and thus spends all his nights at home. Another divorce headed off. However, neither of these pictures has yet been produced.

Sometimes gag men offer weird suggestions, merely in a spirit of banter. Often, however, they suggest impossible ideas and can't understand why others consider them ridiculous.

Gags built around death are sometimes suggested. One gag man thought it would be funny for a comedian to pose as dead, in order to collect his own life insurance. The bottom drops out of the coffin and the enraged pallbearers chase him. One of the real corpses sits up and laughs heartily. No! Not even in the wildest two-reeler!

When such gags are suggested, retribution comes swift and sure. In some studios the gag men keep an inflated bladder handy, and the luckless proposer of the wild gag is promptly crowned with it. Sometimes the man who makes the worst suggestion is awarded a brown derby. Gag men take delight in razzing each other's fantastic ideas.

Sometimes, however, the wildest ideas turn out the best. And so gag men, with inflated bladders and brown derbies threatening them, continue to think up preposterous funny business. They are seldom content to let well enough alone. Their motto is, "Make it Funnier!"

When a Czar Goes Mad

Continued from page 33

"This picture, 'High Treason,'" he went on, "is the greatest opportunity I have had. It will cost," impressively, "a million dollars. But you will not know it when you see it?"

"I mean," he struggled to express himself, as he saw my surprise, "I mean—it is not all to be spent on crowds of extras, and lavish settings. There will be—a million dollars' worth of good performances!"

"Wait until you see Florence Vidor! Never have I seen so great a performance by a woman. I tell you she will be a new star, all over again—a different kind of star—when this picture is released.

"We will show Americans something about costume pictures," Jennings went on. "They have been afraid of costume pictures. The public has not liked them. That is because they have been unreal. The moment actors put on costumes of another period, they become artificial and forced.

"That is not right. People were the same in 1801 as they are now. A

man is a human being, even in a powdered wig.

"He has the same emotions, the same mental reactions as a man in modern, ready-made clothes.

"That is one difficulty which Mr. Lubitsch will find is greater here than it is in Germany. I do not know why it is, but the moment American extras put on period costumes, they become awkward. They strut around as if they were at a masquerade ball. They cannot forget their clothes for a moment—nor can they let the audience forget them.

"By the same token, many actors would portray a madman, an idiot, like the one in this picture, as if he were always gibbering—so!" His face became a hideous mask—eyes rolling, tongue lolling out.

"But that is not true. Paul had his normal moments. He would make a decision, sanely, as any other man. But before he could carry it out, his unbalanced mind would be distracted by some trifle. He would forget. Things became disconnected and he could not coordinate.

"He feared his subjects, so he per-

secuted them. Life was one long terror of assassination. He had all his food tested for poison. He was afraid to be alone, trusting no one.

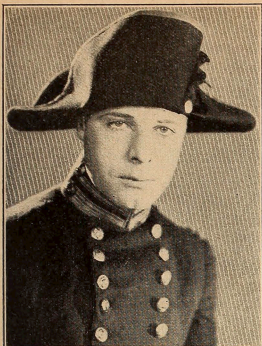
"There is a scene in which he wakes up at night in bed, terror-stricken. He leaps up, runs down the corridor in his nightgown, seizes his crown, puts it upon his head, mounts his throne and cries, 'No one can touch me now! I am the emperor. God has ordained it!' He thinks he is safe there. Poor, befuddled, terrified being!

"But there! We will not talk of Paul any more. I must be this poor madman for so many weeks. Say for me that I am happy that I am here in Hollywood, happy about my picture, and happiest of all that I play once more with Ernst Lubitsch!"

So, amid general expressions of mutual regard and joy in reunion, in guttural and effusive German, we parted. And I went away, pondering upon the old, old saying that whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad?

Hats On!

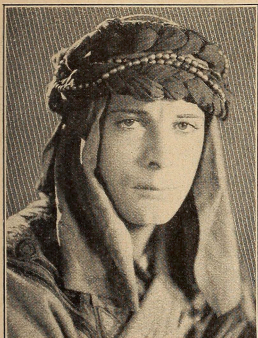
James Murray rummages through the studio wardrobe, and obliges his public by showing how he looks in the headgear of various periods and countries.



The three-cornered hat, above, illustrates how James Murray would have looked in George Washington's time.



The age of chivalry, above, finds Mr. Murray wearing a hat of Sir Walter Raleigh's time.



If you like to fancy Jimmy Murray as a sheik of the desert sands, you have him, above, as one.

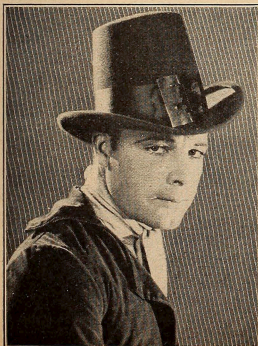


The earliest beginning of the hat is seen in the upper oval, which shows a youth of ancient Greece.

The helmet of the Crusaders is illustrated, above.

It's a fine Irish gentleman Jimmy is, left.

The beaver hat, right, belonged to Beau Brummel's time.



An Indian chief's regalia, above, finds our bouncing Jimmy appropriately solemn.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

DOTTY AND BETTY—You're, nice girls; but, oh, how you like to make me work! However, you are considerate about not expecting answers too soon. I don't know William Boyd's birthday, except 1898. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Elinor Fair has blondish hair and brown eyes. She is five feet four and a half inches tall. She hasn't any children. Ralph Forbes was born on September 30, about 1902. Besides the films you mention, he has played in "Tillie the Toiler," "The Latest from Paris," "The Trail of '98," "Dogs of the War," and "The Actress," the last three not yet released at this writing. His American screen career began with "Beau Geste," though he played in quite a few English pictures before coming to America. "Leatherface" was released in New York several months ago as "Two Lovers." I don't know the exact date of Charles Farrell's birth. He is a brunette, five feet ten inches tall. His pictures include "Sandy," "Old Ironsides," "The Rough Riders," "Seventh Heaven," and—not yet released—"Luna Park," "The Escape," "The Street Angel," "The Red Dancer of Moscow." Donald Reed was born July 23, 1902. He works for First National. His pictures include "Convoy," "Naughty But Nice," "The Mark of the Frog"—a Pathé serial—and "The Mad Hour." He has played for three or four years, but only minor roles until recently. Johnny Mack-Brown was born on September 1, 1904. Yes, "The Fair Code" was his first picture. Raymond Keane was born in 1908. Brown hair and eyes. You have mentioned all his pictures. William Haines is twenty-eight, Marion Davies thirty. "Quality Street" was released in New York last November. Release date for "The Patsy" not announced at this writing. James Murray has made only five films. "The Crowd," "In Old Kentucky," "Lovelorn," "Rose-Marie" and "Tide of Empire." He is twenty-seven. Audrey Ferris is eighteen. Sue Carol has been working at the DeMille Studio lately; Pauline Garon lives at 1861 Whitley Drive, Hollywood. And aren't you ashamed to make a poor old man work so hard?

BROWNIE FROM BRUNSWICK—With all those beautiful bouquets you hand PICTURE PLAY, I'd just be a dirty dog if I didn't answer your questions. So watch me roll

up the sleeves and get to work! Charles Rogers uses his real name. He is twenty-two. His new film is "Abie's Irish Rose." Clara Bow is twenty-two and unmarried. Height, five feet two and a half inches; weight one hundred and nine pounds. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. Real name, Mary Louise Dantzer. She got into movies by way of a "personality contest," though she had started out to be a painter. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, July 18, 1894. He attended the University of Minnesota, and then joined a stock company. He has played in pictures since 1921. Richard's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. James Hall is married to Renee Hamilton. Hamilton is his real name, and I don't know what Renee's name was before she married Jimmie. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are both unmarried. Also Larry Gray. Larry was born July 27, 1898. Neil Hamilton's birth date is September 9, 1899. His wife's name is Elsa, but I don't know her maiden name. Nancy Phillips is about nineteen and works at the Paramount Studios. In "Frisco Sally Levy," the motor-cycle policeman was played by Charles Delaney. William Boyd is thirty; he is under contract to DeMille. Other Hungarian players besides Vilma Banky, are Lya De Putti, Victor Varconi, and Maria Corda.

MABEL NELSON—It's rather hard to keep track of players who retire from the screen and disappear—that is, as far as the public is concerned. The last I heard of Edith Storey—several years ago—she was living at Northport, Long Island. Molly Malone played in a Rayart film, "Daring Deeds," released last January. She formerly lived at 6621 St. Francis Court, Hollywood; whether she still does or not, I don't know. Perhaps her mail would be forwarded from there.

J. B. A. MOVIE ADMIRER—What a lot of admiration you must have stored up, to admire some of the movies I've seen! Jackie Coogan was born in Los Angeles, October 26, 1914. His parents played in vaudeville before Jackie became famous—or at least, his father did—and like most actors who are not starred, had their ups and downs financially. Jackie played on the stage with his father when

he was only sixteen months old. He made his screen debut in Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid" when he was about three. Baby Peggy has been appearing in vaudeville occasionally. She is too old now for a screen baby—she's ten—and as you know, that's an awkward age for children. Almost all screen kids have an interlude in their film work when they get about that age. Charles Rogers is twenty-two; Richard Dix thirty-three, Marian Nixon twenty-three, Olive Borden in her early thirties. It requires three or four months for answers to appear in PICTURE PLAY.

BOO—What's the matter with having to call me The Oracle? I always thought that was such a pretty name? Back numbers of PICTURE PLAY can be obtained on request from the subscription department of this magazine. Send twenty-five cents for each copy requested. Leslie Fenton free lances, so we have no means of keeping up with him.

BARBARA—Till *Andy Gump* chins himself, you say? Who do you think he is, a Chin-chin Chinaman? I can't blame you for your interest in Charles Farrell! He was born in East Walpole, Massachusetts, about 1902. He attended Boston University before venturing to Hollywood, where he struggled along as an extra for several years. He isn't married. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, about 1898. His real name is Richard van Matimore. He attended St. Thomas' School in St. Paul, and then the University of Pennsylvania, where he was a champion swimmer and skater. He served in the Royal Flying Corps in the war. Married to Joyana Ralston.

