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It's something that cannot be put down, black on white; you cannot touch it, it's hard to analyze. And yet everyone recognizes it when he sees it.

"It" is that thing which gives you self-confidence, wins instant friendship, leads to sure success. "It" is charm.

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It's the one indispensable etiquette book for busy men and women who realize the importance of correctness in business, social and private life. For every activity, from christening parties to conduct in public, this exceptional book acts as your counselor and friend. It is the last word in the building up of a personality that will have about it that mysterious quality that we know as charm.

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Ask your dealer for "THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE" to-day or send one dollar to the publishers.

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**SEPTMBER, 1926**

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Only $1.00 Down!

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You are invited to Paramount's 15th Birthday Party

A PARTY celebrated in thousands of places at the same time!—on both sides of the Atlantic.

Every theatre showing Paramount Pictures is the rendezvous, and that means plenty!

You're invited and the cake's cut!—the rare icing of entertainments supreme is thick on the 15th anniversary group of 75 Paramount Pictures for 1926-7.

Choose one of the better theatres near you and join the party today! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

The pictures on this page are only a few of the 15th Birthday Group of 75 Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.
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**A SURVEY OF TALENT**

**WHAT** may be expected, during the new season, of stars and players already established, and what new luminaries are likely to join those we already know?

These are questions being discussed by almost every follower of motion pictures, and considering the new personalities from abroad as well as the surprising "discoveries" among native players, we may look for a season of unusual interest from the standpoint of acting talent.

Edwin Schallert has written, for the October number of Picture-Play, a shrewd appraisal of Hollywood's screen talent. He sums up the achievements of last season, and predicts what new honors are in store for the players you know well and just how far certain lesser-known actors will go in the year to come.

**WHO'S WHO IN COMEDIES?**

Often you have been delighted—and amused—by the legion of boys and girls in short comedies. You have come to look upon them as old friends, but beyond learning their names, you know little about them. Grace Kingsley, well-known writer on movie topics, will correct this deficiency in a delightful story dealing with these very people. She will tell you who they are, whence they came and, in short, give you all the information you expect about your "big" stars but rarely read about your "little" ones.

Other features in the October number are, as the saying goes, too numerous to mention. Enough to say that Greta Garbo, Alice Joyce, and Georgia Hale are but a few of the interesting personalities about whom you will read something new in the next issue of Picture-Play.
Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations that broke from the lips of onlookers who recently witnessed a demonstration of the new discovery that is hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores entirely eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored to firm contours! Wrinkles erased! Was ever so wonderful a beauty treatment known before?

And what magical compound do you suppose brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk. Of course, milk in its ordinary liquid form is not concentrated enough to show marked results. Its special beautifying elements had to be extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients. It was only after countless experiments that the true Magic Formula was found.

The Magic Milk Mask

(Mark trade applied for)

Milk has always been known as a complexion beautifier. The famous actress, Lil- lian Russell, and other renowned beauties, used the milk bath treatment.

But never has it been possible to use the beautifying properties of milk in such marvelously effective form as in the Magic Milk Mask. Here in this fragrant, plastic compound is the very essence of beauty—a simple, healthful treatment whose miraculous powers are the marvel of all who behold.

Lovely Beyond Your Dreams in Fifteen Minutes!

How can words describe the wonder-working powers of the Magic Milk Mask? A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful, pure-white, creamy compound! Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it re-makes the complexion. It gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores—lifts off and absorbs the dandruff, withered skin scales, and tones and tightens the pores—erases wrinkles and firms the tissues. It whitens and purifies the complexion and brings a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

In fifteen minutes its work is done. Wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't be able to believe that the radiant lovely complexion you see before you is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated.

Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:
1. To give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
2. To make your skin look at least 10 years younger.
3. To lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
4. To close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
5. To absorb the outer, dry withered dead skin and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
6. To palliate wrinkles, tone sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
7. To stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rosy-pink bloom to the cheeks.
8. To leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

Even women of advanced years look young after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask.

But how can you appreciate this greatest of beauty miracles except by the evidence of your own eyes?

Too Wonderful for Belief! So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose

You are invited to try this startling new discovery, entirely without risk. A limited number of packages of the Magic Milk Mask have been prepared to be sent to women direct from the laboratories, under a Special Introductory Offer.

These introductory packages are to be practically given away. The regular price will be $5.00 (enough for twenty treatments, which would cost $20.00 to $40.00 in a beauty parlor). But you are asked to deposit with the postman, when he delivers your package, only $1.50 to defray the expense. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not absolutely delighted, your money will be returned at once. Could a fairer offer be made?

Send No Money

No, not a single penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once.

But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.

Maison Madeline, Dept. C-109, Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Penn. (Clip, ad- dress and mail)

[Address]

[City, State]

[Name]

I hereby promise to return the coupon and I will receive my package of the Magic Milk Mask, in plain wrapper. I will deposit only $1.50, plus the cost of my coupon, with the postman. My money back if I am not delighted.

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[Address]

[City, State]
What the Fans Think

A Fan Who Loves Them All.

I

HAVE never written to PICTURE-PLAY before, although I have enjoyed reading what other fans have written. And, believe me, I boil sometimes. In a recent issue, Leah B. Drake gave a list of her favorite stars, and there were only eight! If I were to name mine, I would have to get an encyclopedia of movie stars and put them all down, with only a few exceptions. Of course, I naturally have a few preferences, headed by Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Betty Bronson, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Viola Dana—but there I go. It would go on like that all night, for I love 'em all—especially the girls. I like our American heroes best. What foreigner could equal Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel, Lloyd Hughes, Neil Hamilton, or any of the rest of the sure-enough Americans? Every one's taste is granted, but that's mine.

But—here is what determined me to write. There is a little girl who is going to succeed, I think. Even if she doesn't, she will still be one of the loveliest girls that was ever on the screen. Her hair waves just as all girls wish theirs did; her eyes are the sweetest, tenderest and kindest I have seen in a long time; her brow is perfect; her lips are delicate, her face a gift of the gods; the whole—divine. I have never seen this girl act, have heard only a little about her, but all you Norma Shearers and Mary Astors, watch your step! Don't lose step a bit, or this little girl will steal your places. Who? Mary Philbin. Let's have more of her! ONE WHO LOVES 'EM ALL.

All Hail to William Haines!

Though I have read PICTURE-PLAY for several years, this is my first fan letter, and I am going to celebrate the occasion by presenting a bouquet to one of the screen's most popular young men—William Haines.

Two years ago, when the magazines first began publishing photographs of a tall boy with an ingratiating smile, I first noticed him. I compared him with Ben Lyon and other promising young men, and decided that he was a "safe bet."

Of course, Ben Lyon reached stardom first. But I had studied Billy's claims to distinction, and slow progress, in his case, was sure progress, I insisted. So when "Brown of Harvard" reached Washington recently, with William Haines in the title rôle, I positively crowed; it is so gratifying to have a prophecy come true.

He is certainly typical of the breezy, good-looking type that seems to be the pattern for all popular young men of this generation, and besides having a splendid physique, he has a face that also inspires complimentary adjectives. Nor is he dependent on the charms of his person for success. For, if our Washington audiences are any critics of talent, this boy knows more than a little about acting!

But if you are inclined to dismiss Tom Brown and his amusing audacity, with a shrug of your shoulders, just try to assume the guise of a happy-go-lucky schoolboy yourself, and see how foolish you feel. Or attempt impersonating a gentleman who is slightly tipsy in front of your mirror.

But go to see "Brown of Harvard" remembering that it's all in fun, and then join me in praise of William Haines!

1012 Park Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

ELEANOR WILSON.

Down with the Foreigners!

In the name of justice and fairness, I wish to protest against the way the foreign players are coming to this country and trying, in one mad leap, to reach stardom. I have nothing against the players themselves; there is plenty of room for every one, and the American public are always ready to welcome any one with outstanding ability. But I do think they should be required to prove their ability in the same way that our own players are required to do.

There are many among our players who have worked long and faithfully, who have earned and who are deserving of greater opportunity than they are getting.

I am in favor of letting "Getta Cargo," the sensational "find" from Vulgria, start at the bottom, with a beginner's salary, and work her way up and earn her stardom, if any, before she gets her cargo of good American gold dollars.

Detroit, Michigan.

U. S. A.

In Defense of the Foreigners.

I can keep silent no longer. I, as a one hundred per cent American, wish to line myself in defense of the foreign actresses and actors. I blush for shame at the attitude and the conduct of my so-called American comrades, who so heartlessly and unkindly, and in a thoroughly un-Americanlike way, criticize all those splendid people. I welcome the foreigners to this great and wonderful America, where they helped fight our fight in the colonial days, and helped win for us our republic, and I thank the French people for their wonderful gift to us at that time, namely, our famous Statue of Liberty,

Continued on page 10
Have Gloriously Waved Hair
All the Time

Amazing New Method Makes Perfect Marcel in 30 Minutes—At Home

Just 30 Minutes—At Home—Whenever Convenient

All Your Questions Answered in Advance

Anticipate the questions which our many wavy friends may ask, and know, each single hair is a tiny holocaust. Every time the hot iron touches it each fragile place is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending loosens and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

You won’t believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, lovely lustrance that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-waves, and a few months’ use of the Marceling method. Your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ironing rails.

You may be your hair completely, worried along with straight, unkept locks, because your hair could not longer stand the rigorous waving methods. This is your chance to have the all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrange

The photographs reproduced above show how marvelously these words put a what a wonderful wave the Marcellers achieve. All professional photographers who have taken pictures have given an envious testifying to the facts. The model hereafter is so delighted with the results of the Marcellers wave that she added her statement to that of the photographs.

For no better whether your hair is soft and fluffy, course and straight, long, or short, the Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—short, high, low, or medium—there is no such wave as a Marcel wave. You can give your hair a wave of unbelievable beauty.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Marcel Makers on your hair and catch the lock in place. The Marcellers gives themselves to anything—any requirement. They are amazingle comfortably on the head. Made of soft fabric, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Marcellers will make it look natural, beautiful, lovely natural wave or they will return its disappunishment.

If you haven’t had a permanent, there is no need to test it until you have. Marcellers make other waving absolutely necessary.

Before putting this Marcellers Outfit on the market, we have tried fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are a few of the letters we received:

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lot of people making my hair look right. But with your Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water logs and any hair in all by beautiful method

Mrs. A. K., Mundelein: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is uniformly hard to wave. I have tried many of the Marceling outfits, but have always been disappointed until I found your Marcellers. Now I can wave my hair in a dandy manner, just the way I want. I can’t say too much for your invention.

Our Wonderful, Time-Limited Offer

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put this tool into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Marcellers throughout the world—we are making this special offer to you, as one of the first 20,000 women to own this priceless weapon in beauty.

A complete Marcellers Marceler, including a new and authentic marcel wave chart, for only $2.98, the cost of making, posting and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this wonderful price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, you pay $5.95 and ship 1.95. You will get better and better results and you never have to spend your time or your money. We have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with it, simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully.

Maison de Beaute
711 Quincy Street, Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute, 711 Quincy Street, Dept. 28, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen,

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Marcellers, Marcell Style Chart, and complete directions for the wearing and finishing. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and have my money refunded without questions or delay.

Name

Address

NOTE: If you expect to be out of town when order is filled, the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

which graces to this day our New York harbor. Yes, you ignorant fans, that was a present to America, to you Americans, by the French, and we have always practiced the policy of extending a welcome to all good foreigners.

If the American actresses can't make good as fast as from the other side, much less do I think they want to, just because a few people who imagine themselves true Americans don't want the foreigners? I wonder how Pearl White and Betty Blythe, and a number of other American actresses who came to Europe to act, would feel if the foreigners over there said, "We only want our own actresses and actors. Go back to your America. We don't want you." We can't say it, and what's more, we wouldn't let them say it! —ESLIE LARSEN.

1938 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

After reading some of the recent letters in "What the Fans Think," I have become so angry at some of the criticisms that I feel the need of sitting down to demonstrate.

First of all, I have just returned from Hollywood and Los Angeles. I was there for fourteen months and, during that time, met many pleasure and new friends, just as in two pictures, chatted ad infective Men—whom is ever nicer than you'd imagine him to be—visited Pickfair, attended two openings of the Roman Night, and, in a perfect state of bliss was present at the last Wampas Ball.

I want to ask the fans if they do not share my sorrow of the ignorance of others of the fans—i.e., those who write in an antagonistic way against the invasion of foreign stars. Their bigotry in denouncing the condition is certainly worthy of derision.

I am an American through and through, love my country and everything in it, but most of all I love it for the reason that it extends the privileges of less fortunate races to come and live here and learn to love it, too.

Surely, you supercilious citizens who say, "Why should we contribute to the salary of that foreign actress?" do not gain your text from the Constitution!

If I enjoy Rudolph Valentino's pictures more than your average American, then I'm giving him something, rather than taking away. I go to movies to be entertained, not to demonstrate my perverted patriotism—far from what I believe it to be—and whoever entertains me the most for my fifty cents, is going to get it—be he French, Lithuanian, Swede, or Italian! Denver, Colo. —MARDON.

A recent issue of Picture-Play contained a letter from "No. 13," deploiring the fact that foreign players are receiving much more than domestic stars on the American screen. Although I always enjoy reading the opinions of Picture-Play's large family of fans, I rarely concur with their reasoning for the reason that their ideas are absurd and entirely false! This outburst, however, I consider is justified on my part, as "No. 13" requires some one to put her wise on a point or two.

In the first place, I would draw attention to the article by Edwin Schallert in the April issue, "Movies Conquer New Worlds of Money," in which he stated that producers estimate that approximately one fourth of the income from American films is received from foreign trade.

If the European countries thus contribute twenty-five per cent of the revenue of the American film companies, is it not reasonable that the producer should cater to that trade? The English public, the French and the Italian publics, who are paying good money for entertainment, appreciate seeing types they know and understand. If all our players were of the American type, much of their enthusiasm for our films would wane. I am not cast- ing bronzed Valentinos after American actors to European audiences to suit them immensely—but I would ask "No. 13" how she would appreciate pictures if some foreign country had the monopoly and she saw nothing but Pola Negri and Rudy Valentinis? Very soon she would be crying, with ample justification, "Something American, please!"

Another query, Should we require to know everything about the past lives of the foreign players? Surely it is enough if they give us our money's worth of entertainment. If the immigration authorities of the United States consider the newcomers are suitable for entry, why should "No. 13" find objection because she knows nothing about her past?

Personally, I am very fond of some of the foreign stars, but I always base my likes and dislikes on performance, not on nationality. Truth to tell, my special favor is being American. If I were a Texan, "No. 13," is a good third on my list. So, "No. 13," you see my arguments are not based on prejudice—my three primes favor being American. I am quite prepared to admit that some of the foreign people bore me to tears, but then again, so do some Americans. PolishNegri, for instance, is my idea of "the limit," but Douglas MacLean, an American, is also a bore.

My advice to "No. 13" is to forget nationalities and give the actors or actresses credits for their work alone, without other considerations. Lots of American boys and girls have "jumped" into pictures, and I have no doubt whatever that, if they have the "goods," they will be snapped up, irrespective of where they were born.

No. 31.

Prince George, B. C., Canada.

Give Gloria a Square Deal.

Please let me say, in behalf of many fans, that we do object if a certain person is getting a square deal. It has been my belief for some time that some one in control is jealous. It seems that some one is trying to ruin Gloria Swanson. She was once the very brightest one we had, and could be now.

Does it give producers joy to see one of the most campaigns of her earned position? Aren't the producers taking a chance when they do such things?

There are many devoted fans of hers, voicing their wish that she be given her chance in a role that would do justice to her art, and not the kind she has been accepting. This star is Gloria Swanson.

Torrington, Wyo. GERRY McCREEVY.

In the June issue of Picture-Play there was a charming letter entitled "Stars
ADVERTISING SECTION

$100 a Week
is waiting for YOU

If you want $100 a week clear profit, if you want $500 a year without working as hard as you do now, I'll show you how to get it. I'll prove to you that $10 a day is easy, that $15 a week or even $25 a day is possible.

I will give you the same offer I made to Christopher Vaughn, whose earnings have reached $125 in a week. You can do it too, just like John Scotti, who started without experience and made $97 his second week. And Mrs. K. R. Roof, who has two children and does not earn $100 a month, her earnings have made $50 a week and $15 in a single afternoons. We believe these can be yours. Don't you want them?

Big Profits For Easy Work

All you need to do is to accept our offer to handle our products with our customers in your community. We have customers in a small town, and sometimes hundreds of them right around you. These customers of ours know and like and use KAOL Products—foods delicious, delightful toilet preparations, perfumes, soaps and house-necessities of every kind.

Our representatives will make two million dollars as their profits this year, and you can have your share. You will be amazed at how easy it is, and how quickly the money starts in. You will realize that $10 a week is not hard if you are in the right line.

I Furnish Everything

If you want your share of these big profits, all you need to do is to write us. We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business, and we tell you exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. You will be given the same proposition that enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm, and that enabled John Scotti, or G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn $125 a week. Such a business can be done in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money
Just send us your name and I will tell you how to start. I will show you how to make $100 a week, or $5 to $10 a day in spare time. It is the easiest proposition that has ever been waiting for you. It is the only proposition that will not make you feel like a choker. You do not have to put any thing or do any thing. Don't delay until the offer gets ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Mail the coupon now.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.,
350 South La Salle St., Chicago

I want to make $100 a week. Send me full details of your proposition at once. This does not obligate me.

Name

Address

© A. P. Co. (Write Plainly)
Milton SILLS in MEN OF STEEL with DORIS KENYON

Steel!—Men and metal molded in crucibles of flame.
Steel!—Monster that broods menacing above a city of unrest.
Steel!—Girding the hearts of heroes who struggle in its grip.
Steel is the enthralling theme chosen by Milton Sills for the supreme screen effort of his career—the dramatic romance of a man and two women posed upon a background of flaming furnaces—towering funnels—seething, bitter crowds.

The shadow of murder separates powerful Jan from Mary, girl of the mills... And mob violence thrusts him into the arms of Clare, lovely daughter of the steel-master. And a surging climax reveals the amazing secret of a forgotten love.

Mighty—massive—pulsing with emotion at white-heat—this tremendous feature comes to you at last—the product of 2 YEARS of masterly production effort.

by MILTON SILLS suggested by R.G.KIRKS short story "UNITED STATES FLAVOR"
Directed by GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD
Produced under the supervision of EARL HUDSON

A First National Special
Now to the screen comes one of the world's great romances!

INSPIRATION PICTURES INC.

Richard Barthelmess
in
"The Amateur Gentleman"

Adapted from the story by Jeffery Farnol
Scenario by Lillie Hayward

A SIDNEY OLCCOTT PRODUCTION

Here's double measure for your movie money . . .
BARTHELMESS—brilliant, eager, flashing, slashing hero—
And THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—famous romantic novel that has thrilled two nations!

Star and story sweep headlong through scenes alive with the glamor of old England—when women were won by force of arm, and slurs had their sequel in pistols for two at sunrise!

In the rise of a handsome younger from backwoodsman to blueblood are dozens of scenes that will thrill you with the spirit of adventure . . . A terrific fight that ends in a smashing knockout—A stirring steeplechase that will make your heart leap at every jump . . . .

And thudding fists and flying hoofs rap out a thrilling accompaniment to a glorious love!

A First National Picture
September 12th to 18th is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Week

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"

SEPT. 12th – 18th

THIS week
MORE people will see
METRO-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURES
THAN all other MOTION pictures
PUT together.
Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell are here seen as the young lovers in "Old Ironsides," James Cruze's new picture, which is declared by Paramount to be the costliest spectacle ever filmed. Be that as it may, many other elements besides money have entered into the making of it, including such commanding figures as Wallace Beery and George Bancroft, and some magnificent sea battles between actual ships of bygone days—not the miniatures we most frequently see.
"Old Ironsides"

The filming of the battle scenes in the spectacle of that famous old man-o'-war furnished many exciting moments, as well as difficulties.

By Edwin Schallert

CRASH! after crash, resounded across the glistening stretch of water! The air was veiled in smoke!

Black cannons, ancient and menacing, belched fire and thunder!

Men, sweating and toiling, yelled and shouted!

Timbers cracked, sails were torn asunder, the while gray vessels, solemn in their antiquity, shivered and trembled in response to the thrilling and adventurous roar and clatter of battle!

With all the noise and racket and smell of gunpowder that used to attend an Independence Day celebration, the conquest of Tripoli by the United States was being re-enacted in the harbor of Catalina Island, off the coast of California.

Beneath the rugged cliffs were gathered vessels of all sizes and descriptions. Pirate craft, with slanting lateen sails, and oars for galley slaves, glided low in the water. Old square-riggers, picturesquely lofty, rode proudly upon the sapphire bay. Guns boomed from the brown and terraced fort, located on a stretch of neighboring land. Far green hills echoed the unfamiliar clamor and reverberation, as war's pageant, martial and imposing, was enacted.

By swift motor boat we had come to the location of the company filming "Old Ironsides." From the hurly-burly of the twentieth century, we had been transported into a world athrob with the exploits of corsairs,

Johnny Walker in the historical character of Stephen Decatur.

...
Old ship Constitution, practically forgotten, had been discovered rotting to pieces in the Boston Navy Yard. A move was immediately set on foot to restore and preserve her through the aid of public contributions and government aid. In particular, this movement took the form of encouraging the school children to “save their pennies to save ‘Old Ironsides’”—some such slogan as this being widely adopted.

And the verses that Oliver Wendell Holmes had dedicated to the famous man-o'-war were recited anew on every school holiday. He had, about a century ago, poetically protested against the ship’s contemplated destruction by the government.

You may know the verses, which start off like this:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky.

Because of the sudden revival of interest in the welfare of the historic vessel, which Holmes had referred to as the “Eagle of the Sea,” and which had such a magnificent battle record, Paramount saw an opportunity to resurrect her patriotic splendor via the screen. They also saw a big chance to create a dramatic figure out of Stephen Decatur, the courageous but perhaps little-recognized hero of the expedition to Tripoli, the result of which expedition was that the Constitution thoroughly thrashed and brought into subjection the pirate ships that had been making raids on American merchant ships plying in the Mediterranean Sea.

Harry Carr, a Western newspaper man, originally suggested the historical theme, and Laurence Stallings, author of “What Price Glory” and “The Big Parade,” provided a romantic story of an American youth who runs away to sea, of his love for the daughter of the captain of a trading schooner, and of his capture, along with other sailors, by pirates off the coast of Africa.

For comedy and an added note of vigor, there were injected also into the plot two tough old “salts,” played by Wallace Beery and George Bancroft. These two gloriously hard-boiled chaps are forever fighting with each other, even when they are chained up together in a Tripolitan slave camp.

Charles Farrell plays the boy, Esther Ralston, who is the only woman in most of the scenes, is the girl, and Johnny Walker plays Stephen Decatur.

An interesting feature is that a number of the characters in the picture have the same names as the players who portray them. Wallace Beery, for instance, is called Beery in the plot, George Bancroft remains Bancroft, and Esther Ralston is known as Esther. Bancroft, by the way, actually does trace his ancestry back to an officer of the same name who participated in the Constitution’s daring exploits.

On James Cruze was conferred the honor, and also the very heavy obligation, of directing this big sea film. He has been recognized as the Lasky company’s star producer of historical epics ever since the tremendous success of “The Covered Wagon.”

The company placed almost no limit on the amount of time and money that were to be expended on the picture, which is to be road shown, with all the usual fanfare of publicity. They built or purchased a score or more of old-time ships, hiring some venerable sailors to help man them. They set up
were trying to outstay and outbattle each other, sans modern propellers and with tugs as their only aids in the simulating of old-time sea strategy.

In one of these scenes, the Castle was made to crash into the side of the Constitution, ripping loose her deck rails and wreaking havoc midst her rigging and her armament. At another time, the Constitution succeeded in splintering the bowsprit and the masts of the enemy vessel, and finally sank her as her crew leaped overboard. Still other scenes show huge numbers of men charging the fort after having landed from a fleet of small boats, with Decatur at their head.

Every move during the big scenes was regulated by radio. By means of this, it was possible to bring the ships into action simultaneously at a single command from Cruze. Without a radio, in fact, filming such a complicated sea spectacle as “Old Ironsides” would have proved to be almost impossible.

Timing the battle scenes was most difficult. A charge of powder not sufficiently large, a sail improperly caught by the wind, or an undesired smoke screen from one of the cannons might delay the whole action for hours.

Something like this happened on the day when I visited the location. On that particular day, the stunt of splitting the Castle’s bowsprit and masts was being carried out. The old-fashioned cannons on the decks of both ships were loaded with powder. The powder charges were blank, of course, no balls being used except in odd shots. Dynamite had been planted in the Castle’s bowsprit, so that it would, at the proper moment, cause this huge beam to split asunder.

First the ships were brought into place. A slow process. Cruze was particularly anxious that the sails should seem to belly out naturally with the wind, and not look, as they sometimes do in films, as if they were blowing in the wrong direction. Several times the vessels were moved into position, but each time there was some slight delay that caused them to drift back again before the scene could be photographed.

Finally, everything was ready. The guns on the Castle boomed, and those of the Constitution answered in a regular volley. Simultaneously, the dynamite charge in the Castle’s bowsprit went off with a thrilling detonation, but the wood of the bowsprit was so tough and seasoned and the charge of powder so light, that the beam was only splintered.

Continued on page 106
He Rolls His Own

Richard Dix explains how he and his director, Gregory La Cava, evolve their popular screen comedies, from the moment the scenario—which sometimes is nothing more than a scrap of paper—is placed in their hands.

By David A. Balch

PART of the painful impedimenta of screen success, it would seem, is a multiplication of cares and worries concerning the mechanism of the vehicle one rides in. In the beginning, an actor of the silent stage is a spoke, as it were, in the wheel of the cart that carries him; he revolves, indifferent to the destination of the cart itself, content to consider himself a spoke and nothing more. Later, if he becomes anything at all, he changes—for the sake of the metaphor—into the hub, or rim, or whatever is most important in the life of a wheel; and then we may consider that his troubles have fairly begun. For his vehicle may carry him uphill or down in public favor, and nature has made it easy for a wheeled vehicle to coast.

Thus, Richard Dix, a star now in his own right upon the silent stage, has reached Part Two of a star’s existence, and the vehicle that carries him—his pictures, as it were—has become a matter of concern more vital to him, let us say, than his breakfast. And mindful of the journey that leads either uphill or down. Richard is, literally, "rolling his own." 

"How do you do it?" we asked him, in the seclusion of his dressing room out at the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island. He had commenced stepping out of a Graustark costume that was a miracle of military coat, patent-leather boots, and glove-fitting breeches. It was the suit he wears when, as a prince, he encounters all manner of amazing adventures in "Say It Again," his current picture. A stack of fan mail of the most insinuating character decorated one corner of his dressing table—stationery of variegated hues that covered the entire chromatic scale. There were letters addressed variously and hinting of importance, such as—"Personal for Richard Dix," "Richard Dix, Strictly Personal," and "Richard Dix, Confidential." Ah, well, we concluded softly, such was screen fame.

"Well, I’ve had my troubles," he replied, ridding himself of a contrivance that resembled a ballet dancer’s skirt. "Strange fellows, these princes! "And it has reduced me, finally, to a state where I eat, sleep, and dream pictures. In fact, I’m like the postman who, on his day off, went for a walk. I spend my Sundays over here at the Long Island studio, watching reels of film, looking for a thought, for a suggestion, that may point the path to some possible improvement. I still hunt for new ideas. Pictures now are my whole existence."

We watched him as he stood there divesting himself of the trappings of princedom, a little thinner, we thought, than we had ever remembered having seen him before. Perhaps the fans like him that way—like con- sommé, thin but good! It was two years exactly since we had last seen Richard, and he had changed in the interval, it seemed, ever so slightly, had grown more serious in manner than he had been when we first knew him. Work, we decided, had done it.

"My last three pictures," he continued, "have been comedies, for Mr. Lasky and I have both felt that people want to laugh more than they want to do anything else. When I say ‘people,’ I mean the inhabitants of small communities who make up the majority of picture patrons. For instance," he illustrated, pausing in his effort to drag off a patent-leather boot, "I was out last night with a man named Brandt, who owns a big string of Brooklyn theaters. Brandt told me that of all the theaters in the United States, fully seventy-five per cent of them have a seating capacity of not more than two hundred persons. That means," he added, "that we play, in the overwhelming main, not to Broad- way—not to the Rivoli nor the Rialto, nor to the Metro- politan in Boston—but to little out-of-the-way places whose inhabitants are what the politicians call ‘the backbone of the nation.’"

Richard glanced at himself in his full-length dressing-
room mirror, and extracted a cigarette from a packet on the table. He talked with all the warmth of an orator on his favorite subject and with the emphasis that is pleasantly typical of him to those who know him.

"So you see," he went on, "the profits of a picture come mainly from Main Street and its environs, and it is to Main Street, like the old-time actor to his gallery, that we are largely playing. This, in a phrase, means broader strokes, and a selection of material that is fairly general in appeal. It doesn't mean anything juvenile necessarily, for the biggest and most moving things are the simplest—accessible to almost every type of mind. But it does mean material that is not restricted to unfamilial particulars, and treatment that is broad enough for every one to comprehend. Accomplish this and you have something of universal appeal, which is the end we are striving toward always."

He turned away with abrupt finality, hunting a sash or something, that was part of his attire for the afternoon, when, once more resplendent in white velvet and patent leather, he would again masquerade as a prince in this shaft of celluloid satire on all the misdeeds of George Barr McCutcheon. Indeed, the satirical point of the picture, which had become evident to us a short while before on the set below, made us think of a revue we had seen once, when two of the performers had delighted us keenly by suddenly rendering a syncopated recitation of Kipling's "Gunga Din." Quite, we had decided at the time, as it should be.

"But how have you done it all?" we persisted, having in mind the story that his recent activities, we felt certain, would make. We knew that he had been controlling the making of his own pictures for some time past, and we were curious to learn how the wind had blown. Valentino, we recalled, had quarreled once on this very score with the organization that employed him, and the growing custom among picture companies of vesting the selective control of pictures in the stars themselves seemed an interesting departure from the old order. We wondered how Richard had fared.

He turned back at once, fired again with the zeal of his interest.

"Do you know," he asked suddenly, "that this is the third picture we have made without a scenario?"

It seemed an extraordinary statement, and we thought immediately, with irrelevant humor, of the man who said the Irish riots looked like a lot of movie actors working without a scenario, to which some one had added—"or with one." We said nothing, however, except to murmur faintly and incredulously our astonishment.

"I wouldn't want to do it again, though," he proceeded, "not after this one, for it's altogether too much of a strain. It means that the responsibility for the picture's being good falls entirely upon the star and the director, and there's such a thing. I've learned recently, as having too much to worry about." He limped—one boot on, the other off—across the room to his clothes closet, and extracted a coat that was heavily emblazoned with gold braid. In our younger days we would have given much to wear a coat like that. Richard inspected it in silence for a moment, then placed it on the back of a chair within easy reach.

"Yes," we agreed, provocatively, "I should think one of the prime requirements of comedy making is peace of mind. You can't be funny when you are worried—at least, not in the right way."

Richard felt tenderly of his left hand, which he had injured in a mêlée with some rough characters, a day or so previous, in part of the picture's stirring, if facetious, action. The hand was bruised and badly swollen. A doctor would have had a wonderful time with it.

"Some time ago," he explained finally, "the company gave me my own unit, as we say in the studios, with the authority to handle it as I saw fit. This meant literally making my own pictures from cellar to attic, and so, with the carte blanche it carried, I went to work in earnest. I wanted a director who hadn't done big things, for that is the only sort of director you can work with. Otherwise, you work for him, and I had my own ideas on what I wanted to do. This resulted in my finally selecting Gregory La Cava, whose work I had liked in the past, and, together, we started lining up what we figured should be our plan of campaign."

"'Greg,' I'd say to him, 'what's the funniest situation you can imagine for any one like myself?'

"'This would start the ball rolling and, gradually, out of a dozen hopeless ideas, possibly would come one that we'd select as our starting point. Then, with a given scene and situation, we would build upon it in the obvious manner, so as to select the maximum of comedy values. We'd get together at night and say to each other, 'Now, here! What is the funniest thing we can do with a cigarette? Or a silk hat? How can I wear this silk hat so as to get a laugh out of Main Street?' For, understand, Main Street was the mark that we never ceased shooting at, in all our searches for material."

"Greg used to ring me on the phone late at night, or early in the morning, telling me of something new that had occurred to him. It might be a joke out of a newspaper, or a comic situation he had sensed in some news item. On the other hand, I was just as keen to get to him with every new wrinkle of amusing behavior that occurred to me. For instance, I called him up late one night to tell him of a story I had just read in a magazine. A woman temperance lecturer, whose charms were not of the physical sort, was making a speech and telling how she herself had been a sufferer from the drink evil. Her husband, she said, had been addicted to the habit for years. But one day, she added, she had got him to sign the pledge. 'I was so overjoyed,' she cried, 'that I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.' At which a voice in the auditorium called out: 'And served him jolly well right, too!'"

"Here, I thought, might be the germ of a laugh for a scene in one of our pictures, so I passed it along to La Cava. In the same manner, we'd discuss comic situations in which the romantic element was in a sense preserved, for we couldn't entirely lose sight of this."

Continued on page 98
Childhood Adventures in Hollywood

Many of our younger readers wish, no doubt, that they could live in Hollywood. After reading the following reminiscences, they will wish so much more than ever!

By Dorothy Manners
Illustrated by Lui Trugo

My mother, who is quite fond of me, and therefore likely to be a little prejudiced in the matter, tells me that I was quite a child—as a child. Unusual. Always doing something clever, like winning croquet tournaments at school and failing in arithmetic. She says she could sort of count on me for things like that.

Looking back over it all, I can see how true it is. When I think of some of the things I thought of as a child, I think I will never think again. As though I wasn’t crazy enough already, being at the time of these reminiscences at that craziest of all ages for a girl—ten, going on twelve—I was complicated by a severe attack of “movie fanitis,” amounting to nothing short of devil worship.

During that particular ailment, I was living in Hollywood, where with several hundred other students I attended the Gardner Junction Grammar School, which is still operating in spite of my scholarship. So far as I know, I am the only movie fan who ever went to school in Hollywood. Of course, Carmel Myers and Bessie Love, and a few others, went to school here, too, but they grew up to be stars, not fans, which makes me prettily distinctive in that respect.

To aid and abet my enthusiasm, I lived in the center of a neighborhood of celebrities. Rozika Dolly, one of the famous Dolly sisters, then on her honeymoon with Jean Schwartz, lived on the same premises. So did Doctor Frank Crane and Harold Bell Wright, the latter growing up to write for the movies. Right across the street, in a rambling brown house, resided Geraldine Farrar, while Norma and Constance Talmadge lived just a few blocks away, at the Hollywood Hotel.

Mabel Normand, Thomas Meighan, Francis X. Bushman, and his brood of many children, were within walking distance.

I spent a great deal of that period of my life standing. Standing on their front lawns waiting for them to come in or out—I didn’t care which. I even favored some of the more amiable ones with visits.

When Rozika Dolly, who was on the Coast to make a picture for Griffith, with Lillian Gish (the title, I believe, was “The Lily and the Rose”), moved into one of the apartment bungalows at the Formosa. I was the first to pay her a social call. Hospitable, that was me. On that memorable afternoon, I got myself all done up in a pink hair ribbon and strolled over. My ring was answered by the famous Dolly herself.

“Good afternoon,” I said, “I have a letter for you.” Oh, I was a smart child. I wasn’t going to take any chances on having the door closed in my face, so I had intercepted the postman and looted her mail.

“Thank you,” smiled Rozika, who talked like a child, with a faint touch of her native Hungarian accent. “That’s ver’ nice of you to bring it over.”

“That’s all right,” I told her cheerfully. “If you aren’t doing anything, I’ll come in a little while. I live in the apartment here,” added the little pest. “My name is Dorothy.”

Rozika said she would be glad to have me come in. I don’t know whether she was or not, but I went in anyway and didn’t come out until I had been served with lemonade and cake. After that, my visits there got to be a regular thing, and whenever Rosy didn’t have anything to do in the evening, she’d take me down into Hollywood to a picture show. She was an adorable girl and, with wonderful insight into a child’s psychology, always fed me well. She used to make a chicken goulash herself that was one rare dish, and she never forgot to send some to my mother and me.

There was a croquet court right next to her bungalow, and Rosy used to invite me down
to play with her and her friends. Rosy and I beat Jean Schwartz and Raymond Hitchcock to a fare-you-well on one occasion.

Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge were frequent visitors at her place, but I never happened to meet those young ladies, both of whom wore their hair down their backs at the time.

Waylaying the postman and intercepting a star's mail gave Dorothy a good excuse for paying a call.

For a long while, a "gang" of which I was a member thought that something ought to be done about Geraldine Farrar—that is, something about getting acquainted. We felt there was no reason why Jerry should be left out of our fun, as she seemed to be such an amiable lady, always smiling at us from her limousine on her way to and from "Joan of Arc" at Lasky's. Three of us had called on her one afternoon and had not got beyond the butler. We were sure if Jerry only knew we were calling, things would be different. But up until the time I conceived my brilliant plan, we got no farther than her orange grove.

Geraldine Farrar used to entertain a great deal at night. Sometimes she would sing, playing her own accompaniments. That gorgeous, vibrant voice, so powerful, yet so sweet, would pervade the night as beautifully as the scent of her own orange blossoms. Neighbors used to slip coats over their night clothes and sneak to the borders of her property to listen, grateful for the opportunity to hear her. Many a time, I have stood outside her window, on a spring night, listening to Geraldine Farrar sing her favorite ballad, "Mighty Lak a Rose." Those blue nights—the blossoms so heavy—the damp earth—Farrar's magnificent voice—all constitute a memory I can never forget. And I idolized her so. I was so crazy just to shake hands with her, that I hit on a very expensive plan to accomplish my ends.

I got the "gang" together and told them that if they would consent to pool their lunch money (small change provided by parents for the purpose of hot soup at lunch), we could buy Geraldine a lovely bouquet of flowers. Surely she couldn't refuse to meet the bearers of a gift.

"How'll we eat?" inquired a practical soul.

"We won't eat," said a little girl, who probably grew up to be a professional mourner.

But the best plan of all was advocated by a little boy who was my beau. "We can take the flowers up at lunch time," he stated, with brilliant logic. "If she's got any common decency, she'll invite us to lunch. If she's got any common decency at all, she'll ask us in to eat."

Here was genius in the raw. Here was the master mind.

Since Geraldine Farrar failed to invite the "gang" to luncheon, they felt justified in stealing some of her oranges.

So we scraped up the funds, amounting to one dollar and fifty cents in all, and purchased roses, violets, and geraniums, amounting to one dollar and fifty cents, from a florist.

Came the moment.

There we stood, eight cottonstockinged kids on Jerry's front
porch, the offering of love and the food bribe clutched in the hands of my beau. We stood in formation behind him. The butler came in answer to our ring.

"We want to see Miss Farrar," said my boy friend.

"Miss Farrar is at lunch," replied old iron-sides, a man whom I have never liked to this day. "What do you want with her?"

"We brought her some flowers," four of us replied at once.

The butler reached out his hand. "I'll give them to her."