M. B.—Worrying me with your questions! I should say not. I've got lots to worry about, but not one of those worries is questions. Yes, Thomas Meighan has signed up with Caddo Productions. His films will be made in California, and he'll probably have a great deal to do with selecting his stories—Tommy always has been largely responsible for the stories he filmed. As to whether there will ever be another interview with him, I suppose there might be, if anything new to say about him comes up. Alleen St. John Brennan was in Europe for several months, but she is back again, now. (Continued on page 113)

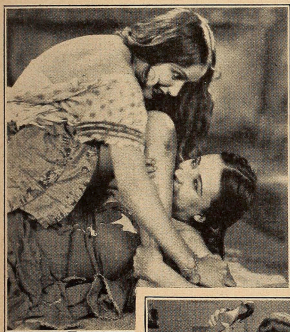
Gone Is Ladylike Decorum

One glance at these feminine fights shows that the clinging-vine girl has been displaced by her sisters, who are eager for battle.



Lina Basquette, above, in "The Godless Girl," raises such a rumpus that we can only say, if atheists act like this, then give us religion any day.

The shocking scene, left, could have been avoided if the girls had been brought up correctly, but as they are raising Cain in "The Loves of Carmen," Dolores del Rio and Carmen Castillo must not be blamed.



Lucila Mendez, right, shows just how far a girl will go these days, when she is annoyed by Fannie Ferrari, in "Coney Island."



Phyllis Haver and Julia Faye, above, show what happens when one murderess is jealous of another's prominence, in "Chicago."

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Dolores del Rio's reactions to her fan mail I found of particular interest.

"When I came to Hollywood," she said, "I knew nothing of the movies. In two years I spend much time learning. One important thing was this fan mail. These letters pour in for me—I wonder why? I learn that other stars receive them. Because it has been an experience so new to me, it has had special meaning. Some write me severe criticism—I cry; I think, is that so? Some I agree with. Some are pleased, and I am delighted.

"I tell you truly I mean no foolishness, when I say that I hold this contact sacred. The people who toil for their money and spend a part of it to see us, *make* this great business —and us."

Francis X. Bushman's mail, dating over a longer period of years than that of any other contemporary actor, indicates that the fans are not fickle. He has received more letters than any other person in the profession. And, though for a number of years he slipped into oblivion, he has his faithful following. William S. Hart and Charles Ray told me of the comfort and inspiration they received from loyal fans in time of need.

Some fans think it necessary to send expensive gifts to attract notice. That is ridiculous. I found that the gifts from fans most cherished are trinkets held dear for some sentimental reason, or because they happened to strike the star's fancy.

Among Mary Pickford's gifts, candy and handkerchiefs predominate. Her most unique present is a land turtle an inch and a half long, which at last reports was roaming the grounds of "Pickfair." The gift most prized is a pajama suit, which the donor named "My Best Girl" pajamas, and on which she painted a picture of Mary.

Billie Dove echoes the sentiment of other stars in preferring letters to gifts and asks, if gifts must be sent, that they be inexpensive. She is particularly pleased with souvenirs of a place or a person. One of her favorites is a little wooden puzzle, carved by the donor.

Of most interest to Norma Shearer are the sketches of herself. One, not copied from a photograph but from imagination, showed her in a coiffeur different from the ones she usually wears, the hair being caught at the back with gardenias. She found it so attractive that she has worn her hair that way many times. Aileen Pringle's fans, knowing of her hobby, send her odd boxes. Recently she received one carved from redwood by a boy of ten.

In Jobyna Ralston's living room is a wicker flower basket. It is a decoration that ordinarily one would put in a sun parlor, or on a porch, but for sentimental reasons it occupies a place of honor. It was woven by hand, the work of a crippled child in Mississippi. They began corresponding when Joby was starting in pictures and have been wonderful letter friends ever since.

Of the hundreds of gifts which Francis X. Bushman has received, the one most prized is a snuffbox used by David Garrick. Six years ago a fan read of Bushman's admiration for Garrick and sent the actor his dearest heirloom.

Dolores del Rio has a charming custom, whenever the gift is something that will show in a photograph, of having a picture taken of herself with the present, and mailing the picture to the fan. A little girl in Sweden sent her an embroidered handkerchief, which she wore in "Resurrection," and later mailed the child a still of the scene in which she wore the handkerchief about her head. The youngster was so elated that Dolores received one hundred

letters from children in the same town, all asking for that picture.

On her last birthday Esther Ralston received from Brooklyn a string of beads and a hand-embroidered handkerchief. The stitches were crooked, but the design was gay and youthful. A note scrawled in bad English informed her that the sender, aged fifteen, had been in America from Italy only a year. She had saved out of her factory earnings to buy one remembrance; the other she had made.

Miss Ralston prizes a fan letter from a girl in Illinois, who wrote that she was writing for a friend in the hospital, who was not expected to live. The request was for a picture, and with it Miss Ralston sent a note wishing the invalid recovery. A few months ago a group of visitors came on the set. A twelve-year-old girl watched Miss Ralston with fascinated eyes. Finally Miss Ralston learned that the child was the little girl of the hospital letter.

Clara Bow has two favorite gifts from fans. One is a pair of beaded garters, with her name worked in bright red against a blue background. These were made by a crippled boy. The other is a hand-carved ukelele, made by an Hawaiian boy.

I ran across one very amusing circumstance. After every Adolphe Menjou picture that pleases a certain fan—an importer of table delicacies—Menjou receives a hamper of Russian caviar, sausages, fish, fruits from the tropics, and hothouse grapes. If the fan does not enjoy the current Menjou film, no hamper arrives.

So, you see, to please a star you need not write a literary masterpiece, or send an expensive gift. Don't think, "I'm so ordinary—he would not care to hear from a nobody like me." You are the very sort he or she would most prefer to hear from, provided you write sincerely and tell just what you think of the star's work.

Watch Him for a While

Continued from page 52

Quiet, dignified, glowing with a sense of humor, Lane makes one think of the beloved Frank Bacon and "Lightnin'." There is no drawl in his speech, nothing affected in his manner, and the pose of an actor would be as foreign to him as garrulity would be in President Coolidge. To see him in chamois gloves and white spats, such as some actors wear, would be as offensive as seeing Will Rogers in a smock, or Jack Dempsey in an organdie shirt with ruffled cuffs. At the studio he's sort

of a big brother to every fussy blonde and snappy brunette. He looks on them tolerantly, listens to their troubles, gives a little advice, then lets them run along. "They're all right in their way," he says, genially. "Smart, and a pretty lot of kids."

They may put Lane Chandler in a dress suit—and he will wear it with grace and ease—but they will never make of him anything but a man from out of the West. He fairly exudes its freshness. It is this very thing which distinguishes him in the studio, and it is no wonder that every

actress wants him as leading man. He can ride—he can rope. He can stroll into a ballroom scene with the nonchalance of a *boulevardier* and, on the other hand, munch hot dogs with wayfarers—and enjoy the experience.

I don't know, of course, but I'll bet my rancid, old pipe that you couldn't buy Lane Chandler's contract from Paramount for the amount of a prima donna's salary per annum. He's just naturally a *rara avis* in Hollywood. Watch him for a while!

Reduce where you want to Reduce

Why This New Safe Method Takes Off Fat Wherever You Wish—Without Danger or Discomfort

Now Banish Double Chin—Thick Neck, Fat Arms, Legs, Ankles—Large Busts, Waists and Hips—Quickly, Safely. No Starvation Diets, No Punishing Exercises, No Dangerous Drugs. Results Positively Guaranteed or You Do Not Pay a Penny

Through a remarkable new scientific discovery, it is now possible to reduce exactly where you want to reduce—easily, quickly and safely. Double chins that make you look ten years older vanish in a few days' time. Large busts, thick waists, big hips, fat arms and legs that fashion frowns on respond readily to the new treatment.

Hosts of women whose appearance was ruined by excess fat on various parts of the body, many of whom had given up all hope of finding a sure and safe reduction method, have quickly regained youthful slenderness and liveness of line through the discovery of Viaderma.

Accidental Discovery of Famous Chemists

This discovery of Viaderma was purely accidental. An eminent New York doctor, specializing in skin diseases, asked a group of colloidal chemists who, for years, had enjoyed the highest professional standing with physicians and whose products were sold only to physicians, to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) After a number of experiments these chemists prepared a cream which would liberate oxygen freely when absorbed through the skin. And then came the amazing surprise!

They discovered that whenever the part being treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared.

Exhaustive clinical tests were then made to reduce excess fat on every part of the body. Results were obtained with a uniformity that was amazing. So convincing have been these tests that these specialists unhesitatingly say that there is no question about the power of Viaderma to remove fat. And it is so safe and harmless that it has received the endorsement and approval of chemists and physicians of high standing.

What It Is

Viaderma is a colloidal, infiltrating cream containing double oxygen. It is golden brown in color, and when rubbed on any part of the body disappears at once, leaving a clean white foam. You don't have to guess—you see it vanish before your very eyes, proving how it is absorbed and penetrates right into the fat layers, where the oxygen (like the oxygen in the air you breathe) gradually melts away excess fat. As Viaderma filters through the skin

What It Does

and into the fat layers it immediately begins to give off pure oxygen. This oxygen combines with and disposes of fat in exactly the same natural manner as in exercise. When you exercise you take fast, deep breaths, absorbing increased oxygen into your blood. This oxygen is the means whereby the fat is disintegrated. With Viaderma you accomplish the same and even more desirable results, for you limit the action to chin, neck, busts, hips, legs or wherever you wish.

What Women Say Who Have Used Viaderma

You have read what scientists and specialists say about Viaderma. We have seen these scientific opinions prove that it is sure, safe and harmless.

But more convincing than anything else to most people who want to reduce is the actual experience of folks who have bought and used Viaderma. Day after day letters come to us from grateful men and women telling us of remarkable results. There is space here to print only a few. Read what these people say. *For obvious reasons we do not give their names in print, but these signed letters are on file at our offices.*

Note the Difference

See what a wonderful difference youthful slowness—clean, slender like lines—makes in one's appearance! Why permit heavy, unsightly lumps and chunks of fat to add years to your looks, to bar you from wearing the latest beautiful things, to make you less attractive in a bathing suit or dance frock? Let Viaderma suit or dance frock? Let Viaderma suit or dance frock? Let Viaderma suit or dance frock?