"No," says my b.f. "We'll give them to her ourselves."

"I'll see if she can see you," said the butler, vanishing.

A moment later, there was a laugh from the house—a gay vibrant laugh that came from a sense of humor, not from the top of the mouth. It was the laugh of that marvelously magnetic woman, Geraldine Farrar.

And then, Miss Farrar herself. She stood in the doorway, waiting, but even when she is motionless, there is a quality of suppressed storm about her. I thought then, and I think now, she is a most beautiful woman. Her smile is brilliant, and she was smiling then.

"Miss Farrar," began our spokesman, "we have brought you some flowers."

"How delightful, how charming, how sweet!" exclaimed Jerry, taking them and burying her face in them. "What is your name?"

He told her.

"And yours?" She indicated me.

I told her.

She went round the circle, shaking hands cordially with each of us. "And now," she said, "I must rush. I must be back at the studio in a few minutes. Thank you—thank you!" And that lovely woman was gone.

Lunchless!

Who says the tragedies of childhood are not great? Of course, it would have been utterly impossible for her to invite eight hungry urchins to lunch. She probably didn't have that much food in the house. But you have to get away from those things to get a perspective on them. And all we had then was empty stomachs. We lunched on oranges that we filched from her grove, feeling that she owed them to us anyway.

"Many a time, I have stood outside her window listening to Geraldine Farrar sing 'Mighty Lak a Rose.'"

I dropped over to Rozika Dolly's that afternoon and told her about it, and she filled me up on lemonade and cake. I wished in my soul we had taken the flowers to Rosy.

Saturday afternoons, my girl friend Florence and myself used to be given money to eat at "Graham's," a confectionery store on the corner of Highland and the Boulevard, the local Montmartre of its day. An imposing banking edifice stands there now. My how times change, as we are always saying in Los Angeles. Not only was Graham's the most preferable place to eat, it was about the only place. Harold Lockwood and May Allison, whom I remember as a lovely girl who wore leghorn hats, used to occupy a booth there regularly, and Tommy Meighan has many a time waited in line for me to finish a sundae.

Harold Lockwood was a great favorite of Florence's. Once he winked at her, much to his and May's amusement and her embarrassment.

Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance used to be there almost daily. At that time, Charlie was not the cultured man he is to-day. He was a rather bad-tempered little customer, inclined to make temperamental scenes. I remember he nearly scared one of the girl waitresses to death one day by yelling, as he pounded his hand on the table, "I want service! My time is money! Give me service or I'll get out! I can't wait around here all day!"

Several people who are now very noted players exchanged significant looks, and one man muttered, "Little upstart!"

An odd thing, that very man is now one of Charlie's greatest boosters. But then, Charlie is a very different person, now.

Norma and Constance Talmadge were just a couple of exuberant girls. It was a little while before Norma's marriage to Joseph Schenck, and she and Connie were even more inseparable than they are now.

When they weren't working down at the old Fine Arts studio, they were strolling down the Boulevard, shopping for Victrola records and other little things.

I was sent down to the town's one department store

Continued on page 112
Yes Men Need Not Apply

Harold Lloyd says that he has neither desire nor room for an employee who will not voice an opinion and on occasion, differ with him. And therein he is different—oh, very!

By A. L. Wooldridge

A small boy came home from school one day in tears. Something had happened, and the discerning eye of his daddy promptly noted it.

"Well, Bobby," he said, "you got a larrupin' in school, did you?"

"Yes, father."

"What did you do?"

"Well, you know, d-daddy," the boy blubbered, "when I was gettin' my lessons last night, I asked you how much a million dollars was. And you told me it was 'a hell of a lot of money.' That ain't the answer!"

That story recurred to me recently while I sat talking to Harold Lloyd at the studio. Harold had just remarked, "If I had a yes man on my staff I'd fire him."

When I go to any one in my employ, and say, 'Don't you think it would be better to make that scene the other way?' I expect him to bark, 'I should say not!' if he doesn't agree with me. Then I want him to tell why he doesn't agree with me. I want constructive answers. No one ever has or ever will be discharged from my service for having opinions. Great guns, that's what I hire men for!"

Harold Lloyd is about the only producer in Hollywood who isn't surrounded—yes, absolutely walled in—by yes men. There may be one or two others, but not many. The majority keep only those men who agree with their every suggestion, adopt unhesitatingly their every plan, and rise on their hind legs occasionally to tell them how wonderful they are. But not Harold Lloyd!

"I used to have a fellow—God bless him, I don't know where he is now—who used to come rushing in with a dozen suggestions at a time," Mr. Lloyd said. "Usually they were rotten. But once in a while he devised something which gave him almost the mark of a genius. Whenever I did accept one of his suggestions, he went strutting away with his chest swelled out, looking like the happiest fellow in the world. He worked for me! I hated to lose him."

"Do you remember that scene in 'Grandma's Boy' repeated previews decided what is to come out of a film. This scene was deleted from "The Freshman."
where, carrying my sweetheart in my arms, I attempted to cross a stream on stepping stones? Put my foot on what appeared to be a rock, only to find it was a pig which sprang to its feet and dumped us into the water? Well, that was my idea.

"'Awful!' my gag men said. 'Raw! You can't put that over. It's too much hokum. The gag's too obvious. Looks too much as if it were planted for the picture.' I argued, pleaded, browbeat, and cajoled, but they couldn't see it. I couldn't have it!

"Then I was called East. When I got back, they had argued it out among themselves during my absence and had decided to try it. The gag turned out to be one of the best in the picture. I happened to be right, that time, and they were wrong. But, as often as not, it's they who are right.

"I insisted on doing things in 'Hot Water' which the fellows opposed, but which I finally ruled should go in. For instance, as the timid lad, I had to prepare to cut the head off a turkey and appear not to have the heart to do it. I told the bird it wasn't going to hurt, told it how nice it was to have a head chopped off by an ax. Even offered to blindfold it before I severed its neck. I coaxed it to come on and get killed, but it wouldn't listen. I put some grains of corn on a newspaper to tempt it. They happened to be directly

The comedian frequently bows to the opinion of others. He did when filming the scene below for 'For Heaven's Sake.' It came out.

over a picture of my mother-in-law, and when the turkey ate the corn, it looked as if the fowl was pecking at 'mother.'

"'You're my pal!' I cried joyously.
"'Too far-fetched!' said the bunch.
"'Oh, no, it isn't!' I urged. 'We'll do that by all means!'
"And we did. Then we previewed the picture and that scene was a complete dud. Not a giggle. Barely a smile. We cut it out entirely. So they were right, that time, and I was wrong.

"Paradoxically, I protested against some scenes in 'For Heaven's Sake' as being too far-fetched, and I was overruled. For instance, do you remember when I was in the big double-decker bus trying to get that inebriated gang of roughnecks back to the mission? I was having a heap of trouble getting them anywhere. My gag men insisted

Continued on page 57
The Movie Nurse Sets Her Cap

or

One Way to the Heart of a Man.

The number of nurses, Red Cross and otherwise, who have carried off the heroes in films is something appalling.

Alice Day set her cap for Danny O'Shea in a Sennett comedy.

Marguerite de la Motte used a nurse's tactics to win John Bowers in "The People vs. Nancy Preston."

Georgia Hale donned the white cap in "The Rainmaker."

Virginia Valli was a Red Cross nurse in "Watch Your Wife."

Anita Stewart, above, simultaneously nursed and made eyes at her brother, George Stewart, in "The Boom-erang."

Barbara Bedford, left, soothingly crept into the heart of the convalescent Conway Tearle in "The Sporting Lover."

And Jetta Goudal, right, meant more than just a nurse to Robert Ames in "Three Faces East."
Brave, Blundering and Honest

Reginald Denny, whose first name doesn’t fit him at all, is found to be a bouncing young Britisher energetically catering to the family trade of movie fans.

By Helen Rockwell

You can’t call it fair, this business of sending an inquisitive female around to interview a popular male film star. If the actor is glib and at ease and tosses off charming anecdotes, he is accused of being an Earl Carroll for publicity. If he is tongue-tied and shy, he is suspected of posing or of being the world’s dumbest man. If he mentions his wife, it is believed he is making an appeal to the family trade. If he doesn’t mention her, it is because he is jealous of her or because he doesn’t want his public to know he is married.

The actor just gets the bad breaks no matter how hard he tries. We interviewers, as we quaintly call ourselves, know a thing or two.

Which brings us to Reginald Denny.

He talked about his wife at every conceivable point of the interview which I, with other scribes, had with him. He was glib and tossed off charming anecdotes. He wore cloth-topped shoes à la Chaplin, and I forgot to ask him why. He was just so much like a nice boy you’d like to have the family meet. It is perfectly easy to take him as you find him, and you can’t suspect him of anything. He’s very hard on interviewers—in which he’s unlike most actors.

He called our visits the “necessary publicity,” which was tough on my permanent wave but went a long way toward increasing my respect for him. For I have known actors to seek interviews through their publicity agents and then say shyly, when the interviewer arrives, “What magazine? Really, I don’t know why the public should be interested in reading about me.”

His name is Reginald. But it should have been Tom or Dick, for he typifies on the screen the wholesome American boy—just anybody’s brother. You know the type—brave, blundering, and honest. Also rugged and slightly obdurate. A diamond in the rough, as it were. And who ever heard of a chap like that being called Reginald?

He looks so much like a Tom or a Dick that it is with something of a shock that you hear him saying, “Really—I say—wouldn’t you like some tea?” Of course, then you know—for the Toms and Dicks of America don’t go in for tea. It is only the true Britisher who does that. So you realize that Reginald Denny is really English and not the Kiwanis-Rotary-Elk young man he appears to be in the films.

I understand he was sent to earth to take the curse off the name Reginald. He can do it if any one can!

And although he takes his tea like an Englishman and his publicity like a gentleman, and although his remarks are sprinkled with “By Joves, you know,” he has something in common with those 100% American boys he plays. You see, he’s trusting. I’m not promising you that you can sell him a gold brick, but—well, this is a story he tells on himself.

It was some years ago, and he was stranded in India, having been requested to leave the opera troupe of which he had been the dashing baritone. He had been fired Continued on page 110
SUMMER is here, all right, and all the boys and girls who were born in July and August are having their horoscopes read and their fortunes forecast for the coming year. With everybody telling the real date of his or her birth, it goes without saying that things are pretty well upset in Hollywood.

Robert Vignola, the director, and Grace Gordon, the little comedienne, are both so good at telling fortunes that they ought to charge for it. At the summer night parties, all the men flock around Grace, and all the girls around Bob, counting children on their little fingers and money on their wrists. This fortune telling is a great indoor sport for warm evenings and is the best way in the world to be insulting—in case you want to be insulting—without hurting any one’s feelings. To even your favorite enemy, you can say, “You are selfish and self-centered, dear,” and she can’t do a thing, because you can grab her palm and point out her selfish and self-centered

The Sketch

Intimate impressions of some of the parties sketched by a girl who has long mingled

By Dorothy

lines, which, nine cases out of ten, will be quite overdeveloped.

Not every one has his fortune told at the parties, of course. Some band together to drink hopefully of whatever is served—and to talk about the other guests.

Bess Meredyth, Warners’ indefatigable scenarist, and quite the gayest and most delightful hostess in Hollywood, gave another party that was unusually successful, as only friends seemed to be present, judging from the way everybody was saying the loveliest things about everybody else. If it hadn’t been a party, it could have been a club.

All the girls broke down over Leatrice Joy’s gown, which was the prettiest white dinner dress of the season—so far. It was one of those expensively simple affairs, with satin bows peeking through the lace trimming. Her only ornaments were orchids—a whole raft of them afloat on her shoulder—and a string of tiny seed pearls. It developed later that the pearls belonged to Baby Leatrice. When somebody kidded big Leatrice about robbing little Leatrice, who isn’t old enough to protect her rights, she insisted it was for the baby’s good. “They say pearls die if you don’t wear them. I don’t want my baby wearing dead pearls,” laughed Leatrice.

Lilyan Tashman was in pink, in a gown featuring the new scarf effect.

Claire Windsor wore the very newest in dinner gowns, as usual—long, rather tight sleeves. Also a summer wrap, elaborately trimmed in pale ostrich.

I saw Mrs. Jack Mulhall—who is stunning in anything—looking particularly well in black lace and pink georgette. Kathleen Key wore black and silver, and a bright shawl and an enormous hat, while Louise Fazenda looked like a miniature, in crinkly bouffant taffeta. Mae Busch was in beaded white, and Mildred Davis Lloyd wore a

Mildred Davis Lloyd, though she now has all the money she can spend, still loves bargain hunting.
book

sonalities of Hollywood, nimbly informally with the film players.

Manners

pink dress, heavily bordered with pink roses.

Speaking of Mildred’s dress—a really lovely frock—reminds me that she paid only fifteen dollars for it. She told me so. In spite of the fact that she has all the money in the world to spend, Mildred gets an awful kick out of bargain hunting.

The other guests were dressed up for the party, too, and when they weren’t dancing or talking or having their fortunes told—or all three—they wandered into the dining room to eat daintily of what I had left.

Bill of Goldwyn.

The first thing Bill Haines said to me, after having boisterously approved of the perfume I wore, was, “Whatever struck you to come out and interview me?” and after interviewing him for an hour, I began to wonder the same thing, as it is one thing to talk to Bill unprofessionally, and quite another to get him to talk “copy.”

When he thinks he is being probed for publication, he answers succinctly with “Yes!” or “No!” and just for spite, throws in some Rabelaisian not that can’t be printed, because of the book being read by women and children.

But if Bill offers little that is technically reportorial, he does give a hectic, healthy enthusiasm for everything ranging from lemonade to Coolidge’s administration. He is like a young cyclone, gusting his approval of the world in slaps on the back and ardent slang phrases. He hails extra men joyfully by their first names. He runs up behind Irving Thalberg’s dignified little sister, and does everything but toss her in the air. Every one on the lot seems to know him like a brother.

At the time of my interview with him, Bill was just starting in “Tell It to the Marines,” a film featuring himself and Lon Chaney. In fact, he was in the act of drilling, when he was interrupted by me. But after I came, Bill refused to drill any more. And he left word at the publicity department that no one else was to be brought out to watch him, “until he got better at it.” He was being drilled by a real sergeant, as the government was assisting M.-G.-M. in the making of the picture, and what the sergeant said to Bill and what Bill said to the sergeant, is nobody’s business.

“I play a tough, wise-cracking baby who joins the Marines just to be near Tia Juana,” Bill told me, as we beat it along toward the Vidor set, where John Gilbert, in “Bardeleys the Magnificent,” was being temporarily hanged, “and the things that don’t happen to me wouldn’t fill a spoon. Chaney plays the sergeant, and this goof thinks the sergeant hates him, just because he keeps him up to the mark in discipline. We have a knock-out fight in the picture—ought
to be great! Irving Thalberg is personally supervising, and with the United States Marines helping us, we ought to come out with a big superspecial."

We strode in sight of the Vidor set. The "Hello, Bills" flew thick and fast. We talked to Jack Gilbert and King Vidor, and also to some extra men Bill knew. Jack told us he was not going to make "The Back Slapper," after all, as it was thought it might "kill" him. Bill said he had heard that he might do it, instead!

"Yow!" he laughed, "They think it might kill Jack, so they give it to me." When Jack stepped back before the cameras, Bill said, "He’s the finest actor on the screen. And a great fellow."

We dallied around a little after that, and then I went home. When I saw that he wasn’t particularly crazy about answering questions, I didn’t pry him any more about his personal affairs and his ambitions.

After all, his personal affairs are quite uninvolved. He’s single, white, very handsome, and over twenty-one. He’s not wild about cafés or first-night premières, because they cramp his style.

As for his ambitions, I imagine they are quite simple. Just at present, the world is his little fame oyster. They are banking on him heavily, out at Metro, as a sort of Richard Dix, and good roles such as he had in "Memory Lane" and "Brown of Harvard" are pleasantly falling his way.

Don’t miss him in "Tell It to the Marines."

The Yellow Hat.

Dorothy Devore wore yellow into the Athletic Club—a yellow hat. You may or may not know about that club, but it’s as staid and conservative as Times newspapers and national banks.

So when Dorothy wore yellow into the dining room, which was filled with realtors and civic officials, it was really an index to the girl’s character, setting her down as gay and courageous and a little impudent.

She and I got a shaded table just off a shaft of sunlight, and the yellow hat gleamed defiantly in the midst of the conservatism.

"What I want to do, other than come into an easy million," said Dorothy, "is to get some producer to see me in a comedy character, somewhere between a Mabel Normand ragamuffin and a lady Harold Lloyd. Sort of a wistful, funny little girl in perilous situations. I think that is the sort of thing I should be doing, instead of ingenues and neglected wives. Don’t you?"

I glanced at the yellow hat. I said I did.

"But just because no one sees me in that type of rôle doesn’t mean that I’m going to stay off the screen until what I want comes my way," she continued, emphatically. "I think it is a big mistake for any one to quit the screen to hold out for anything. You may come back, but never on the same footing. So if I can’t get what I want, I’ll take what I can get."

The amazing part about that is, that Dorothy is really in a position to hold out for just what she wants—she means financially. Unlike most of the girls, she isn’t dependent on the screen for a livelihood. She has a charming and wealthy husband, who quite good-naturedly is always interfering with her career, wanting to take her on vacations to places like Honolulu and Beulah. In fact, Dorothy has, at that very time, winded up a picture in a hurry, in order to pack to sail for Honolulu in less than a week’s time. She said she knew she shouldn’t go—there were interesting contracts on hand, and contracts are contracts. But, also, Honolulu in the early summer is Honolulu in the early summer! So she gave in, and appeased her conscience by calling it a half-business trip. Her husband owns a chain of theaters in the Hawaiian Islands, and Dorothy will make personal appearances in the largest and most important of them.

She has been in the islands before, and she says the people there are quite keen about the movies. I imagine the people are quite keen about seeing Dorothy, too. If they think all American girls are like her, what an "ad" she is for her native land! Imagine having a national prototype as pretty and peppy and popular as Dorothy.

"I’ll be gone only a month," said the vivacious yellow-hatted lady, "and when I come back—"

And when she comes back, I’ll let you anything that, in a little less than no time, she’ll be playing—well, say a character somewhere between a ragamuffin and—you know the rest.

Duane’s Profile.

Duane Thompson is the cutest little girl in Hollywood. She has always been cute, but she has never been so cute as she is now, with her new nose. No one else ever noticed anything wrong with her old nose, but for a long time, Duane was dissatisfied. So she told all her
friends that she was going away for a few weeks. What she really did, was to get a specialist to fix up her profile, and now you ought to see it. Not that I’m trying to dig up business for the facial artists, but Duane’s nose is really a beautiful job.

And is she proud of it? Just write her a fan letter.

**Estelle Settles Some Questions.**

I asked Estelle Taylor, “Is it true that you don’t want Jack to fight any more?” and, being a clever girl, she caught on right away that I referred to her husband, Jack Dempsey, and answered, “No, I’m awfully glad you brought that up. It gives me a chance to explain my real feeling. I have been misquoted so much. You see, several people who didn’t like it when I married Jack started the report that I was going to force him to give up the ring. Which is the last thing in the world I would ask of him. I have my career, so why shouldn’t he have his? What I did say was, that I wouldn’t want to watch Jack fight. I couldn’t stand that. I’ll be in the town where he fights on Labor Day, boosting him all I can, but I won’t be at the ring side.”

So, in case you are one of those who thought Estelle didn’t want Jack to fight, that ought to clear that up.

Estelle had invited me to the Montmartre to luncheon, and there we sat, dallying over green salads and iced drinks.

Estelle wore red. I mean red. All red. With her black hair and white skin in mind, you can imagine what I mean to say. The waiters had to cough twice at any of the men patrons in the place whenever they wanted to get their attention.

“Another thing that has been annoying,” went on Estelle, who is as candid as she is beautiful, “is the idea some people have that I want to make capital, in a publicity way, of my marriage. I’m so sincere about that, that I won’t allow my press agent to take any more pictures of Jack and me together. Before I married, I was Estelle Taylor, with a little bit of standing of my own, and then, when I married Jack, I seemed to be swallowed up in his reflected glory. Several producers wanted to bill me in their casts as ‘Mrs. Dempsey.’ I wouldn’t stand for that. So I didn’t work for a while.”

But Estelle casts too enchanting a shadow on the screen to remain long away, and John Barrymore, who doesn’t need Dempsey’s name to bolster his films, drafted her for his “Don Juan” cast. The advance notices on that film gave her honors with the star, one writer even going so far as to say it was really her personal triumph. After “Don Juan” is released, Estelle need have no fear of being labeled “Mrs. Dempsey.” Producers will be only too glad to get Miss Taylor’s signature to a contract.

**Jobyna Steps Forth.**

Jobyna Ralston was hostess at the Montmartre recently, and presented the dancing trophy to Harold Lloyd’s sister-in-law, which is certainly keeping things in the official family.

Speaking of Jobyna, she gets lovelier every day, and every one is predicting a very rosy future for her, now that she is on the verge of free-lancing. Her salary has jumped to four figures, and William K. Howard, who directed her in “Gigolo,” with Rod La Rocque, says she has the brightest future of any two girls on the screen. Considering that Mr. Howard isn’t usually given to such extravagant praise, that’s a mighty nice compliment!

**Hints to Housewives.**

The things that make the players’ homes distinctive and out of the ordinary are not the things that cost the most money. The secret lies in little personal touches. For a few outstanding examples:

Norma Shearer throws a bright shawl over the grilled railing of the stairs.

Eleanor Boardman has a parchment lamp shade made of an old English will that she found in an art store.

Lilian Tashman’s library table features odd-shaped, vivid boxes of exotic candies.

In place of one silver frame on a table, Kathleen Clifford uses eight or ten, the frames graduating in size.

Each little fad bespeaks the individuality of the owner.

“All God’s Chillun Got Shoes.”

King Vidor sings negro spirituals in a manner that would make Roland Hayes look carefully to his tenor Cs. The Texas Mr. Vidor, who is leading the parade of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s big directors, has a wonderfully sweet tone. His voice is uncultivated, but as smooth and unstrained as a professional’s. [Continued on page 112]
ANITA STEWART.—When I want to register annoyance on the screen, all I have to do is think of some of the things I hear when I go to see one of my pictures. The remarks go something like this:

“Oh, yes; I know Anita well! Why, she and I used to go to the same school together in Spodunk,” or, “My mother’s cousin’s aunt is a relative of her uncle’s second wife.”

It is easy to see how such little things can become annoyances. I almost have nightmares when I stop to think of how terrible it would have been if I had attended all the schools that I am accredited with. And when I think of the hordes of people who are supposedly related to me—oh, more and more nightmares!

LOUISE FAZENDA.—Formal dinners and stiff, formal social functions, where every one looks askance at his or her neighbor. If there is anything I dislike, it is trying to be something else than my own natural self.

SYD CHAPLIN.—Trying to be funny after working hours. That is, being persuaded into being “the life of a party”—reading jokes and sentimental books. Just because a man makes a living being a comedian is no reason why he should wear a perpetual grin and stop every one he meets, including the gardener, taxi starter, or ticket chopper, to relate humorous incidents or to tell the plot of his next picture. A man can be a comedian and still be human.

“CHUCK” REISNER.—Landlords and the signs they put in front of their premises regarding children! Not long ago, I stopped my car to get out and kick over a sign that bore the words, “No Children or Dogs Allowed.” I am the father of Dinky Dean, the boy actor. Dinky is all boy, and has ruined the disposition of more than one landlord. Hence, my aversion to landlords.

CLARA BOW.—The woman gossip—the sewing-circle type! I know no one more malicious than persons who spread misfortune, scandal, and exaggerated half-truths. They are so destructive, such trouble-makers—all to no end. And at the same time, such disseminators consider themselves so virtuous, so smug, so righteous! I like straightforward people. Gossip is my pet aversion.

WALLACE BEERY.—Speakers at banquets! It wouldn’t be so bad if they were clever speakers. But it seems that, by and by, men who are clever are too clever to take a chance at banquets. Chauncey Depew once told how he had managed to live to a ripe old age despite having been the most sought-after toastmaster in two generations. “The way to survive banquets is not to eat ‘em and not to drink ‘em,” he said.

P e t A v e r s i o n s

Yes, they are just like the rest of us. Read here whether the same

Compiled by

Hollywood—get out your bludgeons! Some one is going to get “biffed” by these revelations. Ricardo Cortez probably will start dodging every police officer he sees. Radio announcers will want to throttle Ramon Novarro, Jack Holt, and Raymond Hatton. Neither Wallace Beery, Louise Fazenda, nor Elmer Fair will be invited to social events for a year, while Vera Reynolds never again can boldly face the dentists. For the motion-picture players are taking advantage of this opportunity to reveal their pet aversions. And there are some strange “pets” in the lot.

Nearly every one has some choice antipathy. The gamut runs all the way from gum chewers in theaters to peanut crackers in the street cars. There is the fellow who paws you over as he talks confidentially, and the man or woman who tries to impress you with “cleverness.” They have been told,

To which I should like to add that the best way to avoid after-dinner speakers is not to go to the dinner.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE.—My pet aversion is the person who hums tunes—anything from grand opera to the latest “blues.” I’d like to boil him in oil. He, or she, is about as popular with me as a goldenrod salesman is with a hay-fever convention. If my friends hear of me committing mayhem, assault, and battery, they will know it’s because some Hunner has attempted to perpetrate “That’s My Baby” and variations without ever drawing a breath.

CLAIRE WINDSOR.—The woman who tells you that she is utterly exhausted from trying all day to buy a becoming hat, “and simply can’t find a thing in this stupid town, my dear!”

RAYMOND HATTON.—The radio announcer! I don’t know why they all have such soppy voices. I like radio. In fact, I own a good one. I like the programs and the music, but I’ve really almost abandoned use of mine, because just when I’m in the midst of enjoying a program, the announcer has to put in his oat and turn loose a lot of “blah.” I predict that the first station to dispense with the announcer, or else to reduce his conversation to the minimum of absolute necessity, will achieve world-wide acclaim.

ROBERT AMES.—The clever individual who drives by a golf course, and honks just as I am at the top of my backswing. Then, a ding with the snuffles isn’t far behind.

GEORGE O'BRIEN.—Making personal appearances! I always feel—and act—like such a boob, when I have to tell an audience that I love them, knowing all the time that they are wondering why I don’t go back to the farm where I belong.
of the Stars

us, and all have their pet aver-things annoy them as annoy you.

A. L. Wooldridge

at some time, that they scintillate with personality, and they make an effort to live up to the hallucination. There is the "Guess-who-this-is-speaking" person, who calls you on the phone, and the one who replies, "All rightie!" And there are a lot of others.

Norma Talmadge says, for instance, that she has a certain chic marked for capital punishment.

"Any one who has sat next to a gum snacker in a theater or who has stepped on some of his cast-off cuds," she says, "will join me in recommending electrocution. He is about as irritating as anything in the world could be."

Norma is not the only star who has spoken so frankly. A number of them reveal here the things that annoy them. Read what they say, and see which aversions tally with your own.

PAT O' MALLEY.—Automobile drivers! Yet I myself own three cars, know how and why they run, and how to fix them if they don't. But the man who signals for a left turn and then turns to the right, or the guy with four-wheel brakes who likes to show how quick he can stop in a traffic jam, or the man who tries to pass where there isn't room—all these cause a rise in my temperature. And the person who incites me to homicidal mania is the man who toots his horn in a traffic tie-up.

JOSIE SEDGWICK.—I can and will ride the roughest galloping horse that can be found. But I will run a mile from a cat. I have never been able to endure one.

MARY PHILBIN.—Automobile salesmen! I have never owned an automobile nor indicated any intention of getting one. I do not know how to drive, and don't particularly care to learn, yet I am constantly besieged by salesmen, who ambush me at home, at the studio, or whenever I go out in public. Their constant attempts to sell me an automobile are making me all the more firm in the conviction that I don't want one!

REGINALD DENNY.—People who laugh at the wrong time in theaters. I have seldom gone to a play that some consummate ass did not laugh during a dramatic scene. Whenever I hear these brazen idiots, I want to commit murder, for I always think of the actors who are playing the scenes before such an audience.

JOHN GILBERT.—The actor who tells you all about the lovely part he would have had if the director hadn't thought he wasn't quite the type.

ELINOR FAIR.—"Doggy" affairs. They bore me to tears. Formal functions are my pet aversion. The little informal "come-just-as-you-are-from-the-studio" get-together parties, I enjoy. But ritz formal dinners and receptions simply aren't in my repertoire.

BEBE DANIELS.—A "yes man's yes man." I hope I make myself fairly clear. It is really sad enough to have to experience a "yes man," the chap who just never can say "No!" But when he is teamed up with another who yes-es him, and the two of them are anywhere in my vicinity, you can write it down in large black letters that they are my idea of something to be avoided. I do love the sound of "No!" once in a while.

NOAH BEERY.—The man who stops his automobile right in front of yours on a busy street, causing a traffic jam just when you're trying to keep an appointment. He gets out and spends ten minutes arguing with another driver about an alleged scratch on his fender. It makes me favor capital punishment!

RAYMOND GRIFFITH.—Any one who takes life too seriously. Also any one who takes himself too seriously. Life is too serious to be taken seriously. There isn't time for that. The "gimme" and "lemme have" boys are beyond the pale. Likewise, the man who punctuates his conversations with his finger pointed at you or jabbing at your vest; the person who deplores the attitude of the younger generation; the man who originates the names for Pullman cars; and the funeral director who sends me a memorandum book every year.

NORMA SHEARER.—The man who asks a waiter at a restaurant just how the food is prepared and if the chicken is good to-night and whether the Brussels sprouts are cooked with cream or butter—and then selects something entirely different!

RENEE ADOREE.—The woman who keeps you waiting in a store while she has the clerk bring out every bolt of goods in the place and then thanks her sweetly and takes a tiny piece for a sample.

BUSTER KEATON.—The wise-cracker who "knew him when!" You know the bird. He's the champion liar in every town from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California, and from Seattle to Miami. Mention anybody—Ty Cobb, Eddie Foy, Doc Cook, Kip Rhinelander, "Red" Grange, the Cherry Sisters, or the Smith Brothers—and this master mind can give you the lowdown on his private life, past and present. Mr. Knew-him-when is at his best in Hollywood.

"Director So-and-so a genius? Be yourself!" argues the know-it-all. "Why, I knew him when he was hustling props out at the old Balboa lot. He couldn't direct a picture if he didn't have a good assistant. He's got Continued on page 94
Mademoiselle—Not Grisette

In Arlette Marchal, brought from France by Paramount, is found the carefully reared flower of that great institution, the French home, rather than the little devil of the boulevards.

By Myrtle Gebhart

We have Pola the magnetic and dominant queen, the gorgeously frank pagan polished by superficialities into a cosmopolite. We have Vilma of Budapest, whose clear skin is untouched by cosmetics, Vilma whom we picture as the fraulein of a home, surveying with pride her stock of linens and her thick, rose-garlanded china. We have Renee the imp, in whom bubbles playfully a refreshing joyousness.

And now we have Arlette, a little bit of all three, to add one more interesting personality to the fast-growing foreign colony of Hollywood.

In Arlette Marchal I find something of Pola’s tutored mind and love of literature, a trifle of Renee’s infectious gayety, but, I think, she is most like Vilma. In this respect: that she is untouched by the glories of the theater, for she came directly to the screen from a home.

Work and ambition and family ties leave little time in her life for the love affairs which publicize these European beauties. The press agents tried to hook onto her the title of “the toast of Paris,” but they can’t kid me. If any gay boulevardier got fresh with Arlette and begged to drink champagne from her slipper, she would send him trotting.

Romance is not aligned with Pola—it’s part of her. Upon it she thrives and grows and from it she draws her art. It is, in a sense, a well-spring. Romance, when it comes to Arlette, will be the development, I fancy, of a slow, sweet, and proper friendship.

She is not a lady of the lights who bursts upon us of a sudden, the surface Parisienne seen by the tourists and gayly painted on the movie cabaret canvases; she represents the accumulation of centuries of old France, slowly and solidly building.

From the little glimmerings that our difficult conversational contact made possible, I pictured her home: quiet, restful, charming, artistic, a conservative and tradition-bound French home ruled by a stern yet tender père, by a maman at once material and idealistic, a home in which filial obedience prevailed.

I imagine her, after her motion-picture work had taken her a bit into the world, attired in a short, chic Royant sports outfit rather than gowned in a sparkling Lanvin creation; attending lectures at the Sorbonne, or steeping herself in the melodies of the Conservatoire concerts, instead of reveling in the frivolities of the “Folies Bergère.” Or strolling thoughtfully through the quiet lanes of chestnuts in the Tuileries instead of motoring, correctly accoutered, through the Bois de Boulogne.

Her afternoons were spent at work or sewing at home, not dawdling over gowns displayed by the mannequins in the shops along the Rue de la Paix, her evenings in family discourse, or entertaining suitors under the vigilant chaperonage of maman, not in flitting from one to another of the gay cafes.

* She is daytime France, not butterfly evenings—the restful, at once practical and artistic charm of France. She is the Frenchwoman who proved the backbone of her nation during the war, not the champagne-sipping, lightsome coquette. Mademoiselle, you understand, not grisette.

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**Favorite Picture Players**

**WHEN** handsome Ramon Novarro appears in this heroic pose at a fancy-dress ball in the film, "A Certain Young Man," there is such a flutter among the ladies present, that complications set in immediately.
Leatrice Joy in one of her happiest moods—just before her recent trip to New York. Her flashing personality registers so effectively before the camera, that it's hard not to print every new photograph of her.
GOOD looking as Anna Q. Nilsson was as a boy in "Miss Nobody," she is much more bewitching as her own feminine self, which she becomes again in "The Midnight Lovers," a photoplay dealing with marital troubles.
THE popular Mr. Meighan, who has been the victim of late, of rather uninspiring roles, is said to have been particularly pleased with his newest film, "Tin Gods," for the reason that it gave him a chance to act.
ONLY a Mack Sennett comedy girl—is pretty Thelma Parr, but that, to-day, is not so despised a position as it used to be—not since so many of the lowly Sennett bathing beauties have risen to high fame.
THAT infectious Latin smile of Tony Moreno’s brightens up any movie in which he appears. In the film version of Ibáñez’s "The Temptress," he is one of many to succumb to the charms of Greta Garbo.
AILEEN PRINGLE grew tired of vamping, so—burst into slapstick comedy in "The Wilderness Woman," but—was not allowed to stay unspoiled for long, and now—is sophisticated again in "Tin Gods."
WHILE in New York, Renee Adoree announced her engagement to Rudolf Friml, the composer. She was also interviewed by Malcolm Oettinger who gives impressions of her in the story opposite.
A Couple of Vive Las!

Gay, impetuous and irresponsible, Renee Adoree's shivering moods only thinly veneer her strong emotions, and the heroine of "The Big Parade" has what is called the heart of a child.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

R E N E E A D O R E E was impersonating Elsie Ferguson while in New York. No one, it seemed, could see her. At her hotel she was incommunicado; the set on which she worked was inaccessible to alien spirits; Renee was what the publicity department euphemistically called "difficult." She was immersed in her work, it was said—wrapped up in her Art. An interview was, unfortunately, out of the question.

Then we chanced to meet at Aileen Pringle's. And the elusive Adoree proved to be not a temperamental prima donna but a fascinating soubrette loath to tie herself down to more or less formal rendezvous with the press.

"I do not like the appointments," she explained volubly. "It is always the questions: Are you in love? Are you married? Will you leave your present home? Who is the fiancé? Is there a wedding to be?" She shrugged her shoulders and smiled childishly, appealingly. "Who would like to have such questions?" she asked. "Not I, you may believe me."

A romantic figure, she has been subjected to the usual rumors of betrothal to one man and another ever since her divorce from Tom Moore. Direct information from the lady herself on this impertinent subject was this: "Engaged? Married? But why? I am in love with life!"

Her poignant performance in "The Big Parade" was probably the outstanding sensation of the past season. Here was characterization that was brilliant, human, sure, penetrating the heart of the spectator as deftly as the etcher's fine point bites the steel. Here was a cinema creation who lived and loved and laughed so realistically as to confound criticism. And more than one hitherto skeptical observer left the theater seeking the identity of this French girl, whence she had come, why she had lingered.

Adoree had been making pictures for five years—program pictures, just as "The Big Parade" was designed to be until its magnitude impressed the official eye. No one had noticed her particularly. Comedy she had played, with Creighton Hale, Glynn flapdoodle with Lew Cody, idyllic romance with Conrad Nagel—unheralded and, as the saying goes, unsung. In other words she had trouped jauntily enough, but not with compelling success.

Then the big picture came, and the big part met the right actress. As the adorable heroine of "The Big Parade," Renee marched to triumph overnight.

Two other actresses have shared the same plight up to the past season, Louise Dresser and Belle Bennett both having plodded steadily along for years until their chances came in "The Goose Woman" and "Stella Dallas," just as Renee's opportunity arrived with the war story. (It is interesting to note, in passing, that the studio executives all expected the picture to be a singular success for John Gilbert. It was considered the man's picture. The advance predictions were partly right: it did make Gilbert. But it also established Adoree.)

Meeting Adoree, you tell yourself that, after all, once in a while it happens. Memories of million-dollar ingénues with thirty-cent ideas, and imperial importations with bourgeois intellects, starched gentlemen and half-baked stellas, imitation people, all fade as you find yourself facing a real person with a genuine personality.

Renee Adoree (a stage name, should any one harbor doubt on that score) is not beautiful, but she is a rare, individual type not soon forgotten. You remember her sparkling eyes, her curiously high cheekbones, her hungry mouth. She is the French girl of fiction humanized and made natural beyond recognition. She is a Maupassant coquette making eyes at Thomas Edison; a Gallic version of Zimbule O'Grady playing Bernhardt: "La Bohème" with Gershwin interpolations: a wildflower in Thorley's window.

What Adoree lacks in beauty she makes up for in magnetism. She is what a more Freudian analyst might term sex incarnate.

Being pointed out as that girl who was so wonderful in "The Big Parade" worries her. She has a dread of becoming self-conscious. When she came to the refuge of the delightful Pringle apartment she was disguised, as usual, swathed in a shapeless cape. A funny hat concealed her attractively bobbed hair; dark glasses covered half her face. She could have been Marie Dressler or Mae Murray or Sis Hopkins. Then the cape was tossed into a corner, the hat alighted on a convenient chandelier, and after much coaxing, Adoree removed the glasses.

She is a gay, mad creature, impetuous, pagan, irresponsible, irresponsible. Engagements are often forgotten, appointments occasionally overlooked. Acting is second nature. Life? Whatever comes along is life.

A young actor was introduced to Adoree shortly after her arrival in New York last spring. He was delighted to meet her, formally enough, then in precipitate fashion asked, "May I take you to dinner some evening?" and Adoree simply asked, "Why?" It was primitive in its naiveté, but quite characteristic. For although Renee has portrayed sophisticated ladies on the screen times without number, she is not truly a sophisticate.

It is difficult to talk seriously to her. Her mercurial temperament precludes deliberation.

Born of French-Spanish parents, Adoree was reared in the bohemian atmosphere of the circus. As a child she rode bareback. Later, she roved about with a road troupe, and eventually her path led to America. There was the stage, then pictures; marriage to Tom Moore, and divorce. Then, after so many years, recognition.

"If people only should know of the work in each picture—in every scene," said Renee. "If they should hear of the retakes at two o'clock in the morning, the cutting that kills so much, the terrible disappointment so often after all is done. But they do not know of these things. These are not what they call good publicity!"

Renee should know something about disappointment. Those in the know tell me that her work in "La Bohème" was the high light of the entire picture, magnificent in conception, eloquent in detail. Most of it now graces the cutting-room floor. For "La Bohème" was a starring vehicle, remember, and Adoree was not the star.

To spend time asking her about her acting would be fruitless and a trifle ridiculous. If there is such a thing as a born actress, she is it. Living in California for years has not served to Anglicize her Gallic charm. She

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Don’t Believe

You have heard that certain of the but the writer of this article found, players, that there was no truth in the

By William

reserved. They are pleasant when there is occasion to be so—at other times they keep to themselves. Many are just the opposite, as it is their genuine nature always to be “one of the crowd.” There is quite a difference between a reserved person and a snob.

I have found that the people who denounce the stars as being upstage are usually people who know nothing about the players they so readily condemn. I'll make myself an example.

“Oh, I simply can’t stand Gloria Swanson!” I used to exclaim, when I first came to Hollywood, a little over three years ago. “She is so upstage.” Yet I had never seen Miss Swanson except on the screen. Later, when I knew more about the studios, I altered my false impressions, which I had gleaned from others.

I first saw Gloria when she was making “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife.” Like other celebrities, she is constantly pestered to death by all kinds of solicitors, trying by fair means or foul to get to her. That is why she is a difficult person to see. But she is not upstage! I saw her again when she came back to the Coast to make “The Coast of Folly.” Rumors of how haughty she had become since marrying the marquis preceded her coming. I admit, it certainly was a different Gloria—but a childish Gloria, full of sparkle and fun—a radiant Gloria, pleasant to every one, as indeed she always used to be, only more so now. *Vive la Swanson!*

Take another much-maligned person, namely, Rodolfo Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d’Antonguolla—in short, Valentino.

During the production of “Cobra,” I had some translations to do for that gentleman.

Another much-maligned person is Rudolph Valentino, who is not at all the upstage gentleman he has been said to be.
All You Hear

stars are what is known as “upstage,” through personal association with these tales that he, like you, had heard.

H. McKegg

His bungalow on the United lot was fit for any one to live in. My second morning there found me seated at Rudy’s own desk in his elaborately furnished drawing-room. I like running risks, and had brought with me a book to read in case I got fed up with my work. It was Dante’s “Inferno,” and I was so absorbed in the tragic love story of Francesca and Paolo, that I really had dropped work for a while and was reading. A little before eleven o’clock, I was learning by heart Francesca’s poignant reply to Virgil. Rudy’s secretary was in her own office across the hallway, so I felt secure from detection. I was repeating “Nessun maggior dolore” half aloud when Valentino himself entered. Oh, inferno! Besides sitting at the gentleman’s own desk, I was reading instead of doing the work I was supposed to be doing.

“Stay there—don’t let me disturb you,” Rudy remarked, as I guiltily started up. He saw what I had been reading. “Ah, good old Dante! The first college I went to was called Dante Alighieri. Don’t you find parts of the ‘Inferno’ rather depressing?”

“On the contrary,” I replied. “Such reading stimulates me. It banishes all bête noires from my mind. Take another dose of the ailment that ails you—that philosophy has a name that I forget,”

“Indeed,” smiled the Sheik. “Cure a dead man by shooting him—is that the idea? I don’t comprehend.”

But his friend Mario Carillo entered just then and interrupted further explanations. He drove away with Valentino in the latter’s glittering Isotto-Franchini.

To-day I speak thus of the great lover—

“What? Valentino upstage? Bosh! Why, Ronald Colman is quiet about the studios, and so was falsely accused of being ‘high hat.’” Photo by Dean.

Because Jetta Goudal was reserved and kept to herself, she was criticized.

I did some work for him once and I know. Why, he is politeness personified, and a perfect gentleman.

I first met Jetta Goudal when she came from New York to play in “Open All Night.” I was, at that time, a comparative nonentity. There was no reason why Goudal should be pleasant to me. But she was, when many were not! One day I bewailed to her the false impression you create if you are inclined to be reserved.

“Yes, that is so,” she said. “I go along my own little way and mind my own business. Yet if you do keep to yourself, you get talked about for doing so. Therefore,” she laughed, “what must you do?”

The studio costumers, I think, are to blame for attaching temperament to Goudal’s name. They are wrong. Frances Marion, that clever, understanding

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RUMOR has it that young Tim Holt, son of Jack, is paying marked attention to little Suzanne Vidor. They have daily trysts over the fence dividing their two estates. No less an attachment exists between Claire Windsor’s Billy and his cousin, Doris May, left. Then there are Gloria Lloyd and her cousin Gaylord, right, though it looks as if they might already have quarreled. Below, are Bill Hart, Jr., and Thomasina Mix.
Presenting Mr. Pidgeon

Walter Pidgeon, one of the most attractive of the newer leading men, is known in Hollywood as a “comer.”

By Margaret Reid

WHAT, I ask you, are the movies coming to, when our leading men kid both the business and themselves? When they deny boisterously that they have become movie actors solely to satisfy a great artistic urge? When they completely neglect to insinuate that their success is due to constant study and devotion to things histrionic? That I should live to see the day when a handsome leading man would look me straight in the eye and say that he realized that the only reason he had a job in pictures was because the Lord had seen fit to make him six feet tall and lucky!

The young man with this astounding lack of reverence for his profession is Walter Pidgeon. Picturegoers may not be very familiar with him yet, but unless Joseph Schenck and I are both wrong, they will very shortly be bombarding the mails with requests for his photograph—"autographed, please!" My judgment may reasonably be doubted, but Joseph—our cinema Napoleon—who has never picked a loser, is wholly dependable.

Last fall, Pidgeon was singing in New York with Elsie Janis when he met Schenck. That astute producer immediately signed the actor for six months, asking him to leave at once for California to appear opposite Constance Talmadge.

The Talmadge opus then slated for production was "East of the Setting Sun," which Erich von Stroheim was to direct and direct, and wherein he was also to play the villain. It would have furnished a dazzling début for Walter Pidgeon, a glorious entrance under the eye-compelling banner of Von Stroheim. But, like so many well-laid plans of mice, men and movie actors, the plan for this film went astray. The story has it that the finished script provided marvelous opportunities for the heavy—Mr. von Stroheim—almost equally good chances for the hero—Mr. Pidgeon—and also a nice little part for some blonde girl—maybe Constance Talmadge. Anyway, that idea was shelved—leaving Mr. Pidgeon with a contract, but without a job.

Then, one Sunday, a friend took him out to Jimmy Cruze’s big, hospitable home in Flintridge. He had a pleasant, lazy day, smoking his pipe and poking round the garden. Some one asked him to sing "The Volga Boatman," and he agreeably obliged. As he was leaving, he told Cruze how much he had enjoyed himself, adding that he would like to come again sometime if he might.

"Well," Cruze said gruffly, "I don’t know whether you can or not. You’re everything in the way of a man that I don’t like. You don’t drink, and you smoke that pipe that’s so strong it makes me sick, and you sing that infernal ‘Volga Boatman’ ditty."

Pidgeon, totally unprepared for Cruze, who is one of our most likable eccentrics, backed away a bit.

The churlish James squinted an eye speculatively.

"How’d you like to play in my new picture? Yes? O. K.? All right, kid, I’ll fix it up with Schenck."

Thus, Walter Pidgeon became the hero of "Mannequin." Immediately afterward, Fox borrowed him for Rowland Lee’s production of "The Outsider." Then, he was loaned to First National for "Old Loves and New." They liked him so well that they kept him as Anna Q. Nilsson’s leading man in "Miss Nobody." Now he is appearing in the Fox film, "The Pelican."

All this, please understand, within a period of half a year, and—Mr. Pidgeon to the contrary—when the leading-man market is going through a particularly crowded era.

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Behind the Silver Screen

Astute comment on little things, both serious and amusing, that happen round about Hollywood.

By Jack Malone

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

HAVING been besieged by distraught questioners to establish a questions-and-answers department, with advice to the lovelorn thrown in, I hereby announce the creation of such a department, and will answer questions every now and then, if the spirit moves me.

A Hollywood hostess writes:

DEAR MR. MALONE: I am very anxious to give a dinner party for Norma Shearer. Will you please tell me a sure way to get her there on time?

Yours very truly, PERFUSED.

DEAR PERFUSED: The following rule has been used with great success by other hostesses. Invite Norma for Wednesday evening at eight, and your other guests for Thursday evening at nine. Serve dinner promptly on the second evening at the time named. Norma will arrive breathless just after the soup.

Speaking of waiting reminds me of Matt Moore's encounter with a shoemaker not long ago.

Matt went into a shoe-repairing shop on Hollywood Boulevard with a pair of riding boots he wanted mended.

"Can't have them ready until Tuesday," said the cobbler, handing Matt a claim check.

"But your sign out in front says, 'Shoes Repaired While You Wait,'" argued Matt.

"Sure," the man replied, turning to his work, "and you'll have to wait till Tuesday."

Every once in a while, we wonder if pictures are changing, or if we are. The announcement of the sale of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" to Famous Players-Lasky for ninety-five thousand dollars, led us to decide it was pictures after all, and not we. For, the most interesting part of Dreiser's contract is to the effect that the continuity and story of the film must faithfully follow the book—and the book ends with the hero dying in the electric chair. Monta Bell, Mal St. Clair and D. W. Griffith have all been considered to direct it. Dreiser is reported, however, to consider Griffith too sentimental in his methods.

All of this makes us look forward to the film version of "An American Tragedy" with more interest than to any other picture scheduled for this year.

It is rumored, also, that Dreiser refused sixty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights to his first and greatest book, "Sister Carrie."

Doubtless, this book, too, will now be filmed, in time, and it should be, as it has amazing motion-picture possibilities.

I believe every picture fan in the country wishes, at some time or another, that he could see his favorite star directed by his favorite director in his favorite story.

Personally, I haven't any one favorite among stars or directors, but for many moons, I've hoped that some day "Sister Carrie" would be filmed, with Pauline Starke as Carrie, John Barrymore as Hurstwood, and Paul Bern as the director. Such a combination would, I think, make the greatest motion picture yet filmed.

While I'm breathing wishes, here are two others:

I'd like to see Patsy Ruth Miller play Marguerite in "Faust."

And Pola Negri in a story based on the exploits of the famous woman pirates of the eighteenth century, with Ernst Lubitsch at the megaphone.

Speaking of Lubitsch reminds me of a story Bert Lytell tells regarding him. Lubitsch, Bert declares, is not only a great director but a great man, and Bert is really very fond of him. Lubitsch is Kid McCoy, serving time in the San Quentin penitentiary, writes that not all the bad actors are in Hollywood.
famous for making actors use their own minds while enacting scenes, instead of letting them depend alone on direction, and he frequently says, “Now, think—think a little.” But Bert says, with his eyes twinkling, that Lubitsch’s foreign tongue has difficulty with our “th,” and that what he says sounds like, “Now, stink—stink a little.”

Gene Tunney, the famous heavyweight prize fighter, who is scheduled to tangle with Jack Dempsey in New York during the month of September, has been in Hollywood, playing the lead in a serial.

Gene is very bashful with the ladies. One of our local lady interviewers, who is considered gushy by members of her own sex, pounced on him at a party and said, “Oh, Mr. Tunney, I just adore prize fighters! You know, during my experience as a newspaper woman, I have interviewed so many famous fighters, and now it is just wonderful to have the pleasure of meeting you!”

Gene blushed furiously and, in an effort to change the subject, he said, “Why, th-thank you. Did you ever interview John L. Sullivan when he was champion?”

The lady bristled and walked away, while Gene blushed the more when he remembered that Sullivan was champion forty years ago.

We frequently mention some of the young actresses who are climbing the gilded ladder of fame in Hollywood, but we have shamefully neglected the young actors.

There are two young men in particular whom we are watching. One is William Boyd, Cecil De Mille’s featured actor and protégé; the other is Carroll Nye.

Boyd has been in pictures for six years, but had played only bits and small parts until about a year ago. He was offered leading roles by other producers years ago, but De Mille promised him his chance later if he would remain under his tutelage. We saw him in “The Road to Yesterday,” and more recently, in “The Volga Boatman.” In both pictures, he did the most significant acting we have seen in a long time.

Two years ago, Carroll Nye was playing leads in the plays staged at the University of California. After he graduated from there, he appeared for a short time in stock companies in Los Angeles, and then bled him to Hollywood. He got extra parts and bits in the movies. Now he has been playing opposite Pauline Frederick in her new picture. He has gone a long way in a short time.

Another young man to achieve recent success in pictures—as a director, however, not as an actor—is Lewis Milestone. For three years he worked as a cutter, starting at twenty-five a week. He got a chance to direct for Warner Brothers, and made “The Cave Man,” starring Matt Moore. When Thomas Meighan saw that picture, he prevailed upon Famous Players-Lasky to borrow Milestone to direct “The New Klondike,” which turned out to be one of the best pictures Meighan has made in years.
Once Fanny had made up her mind to become a resident of Hollywood, nothing could sway her decision. That spring visit there had done the trick. On her return to New York, she could talk of nothing else. She babled about the climate, the flowers, and the great open spaces quite as though she had learned her lesson from a California realtor. Pausing in New York only long enough to weep and shout over Alice Brady's magnificent performance in "Bride of the Lamb," to buy a few clothes, and to pack up her autographed photographs, she was all ready to trek straight back to the West coast.

Of course, packing the photographs was no great task—she has many of them, but keeps all the men in one frame. All she has to do when one of them comes to see her is to shuffle the pictures so that his is on top. Corinne Griffith's goes into her suit case and is never far from sight, because Fanny retains enough belief in Couéism to think that she will some day come to reflect some of Corinne's beauty if she constantly stares at her photograph and repeats, "Every day in every way, I am growing more and more like her."

Accustomed though I am to Fanny's spasmodic way of doing things, it was a shock to find her at Diana Kane's farewell luncheon for Bebe Daniels just an hour before train time.

"But what are you doing here?" she asked, as she hurriedly made notes of things she wanted me to dash down to her apartment and pack for her. Strangely enough, I found myself rushing away to do as she asked. Fanny has that "you-are-so-big-and-strong-and-I-am-so-little-and-helpless" manner that makes people do things for her.

"You would have been quite out of place at the luncheon, anyway," she assured me later, as we were speeding toward Chicago on the Century. "All that the girls talked about was having their jewels stolen and the diffidence of insurance companies. Clinging as you do to only a few stray bracelets that look more like Woolworth than Cartier, you wouldn't have had anything to say."

Probably not, but I might have remarked that I had never lost any jewels nor had any stolen, and who would have been so cruel as to add that it was because I had never owned any? My long acquaintance with Fanny has taught me something about evasion!

Fanny was quite disconcerted because there were no film celebrities on the train. So she spent all her time writing telegrams.

"We might just as well have waited another day and come with Bebe Daniels," she remarked sadly. "Or a few days later, we could have crossed the country with Leatrice Joy. Still, Hedda Hopper will join us to-morrow and we can see a matinee in Chicago."
Teacups

York, turns around and goes straight her home near the stars and studios.

Bystander

We certainly did see one, and Hedda should be awarded some sort of victory medal for getting the tickets. The play "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," made from Anita Loos' book, is the biggest stage hit that Chicago has ever known, and getting tickets for it requires as much influence as it does money. Fortunately, Hedda knew the producer. Also, June Walker, the "blonde" of the play, has been a great friend of hers ever since the long season they played together in "Six-Cylinder Love," and that fact, combined with her natural wiles and pocketbook, made it possible for her to get tickets.

We were as hilarious over the play as though we had never read the gorgeous lines in the book. The only circumstance that marred a perfect day was the thought that Universal couldn't buy the screen rights to the play for Laura La Plante. Famous Players already owned them. "If only Famous Players could borrow Laura!" remarked Fanny. "She would be ideal as Lorelei Lee, but I suppose it's too much to hope for."

The rest of the trip was comparatively eventful. Hedda's young son and a crowd of her friends were at Pasadena to meet her, but nothing could induce Fanny to leave the train until she reached Los Angeles. She really should have gone with Hedda to console her when she heard bad news. It seems that Hedda had bought a pretentious new car just before leaving for New York, her asthmatic old Ford having been stolen. But even the auto bandits could find no use for her Ford—they had returned it, amid hearty laughter from the insurance agent.

Arrived in Hollywood, Fanny located an apartment—that is, Colleen Moore's mother located one for her. Just why she goes through the formality of having a home of her own, when she is always at Colleen's or Alma Rubens', I don't know. I suppose it is to have some place for me to bury myself in and answer her phone calls.

Every time that I run into Fanny at the Montmartre or any other place—as though there were any other place at which to run into people in Hollywood—she gasps over the discovery of another old friend among her neighbors.

"Who do you think is living just around the corner?" she asked the other day, and went right on before I could say "Bull" Montana. "Edna Murphy and Gertrude Olmsted! At least, Gertrude was living there until the other day, when she dashed off to Santa Barbara and married Bob Leonard. Edna won't have time to get lonesome, though. She is making a series of Western pictures, which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are going to release, and her working hours are from about the crack of dawn until late in the afternoon."

"I'll never complain again of a simple girl of the great open spaces wearing silk stockings in pictures. I met Edna in a store on Hollywood Boulevard the other day, just before closing time, trying to buy lisle or cotton stockings. She had been searching for hours, and evidently there isn't such a thing to be had in Hollywood stores. The salesgirls superciliously remarked that there was no call for such things but that they would descend to order some if Edna really wanted them. Unfortunately, Edna needed them the very next day. I suggested that she cut the sleeves out of a jersey blouse, but Edna didn't seem to think that she would care for anything so bulky. Ungrateful! I hope they make her go barefoot!"

"Oh, yes, and have you seen Madeline Hurlock? She lives just over on the next street—that is, if you call it living, to spend about twenty hours a day out at the Sennett studio. Madeline and I never get a chance to talk except over the telephone, if I don't talk to Madeline, how am I to keep up with new books and fashions? We are about to defy the conventions of Hollywood and go out to dinner together unescorted. That's a funny thing about Hollywood—girls gather together at luncheon in public places or at night in their homes, but
Over the Teacups


“Over getting reminded be doesn’t quiet blond Lewis ran could just,” I reminded her, hoping to save her from twisting her neck into a spiral as she endeavored to talk to Claire Windsor at the next table.

“Oh, yes—” Her eyes took on that you-can’t-beat-this look. “You know, the greatest source of income to the waiters up here is not tips from the picture stars, as you might think. They get their biggest tips from tourists who want to have the picture celebrities pointed out to them. Lewis Stone came up here one day and, having a horror of being stared at, decided to play tourist. So he gave a waiter a dollar and asked him to point out some picture stars. The first one was Alec Francis, whom the waiter identified as Lewis Stone!

“As soon as Mr. Stone finishes ‘Midnight Lovers,’ he is going off to camp for his annual fifteen-day service in the army. He is a major in the Reserve Corps, and will soon be a lieutenant-colonel. That will make him outrank all the other officers in the motion-picture business, as he should—being the only honest-to-shooting soldier in the lot. He has seen actual service—was one of the youngest sergeants in the Spanish-American War. And he saw service in the World War, too. Other officers in the movies—Major Louis B. Mayer, Major Rupert Hughes, Major Hal Roach, and Major Abe Warner—are really just honorary officers. In case of war, they would lose their commissions, but Lewis Stone would command a line regiment—if that’s what you call the ones that go in and get shot.”

“Please don’t speak of shooting Lew Stone,” I pleaded. “Then I’d have no one to draw me into a theater but Ronald Colman.”

But Fanny was by that time deep in a discussion of “Tin Hats” with Claire Windsor—Claire is playing in that film. She had on, that day, quite the loveliest peach-colored tulle hat I have ever seen, and knowing how much she likes lovely clothes, I could quite sympathize with her evident lack of enthusiasm over a war picture that probably puts her into a Red Cross uniform or wartime clothes, at best.

“Lila Lee has had her tonsils out,” Fanny announced a little later, drifting back from a near-by table. “This tonsil business is getting to be a mania with people. They all have a perfectly terrible time and nearly die, but it doesn’t seem to keep their friends from going and doing likewise.

“Patsy Ruth Miller has quite recovered from her operation, at last, and is at work on ‘Broken Hearts of Hollywood.’ Pat is just a quiet home girl—you don’t find her out dancing at the Ambassador more than three nights a week. The other nights, she is at

Diana Kane’s luncheon party in New York made Fanny almost miss her train.
home playing tennis. She has had arc lights put over her court and, if it weren't for the fog and the distracting criticisms from the side lines, you might be able to play tennis there at night.

"Isn't Montmartre a gorgeous place?" Fanny went on, gazing about. "Simply every one is here on Saturday. Too bad the tourists can't get in. All the tables are reserved so far ahead for Saturdays that there isn't a chance in the world of getting in unless you can convince the waiter that you are a friend of Hedda Hopper's, or Dorothy Cumming's, or some other good customer. But the enthusiasm of a tourist cannot be crushed—there is a mob of them right now hanging around outside waiting to watch the people come out."

Anna Stewart was flitting about in a gay red print dress, proclaiming that she was going to Hawaii for a vacation. Every one says she is training to go on the musical-comedy stage soon. May McAvoy insists that she is going to Hawaii for a vacation, too, but I don't suppose she will, for who could resist the lure of staying home and working when it means twenty-five hundred or three thousand a week?

"Have you heard about the wholesale invasion of the U. S. S. California by the movie companies?" Fanny asked. "It's funny—'We're in the Navy Now' is more than just the name of a new Paramount picture—it seems to be the motto of the whole picture business. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have been making a picture called 'Tell It to the Marines,' and they are supposed to have effected a tie-up with the marines and the navy whereby our national protectors were really just assistants whose duty it was to stand by and wait for a call from M.-G.-M. When the 'Tell It to the Marines' company went down to the U. S. S. California to start shooting, they found John Ford in the midst of making a picture starring George O'Brien, Lloyd Hamilton making a slapstick comedy, and a representative of Famous Players-Lasky hovering in the background, making arrangements for one of their companies to come down and start work. It was pretty hard on the crew; the gobs couldn't call their decks their own. Every time they started about their day's work, some camera man would yell at them to get out of the way."

"Accustomed to keeping everything neat, they simply couldn't understand that when blood was spilled on the deck, it had to be left there until close-ups were made."

According to Fanny, Anna Q. Nilsson bought her new home to fit a big Tudor table she had in storage.

Photo by M. I. Horst

Fanny wishes that it could somehow be contrived for Laura La Plante to play Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Incidentally, Bill Russell is in the George O'Brien picture, playing a burly fighter, and he looks marvelous. I crashed into a projection room at the Fox studio the other day just as they were running some of the rushes and, before any one could politely order me out, I saw Bill in two or three thrilling scenes.

"Helen Ferguson has finished her latest serial, so she drifts out to the Fox lot every once in a while to see her husband Bill. Players never seem to enjoy visiting studios much, though—it makes them want to get back to work, though why, I've never been able to discover."

"Zasu Pitts has promised to take me out to the Von Stroheim studio and introduce me to Fay Wray. She is playing the lead in his new picture—result of one of those rare occasions when a movie company advertised that they were looking for a

Continued on page 108
One of the first acquisitions in a smart fall wardrobe is a lightweight coat. The one at the left, of black kasha cloth, is worn by Pauline Starke. Ideal for sport wear is the tailored cloak at the right, seen on Anna Q. Nilsson in a current film. *

A useful and easily-copied dress is the sport frock of heavy yellow silk sketched at the left, worn by Pauline Starke. The sport dress at the right, of soft white flannel trimmed in red, was seen on Dolores del Rio. The cloak beyond this, adaptable to more dressy wear, is of pale-grey kasha trimmed with black seal, worn by Dorothy Seastrom.

Coats usually top the list when you are considering a between-seasons wardrobe. For a medium-weight sport or dress coat purchased now can be worn over light gowns until quite late in the fall—in some localities, as late as December—by which time the winter styles are settled in character, and you have had time to decide upon the models best suited to you.

On this page, therefore, I have sketched a few coats of the above-mentioned character, as well as two sport costumes, that are ideal for occasional wear both at present and later in the fall. The coat in the left-hand corner is very well suited to all-

MOST of us find it difficult to think of a fall wardrobe when the thermometer is still soaring to dizzy heights, and our days are still being spent—if we are lucky—at seaside or mountain resorts. If we are wise, however, a little looking ahead is quite in order, even at this early date, and a new coat or sport frock which bears the stamp of the coming season is nice to have for the occasional chilly day.

It is too soon, of course, to predict with any great degree of accuracy what the principal changes of the fall season will be, but "straws show which way the wind blows," and the coats and frocks shown at many of the smart shops now, and designed for the "between seasons" period, are fairly good forerunners of the bona-fide fall styles which will appear later in the season.

* A photograph of this coat is reproduced on the preceding page.
First Cool Days
and frocks designed for early fall wear.

Brown

round wear. It is owned by Pauline Starke, and is of soft black kasha, with revers and cuffs of a bold black-and-white plaid pattern. An unusual and very good feature is the continuation of the collar at the right side into a long throw scarf, which is equally graceful whether worn open or wrapped high around the neck.

Another coat which is particularly good is the one sketched to the right of this one. It is worn by Anna Q. Nilsson in “Midnight Lovers.” Miss Nilsson is of a type that looks equally charming in either tailored or dressy costumes, and though we are not all as fortunate as that, still the girl who revels in mannish styles would find such a wrap as this one of Miss Nilsson’s ideal for sport or morning wear. It is of heavy twilled wool, in a soft tan shade, strictly tailored in all its lines. Its newest feature consists in the leather collar, cuffs, and facings. The belt is of tan leather. Miss Nilsson wears the coat in this case over a simple two-piece jumper frock, but it would also be excellent for wear as a top coat over a tailored suit, accompanied by mannish hat and tie.

While on the subject of coats, I will skip to the lower right of that same page and describe the one sketched there, which is worn by Dorothy Seastrom. This is of a more dressy type. It is of pale-gray kasha, the collar and cape being trimmed with glossy black seal, while the braid on the cape is of silver. Miss Seastrom wears this coat in “Delicateessen,” Colleen Moore’s new picture.

Of the two frocks sketched on that page, the left-hand one is especially interesting, as it is one that could easily be duplicated at home by any girl who is at all clever with her needle. It is of heavy yellow [Continued on page 104]

Two dainty afternoon frocks. The one at the left, of flat crêpe and panne velvet, is beige in shade, while the bouffant frock on the right is of black taffeta, with a broad band of silver and rose.

The simple one-piece frock—this one is of navy-blue silk—never ceases to be popular.
Warner, the screen, for this season at least, need have no fear that the art of acting will languish. Warner appears as Jim Warren in "Silence," the Max Marcin melodrama which he played with fine discretion on the stage last year. Although the magnates of the theater saw fit to star him in it, as well he deserved, the gods of the celluloid decree otherwise; he "supports" Vera Reynolds. The muses may well weep.

For here is one of the strongest, most moving performances of a year rich in individual successes. A performance replete with artistry and bold, raw strength. It does not tower above the picture as a whole but takes its rightful place in a well-knit narrative which sweeps the spectator along through the crisis in a crook's life.

"Silence," however, is no ordinary crook picture, with the usual alternate slices of sentimentality, nobility of character, and narrow escapes from the police. Yet, on second thought, it has these elements of popularity, too, but they are presented with such skill and sincerity that they never evoke the horrid cry of "Hokum!"

Jim Warren faces the electric chair because of the murder of his pal, Harry Silvers, in the home of Phil Powers. His silence defies the efforts of jailers, lawyers, and a priest to make him speak and defend himself. He is about to go to his death when the screen visualizes the occurrences which preceded his imprisonment. They go back twenty years and show him a crook with a young wife to whom he is secretly married. His pal is Harry Silvers. As the net of the law closes about him there is but one means of escape—marriage to a rich woman saloon keeper who is more than willing to buy off the police.

Rather than achieve immunity by this means he disappears and years later goes to the town where live Phil Powers, who married his wife, and the daughter Jim knows is his own. He visits Powers to warn him of Harry Silvers' intention to blackmail Powers on the score of letters written to Jim by the wife who is now dead. It is the exciting occurrences at this interview that bring the picture to a climax and send Jim to prison as well as preserve the mystery of the identity of Warner, the screen, for this season at least, need have no fear that the art of acting will languish. Warner appears as Jim Warren in "Silence," the Max Marcin melodrama which he played with fine discretion on the stage last year. Although the magnates of the theater saw fit to star him in it, as well he deserved, the gods of the celluloid decree otherwise; he "supports" Vera Reynolds. The muses may well weep.

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in Review

and sometimes politely, reported.

Lusk

picking pockets. Miss Compson offers Hawaiian divertissements from the platform, supplying what may be called sex attraction. It is a prosperous though nefarious trade.

In order to give the public novelty, just as any showman would, Kirkwood decides to cast aside the medicinal hokum and give his audiences "religion" instead; so all his company change into costumes suggestive of the Salvation Army. While Kirkwood talks of the hereafter, with Miss Compson as the organist, the old people pick pockets with their usual industry and skill. And Mary Carr smokes a cigarette. Think of that! Yet there are those who say that players never change their stuff.

Religion "gets" the gang in the course of time and one by one they sheepishly reform—all except Hula Kate, whose jealousy of a new girl in the group keeps her human. In a "big" scene Kirkwood confesses his fraud to the congregation his preaching now attracts, and is forgiven. What happens thereafter goes to prove that some lives are crammed with incident while most of us plod through a humdrum existence. Mary Carr falls downstairs and kills herself, the sweet girl whose playing put a crimp in Hula Kate's affair with Kirkwood proves to be no better than she should be. Kirkwood goes to prison and in convict's garb still preaches—this time over the radio.

"The Wise Guy" has no end of plot, as you must agree, but it has little else that makes a good picture or even a plausible one.

The Best of Its Kind

"Rolling Home," the current Reginald Denny frolic, is one of the comedian's best. It is not only amusing throughout—and genuinely funny at proper intervals—but it is more human than many of his other films, excepting, of course, "Skinner's Dress Suit."

He is more than ably abetted by Ben Hendricks, Jr., who gives one of the best performances in months in a rôle that another might have made conventional. He is a tough chauffeur, a former buddy of the hero overseas, who goes with him to the latter's home town where great festivities are planned to celebrate the native son's triumphal return. Only Denny and Hendricks know that both are failures, with less than a dollar between them. But before they know it they are hailed as financiers. Out of this state of affairs develop all manner of amusing moments, narrow escapes from discovery, with, of course, Denny's ultimate victory over circumstances. Meaning that he does establish himself as a financier and wins the girl who has been waiting for him but who refused him because of his fancied great wealth.

Embroidering this yarn, reminiscent of a couple of Thomas Meighan's pictures, though far more rapid in pace, are countless surprises in the way of incident and characterization, all going to make a picture that reaches perfection in its class. It is wholesome, typically American funmaking, and all hands concerned in its building have reason to be pleased with themselves. Marian Nixon is the girl, if that means anything to you, and Denny is getting plump, which should mean a great deal. I hope he agrees with me and does something about it.

Something Out of Nothing

A newspaper comic strip having furnished the inspiration for Colleen Moore's new picture, "Ella Cinders," what can you expect in the way of story, characterization, plausibility? Just what you got out of the strip in question, I hope; then you will not be disappointed. But if you know nothing of the cartoons, the picture will seem thin and unreal in spite of all they have done to make it otherwise. At that it is superficial, not unpleasant comedy. Despite the handicap of mediocre material Colleen Moore indulges in several flights of really fine drollery. I imagine that in time to come we shall all look back upon these moments in "Ella Cinders" as among the finest she has ever brought to the screen. For example, when Ella learns she has won the movie contest and when, journeying to Hollywood, she wakes to find the train filled with Indians bound for the same destination and through fear of one of them smokes the cigar he forces upon her.

Colleen, you see, begins as one of those domestic drudges, quite in the manner of the Cinderella legend, with a hateful stepmother and two caricatures of sisters. The modernized Prince Charming of this incredible fabrication is the iceman, whose name, Waite Lifter, classifies the brand of humor at the bottom of the whole thing. Colleen gives up her career at the moment she is making good because Mr. Lifter reappears and bears her away to a life of domestic bliss. Incidentally, he isn't really an iceman but a millionaire or something fabulous. The last scene shows their little boy driving a miniature ice wagon on the lawn. Cute. There you have "Ella Cinders."

The Eternal Feminine

Probably because of the success of "Ponjola" a few years ago it was decided that another boy's rôle must be found somewhere, somehow, for Anna Q. Nilsson. And so "Miss Nobody," first chosen for Colleen Moore, now
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finds its way to the screen from the columns of the newspapers, where it first appeared as "Shebo," with Miss Nilsson in pants. Considerable changes have been made in the yarn of the girl hobo but I suppose enough of the original remains to keep faith with those who read and enjoyed the story. I say "enjoyed" with a rising inflection. The same inflection should be employed in recording the presence of the picture upon the screen. It is quite absurd, far-fetched and not particularly well acted except for one moment in the last reel when Miss Nilsson, under cross-examination by the police, suddenly breaks down, forgetful of her boyish bravado, and becomes a girl in the arms of her lover. This was simply and sincerely done. It gave me the only thrill, or I might say interesting moment, in the whole picture.

The story of the girl who, finding herself pursued by an objectionable man at a rowdy party, escapes in boy's clothing and by accident becomes one of a gang of hoboes scarcely comes under the heading of the great human documents of the season. Particularly as all the hoboes, hard-boiled if every man were, fail to see through her disguise. At least not at once. And the one with this quota of intelligence is the leading man, who isn't a tramp really but a rich, young, and handsome novelist collecting material for a best-seller—probably another opus like "Miss Nobody." The others never see the light until they are presented to Anna Q. in white lace, all their time having been given to working up what is called comic relief. So you see that while "Miss Nobody" may entertain on the score of its quick movement, it will hardly give you cause to exclaim at its relation to life on this mortal sphere.

Roman Candles and Skyrockets

Bebe Daniels, now devoting herself to elaborately mounted comedies, harks back to a former incarnation and gives us "Volcano," adapted from a play done by Josephine Victor some years ago, called "Martinique.

Everything, it seems, depends on whether Bebe is a white girl. Before a subtitle in the last reel tells us she is, the anguish endured by Bebe is enough to turn her from drama for the rest of her screen life.

France, and the island of Martinique in 1850 are responsible for lovely settings and picturesque costumes, both making a beautiful production carried out in minute detail. Bebe leaves her convent in France to join her father in the West Indies, only to be repulsed by her stepmother and told her place is in the negro quarter of the town. But her short stay in the garden of the home is long enough to attract three gentlemen, all of whom follow her in her banishment for various reasons, Wallace Beery's being naturally the most sinister. He is the boss of the blacks and, incidentally, gives a magnificent characterization. It goes without saying, doesn't it, that the high jinks of the volcano wash away or burn out the blot on Bebe's ancestry? She sails back to France in the sunset, with a vindicating subtitle and the most handsome of the three men. "Volcano" is beautifully produced; so are Bebe's dresses.

Don't Miss This

The combination of Pola Negri and Malcolm St. Clair, director of "Good and Naughty," is productive of the best results. And this isn't making light of the support of Tom Moore and Ford Sterling, either. Even Miss Dupont belongs. You will understand what I mean when you see the film. It is a gay, inconsequent tale of a married woman's fondness for a young architect who has grown weary of her and the efforts of a dowdy girl in his office to save him from the machinations of the woman. Mixed up in the conflicting motives of these three are the woman's husband, the architect's partner, a prize fighter and his girl. Pola is the office girl in smock and sandals who blossoms forth as the life of the party in Florida. Her gowns and jewels, wraps and hats will bring delicious despair to every woman who sees them. What emotion her fur-rimmed parasol will awaken I do not know.

These, however, are mere details in one of the best characterizations yet offered by the effulgent Negri. Those of us who have deplored her recent pictures should find cause for jubilation in this. For not only is the film a perfect example of worldly comedy but Pola does a star's share toward making it so.
When All, whereupon a hundred familiar win the race with many.

“Wet Paint”

Why Comedians Go Wrong

Harry Langdon’s familiar rôle of a sap, which was all very well in the short comedies of Mack Sennett, is not strong or interesting enough to sustain “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,” his first picture of feature length. In consequence it is pretty thin in spots although six good men and true are credited with the story and the gags that embellish it. All, including Langdon, have worked hard to make a showing but it seems to me that Langdon has short changed the bunch for while they have gagged for dear life he has given us his accustomed characterization of a simpleton and let it go at that.

The story is novel enough, too, having to do with a half-witted son of a shoe dealer in financial difficulties. Harry sets about to relieve father of his burden by entering a transcontinental walking race for a prize of $25,000. Various accidents and delays occur on the way but Harry, needless to say, outdistances his competitors, wins the money and a lovely, intelligent girl, too. She is Joan Crawford at that, which makes her choice of a husband the only foolish thing she does.

“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp” isn’t exactly dull but it is only mildly amusing when it should have been much more to warrant Langdon’s début in features. He shines in the shorts but grows monotonous for an hour at a stretch.

“Paris”

Girly Girly

If “Why Girls Go Back Home” were as informative as its title the picture would answer a question which, presumably, perplexes many. But it tells us nothing except the story of a small-town girl who becomes a Broadway star and brings her husband home to meet the folks. Of course there’s a great deal of shilly-shallying before this comes about, and the success of the heroine may be an incentive to numerous other girls who want to leave home but have doubts of being able to bring back the bacon.

Patsy Ruth Miller is the enterprising female in the case. Her active career begins when she flirts with an actor playing in her city. Somewhere in the course of the proceedings her heart is broken on a boy and that he is not the paragon of nobility she thought; whereupon Miss Miller somewhat abruptly becomes far more of an ornament to Broadway drama than the actor ever achieved in the “sticks” and eventually shows the man where he gets off. In fact, she slaps his face. But this turns out to be only a skirmish, a gesture, for they decide they’re in love and—all’s well that ends well. Clive Brook is the man.

All that happens in the picture is unexpected. This is a sure way to entertain, say those in the know.

“Rolling Home”

So This Is Paris!

Edmund Goulding’s story and direction of “Paris” combine the good and evil of the rather well-known city by the Seine, popular with tourists and becoming more popular every day with motion-

Continued on page 93
“Ben-Hur”—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality. Ramon Navarro, as Jesus Christ, is the great revelation. The epic chariot races 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. Most realistic war picture ever made. 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.

“Black Pirate, The”—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks’ latest, exquisitely filmed story of a Boulanger pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

“For Heaven’s Sake”—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mining work, with amusing results.

“Kiki”—First National. Norma Talmadge very enterprising in the highly comic role of the little gamin girl of Paris who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

“La Boheme”—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic with Charles Chaplin, who poignantly appears as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

“Little Annie Rooney”—United Artists. Mary Pickford a child again. Delightful film of New York’s lower East Side, full of humor, with just enough drama to make a good plot. William Haines very amusing as the hero.

“Marc Nostrum”—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibañez’s tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the spell of the girl of the Golden Ship through his love for a beautiful American spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading roles.