"It's Wonderful"

"I am glad indeed that I took the Viaderma treatment for reduction. To be sure it is both distasteful and unattractive and I must confess I was a little skeptical at the end of eighteen applications I had lost over three inches waist measurement and more than four inches around hips. I notice that after using Viaderma the flesh becomes firmer and of better texture. It is going to recommend Viaderma whenever I get a chance. It's wonderful. Yours very truly,"

"Remarkable Reduction"

"I want you to know of how much benefit Viaderma has been to me. I have used it on my legs and the result is so wonderful I am able—about three-quarters of an inch each week. I shall certainly continue to use it and expect to lose more weight."

Yours very truly,"

"Surprised at Result"

"The cream is quite remarkable and although I've recently been given a kind of a fat test, I am surprised at the results. One inch off my neck and that's going some. I shall certainly recommend Viaderma whenever I can. Thanking you again I am, Cordially yours,"

Has Lost 25 Pounds and Feels So Much Better

"After about six weeks' treatment with Viaderma, I feel that I must let you know how wonderfully it has helped me. I have reduced from one inch to two and one-half inches around neck and legs, and over two inches in the neck. During this period I lost 25 pounds and feel so much better in general health. Viaderma is truly the solution of safe and sane fat reduction. Very truly yours,"

Read What Doctors Say

Dr. Frank Sauer, practicing New York doctor, and graduate of a prominent German university, says: "Viaderma will take off fat on any part of the body. This is the only agent by the release of oxygen contained in the cells, which fat melting it does so that the result is not by-products, are thrown off by the body. The nature of the substance is so admirable that it begins to reduce in four or five days. Stubborn cases show results in a few days with very rapid results. Distasteful, Viaderma is safe and absolutely harmless. Its principal ingredients are a soft and cannot possibly produce harmful results. It is sold by the Madison Avenue Dispensary, which has long specialized in the use of the chief fat-reducing agent of Viaderma. It gives a most pleasantly combined effect on the body tissues. From the action of the fat being successfully treated without danger to the subject."

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Just mail the coupon at the right and we will send you, without any obligation on your part, free booklet on "How to Reduce Where You Want to Reduce." We will also send you our guarantee order blank, telling how you can order Viaderma on trial with the strongest and most liberal guarantee you can imagine. You must be satisfied or it does not cost one penny. When you consider that you take not the slightest risk in sending for this booklet and full information about Viaderma, nor even a financial risk—there is no longer the slightest excuse for excess fat. There is certainly no reason when others stouter than yourself have easily gotten rid of their unsightly fat and surprised and delighted their friends with youthful and attractive appearance regained. Mail the coupon today.

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Name
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City and State

Continued from page 89

"Brutal? Yes! She sank to the floor and tears flowed. I let her sob for a while, then I said, gently, 'That's what we want in pictures, Leatrice. That's what we want you to give—your whole soul. Now run along and take a little rest and then come back. You'll make it.' She found herself that day. It was her first real step toward stardom.

"We want, we need young men and young women who are fully possessed of confidence and determination. They are essential to success. Do you know how much trouble we have in finding four principals for each picture we make? Every producer in Hollywood will tell you it requires a search. Yet there are thousands trying to get into films."

I called his attention to the number registered at the Central Casting Bureau for extra work.

"Whenever the time comes that one is satisfied to continue as an extra, it's time to stop, to get employment elsewhere. Three years of extra work is enough to decide the ca-

reer of any one with screen aspirations.

"I saw thirty feet of Sennett comedy," he continued, "in which Gloria Swanson merely leaned against a door and turned the knob. That one little flash told me she had talent. I cast her for the feminine lead, in 'Don't Change Your Husband.' Lew Cody got his first good chance in the same production. I took Bebe Daniels out of Harold Lloyd comedies girl and gave her a chance, in 'Male and Female.' I chose Monte Blue from the throng and gave him an opportunity, in 'Something to Think About.' I picked Wesley Barry from a crowd on the Lasky lot and chose Rod La Roque for a featured rôle in 'The Ten Commandments.' Vera Reynolds got her first big chance in 'Feet of Clay.' That spark of ability, that indescribable something, came out in all these players. They cracked the shell."

De Mille qualifies his theory of three years' apprenticeship by adding that players must, of course, have dramatic talent, although it may be

undeveloped. "All of us think we have talent," he said, "but all of us haven't. But if it isn't sufficiently developed after three years of trying to bring it out, it's time to seek another vocation."

The movie impresario left to make some recommendations to the director, and I caught Phyllis Haver smiling at me. "Phyllis," I said, "Mr. DeMille doesn't think much of you as an actress. He thinks you've missed your calling." She let out a stifled howl, then confided:

"Two years ago I did my hair up in a knot, put on a plain dress and went to see a fortune teller. 'I'm thinking of going into the movies—of trying to be an actress,' I said. 'Do you think I would succeed?'"

"The fortune teller looked me over critically, felt my hands, saw strength in my arms and body, and replied, 'Don't do it! You would make ver' fine rubber. Lots of tips, lots of money. Fifty dollars a week, ver' easy. You be a masseuse!'"

"Rich"—As He Is

Continued from page 99

almost completely deleted. Asking what had become of it, he was told that it was feared she might steal the picture from him.

"That part was the best laugh I've had in months. It goes back in—every foot of it," he said decisively.

His generosity to coworkers is a byword around the studio. He is devoid of professional jealousy and works for the picture as a whole, rather than the quantity of his own close-ups.

He likes costume pictures for the sole reason that he doesn't have to worry over the problem of clothes. He doesn't mind wearing whatever is handy, but the bother of buying new clothes hangs heavily on his spirits. His friends are forever protesting against some garment he happens to be wearing, and he will then rush to a tailor and order a new wardrobe as other people go to a dentist.

Part of the time he lives by himself, and part of the time with his mother and sister. His own household is presided over by his valet—an ex-champ of the ring, who keeps Richard in the pink of condition. Living alone, he goes in seriously for amusement, excitement, parties. His capacity for extracting a grand time out of life is tremendous, and he lives to the full.

Ever so often, however, he gets fed up and goes to his mother's home for several weeks. Here he lives quietly, enjoying the peace of his mother's gentle domination, and his sister's understanding and adoration. He loves the sane tranquility and charm he finds there, and luxuriates in it—until restlessness returns and he is out and around town again.

Periodically he decides he must marry, since it is the proper thing to do—a home, fireside, et cetera. But the idea of marriage is a very serious one to Richard, and the woman he asks to share it with him would necessarily be such a paragon of virtues and graces, that she would not be likely to accept so unworthy a person as him. Those are his sentiments, and his humility is deadly earnest.

In the meantime, he is one of the most popular of our free-lancing young men about town. He is irrepressibly flirtatious and in five minutes can make any *femme* from sixteen to sixty believe she is the only woman in the world. At present he is seen with Thelma Todd, Marceline Day, and Jean Arthur.

He plays golf a great deal, and expertly. With Gregory La Cava and another Paramount man, he has an interest in a boat. Between pictures he likes to cruise along the coast, fishing and swimming. He is a

prize-fight fan. One visiting champion, who was watching him rehearse a scene for "Knock-out Reilly," said "it was a damn shame that guy was acting in the pictures when he could clean up in the ring."

His reading consists mostly of manuscripts and books under consideration for pictures. But it has been inadvertently discovered that he can quote virtually any scene from Shakespeare you care to name. He is unusually well-informed, but doesn't make a fuss about it. He is more likely to tell a funny story—and stories are very funny when rendered with the Dix humor.

It speaks well for his studio disposition that his best friends are Gregory La Cava, Malcolm St. Clair, and others of his coworkers. He is "Rich" to the majority on the lot, and to almost everybody who knows him.

Business acumen he has acquired as part of his profession. Most of his considerable earnings in pictures he invests in real estate. He owns lots in New York, where the new Hudson River bridge is planned, which it is estimated will be worth about a million dollars in 1932.

The addenda that he is tall, dark, and handsome is necessary only for that scant minority who do not attend his pictures regularly.

Don't Let His Smile Fool You

Continued from page 59

has seen to it that he has a balance of athletic prowess. In outward appearance, undeveloped boyishness is behind him. He is almost as lithe and fit as the senior Douglas. He puts up a beautiful battle in "Doug," a sort of tennis played with shuttle-cocks—a game of his father's invention—and of such demon speed and dexterity that all but experts are frightened away.

A handsome kid, this Fairbanks. Tall, broad-shouldered, slender in hips, with the grace of the athlete in his movements. His features, however, are not like his father's. His hair is fair instead of black, his eyes blue rather than gray, yet they are remarkably alike, these two, in appearance.

"But he likes contemplation," his father says, "where I like action. He likes abstractions where I prefer actualities. He is more like Barrymore than like me. And that is probably the trend his acting will take. But he is impatient. Apprenticeship seems never-ending to him. 'L'Aiglon,' right away, is his plaint."

Naturally young Douglas is much sought by the unattached ladies of Hollywood. He has been rumored engaged, at various times, to Betty Bronson, Lois Moran, Helene Costello. The night I saw him on the stage, Joan Crawford, swathed in white fox, sat alone in an upper box, following his performance spell-bound, sending optic messages down to him.

His good dancing and droll wit make him a popular guest with the younger set, but he will never be the partying type. His work absorbs too much of his interest to allow for that. While he does the newest steps, it would bore him to hold a conversation about them, when there are things like Havelock Ellis, modern music, and painting and sculpture to talk about.

Between Douglas and his father there is warm, intelligent understanding. Doug, Sr., never uses his parental prerogative to command his son to follow his wish. Even if he were that sort of a father, it would be unnecessary, since to the boy his judgment is as near infallible as human judgment can be.

Unmistakably there is in this sensitive, brilliant boy the foundation of an important—perhaps great—artist. And it is gratifying to know that the name his father made so illustrious will not sink into obscurity, but maybe be perpetuated in equal distinction.