“Mercy Widow, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert as the supporting hero. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

“Night Cry, The”—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin more amusing than ever in excelling film of the sheep country, in which the villain is killed only just in time.

“Pony Express, The”—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and colorful acting. Including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

“Sea Beast, The”—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

“Stella Dallas”—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling of many pathetically humorous touches in the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title role of mother, does one of finest of finest of acting ever seen on screen. Lois March, charming as young daughter, and Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

“Three Faces East”—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jutta Gerson, Marion Davies, and Robert Ames.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.


“Auction Block, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Excellent melodramatic romance of the far North, with Lionel Barrymore, Norman Kerry, and Marcelline Day.

“Bat, The”—United Artists. Not nearly so good as the two preceding, but carries the hokum of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

“Behind the Front”—Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Brian is the girl.

“Beverly of Graustark”—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Mary Brian, seeking her man and pretending to be a boy, is met by a certain prince. Antonio Moreno opposite her.


“Blind Goddess, The”—Paramount. Good plot and excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Esther Ralston. Case of a girl who is ignorant of her mother’s identity and who testifies against her in a murder trial.

“Brown of Harvard”—Metro-Goldwyn. Quite an improvement over the usual college film. William Haines, as Brown, among the raves of the honors, with Mary Brian as his girl and Jack Pickford his satellite.

“Cave Man, The”—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young heires who tries to elevate a coal heavr to society.


“Dancing Mothers”—Paramount. Convolution story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

“Desert Gold”—Paramount. Wild-West melodrama. Neil Hamilton is the meditating a mix-up between the villain, and Shirley Mason the girl.


“Flaming Frontier, The”—Universal. An accurate historic picture of American frontier days, with Hoot Gibson in the role of a pony-express rider, and Dustin Farnum as general John Stonewall Jackson.

“Golden Cuckoo, The”—Warner. Helene Chadwick very charming and human as a wife of a man whose political career is almost ruined by a trivial but misconstrued incident in her past.


“Hands Up”—Paramount. Farceful romance of the Civil War, starring the incomparable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

“Hell Bent for Heaven”—Warner. Adapted from the prize stage play. A tale of mountain folk and religious fanaticism, reaching a climax when the dam bursts. John Harron and Patsy Ruth Miller featured.

“His People”—Universal. Rudolph Schildkrant in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a family of the Lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

“His Secretary”—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer shows how plain she can look in entertaining picture of how a stenographer who starts and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

Ibañez’s “Torrent”—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young lover whose mother’s influence kills his romance and ruins two lives.

Continued on page 118
Caught by the Camera

In and out of the studios

Though it's considered unwise to wear your heart on your sleeve, Gwen Lee—to whom these legs belong—wears hers on her stocking—and it seems to be bleeding, too!

"Yea! Hollywood!" Clara Bow, mascot for the local team, and its champion rooter, does her cheering from the hood of her car.

Gardner James uniquely has an altar in his attractive living room, for his home used to be the shrine of the Theosophist Society.

Completely disguised behind a walrus mustache, Syd Chaplin, in the famous role of Old Bill in "The Better 'Ole," turns a deaf ear to the megaphone of his director, "Chuck" Reisner—the man in the German helmet.
Look at Eddie Lowe and burst into tears! That pained expression is all because of the army hair cut that he had to have for "What Price Glory." But Director Raoul Walsh stood firmly by and saw to it that he didn't duck until the Marine barber who did the job had clipped the last hair.

Perhaps your letter is in that stack on the table beside Louise Fazenda. This is only part of the fan mail that she gets every day, and she always reads every bit of it.

The joke was on Bebe Daniels when she stepped off the train in Los Angeles, back from her trip to New York. She had been thrown from a horse and badly injured while in that big city, so her friends made sure to meet her at the train with a nag that was safe and sane.

Is that a muscle, or isn't it? Greta Garbo looks hopefully at it as though she thought it might be, but Johanns Anderson, athletic coach at the University of California, shakes his head and has his doubts.
Gloria Swanson, right, thinks she is just the last word in chic in this scene in "Fine Manners," another of those films in which a girl of the people tries to rise in the world, but never quite fits in. Eugene O'Brien is trying to be polite, but Gloria's costume is a little too much for him.

Dorothy Dwan, below, finds that her husband, Larry Semon, makes an easy subject to caricature—in fact, all he has to do is look natural. Larry draws expert caricatures himself, and it was he who taught Dorothy how.

Mary and Doug are having a very busy time abroad. This picture was snapped while they were exploring the ruins of the Roman Forum.

I say, are you thea? Jolly fine thing, these monocles, what? Yes, says Esther Ralston, and promptly adopts one, but she may be wearing it only in fun.
Red Heads of Hollywood

But, alas! their flaming color, whether real or acquired, is a total loss in the cold black-and-white of the screen.

You might know that Clara Bow (left) would have red hair—she plays such red-headed roles. Doris Hill's curls (below) are dark, but still they're red.

Margaret Livingston (right) is another whose Titian hair matches her lively temperament.

Ethel Shannon (left) has, perhaps, the fireiest head in the film colony.

Mary Astor's bright-red curls (above) are rather light in hue. Blanche Maffey (right), being Irish, just couldn't escape being red-headed.
Clive Without an Angle

Just a simple, everyday chat with Clive Brook.

By Dorothy Manners

UNLESS I told you, you might never know it—as there is nothing in the text to hint at it—but this is perhaps the most extraordinary interview with a picture star that you have ever read. I might even go so far as to say, that has ever been written.

The subject matter is Clive Brook, and though you may suppose, from the foregoing paragraph, that I am going to dash into some unusual literary antics about Clive, such is not the case. No, this amazing eccentricity of which I have spoken lies in the omission of certain journalistic principles rather than in the commission of merit. For this is a story without an angle.

Now, an angle to an interview is what Jack Gilbert is to the box office—practically indispensable. It is the model over which a player's personality is draped. For instance, quoting Mary Pickford on her happy marriage to Douglas is an angle for a story on Mary—not a particularly good one, but an angle just the same. Quoting Theda Bara on technical improvements and changes in screen technique since her Fox days, is an angle on Theda. Biographies are an angle. Even pure personality sketches are usually draped over some rack. You see what I mean? I doubt if you have ever read an interview that has not expounded some particular angular backbone, in one way or another. That is, up to now.

And don't think that it is through carelessness that I leave Clive angleless like this. I've given the matter a lot of thought. It struck me that Mr. Brook might be tied up with something like, "What an Englishman thinks of American women," or "What an actor thinks about between scenes," or "Why I married a non-professional," but I gave these angles up without much of a struggle, as they are terrible, anyway, and have been done too often to be even badly distinctive.

Clive, I felt, deserved something different. I've felt that way ever since I saw him in "Three Faces East." Now, as everybody else has an angle, what could be more from the beaten path than to leave Clive without one? That may not be good journalism, but it's great logic. When, by appointment, I met him for lunch, he was as ignorant of anything underhand as a babe in arms, and probably thought he was going to be written up with an angle just like any other actor. I could tell that, because he talked logically, easily, and well. He finished his current subject to the final period before he took up another one. He had been a reporter in England long before he had become an actor, so his experience came in handy. He talked somewhat under the general heading of "business-man actor," and I might have run the yarn under something like that, if I had wanted to run it under anything at all. But I didn't, and I don't, so hang on while we take the corners, and don't be surprised at anything short of incoherency, and not too surprised at that.

We ate at the Athletic Club, which is a nice place to eat—more conservative than Montmartre, and not so stodgy as the hotels. After we had been seated next to one of the big windows, Clive told me it was rather an inopportune occasion for an interview, as he was sunk in a mood—a pessimistic mood. He was, he said—mind you, all in good broad English a's—rather happy in his melancholia. But I wasn't to judge him entirely by that. Sometimes he was of quite a pleasant disposition. He told me this as he sat scribbling our order of vegetables and salads on a pad, in an elegantly illegible hand. I noticed that he looked, in person, exactly as he does on the screen, which is to say, very handsome. Which is to say, very handsome, indeed.

Just by way of cheering him up, I told him I had been completely jittery over his performance in "Three Faces East."

"You liked that?" he asked. "I guess it wasn't bad—I couldn't sit through it myself, though. Walked out on it—halfway through. Absolutely walked out. I thought the photography on me was terrible. Couldn't stand to look at it. That's vain, isn't it? I think we people in pictures are all more or less inflated with vanity. Can't help it. But then, I told you I was in a pessimistic mood. Probably feel differently about it tomorrow."

The waiter at his elbow said, "Beg pardon, sir," Continued on page 111

Photo by Wintle

Clive Brook told Dorothy Manners he had been a reporter once himself—in England.
Lillian Gish, exquisitely delicate of feature and form, suggests a painting by an old master. Had she lived in the days of the Italian Renaissance, she could easily have been the model for Da Vinci. She has the inscrutability of the women of Da Vinci, the same suggestive, mystic beauty. She gives the same effect of subdued mystery, of the pathos of dreams that can never find fulfillment.

She is one of those delicately clairvoyant instruments through whom we become aware of the subtler forces of nature. Cruder elements—sex, greed, hate—can be portrayed by almost anyone. But no one but Lillian Gish can awaken us to faint, secret stirrings of influences outside of material things. She is a breath of wind whispering sweetly soothing promises of better things.

And because, in this earthly world of ours, spirituality must always be a whisper, because illusion is always crushed by reality, there is infinite pathos in the embodiment of a pure spirit. When we look into the eyes of Lillian Gish, we feel the pathos of unfulfilled dreams, of lost illusions, and we want to weep. But we love to be stirred, and so we love Lillian Gish.

Lon Chaney.
The popularity of Lon Chaney, master monster of the screen, is, in the face of the beauty and hero worship that accounts for most screen successes, an amazing phenomenon. And yet, with a little thought, it is explainable. For within every human being is a capacity for evil as well as for good. Even in the best of us, is a curiosity about evil, perhaps an admiration for the courage of those who dare to be wicked. Most of us have within us a hidden streak which responds to raw, primitive cruelty.

I saw "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" unreeled before a private audience of highly cultivated people. I was amazed by the comments of one woman, one of the most sensitive, highly civilized persons in the room. When the defenders of Notre Dame poured boiling oil on the mob below, the scene was cut so that the actual torture that the mob suffered was not shown. This woman cried out, "Oh, aren’t we going to see that?" Her remark, in a sense, explains Lon Chaney’s popularity. The more normal the individuals, the greater thrill they get from the grotesque, the cruel.

We may not admit it, but we love the elemental evil of Lon Chaney.

Famous Types, and

The second installment in a series of writer, discussing just why it is some

By Clara

Florence Vidor.
Florence Vidor, beautiful lady, human woman, and great actress, has come into her own at last. She is aristocratic in her looks and manner, and yet she is always the everyday woman, not too proud nor too good for life’s everyday needs and wants. She has great strength of character, yet she suggests weakness. She has pride, yet she has humor.

When I try to select her most striking quality, I find kindliness the persisting answer. You feel that, under all circumstances, she would be kind and gentle to everyone, because of an understanding heart. She is not only good-looking—she is good to look at, always and in any mood. She has a beautiful, healthy mind in a beautiful, healthy body. Watching her is like breathing the fresh stimulating air of the sea. She is such a refreshing person—she gives you the feeling that the world is not such a bad place to live in, after all.

And so we are drawn to Florence Vidor.

Norma Talmadge.
Norma Talmadge has had long and steady success over her subjects. No one in the long line of film stars has ever won from her the loyalty and admiration that are given her by every picturegoer. I have heard discussions pro and con on almost every other star, but I do not believe I have ever heard anybody say he did not like Norma.

Why is this? My own answer would be that it is because Norma is the eternal woman, capable of all the emotions that flesh is heir to, capable of portraying beautifully on the screen all human joys and sorrows. She has that super woman quality, sympathy.

She fascinates by her strong sex appeal, but more than that she reaches the heart by her womanliness. She has the power to suggest wickedness, but always in the minds of her audience is a sure belief in her basic goodness.

She is, in short, just Woman—that’s the secret of Norma’s appeal.
Why They Appeal
character studies by a leading scenario of the great screen favorites attract us.
Beranger

Ben Lyon.
Ben Lyon, who rose to quick popularity in the hearts of the film fans, has the clean, happy personality that is so typically American. When Ben smiles, you just cannot help smiling with him. And when he laughs, you want to join in. He is the embodiment of optimism and he radiates good cheer. Add to that a dash of spice, a tablespoonful of humor, a heaping cupful of masculine strength, and you have a recipe for a sure-fire screen personality.

We Americans are fundamentally optimists. Not all of us love without reservation the Pollyannas and the Rollos, but we do love to have in our heroes and heroines a little of that happy quality that those names represent.

And because he has that happy quality in a strong and not insipid way, we all of us are attracted to the boy Ben Lyon, idol of fans both old and young.

Colleen Moore.
Colleen Moore has gained her greatest popularity in flapper parts. She has all the pep, the dash, the dynamic vitality that characterize the younger generation. But she is not the post-war flapper, who mistook freedom for license. She is the new flapper who, being used to freedom, uses it cleanly and honestly. She is modern to her finger tips, by which I mean, she knows and understands life, and faces it with wide-open eyes. It is a beautiful type, this New Girl of to-day. No longer is she bound by Victorian traditions and deceit; no longer does she gain her ends by playing up the weakness of her sex.

She is man's pal as well as his mate. No obsolete, false ideas of chivalry guide her actions. She is man's equal and as such, needs his respect as strongly as she needs his love.

Because she suggests more than any one else on the screen this newest type of girl, we have made Colleen Moore one of our favorites.

John Barrymore.
John Barrymore, who reigned supreme as the matinee idol of the stage, threatens now to become the matinee idol of the screen. And the analysis of the cause is not difficult.

He is without doubt the greatest actor of the day, and he brings to the screen the perfection of his stage technique. He has the face of a Greek god, and much of the paganism that goes with it. He has within himself a dual personality—he can be god or devil, and portray either one with equal force. Who that saw him in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will ever forget the hellish quality of his Mr. Hyde, or the angelic sweetness of his Dr. Jekyll?

But, unless I am greatly mistaken, his audiences love him best as the romantic lover. By this, I do not mean necessarily the "pure" hero of fiction. He could be a thief, a rogue, or a devil, but if he were a romantic thief, rogue or devil, his audiences would go mad over him. They worship his romantic quality, and in truth it shines through almost every part he plays. He himself loves the grotesque. And how he can play fantastic, monstrous parts! Once having seen him portray the role of Shakespeare's Richard the Third, you can never forget it. No more can you forget any of his long line of characterizations. But why let Apollo play Vulcan?

He is Apollo, of the godlike beauty and the pagan charm. And we idolize him—our John Barrymore.

Lewis Stone.
Lewis Stone has a tremendous appeal with the women fans of all classes. Is it because he seems so cold and unattainable? He is the high-class gentleman of good manners, good clothes, good breeding, and good looks. He has a certain austerity of character which never quite conceals a capacity for warm, perhaps even sensual, emotion. You feel that it would be a difficult task to make him fall for your charms, and yet you feel almost certain that if you were to succeed, you would find fire behind the marble mask. Is it a mask, or is it the real man? This very uncertainty makes him attractive to women. Just what is he, this repressed-looking man? Of just what human elements is he compounded? He never quite reveals himself. He arouses our curiosity and tantalizes us with his inscrutability.

And perhaps it's because he is a mystery, and because we all love mysteries, that we are fascinated by Lewis Stone.
Continued on page 107
New Rôles

Familiar faces in

Everything is becoming topsy-turvy in the movies. Types are being all jumbled up, and actors and actresses who we thought could do only one kind of part are rising up and doing the most revolutionary things. Just look, for instance, at that hard-boiled individual in khaki, above—it’s none other than our polished and cultured Edmund Lowe transformed into the tough Sergeant Quirt of "What Price Glory."

And the obviously comic character at the left is, of all persons, Harrison Ford!—always, heretofore, one of the straightest of straight romantic heroes. He appears thus in "The Nervous Wreck."

In the lower corner is the feminine Norma Shearer in the part of a mannish woman lawyer in "The Waning Sex."

In the upper corner, Carol Dempster, usually seen in poverty-stricken rôles, appears as a luxurious vamp in a dream sequence in "The Sorrows of Satan."
for Old
unfamiliar settings.

Above is the sweet and simple Florence Vidor in the gaudy paint and powder and the bejeweled costume that she wears in "You Never Know Women" as a performer in an elaborate Russian revue.

In the same film, Clive Brook, thoroughbred conventional Britisher, dons Russian boots and blouse, and plays the rôle of a stunt performer in the revue.

In the upper corner, Patsy Ruth Miller, one of the screen's best ragamuffins, has the time of her life in a gorgeous array of Paris clothes, as a sophisticated lady in "So This Is Paris," the film that was first called "Reveillon."

And would you recognize romantic young Ramon Novarro in the careworn, middle-aged gentleman in the lower corner? Ramon assumes this strange and unaccustomed rôle when he appears as his own father in "A Certain Young Man."
RAQUEL MELLER, the famous Spanish chansonière, who recently toured this country, succeeded in dazzling all Hollywood.

Outside of a big ball given for a visiting assemblage of theater owners of the United States, her concert was easily the outstanding movie social event of the early-summer season.

Even though her opening concert was given on a Sunday evening, the picture folk forewent their time-honored custom of wearing only informal attire when attending the theater on the Sabbath, and dressed up to pay her homage. As brilliant an audience as was ever assembled in a theater was on hand to welcome her at the Biltmore, and not satisfied with merely applauding in the conventional style, they even went so far as to shout and whistle.

For a woman who was once a mere cabaret singer in her native land and in Paris, it was a memorable triumph, and personally we felt that Meller deserved every bit of it, because she is really a most charming artiste. In case you don't know it, her name is pronounced May-air or Mol-yea, although Meller will do.

You may yet have an opportunity to see her in pictures. She has been variously reported as having signed up with one or another of the big producers.

However, nothing may materialize for a while at least. Any one who can succeed as she did in obtaining twenty-five dollars admission per seat in New York and ten dollars in Los Angeles for her concerts, need hardly be bothered with movie work until the novelty of her musical entertainment, restricted to fourteen songs per concert, has worn off. Even filmdom can hardly present as striking an instance as this of the money to be won in the realm of amusement, and the barometer of stellar satisfaction over the huge financial rewards of picture-acting must have taken a considerable drop when comparisons were made with the amazing achievement of this gifted peasant girl of Catalonia, who

Chaplin and Marion.

Charlie Chaplin was at the Meller concert, applauded vociferously, and made some more or less penetrating comments on her art. Rudolph Valentino also attended, with Pola Negri; and Mae Murray, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, Agnes Ayres, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, and Dolores del Rio were there, to name but a very few.

Chaplin was accompanied by Marion Davies. They sat directly in front of us, and Marion flirted with Charlie outrageously, even to the extent of attempting, in plain sight of everybody, to rumple up his somewhat unrumpleable hair.

Lita's absence was explained by the fact that she was out of town on a trip with her mother, and Charlie and Marion, who are great friends and loyal social playmates, were properly chaperoned by Louella Parsons, the syndicate writer on movie topics, and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast, the new director.

They had a lively time just the same.

Irene a Hit.

Irene Rich was quite a heroine at the Motion Picture Theater Owners Convention. She appeared before them at one of their business meetings, and was greeted with a positive tornado of applause.

Irene evidently has clearly and undeniably demonstrated herself to be a great favorite, or she would not have been welcomed in this royal fashion. Evidently, too, the fact that she has always been highly regarded for her womanliness and her motherliness had something to do with this. Despite rumors of her engagement, Irene seems to doubt whether she will ever marry again, though she may, now that her children are nearly fully grown.

We were surprised to find Conrad Nagel also im-

Straight from Paris—both girl and dress. Arlette Marchal plays the famous rôle of Countess Zicka, polished lady spy, in the film version of "Diplomacy."
mensely popular with the theater owners. He, too, was greeted with both cheers and handclap-
pings, so prolonged that he had to make a speech of thanks, when he had expected only to get up and bow.

Lew Cody was well received, and others who registered big during the meetings and social affairs were Lewis Stone, Jetta Goudal, Monte Blue, and William Boyd.

Tom is Himself.

Tom Mix helped to entertain the theater men, at a county fair one evening, by giving an exhibition of roping and shooting, wearing his full and best regalia of cowboy trappings, with a gold-and-platinum-studded cartridge belt. And his horse, Tony, wore one of his most-embel-
lished saddles.

"I hear you fellows do a lot of fighting at your meetings," Mix said during his more or less exciting performance, "so I thought you would like to see me do some shooting."

Later the same evening, Tom created quite a grand impression when he marched in on a cat party, being given by Mrs. Edwin Carewe, to call for his wife.

The cat party was in the nature of a shower for Lilian Tashman, who hasn't been married so very long, and she received a number of exquisite gifts from the girls of the film colony.

Despite the quiet sociability of the affair, Tom was himself and quite undaunted.

Harry Carey's Show.

Spectacular Western stunts are not the prerogative of Tom Mix alone, however. He has to share honors quite liberally now with Harry Carey.

For Carey recently instituted a wild-West show near his ranch at Saugus, which is a gathering place for the film colony on Sunday afternoons. We haven't had a chance to see Harry's show as yet, but we hear so much about it that we are going to make a trip out there at the earliest possible moment, so that we can tell you about it.

A Moving Movie Show.

Thus far, this has been a rather quiet summer season in the studios.

This is partly due to the fact that two of the premier companies, First National and Famous Players-Lasky, have been moving to new quarters. Stars in these organizations have been temporarily perplexed finding a place to work, and rental prices for space have been reported soaring. A number of the Lasky players, like Neil Hamilton, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and others, went East during the interim.

Colleen Moore returned to the old Griffith studios to make "Delicatessen" for First National, and this must have brought back memories to her more redolent than the title of her new comedy. For it was with "D. W." that she obtained her start.

To Bebe Daniels goes the distinction of being the first actually to begin a picture in the Lasky company's new home—this being her comedy, "The Campus Flirt."

James Cruze worked on the latter part of "Old Ironsides" there before her, however.

A new face in Bebe's film is that of Charlie Paddock, the sprinter. He plays a featured rôle. Paddock was induced recently to sign a contract with Paramount, and is said to be almost as snappy a film find as he is fleet-footed. Evidently, too, Paramount wanted to get off to a flying start when they hired him to help christen their new plant.

New Marital Adventures.

Despite all past fatalities, the film stars insist on going right on marrying.

We had a telegram from Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted, telling of their wedding in Santa Barbara and of how happy they both were. Edna Murphy was bridesmaid, and Willard Cole, a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. Only a small group of film people attended the wedding, because the couple wanted it to be quiet.

Elaine Hammerstein, who has not been so prominent in pictures of late, also was a recent bride, marrying James Walter Kays, son of one of the oldest southern California families. This, a big church wedding, was distinctly a social affair. Miss Hammerstein's plans for the future have not been definitely made known, but it is presumed that she will retire from anything but the most casual professional activity.

Most exciting of all, however, was Mae Murray's spur-of-the-moment marriage to Prince Divani, of the one-time kingdom of Georgia. Mae had known the prince only three weeks, having met him at a party of Pola Negri's. One evening, when he was calling on her, she fell down her front steps and was knocked uncon-
scious. He rushed her to a hospital, and as she was coming to, proposed to her. The marriage followed al-
most as soon as they could get a license.

Finds Fault with Samuel.

Raymond Griffith rises to remark that our honorable and ancient friend, Samuel Pepys, whose observations on filmdom are frequently included in these columns,
Hollywood

must be nearsighted. If he has this ailment, we did not know of it, but we have decided, anyway, in so far as possible to be a little more cautious about repeating his sayings, even though we have generally found him very reliable.

Anyhow, Pepys' mistake, in this instance, seems to have been a natural one, as such things go in Hollywood. He inferred, in describing his adventures, that he had attended one or two theatrical affairs with Ray Griffith, and that Ann Pennington, the twinkling-ankled dancer, had also been a member of the party. It appears that this statement brought considerable trouble to Mr. Griffith, in the shape of a long phone call from his fiancée in New York, which was charged to his end of the line.

Ray is really such an exceptionally fine and entertaining chap that we should hate to see him lose out in a romantic attachment of any kind, particularly as we have lately noted that he has often been going out quite unaccompanied.

Nevertheless, because of their remarkable insight, we shall have to offer some further comments by our sage and peripatetic confidant and raconteur, Mr. Pepys, though we shall make an attempt to censor them.

Samuel Pepys Writes Again.

Sunday.—Up and tremendously aggrieved this bright morn to learn of the sudden affliction of my friend, James Kirkwood's wife, or as Lila Lee, who has gone to the hospital to have a tonsil operation. Do believe that tonsils are fast becoming an epidemic in Hollywood. Am gratified to learn, however, that Miss Lee will shortly be about again, and will perchance soon play a lead in an important feature. Having always been a great admirer of Miss Lee's acting attainments, I feel that this is, to quote Hamlet, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Monday.—By coach to meet Sir Eddie Cantor, the comique from New York, upon his arrival to star with Paramount in "Kid Boots," an adaptation of a musical comedy in which he appeared upon the stage. I am amazed to find that my greeting Sir Eddie, that he is the father of four children. Such condition is rare in Hollywood—unless one, in wishing to be prophetic about the future, excepts the Chaplin household.

Tuesday.—Read with deep regret of the final separation of my two friends, John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, of both of whom I am very fond. I had hoped that a reconciliation might be brought about between them, since their baby daughter recently had seemingly brought them together again, but noting that there has been an alimony settlement between them in the amount of $15,000, to be paid to Leatrice at the rate of three hundred dollars monthly, in addition to fifty dollars for the child, I take it no peace can eventuate. Still, things more strange have happened in the colony.

Wednesday.—Up by noonday, and quickly to the United Artists studio, where the air is full of rumors that that estimable actor, John Barrymore, may have that fairest of fair ladies, Vilma Banky, for his romantic partner in the making of his new film, "Francois Villon." Did also learn that the great John has become a mariner, and gone sailing off to the Hawaiian Isles on a cruise.

Friday.—Fish day, and did thereupon bethink me of the invariably aquatic Keystone comedies, and of my old friend, Ben Turpin, he of the crossed but entrancing eyes that seem so particularly to delight the feminine heart. Ben, I have heard it said, does contemplate a second marriage, being a widower. The tragedy that did bereave him of his first mate, to whom he was so deeply devoted, left him very lonely.

Saturday.—What an inordinate fate it is that does send a man to a location always at the wrong season! Consider, for example, that fine fellow, Ronald Colman, one of the best of men and of actors, who has twice this year been hastened to the desert in its hottest season, first to make "Beau Geste," and then to make that romantic piece, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." I do sympathize deeply with Ronald, who has made such great fame, to whom the cause of his art as to endure for its sake tires like unto those of Hades.

Tragedy in Dogland.

As curious a fatality as ever occurred in Hollywood—the death of Peter the Great, the police dog. Doubtless you may remember this canine star, though he appeared in only one picture of consequence, "The Silent Accuser," released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer about two seasons ago.

Peter the Great was shot, and subsequently died, as a result of a fight between his master and a dog fancier out in the San Fernando valley.

Just what the battle between the two men was about, nobody seems at this writing to have been able fully to determine. The owner and the dog fancier fought a fist fight first, and then the latter procured a rifle from his house, near which was the scene of the altercation, and started firing at the tires of the automobile in which the owner of Peter the Great was starting away. One of the bullets hit the dog, who was in the rear seat of the car.

Though he had not appeared on the screen very often, Peter the Great was valued at $74,000. He had been the center of a lawsuit between the owner and his brother, and this for a time had kept him out of the movies.

Junior Coghlan being "edicated." Even on location, "Teacher" comes along and guides him through his lesson books between scenes.
A Blonde as a Blonde.

Nearly every girl who doesn't want the part herself is rooting for Constance Talmadge for the leading role of Lorelei Lee in the film version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." This, as you know, is the story by Anita Loos which is regarded as such a perfect expression of modern sophistication. If you haven't read it, you have missed something more than clever, though it would be terrible if you should happen to take its very sly humor seriously.

While she may not seem so, Lorelei Lee is not so naughty as she is bright. She is one of the breeziest and most intriguing characters ever created in fiction, and there is no doubt that Connie is the type to portray her.

It would be a good thing for Connie, too, as she needs a really smart picture right now to offset the rumors of her retirement. "The Duchess of Buffalo," her next release, is said to look quite promising.

Meanwhile, Connie and her husband, Captain Alastair Mackintosh, have gone abroad on their deferred honeymoon trip.

Polly, Polly!

Norma Shearer isn't to be left behind in the advancement of sophistication. She is to make "Polly with a Past," which served as a stage vehicle for Imogene Clarke. It also was very badly done, some years ago, in a screen version.

This picture has nothing to do, of course, with the story of movie life, "Polly Preferred," in which Marion Davies is to star shortly.

"Polly with a Past" is milder in its modernity—which is perhaps just as it should be, considering the difference in the two star types.

Norma has been having her troubles lately from overwork. She spent some time recently at a milk farm near Los Angeles, dieting and resting up. She had been kept busy unceasingly during the making of her two most recent films, "The Devil's Circus" and "The Waning Sex."

Between the two, she went to New York and, as any star can tell you, New York (to quote Lorelei-of-the-blonde-fame's appraisal of Paris) may be "divine" but, with its shows and night clubs, it is certainly no place to rest.

Gods Supply Inspiration.

The films and the navy recently have had a great time of it together.

Everybody has been making pictures of the life of sailors and marines, and the studios have availed themselves of the advantages of real "atmosphere" by locationing aboard visiting ships of the fleet in Los Angeles harbor—with, of course, government permission. This is always necessary and seems always to be readily obtainable.

The gobs aboard the boats were run ragged, we hear, trying to conform with their rate of discipline, and at the same time to aid the picture makers in their work, who literally took possession of the ships.

Finally, things came to such a pass for one irate gob, who had received conflicting instructions from so many different quarters, that he threw off the stern mask of obedience, and exclaimed in heated excitement and in the hearing of everybody:

"Who the h—— are we taking orders from, anyhow!"

Whereupon everybody saw the humorous side of the situation, and the director of the picture—we believe it was "Tell It to the Marines," though maybe it was some other—said:

"That's a clever subtitle. Let's use it."

Dolores as Carmen.

Success is certainly smiling on Dolores del Rio.

This young Mexican society girl, who came into films about a year ago, has been stepping right from one good opportunity into another.

As you know, she was discovered by Edwin Carewe, the director, while he was on his honeymoon trip with Mary Akin in Mexico City, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor being present at the same afternoon tea where Carewe first met Miss del Rio.

Now she has been engaged for a series of starring pictures, not the least notable of which will be a revival of "Carmen." She may also be seen in Tolstoy's "Resurrection" and in "Seventh Heaven."

All these films are being made by the Fox organization, which is building an unusually strong program for the new season. There were very enthusiastic over Miss del Rio's work in "What Price Glory."

Miss del Rio herself is elated, because she had taken a vow that she would never go back to Mexico City until she had succeeded. And now, when she finishes this contract, she hopes that she may be able to do so, and at the same time live up to her promise to herself.

"I am frightened to death over the terrible responsibility of playing in "Carmen,"" she says, "but I am as thrilled as can be."

Raoul Walsh, who directed the film version of "Carmen" in which Theda Bara was starred some ten seasons ago, may direct the new version. Fans who have been watching the screen for a long time may remember when Theda's picture and the pretentious Geraldine Farrar version of "Carmen," directed by C. B. De Mille, were in many towns presented at the same time at rival theaters.

Pola Negri made perhaps the greatest Carmen in "Gypsy Blood."

Florence Vidor Favored.

Florence Vidor has evidently proven herself to be the Elsie Ferguson type for which Paramount has been seeking long and earnestly, ever since that noted actress gave up playing in the movies.

Miss Vidor has already inherited two of the plays in which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage—one, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," and the other, "The Wheel of Life," the Himalayan play in which the stage star played in New York and on the road.

Jesse L. Lasky regarded the refinement, poise and patrician presence of Miss Ferguson as most desirable screen qualities, and has long been interested in obtaining another actress of the same type.

Continued on page 107.
From Jolly Old England

Ralph Forbes, the young English actor who makes his first appearance on the American screen in "Beau Geste," is amazed at how much easier it is to make movies here than in England.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WHEN the "Beau Geste" troupe arrived at its desert location and started unpacking, a blond, blue-eyed youth left the group of actors and, draping a camera tripod over his shoulder, grabbed a box of film, and waded into the sand.

"Hey!" cried a seventeen assistant, elegantly.

"Buddy, old top, I'm helping you," replied the blond youth. "I am terribly anxious to be of service."

It was too much for the assistant. And the young actor, realizing that he had committed a breach of studio etiquette, explained, "I am accustomed to lending a hand. When I made films in England, you know, I helped the boys. It's the thing to do here also, isn't it?"

Most decidedly it is not, but Ralph Forbes, used to the hardships of working in the small English companies, is just beginning to realize that screen actors over here are not required to double as prop boys and assistants.

"I'm in clover, don't you know?" he commenced when, a few weeks later, the "Beau Geste" company had returned, weary and sunburned, to Hollywood, and he and I faced each other across a table in a café. "I am still astounded at the marvelous efficiency of American motion-picture methods. Money to burn, any amount of waste counterbalanced that the best effects may be achieved, dozens of assistants to attend to every detail.

"All that an actor must do here is act. Terribly surprising."

Overwhelmed by the strangeness of this fact, he stared at me. Amused at his ingenuousness, I am afraid that I burst into unladylike laughter.

"It isn't that way in England," he explained, his brow knitted in a frown. "There, the film companies are short-handed. The troups are small—only the director, sometimes one assistant, a cameraman, and the fewest possible number in the cast. Every one lends a hand.

"No, you don't have to, but if you are any sort of a sport, you do. Only a cad would stand by and feel himself too good to work, when watching an overloaded camera man struggling along with his paraphernalia.

"Often, in Scotland, when our motor car would still going up a steep incline, we actors would hop out, help carry the cameras up the mountain, do an emotional scene, and left them down again. When we were camping out, I did my share of putting up the tents, carrying water, and the thousand and one little things that are necessary when a group of people are on their own, with few hands to work.

"Here in America, I find myself in a clover field. Every production unit has a corps of assistants, money for any need, a marvelous machine of efficiency. It is terribly bewildering. You raise a finger, and what you want is instantly provided. How can they ever make poor pictures here, with such facilities?"

"Remember that the cinema in England is as yet scarcely an industry. The financiers over there are not interested in its business possibilities, considering it too hazardous. You Americans, who dare and do, probably would chafe at such conservatism, but it is the backbone of our slow and methodical nation.

"Few Englishmen are so venturesome as to enter competition in what is regarded as a typically American industry; therefore there is no money. The average film in England costs in pounds the equivalent of twenty thousand dollars. To spend more is foolhardy. Occasionally, when a backer is found who wishes to be extravagantly lavish, one hundred thousand dollars may be allotted, but that is very seldom occurs.

"So, economy is vitally necessary. Film being precious, retakes over there are unheard of. It amazes me, the number of times one scene is enacted here, the best shot being selected. With the amount of film discarded on a production like 'Beau Geste,' any number of English pictures might be made. I have often worried with an English director over how a sequence which should require, say, one hundred feet, might be expressed logically in twenty. That sort of thing is fine training, for it teaches an actor to condense, to portray his emotions quickly and exactly.

"That speed, however, coupled with other unfortunate circumstances, gives many English films a disjointed continuity. For instance, we cannot afford to erect sets for the less important sequences. Much is therefore left to the spectator's imagination. So, when you judge English films, please be kind enough to take these various factors into consideration."

His experiences in a land where the motion picture is just attempting to walk remind me of the tales they tell here of our own childhood. Dwarves are unknown in England. Once, Forbes had to fight two wild dogs—a police dog of cranky disposition and an untamed Württemberg sheep dog. That it was realistic may be well imagined from the fact that three suits of clothes were torn off the actor before the wrangle was considered sufficiently thrilling.

"They framed me," he chuckles now. "They saved that scene until the last, you know, afraid that I might be killed."

And there was an eventful day when he shot a waterfall in a canoe and really saved the life of the boy playing his younger brother. Needless to say, the director and camera man did not foolishly lose their heads—every bit of the struggle in the rapids was recorded.

So it is no wonder that Forbes considers an American motion-picture studio a paradise.

A likable boy of twenty-three, is this English lad, who isn't English at all and whose greatest wish is to be called an American. He is Scotch and French, with a dash of Italian. "What does that make him? Your guess is as good as mine. Yet, though he has no English blood, he was born and reared in England and looks thoroughly British.

They smile, in Hollywood, at his earnest, boyish efforts to become American. Fair and blue-eyed, he has a genial and ingratiating smile, and is anxious to establish a friendly camaraderie with every one, even with the extras.

"Buddy," he calls every man on the lot, though occasionally habit betrays him, and "Old top" will slip out. His accent, he fancies, is very, very broad and American.

"My wife calls me her middle-Western husband," he tells every one. He is married to Ruth Chatterton, one of America's foremost stage stars. "She speaks with very careful diction, has the cultivated voice of the stage actress, and is quick to grasp and unconsciously assimilate influences. When she returned from two weeks in
An earnest young blue-eyed Englishman, Ralph Forbes makes his first appearance on the American screen in "Beau Geste." But he played in many films in England, and tells, in the story opposite, how much harder it was over there.
Marion Davies, as a rebellious Dutch girl in "The Red Mill," refuses to marry the man picked by her tyrannical uncle, and so is held prisoner in the mill. George Siegmann, shown with her at the top of the page, plays the uncle.
Rod sports an unfamiliar mustache during part of this film. The oval above shows him in the after-the-war sequence, as a gigolo, professional dancing partner.

Warfare and Romance

Rod La Roque and that rising young actress, Jobyna Ralston, make a pretty pair of lovers in "Gigolo," a film involving the Great War and its aftermath.
In answer to the constant plea for new faces, the producers are offering a plentiful crop of new leading men. James Hall, above, leading man to Bebe Daniels in "The College Flirt," was recruited from musical comedy.

Einar Hanson, above, and André Mattoni, below, both prominent on foreign screens, were imported by Universal. Hanson appears opposite Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom," and with Laura La Plante in "Her Big Night."

Richard Walling, above, recently an assistant camera man with Fox, now has the lead in "Pigs." Barry Norton, left, is being groomed by Fox for leads.
Our Chinese Movie Actors

The Orientals who take part in our movies are just as ambitious for screen success as any of our American players. This story reveals some interesting things about some of them.

By A. L. Wooldridge

There is something strangely fascinating about a city's Chinatown. One unconsciously thinks of it in terms of shadows, dark passageways, quaint little red-and-yellow lanterns, funny little gods graven in ivory and ebony, and the pungent odor of burning joss sticks. Then there's the whine of the strange reed flute, the beat of tom-toms, the faint, mysterious shuffling one hears behind closed doors. It usually savors so of the Orient, and we don't know much about the Orient. Perhaps that's why it fascinates.

I recall quite distinctly the eagerness with which I looked forward to my first trip into the famed Chinatown of San Francisco, that picturesque Oriental quarter reached by Grant Avenue slanting away from Market Street. I joined the throng of tourists there some years ago, and went into another world, one where great stone and granite buildings gave way to pagoda-shaped structures, done in gilt and ornamented with dragons, where glaring arc lights were displaced by multicolored lanterns, and where the streets were narrow. I wandered for hours, with the other rubbervectors, amid the odd little shops and curio stores, and bought a good luck charm which I carried till some one stole my overcoat. It was in one of the pockets.

I found the same alluring interest, though to a lesser degree, in Los Angeles, when I went in search of Tom Gubbins, the "Boss of Chinatown" in that city. He supplies the Oriental characters for motion pictures in Hollywood. There, in Los Angeles, were the same little shops, the same little curio stores, and grocery cubby-holes, where strange fishes and foods were for sale midst the same Oriental setting. Chinatown everywhere is much the same. And there was Tom Gubbins, a highly educated, courteous, gentlemanly individual still in his thirties, who lived for eight years in China and who speaks that peculiar language. He has at his beck and call about a hundred and sixty Chinese men, women and children, who work in pictures and for whom he makes all contracts and engagements. He gave Anna May Wong her first work as atmosphere in a Hollywood production, and now has two of her sisters seeking careers. For the past decade, he has guided the destinies of these Chinese players, and understands their Oriental turn of mind. He acts as interpreter-director on the set.

"My Chinese are trying hard—very hard—to win the respect of Americans," Gubbins says. "They do not like to appear in roles which in any way seem degrading. Honor and honesty are characteristics of their race. For example:

"When we were working in the William Fox production 'Shame,' directed by..."
Emmett Flynn, the script called for scenes in an opium den. The action revolved about some low-caste Chinese characters and led to one of those dives where, in fiction, white girls become slaves of a fearful drug and are ruined.

"Do you think the Chinese would appear in those scenes? Not on your life! When they found out what was to be filmed, they began moving away. Called to go on the set, they would not budge.

"'No, Miss Gubbins,' the leader said. 'Him blad. We no want play.'

'They chattered among themselves, shook their heads, backed off. It looked like mutiny. Then I was called, and I had to take great pains to explain that though the scene showed an opium den, the action would teach a splendid moral lesson, and that it was their duty to help teach this lesson. I had to tell the whole story to them, and it was only then that they would consent to go ahead. At that, they didn't like it and very plainly told me that they wanted no more of that kind. It tended to degrade the Chinese.

"And they also let it be known that they would take part in no scenes which showed Chinese kidnapping white girls. You remember, back in the old days of serials, the spectacle of the heroine being snatched by villainous Orientals and dragged into a den of vice. It was quite common. The truth of the matter is that fewer white girls have been attacked by Chinese than by any other race of people, and yet writers seem to delight in describing scenes in which young women are forced into underground dives and gloated over by Celestials. I do not believe any persuasion could make my players appear in such a play. It would raise such a storm of protest among their countrymen that their lives might be in danger. They simply wouldn't do it.

"As I said, the Chinese believe in honor and honesty. When we were making 'Eve's Leaves' for Cecil De Mille, Leatrice Joy and Robert Edeson were playing with a soon poon, a sort of counting machine on which buttons are strung. Moving certain buttons on certain parallel wires served to solve problems in addition. Miss Joy worked laboriously at the task, endeavoring to help her father (Edeson). Then, suddenly tiring of her effort, she dashed the whole calculation into a jumble. All the work was ruined. The play called for her to receive a severe reprimand.

"But, in the eyes of the Chinese, do you think she would get it? Not a word!"

"'No,' they said. 'Reprimand father—not her. He to blame for raising girl with such temper. He wrong.'

"Chinese justice!

"Their ideals and their faiths and their fidelity have been handed down through generations. Their is no more loyal race in the world. Take the case of Choy Sook. When we were making 'East of Suez,' he took a fancy to Director Raoul Walsh and Pola Negri. Every day he used to bring Mr. Walsh some little present—a trinket, a symbol, or a Chinese emblem. He gave Miss Negri an odd little charm which had come to him from his grandfather. It was supposed to keep the evil spirits away, and was really something of intrinsic value.

"One night, as Choy Sook was leaving a theater, he was struck by a street car and badly injured. An ambulance rushed him to the receiving hospital, where it was determined an operation was the only means of saving his life, and even so, he had but
a small chance. As they placed him on the table, Choy looked up at the surgeon and said: 'You tell Delectah Mis Walsh floh me, I go clear path, make it easy floh him when he come. Tell him I say goo'-by.'

"Choy Sook died on the operating table, faithful in his devotion."

Mr. Gubbins turned to chatter a few words in Chinese to some young men who had gathered. He instructed several to show up at a studio at eight o'clock the following morning. He answered the telephone in English, then talked in the language of the Orient. Half a dozen callers were instructed to sit down and wait.

"My regret is that there are not more opportunities for the Chinese in pictures," he resumed. "There are Oriental girls as pretty, from our point of view, as the girls of any country on the globe. And they are ultra-flappers in every sense of the word—bobbed hair, rouged cheeks, carmined lips, French heels, and all that. I regret to say that they are growing away from the ancient Chinese custom and belief that girls should stay at home. Instead, they are working in stores and 'going out' and becoming 'flappers.' Pretty! They don't make girls any prettier! And they like to be stared at just as thousands of American girls like to be stared at. They are modern maids.

"We have one girl, Elena Juarado, half-caste Chinese and Filipino, who, I believe, has as great or greater talent than Anna May Wong. She had a bit, the part of a maid, in 'The Ten Commandments,' and has been called for many other pictures. If she gets the chances that came to Anna May, she will, in my opinion, surpass any work that has been done in the movies by any Chinese actress. But there is the question of race. Were she white, she would be starring now. We have May Louie, an eighteen-year-old girl who played a bit in Mr. De Mille's 'Evil's Leaves,' and who, in time, is destined to come from obscurity. She has talent, is energetic and ambitious.

"Mary Wong, sixteen, a younger sister of Anna May Wong, is trying hard to carve out a career in the movies. Lulu Wong, another sister, about twenty, has been in pictures for seven or eight years. Virtually all Chinese girls want to get into the movies, as do the young men. However, there is not enough work to keep them regularly employed, and they must find something else to do. I should like to bring down from San Francisco, and show to the world, some of the pretty Chinese girls there, and I may do it some time. It would be quite a revelation in beauty."

Contrary to general belief, the Chinese do not want to do plays based on ancient religious beliefs, Mr. Gubbins says. "In fact," he adds, "they are the least religious people in the world. They are selling their gods to curio seekers, and worshipping almost nothing. The Chinese Temple in Los Angeles is almost totally unattended. The Chinese are becoming worldly. It may surprise you to know that they want to play comedy roles, and do the dramatic. We have Willie Fung, for instance, who weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and is a sort of second Roscoe Arbuckle—or as nearly as he can be. First National gave him a small part in one of its recent plays.

"Then we have Chan Lee, who might double for Ben Turpin. He is about the only cross-eyed Chinese I ever saw. Chan clerks in a store most of the time, but he has played in pictures at Mack Sennett's with Harry Langdon. He has a comedian's talent.

"And I must tell you about Ng Ming! He won't go to see any picture at all except those made by Tom Mix. Then he comes back and tells you all about what Tom said and what Tom did, and imitates his actions so vividly that he's a scream. We call him 'Tom Mix,' and it makes him get chesty! He doesn't try to ride a horse as Tom rides Tony, but he does most everything else.

"One of our most widely known players is Jimmie..."

Continued on page 104.
Though Van Dyck's "Countess of Chesterfield," reproduced at the right, has a most individual face, Kathleen Key, above, doubles very well for her.

Julia Faye, above, might easily have been the original for Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," shown at the right.

Doubling for Fa
The surprising resemblance that some of certain famous works of art was brought
mous Masterpieces
the film actresses bear to the subjects of
out when they recently posed as such.

Eleanor Boardman posed momentarily as Mario Korbel's bust
of St. Teresa, with the above result. The photograph at the
left shows the statue.

"Song of the Lark," Jules Breton's famous painting, pictured
at the left, is impersonated above by Gwen Lee.
How to Stay

That's a hard thing to do in happily married couples have

They say that Hollywood marriages don't last—and most of them don't. But there are a few that stand out as noble examples of what wedded bliss in the film colony can be like. Look, for instance, at the picture of perfect domesticity at the top of the page—Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, contentedly seated beside their hearth. Below them are Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton celebrating their third anniversary. At the left are Mary and Doug bringing home a tree given them on their fifth. Above are Colleen Moore and husband, now married these two long years.
Married

Hollywood, but these few found out that it is possible.

Not a ripple has disturbed the apparently perfect understanding that has existed between Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, above, since their marriage some six years ago. And Mr. and Mrs. Willard Louis, at the top of the page, have braved all of ten years together. J. Farrell MacDonald and his wife, after twenty years of marriage, still meet amicably at the breakfast table, and are shown at the upper right, with their daughter Lorna, toasting the years to come. Ralph and Vera Lewis, at the right, can claim twenty-five years of marital happiness.
The Lure of the Sure Fire

The old stuff in the movies will never age, so long as you continue to enjoy it.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

T
diese caviar sandwiches are all very well," said
Old-timer, "but give me some of the doughnuts
and coffee that mother used to make!"

And as for these problems plays by these Scandi-
vians and Swedes," rejoined Equally Old-time Friend,
"they're all right for those people who enjoy them. But
for me—the good old melodrama, with the blondined
heroine and the silk-hatted villain who passes away in
act four to the sound of cheering!"

"With the orchestra playing 'Dixie,'" added Old-
timer, thoughtfully.

"You bet—and with the electrician getting the purple
bunch light all ready for the last tender scene between
the hero and the little blonde, reunited," sighed Friend.

"Every time!" responded Old-timer, warmly. "The
old stuff is best."

"I'll say so!" averred Friend.

And that's exactly the way it is. The above frag-
ment might well be a verbatim report of a conversation
at almost any gathering where the old-timers discuss the
new drama, with its sublimation of bedrooms, crooks,
and lingerie. The old-timers love to harp back to those
rosemary-tinted days when the play's climax came at
the stroke of ten thirty, at what time the big scenic effect
flashed before the audience, depicting Harold Hathaway
crossing the Rocky Gorge hand over hand, via rope,
to save the gal from the clutches of the frock-coated
villain, and to gain a well-merited salvo of applause.
Those were the days!

And no one remembers more accurately than the
producers of present-day motion pictures what effects
thrilled the spectators, what lines tapped the tear ducts,
what situations evoked the deep-seated chuckle, and
what action caused a gasp of astonishment. Most of
the good old stuff has been and is being preserved for
posterity by the film makers of 1926 A.D.

The psychology of the thing is simple. The new
ideas in the drama, argues the photoplay producer, are
all right for some one else to dabble with, but his
particular aim in life is to turn out pictures that
will turn 'em away at the box office. His target is
the "Standing Room Only" sign, and he knows that
the surest way to effect such results is to repeat,
in slightly different form, the successes that have al-
ready been put across to the satisfaction of public and
producer alike. So he makes a Western, advertises it
as a second "Covered Wagon," and watches the reports
come in from Tuscaloosa, Seattle, Emporia, and Jack-
sonville. "Give us more like this!" "Packed houses de-
spite rain!" "Sure-fire hit!" "More like this!" And
beaming at these messages, our producer forthwith
turns to his desk phone, calls up his scenario chief and
says, "Do a war story that we can compare with 'The
Big Parade.'" Six months later, a similar batch of
telegrams will come flooding in. Is it surprising to you
that he keeps on producing the old stuff? Do you
wonder that he continues to celluloid sure-fire stories?
You do not!

Like Peter Pan, there are myriad situations in shad-
owland that will never grow old—that will never fail
to thrill, or shock, or amuse, or sadden. There are a
hundred and one sure-fire bits of action that are, as the
name indicates, certain in effect. They, like Deadwood
Dick, never miss. It would be impossible to enumerate
a third of the devices in this category of what we have
capriciously termed Peter Pan-tomimes, but it is easy
to suggest a few that will, in turn, bring to the mind of
the reader numerous others.

Consider, par example, the good old Western flicker-
play, with its sheriff of the drooping mustache, and its
sparkling-eyed hero, usually the road agent. Think
back to the scenes you're almost certain to see every
time. There's the old sure-fire barroom meeting of road
agent and sheriff, wherein the former smiles at the latter
and asks if he's caught his man, and the arm of the law
eyes the hero piercingly and responds. "Not yet, but
I'm goin' to soon!" Then there's the chase, in the
course of which the escaping good-bad man eludes the
close-pressing posse by swinging off of his horse into
the limbs of an opportune roadside tree. Perhaps he
turns his horse off into a stream, hiding his retreat, to
the utter baffling of the pursuers.

And then, the love interest! Was there ever a West-
ern drammer that didn't picture the bandit awkwardly
edging closer to the little crinolined ingenue? Oh,
well, you say with a wicked sneer, that was the case
years ago, when the two-reelers and split-reels were the
vogue. But I hasten to inform you to the contrary. The
above Western folklore is culled from modern successes.
It's the type of thing that always has and always will
receive popular acclaim.

Comedy depends, for its laughs, almost exclusively
upon what is usually termed hokum. And because a
comedy is an attempt at continuous laughter as a rule,
it is also an example of continuous hokum. "Hokum"
is merely the picture player's patois for 'sure-fire stuff.'
When the funny man brushes his boots, and then ap-
plies the same brush to his hair, that's hokum. Or when
the same funny man dashes toward the nearest lake with
flames darting from the hinterland of his pants, that's
hokum. Or when some one falls down a well, and the
funny man turns the handle, bringing the dripping vic-
tim almost to the top, only to be attracted by a passing
bathing beauty, with a sudden release of the handle and
a corresponding splash resulting, that's hokum.

You see, the ways of hokum are infinite. Time can-
not wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety. In a
slapstick duel, when one comic shoots another in the
midway of his pantaloons, rear view, or when he kicks
him in the same territory, he is perpetrating hokum.
Likewise, when two figures stoop to pick up the same
object, and bump with sufficient force to topple each
other over, the act is pure hokum. Hokum. Buster
Keaton once told me, is a gag that always goes. He
might have added that the better the gag, the longer
it goes. The ones already mentioned saw duty in the
Ark, to the great amusement of Father Noah and all the
younger Noahs.

Any director will tell you it's sure fire to have the
lovers draw a shade in front of the camera, curtaining
their kisses, or silhouetting it. Just as it's sure fire to in-
troduce the heroine coming to her dove or canary or
parrot. And the public always laugh at the rube store-
keeper who eyes the stove-warming local constable as
he eats the crackers on the counter, just as they always
thrill at seeing the hero's auto shoot past the Twentieth
Continued on page 108
Ladies Prefer Wigs

Regardless of men's opinions.

Even if gentlemen do prefer blondes, ladies are going to wear just any color of hair they please. Even Claire Windsor, whose golden hair is famous for its beauty, and who has rarely, if ever, hidden it before beneath a wig, was not in the least deterred by male preferences from donning red curls in a recent film. You can see above how completely her appearance was changed.

And Mildred Harris, above, who, as you know, has always been one of the most distinct of blondes, became so determined to be a brunette that, not content with the merely temporary change offered by a wig, she actually had her hair dyed not long ago. She claims the dark hue gives her more character.

Coming from Scandinavia, Greta Nissen, center, is naturally fair, but she has more than once, on the screen, hidden her Nordic personality beneath a jet-black wig. Dark or light, however, she is always the siren.

And, of course, the brunettes like being blonde for a change. Mary Brian's naive girlishness is merely accentuated by a fair wig, left. And Lillian Rich's blond wig, right, is now so familiar to fans that they may not realize that she really has auburn hair.
Presenting Mr. Pidgeon

“Marvelous—I love it! Did you see the sunset to-night? And these orange orchards! All the way back from location this evening, Anna Q. and I did nothing but inhale and exclaim.”

“Do you think you will settle here?”

“Yes—I’m trying to buy a house now. My mother and my four-year-old youngster have just come out, and I want to get a home so that they’ll stay. My child hardly knows me. I’m only the iceman or the janitor—just a man around the house.”

Voice—I decided—cultured and very nice.

“How did you happen to go on the stage, Mr. Pidgeon?” This question is usually infallible, leading into intensive discussions on an inbred, childhood passion for the theater.

“Because I went broke on the stock market,” replied that gentleman, shutting off the engine and coasting down a long, steep hill at hair-raising speed.

The twinking, yellow lights of the valley rushed up to meet us, as the hill behind shut Hollywood abruptly from view. We wound through the broad, shadowy avenues of Beverly Hills.

“Well—pictures, Mr. Pidgeon? Why are you here?”

“Me?” He laughed, and made that justly historical remark. “Because it pleased the Lord to make me six feet tall and lucky, and because there is a dearth of leading men.”

Please, boys and girls, remove your hats and observe a brief silence in honor of an honest actor—and an actor quite devoid of any “mission” in his “art,” of any message to bring the public.

“But,” I protested, as we left Beverly Hills and shot past Tom Mix’s yellow limousine on the glassy, silvery road to the beach, “there must be more to it than that.”

“I know just how you feel about it. I’m awfully sorry I can’t do better for you. But there’s nothing at all exceptional about my life.”

“Tut, tut!” I exclaimed, taking out an imaginary notebook and peering, pencil poised, over imaginary spectators. “Come now—a few facts for the great American public.”

He was born in St. John, New Brunswick. This made a successful beginning.

His childhood and early youth were spent in the environment of a cultured home. This I know, because he said nothing about it and because he has what a more vulgar type of person than myself might call “class.” His absorbing delight has always been music. He calls it a hobby, but

that is an inadequate term for a thing to which he has given such love and effort and diligence. His voice, well-known to concert-goers, is a magnificent tenor.

In the stock market he was momentarily successful, even to the extent of frequent vacations in Europe, spent in wandering about, hearing this symphony and that singer. And then, a few years ago, he suddenly went quite broke. So broke that it meant starting once more at the beginning, treading the same path all over again. He had never cared for business, and did not want to return to it, no matter how profitable it might prove again to be. His wife had died at the birth of their little girl, and he wanted to break away completely from familiar surroundings and habits.

In New York, he met the director of Aeolian Hall, who had heard him sing informally. This gentleman wanted to know what, if any, professional singing experience he had had. Pidgeon, scenting an engagement, replied casually that he had done extensive concert work in South America and so forth. Within the hour, he was engaged for a forthcoming concert in the famous and exclusive Aeolian Hall. That was his initial appearance before the footlights. The critics, next day, announced with enthusiasm the discovery of new talent in the musical world.

After extended concert tours here and abroad, and after the making of sundry very popular phonograph records, Walter Pidgeon turned to musical comedy. He opened in London at the leading male support of Elsie Janis in “Puzzles of ’25.” The Orpheum circuit in this country arranged for a condensed version of the show to play their theaters, and Pidgeon followed the theatrical track across country and back again. It was when the show finally played in New York that he met Schenck and the six-month movie contract was signed. Strange to say, he has not yet played in a Schenck film, but he has been kept more than busy by other producers.

A nice gentleman. With wit and charm and level-headed intelligence. And an unexpected streak of poetry. And no delusions whatsoever about the relative artistic importance of a leading man.

I shouldn’t be at all surprised if he turns out to be an excellent actor. Fully half of that, of course, depends on his luck in getting the right sort of roles. But whether or not he ever has a chance to make you salaam to his histrionic ability, I think you are going to belle him!
A Contradictory Comedian

The career of Ford Sterling, one-time “Keystone Kop,” offers an interesting study in contrasts. Known to the world as a clown, he has devoted himself in private life to a variety of scientific and cultural pursuits.

He started his career as a boy clown in a circus, and now owns a villa near Nice.

He won fame as a slapstick comedian, and is known throughout Europe as one of America’s leading artistic photographers.

He was known to every kid in the land as a pie target, and is a fancier of German police dogs, Scotch terriers, and Persian cats.

He can dance a professional waltz clog, and is one of the most perfect hosts in Hollywood.

He looks like a German burlesque comedian, and speaks four languages.

He used to be captain of Mack Sennett’s “Keystone Kops,” and is a cartoonist, a painter, and a sculptor.

He cries on hearing sentimental songs, and is a polished drawing-room conversationalist.

He has been called by Harold Lloyd “the funniest man in movies,” and he goes to England yearly to buy the clothes that earn him the title, “the best-dressed man in Hollywood.”

He is “the greatest pantomimist on the screen” in the opinion of Allan Dwan and Malcolm St. Clair, and he studied to be a doctor.

He is Ford Sterling, now appearing in the best part of his career—the title rôle in the Paramount picture, “The Show Off,” which Malcolm St. Clair directed.

“Ford Sterling, the composite human,” he has been called. For, since the day when he ran away to join John Robinson’s circus, he has accumulated as many interests as he has played rôles. It is probably because his mind is alert and agile that he has been constantly learning, picking up miscellaneous knowledge here, on a Mississippi River show boat, and there, in his European travels. His is a myriadsided nature.

It seems strange, perhaps, to the public that this comedian who, in the early days of the movies, was a “Keystone Kop” should be so different in real life. Unfortunately for the public’s illusions, he is different—different in that his is not the slapstick mind nor character, though the native humor in him is always bubbling out, on the screen or off.

An example of this divergence between appearance and reality is his hobby—photography, that mixture of pure art and pure science. Many guests see the inside of his perfectly appointed Hollywood home. Few see his back yard, where stands a complete photographic studio and laboratory. Here, between pictures, Sterling concentrates on his prints, with multiple gums, bromoils, and bromoil transfers as his mediums. One hundred and forty of his prints are now on exhibition in British salons, forty are in a one-man exhibition in France, and fifty are in Germany. His laboratory is cluttered with prizes and awards that his photographs have won.

His greatest study, after all, though not a conscious one always, is human nature. He knows the ways and mannerisms of men, he understands human emotions, and that is the basic reason, undoubtedly, why he has been able to “come back” so amazingly, after having sunk out of public notice with the dissolution of the Keystone constabulary.

He directed for a while after that disorganization, but it was not much to his liking. Then Malcolm St. Clair cast him in his first Paramount picture, “The Trouble With Wives,” and the bit of pantomime he did in that is perhaps as great as any ever done on the screen. Roles in this new medium—polite sophisticated comedy—followed with equal success. Then in the picturization of George Kelly’s play, “The Show Off,” he was cast in the title rôle.

Malcolm St. Clair is enthusiastic over his performance. Others in the cast—Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks, and Gregory Kelly—stood around to watch him troupe. Advance showings of the film indicate that Ford Sterling has come into his own with a smash.
something on the big boss or he'd be driving a truck.”

I'm in favor of herding the know-it-alls into Madison Square Garden—or it's large enough—locking all the doors, and letting them gas each other to death. On that day, I'll begin smiling in pictures.

**FLORENCE Vidor.**—The man who, directly after being presented, starts a seemingly endless conversation almost wholly about himself, usually in a voice loud enough for others to hear.

**JACK HOLT.**—Whenever I tune in on my radio and hear one of those near-comedian announcers, I am ready to junk the set. I enjoy radio programs, especially the musical ones, but the announcer who says something he thinks is very funny and then holds up the concert by shrieking with laughter at his own presumed wit—oh, brother, he is my pet aversion!

**RAMON NOVARRO.**—The man who has just got Honolulu on his radio and would have had London except for the fact that it was raining in the South Sea Islands and he needed a new aerial.

**LEW CODY.**—The person—man or woman—who feels it always necessary to add, “like olives,” every time any one mentions an acquired taste.

**VERA REYNOLDS.**—A dentist! And I'll bet a host of folks will second my motion. Of course, dentists and all of their funny buzzing paraphernalia are necessary evils, and we're glad to turn to them with an aching tooth. Nevertheless, the very thought of a trip to the dentist makes me shudder.

**WILLIAM BOYD.**—The bird who sits behind me at a show and, in a whispered bass, favors the audience with advance information on the plot.

**MONTE BLUE.**—The person who, when talking to you very confidentially, pulls your coat all out of shape. That is, seizing the lapels, he gives them a jerk here and there, and then emphasizes a point by a dig in the ribs.

**PATSY RUTH MILLER.**—Men who assist me at curbstones. That is, those who hold up my elbow when I am about to step up or down at an ordinary crossing. It gives me the feeling either that I have reached the point where I am too infirm to walk unaided, or else that I'm not yet at an age where I can brave the dangers of city traffic alone. It's just too much for an independent girl to bear.

**TOM MIX.**—You know those big white hats I wear? Well, I can't stand a spot on any one of them, no matter how small that spot may be. You can't realize how it worries me. It chases all other thoughts out of my head. That is why I often wear a dozen or more hats during one picture, and most of the time the majority are at the cleaner's.

**MADGE BELLAMY.**—Getting up early in the morning! I always am fifteen minutes late, because I cannot leap blithely out of bed when the old alarm rings. Movie stars have to be up at about six to be made up and ready for work by nine. Two other pet aversions of mine are carrots and the color brown. I don't have to own anything brown, of course, but mother makes me eat carrots twice a week!

**ESTHER RALSTON.**—The anvil pounder—the person who is eternally finding fault with some one else. Not that we should all be Pollyannas, Little Lord Fauntleroys, nor Elsie Dinsmores, but slander, to me, is the most malicious of all evils. We all knock to a certain extent—I am doing it this very minute—but we would be better off if we always thought twice before we spoke.

**ERNEST TORRENCE.**—It gives me great pleasure to nominate, for head of the human pests, the barber who asks you a question and then, when you attempt to answer it, crams a brushful of lather into your mouth.

**GEORGIA HALE.**—The person who calls you on the telephone and says, “Guess who this is!” By the time this person has said, “Don’t you know my voice?” and “Have you forgotten me so soon?” all my diplomacy has vanished. Guessing contests over the phone are useless, foolish, and annoying. I am grateful to those who talk simply over the wire.

**BETTY BRONSON.**—A person who talks in bromides—who says, “Is it hot enough for you?” or “If you had brought your umbrella, it wouldn’t have rained!” or “It isn’t the heat, it’s the humidity!” or “It isn’t the money, it’s the principle of the thing.” And other such stereotyped phrases.

**HALLAM COOLEY.**—Working at night! Even if we don’t start until four o’clock in the afternoon. I am supposed to be one of the funny men on the screen, but after dinner, Hamlet and I have a lot in common.

**LAURA LA PLANTE.**—Amateur saxophonists who take up practice in a crowded residential district. Indeed, it was ambitious saxophonists that drove me to build a home in Beverly Hills. An ordinance should be passed making it a felony to bring a saxophone into an apartment house.

**TOM O’BRIEN** (One of the three doughboys in “The Big Parade.”)—Knockers! No matter how smoothly things are going, you will find these pests always ready with dirty digs. Mr. Z meets sudden success. Then enters Mr. Knocker and says, “Why, he’s nothing but an oil driller, and his wife was once a waitress.” All of which might be true enough and sound harmless, but it starts gossip buzzing.

**DOROTHY PHILLIPS.**—My press agent! That rash statement is not without foundation. When I feel like getting out into the country for a long hike, this boogie man comes along with a camera strapped to his shoulder. Imagine, if you can, being all set to spend the day out in the open, and then having, instead, to pose smilingly before the camera, because that lord and master tells you to! I may be just ready to pay a formal call or attend a tea, when my boss orders sport clothes, and poses me in action pictures, playing tennis. When I feel like laughing, I must look pensive. When I have a grouch, I must smile. I tell you, press agents are terrible—but necessary!

* * *

Pests, aren’t they? All of them. But Ricardo Cortez has the choiceest of the lot. Ricardo has a neighbor who is a policeman. Very often, when Ricardo walks down Hollywood Boulevard, they meet and walk along together. Being a congenial chap, the cop grasps him by the arm, or places a hand upon his shoulder.

“There we go,” says Cortez, “milling with pedestrians, while the policeman has a firm grip somewhere on my coat. People turn to look. Motorists stare. I imagine I can hear them saying, ‘I wonder what he did!’ I feel myself getting red in the face. My officer friend is doing all the talking, and I’m saying, ‘Yes, yes!’ and feeling guilty.

“Man! I’m glad when he turns me loose!”

* * *

Studies in human nature, all! Is there any pet aversion overlooked?
“A dog’s life” isn’t so bad as it used to be—at least, on the screen it isn’t. For the dog movie actors are becoming so popular that they are now given prominent rôles on the screen, and are usually the heroes of whatever films they appear in. Above is the bull terrier Pal, registering jealousy in “Elsie of New York,” and below is little dog Cameo trying to look just as dejected as his master, in a recent film.

The bulldog, Pete, has made quite a hit as Tige in the Buster Brown Comedies, and is shown above, with Buster, doing one of his stunts. At the left is the famous police dog, Strongheart, in an exciting scene with Stuart Holmes in “North Star;” and below, his rival in screen popularity, Rin-Tin-Tin, struggles to save his mistress, June Marlowe, from the villain, Gayne Whitman, in “The Night Cry.”
picture directors. The good part of the picture is contributed largely by Joan Crawford's acting, the evil by Mr. Goulding's silly story and the inconsequential film he has made of it. It is the hectic tale of a rich American and the innamorata of an apache—the sort of apache who wears a spit curl and swaggers. He is played by Douglas Gilmore in the true Nordic manner. The American showered luxuries upon the girl of the underworld, all for love's sweet sake, and she enjoys all she can get until apparently she decides this has gone far enough and returns to the apache. There is a sanguinary fight between the two contenders for the girl's company and the picture ends with Joan caressing the battered head of her prostrate apache, while the American's wry smile indicates that he has learned the lesson of not making chance acquaintances in Paris.

Joan Crawford is finely convincing and will be starred if she doesn't look out. Charles Ray, the trustful tourist, plays with more sophistication than you would expect of the character, and with Miss Crawford makes the picture entertaining in spite of itself.

Two-Fisted Nonsense

"I don't see how they think up all these funny things!" exclaimed a normally sedate old lady as she momentarily calmed down after her third fit of hysterics over Johnny Hines in "The Brown Derby." And that sums up the picture. It is made up of more gags than find their way into the usual comedy of to-day. In fact, the gags make the picture. They are novel enough to take on, unawares and frequent enough to keep on building, so that Johnny Hines' latest absurdity is like the leaning tower of Pisa: you wonder how it can stand without toppling. But it doesn't. And the result is a wholesome, straight-from-the-shoulder farce done in rollicking tempo. Behind it is the intelligence that knows what Johnny Hines' public want. "The Brown Derby" is capacious enough to turn out all the laughs expected of the comedian. Maybe it seems to me mightn't be safe for the old lady whose remark is quoted above.

Old Devil Volcano

If you like forthright melodrama—and who, pray, does not on occasion?—you will accept "Black Paradise" for what it is worth and enjoy considerable suspense while waiting for the volcano to do its stuff, as all well-bred volcanoes do, in the last reel. And the worth of "Black Paradise" is found in its excellent cast, constant action and decidedly plotful story, which begins with a department-store girl's impending marriage to a reformed crook, which is prevented by the arrival of a detective with a warrant for the boy's arrest. The detective's pursuit of the pair brings all three aboard a rum-running schooner commanded by an old enemy of his. Outside the three-mile limit he is powerless to enforce the law and must needs hide his time while the captain orders the ship where he will. He wills ultimate anchorage in the waters of a tropical isle because the South Seas are as popular this season as volcanoes, and what transpires when all the characters go ashore—well, you wouldn't believe it, but the camera they say never lies, so you can take the word of the lens for what follows.

Madge Bellamy, in this her first role since her memorable "Sandy," is vivid and strong in a part that demands much but gives little time for subtleties, and Edmund Lowe departs from his usual "straight" leads to play the detective who falls in love where he least expected.

Gags Galore

In "Wet Paint" we have not the Raymond Griffith of old but a slapstick comedian who gags almost every scene and whose antics are as wild as the picture. In duty bound to the adroit artist who gave us "The Night Club," "Paths to Paradise," and "Hands Up," I concede the presence of many boisterous laughs in the new picture but they are infinitely less satisfying and come from far less sound causes than in Griffith's other pictures. At that, you can't help enjoying "Wet Paint" and laughing at it.

Helene Costello, sister of the dolorous Dolores, is the crisply pretty heroine; the dusky Natalie Kingston, late of the Sennett meineque, is a delectable comedienne in a blond wig, and our old friend Bryant Washburn is the dressy, polite villain.

A Sentimental Jockey

"The Rainmaker" is important to those who admire William Collier, Jr., for it provides him a decidedly "fat" role—that of a jockey who rides his horse to victory only when the track is wet and whose wounded arm gives him a hunch when rain is coming. Collier's work is always interesting and colorful. When the part is out of the ordinary, he never fails to create a nicely sympathetic character study. This he does so generously in the new picture that the rest of the characters, involved in a complicated plot, become merely incidental and one finds satisfaction in watching Collier without bothering to follow the story.

Georgia Hale, making her first appearance since "The Gold Rush," is more potent in drama than in comedy. Mr. Chaplin's magnanimity in releasing her from her contract with him that she might adorn the dramatics was not without good sense after all.

What's in a Name?

"Silken Shackles" is the first picture directed by Walter Morosco, husband of Corinne Griffith. From the standpoint of direction it is one of the refreshing films of the month and is a tasteful, intelligent production, with an idea back of it that must have been good sometime in the course of making the picture but which curiously is not good as it is presented on the screen. It's all about the flirtatious wife of an American in Budapest whose eagerness to be naughty with no provocation at all—and in spite of a serviceable husband—is just one of those cases where corporal punishment seems the only cure. The story reaches a serio-comic finish when the husband stages a scene which brings the wife to her senses.

All this is set forth by the director with considerable finesse and discretion. It is the character of the wife that exasperates.

Irene Rich plays her with rather charming insincerity but I should say is temperamentally at variance with the flightiness of a wife who pursues a café violinist under the eyes of her husband. Huntly Gordon, the husband, is as per usual. Victor Varconi makes the seductive musician the most credible member of the cast as well as the most likable.

Those Royal Cut-ups

"Say It Again" is genuinely pleasant entertainment of the sort made familiar by Richard Dix in his recent pictures. It will be enjoyed by everyone, particularly those who are looking for successors to "Woman-handled" and "Let's Get Married." Dix is seen as an energetic young American who masquerades as a prince of Spezonia, which you may surmise is another of those mythical kingdoms vaguely Balkan which would not be complete without an American dominating its affairs of state. In this case Dix sets out for Spezonia in quest of a lovely girl who nursed him during the war and who is known to him only by her first name.

Chester Conklin may be seen in regal robes as the reigning sovereign summoned home to assume royal duties after a happy exile in Detroit as a sausage manufacturer. He is in
rare form in this picture and his every appearance on the screen is good for a laugh. Alyce Mills is the heroine. She is refined, very.

**Sob Stuff in Khaki.**

The latest war picture is "The Unknown Soldier" and probably there will be more. The new one is another attempt to "humanize" the late conflict. Its treatment suggests "The Big Parade," as obviously was intended, and we have three comics in khaki whose names, *Corporal Fogarty*, "Peaceful" Perkins, and Mike Ginsberg, indicate the sort of comedy they furnish to relieve the sob stuff. The latter is supplied by the young American who supposedly marries the rich girl from his home town while both are in France. There is a sharp tug at the emotions when the girl by accident learns that the chaplain who performed the ceremony the night before is a deserter masquerading in a stolen uniform, and her frantic efforts to reach the boy and tell him of the deception before he marches away, perhaps never to return, raise the episode to a high pitch of emotion. But this, like every other sequence in the picture, is drawn out to the point of exaggeration, in order, no doubt, to wring every shred of appeal from it. By this process of loud pedaling the picture suffers and becomes tiresome in spite of its several poignant moments.

The title role is in the hands of that singular young actor, Charles Emmett Mack, who always makes good on his own account but who too often is seen in pictures that lack the inspiration to put them in the A-1 class. Marguerite de la Motte, the girl, is sensitive and charming.

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**Yes Men Need Not Apply**

Continued from page 25 it would be great to have me fall off the bus, catch hold of the rear bumper, and go slapping behind it down the street at top speed. And they wanted the runaway bus to go plowing into a building where a wedding was in progress, upsetting everything and leaving the bride in the lap of the minister.

"'Too much!' I said. 'Too much slapstick. Audiences won't stand for it.' But they insisted that both these scenes were good. So we decided to make them. We previewed 'For Heaven's Sake' before five different theater audiences in and near Los Angeles before the film was released. Those two scenes lasted through just two previews, then they were cut out.

"In the same picture, I could not see the value of that love scene featuring the wonderful crescent moon which proved to be an electric sign on top of the Crescent laundry. Yet my gag men insisted on having it, and it proved to be one of the best gags in the picture. I was wrong, and they were right. We spent $150,000 on 'For Heaven's Sake' after its first preview, correcting mistakes in judgment.

"I have no idea how much it would cost me to surround myself with yes men. A lot of money, I guess. And I would be in a sorry state, too, if I bluntly refused to listen to suggestions and arguments from members of my staff. Do you remember that scene in 'The Freshman' where my new tuxedo began falling to pieces? Remember how, little by little, it was splitting and coming off? Audiences at the previews roared with laughter at my predicament.

"'Harold,' Frances Marion said to me, 'they want to see you lose your pants! You must let 'em come off entirely.'

"'Two of my gag men said the very same thing, but I couldn't see it that way. I thought that just the suggestion would be better. But, to try it out, we took the scene over again, and this time my pants were ripped entirely away and I stood there, in the center of the dance floor, arrayed in my underwear.

"'Well, as you know, it proved to be the crowning moment of 'The Freshman.'

"'It is strange the way theater audiences react to various scenes. Things you think are excruciatingly funny are received duly by them. One of my greatest surprises came in 'The Freshman.'

"'I, the freshman, was starting to the college hall, arrayed gloriously—as I thought—in my new tuxedo. I came blithely, happily, out of the door of my boarding house and went swinging down the steps, enthusiastic over seeing my girl and dancing at the ball. As I stepped to the street, a four-leaf clover caught my eye.

"'Ah, good luck!' I cried. Simultaneously, a hold-up man stepped from the shadows and, poking a gun in my ribs, ordered me to 'stick 'em up.' But I went down on after that clover just the same. Couldn't afford to lose such a good-luck talisman. Just as I plucked it and stood up, a policeman came in sight and the robber darted away. 'Great!' I thought. 'See what my four-leaf clover did!'

"'I went on, carrying the precious thing in my hand. Then I snagged a big hole in the seat of my trousers when I backed up against a fence, and pretty soon, an automobile went roaring by, sloshing into a mudhole and spattering me from head to foot.

"'Hung up by a gunman, the seat of my pants gaping, my clothing smeared with mud! I looked at my four-leaf clover. Then I looked at myself, as much as to say, 'Well, as a good-luck piece, that clover leaf's a Jonah,' and I dashed it down.

"'Now I ask you, wouldn't you think that a funny piece of pantomime? If you do, you and I are all alone. Nobody else did. After a preview or two, we cut it out.

"Previews, Harold says, are "bread and meat" to him. A picture of his never is released until it has been tried out "in the sticks" four or five times, and worked over until every foot of film means something. By "the sticks" he does not mean places out in the country, but small neighborhood theaters in Los Angeles and principal theaters in the suburban towns. City audiences, with whom the movies play such an important part in everyday life, are avoided. Such patrons are too critical and have too many acquaintances in the films. Their applause comes at inopportune moments, and sometimes is given in tribute to some favorite in the cast rather than for merit in the play.