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Ordinary treatments fail because they merely treat the surface skin and have little or no effect on the harmful bacteria embedded below the surface. But this new treatment, called Merke Derma Vials, penetrates *beneath* the surface—kills the infecting germs—carries off the unhealthy scaly substances which cause dandruff and falling hair—at the same time promoting a healthy circulation which supplies the

dormant hair roots with the life-giving nourishment they so sorely need.

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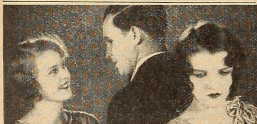
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Golden Glint the SHAMPOO plus

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

Murnau was to come out, Jobyna called him up. 'We'll be delighted to have you, if you'll bring your own blankets.'

Just then the barber returned and wanted to know if Fanny wanted a water wave and she told him she certainly did, as no one was wearing straight hair any more. She even suggested having a henna rinse, but I tried to discourage her by mentioning Joan Crawford's experience with henna as an excellent example of what *not* to do. But you can't tell Fanny anything. She seemed to know all about that.

"Joan's hair does look like a mop," she admitted, "but I don't think people should criticize girls for what they do to their hair. It often photographs better that way. Natural hair often looks dead on the screen. Nancy Carroll has the most luscious shade of red hair in the world, but the day I met her she told me she was considering tinting it a more brilliant hue, because it looks flat on the screen. Maybe Joan and Clara Bow discovered the same thing."

The barber sided with her, and after that what was there for me to do but retire from the argument?

"What's that commotion?" asked Fanny all of a sudden and, sure enough, there was a great deal of bustle going on outside. Fanny still had a lock or two to be trimmed, so I was appointed the investigator. It seems that Phyllis Haven had just called up from the DeMille studio, to say she had found a job in pictures for the young son of one of the hair-dressers.

"If that isn't just like Phyllis!" exclaimed Fanny after I had relayed the information. "That girl simply goes out of her way trying to get people jobs in the movies.

"I suppose you've heard about little Dorothy Ward, whom she discovered in a 5-and-10-cent store and took to the DeMille studio and got her a contract? Margaret Livingston, out shopping, saw the girl and thought how cute she would be in pictures. She told Phyllis about her and Phyllis immediately got permission for the girl to have the day off. Phyllis thought she was so cute, she drove her out to the studio right away—and Dorothy has been working there ever since.

"Some people are just born lucky," I observed. "Yes," agreed Fanny, "but poor Bebe Daniels isn't one of them. Did you ever know a girl to have as tough luck as Bebe? If there is any stray accident wandering around, it is sure to happen to her.

"She and Jimmy Hall were both badly injured during the making of her last picture, when a van in which they were riding was upset by a tree branch. Bebe, in the hospital for weeks with a wrenched back, was much more seriously hurt than she imagined. The doctor and her mother tried to turn the accident into a nice, quiet rest for Bebe, but she simply wouldn't have it that way. People kept dropping in on her and if three of them got there at the same time, Bebe would insist on a little game of bridge. I'm sure if she had stayed there any longer, all the doctors and the nurses would have been taking a hand to fill in.

"Next to Bebe, Hugh Allan rates the first-aid medal. Hugh has a positive talent for breaking his leg. Several years ago he was signed to play opposite Mary Pickford, but just before the picture went into production he fell and broke his leg. Not long ago he was at the horse show, when one of the horses became frightened and leaped into Hugh's box. In trying to get out of the way of the terrified animal, he leaped from the box to the cement floor six feet below and cracked the same leg again. Hugh's only comment was that he was glad he had finished a picture instead of just starting one. I suppose you learn to be philosophical in Hollywood," sighed Fanny, "after the first hundred misfortunes. Wouldn't it be appropriate if Hugh were signed for a lead with Bebe, in 'Wrecked Love,' or something like that?

"On second thought," went on Fanny, "that would be a much better title for Madge Bellamy's marital romance. She and Logan Metcalf had been married just a month when Madge filed papers for divorce. It's nice to think that Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawks were engaged long enough to have found out each other's shortcomings before they took the leap.

"Mary had intended to have a nice, quiet family wedding, with only relatives and a few close friends attending, but a day or so before the ceremony Kenneth asked if he could invite a few of his men friends. I guess Mary didn't realize how many friends Kenneth had in Hollywood, for a whole flock of them showed up for the wedding. Isobel Johnstone, who was bridesmaid, told me that when she and Mary started down the stairs to the tune of the wedding march, it looked as if they were breaking in on a stag party. Don't you love that?"

Fanny said the only thing she could

think of that would be funnier, would be to have Jack Gilbert married at a cat party. "Not that Jack is thinking of getting married anywhere," Fanny quickly explained. "He hasn't even been rumored attentive to any one since his break-up with Greta Garbo. "I'm rather sorry Jack and Greta have fallen out of love with each other—they created such nice, exciting rumors."

The barber made his final clip on Fanny's neck and her new bob was immensely becoming. It just goes to prove that a girl can't go wrong in imitating the stars. They have a gift for setting the fashions. It gave me the idea that I might copy Billie Dove's new style of wearing a long bob in the back, with sideburns cut short. But I guess Fanny was right when she said any girl who tried to imitate a beauty like Billie, would come out on the short end of the bargain. Just a case of comparisons being more odious than usual.

Fanny still had a shampoo and a wave and a manure to be done, so she asked if I would stop by the cleaner's and pick up a little dress she was planning to wear to Marian Douglas' housewarming.

"She hasn't moved from her cute

Spanish house," Fanny quickly explained, "but she has had the house redecorated and a new wing built, so she has invited a few friends to see the finished job. Did you ever see a girl blossom out as Ena Gregory has after she changed her name to Marian Douglas? She's peppy and happy where she had been quiet and retiring before. Her clothes are absolutely the last word in *chic*," added Fanny, to whom clothes are a tremendously interesting item. "She has ordered two of the most exquisite evening gowns. I do hope some producer sees her in them and rescues her from the Western rôles she has been playing. Ena has such a gorgeous figure she would make a great clotheshorse for somebody like Cecil DeMille."

I reminded Fanny that Cecil was no longer making anything but religious debates, and would therefore have no need for a clotheshorse. "Oh well," said Fanny, "Cecil DeMille will always mean luxury and sunken baths to me, no matter how many commandments he makes on the screen. I liked his pictures a lot better when he was *breaking* them instead of making them."

That's Fanny for you every time!

Colleen Attempts Tears

Continued from page 54

"There was the time, when I had not worked for five months, that I was offered a leading rôle with Tom Mix. Now I needed such a rôle very much just at that time. But I had made up my mind never to take two jobs in succession at the same salary. I must have just a little more—even if it were only a dollar—so I would know I was going forward.

"I was offered a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week—which was just what I had received for my last rôle. So I asked for a hundred and fifty. They told me they could not pay more than the figure they had named. I hesitated. I needed that job. Then I told them to think it over and telephone me at five o'clock. I could not work for less than a hundred and fifty.

"I went away, but at the door I nearly went back to tell them I would take the lower price. I sat at home all afternoon, wondering whether I had not better call them up and capitulate. I *did* need that job. But I had to risk failing.

"At five o'clock they called me and told me they would pay my price.

"It was wonderful what that little triumph did for me! The mental lift that gave me, was worth twenty times the extra money I received by holding out.

"I had kept my resolve. I had made a big company meet my terms. I was going forward.

"And I worked twice as hard on that picture as I should have!

"All along it has been like that. People told me not to try 'Flaming Youth.' And yet I knew I had to try something different from what I had been doing. So I risked it—and it proved a wise move.

"My friends were very dubious about 'So Big.' And I was afraid, too, on account of the old lady I had to portray at the end of the picture. But I tried it. I would not let myself think about failing. And it went over.

"So maybe—" She paused. "But you must not talk about things before they happen. That is bad luck. You must just think hard that it will be all right—have faith!

"'Lilac Time' has a sweet love story. It is not an epic production—just a nice story. We hope it will be very nice, and then—who knows?"

She gave herself a little shake, thinking about what *might* happen.

"Let's don't talk about failure any more!" she begged. "Let's just sit here and giggle!"

So, for the rest of the afternoon, we did.

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Behind Locked Doors

Continued from page 17

interesting, and I couldn't understand what the directors wanted me to do."

Von Stroheim, she said, had scolded her and made her cry, but it was to bring out something for the scene.

"Working for Mr. Griffith was thrilling. He coached me so patiently and quietly." Her sentences were no longer on strings, as if she wished to retrieve them a second afterward.

"He directs differently from anybody else. You have to change it all around up here." A hand whirled about her head. "Other directors let you imagine how the girl would feel. You sort of create. With Mr. Griffith, you don't give your own feelings. You feel what he thinks, or try to. When you can't, you act it by technique—he gives you every motion.

"The vamp scenes?" She laughed gaily. "They were fun. At first he said, 'Mary, you play that too childishly.' I didn't know how anybody would feel vamping her husband's brother. I never knew any one who did anything like that. So Mr. Griffith told me how to turn my head, my eyes—each gesture."

"You were like a mirror, reflecting his thoughts you mean?"

"Exactly! That's it." Perhaps that was why, while her charming performance in the first half of the picture was lauded, her work as the vamp was a trifle absurd.

I raised the question of why she is always cast as a foreign maiden.

"Because I don't look like a flapper, I suppose. But all American girls aren't flappers are they? Mr. Griffith promised that some day he would have me play an American girl for him."

Mary minced at her food. She never eats heartily. That nibbling adds to her fairylike—sorry folks, but that's the only word—charm.

Paul smiled indulgently and chided her. "Eat more chicken, Mary. You're nervous. Relax." Obediently, Mary ate—quick, tiny bites—and tried to sit at ease, though I still felt the little quiver and a silent alertness. "For Mary, character. In 'Surrender,' you saw suffering—"

"Yes, a skillful performance," I replied. "Mary has grown, astonishingly. Still, it seemed to have a dreamlike quality—as though it was not Mary acting those scenes, but a remote second self. It was Mary's imagination, not Mary's knowledge of how *Lea* would feel. How can you expect her to portray character when she does not know life—"

Paul rose abruptly. "Mary must return to the set."