"Sometimes little incidents which we think don't amount to much make the audiences roar with laughter," Harold continued. "And on the other hand, incidents we have elaborated tend sometimes almost to kill the picture. In 'Why Worry?' we built an expensive office set for that farcical meeting of the board of directors. We tried the picture out at Long Beach, and then cut one thousand feet—including that expensive set—entirely out. That mistake in judgment cost us fully $30,000."

"There is more democracy in the Harold Lloyd company than in any other in Hollywood. The camera men go to Mr. Lloyd with suggestions and are welcomed. The little extra girl or the property man can sit down with him and explain "great ideas" and be assured of kindly interest. While Harold himself conceives and executes nearly all the episodes in his productions, he insists that his staff tell him when they think he is wrong.

"Harold Lloyd never yet has turned out a picture which "flopped." And he says he never will—if he can keep the yes men away.
Don't Believe All You Hear

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lady, before starting her production of “Paris at Midnight,” let Jetta buy her own material for the dresses and gowns she would need in that picture. It was just before Christmas. The bargain sales were on. The salesgirls saw a radiant Jetta skipping about the downtown stores like a happy child. The results were good. For the costumes she designed and wore in “Paris at Midnight” are deemed the best she has ever had.

Let us think of another falsely accused person—Ronald Colman. Is he as upstage as so many believe? I’ll say he is not. I was visiting a young actor and his wife one night. Ronnie arrived and, as the country newspapers announce, a pleasant evening was had by all. The real Colman asserts himself when in an atmosphere of genuine camaraderie, and in a place free from grease paint, mascara and insincerity. Because he has refused to bask in the general routine of studio tradition, carried on by other stars, Colman has been suspected of being upstage.

Pola Negri’s supposed upstageness has been widely advertised, although she never really deserved such a denouncement. She came from a country that through the ages has shown indomitable fortitude against tyrannical power. Her European viewpoint made her seem arrogant—that and the fact that Pola is a creature of moods. But aren’t we all? There is no space here for me to relate numerous occasions on which la Negri has proven that she was not upstage.

Misquoted statements have often led people to believe that certain actors were upstaged. Josef Schildkraut gives candid comments on any subject you may introduce. Yet his statements have frequently been twisted to such an extent that he has found himself in the midst of a fiery controversy. Pola and Josef both played under Max Reinhardt in Europe, so knew each other. Before la Negri came to America, every one was anxious to learn something about her. Reporters besieged Mr. Schildkraut, then playing in “Liliom” in New York. What was Negri like?

When Pola read the subsequent statements about her, supposed to have come from Joseph’s lips, she quitted her imperial hotel suite in Berlin, and straightway set sail for America to demand explanations from Schildkraut. Of course, what he had said was quite different from what was reported.

When Schildkraut first started playing pictures, he was reported to be very temperamental and upstage. Whether he was or not, I cannot say, for I did not know him then. If he was, however, he has certainly changed since.

I have a few things in common with some of the stars. One in particular with Laura La Plante, as we are both, with ten million others, rather nearsighted. News, not so long ago, began to circulate about the Universal lot that Laura La Plante was getting upstage. People would nod or smile at her and she would fall to return the salute. Gertrude Olmsted, knowing there was nothing upstage about Laura, who is her pal, decided one day to investigate.

“What’s the matter, Laura? Rumors are floating about that you are ritzing people.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed La Plante, indignantly. “I’ll have you know that I have never recognized any one who is within a radius of so many feet—beyond that I can’t make them out.”

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He Rolls His Own

“In this way, starting with what we felt was a humorous idea, we built up our stories, always with a weather eye on Main Street, and guided, of course, by the scenario department itself. Those were days in which Ralph Block, the scenario editor, haunted me like a shadow. And as regularly as Greg and I would wander off the trail in our enthusiasm to pick up stray nuggets of golden laughter, Mr. Block would just as regularly lead us back again to the path that the story itself must take.”

“The first picture we did in this way,” Richard went on presently, “was ‘Womanhandled,’ and it went over, I am told, with a bang. We were working constantly for rapid-fire action and lots of laughs, and I imagine we got both of them, if we can judge by results. Then, Greg and I followed this with, ‘Let’s Get Married,’ and this went over, too, although, as I’ve said, we had our troubles with both of them. Now we are doing ‘Say It Again,’ which is just a burlesque of all that old mythical-kingdom bunk, with the beautiful princess and the dashing young American, only in this case he isn’t quite so dashing. It’s third, and it’s the last.”

“The last of the comedies,” he explained, “and the last of working without a scenario. The new order is to be melodrama, and little Richard will be a swashbuckling hero.”

Somehow, we were rather glad to hear this, for we have always felt that Richard left less to be desired in the romantic way than almost any other American star.

His dressing completed at last, he stood before us a faultless figure of sartorial elegance. In the hall without, we encountered a quiet man in a gray suit who was going in our direction as far as the floor below. It was D. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith paused to admire Richard.

“My!” he said finally. “You look fine. Don’t he?” he asked.

We nodded with enthusiasm.

Which is why, if for no other reason, we are glad Richard Dix is forsaking comedy for melodrama, only we hope that he will continue artfully to “roll his own.”

Before Gertrude left Universal to go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was constantly at Laura’s side. When any one, standing out of range, nodded or smiled in their direction, Gertrude would give her companion a nudge and Laura would send one of her dazzling smiles across the set. She could not tell whom she had greeted, but harmony was reestablished.

Patsy Ruth Miller has another thing in common with me. She always pronounces half as “haf,” and can’t as “carn’t”—which must be right. Pat went to New York. When she returned to the Warner lot, she felt that many might expect her to have become upstage—New York having had such an effect on other stars. And in the course of a talk, some one did say to her, “You are getting upstage with your ‘haf’ and ‘carn’t.’ New York has done its work, all right!”

“And,” moaned Patsy, “I’ve always pronounced them so!”

Raymond Griffith and Conrad Nagel are often misunderstood because they are naturally reserved, yet—take my word for it—both are real gentlemen. I first met Mr. Nagel, as I met Jetta Goudal, before I was known round the studios. Conrad need not have made himself pleasant to me, but he did. And Ray Griffith is ever jolly with those he knows, but reserved in a crowd.

I have heard the upstage verdict flung at other stars. I have not mentioned their names, nor defended them, for I do not know if the accusations are true, but the probability is that they are not. There may be some who really deserve the accusation, but these, I have found, are few.
Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

Your filmiest, daintiest things...

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt

This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved...exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods...ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FRESH, charming, immaculate, all day and every day beyond all doubt or question—this new way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of American social and business life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Highest authorities approve it. Virtually every great hospital uses it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 6c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 9c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors
At least, this is the impression garnered from a few hours with her—hours made conversationally a little difficult by our inability to express to each other nuances of thought and meaning fluently. Though she has been eight months in America and has studied, her English to her is treacherous and undependable, and I have forgotten much of the French on which I was reared.

Lest you be unacquainted with La Marchal, for she has slipped into our midst quietly with little of the publicity accorded other imported actresses, an introduction might be in order. You saw her as Napoleon's sister in "Madame Sans-Gêne." She was discovered for America by Gloria Swanson and brought here under a Paramount contract.

Her arrival was not made ostentatiously by advance barring of the publicity trumpets, nor have circumstances shoved her into a sensational hit.

I became interested in her when the publicity lads rooted for her genuineness.

It developed that she had been lent to the Marshall Neilan studio, and it was arranged that I should meet her there, quite a number of kilometers from Hollywood, for luncheon.

Breathlessly apologetic, she dashed into the Neilan studio. We were to go to her home for luncheon. Her car had "somesing wrong" all of a sudden. Would she honor my humble equipage? But of course, why not? She bore up bravely under her first glimpse of it, and we set sail for Hollywood.

Arlette, I decided, was a good sport. Pretty, yes, but not to the degree that another's beauty makes one feel uncomfortable. Charming, friendly rather than gracious—oh, altogether all right.

As chatelaine of an adorable little maisonette perched on a hilltop, she impressed me still more as the correctly reared mademoiselle, endeavoring to extend the hospitality of her home in maman's absence, solicitous for her guest's every want. A quick clatter of French to the maid, in a voice accustomed to giving orders—you can read training in the inflections and gradations of a voice. A delicious luncheon, with all the little appointments just right.

Still thrilled by the experience, she told me of having won the beauty contest which "starts everything." It happened at Atx-les-Bains. Knowing nothing of the contest, she accompanied a friend to the pavilion. While she danced, the judges watched and considered her among the flotilla of beauty. Not until she was summoned and presented with the prize, a jeweled bracelet, did she realize the honor thrust upon her.

"I am so excited," she exclaimed. "Not all my life have I a jewel of much value. I am thirteen when the war start and France has so much need that one does not spend money for foolish trinkets. I whisper you somesing—it is still my only jewel except w'at I wear, only for a leettle while, in the movie. Attendez! I show you."

Dashing upstairs, she returned with the precious links of diamonds and sapphires.

Then we curled up on the comfy lounge and talked of pictures, of the American stars who are favorites abroad—Swanson, whom the Parisians love, and "Charlot," whom they idolize, and Pola, most of whose American work they regret—and of her own brief history.

"I am invited to a party at the home of Monsieur Leonce Perret. He is a very fine director and he offer me the movies. We have no support since the war. We have lose our brother. Some one must work. So maman consents, and I play in many films for tree years. The best, I tink, is 'The Moon of Israel.' I say thees, please know, not to be vain, but I become success. Monsieur Perret ask me then to be in 'Madame Sans-Gêne.'"

"Miss Swanson is so lovely to me." Interspersing her halting English with much French, she launched into a tribute to Gloria. "When she see me on the screen, she say to Perret, 'Give thees girl close-up, scene all by herself.' Later I hear from others, when Paramount consider to offer me contract, that she say, 'If they do not do thees, I do somesing for thees girl myself.'"

Since coming to Hollywood, Arlette has played in "The Cat's Pajamas" and "Born to the West," and now was lent to Neilan for the cast of "Diplomacy," headed by Blanche Sweet. This Sardou play is one of love and intrigue against a Continental background, with ultra-smart Deauville as its main setting. Her role, that of Zieka, was played on the stage by Blanche Bates in the last revival of the play.

"I am thrill' to come here, yet I am afraid. My friends in Paris caution me, 'Somesing go wrong, you are alone in a strange con-tree.' They shake their heads, so—she illustrated, with sad mien and downcast eyes. "They hear that Pola do not so well here."

"I come, I am lonesome. I make no great success like Banky, they do not fête me like Pola. After a while, I meet again Paulette Duval, whom I know in Paris, and Renee Adoree, and that make it fun. One time in a café, I see Vilma, with whom I work in Vienna, and she call, 'Hello! It is nice to have her smile a welcome.'"

So far, she has had no opportunities to distinguish herself. Paramount's policy seems to be to acquaint the American public with her gradually, rather than, as the mistake was made with Pola, to thrust her to the point where her every gesture would be a subject for criticism.

"So much of America as I meet have been very kind to me. I am not reprove' by critics, because yet I am not a star. Perhaps it is better so. I try to be patient. I hope some day to be favorite. If I make success and Paramount keep me, I bring my mother and sister here. Eh bien!"

That makes her the more likable, that she is humble, that she is willing to learn and to adapt to American methods her training in the European studios. She is building on a solid foundation. Though only recently has she become known personally to Hollywood, she is well liked, for her lack of arrogance, for her simplicity of manner. There is felt against her none of the resentment which swells, and justly, when a foreigner is brought in to occupy a position for which hundreds of equally talented American girls are striving.

Quite girlishly, she delights in dancing, tennis, and fencing, for she is in the early twenties. Perhaps it is the hardship taught her by the war and the necessity of becoming the family's breadwinner that give her this reality instead of the artificiality which one expects, from previous experiences, a foreign woman to have; but more significant, I think, is the fact that she came not from the stage but from a home.

Her languor, too, is surprising, for only occasionally does the French snap and sparkle bubble her into a mood of lightness. She has the black hair of the Latins, and cool, tranquil blue eyes.

Though she said that she often came to the set tearful and was kidded into cheer by Neilan's tomfoolery, I do not imagine she is swayed much by tempestuous moods. It is more loneliness and homesickness. Her manner is for the most part calm and collected. Quite seriously, she hopes to make a success, to be loved. Arlette, you shouldn't have been named that. You should be Marie or Anne or Suzanne. Your name is a creamy pastry nomenclature, with fluffy, pink icing and pink candies. And you are a spring salad dashed with French dressing.
AL-CHRISTIE
The KING of COMEDY
Presents His New
Laugh Special

MARIE PREVOST in

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

Fascinating Entertainment, packed with Laughter. A merry mix-up of husbands, wives and sweethearts in a riotous farce.

THE mischief all starts with a wicked-looking little chemise, embroidered with a tender message. Has a young husband any right to be buying such a frivolous garment—under most suspicious circumstances? Mabel thinks not! And so things begin to happen—fast, furiously and hilariously.

Never has more fun been crowded into one picture. Al Christie has seen to that. This great producer of those comic triumphs, "Charley's Aunt", "Seven Days", and "Madam Behave", is making a new record for himself with every feature. "Up in Mabel's Room" is the best yet!

The sparkling loveliness of MARIE PREVOST, the siren blondeness of PHYLLIS HAVER, and the pep of HARRISON FORD make this a picture you simply mustn't miss!
I n f o r m a t i o n, P l e a s e

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

P E A R L W H I T E F A N.—If I had any influence with Miss White, you may be sure I would use it to request her to come back, but, as I haven't; and even if I had, Pearl wouldn't listen. She is devoted to the Parisian stage, where she appears in elaborate revues. She is one of those "darlings of Paris" you have heard so much about. She seems to have deserted us for good. Miss White made several films for a French company, but they have not been shown over here to my knowledge. And you know what my knowledge is. "Sees all—knows all," but I do not, contrary to report, resemble a monkey in any other particular.

C A V A L I E R.—Greetings, and welcome. The latchstring is always out for you. Likewise the hearty handshake and the easy-chair. Harold Goodwin is not a newcomer. He was once starred by Fox. He has very little information about the young man, so if I were you I'd write to him, in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and ask the questions. William Boyd is a Cecil B. De Mille star. He is reticent as to big pictures, but freely admits to six feet one inch, one hundred and seventy pounds, light-brown hair and blue eyes. He is Elmar Fair's husband in private life.

C A R O L I N E.—Prepare yourself, my dear young lady. Not only is Theodora von Eltz married. There is even a little Vorlache. I append his home address to the end of this department.

J. R. B.—Renée Adorée is French and Spanish but mostly French. She speaks with a charming accent and is, in fact, altogether a charming person. Miss Adorée—or should I say Malénoiselle—went to New York to play opposite Tommy Morris in "Tin Gods," for Famous Players. But as she was only being loaned by her own company for this one picture, I should advise you to write to her in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at Culver City, California. Miss Adorée was once Mrs. Tom Moore. Now she has announced her engagement to Rudolf Friml, the composer. "The Big Parade" is generally considered her best picture.

G O R D O N J.—Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, and Huntly Gordon played in "Never the Twain Shall Meet!" Dolores Costello, John Harron, Sheldon Lewis, and Tyrone Power, in "Bride of the Storm." Aileen Pringle, in "Wildfire," Miss Pringle's latest film to be released was "The Wilderness Woman," for First National. Then she worked in Paramount's "Tin Gods" with Thomas Meighan, and in "The Great Deception" with Ben Lyon, for First National. As I understand it, she's a good actress and a handsome woman.

H. W. P.—So you consider "Classified" Corinne Griffith's best picture? Ssh—so do I; but don't tell anybody. I'm not supposed to play favorites. Following is the cast for "Classified": Corinne Griffith, Jack Mulhall, Charlie Murray, Edythe Chapman, Caroll Nye, Nat Carr, Bernard Randall. Miss Griffith is married to Walter Mooney, of the theatricals. Harold Roscoe is now a director for Warner Brothers. His first picture was "Sliten Shackles," with Irene Rich.

B E T T Y P E N E.—You say you hope Richard Dix will soon have a chance to star in a really big picture. Didn't you consider "The Vanishing American" a really big picture? Most people understood it was big—even an epic. What more can one ask? However, I don't blame you for not having seen it, and I'll try to get a copy, and when I see him again, I'll tell him about you.

J A M E S M. K.—Gene Stratton-Porter was a well-known writer, some of whose stories have been successfully translated to the screen. Mrs. Porter died some time ago. Two of her most famous tales are "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost." Her son-in-law, Leo Meehan, has directed several of her stories which have found their way to the screen.

A N N A L.—Sure—if you send friendly letters to the screen stars, they are apt to be answered. Only don't make them too friendly. The stars appreciate sincere praise, but hesitate to accept flattery. If you were go, I'd enclose a stamp for a reply, or in asking for a photograph, twenty-five cents. What with the high cost of mailing and all, two bits barely pays the postage. Try your luck.

L O N E S O N E.—Is it possible that there is any one who doesn't know that Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks? Where, Lonesome, have you been living? You say you're a film fan, but if you don't keep track of things any better than that, you're certainly "lonesome." Dorothy Gish is married to James Rennie, an actor on the speaking stage. Mr. Rennie recently closed a successful engagement in "The Great Gatsby" to sail to England to join his wife, who is making pictures for a British company.

B A R B A R A.—What do I think about you? Why, I think you are a very nice, polite girl. You say "Please," and don't forget to add "thank you." I don't believe it, but such little courtesies make my work a pleasure. The principal players in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" were Henry B. Walthall, Mme Marsh, Bobby Harron, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, and Walter Long. In "Orphans of the Storm," Lillian and Dorothy Gish were supported by Joseph Schildkraut, Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton had the leads in "America," and Marion Davies starred in "Yolanda."

MRS. H. R. T.—Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893. His stage career began at the tender age of twelve, and he continued in stock and road shows until the movie bug bit him. He weighs one hundred and fifty pounds; his height is five feet nine inches; he has black hair and blue eyes.

H E L E N J. S.—Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. There was a most interesting article on him in the June Picture-Play, which you must have overlooked. Mrs. Baxter formerly played in pictures, but decided to retire to devote her entire time to domesticity. Warner played opposite Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas." Richard Dix is not married. As usual, however, there are rumors about an engagement. His address is at the end of this department.

C. M. D.—You are right—the lovely Barbara La Marr played the lady who's known as "Lou" in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." "The Girl from Montmartre" was Miss La Marr's last picture. The little boy who was adopted by the late star has been adopted by the Tom & Zasu Pitts family. He will be the adopted brother of little Zasu Ann Gallery, daughter of Tom and Zasu.

V. B.—Yes, Dolores Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, played opposite Jack Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Note: I can call him Jack, because I don't know him. Dolores has had such a success that she is now being starred by Warner Brothers. Barrymore really discovered Miss Costello, and she is playing with him again in his last picture for Warners. Ronald Colman was a soldier in "The Dark Angel," but was a civilian in "Her Sister from Paris."

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The Lure of the Sure Fire
Continued from page 90

Century Express at the crossing, to reach the prison in time for the final reprieve.

When the villain helps the heroine into her evening wrap, you just know that he will embrace her as he en-folds it about her. It is the tried-and-true squeeze play of the silent drama. And when the lovers are finally downstage center, in front of the camera, you are sure that the old folks in the rear will wink knowingly at one another and sneer stealthily from the room, only to peek back in time to see the ultimate clinch preceding the “Passed by the Board of Censorship.” You know that these things will happen, and yet you aren’t disappointed when they do happen. In fact, you would feel a bit put out if the final fadeout failed to picture the mixed couple.

Once an audience laughed when a character man, accidentally dropping his wig, placed it on again backward, and ever since, this has been a sure-fire laugh-getter in picture comedy. So has the idea of smacking a fly that has alighted on the head of a very bald man. And there are others—many others! Was there ever a war play in which at one time or another the heroine didn’t flatten herself against the door of the room in which her lover is hiding, and say to the enemy officer, “On my word, lieutenant, Captain Anstruther’s has not been here!” And was there ever an audience that failed to thrill at that?

A child in a dreary garret assuring its starving mother that hunger is the least of his worries wrings a tear from the most hardened observer. And there is never a dry eye in the house when the poor Italian reverently kisses the American flag. It all comes under the sure-fire category. The director has these appealing bits catalogued in his mind just as definitely as the title writer has certain sure-fire titles all ready for action. The public get what they want—and what they always have wanted.

So the next time you find yourself watching the waiting wife at the window and, in flashbacks, the wayward husband and the gilded jade, don’t writhе inwardly and say, “Old stuff!” but pause to consider that it is the stuff of which successful pictures are made, the stuff that has been tried, time and time again, and not found wanting.

“You bet!” says Oldtimer.

“I’ll say so!” avers Equally Old-time Friend.

The Telephone and the Farm

There was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer’s wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer’s watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods.

Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

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BE THE Jazz Queen Of Your Town
Be popular. Have fun. Step. You can be the Queen of the land with a Buescher True Tone Saxophone

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You will never know what beautiful love you really have until you use Delica-Brow. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 66 3012 Clvbourse Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Our Chinese Movie Actors

Continued from page 85

Wang, who has appeared in a lot of pictures. He went to Tahiti with Maurice Tourneur, and to Canada with Reginald Barker. Jimmie formerly was a Baptist minister in Boston. He came here seven or eight years ago with the idea of becoming a motion-picture actor—believed that any one who could be a successful preacher could be a successful actor. And he certainly made good.

Probably the most widely known Oriental player in motion pictures is So Jin, a Jap. He was born in Sendai City, Japan, the son of a doctor who had been a member of Parliament. His ambitions, since childhood, have been literary, and while attending school and college, he wrote several volumes of poetry. He studied at Waseda University, Tokyo. Upon his graduation he entered Tokyo Fine Arts College, and studied painting. He became interested in drama at this time, and before finishing his course, entered Bungei Kyokai (The Literature Arts Association), presided over by old Professor Tsubouchi, outstanding dramatist of Japan.

So Jin then took up dramatic work in earnest, and after learning a great deal from Tsubouchi, established a stock company of his own. It was necessary for him to train his own actors before they were sufficiently at ease for stage appearances. Then he produced classical and modern plays in Japanese for some time, presenting the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Shaw, Oscar Wilde, and others. For ten years, he was considered the leading director and actor of Japan.

Six years ago, So Jin left Japan for Hollywood, intending to study motion-picture production. He was unsuccessful at first, and went to San Francisco, where he established The East and West Times, a Japanese publication. He visited some Japanese friends in Los Angeles, and was fortunate in meeting Douglas Fairbanks, who happened to be looking for Oriental characters for “The Thief of Bagdad.” He was given a big part in this production, and has been in demand ever since. “East of Suez,” “The White Desert,” “Proud Flesh,” “The Wanderer,” “The Sea Beast,” and “The Bat,” are among the productions he has appeared in.

The younger generation of Chinese in America are growing up in the atmosphere of American ideals, Mr. Gubbins says, and their ancient customs are disappearing.

“When we had the call to the De Mille studio recently,” he said, “a restaurateur came to me and said: "I wish you would send as many players as possible to my place of business at lunch hour. I can serve chop suey, rice cakes, and all the Chinese dishes." "You can?" I inquired. 'Chop suey is an American dish—not known now in China. Do you know what they want to eat? Ham and eggs!"

Fashioned for the First Cool Days

Continued from page 85

Silk, with a simple trimming of button-hole stitching in tan. A little jeweled pendant dangles from the vest opening. This gown also belongs to the wardrobe of Pauline Starke.

Very chic is the other little dress on page 54, which is worn by Dolores del Rio in “Pals First.” It is of soft white flannel, with tie and piping of red. The odd, vestlike effect is particularly new and smart, and the note of red is repeated in the skirt in the pleat inserts.

Two particularly smart afternoon frocks are shown at the upper right of page 55. The first is a combination of flat crepe and that queen of materials for fall, panne velvet. The flat crepe, in a soft beige shade, forms the body of the dress, while the wide, biased overskirt is of velvet in the same shade, as are also the vestee and the sleeve band. The scarf collar and soft bow in front are of dark-brown velvet. With this charming formal costume is worn a brown tulle-and-velvet hat, and the lovely lady who wears it is Dorothy Sebastian.

The bouffant little frock next to it is from the wardrobe of Joan Crawford, and is of the ever-popular black taffeta. The entire lower half of the skirt consists of a broad band of silver and rose, while a silver sequin collar is tied handkerchief fashion at the low neckline. Miss Crawford also wears a large black satin hat.

Advocates of the simple one-piece frock will like the smart navy-blue one in the lower sketch on the same page. It is made less severe by the vest, collar, and huge, puffed sleeves of gay, flowered silk. But aside from these embellishments, it is our old friend the chemise gown, back in all its glory.
From Jolly Old England

Continued from page 74

England, she greeted me with "My deah, how are you?" I opened my arms wide," he gestured, "and shouted, 'Honey, so darned glad to see you!' Now, am I not more American than she?"

He is an actor by accident, in a way. His family tried to make him everything else. To please them, he studied law, had a fling at business, and failed dismally as a broker. One day when they weren't looking, he ducked and obtained a small rôle in a film starring Clive Brook.

After six films, he turned to the stage and, following a successful season, was brought to America to play on the stage in "Havoc." It was during an engagement in a musical comedy with Miss Chatterton that he met that charming lady, who, after a whirlwind courtship, which was carried on in the most aggressive American manner, became his wife.

The offer of a Paramount contract was quickly accepted and he came West to play the youngest brother, John, in the film "Beau Geste."

Altogether, he considers our America, our people, our movies, our everything, quite charming. He differs from most of Hollywood's English colony in his eagerness to mix with us, to become like us.

He is, however, not lacking in the conservatism which is characteristic of the English. On the day of our lunch together, Herbert Brenon, rushing his company at top speed, had allowed but a short recess for the noon cut. In a quandary, Forbes finally decided to do a daring thing.

"First time I've appeared outside in make-up," he said, as he hustled me quickly across the street to the café. "Though it's not an uncommon sight here, I feel terribly shy."

So, a trifle nervous under his grease paint, he chatted amiably of hard life in the English movies, while I smiled at his boyishness, lied good-naturedly in agreeing that anyone would mistake him for an American, even when he spoke, and wished more English actors might be of his type.

"One more question," I asked breathlessly, as again we navigated auto-infested Vine Street, being, as he said, "terribly clever" to get across.

"Were the English girls good sports about the discomforts of location work?"

"Indeed, yes. Never squawked over anything. Did they help? Of course not. We wouldn't have permitted it."

Now, I ask you, is he "terribly" English or not?

---

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**SHORT** skirts . . . no corset . . . stockings over the knee instead of rolled—they must be smooth and straight or the whole ensemble is spoiled . . . so it all depends on the right garter—and that means the Girdlon.

The Girdlon is made in dainty shades of webbing and shirred ribbon to harmonize with your lingerie. It is most comfortable—there's no pinching at the waist, for it is worn around the hips where it is hardly felt, and it is so designed it simply cannot slip down.

If you do not find the Girdlon at your favorite shop, write us giving your hip measure and color desired. Shirred ribbon $2.00 and $2.50, rayon frill elastic $1.50 and $1.75, cotton frill elastic $1.00, postpaid.

**George Frost Company, Boston**

Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men
"Old Ironsides" Goes Into Action
Continued from page 18

"Put enough powder into that beam to blow the damn thing to pieces!" Cruze shouted, with sufficient emphasis to bring about sensational results. "This time she goes, if we have to smash up the whole ship!"

After about an hour, everything was ready again, and this time the splitting of the bowsprit was carried out to perfection. The big beam wavered and quivered under the effect of the explosion, and finally swung slowly back, suspended from a hawser against the side of the ship—all to the accompaniment of echoing reverberations and clouds of smoke.

The scene was taken amid cheering. Even such a casual, and perhaps somewhat critical, onlooker as myself could not miss the spirit that went into this fulfillment.

Cruze himself hasn't put so much effort into any production that he has directed recently. Nearly always a very rapid picture maker here-tofore, he settled down to this, one of his largest undertakings, as if he had all the time in the world.

"I think that we have in this picture something that everybody will like," he declared, in his cautiously reserved Western manner, and followed modestly with, "At least, I hope so. It is, at best, a pretty tough proposition to maneuver ships about for a picture. When they are without power, they are among the world's worst actors, particularly when the wind, the tide, and everything else contribute to make them tempestuous.

"We decided that the historical angle was the one that should be uppermost in the production. The picture is too big an affair to limit it to the telling of a story alone, without aiming to secure a spectacular patriotic interest as well.

"We need the historical side especially for the school children," he continued, "and I believe that all of them will get something out of the picture. We have attempted to show the capture of Tripoli and the defeat of the pirates with accuracy, and yet without losing anything of the drama, and human interest surrounding the principal characters.

"One thing I might mention, and that is that we haven't any heroes, heroines, or villains in this film—in the conventional sense of those terms.

"This is really our heroine," and he indicated, with a sweeping gesture, the ship on which we were standing—the replica of the famous and conquering "Old Ironsides."

Behind the Silver Screen
Continued from page 49

thereby hangs a tale. Inasmuch as the all-year road is being built by convict labor, women are not allowed in the vicinity—only men can get permission to drive in on it. When the party were nearly in the valley, they were stopped and told that the ladies were out of place. There was much arguing, but the comedians did a little fixing and were allowed to proceed with their wives. But once in the valley, there was only one way out—via the railroad. So Buster and Roscoe and wives rode home in the Rolls-Royce—on a flat car.

The mention of convicts reminds me of "Kid" McCoy, former heavyweight champion, who is serving time in San Quentin. Kid wrote me not long ago, and said that not all the bad actors are in Hollywood—there are plenty of them up at San Quentin. That's all right, Kid, but I don't have to pay to see those up there.

Charlie Chaplin, like all successful men, has many enemies, but there is no denying that many people who once associated with him have become famous since. For instance, Eddie Sutherland, who was his assistant director for two years, directed one of the most successful pictures of the past season—"Behind the Front." Charles ("Chuck") Reisner, former yes or gag man to Charlie, has directed brother Syd in his more recent successes. Harry d'Arrast, the young Frenchman who was with Charlie for two years, has now been signed as a director by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Monta Bell, Jackie Coogan, Georgia Hale, Mack Swain, Malcolm Waite, and Adolphe Menjou are some of the others who have had training on the Chaplin lot.

But to do all these people credit—they probably gave Chaplin as much as they received from him.

After having proven to palpitating studios that it was humanly possible to be more temperamental than the ultra-temperamental Negro, Greta Nissen deserted motion pictures for a Ziegfeld stage production.

We hereby tender our advice to Mr. Ziegfeld, and our congratulations to Messrs. Zukor and Lasky.
Hollywood High Lights  
Continued from page 73

"Theodore Roosevelt" Chosen.

After a long and arduous search, Famous Players have at last found a man who looks so much like Theodore Roosevelt that they have chosen him to play the role of that strenuous character in "The Rough Riders," the film built round Roosevelt's life which they are making. The name of this double is Frank Hopper, and a rather strange coincidence led to his being chosen.

Famous Players had offered a cash prize to the person who should suggest the man whom they should choose as being best suited to portray Roosevelt. A woman who had read of this offer happened to be coming out of a Los Angeles movie theater one evening as Frank Hopper and his wife and children were passing by. She had never laid eyes on him before, but being struck by his strong resemblance to Roosevelt, she accosted him and asked if he would mind if she suggested his name for the leading role in "The Rough Riders." He readily consented and she did so, with the result that a screen test was made of him. But though in every other way he seemed perfect for the part, he was about twenty-five pounds too heavy, and Paramount would have rejected him if he had not urged them to give him a chance to reduce. He knuckled down and within a month had lost the excess weight, whereupon he returned to the studio, was retested, and this time was definitely chosen. And the woman who had picked him out of a crowd on the street received the promised cash prize.

Hopper has for the past few years been in business, but it seems that he was at one time on the stage.

Famous Types, and Why They Appeal  
Continued from page 67

Mae Murray.

Mae Murray is the veritable spirit of the dance, the essence of gayety. Every bit of her lithe, graceful little body breathes the joy of life. Her tempo is quick and lively and, as we watch her, our own pulses beat in happy rhythm.

She is beauty of form, poetry of motion. When I look at her perfect form, womanly and yet so like a boy's, I always think of the statue of Cupid. And Cupid, that dainty miniature of a god, that mischievous sprite of love and beauty, is the perfect symbol of Mae.

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rubbed back in.

* * *

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promising newcomer, and then really took one. She is of the Mary Philbin type, and Zasu says she is perfectly lovely. Zasu is going to play the heavy dramatic rôle in the film.

"I must tell you why I have suddenly grown so upstage." I hadn't noticed any change, however. "It's because I have received the last word in compliments. At a dinner party at John Roche's house the other night, all the girls were trying on each other's coats and they thought mine must be Lilyan Tashman's!"

"Anna Q. pulled a funny stunt that night. When I first saw her, I couldn't imagine what had happened to her, she looked so drab and unfashionable. She had on an old black dinner dress that was not quite far enough out of style to look quaint. 'Well, what could I do?' Anna remarked. 'I knew that Hedda Hopper would be here to-night. She is just back from New York with loads of gorgeous clothes. Lilyan Tashman was coming and she always looks marvelously smart, so there was no way for me to distinguish myself except by making people feel sorry for me. So I dragged this dress out from its years of retirement.'"

"As usual, Anna is going to rush up to Arrowhead Springs for a few days vacation after 'Midnight Lovers' has finished. Then she has the honor of opening the wonderful new First National studios at Burbank. She is going to make 'The Masked Woman' for June Mathis out there."

"Bebe Daniels will be the first player to work in the new Famous Players studio—the one where the First National companies used to work. Bebe is going to make 'The Campus Flirt,' which was called 'The College Flirt' at first. She has a right to gloat over half the girls in the picture colony, because at least that many have tried to induce Charlie Paddock to work in a picture with them, and only Bebe has succeeded. He holds thirty-seven records at present and does not doubt that that will make him any better as a screen actor, I suppose."

"Bebe is heartbroken because she won't be able to ride horseback for a while, because of the horrible accident she had while riding in New York. She doesn't know what to do with her Sundays, as she always used to spend them tearing across country."

"New York must be awfully dull now," Fanny went on, ruminatively, somewhat in the manner of one who whiskles to keep her courage up. "Simply every one of importance seems to be out here. Of course, Constance Talmadge is leaving in a day or two for a trip to England with her new husband. But Norma Talmadge and Leatrice Joy and Mabel Normand and Corinne Griffith have all come back from New York to settle down to work."

"Speaking of work, I wonder how Marion Davies ever finds time to shoot any scenes for her films. Every distinguished visitor who comes to Hollywood—and there has been everything lately, from a theater owners' convention to foreign princes—wants to go out to her set to be photographed with her. Marion must have shaken hands with almost as many people as the President."

"Every one has been giving parties at the Ambassador lately, because Peggy Harris and Carl Hyson are dancing there. It takes a lot of nerve for an exhibition dancer to perform in Hollywood, where there are such experts as Constance Talmadge, Joan Crawford, Priscilla Dean, and a lot of others. Miss Harris got by all right, though, and right away one every one began wondering what company would put her and her partner into pictures. Then Marshall Neilan signed them up to appear in 'Diplomacy.'"

"I really must go home and get some sleep," Fanny complained, quite as though I had been keeping her. "There are a lot of housewarmings on my social calendar for next week. Lilyan Tashman has just moved into her new home in Beverly Hills, and so has Anna Q. moved into her new home. The real reason for Anna Q. buying a new home is that, years ago, she bought a big Tudor table and it has been in storage for ages waiting for her to get a house it would fit into."

"If I weren't in a hurry, I'd tell you that I've just discovered the secret of Harry Langdon's technique. Yes, well, if you insist and don't want to see 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp' as many times as I have, here it is. He uses exactly the same gestures as Lilian Gish and Zasu Pitts and the best tragic tropers, except that he exaggerates them slightly. If you don't believe me, just watch him."

And Fanny hurried away before I could tell her that I had never expected to live to see the day when she would be more concerned with technique than with Ellenor Glyn's old stand-by, "It."
A Couple of Vivre Las!
Continued from page 43

is vivacious, quick, natural, spontaneous in everything she does. Her gestures speak volumes, her eyes are exclamatory points.

She could say nothing of how effects were obtained, as Nazimova or Gish could. She has no set formula. She has no definite method. But a certain aid to her success is her emotional force. At all times her feelings lie near the surface, with little veneer to protect them. There is no pose and little poise. She is utterly natural.

"I am myself. That is all one can be," she said. "I am a gypsy dancing through the woods, or I am a coquette, or I am a Red Cross nurse. That is all. How can one say how one does this thing?" She arched her brows and smiled helplessly.

Famous Players borrowed Adoree and the gleaming Pringle to supply the drama in the most recent Meighan picture, "Tin Gods." The first day Renee appeared at the studio the directorial Mr. Dwan called her aside. "We're starting with some love scenes," he said. "Play them tropically. Let's see this great Normandy technique." The vibrant Adoree played the scene in fiery fashion. Mr. Meighan turned from an ardent caress with a baffled expression on his face, "How can I keep my make-up on?" he asked.

In New York for the first time in years, Renee indicated that she was enjoying the pleasures of Manhattan, from parties given by Lenore Ulric to quieter dinners in the Fifties, from the dim elegance of the dance clubs east of the Avenue to the riotous bedlam in Harlem. But an impending personal appearance at the Astor Theatre seemed to worry her.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"What can I say? I will not say the same ol' stuff. I hate that." She turned to me questioningly. "Why should any one wish to see me? I am there on the screen to be seen. Is that not better?" She fluttered an artless hand. "It is ver' silly, isn't it?"

As you may have gathered, she speaks English with a wisp of French accent.

For the present Renee was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, eager to return to Hollywood to start work on a picture that would give her a rôle similar to the one she played so perfectly in "The Big Parade."

Whatever Adoree does will be interesting, because Adoree is interesting!

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"A FAIR WIND" IS ONE OF THE SET OF FOUR DIFFERENT SEA PICTURES.
Brave, Blundering and Honest

Continued from page 27

because the manager just couldn't stand his voice. Disconsolate, Denny finally ran into a jujutsu performer who conceived a marvelous scheme for the two of them to make a vaudeville tour.

"How much money have you got?" asked the jujutsu man.

Denny admitted he had a little money saved.

"Fine," said the other. "Now you can pay your railroad fare and hotel expenses, and I will save your salary for you until the end of the season. Then I will give it to you in a lump sum!"

And—don't laugh—Denny fell in with this generous plan and was enormously surprised at the end of the season when his jujutsu friend disappeared—lump sum and all.

He grinned foolishly as he recounted this incident. "Just a bright young Englishman," was what he called himself, with some sarcasm. But I have an idea that if you stopped around next week with a swell idea for launching a gold mine, Denny would show keen interest. He simply has a trusting nature.

When I saw Mr. Denny, he was making his first visit to New York in five years, having come on for the opening of his latest picture, "Rolling Home." It was an exceedingly hurried trip, and it had been necessary to bunch the interviewers in order to give them all a chance at him.

His early struggles sound like a Chaplin comedy—they were so filled with hard luck and near tragedy. They consisted, apparently, of just one long series of attempts to raise carfare home.

A terrible blow came after his first appearance on the stage. His father, a reputable and popular actor in London, sought him out and quickly went to the point. "I must ask you to give up the stage," he said sadly. "You come from a long line of actors. We can't have the family name held up to ridicule. It's bad enough to be an actor, but it's unpardonable to be a bad actor!"

You can see for yourself that Denny doesn't take his art very seriously. It is almost possible to forget you are interviewing him. In fact, you could forget it if the Universal publicity staff weren't present to lead you back to fertile ground and "good copy." If Mr. Denny wanders very far afield, a slight cough to the left reminds him that his visit to New York is brief, and wouldn't the reporters love to hear about that maharajah episode?

It seems that Denny and his wife introduced the Gaby Glide into India.

"We were stranded, you see, and wanted to get passage money home. As a matter of fact, we couldn't get out of the hotel because we couldn't pay the bill. And I walked ten miles—I couldn't even afford a conveyance—to see if I could persuade the maharajah to let us dance for him. He consented, and my wife and I danced the Gaby Glide. I don't mind telling you that it was considered very hot stuff and quite shocking!"

"And did you get the passage money?" asked six breathless reporters.

"In silver money—in bags," asserted Mr. Denny.

No doubt you have gathered by now that Mr. Denny was a song-and-dance man before he started in the films. He was one of the original juveniles to play in "The Merry Widow" in this country and had, in fact, quite a successful musical comedy career before the films caught him.

His wife, known on the stage as Irene Hazeman, was also well known on the musical-comedy stage.

Denny's first screen test came in about 1920—after he had served his time at the front. Jobs were not to be found. The manager who had said, "There'll be a job waiting, boy," had long since lost his patriotism.

Denny's first screen test was not a success. And he needed work very badly.

It was John Emerson who made this first test, at the request of Joseph Schenck. Schenck sent for Denny when the film was developed, and lost no time in breaking the bad news. "My boy, never try pictures," he said. "You don't screen well at all. You have a bad mouth—"

"What's the matter with my mouth?" interrupted Denny.

"Why, it's crooked!" said Schenck, "and you have a bad walk—"

"What's the matter with it?" said Denny, a trifle less belligerently.

"It's more of a waddle than a walk," said Schenck, "and on the screen your whole personality is lost."

About a week later, an agent sent for him and instructed him to go over to the World Film offices, where Oscar Apfel was casting a picture. Apfel was inclined to hire the actor on sight. "But I must tell you," said Denny weakly, "that I screen very badly. I have a crooked mouth, and I waddle, and my whole personality is lost."

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"How much salary do you want?" asked Apfel.

"Anything you'll give me," was the response.

"That's more important. You're hired. We haven't much money to spend." And thus began Denny's screen climb.

Not a path of roses—not sudden success. Prosperity came so slowly and with so many hardships, that his head will scarcely be turned now.

I have heard motion-picture folk say that Denny stands closer to filling the place left by Wallace Reid than any other actor. His following is tremendous, and his appeal is to old and young, men and women. It is a very substantial hold he has upon his public, not likely to be loosened for some time to come. He appeals strictly to a family trade—a more difficult thing than catering exclusively to flappers, a more lasting thing than catering to sheik enthusiasts.

And speaking of the Schenckian judgment, I am reminded of the remarks of two little flappers of my neighborhood who have huge scrapbooks filled with pictures of their favorite actors.

"And here's Reginald Denny," they gurgled. "Hasn't he the most adorable crooked mouth!" Let Mr. Schenck shiver up over that one!

Clive Without an Angle

Continued from page 65

pointing to one of Clive's hieroglyphics, "is this 'pumpkin pie'?

"Pumpkin pie?" repeated Clive, staring at it. "No, orangeade. You can bring the pie, though, if you prefer. Doesn't make any difference.

"What were we talking about? Oh, yes—vanity. I suppose you can blame this on vanity, too, but I hate to see the way pictures are cut. I mean; they are doing a heavy piece of work—as long as we are talking about 'Three Faces East,' take that death scene—it seems to me that that should have held on until its logical conclusion, instead of cutting away to Zeppelins, air raids, and so forth. No doubt I'm wrong about that. I suppose those cuts make it more interesting to the audience, and make the suspense keener, but then, look at that beautiful love scene in 'The Big Parade.' Held on indefinitely without cutting away. Terribly impressive, I thought."

I said I thought so, too. And then I told Clive that story that Donald Ogden Stewart tells in "The Crazy Fool." A scenario writer is outlining the plot of his lastest script to a bored audience. His general theme concerns Roman history, and he is describing in particular the scene of a Roman gentleman at the bath—

"And then," says the scenario writer, "we cut away to the White House."

"What for?" asks the bored audience, suddenly becoming interested.

"For contrast," says the scenario writer.


In a little while, he said, "How long have you been doing this work?"

I told him.

"Really? And how do you like it?"

I told him that, too.

"I used to be a reporter of a sort..."
Childhood Adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 22

I stood waiting self-consciously for his praise.

"You are writing about something you don't know anything about," he said kindly. "Would you really like to know something that might prepare you for real writing?"

I was a little taken aback, but said I should appreciate his advice.

"What you want to do is to study something you can watch every day. Take—take, say, an ant—"

"An ant?" gasped the baby Wharton.

"Yes. And watch its habits and the paths it takes and what it builds and carries. And when you have watched that ant so long that you are bursting to say something about it—write it!"

And for all the baby Whartons in the world, that isn't bad advice.

Well, I think that is about all there is. I grew up in spite of all of it, and lived to tell the story. Things could have been worse—I could have been a movie child.

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 31

One of his best songs is that well-known one, "All God's chillen got shoes for to stamp all over God's Heab'm," or to that effect.

The words of most negro spirituals are almost ridiculous, but the weird emotionalism of them is more impressive than the loftiest psalms.

A Prophecy or Two

I saw some rushes recently of "Gigolo," Rod La Rocque's new picture, and if the production gets a first-house showing, it ought to put that boy up in the Gilbert and Colman class. Louise Dresser is another who will gain much from it.

My other bouquet goes to William K. Howard, who directed this tale of Edna Ferber's with fine feeling for both Miss Ferber's story and for the exhibitor's audience.

With "Gigolo," "Three Faces East," and "Silence" to its credit, Mr. De Mille's corporation is stepping right up with the best of them.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11

he's going through the line for gain after

Don't you know most all of us like him because, first, he's good looking; second, he can act, and third—not the least, but about the most important—is that he is a human being—no pose about him?

I have been an enthusiastic fan of his since 1921 or 1922, and not once has he disappointed me, and I have seen a lot—in fact, nearly all his pictures.

He sure is a favorite here. D. B. C. Grove City, Pa.

Points for John Gilbert.

I wonder if I might be allowed to add my voice to the rumpus that has been stirred up around John Gilbert? I wonder what Amy Anderson, a letter from whom appeared in Picture-Play, would say if some one made the remark about one of her favorites that she made about
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

GILBERT: "What the fans can see in Gilbert is more than I can comprehend. Does she think a star has to please everyone? I wonder the public cares. It's about the man, the boy, and the donkey. In trying to please everyone, they pleased no one and lost out themselves.

And I quite agree with Mrs. Olive Thompson. The line issue about not labeling Gilbert "The Perfect Lover." Comparing Gilbert and Ronald Colman, I think Gilbert is the better of the two in the role of a lover, but that doesn't mean that I stay away from Colman's pictures, and say that she cannot act. I don't think any one enjoyed "The Dark Angel" and other Colman pictures any more than I did.

One thing I admire in John Gilbert is that he does not have to stick to a certain type of role, but gives us a great variety in the parts he plays, and proves that he can handle them all. I saw "The Big Parade" recently, and I believe that, if every one who thinks Gilbert cannot act, would see that picture, they would change their minds. It is the best and greatest picture that has been produced for some time.

You may get the impression that Gilbert is my favorite actor, but he isn't. I have no favorite players. There are some players I like better than others. There are two players whose pictures I never miss if I can help it, but not all of their pictures have been to my liking. They are Constance Talmadge and Colleen Moore. The pictures they are in may not be anything to shout about, but Constance and Colleen are always good.

PERCY E. MOORE.

Box 39, Norfolk, Neb.

Praise for Buster Collier.

It's about time some of the fans were writing in about that promising younger, William Collier Jr.

Recently I saw "The Rainmaker." It was a great movie and wonderfully acted by "Buster" Collier. I think he did the best acting of his career in it and that scene in the last part of the picture where the boy was praying to the Lord for a "mud track for his girl" will always be remembered by one fan as a never-to-be-forgotten performance.

Buster is a great boy and my favorite. Why is it we don't see more pictures of him in Picture-Play?

Buster isn't handsome, nor even great looking, but he can do anything anywhere he ever saw more beautiful brown eyes or longer lashes or ever see such an adorably sweet smile as his?

TEDDIE KURZT.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Two Favorites.

I have long been absorbed in movies and players. Such being the case, it would seem inevitable that many fervent attachments would be the result. However, I can't claim truthfully that this has happened. I do have favorites, but am ever loyal to those who have been constantly enjoyable.

George Hackathorne has always been my favorite actor—not because there are not many other actors with as great historic ability, but because his personality happens to appeal to me most.

Greta Garbo is the most interesting of the actresses to me, at present. Her fascination is elusive, her personality seems intense, yet with her inventiveness there lurks a certain languor. But the extraordinary thing about her is the remarkable expressiveness of her unusually beautiful eyes. Long may Miss Garbo be with us!

MARGARET BELL.

1334 Riverside Terraces, New York City.

His First Fan Letter.

This is the first time I have written a fan letter, but just thought I would put in a word for my favorites. The only Western stars you hear of these days are Tom Mix and Fred Thomson. But all there is to those pictures is their horses. So far as the stars themselves go, I don't think very much of them. There are only two real actors in Western pictures to-day, and they are Hoot Gibson and Buck Jones. Hoot has made you laugh when Thomson and Mix have made you sigh. I think Jones was great in "Lazybones." I think they are both regular fellows, and I think Ramon Novarro is the greatest actor in society drama. Those three are my idols of the screen, and the only ones who are worth while.

Whoopie, here comes Mix and his white kid gloves!

EARL SADLER.

3032 Arunah Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Bring Enid Bennett Back!

Picture-Play is wonderful! The best movie magazine out! Most of all, we enjoy "What the Fans Think!"

This is just a letter in praise of a star who seems to have left the screen. This star, whom we fans—there are six of us—love and adore, is an old-time star. No, she is not Mary, nor Lilian, nor Dorothy, nor Marion, but a star lovelier than any of these. She has a name which brings with it the scent of spring, violets, and apple blossoms. Enid Bennett—she's our star! Miss Bennett reminds us of all the loveliest things nature ever produced. Violets for those drenched, starlike eyes of hers, Sun shine for that rippling, spun-silk hair, Alabaster skin and a perfect body for those cheeks, Red, red roses buds for those tiny lips. Snow and ice pearls for that graceful neck and those tiny hands.

Miss Bennett is the loveliest thing God ever made. Some have said this of Mary Pickford. Mary may be lovely, but Enid—sweet, graceful, glorious Enid—has the greatest claim to that.

Those eyes—sometimes dreaming, then gay and dancing with merriment. Then lost in thought, wonder, or anger. Fair she can portray to perfection.

She is a lovely little thing, and a great actress. Of all her roles—the lady of "Naughty, Naughty," the cabin boy of "Applejohn," the Floozie in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the Marise of the underworld in "The Red Lily," the dainty yet spitiive Rosemond of "The Man Who Skied"—the gentle, glorious, queenly Marian of "Robin Hood"—we fans loved her best as Marian.

Please, all of you, help to get back our wonderful little Enid.

And an appeal to Miss Bennett herself. If you want her back, Enid darling, will you come?


*According to report, Miss Bennett has returned and is now making a film.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 60

"Inkwell"—First National. A triangle film, based on Somerset Maugham's "Cesar's Wife." Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, as the husband and wife, and Malcolm McGregor, as the distasteful factor, all give intelligent performances.

"Irene"—First National. Colleen Moore in a pleasant comedy of a poor little Irish girl who becomes a dressmaker's model and is wooed by a rich young fellow. Lloyd Hughes.

"Just Supposes"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in the role of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American debutante, prettily played by Lois Moran.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the screen of Barrie's delightful tale of the starved Lucy in rags whose vision of imagination finds expression in her fantastic dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as Cinderella; Tom Moore a delight as London bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar DePriest as one of the mothers, a doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from same mistake. Well done. May Robson in the role; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Let's Get Married"—Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard Dix and baby, a gay young man who gets in trouble with the police and has a hard time getting married. Lois Wilson the girl.

"Mannequin"—Paramount. Fannie Hurst's prize story. Baby girl, stolen by nurse, grows up ignorant of her real parentage, murders man, and comes to trial before her own father. Dolores Costello, Alice Joyce, and Warner Baxter.

"Man Upstairs, The"—Warner. Adapted from the story "The Agony Column." Good comedy-melodrama, with Monte Blue, Dorothy Devore, and John Boles.


"Midnight Sun, The"—Universal. An elaborate film picturing prewar Russia. Anna Q. Nilsson, as a ballet girl, captures the attentions of a grand duke, Pat O'Malley, but gives her heart to his aid-de-camp.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale of a funny, rakish young man and a pretty, quaint character, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neil per and pretty in overall; William Haines engaging country boy.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"—Paramount. Very funny comedy of a young lady compelled to spend a million dollars within a certain time. Well played by Bebe Daniels, Ford Sterling, and Warner Baxter.

"Moana"—Paramount. Picturesque and interesting film of actual life of actual characters in the South Sea Islands, showing the gradual rise of a youth to manhood.

"Money Talks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Broad farce, with Owen Moore emerging as a female impersonator. Claire Windsor, as the pretty wife, increases the tangles in the already-confused plot.

"My Own Pal!"—Fox. Tom Mix and the wonder horse, Tony, save a baby, jump onto moving trains, and otherwise distinguish themselves.

"New Klondike, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in an amusing satire on Florida real estate, with a few baseball players thrown in.

"Oh! What a Nurse!"—Warner. Syd Chaplin in skirts again. Good story, with funny gags, but too much repetition.

"Old Loves and New"—First National. One lord steals another lord's lady, and several years later they all find themselves in Algiers together. Barbara Bedford, Lewis Stone, and Walter Pidgeon.

"Ranson's Folly"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an excitement-loving young army lieutenant of the eighties who throws himself into real trouble as the result of an idle prank. Dorothy Mackaill the girl.

"Red Dice"—Producers Distributing. Story of the bootlegging underworld. Rod La Rocque in the rôle of young man who has only a year to live. Marguerite de la Motte is the girl.

"Runaway, The"—Paramount. Showing the successful transformation of a city girl into a country lass. Good cast, featuring Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.

"Sea Horses"—Paramount. Pleasant tropical film featuring Florence Vidor, Jack Holt, and that easy-going villain, George Bancroft, including both a deluge and a cyclone.

"Skinner's Dress Suit"—Universal. Reginal Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy consisting of a husband whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dars not tell her he has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.


"That Royle Girl"—Paramount. D. W. Griffith picture—rather brassy melodrama featuring Carol Dempster, and...
Are You Afraid of Marriage?

Are you on the verge of plunging into real marriage, rather than just a fling? Are you trembling lest the girl you are marrying prove to be no better than she seems? Are you churlish and distrustful of a young woman because you are afraid that she might prove to be an improper wife? Are you feeling self-conscious about your ability to provide her with a home and a life of comfort? Do you feel that you are going to be a failure in marriage?

That's My Baby—Paramount. Douglas MacLean is funny in a comedy that is otherwise something of a bore.

Volga Boatman, The—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring Lucas Hearn, building a loving father-son relationship in Russia.


We Moderns—First National. Colleen Moore very much alive as English flapper who loses heart to drawing-room poet and does some rather startling things in process of getting him.

What Happened to Jones—Universe. Reginald Denny entering feature-length entertainment, dealing with a young man who gets into all sorts of complications. Marian Nixon and Zasu Pitts add to the fun.


Wilderness Woman, The—First National. Aileen Pringle bursts into comedy, with highly entertaining results. Chester Conklin adds to the fun, and Lowell Sherman makes the film complete.

Womanhandled—Paramount. Richard Dix in a delightful light comedy of a polo-playing man who tries to win a girl, tries to become a man of the great open spaces. Esther Ralston is the girl.

Yankee Senator, The—Fox. One of best films of Richard Dix made in some time. Complicated plot, with Olive Borden as heroine.

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RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.


"Broken Hearts"—Clowning Film. Bosomies, sentimental drama dealing with the troubles of a young Russian Jew. Poorly done by Maurice Schwartz and Alan Lee.


"Devil's Circus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither very good nor very bad. Norma Shearer in rôle of circus girl. Charles Emmett Mack is the crook hero, and Carmel Myers a jealous woman.

"Fascinating, Youth"—Paramount. Featuring the graduates of the Paramount School, none of whom make much impression. Tale of a rollicking group of young artists.

"Joanna"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill, a comedienne of the first order, in badly directed picture of poor shopgirl who is suddenly thrust into a life of luxury by being given a million dollars to use as she pleases.

"Little Irish Girl, The"—Warner. Muddled film, with intervals of good entertainment. Dolores Costello is an ill-treat young girl who gives up of her chance to go straight. John Harron to the rescue.


"Other Women's Husbands"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in another effort in the domestic comedies, with the usual entanglements. Phyllis Haver and Huntly Gordon are the other couple.

"Prince of Pilsen, The"—Producers Distributing. An ill-treat young man and woman—American and daughter go to Germany and become involved with princes and politics. Anita Stewart, Allan Forrester, and Greta Nissen.

"Rackless Lady, The"—First National. Unusually fine cast in rather disappointing picture. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran again together as mother and daughter, James Kirkwood plays the father, and Ben Lyon the juvenile.

"Red Kimono, The"—David Distributing-Vital. Produced by Mrs. Wallace Reid. Supposed to stir you, but misses fire.

"Sap, The"—Warner. Good idea badly handled. Mother's boy goes to war and accidentally becomes hero, only to be bullied on his return home. Kenneth Harlan in leading rôle.

"Social Highwayman, The"—Warner. A hodge-podge film, dealing with the exploits of a cub reporter, played by John Patrick. Dorothy Devore is a good girl, and Walter Connolly is a silly manner not at all suited to them.

"Unchastened Woman, The"—Chadwick. Badly directed and badly acted film in which Theda Bara makes an unwelcome return to the screen.

"Untamed Lady, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson and a lot of stylish clothes and beautiful backgrounds in a poor picture—modern version of "Taming of the Shrew."

"When Love Grows Cold"—F. O. Natacha Rambova, otherwise Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, not at all pleasing in film filmed some time ago, but who helps husband to succeed, only to find he has grown away from her. Clive Brook is the husband.

"Woman of the World, A"—Clowning Film. Clowning behind a mask. Excellent mingled in clumsy film of a Jeweled countess, played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviera to small United States town and falls in love with straight-laced, district attorney.
All Hollywood is talking about this fairest of Eve's daughters!

Ever since Eve listened to the serpent, woman has worshipped the raiment that makes her fairest, and man has worshipped woman thus adorned. In the person of beautiful young

Olive Borden

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CURIOUS—You're inquisitive, you mean. But that's all right with me. That's what I'm here for. Johnny Hines is a great guy—you're right. He's the champion Charlton expert among the male movie stars. He and Debbie Lee should give an exhibition together. Johnny is under contract to First National. His recent films are "The Live Wire" and "Rainbow Rites." His newest is "The Brown Derby," adapted from the musical comedy, and his leading woman in that is Diana Kane. Lois Wilson's sister. Johnny isn't married. He hasn't time for housekeeping besides work, but writes on occasion of C. C. Burrows, 135 West 44th Street, New York City. He'll answer you.

A LAURA LA PLANTE CLUB has been formed. Any one interested may write to Erich O'Brock, 4221 Woodbridge Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

ENDEAR—Don't blame you boys for starting a Laura La Plante club. I'd like to start a one-man La Plante club all by myself. I met Laura when she was in New York City on her vacation, and if she isn't as cute as a button, I recently had the opportunity to meet—but there, I won't make you jealous. It isn't fair. I just want to add that, for a beautiful blonde, Laura has about the best disposition I ever met. She's not spoiled and she can still blush.

A YOUNG FAN—Baby Peggy hasn't been making any pictures lately, but if you want a picture of her in this magazine, I'll see what I can do. Between you and me, that won't be much, as the editor is inclined to poke fun at me. But he does listen to me when I tell him what my readers want, so have hope. Colleen Moore has been married several years to John McCormick, Western manager of First National pictures, and a very good-looking and smart young man. Sometimes the stars read their fan mail when they have time, and they always try to. But often, a batch comes when they are willy-nilly busy, and so they pass them on to their secretaries. But rest assured that every star in pictures honestly appreciates fan letters, and some times a suggestion sent in by a fan is acted upon with screen results. Jacqueline Logan is married to a non-professional, and very happily, I fear. I think she was just to please her husband and he proposals her fan mail herself. At any rate, it wouldn't do you any harm to write, and it might bring you a personally autographed picture.

JEAN LEROUX—Sorry if I seemed to slight the shell. I had no intention of doing so. Rudy is a friend of mine, and I agree with you that he is an all-round man, though not in the least inclined toward employment on Richard Tal- madge, too, and have even seen him put over some of his screen stunts. The boy is some athlete, and never uses a double. Nita Naldi was born right here in New York, but of Italian parents, I believe. Anyway, that isn't her real name. She has been in Europe for some time now. But so far as I know, she has not been making pictures over there. Come again, Jean, and remember I have nothing against the Latin stars except, maybe, an occasional pang of jealousy, when I see them captivating the so-called frail sex.

LETTIE—Do I mind a new reader? Do I mind? Why, Lettie, new readers are as the breath of life to me, and also, I might add, to my job. When the new arrival is as charming as you are, Lettie, I feel almost as good as if the editor had raised my salary—I say almost. Miriam Cooper retired from the film world, according to Raoul Walsh, the director. I saw her not long ago, and she's just as lovely as ever. But she has, I regret to say, no interest left in the motion picture business back to the screen. Her husband directs for Paramount; he made "The Wanderer," you know.

A NORMA TALMADGE FAN—So far as I know, Norma has no middle name, isn't Norma enough? Of course, you know she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck, wife of her manager, the film magnate. Connie has married Captain Alastair Mackenzie, the newly appointed Scotsman, Alice Lake is still making pictures, but Alice Brady has returned to the stage to stay. She is now making a sensational hit as the star of a play called "Bride of the Lamb," in which she is being hailed by the critics as a second Duse, which ought to make Lillian Gish pretty mad, but won't, because Lillian isn't that kind of girl. Nita Brady is the daughter of William A. Brady, the well-known theatrical producer. She has a little son, but is divorced. Claire Windsor was Ola Creelman before she became Craven. She and Bert are blissfully happy, I understand. Little Billy is Claire's son by a former marriage.

MARCELLA—What does age matter? Gosh, if I could look and act as feel as young as most of the film stars, I'd be happy. The years may roll by, but they don't seem to touch our idols. Ramon No- val will roll in his golden undol- ding. He is a busy boy, but I am sure he'll get around to answering your request sooner or later. Yes, Lois Wilson has three sisters. One of them changed her name to Diana Kane, and is making a success of her own as a screen actress. The other two are married. Lois herself is still heart whole and fancy free, but that's her fault. Several hundred young men are not to blame. And that's a conservative estimate of the Wilson worshipers.

An OVERDALE FAN wondered what as going to happen because you dis- cussed it, but I am not at all convinced that you are overcurious. You should know some of my correspondents. They have over- currentusion to overcuriosity! I'm always glad to hear from English readers. You say you want an interview with young Ben Hur Ramon Novarro, in which he really speaks for himself. Well, maybe Ramon is shy—I am sure he is modest and retir- ing. That may be the reason you have not seen more personal details about him in the magazines. I only know that he is a Mexican, that he is very musical, possessing an unusually good voice, and that he is exceedingly well read and intelligent. Also, I've heard quite a number of people want to know—he's not married or engaged. Lillian Gish is five feet four inches, and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Mary Philips is two inches shorter than Lillian, and weighs only ninety-six pounds. Neither is married. Here are some of the names you want: Joseph Schenck, Cecil De Mille, Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, William Fox. Is that as far as you do for you to- day?

WISCONSIN FAN—Me straightforward? Why, I'm downright brusque at times. But not with you. You ask such nice, sensible questions, you do. Richard Dix was indeed in "The Ten Commandments." So were Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Theodore Roberts, Rod La Rocque, and Estelle Taylor. Yes, I saw "Womanhandled," and
liked it. I like Dick Dix in everything. Estelle Taylor's latest screen appearance is with John Barrymore in Warners' "Don Juan."

M. E. A., Cleveland.—Do you know what your SJAT readers are saying? But I'm sure that you don't, or you wouldn't. Fifty questions—is it a new game or something? But I'll do my best for you from time to time. End comments is not appearing in pictures right now. She's not coming here. Vitaglass Mrs. Fred Niblo, and mamma to two kids. Henry Hull is back on the stage as Leon. Ulric's leading man in that much-talked-about production. He's Bela Lugosi in his new picture, as audiences at the Belasco Theater, New York City. Jean Paige retired to private life when she married Albert E. Smith, expected in New York the last few days. George Gable is making his first film. Yes, "Joseph Greer's Daughter," with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, and Barbara Bedford, was released as "What Fools Men." I don't know—do you?

Bill, Missouri.—I'm trying to show you, Bill, you smart boy, to Magritte de la Motte of Millenium. The film world expects to hear of the marriage any time now; perhaps it will have taken place before this is printed. Lilian Tashman played the second, whose name, by the way, has been changed to Gwynne Pickford. She's Mary's niece.

JASMIN.—How sweet! Lillian Gish isn't married. It's Dorothy who is Mrs. James Remington, who has gone to England to make another picture for an English company. See the answer to Lonesome.

PHYLIS, Baltimore.—You bet I'm for Richard Dix. He's a real guy. I'll be glad to tell the readers about your new Dix club if you give me the address. There are several clubs already attached to this popular star. Apparently, there's always room for one more. Next time I see Richard, I'll tell him what you said about him. Now, now.

LOUIS MORGAN.—You say you want me to announce that you are willing to trade old magazine photo of Oliver Thomas for an autographed picture of Doug, Mary, Ramon Novarro, Constance Talmadge, Lon Chaney, and perhaps what Lloyd. You add that, though this sounds like an uneven trade, the "Thespians" know that pictures of that beautiful star are becoming more and more rare. All right, Louise—there you are. So you have a collection of ten thousand cut-out pictures of stars, which are filed and cross filed in large cabinets, Louise, what a worker you must be! And you say you write to me because you want to reach the dyed-in-the-wool fans who read this department. What the fans think. Wait a minute—your address. Oh, yes—110 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York City.

JEALOUS.—You have been misconstrued. I have never sent out any pictures of myself. And it is customary quarterly. Your girl friend is kidding you, Jealous.

I haven't faced a camera since my unfeeling parents propped me up on the old tiger-skin rug, took away my rattles, and told me to look at life. But what, may I ask, with all the beautiful girls which the editor of PICTURE-PLAY shows you in the magazine every month, do you want with a photo of me? Mary Pickford and Bill Huntey are "Little Annie Rooney," Richard Dix and Esther Ralston in "The Lucky Devil." Edmund Lowe had the leading rôle in the screen version of "The Fool." James Kirkwood played it on the stage. Virginia Valli played in "Siege."

BESSIE.—You'll have to write to Jack Gilbert about that particular portrait of him. Maybe Jack will send it to you; maybe it's already in your boy's possession, so probably hasn't much time to dig up old photographs. However, it won't do any harm to write and ask, will it? Address him: Mr. and Mrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He and Lestrade Jones are divorced.

HARRIETTE.—Glad to hear from you again. Thanks for liking this department. I'm all puffed up. Rudy Valentino played the hero in "The Eagle"—surely you know Rudy, aren't you? And in the case, just as she was in "The Dark Angel." It was Ronald Colman, however, in the latter picture, who was wooing Vilma Bánky. And Bronson was starred in "A Kiss for Cinderella," being supported by Tom Moore, Henry Vibart, Dorothy Cumming, Juliet Brenson, and a whole string of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There are no Greek actors in pictures that I know of, with the exception of Lou Tellegen, although there may be some players of Greek extraction. Yes, that's the same Tellegen who has occasioned such worry to Geraldine Farrar. He is now the husband of Nina Roman, who played a vamp in "The Midnight Sun." But who could the villain be? It was Fox in "Two for a Week," a picture in which George O'Brien, Olive Borden, and J. Farrell MacDonald also appear.

CLAIRE.—I hope you are quite recovered by this time. I'm only too glad to be of service to you. This is a letter taken about Glenn Hunter. Some one has been giving you much misinformation about that young man. There is not, and never has been, a Mr. Glenn Hunter. Glenn and May McAvo were engaged at one time, re-reported engaged, but it was only a report. So I can't tell you all about Mrs. Hunter when there is no such girl, can I? Glenn has been playing in New York making the hit of his young life as the star of a stage play, "Young Woodley." His most recent pictures have been "His Daddy's Wife," "The Pinch Hitter," and "A Broadway Boob." He has just been making a film called "The Romance of a Million Dollars." Address him care of Preferred Pictures Corporation, 117 Broadway, New York City.

JACKIE.—Jobyna Ralston and Esther Ralston are not sisters—not even cousins. I can't see the resemblance you seem to have caught. Esther is married. Jobyna is not. Esther is a Paramount star now.

G.—Fred Thomson played in "The Wild Bull's Lair." Of course Thomson doesn't use a double. He doesn't need one, being a champion athlete himself. Fred is married to Frances Marion, the famous writer. William Baxter, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Billie Dove, and Mary Brian appeared in "The Air Mail," and Patsy Ruth Miller, as "Patsy Malone's "Love Child of the Lighthouse," Patsy Ruth isn't married. She, however, reported engaged more often than any other girl in the movies, now that Connie Talmadge has actually committed herself; but so far,
The Golfmore HOTEL - GRAND BEACH MICHIGAN

IT'S playtime now at Golfmore. Cries of “Fore” ring out on the spacious fairways of a 27-hole course that will rouse the sporting blood of every golfer. A group of restive thoroughbreds trot with dignity on the bridle path. A merry party, basking on the beach, venture again and again into the clear, cool waters of Lake Michigan.

The merry strains of a superb dance orchestra fill the vast dining room and outdoor terrace with dancers.

Playtime at the Golfmore—playtime for you! We cater to Gentiles exclusively. Come now—by motor over Dunes Highway M-11—by rail on the Michigan Central Railroad to Grand Beach, 5 miles North of Michigan City.

Ask your Railroad Agent about Bound Trip Rates

Pat remains immune. Don’t keep hoping, as you say, that she will become Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, as another girl already claims the title. The humorist met a Santa Barbara society girl on a European jaunt, and when they returned to this country, they were married. Mr. Stewart is writing stories for Metro-Goldwyn.

Harold Lloyd Fan.—Harold has his own studio, although he is now releasing through Paramount. His first picture under the new arrangement was “For Heaven’s Sake.” “The Freshman” was released through Pathé. Harold has a brother, Gaylord, but the latter is not in pictures. Mildred Davis Lloyd is going to make a picture for Paramount as soon as she can find a suitable story. Here’s hoping it’s soon. So far, Baby Gloria Lloyd has not announced her future plans, but with a ma and pa famous in celluloid, if she doesn’t fall for the films, it will be a miracle.

Persistent.—Of course, I’m always tickled to answer questions. But I will admit your nom de plume is well chosen. Yes, Pauline Baron and Lowell Sherman are married, but I don’t know where nor when they met, nor when Mr. Sherman proposed to Pauline. I do know that they are very much in love with each other, as you doubtless suspected. Pauline’s latest picture was “The Virgin Wife.” Sherman played in “The Wilderness Woman.”

D. H. C.—The class in pronunciation will now assemble. Miss Griffith’s first name is pronounced Core-in, with the last syllable accented. Altogether now—Cor- in. Tommy is called Mister Mee-ann by people who don’t know him very well, and to be correct, the first syllable is stressed.

M. K.—Cosmopolitan produced “When Knighthood Was in Flower.” It now presents Marion Davies’ pictures through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But Cosmopolitan no longer has its own studio, and it is not concerned in production. Address Miss Davies care of Metro-Goldwyn. Her latest pictures are “Beverly of Graustark” and “The Red Mill.”

E. C. Botteron.—Adolphe Menjou’s height is five feet ten and a half inches. I don’t know whether he was measured in his stocking feet or not, and somehow Menjou is not the gentleman of whom I should care to ask such a question. His middle name is Jean. He was born in Pittsburgh, and educated at Culver Military Academy and at Cornell University. His stage experience included five years in stock and vaudeville. He played extras, bits, and character parts in the movies before winning his present high position. He was recently divorced from his wife. His eyes are dark blue, and his hair dark brown. And if there is anything else you wish to know about him, you’ll have to ask Menjou himself.

A. L.—Nita Naldi has been in Europe for some time. She was scheduled to play in “Old Loves and New,” but preferred to remain on the Continent. Consequently, our screen has had to worry along without Nita for quite a while. She made her first picture impression in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” with Barrymore. She’s not married. I believe she was born in April.

Kitten’s Mew Mew.—Fortunately, I like kittens. Do you purr? And, I suspect, you scratch a little on occasion. I hope I never give you the occasion. So you, too, want a picture of me? My word—I’m popular! I can see, now, just how Jack Gilbert feels—almost, anyway. You say you liked Norma in “Kiki,” but don’t
Addresses of Players

Busby Berkeley, 4240 Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Lyon, at the Zanforf Studio, 807 East 111th Street, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Gish, 6048 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Robert Agnew, care of Marshall Neilan, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy O'Connell, 11314 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Julanne Johnston, 1745 S. Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 1362 Bunker Hill Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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with RIN-TIN-TIN

A story of the far north with the wonder dog of the screen in a role that is a revelation even to those who have seen this marvelous animal in other great pictures. Every lover of dogs will thrill to this.

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Hollywood—that magic word. What it conjures up in the mind of every aspirant to screen fame. With one of the season's greatest cast of stars including Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Stuart Holmes and others.

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From the play that swept the whole country. Now in pictures with a great cast of favorites, including Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Patrick, Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold Goodwin and others.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
OCT. 1926

MIL JANNINGS - GRETA GARBO - ALICE JOYCE
HE SCHILDKRAUTS AND VICTOR VARCONI

MARY BRIAN

David P. Novak
He Packed a Pile-driver's Punch

Out of the woods he came, with a boy's slender, brown body, but with a shattering punch that would easily have made him the world's middleweight champion. He fought magnificently with every one sent against him, scored knock-out after knock-out, and then—

For the love of a girl he quit the ring, and when she would have nothing to do with him, he went plumb bad. He became a man to be shunned by all—vicious, drunken.

Read for yourself the story of how this man, almost down and out, found himself again. It is in one of the most powerful of Western novels.

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Mr. Manning is known to a great audience of alert Americans as one of the foremost writers of stirring fiction. He lives up to his reputation in this striking story.

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When all the world is upside down!

Blue days and over-busy days, remember what all work and no play did to the well-known Jack! So don’t be a dull boy but call up your wife and make a date with Paramount and her!

Outings with Paramount make better innings for work at office and home and the world is right-side up once more with smiles riding easier than frowns.

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MANTRAP
with Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont. From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Adelaide Heilbron.

An Allan Dwan Production of Rex Beach's
PADLOCKED
with Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Beery. Adaptation by Becky Gardiner and James Shelley Hamilton.

A Malcolm St. Clair Production
THE SHOW OFF
With Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks and Gregory Kelly. From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Pierre Collings.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
TIN GODS

VARIETY
With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti. Written and directed by E. A. Dupont, An Ufa Production.

Four Big Paramount Specials Coming
Florence Ziegfeld's
KID BOOTS
with Eddie Cantor
A Victor Fleming Production
THE ROUGH RIDERS
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW
with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. An Edward Sutherland Production.

A Herbert Brenon Production
BEAU GESTE

Paramount Pictures
Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP, Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City
"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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**TWO AMAZING REVEALATIONS**

Do you realize how wrong impressions of the stars may grow and grow until they are accepted as facts? And how, in spite of beauty and talent and many pictures, the stars so misjudged may never come into their own because their true personalities are never clearly established? Two of our loveliest and most gifted younger stars are struggling against this handicap. You know them both—well. You have seen them often, perhaps without realizing the struggle they are making to have you accept them as they are, not as people persist in saying they are.

**NOW FOR THE TRUTH**

All the unkind stories have been run down; all the slurs and innuendoes have been weighed and analyzed. Every misjudged motive and action has been accounted for. And in November Picture-Play you will get the true story of the harm done by gossip, as well as conclusive proof that these stars are innocent of the faults attributed to them. For the first time you will learn to know them as they are.

In addition to this remarkable feature, the next number of Picture-Play will bring you a most unusual interview with Rudolph Valentino. It will disclose a decidedly new "Rudy"—perhaps the most appealing study of him ever written.
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Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

Is She or Isn’t She a Fan?

Am I a movie fan?
I wish some one would tell me,
for I really don’t know.
I take several screen magazines every
month and have done so for several years; I have
written letters to the same publications; I have kept
screen scrapbooks at different times; and I attend eighty
or ninety odd pictures each year, seeing all the best and
most-talked-of ones.
But I have never had a crush on any of the follow-
ing actors: Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, John
Gilbert, or Ronald Colman. And since nearly every fan
I’ve ever heard of has had crushes on one or more of
these stars, it puzzles me to know if I am a fan or not.
I have, however, had a most sincere admiration for
one actor for nearly seven years. That one is Harrison
Ford, a very charming man, who is also an excellent
actor.

ADELINE LEISHIN.
1134 Gaylord Street, Denver, Colorado.

England Knocks “The Big Parade.”

Not long ago, I went to see “The Big Parade.” As
far as the scenery and acting are concerned, it was
wonderful, but the idea of the film was, in my estima-
tion, all wrong. John Gilbert was absolutely splendid
as Jim. Nobody, I think, could have done better than
he, but the critics over here, I am afraid, are making
game of it.

Read what one of them said, for instance: “With
all my earnest desire for good feeling and understand-
ing with the U. S. A., I confess I babbled over with
amazement, wrath, and resentment as I watched this
film, and I have met no ex-service man who hasn’t felt
the same way about it. We felt mildly amused at the
antics of Americans in billets, at a non-commissioned
officer and a private looting a French wine cellar, get-
ting thoroughly drunk, having a hot fight with the mili-
tary police, and ‘getting away with it’; at the gross
stupidity of a staff which gives a regiment ten minutes
to fall in for a move to the front, when days or weeks
must have been spent drawing up the program of times
and movements of the lorry transport and guns we see
thundering up within the same ten minutes. Motor-
cyclists whizz up and down the road across the German
front without a shot being fired at them. The Ameri-
cans fix bayonets and tramp solemnly into hot action
with Germans lodged apparently miles on this side of
our—I beg pardon, of the American—trenches. That’s
bad enough, but nothing to the incident of a man stand-
ing up in the open a few yards from the Germans, wav-
ing his arms and declaring like a Hyde Park orator,
and then charging single-handed into the German front
trench, bayoneting his way through,
and on, to fall wounded beyond.
‘Orders!’ screams the hero. ‘Orders
never won a war!’ ‘Disorders never did,’ murmurs the
onlooker. ‘I came here to fight, not to rot in a hole!’
declares the hero. ‘Better that you rotted in holes more
than one night, and didn’t talk rot about it,’ is the an-
swering comment. The implication is that we who
learned our job so hard and long were taught it by
Americans who didn’t know it quite so well—and that
irritates.