Mary danced on ahead of us, unbelievably naive.

Paul is a gentleman. He does not become angry; or if he does, he conceals his ire when I speak my thoughts.

"It is our way," he explained. "We cherish and protect. Is there another in Hollywood like Mary? Please, can't you see that we want Mary to remain as she is—"

"Was—" I interjected.

He turned to me sharply. "She is the same baby—she has not changed." He hammered the words, staccato.

It was useless to argue. Paul, through the highest and finest of motives, is determined that the world's ugliness shall remain unknown to Mary. There is about her an invisible, high fence. Mary, at twenty-one or two, retains a child's innocence. Doubt though you may, it is true. And it is, as Paul argues, refreshing—like slipping out of a crowded, dirty street into a cool garden. Instinctively, you hold your tongue. Once I started to tell a joke. It was a perfectly nice joke. But Paul is stalked by fear—fear for Mary. A glance silenced me. Ah, Paul, you might have trusted me! If there are journeys out into the world to be made, the charge is yours and theirs, not mine.

A hushed quiet pervades her set. The music trails melodious charm. The director's tone is low. I doubt if an oath has ever been uttered in her presence. Paul's consideration is for others, too. Steps must be repaired, that no one be hurt; a man, enjoying a nap, must not be disturbed until needed. And for Mary is reserved an attitude that combines humble and tender service with firm guardianship.

It is a debatable question. Innocence is lovely. Yet it is unreal. And drama must be built upon a knowledge of life. Will imaginative fancy suffice for Mary's personal development and nourish her talent, or would understanding of life give her more?

And is it fair to Mary? She is missing a lot of natural fun that is right for girls of her age. She has innate character. Ugliness would not stain her, it would merely teach her. She would instinctively shrink from the sordid and turn her head, like the sunflower she is soon to enact, toward the light.

Besides, there is a little danger to her health, in this concentration upon her work. She lives in a world of imagination. She does not care for

sports or exercise, is "too tired for them, anyhow, after working all day," yet responds like a violin string to any mention of acting. The tempo and tension of such high-keyed work takes toll of frail strength. Janet Gaynor's collapse was quickly hushed up. Pale and trembling, she was hostess at a studio luncheon and presented with a new contract and a bouquet of violets, and friendly pictures were posed. But that's another story. Mary is more gently cared for. She will have a vacation before starting work in Paul's story, "Sunflower." Indeed, two days after our talk they rearranged her schedule, so as to give Mary a week's rest at Palm Springs.

Mary's dressing room bears the imprint of her personality. A clean, neat little place, with a few ruffles, toylike decorations, pastels, and seashore prints. Two fresh rosebuds pinned on crisp curtains.

What has been gained by writing this article? I don't know. That's the way I feel about Mary and her future, I don't know. She is a network of cool little quivers. By letting in other air for her to breathe—as air is carefully mixed in a theater—they might become little flames, to give to her work greater power and versatility. She has the talent, but she seems doomed to play convincingly only the wistful, quaint little person that she is herself.

Maybe they are right. Let the child sleep on, if they can, now that she is restlessly half awake. She will miss the fullest realization of her gifts—but she will be safe. Perhaps that assurance is all that counts. Who of us should say? I feel, though, that Mary could know the world, under the right guidance, and be the finer for having met it.

Mary has a charm so individual, with exceptional talents and a unique personality. What she will become depends upon so many factors—directors with understanding to guide her, and the degree of contact with the world that may some day be permitted her, and its influence upon her—that for the present her place upon the screen must be a little uncertain.

In two articles in PICTURE PLAY during the past several years I have likened her to a candle that flames up and gleams low, wavering. I can only add that as the flare darts upward now, it glows higher and stronger. I am afraid it may wane again. Some day I hope it will become a fixed light.

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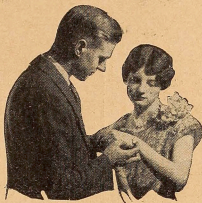
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Why Their Rôles Fit Them

Continued from page 71

of them is that indefinable something which women do not analyze, but which is irresistible. His strong, almost pugnacious jaw further suggests that, if he wishes, he can hold after he has won.

Jack's magnetism is important, but secondary. He is alert, of fine physique, lithe, and graceful. And he is definite. Woman likes to mother the boyish man who wavers a little and needs her, but she prefers to be swept off her feet by the man who knows his own mind and heart, however temporary that affection may be. Gilbert epitomizes every woman's secret romance. So say his directors. But watch him closely, and you will see that his power lies in his eyes.

Ramon Novarro has the face of the aesthete. His character—loyal, idealistic, sweet but strong—is mirrored in his clear, straightforward eyes that meet yours squarely. His face is strong, even stern in repose.

There is a misconception that strength lies only in a superabundant physical vigor, in a certain brutality. The greatest strength is that of character, which comes from self-denial and self-discipline. Ramon has a firm jaw line, which indicates courage and steadfastness to an ideal.

He is miscast when given romantic or swashbuckling rôles, but is appreciated by those who see, though but dimly, his idealistic qualities. Stories in which he should be cast are the most difficult to find, which accounts for the uncertainties of his career.

In Mary Pickford's wide blue eyes you see eternal childhood. Her features stamp her instantly as the good and innocent child, an impression further emphasized by her immature figure.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor made you believe in them, because of their youth and freshness. These qualities, as seen in their features, are also in their candid eyes, which seem to be full of faith. They were selected for their rôles in "Seventh Heaven," because of that joyousness of youth which is like a spring breeze, as well as for their acting ability. Charlie has a long, firm jaw, and a high forehead, the features of the fellow who combines aggressiveness with intellect.

The quiet heroine of "The Wedding March" must have outstanding spirituality. Erich von Stroheim noticed that Fay Fray's eyebrows were unusually high, which gives an ethereal impression. Her mouth is small and very sweet. Her short, thin, straight nose completes the effect.

A set jaw brought Gary Cooper a Paramount contract, indicating the vein of steel, which screen heroes must have. His eyes, large and dreamy, of grayish blue, add gentleness to a face that is the perfect combination of strength and tenderness.

Clarence Brown has carried this new idea to the point where he has evolved a theory that commercial business should "cast" its workers as a director does his actors. His rules are two. Can an actor think the part so intensely that it is mirrored in his eyes? Has he some particular feature or mannerism that will create a psychological impression in the minds of the audience? The distinction is this—first, he projects mental impressions for the audience to receive; secondly, he generates these within the audience.

I found his observations particularly interesting.

"Whatever you want most to do, is shown in your eyes. There is behind Lillian Gish's mental make-up an intense desire to shed light—to teach. She might have made a great teacher—she is teaching, in a way, on the screen.

James Murray won his first big rôle, in "The Crowd," because his irregular features indicate "average-ness." This very lack of a perfect profile also won him the gangster rôle in "The Big City," that of a boy whom environment had made a crook.

A handsomer boy would have conveyed the impression of being a gangster by preference, because he would have suggested a disinclination to work, a capitalization of his looks, making less probable his regeneration.

Though Norma Talmadge would prefer to play gamin rôles, her features are not coarse enough for her to seem realistic in them. The same applies to Virginia Valli. Louis Wolheim's face is his fortune. Inasmuch as he himself wants to have it relandscaped, any comments of mine would be superfluous. Part of William Boyd's engaging personality lies in his humor, which is reflected in his ready smile and small, twinkling eyes. He is not handsome, so he plays the humorous, average fellow instead of the charlotte-russe hero.

So now, when you complain that your favorite does not play certain rôles in which your imagination pictures him, you will know what the producers mean when they say, "He is not the type."

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An Infant Paradox

Continued from page 23

"I don't see how any one can ever be bored on a train," continued Sally, and then I saw that she meant it. "I loved every mile of it, even at night lying in my berth, watching the lights in farmhouses and towns. I've never been out of California before, so you can imagine what it meant to me. Everything was new and interesting."

She has amazing eyes—amber, gold-flecked, fringed with long, dark lashes. You notice her eyes first, and after that, a certain poignant curve of cheek and chin. She has one of the smallest waists in Hollywood—and has never had to diet a day to get it!

"It's going to be a great help this season," said Sally, "for they say the normal waistline is coming back into fashion. The last few years it hasn't made much difference—frocks have been straight up and down anyway."

"Why did you want to be a lawyer?" I asked abruptly. There, really, was the key to her personality. If I could know that I would know everything.

She looked surprised. "So you heard about that? Well," she locked slim fingers behind her head and leaned back comfortably. "I decided to be a lawyer in my freshman year at Hollywood High School," she began, "because it was the last thing any one expected me to be. It struck me that we were all too much of a pattern—we dressed the same way, talked the same line, danced the same steps and even thought the same thoughts."

"I was getting along all right," she went on. "I had as many dates in the course of a week as the rest of the crowd, and I was pretty well pleased with myself. But then one day a girl visitor came from New York, and she stole my best boyfriend right from under my nose. I don't mean that it broke my heart, or anything like that, but it did make me sort of wonder how she did it."

"I decided that it was not because she was more attractive than I, but because she was different. I consoled myself with the thought that, if I could go to New York and play around with her crowd, I could probably return the favor. I thought about that a lot. And I reasoned that the farther a girl goes from her own environment, the more successful she is likely to be."

"Southern girls should go to school in the North and Northern girls should go South. Isn't that true?"

It was true, and I wondered how any one who looked so young could be so discerning.

"And so," Sally continued seriously, "I thought the same idea would work out pretty well in choosing a profession."

"To test my theory, I applied for a job in the school library, because I knew that every girl who had held that job before had been one of the 'grinds'—the horn-rimmed spectacle type, you know, with ground-gripper shoes. Everybody thought it was a huge joke at first, but when they saw I really meant it, and was doing the work as well as it had been done before, they thought it clever of me."

"Of course," said Sally, "if I really were the highbrow type—knew about books and things, and were clever—then I'd take the other tactic. I'd keep all my wisdom inside and act like a perfect fool."

"But I don't know much just yet," she mused cheerfully. "I thought I'd go to college and study to be something that no frivolous-looking girl had ever dreamed of being. At first I considered social work and then medicine. I was all set to be a doctor for a while, but when I looked at Gray's 'Anatomy' and began to memorize bones, I decided there were too many vertebrae. Then I hit on the lawyer racket. Everybody thought I chose that because my father and grandfather had been successful in law—heredity stuff—and I let them think so."

"But how did you get into pictures?" I prompted, remembering that this, after all, was an interview and that facts are facts.

"Oh, that," said Sally, "was just luck. Luck and Frank Borzage. I was standing on the side lines of his set one day watching him work, and he came over to talk with the man I was with. We were introduced, and he asked if I'd like to take a test. One of those things that never would have happened in a thousand years if I'd been trying for it."

"There's some funny law about things like that." Sally lapsed again into philosophy. "I'm going to work it out some day when I have time. I want to know why it is that you can try and try for a thing and not get it, but if you turn your back on it and don't look, it sneaks up and gets you. I know lots of girls who have tried and tried—"

I, too, had known lots of girls who had tried and tried—but they hadn't looked like Sally.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Honeymoon Hate"—Paramount. Amusing and deftly told tale of an heir, who antagonizes an impoverished nobleman. They eventually marry, and amusing situations arise when he attempts to tame her. Florence Vidor is her usual charming self and others are Tullio Carminati and William Austin.

"Jazz Singer, The"—Warner. Vitaphone picture, featuring Al Jolson and his voice, also May McAvoy. Story of Jewish cantor's son who is disowned for going into musical comedy, but eventually returns to take his dead father's place in the synagogue.

"Jesse James"—Paramount. Fred Thomson in glorified chronicle of the life of the famous bandit. Full of thrills and suspense.

"King of Kings, The"—Producers Distributing. Sincere and reverent visualization of the last three years in the life of Christ. H. B. Warner dignified and restrained in central rôle. Cast includes Jacqueline Logan, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, and Rudolph Schildkraut.

"Love Me and the World Is Mine"—Universal. Moderately interesting picture of Vienna before the war. Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Betty Compson.

"London After Midnight"—Metro-Goldwyn. Excellent mystery film. Lon Chaney, as Burke of Scotland Yard, employs subtle and uncanny means of finding a murderer. Marceline Day, Conrad Nagel, and Henry B. Walthall give expert support.

"Love"—Metro-Goldwyn. Superficial and unsatisfying. However, the beautiful sets and romantic situations will make it a box-office attraction. The principals are John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, George Fawcett, and Brandon Hurst.

"Loves of Carmen"—Fox. Robust and entertaining, but not much like the original "Carmen." Dolores del Rio is the ragamuffin gypsy heroine, Don Alvarado her soldier lover, and Victor McLaglen the torador who comes between them.

"Magic Flame, The"—United Artists. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in a skillful but unreal melodrama of Italian circus queen, her clown sweetheart, and the villainous prince of a mythical kingdom.

"Man Power"—Paramount. Richard Dix in implausible but interesting tale of a tramp who arrives in a small town, wins an heiress—Mary Brian—and saves the town from a bursting dam.

"Mockery"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney in realistic film of dull-witted Russian peasant whose doglike devotion to a countess leads to his death at the hands of the bolsheviks. Barbara Bedford and Ricardo Cortez.

"Mother Machree"—Fox. Maudlin film of a sacrificing Irish mother who does all for her son. Belle Bennett, Neil Hamilton, and Constance Howard.

"My Best Girl"—United Artists. Mary Pickford's latest, and one of her best. Tale of stock girl in the 5-and-10 who falls in love with a new clerk—Buddy Rogers—without knowing he's the owner's son.

"The Noose"—First National. Thrilling story of Richard Barthelmess as a bootlegger who commits murder to save his mother's name, though he doesn't know her. He is acquitted with the aid of his mother—with neither of them declaring their relationship. Alice Joyce is the mother.

"Old San Francisco"—Warner. Old-fashioned melodrama of girl who is kidnaped by the Chinese, being saved just in time by the San Francisco earthquake. Dolores Costello and Charles Emmett Mack.

"On Your Toes"—Universal. Sparkling. Reginald Denny as a prize fighter, whose grandmother thinks he is an aesthetic dancing teacher. High spot in film when grandma pays him an unexpected call. Barbara Worth and Mary Carr.

"Pajamas"—Fox. Pleasant picture of spoiled millionaire's daughter in the Canadian Rockies who is tamed and won by up-and-coming young man. Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray.

"Patent Leather Kid, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in unusually good film of conceited little prize fighter who tries to evade the war, is drafted, proved a coward, but finally redeemed by an heroic act.

"The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—First National. While the picture has no connection with the book, it is funny enough to stand on its own merits. Lewis Stone and Maria Corda have the important rôles, others being Ricardo Cortez, George Fawcett, and Alice White.

"Quality Street"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel in delicate adaptation of Barrie's charming comedy of demure English girl who waits twelve years for her soldier lover, and then has to win him back by romance.

"Road to Romance, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro capital as spirited Spanish courtier of the early nineteenth century, who, to save the fair heroine, Marceline Day, disguises himself as a pirate.

"Rolled Stockings"—Paramount. Lively college picture of the conventional type, pleasingly played by James Hall, Louise Brooks, Richard Arlen, and Nancy Phillips.

"Rose Marie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Flimsy, though beautifully produced, yarn of an Indian maiden who loves a man suspected of murder, marrying some one else to save him from capture. Joan Crawford, James Murray, and House Peters.

"Serenade"—Paramount. Delightful light comedy with Adolphe Menjou at his best. Story of a musician who, on becoming famous as a composer, deserts his home only to be deftly brought back by his clever wife, Kathryn Carver, Lina Basquette, and Lawrence Grant.

"Sharpshooters"—Fox. Story of a tough sailor with a girl in every port, and what happens when he meets one who takes his love-making seriously. George O'Brien, Lois Moran, and Gwen Lee.

"Silk Legs"—Fox. Gay and entertaining picture of two young people



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THE GIRL FROM SHANTY CREEK	Emert Kimbryn
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representing rival hosiery firms and the consequent result. Madge Bellamy is vivacious and engaging. James Hall and Maude Fulton.

"The Silver Slave"—Warner. Irene Rich gives sincere performance of mother who sacrifices the man she loves to give her daughter wealth. When daughter encourages an adventurer, mother pretends to be interested in him. Everything ends happily. Audrey Ferris, Holmes Herbert, and John Miljan.

"Sorrell and Son"—United Artists. Adapted from the novel. Story of the devotion between a father and son, reaching climax when son gives father death-dealing drug to end his suffering. H. B. Warner, Anna O. Nilsson and Nils Asther.

"Sporting Goods"—Paramount. Excellent film with Richard Dix, his best as a salesman for a sporting-goods concern. Gertrude Olmsted, Ford Sterling, and Myrtle Stedman.

"Spring Fever"—Metro-Goldwyn. Very amusing golf-fieud farce. William Haines delightful as young office clerk who suddenly finds himself hobnobbing with a wealthy country-club set, including a rich heiress—Joan Crawford.

"Ten Modern Commandments"—Paramount. Esther Ralston and Neil Hamilton in very good picture of the theatrical life, based on the romance of a chorus girl and a young composer.

"A Texas Steer"—First National. Will Rogers a cow-puncher elected to Congress, as a result of his wife's social ambitions. His wife and daughter attempt to crash society with disastrous results. Louise Fazenda and Ann Rork.

"That's My Daddy"—Universal. Amusing story of a baby orphan who adopts Reginald Denny—a bachelor—as her father, and the consequent series of lies explaining her presence. Little Jane La Verne walks away with the picture.

"13 Washington Square"—Universal. A story with an original twist. The outcome of the efforts of an aristocratic mother to save her son from marrying the girl of his choice. Jean Hersholt, Alice Joyce, and Zasu Pitts.

"Thirteenth Juror, The"—Universal. Interesting yarn of an unscrupulous criminal lawyer accused of murder, who can save himself only by compromising the woman he loves. Francis X. Bushman is unique as the lawyer and Anna O. Nilsson and Walter Pidgeon capably assist him.

"Topsy and Eva"—United Artists. Hilarious but too long. The well-known Duncan sisters in a film version of their musical-comedy burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Twelve Miles Out"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in tale of what happens when a swaggering, ruthless bootlegger and a haughty society girl, Joan Crawford, are thrown together on the former's rum-running ship.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Universal. Exciting screen version of this old-time favorite. Full of thrills, horrors, laughter and tears. Arthur Edmund Carewe, Margarita Fischer and George Siegmann.

"Underworld"—Paramount. Exciting melodrama of master crook who kills

for the sake of his girl, is sentenced to death, and makes a thrilling escape only to find the girl in love with another. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, and Clive Brook.

"The Valley of the Giants"—First National. Lumber-camp story, and the efforts of a son to save his father from ruin by competitors. He makes a heroic rescue of the heroine and her father. Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon, and George Fawcett all help to make this an excellent picture.

"We're All Gamblers"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan in swift film of prize fighter who, after being incapacitated in an automobile accident, opens a night club, with romantic results.

"West Point"—Metro-Goldwyn. Entertaining and lively. William Haines at his best as the smart youngster who pool-pools military authority, but is finally subdued. Joan Crawford and William Bakewell.

"Wild Geese"—Tiffany-Stahl. Poignant drama of a miserly Minnesota farmer, who keeps his wife in fear of exposing an indiscretion in her youth. The death of the farmer brings freedom to all. Eve Southern remarkable as the rebellious daughter. Others are Belle Bennett, Russell Simpson, Donald Keith, Anita Stewart, and Wesley Barry.

"Wings"—Paramount. Spectacular picture of the heroism of the aviators in the World War. Married only by a weak story. "Buddy" Rogers, Clara Bow, Richard Arlen, and Jobyna Ralston.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Chinese Parrot"—Universal. A mystery picture without suspense and very little mystery. Story of a string of evil-cursed pearls and their many travels. Marian Nixon, Edmund Burns, and Anna May Wong.

"Crystal Cup, The"—First National. Exaggerated, boring film of a girl with a violent antipathy toward men who eventually marries a novelist only to find herself more interested in his best friend. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Dance Magic"—First National. Obscure, archaic film of country girl who comes to the big city to be an actress, with the usual dire results. Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon.

"The Divine Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Not so divine. Greta Garbo miscast as an actress who will not acknowledge her soldier-sweetheart after she becomes a star, attempts suicide and is saved, of course, by the hero. They live happily, et cetera. Lars Hanson is the boy friend.

"Dress Parade"—Pathé-DeMille. William Boyd miscast as smart-Aleck cadet at West Point who is taken down a peg or two. Bessie Love is the commandant's daughter.

"Fast and Furious"—Universal. Typical Reginald Denny film, but not up to his usual mark. Story of a young man afraid of automobiles who is forced into a race in order to win his girl.

"Figures Don't Lie"—Paramount. Trivial, uninteresting tale of a stenographer, a go-getter salesman who is jealous of her employer, and the employer's wife, who is jealous of the

stenog. Esther Ralston and Richard Arlen.

"The Gateway of the Moon"—Fox. Inane story of a girl who goes out to get her man, but he will have none of her. Finally he succumbs to her charms—as they always do in fillums. Dolores del Rio, Walter Pidgeon, and Leslie Fenton.

"Girl in the Pullman, The"—Pathé-DeMille. Silly farce based on the embarrassment of a young doctor when he discovers his ex-wife in the same Pullman with himself and his bride on their honeymoon. Harrison Ford and Marie Prevost.

"The Girl from Chicago"—Warner. A refined girl mingles with crooks to track down the man guilty of the crime for which her brother was sentenced. Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, and William Russell are all excellent.

"Good-time Charlie"—Warner. Sentimental, maudlin picture relieved only by Helene Costello's radiant presence. Story of a martyred father, who sacrifices everything for his daughter. Warner Oland, Clyde Cook, and Montagu Love are in the cast.

"The Gorilla"—First National. Another mystery story relieved by hilarious comedy. Charles Murray, Fred Kelsey, Alice Day, and Gaston Glass are the excellent players who help to solve the mystery.

"Heart Thief, The"—Producers Distributing. Dull film of a Hungarian peasant girl who marries a rich old landowner, is almost compromised by his scheming relatives, but is saved in time by the handsome hero. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

"Ladies Must Dress"—Fox. Stenographer having no clothes-sense is taught by a girl who dresses like a million dollars on a small salary. The steno blossoms forth like a Parisian, winning back her sweetheart. Virginia Valli, Lawrence Gray, Hallam Cooley, and Nancy Carroll are all good.

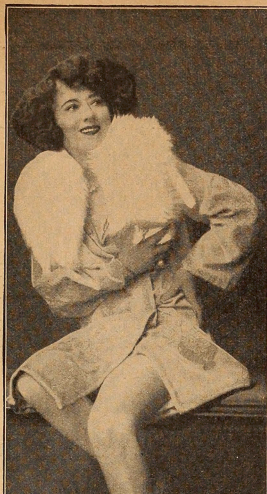
"The Love Mart"—First National. Beautiful but dull film. Billie Dove, as a belle of New Orleans in 1805, will have none of her suitors, but becomes enamored of a stranger. The villain appears and the stranger, Gilbert Roland, saves her from the slave market in the nick of time.

"Man's Past, A"—Universal. Conrad Veidt in somber melodrama of escaped convict who tries to hide his past by impersonating a friend whose sight is failing. Barbara Bedford and Arthur Edmund Carew.

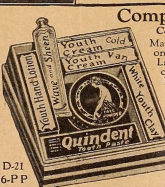
"One Woman to Another"—Paramount. Florence Vidor in feeble film of woman who sets out to sacrifice her life to her brother's children, but comes to when she discovers her rejected beau in the toils of a scheming blonde.

"The Shield of Honor"—Universal. Unconvincing melodrama of a policeman who is retired because of his age, but wins back his place by heroism. Neil Hamilton and Dorothy Gulliver are good, while Ralph Lewis suffers in his usual fashion.

"The Spotlight"—Paramount. Unconvincing, slow picture. Producer trains an unknown girl, giving her a Russian name and announcing her as a sensation from Europe. Esther Ralston, Neil Hamilton, and Nicholas Sussanin are excellent.



Photograph by
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"Three's a Crowd"—First National. Harry Langdon is his usual plaintive self in monotonous film of a boy who rescues a runaway wife in a snowstorm and develops a dumb devotion for her, only to be deserted in the end.

"Two Girls Wanted"—Fox. Good story ruined by too much slapstick. Janet Gaynor in role of girl who takes a job as maid in the home of her beau's business competitor and aids him in putting through a big deal.

"Vanity"—Producers Distributing. Leatrice Joy in absurd film of high-hat society girl who snubs a sailor and suffers for it by being kidnapped by him on the eve of her marriage. Charles Ray and Alan Hale.

"When a Man Loves"—Warner. John Barrymore in a stogy, artificial screen version of "Maion Lescant," the tale of the troubles of a French cavalier and his flirtatious mistress. Dolores Costello miscast as *Maion*.

"Wise Wife"—Pathé-DeMille. Tedious film of a wife who cures her husband of a love affair by taking his ladylove into the household. Phyllis Haver, Tom Moore and Jacqueline Logan.

"The Wizard"—Fox. Unskillful mystery film. A "professor" grafts a man's head on body of a chimpanzee, training him to kill. Edmund Lowe, a reporter, solves the mystery, with the help of Leila Hyams, as *Anne*, who kills the beast.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

screen. Ernest Torrence, Lewis Stone, Emil Jennings, to say nothing of Victor McLaglen, may be excellent artists, but you can't sit on the front porch and show them the moon. So let us have the youngsters part of the time, anyway.

JAYNE C.

Colfax, Iowa.

Which Proves—What?

Perhaps some of the fans will be interested in the results of the popularity contest, which is held each year at the New York boarding school I attend. There was strong competition in the latest one, but Bebe Daniels ran off with the prize for the most popular actress. The publicity, which Ruth Taylor has had showed when she obtained second place, although none of the girls had ever seen her in a picture. Doris Kenyon was close behind, perhaps proving that she will have

a solid following when she appears again on the screen. William Haines carried the vote for the most popular actor. George Sidney was second, being declared the best comedian, and Johnny Hines took third, thereby leaving all the handsome young sheiks behind. Flora Finch, Leatrice Joy, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Ivan Petrovitch, Glenn Tryon, Lewis Stone, and Lon Chaney were also represented among the votes; while many of the more popular players, such as John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman, Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, and Richard Barthelmess carried a low percentage. Edna Murphy and Arthur Edmund Carew got the least votes, probably because they are not very well known.

Consider the results of the contest rather unique, I thought other fans might be interested.

Columbus, Ohio.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

We—I refuse to think you're Lindbergh and his airplane. Any one may start a fan club if you can find a group of your friends interested in the same star. I have no official connection with fan clubs, but I believe you merely get a group together in your home town, write to your favorite star for permission to start a club in his or her honor, and then through fan magazines invite others to join you. You write letters to one another and some of the larger clubs publish little magazines for and by their members. Lupe Velez is nineteen; her new picture will be "La Pava." I think that is her real name. Yes, Donald Keith played *August, Jr.*, in "The Way of All Flesh." Donald is twenty-four. Laura La Plante is twenty-three, Wallace Beery is in his forties. Wally's next film with Raymond Hutton is "Partners in Crime." Marian Nixon is twenty-three; I think that is her real name.

EDNA KLATT—Johnny Harron is one of those free lancers, who dash about from studio to studio. At present he is working in a Laura La Plante film, "Finders Keepers," at the Universal Studios. He has brown hair and eyes.

JEWEL—Never say I'd let a girl bubble over with questions and not help her out! In "Alona of the South Seas," *Bob Holden* was played by Percy Marmont,

Nuitane by Warner Baxter, and *Syleia* by Julianne Johnston. I don't know William Haines personally—that is, I have only been introduced to him. No, Buster Collier isn't married; he's one of those players who is always getting himself engaged in rumors, but nothing comes of the engagements. Donald Reed played a very small role in "Convoy," he was Lan Keith's assistant—I don't know at what, as I didn't see the picture. PICTURE PLAY published an interview with Greta Garbo in the issue for October, 1926, and again in April, 1928, and with Clara Bow in December, 1927. If you watch PICTURE PLAY every month, I think all your favorites are discussed from time to time.

J. A. H.—You've come to the right place to get questions answered—that's just what I do! Greta Garbo is twenty-one. As to whether she and John Gilbert will ever get married—I'll bet they don't know, themselves. As for me, I doubt it. Pola Negri has not left the screen, though her contract with Paramount was not renewed. Allen Pringle is divorced from a man named Pringle—I don't know his first name—whose father was governor general of Jamaica—or whatever it is that Jamaica has. Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris, of English parents, and grew up in London. Greta Nissen has been working in "Hell's Angels" at the United Artists Studio; see address at end of questions.

F. W. R.—Edmund Breese should be pleased with your admiration for him. As to his effacing himself in favor of other players, that of course isn't his fault. He has to play whatever rôles he gets. As for his ever being starred, it's a little late for that. He is fifty-six years old.

EILEEN M.—Yes, I too hope this department will be of great use to you in the future, provided you have any more questions left to ask after this first carload. Larry Gray was born July 27, 1898. He has brown hair and eyes, is five feet ten in height and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He has been in pictures about four years. His latest films are three Fox productions: "Tajamas," "Ladies Must Dress," and "Love Hungry." He isn't married, and neither is Richard Walling. Richard is in his early twenties, has curly blond hair and blue eyes. Height five feet eight; weight one hundred and thirty pounds. No, I don't know any film players with birthdays on June 17th. Laura La Plante is twenty-three; height five feet two, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. Jackie Coogan is thirteen. Colleen Moore's picture which followed "Naughty But Nice" was "Her Wild Oat." Since then she has been making "Synthetic Sin," "I'll Tell the World," and "Lilac Time." Lois Moran's new Fox films are: "Publicity Madness," "Sharpshooters," and "Love Hungry." "The Irresistible Lover" for Universal. Ramon Novarro threatens some day to leave the screen and become a concert singer, but no one knows whether he'll ever really do it. Mary Brian isn't married. PICTURE PLAY will doubtless publish a photograph of Larry Gray when a good new one comes into the office.

MISS SAUCY.—Do you think that's a nice thing to wish for me—bigger and better questions? Better, if you wish, bigger, may, may! I'm way behind in my work already. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, but doesn't say when. She is five feet six. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Michigan, April 10, 1891. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, November 4, 1904. I don't know his exact height and weight. Leila Hyams was born in New York City in 1905. She weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds and is five feet five inches tall.

RENEE D'ARCY.—Does that make you Roy d'Arcy's twin sister? It's amazing how interest keeps up in the Paramount School. That was discontinued in March, 1926, at the graduation of its first class. Alice White is about eighteen and was formerly a script girl at the First National Studio. She was given a screen test and a small rôle in "The Sea Tiger," in which she made such a hit that a long contract was given her. She has red hair. Myrna Loy has red hair and green eyes. She is intended to be a dancer, and studied under Ruth St. Denis. She danced in several prologues at Grauman's Egyptian Theater, where Henry Waxman, the photographer, saw her, and introduced her to Mrs. Valentino, then casting "What Price Beauty?" A screen test followed, and her film career began. See MISS SAUCY. Her next picture is "The City of Sin." She is a Warner Brothers player; write her at that studio for her picture. The address of the Motion Picture News, the magazine for exhibitors, is 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

MARY BAYE—Your questions are so simple, and yet I don't know how to answer. Warner Baxter is not under con-

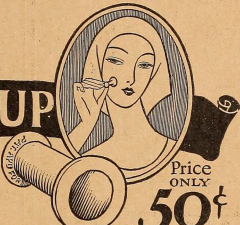
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tract to any one at present. He was engaged by Fox only for the one picture, "Singed." "Ramona" is a United Artists film; perhaps if you send your letter to him at that studio, they will forward it. Since then he played in "The Tragedy of Youth" for Tiffany—933 North Seward Street, Hollywood—but this studio has so many free-lance players running in and out, they would be less likely, I should think, to forward mail. I don't know whether or not Warner answers his letters.

VERA PATE.—Greta Garbo's films are not announced very far ahead. "The Divine Woman," already released, followed "Love," and her next one is announced as "Heat." I have a feeling that title will be changed.

CURLY.—"Breakfast at Sunrise" was adapted for the screen by Gladys Unger from a French farce of the same name by Fred de Gresac. It was directed by Malcolm St. Clair and the cast includes Constance Talmadge, Don Alvarado, Bryant Warringer as the *Marguerite*, Mary Dressler as the *Queen*, David Mir as the *Prince*, Burr McIntosh as the *General*, Alice White as *Loulou*, Paulette Goddard as *Georgianna*, and Albert Gran as *Championol*.

CONSTANCE WHEATLY.—No, there is no form to follow when writing to me. I'm used to anything! Gareth Hughes was born in Llanelly, Wales, in 1897, and was educated there and in Paris. He played on the stage before his screen career began. His early films included pictures with Clara Kimball Young and Marguerite Clark. "Sentimental Tommy" was his most outstanding screen success. He is five feet five and a half inches tall. I believe he has never been married. He has been playing on the stage recently, part of the time in a Los Angeles stock company. "Heroes in Blue," a Rayart film, is his only recent picture. The only address I have for him—several years old—is Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles. Nazimova's address is in the list below. I don't know whether she still sends photographs or not; of course she no longer plays in pictures.

LESLIE N. YOUNG.—Jean Arthur seems to be a most mysterious young lady. None of the companies for which she has worked know anything about her except that she was born in Plattsburg, New York, and educated in Portland, Maine. That's the trouble with these free-lance players—no company is sufficiently interested to obtain their biographies. I don't think Jean is married. Sorry not to be more helpful.

D. E. A.—So you'd like to be a picture star yourself? "Who wouldn't! Yes, I have met both "Buddy" Rogers and Ramon Novarro, and they are both quite as they are on the screen, boyish and unspoiled. Ramon won't leave the screen for several years, anyhow, I think. Buddy is twenty-two. I'm sorry, but I haven't the cast for "Pollyanna," and that film is so old that United Artists hasn't the cast, either.

A FAN OF ALL THE STARS.—I don't see any reason for you to apologize for your writing. At least I can read it, and that's a help, in my business! Gilda Gray was born in Krakow, Poland, October 24, 1897. She is about five feet three and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. Eddie Phillips was born in Philadelphia, but he doesn't tell us when the big moment occurred. He is five feet eleven and a half and weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. George Lewis was born in Mexico City at a date known only to him-

self. His biography tells everything about him but his personal description. Thanks for the information.

QUEDA.—A FAN OF ALL THE STARS suggests that you might reach Prince Yucca Troubetsky at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, as he frequently plays small rôles or bits in pictures there.

LOUISE'S FAN.—Of course English fans are welcome to this department. I get lots of letters from England. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, twenty years ago, and as a child determined to be a dancer. She joined Ruth St. Denis' school and toured for two years with the Denishawn dancers. She appeared on the stage in several revues, and danced in London at the Café de Paris. She was "discovered" as a screen possibility while playing in Ziegfeld's "Louie the 14th." Brunette, height five feet two, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. She is Mrs. Edward Sutherland. Her new film is "14-Karat"—Paramount. Barry Norton is a Fox player. Born in Buenos Aires; his real name is Alfredo de Brablen, Jr. His new films are "The Four Devils" and "Fleeting." He came to America for the Dempsey-Firpo fight, went sight-seeing in Hollywood and became an actor. He got his first chance in "The Midnight Kiss."

RUTH FORBES.—Of course threatening for months to ask me questions isn't a very desperate threat, and you're quite right in carrying it out. Ralph Forbes was born in London, September 30, about 1902. He is a blue-eyed blond. Yes, he is married to Ruth Chatterton; they are separated, however. The march song played as accompaniment to the war scenes in "The Enemy" at the Astor Theater, New York, is called "War Acclaim" and was composed, I think, by Reynell Wreford, of London. "An Old German Love Song" by Carl Eckert is repeated during all the love scenes; and a third number, frequently played, is "Frivolous Cupids," intermezzo, by Charles Schonenfeld. All these are published by the Playtroy Music Publishing Company, 1520 Broadway, New York. And I hope this information was really important to you, because I had a terrible time finding out for you—finally had to go and interview the orchestra leader himself. I suppose the best way to see some of the stars in person, when you are in Hollywood, is to hang about outside the studio gates. Ralph Forbes works for Metro-Goldwyn, of course, in Culver City.

A MOVIE FAN.—Paramount has offices, including, of course, their publicity departments, in New York—Paramount Building, Times Square—and in Hollywood. See list of studio addresses below. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899, and was educated in San Antonio. He has brown hair, blue eyes. Not married. Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, September 9, 1903. She is five feet one, blue hair and hazel eyes. She is Mrs. Lowell Sherman. Rex Lease was born about 1903; he has been working lately in Tim McCoy pictures "The Texas Rangers" and "The Night Rider." Not married. Larry Kent is under contract to First National; his new pictures include "Her Wild Oat," "The Mad Hour," "The Heart of a Fooler Girl."

Addresses of Players.

Nichard Arlen, Raymond Hatton, Pola Negri, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Hamilton Richard, Richard Denning, Kathryn Carver, Wallace Berry, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive

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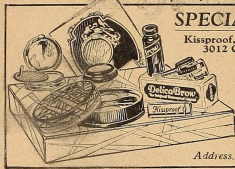
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thrust and sweep,
An' make us try an' sleep on nobs, for curls that will
not keep,
An' all us little children, when the supper things are
done,
We hang around dad's pocket full, an' has the mostest
fun,
A-coaxing for the nickels 'at he jingles about.

An' Mary's movie gits 'em

If you

Don't

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An' you hear the jingles quit, an' dad's suit is gray,
An' the aspiration you had is all quenched away,
You better take a brazer from the Bible bond and dear,
An' play the game of Pollyann, an' dry an orphan's tear,
An' help the po' as Angela did, an' blinded lead about,

Er little Mary'll scorn you

If you

Don't

Watch

Out!

What the Players Read

Huntly Gordon.

As a youth, I read for excitement, for adventure, and exhilaration. Now that the middle years are creeping upon me, I realize how much time I have wasted in aimless reading and consider first the educational benefit of literature.

The deepest enjoyment is given me by H. G. Wells, who has the most profound mind of any writer to-day. He is a lucid, straight thinker who details facts and analyzes situations and effects most expertly. His historical things, particularly those dealing with the war, I find of great worth.

Of fiction, I most prefer E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has charm of style and that technical gift of building up and sustaining interest in his characters.

I read in moods. If I am blue, I turn to light humor—Irvin Cobb, Stephen Leacock, or Mark Twain. When I feel in a happier frame of mind I look for something more serious.

John Roche.

Historical romances of Continental life hold greater charm for me than any of the modern piffle. Perhaps I am unduly imaginative, but I do thrill over the intrigues and dramas of the colorful old courts, particularly of France, Italy, and England. I have singled out for rereading Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and Barrington's "The Divine Lady."

Books dealing with the aftermath of the World War also interest me. The truth about the war is just beginning to be told, since the authors of "What Price Glory" had the courage to call a spade a spade. War isn't pretty flag-waving and bright uniforms and glory. I know. I was there. So were a lot of other fellows. They know that war is ugly and crass and hateful, that it takes men out of their little grooved lives and smacks in their faces a lot of truths they never had dreamed of before in their smugness. War is fine, when it is for an ideal, for a country's safety or principle.

But the books that tear aside the glamorous curtain from the crude brutality of war are the ones that give its most faithful picture, and pay the highest tribute to it. "The Belgium," by A. Brooks, and "Now It Can Be Told," by Sir Phillips Gibbs, are two of my pets.

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OF COURSE you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them—through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on are equally well-known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleum—the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminum ware, gas ranges, hot water heaters, dish and clothes washers, cooking utensils of all kinds—practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.

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