“But it is not altogether fair to blame America for
sending us pictures so far below her dignity and refus-
ing admittance to our ‘Ypres’ and ‘Zeebrugge.’ The
American film industry is not America, and I fancy
that most American doughboys who were at the front
will kick just as hard as we do about this infra dig
‘Parade.’”

So this was one critic’s view of “The Big Parade.”
Others were in much the same strain. Of course, after
seeing a wonderful film like “Havoc” and then compar-
ing it with “The Big Parade”—well! you know the
saying, “Comparisons are odious.”

DOROTHY MORRIS.

Some Fans Are Too Harsh.

PICTURE-PLAY has been my favorite magazine for a
long time, but I don’t approve of the way some fans
literally “slam” the stars. I think PICTURE-PLAY should
not publish letters in which some person harshly criti-
ez an actor or actress. Surely they can express their
complaints a little less harshly.

Also, I have known it to be true that a fan misjudges
a star without having even seen that star in a picture!
One such person wrote in and said she would not see
any of Jack Gilbert’s pictures because he had won too
much praise. Another fan tried, to use his expression,
to keep Ben Lyon “out of his life.” He did not suc-
cceed after seeing one of his pictures. A friend of mine
disliked Marion Davies until she saw her in a picture.
Now she goes to see them all!

RUBY RUTH.

New York City.

An Annoyed Letter from China.

I read with much annoyance the letter by Robert
Ruffing in your May issue. Being a constant reader of
PICTURE-PLAY, I feel justified in passing comment on
such trash as written by him.

Evidently Robert Ruffing is one of those individuals

Continued on page 10
They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

A RTHUR had just played “The Rosary.” The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

“Jack is up to his old tricks,” somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn’t play a single note.

“Can he really play?” I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

“Heaven’s no!” Arthur exclaimed. “He never played a note in all his life . . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good.”

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

“What do you think of his execution?” called a voice from the rear.

“We’re in favor of it” came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven’s immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies.

A Complete Triumph

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. Everybody was exclaiming: “How delightfully you played, why, I never heard anything like it!”

“I didn’t,” I replied, “but Jack told me you could play like that.”

“Where did you learn?”—“Who was your teacher?”

“I have never even seen my teacher,” I replied. “And just a short while ago I couldn’t play a note.”

“Quit your kidding,” laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. “You’ve been studying for years. I can tell.”

“I have been studying only a short while,” I insisted. “I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks.”

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I told them the whole story.

“It seems only a few months ago, that I saw an interesting ad for the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only costs a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

“The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

“When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A, B, C! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!”

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can’t go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special “talent!” Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable “Musical Ability Test” which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Right now we are making a Special Offer for a limited number of new students. Sign and send the convenient coupon now before it’s too late to gain the benefits of this offer. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 5310 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

[Note: The text continues with a list of instruments and a request for a free booklet and demonstration lesson.]
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

who have nothing better to do than to criticize the faults, if any, of players who do not come up to the standard of their ideals.

I do not second his opinion that Gladys Hulette could at any time outshine Mary Pickford or Pola Negri at their best. Miss Hulette may have been a "knockout"—but that will not be the same time before we see her reaching the height of finished acting of Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney" or Pola Negri in "Penny Carter."

His suggestion that Norma Shearer is the "most beautiful person on the screen" is absurd. Norma Shearer is decidedly beautiful, but there are an indefinite number of pettifogging personalities more beautiful. Take, as examples, Mary Astor, Alice Terry, Claire Windsor, and others.

Of course I do not wish to be misunderstood to mean that Robert Ruffing is not entitled to his opinions regarding stars, but why run down those who do not rank with his ideal, giving no reason at all?

The last paragraph of his letter was entirely uncalled for, and would not in any way have made his letter unreadable if it had been printed. I am willing to take on a bet that when a picture featuring Thomas Meighan or Mary Pickford is shown in Robert Ruffing's vicinity, he will be found at the screen and the screen will enjoy it. Therefore why show his childishness in passing comment on the stars he mentioned?

In conclusion, I would suggest that Robert Ruffing turn back to his May issue of Picture-Play and thoroughly digest what "Twenty-three" had to say on the subject of films, and if he or her letter was interesting and informative for a change.

Robert Ruffing's ilk.

D. J. Barnes.

55 Hart Road, Shanghai, China.

Attention of Miss Dawson!

Oh, me, me! Do get the camphor! Elizabeth is having hysterics!

So she is sick of John Gilbert, and she isn't going to see any more of his pictures, and that some friends who fear just the way she does? There isn't a doubt but that M. G. M. will cancel Jack's contract, pronto, when they hear how Miss Dawson feels about a man many a way—oh, no! But to the "handful" of us who think that Jack is some one to rave over, and to root for, the lady's outburst is, I say, the least, tires of mine and splendid actresses.

Blanche Lewis.

3221 South Clifton Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

I am an ardent admirer of Jack Gilbert, but I wasn't always. Once I agreed with Elizabeth Dawson, whose letter criticizing the July issue of Picture-Play I found in my mailbox. But then I had seen him only once. Now I have seen him often and at length, for I usually see his pictures over and over. He is not a hero without a doubt. He makes the audience think of every character he is playing instead of just John Gilbert, whereas the other Jack—Barrymore is too the thinking of himself.

The similarity of the leading man in "The Big Parade" and "The Sea Beast" have occasioned this comparison. Every one of those scenes of Barrymore's grief and anxiety in "The Big Parade" and "The Sea Beast," we were kept too busy watching the one and only Barrymore to notice whether he was greatly affected by the loss of his sweetheart or not. And so it goes all through the two pictures. In all my years of movie going, I have never seen anything so heartrending as Jim Apperson's funeral scene.

I hope Miss Dawson will "cut off her nose to spite her face," by refusing to see Gilbert's pictures.

New York City.

Knocks for Some Idols.

I have an announcement to make to the world at large. I fail to see why people rave over John Gilbert, "The Sea Beast," he was old enough to be Dolores Costello's grandfather. To me he is an elderly gentleman, old enough to retire. On the other hand, I admired Ben Lyon. To me he is a kid, fit for after noon tea, or a drive in the park. I am also tired of John Gilbert's languishing glances. At present, I prefer Ramon Novarro. He is neither the kid, nor the old man ready to retire.

CAROLINE NOVAK.

257 King Street, Detroit, Mich.

Is John Gilbert Liked in England?

I wish to challenge the statement made by Winifred Gage in the June Picture-Play, that John Gilbert is not liked in England. Mr. Gilbert is certainly not totally untrue. On every hand, among both theatrical and nontheatra
tical people, I hear the praises of John Gilbert sung. I myself and all my friends are unanimous in our sincere admiration of his art. We consider him the finest actor the screen possesses, a rare personality and a vital influence. We respect his wish for privacy as regards his personal life.

The English public, a conservative people, which no doubt has something to do with the continued craze over here for Rudolph Valentino, but considerd from the angle of acting ability, are completely against the comparison between him and Mr. Gilbert. Rudolph Valentino is a very good actor when given the chance to be, and proved it in "Blood and Sand" and "Monstre Beaucœuvre," but John Gilbert is a genius and between the two it is a good and "good acting" and "genius" is a good gulf fixed.

DOROTHY GRACE SHORE.

London.

Favorites of the English Fans.

I wish to confirm what Christine Murray writes in the June Picture-Play—that the stars have friends rather than fans in England; that Valentine is as big a favorite over there as ever. John Gilbert is not very popular.

I always go to the Bath Pavilion for the pictures released each week and, as it is reported to be the largest cinema theater in Europe, I think it will be an excellent illustration to prove the popularity of the stars, among those whose names draw the greater crowds.

"The Eagle," with Valentino, when shown there last month, filled the house before seven o'clock.

That picture alone, although a star may make one or two bad pictures, he still has chances to catch up, doesn't it.

Rudy has risen again in our good estimation. Except among schoolgirls, mostly—Latin lovers and fiery, and—kiss-them-passionately types are not popular at all. But we all like romance—that is normally the first thing people got such a thing as a real 'crush,' I think I am safe in saying it would be on Richard Dix. He is the type of man we all admire, who has a big heart, works in many ways, and his comedies are delightful.

We are growing proud of Reginald Denny here, too—he is winning his laurel's right now!

Three friends of mine, who patronize the pictures about one in three months, went to see Pola Negri's "East of Suez," and with it was showing Denny's "Till You Show You the Town." Denny captivated them wholly, and they asked me to let them know when his next picture was due.

Pauline Frederick, Pola Negri, and Gloria Swanson always fill the house; and Chaplin, Adolphe Menjou, perhaps, Lon Chaney will always draw good audiences. Constance and Norma Talmadge and Irene Rich and Mary Pickford—Doug, Busby, Keaton, and Harold Lloyd are great favorites.

In two and a half years I remember only one of John Gilbert's films being shown at the Carlton, and that was "The Merry Widow." We are always looking forward to "The Big Parade."

Now, a word about my favorite star. "Since Captain Blood," I have seen nowhere a film of J. Warren Kerrigan. Yet he is a favorite!

What is he doing? I'm afraid that even Picture-Play neglects him. And yet I have read in the fan column, three or four times recently, "My favorite is J. Warren Kerrigan."

Please, fans—so many of you who never write to your favorites—do something this once!

Your star is not an idol, indifferent to things around, but a human being, to be en
gaged. And if you know he has so many friends, I'm sure if his film grew larger and larger, full of encouragement and good wishes, it would be only welcome. And spur him on to better things, and we would bring back to the public notice one of the most likeable screen personalities ever seen.

Please, please, fans—help!

ELISE L. HADERER.

London.

Rallying to the Foreigners.

Art knows no nationality—it is no re
spect of birth!

As an American with the true American, and as a lover of realism, I bid a very welcome to the foreign players of ability that are in our midst. To bar a foreign player from our screen is not in accord with the thought of our nation. Think of the foreign singers and stage players that are welcomed with open arms! Think of the thousands of imports from our sister nations! To bar the Thes
dian of foreign birth from our screen and still uphold our ideals.

While on the subject of foreign actors, I am going to champion one whom I recog
nize as possessing genius, artistry, and ability plus the most eloquent eyes I have ever seen, and a face as sensitive to emotions as a chameleon is to color—Vic

Vorcaroni.

I bid Mr. Varconi welcome, and assure him that we will always be a faithful pa
ty.

Mr. Varconi's acting is fascinating and spiritual, and always under intellectual con
tral. The beauty of his scenes in The Beautiful Bacallan" is the lingering memory of some cherished melo

HISTORICA VORCONI.

VENICE, CALIF.

I am an English fan who cannot un

nderstand why you Americans over there have developed such a prejudice against the foreign film players. What differ

Continued on page 12
What is a Feature Picture?

"The best thing on the whole bill was that comedy."

"I liked it better than the long picture, too. It was a good show."

* * * *

How often has this happened to you? Think it over—does length determine which is the "feature" picture, or does entertainment value decide it?

Short Features are playing a greater part in picture programs everywhere this season. You and the rest of the great picture-going public are responsible. You have insisted on all-round programs of entertainment. Short Features have made this possible.

And Educational Pictures, more than any others, have led in producing finer Short Features from season to season.

Insist on knowing in advance all your theatre is showing. If you've seen "The Vision," you'll be watching for other Romance Productions to follow. And you won't want to miss the comedies of Lloyd Hamilton, Lupino Lane, Bobby Vernon, Billy Dooley, Jimmie Adams, Johnny Arthur, Al St. John and the other Educational Pictures stars.

Equally full of chuckles and entertainment are Educational's well-chosen cartoons and novelties—and Kinograms, Educational's edition of the most universally popular of all motion picture features, the news reel.

Your theatre manager can keep you informed on the Educational Pictures he is to show—by lobby displays, in programs, in advertising, and on the screen. INSIST THAT HE DO SO. Educational Pictures are "The Spice of the Program"

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS
   HAMILTON COMEDIES
   LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
   BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
   JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
   BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
   CHRISTIE COMEDIES
   MERMAID COMEDIES
   (Jack White Productions)
   JUVENILE COMEDIES
   TUXEDO COMEDIES
   CAMEO COMEDIES

LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
   FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
   ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
   CURIOSITIES
   LIFE
   The Movie Side-show
   Cartoon Comedies
   KINOGRAMS
   The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
Executive Offices, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
enience does it matter whether an actor or an actress is American or foreign if they can interpret their character and roles? Isn't it the actor meant to submerge his personality in that of the character he is depicting? Then what on earth does it matter whether he comes from America or Scandinavia? Few people want to do without the sheik films and other kinds which only foreign actors can make sincere. I don't want to see only English and French on the English screen, for instance, because I know that Americans are usually better. Well, then, won't you, over the water, give the foreigners a chance?

Imagine Richard Dix, a typical and charming American, as André Louis Morceau in "Scaramouche!" Ramon Novarro made it a character that we would not have missed for worlds. Imagine Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, or Eleanor Boardman, all perfect in their own parts, as the tempestuous queen in "Forbidden Paradise!" But as Pa de Negril interprets it, it was a part that it would have been a shame to miss. There is room for every star who can act, whether American or foreign!

While I am writing I would like to add a boost for Ramon. He has done nothing to lose, and a great deal to strengthen, the position which was his a year ago as, perhaps, the greatest male favorite on the screen, but because John Gilbert rose, people seem to have taken it for granted that he could do even when "Ben-Hur" was released, we heard little about him because of the clamor surrounding John Gilbert's performance in "The Big Parade." Surely Novarro's characterization was as fine, and it took much more preparation in reading and thought and, perhaps, even more understanding and sympathy, to fall into a role of such long-past days, than to act the part, however well—and I am sure Gilbert's performance was perfect,—of a modern soldier. In England, where it is becoming a regular custom to release cinema and "The Big Parade" is creating no furore, but we are waiting anxiously for "Ben-Hur" and our Ramon.

So let us not forget Ramon, for he needs and deserves a helping hand to keep him in his former position.

LILLIAN LANDISE
2 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.

After reading the violent attacks made by fans on the foreign movie players, I feel I'd like to have my say on the subject.

After all, an artist is an artist, just as what his nationality may be. Just imagine the movies without Chaplin, Mary Pickford, D'Arcey, Norma Shearer, Renee Adoree, Pola Negri, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ronald Colman, Van Stromieh, Ricardo Cortez, Clive Brook, John Gilbert, May McAvoy, Greta Garbo, and Ernest Torrence.' How many Americans can name a few of the foreigners! And then when we consider the two latest foreign importations, Viola Banksy and Greta Garbo—both such charming and talented players—then we are very grateful indeed for the foreign invasion, and hope that if there are any more as talented, they, too, will be signed up by the American producers.

H. C.
1582 Sanchez Street, San Francisco, Calif.

So many of the fans are opposed to the "invasion of the foreign stars," and seem to think it a crime that it is allowed and encouraged, clamoring continually for "our own American stars"—little realizing that if pictures were limited to the American stars only, they wouldn't be at all satisfied.

No matter how prejudiced they may be against them, they must admit that many of the foreign stars are very fine actors and actresses. Most of them know the meaning of the word "art." And then one must also admit that some are "lotta born" to be artists. Greta Garbo is a marvelous actress, and kind of odd—she'll go far. So will Vilma Banky. Greta Garbo wasn't heralded. I didn't even know her name until after I'd seen "Torren," and I investigated. Now, they're all discussing her acting, personality, and even her eyelashes.

I'm for the foreign stars—but always, three cheers for our own American stars, too!

R. D. MILDORIN
120 Broadway, Alton, Ill.

This letter is full of praise for two beautiful actresses, Greta Garbo and Josefine. Both of them are proving with them success and happiness in their work. So many people are saying such catty things about the foreign players coming over here. I think I'll just smile it off for the U. S. A. at all to be that way. It just makes us prouder of our country to know it gives better opportunities than other countries, and what a waste! Nothing! Mrs. WALTER ADAMS
205 Elizabeth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Why Do They Bob Their Hair?

Three cheers for Greta Garbo! She is the first foreign actress who has made a good impression on me. She lived her part in "Torren." and such an actress should receive praise. Her face is so expressive you feel every emotion with her.

But why do actresses ruin their beauty by bobbing their hair? If they must have that hair in private life, why can't they wear "wigs" in pictures? Esther Ralston is a wonderful actress, and I always thought her a beautiful one as well. But after seeing her pictures, I changed my mind. Her beauty is ruined by her short hair, and so is Leatrice Joy's. Anna Q. Nilsson looks very well, but give me her long hair any time.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
E.LINOR BENTON.

Oh, What Knocks!

After all the rejoicing that has been in circulation in the magazines and newspapers because the screen had apparently emerged from the slapstick era,—why are we given such pictures as "Kiki" and "Wet Paint?" Nothing makes sense. Doesn't anyone have to answer for the pictures as silly as are these pictures that were thrust upon an unsuspecting public.

Slapstick is certainly not Norma Talmadge's forte. The overacted, overdressed, and overestimated the importance of her part in "Kiki." She merely made the sincere acting of Ronald Colman, George K. Cooper, and Harold Lockwood stand out miles above her own poor efforts.

"Wet Paint" was not quite so bad. For one expects Raymond Griffith to be absurd, but no one seemed to mind. Of late, many productions, it is evident that he is capable of better things.

Please, producers, give us some drama—we can read the funny papers for our comedy. That kind is funny, at least.

Carilyn JOHNSON
506 Linden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
First National Pictures, Inc. presents

Milton Sills
in
PARADISE
BY COSMO HAMILTON AND JOHN RUSSELL
with Betty Bronson

DIRECTED BY IRVIN WILLAT
PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT, RAY ROCKETT

Other side of Paradise . . . Over the rim of the world . . .
A tropic island all their own — if he'd fight for it.
AND HE FOUGHT!
Gouging, straining, slashing . . . Hammer-thud of fists . . .
Choking, flinging, tearing . . . Death-holds broken with the
fury of despair!

Your heart will pulse to the
pounding blows of this smash-
ing struggle — climax of a
thrill-packed romantic drama
in a man-forgotten land where
Right of Might is the only law!

Superbly played by Milton Sills,
Betty Bronson, and brilliant
supporting cast.

See Milton Sills and Noah Beery in
the Screen Battle of the Century!

A First National Picture
First—the Story!
It is of prime importance in all FOX PICTURES

So here, in a new group just arriving at the theatres, we find two stage successes, one of the present and one of past years, a novel by a "best-selling" author and an original story by a "top-notch" popular fiction writer.

"The Pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young"—says the old legend. This theme—a young mother's choice between her true happiness and her son's self-centered demands—inspired the title, The Pelican, for the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood from which is drawn the Fox picture.

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

Do you note the question mark? Alma Rubens, the mother; Walter Pidgeon, a lover; Walter McGrail, the husband, and Richard Walling, the son, are all exquisitely molded into the fabric of the photoplay staged by Frank Borzage, one of the screen's most dependable directors. A poignant and absorbing recital!

Consider The Lily! Not the flower of the field—but one of the flowers of stage perfection. Adapted and presented by David Belasco from the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, a few years ago this play was the sensation of the American stage. As a Fox picture.

THE LILY

has been given a fine production. Belle Bennett, who so distinguished herself in Stella Dallas, plays the title role—in France a "lily" is a girl who passes through life without the realization of her love. Victor Schertzinger directed this picture; Ian Keith and Reata Hoyt are in the supporting cast.

Gerald Beaumont, one of the aces of short fiction, composed a story of manhood, courage, faith, steadfastness; its inspiration—the vision of a pure and tender young girl. In the Fox Picture.

THE BLUE EAGLE

John Ford (who directed "The Iron Horse") has set this story on the screen so as to quicken your heart and grip your emotions. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, William Russell, Robert Edeson—the distinguished cast tells its own tale! You should see George O'Brien and "Big Bill" Russell in action!

"Harold MacGrath has everything!" So the critics say of this author of more than a dozen actual best-sellers, and in this photoplay which we have called

WOMANPOWER

We find MacGrath at his best. Harry Beaumont, who directed "Sandy," has used Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Ralph Sipperly and others in a thrill-plus-laughter picture you will keenly enjoy. The title tells the story—some power this!

William Fox Pictures

You Must Surely See!
"What Price Glory"
"7th Heaven"
"The Music Master"
"3 Bad Men"
"One Increasing Purpose"
When Madge Bellamy bobbed her hair to play in “Sandy” there was wailing and lamentation at the sacrifice of her beautiful bronze locks. But, mysteriously, the loss of curls meant her gain as an actress, for she had never before revealed the sincerity, warmth, and fire that she gave to the flapper heroine in that film. So she ended her holiday in Paris to hurry home and play another modern daughter of Eve in “Summer Bachelors.”
Now It's Char
A summary of the remarkable growth and some opinions regarding the
By Edwin

When a certain poet once hazarded the observation that "art is long and time is fleeting," he must have sensed a vague premonition of what the films would be like during the season of 1926-27.

In any case he came mighty near predicting something that every star of the cinema fully realizes, but hates to think of. The stars, of course, have found their own words to express the poet's sentiment. And this in Hollywood's lingo seems to resolve itself into, "If you want to make hay while the sun shines, you had better do it in a hurry, because if somebody doesn't walk right over you, your type may soon go out of fashion."

Pictures have entered upon their fiercest era of competition, and the studios are flooded with talent as they have never before been in their history. From Europe, from New York, and from points east, west, north, and south there has been a new migration to the cinema metropolis. New discoveries have been announced with amazing frequency. Famous actors from the stage have been recruited in numbers. The studios abroad have literally been raided. Veritable fledglings have had their names flashed in electrics, and contracts have been bestowed with a liberal and grandiose gesture, while the colony itself has been turned into a sort of vast experimental workshop for the development of so-called "new faces," and the polishing of potential stellar material.

Broadly considered, the results of all this questing for new candidates for film fame have been nothing short of astonishing. These results have been made up chiefly of a vast increase in the number of character players, whose performances have contributed liberally to the humor and zest of many important features, but at the same time they have gone farther and furnished the igniting spark for many new first-magnitude luminaries.

The mere mention of such names as those of Dolores Costello, Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, Dolores del Rio, and Lya de Putti—to speak only of the most recent finds—is sufficient to indicate to those who watch screen events closely that the eye of the producer is much keener than it used to be in detecting probable winners.

Account must also be taken of the noted stage stars who now adorn the silver sheet more or less permanently. Notably these include John Barrymore, who, upon finishing his contract with Warner Brothers, has joined the select assemblage composing the United Artists; Lionel Barrymore, who is assigned for an indefinite period to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; H. B. Warner, and Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut, who have affixed their signatures to contracts with Producers' Distributing Corporation, and will work under the general supervision of Cecil De Mille.

There is also a group of comedians whose adaptability to pictures is being tested. The leading figures among these are Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. Nor does this include such foreign players as the celebrated Emil Jannings, who is to be brought to this country by Famous Players-Lasky within a few weeks, nor such a striking personality as Victor Varconi who promises to grow brilliant as a result of "The Volga Boatman."

The films are nothing if not broad at the moment in the variety of their demands, and their seemingly endless call especially for actors of exceptional talent and clear-cut
powers for that all-important thing—characterization. It is distinctly, and essentially a progressive era, even though it may also be one that is bringing many disconcerting changes—especially as regards the filmgoers' allegiance to old-time favorites.

Even conservative producers admit there has been a very appreciable increase in the number of players who can make money for them. The more progressive estimate that increase at twenty-five to fifty per cent. That number at least have proven a definite drawing power at the box office though, of course, because of the newness of the arrivals, a considerable range naturally has to be allowed in the estimate.

"Most of the newer favorites have established themselves very thoroughly," Irving Thalberg, the guiding spirit of production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer told me recently. "A few of them are still favorites only in the larger cosmopolitan centers, where newspaper and other publicity is much more widely circulated than in the smaller communities. It will take another year or so for many of the newer favorites to be established in the smaller communities, but from all that we can determine we believe wholeheartedly in their future.

"The so-called craze for new faces is not a craze at all in my opinion, but is merely due to the necessity for establishing more finely drawn characterizations than ever before. The industry has found it necessary to search beyond the already accepted field of players for faces that can more keenly interpret the fine points of the characters to be portrayed. This has naturally resulted in strong benefit to the industry as a whole, and the fact that better pictures have been made, due to more careful characterization, has given renewed stimulus to the public,"

Mr. Thalberg's opinion is one that every alert fan will find himself echoing. There is no doubt that the screen has gained immensely by the arrival of such players as Miss Costello, Miss Banky and Miss Garbo—not to speak of Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and others already well established—and the stage actors whose names I have mentioned, as well as others.

The majority of picturegoers relish their presence. Only a very few, in fact, have stupidly persisted in adhering to old-time idols, regardless of any one else who may come upon the cinema horizon. Where their letters have appeared in the columns of "What the Fans Think" in Picture-Play, for example, they have generally excited a barrage of reproaches for their hidebound attitude.

Barrymore will bring much through a protracted stay in pictures, and "The Sea Beast" has already shown him to be vastly popular. H. B. Warner's work should mean a great deal to all thinking people because he demonstrates the most excellent taste in acting. People have already praised Joseph Schildkraut and his work in "The Road to Yesterday," and they have lavished intense admiration on William Boyd. It is certain that Victor Varconi will be a great hit everywhere. What finer, too, than Lionel Barrymore in his deft and brilliant characterizations in such pictures as "The Barrier?"

Just because characterization is now the thing that is in the cinema spotlight is absolutely no reason why many of the long-established stars shall not continue to thrive, whose great popular success has been due to the appeal of their personalities. Most of these
Bringing

No praise, but much sympathetic discipline—Rudolph Schildkraut to achieve a rare and son, who, to this day, remains but a little boy in the eyes
By Myrtle

birth in him, as a six-year-old boy, of the desire to act.
The second episode was a scene from “His People,” that Jewish drama of subtly mingled pathos and humor.
Bridging the gap were years of labor and struggle, of a slow and methodical building of talent into a structure of dramatic technique.
I intended this to be solely a story of Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut, playing father and son in De Mille’s “Young April”—the first time the actual relationship has been portrayed on the screen by real-life father and son—and of the strong bond that ties them in a love not often seen nowadays.
But first I want to tell you of this grand old man of sixty, Rudolph Schildkraut. His life, in its stark experiences, needs no embroidering. It explains why his acting is not acting at all, but the translation to stage and screen of those genuine emotions which cannot be simulated until they have been felt.
Schildkraut was born in Constantinople, of a Turkish mother and a Hungarian father. His

Here the Schildkrauts are seen in “Young April,” in which, for the first time on the screen, they play father and son.

A QUEER scene greeted a troupe of Greek actors and the Hungarian manager of a hotel when they stamped up the stairs to the attic one night, seeking a little boy who should have been in bed but wasn't.
On an improvised stage, under the flickering light of a lamp, stood the little boy, his hand raised in dramatic gesture, his small body trembling with the ecstasy of play-acting. He was wrapped in a sheet, was the little boy of six, and his face was whitened and shadows, boldly smeared with lumps of coal, deepened his eyes into hollows. He didn't want to grow up to manage an inn as his father did. He had just glimpsed a magic world. But the Greek actors were only amused when he pleaded to be taken along. He was slapped by hands none too tender, and put to bed.
Fifty-four years later, a square, stocky little man, his face lined by experience, turned from a banquet where his son of the drama had repudiated him. Bowing apologetically, the tears in his pained old eyes held back by fierce pride, he turned and walked slowly from the room.
The first, a scene in the real life of Rudolph Schildkraut, hailed by many critics as the greatest character actor of the generation, was the...
Up Joseph

this is the unusual combination employed by beautiful relationship with Joseph, his actor-to his father although he is a full-fledged star of the world.

Gebhart

ambition to be an actor was quickly squelched, still further relegated into the background of adolescent dreams by circumstances. After the death of his father, his mother married again. His stepfather was a business man, bound to the traditions of his middle-class station. He probably never realized the cruelty he inflicted upon the sensitiveness of a boy whose heart ached to play-act.

Rudolph was educated in the Greek school and, in his teens, in Austria. At eighteen, he smuggled a dictionary into the house and taught himself German, believing that language to be the key to the magic theater world.

Girding himself for a bold stroke, he slipped out one night. Home meant being tied to a routine of some trade or business, a comfortable existence, but the smothering of that vague boyhood dream of acting which during school years had become a dominant urge. Ahead lay an unknown road, which he soon found to be rock-paved.

For nine years he toured the provinces of Germany with a traveling show. In a rickety green wagon and its trailer lived a dozen people, carrying their own scenery. When they reached a town, the actors fell to, erected a tent theater and stage and put on their performances. They would play as long as “capacity” lasted and then move on, meager bag and baggage, to another village, their worldly possessions packed in a few dilapidated boxes and satchels. Schildkraut earned then the equivalent, in our money, of ten cents a day.

Food? Frequently they ate, but often they didn’t. The company would pool its finances and the manager’s wife would cook their meals over a camp fire. When there were no coins, they would raid the fields and come back laden with corn which many a time, impa-
Bringing Up Joseph

...tient with hunger, they ate raw. The other boys went barefoot, but not Rudolph. He had pride. So he laced straws together into sandals and blackened them with tar. No one should laugh with scorn that Rudolph Schildkraut had no shoes!

Against this harsh background the boy slowly chiseled, with many mistakes and only with instinct to guide, that art which was later to make him an outstanding figure of two continents. An art bred in genius, but expressed in an infinitely skillful technique which reflected the realism of life.

Never did he think himself destined for greatness, this small, stocky boy who wasn't handsome, who was slow and methodical, and ungifted with the fire of temperament. Others would hint, "Some day you will be a famous actor, Rudolph," and nod their heads wisely.

But he could see no further than the limited horizon of the wagon company's endless tramping from village to village, hear naught but the crunch of the wheels bumping over rough roads, think only of the morrow's hard work of memorizing and translating into pantomimic and vocal expression the Shakespearean repertoire, and of carrying boards and scenery on his strong, square young shoulders.

To the ring of his hammer, he learned Hamlet's soliloquy and deemed himself fortunate indeed to be permitted to pretend for a little while, before a hearty and friendly audience, to be the melancholy Dane. How he did strut, as the grand figures of the drama, through those brief hours of make-believe! He had imagination, you see, but it was dormant, hesitant, held back fearfully by a sense of his own incompetence. His boyish heart swelled in humble appreciation at his enrollment as one of that vast, colorful army of actors.

A slow, thoughtful boy, he managed somehow to get books, and to learn the drama. Surely, his companions felt, he was growing beyond the teachings of their manager. While other youngsters followed the plump peasant girls across orchards, demanding kisses of full, red and giggling lips, or frolicked knee-deep in wild flowers on the countryside's festive days, Rudolph studied and labored and was content.

After nine years of this struggle for existence, Rudolph was discovered by the manager of a repertoire company in a provincial town—a magnificently important creature to the weary, homeless little trouper. That meant a steady life, a room all his own, a salary in marks equivalent to eight dollars a week in American coin. Money for books, time for more study, new costumes to replace the faded velveteens, a wider range of work.

Another step led him to the Viennese Comic Opera company, where for five years he sang as buffo-comic. Baron Berger, who had just built the Dramatik Theater in Hamburg, engaged him to play those roles dearest to his heart—Shylock, King Lear, Macbeth, and the heroes of Schiller and Goethe.

In 1905, Max Reinhardt called him to Berlin. Shakespeare, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Strindberg were his daily diet, and there were ten pictures for Ufa, in one of which Emil Jannings played his support.

Meantime, love had come to the plodding, serious-minded Rudolph. Neither romantic-looking nor handsome, the grotesque, undersized comedian appealed to the critics, but had no qualities of personality to turn the "frailteins' heads. Admiring him as an artist, however, they waited in line outside the theater for him to autograph their albums.

Thus, duly chaperoned, he one day met a Romanian girl. She had Spanish blood in her veins, too, and she knew that love had come to flutter her heart as the actor signed his name. He looked into her tender, shy eyes, bowed and turned to ask her mother if he might pay her respects.

She came of a fine family who disapproved of the match, so it was six months before his constant devotion won her to an elopement. That was the one drastic, impulsive act of Rudolph Schildkraut's life, but he has never regretted it.

After the war, the actor played in New York at the Yiddish Art Theater and in "God of Vengeance" at the Apollo. The powerful tone of this Sholem Asch drama was too much for the censors. He was arrested, but was subsequently released and took the play to Chicago—where a chance meeting with Paul Kohner, son of an old friend and casting director for Universal, resulted in a movie contract for the role of the patriarch in "His People."

To celebrate his sixtieth birthday, his son Joseph gave him a small theater in the Bronx, New York, where between film engagements he presents the classics in Yiddish for the altruistic purpose of teaching the internationalism of the drama to his Jewish following. He speaks seven languages and has appeared in over four hundred characterizations. His dearest wish is to play Lear and Shylock in English. A kindly, considerate, generous soul, Rudolph Schildkraut, tolerant toward all, grateful for every word of praise—great character actor and lovable old man.

[Continued on page 96]
Von Stroheim Plays Aladdin

And picks the comparatively unknown Fay Wray for the leading feminine rôle in his new film, "The Wedding March," thereby bringing a miracle into her hitherto unexciting life.

By Katherine Lipke

ERICH VON STROHEIM, with an Aladdinlike gesture, has rubbed the magic lamp for one of Hollywood’s young players. And, in the subsequent flare, we see Fay Wray really for the first time.

Before Von Stroheim chose her recklessly, without even a screen test, for the rôle of the lovely heroine in his new picture, "The Wedding March," Fay Wray was just one of many pretty girls playing in pictures. Her long brown curls, which she always wore down her back, distinguished her only slightly from others in an industry addicted to pretty girls. And also, she was a 1926 Wampas Star.

But aside from these small points of variation, Fay was just one of the crowd. She had played in Hal Roach comedies and in Universal Westerns, and hoped that some day she would emerge into the realm of deeper drama. But all the rest were hoping also.

Now, Fay Wray is seen in a different light. She is Von Stroheim’s leading lady. Nay, she is much more than that. She is the girl on whom he has banked to a great extent, the success of his new picture—a girl who was chosen with the impetuous finality so characteristic of Von Stroheim.

Where others saw Fay Wray as just a pretty girl with a wealth of fluffy curls, she glimpsed what he calls the perfect combination of “spirituality and sensuousness.” He saw a woman on the eve of awakening to life and to love. In the slightly immature face of an eighteen-year-old girl he discovered his ideal for the rôle of Mitzi, the little Viennese harpist in "The Wedding March," who loves Prince Nicki, played by Von Stroheim.

With such an extravagant recommendation as this, Fay immediately becomes a person of interest. Von Stroheim’s tongue may be turbulent, but his hunches are apt to be uncannily correct. It was he who saw in Mary Philbin the sensitive, spirituelle type for “Merry-go-round.” And well do we know how, in the midst of the thunder and lightning of conflicting temperaments, he brought forth a vision of Mae Murray for “The Merry Widow” such as had not been seen of her on the screen before.

Not long ago, out at old Selig Park, where Kathlyn Williams used to film her serials, I watched Von Stroheim film the wine-garden love scenes for "The Wedding March.”

There was witchery afoot. An orchard of apple trees in full
bloom was glistening under the high-powered lights. The blossoms, five hundred thousand of them, were hand made and dipped in wax. The trees were also of the “made in Hollywood” variety. Yet, under the pale glow of the summer moon and the concentrated glare of the lights, those gnarled trees appeared to have been sending roots down into the ground for a century or so.

However, there was other witchery present than a hand-made apple orchard. Beneath a tree, which bent under its weight of blossoms, sat Prince Nicki, an Austrian officer, making love to Mitzi, a little harpist in a Viennese wine garden, illumined by an inner light of love.

Gone was the pretty little girl called Fay Wray. In her place was a fragile, lovely creature with curls piled high on her head. In her ears were quaint coral earrings. She wore a white muslin dress with a blue sash. Draped over her shoulders was the white military cloak of Prince Nicki, with its crimson lining sending a wealth of color up to warm her face. Each time Von Stroheim touched her hand, the light leaped to her eyes and gave onlookers a thrill.

The immaturity of appearance which had seemed heretofore to characterize Fay Wray was completely lost in a revelation of awakening womanhood. While acting with Von Stroheim, the girl seemed lifted out of herself, and was indeed an Old World heroine of that period when Germany was urging Austria to join her in making war.

This far the revelation went—but no further. When the scene was over and Miss Wray picked up her skirts to come over to where I sat, the illusion was lost. By the time she had reached me, little Fay Wray, one of Hollywood’s many pretty girls, was again present, and Mitzi, frail and intangible in her charm, was gone.

She talked like an eighteen-year-old girl upon whom life had made but few demands. She was afraid to speak frankly on any subject for fear it might not be the correct thing to do. She was amazingly certain that from now on, life was going to be a perfect unfulfillment of a dream. No more worry about being a failure, no more struggle for success. This much faith she put in Von Stroheim.

It is a fair exchange, for the fact that he had faith enough in her to choose her without once having seen her on the screen is probably the most perfect thing that has happened in the uneventful life of Fay Wray. She has always had a Von Stroheim complex. She has dreamed that he would direct her. And so, when she walked into his office and expressed her desire to play the heroine in “The Wedding March,” she was hoping the rôle might possibly be given her. But not even she was prepared for the instant decision which gave it to her without further preliminaries. Von Stroheim asked about her previous pictures. She told him that he wouldn’t like them. “Then I won’t see them,” he announced—and that was that.

Is it any wonder that Fay Wray expects that this film with Von Stroheim will open all doors to her? Of course, she is more or less right. If she responds to the opportunity which is hers in “The Wedding March,” undoubtedly many interesting things will be offered her.

However, being discovered by Von Stroheim isn’t the sure step toward fame which it should be. Though he can look at a girl and see something in her which others overlook and though he is able to bring that something forth into fulfillment, other directors are apparently not able to take the same material and do likewise. Players discovered by Von Stroheim seem to lapse into comparative mediocrity, under the direction of others. The Von Stroheim spark is not contagious.

Although Rupert Julian completed “Merry-go-round,” it was Von Stroheim who commenced it and who visioned and developed Mary Philbin in the rôle which brought her fame. But where since, in the career of Mary Philbin, has there been another “Merry-go-round?” Mae Murray is still vainly hoping to appear as lovely again as she was in “The Merry Widow.” But every one but Miss Murray seems to concede that it is a vain
A Man Who Kept His Head

Victor Varconi did not run away to go onto the stage, nor has he at any critical point in his career allowed himself to be carried away by emotion. He has won success by reasoning things out.

By William H. McKegg

Mr. VARCONI has studied himself to such a degree that he has developed a technique which permits a frictionless performance. He is never abnormal; he is never strenuous in his gestures; he never uses exaggerated facial expressions. His is the art of repression developed to a fine degree. His acting is smooth—always of the mind, never of the body.

Thus spake the great De Mille, a little more than two years ago, after Victor Varconi had quietly appeared at the old Lasky lot on Vine Street, and commenced work in "Triumph." That a leading director should say such things about a newcomer, whom nobody in Hollywood knew anything about, was surprising.

One day, about that time, while Varconi and I were lunching together at a little Hungarian restaurant on the Boulevard, we talked of certain other foreign stars whose previous approach to the film Mecca had been announced with great fanfares of publicity.

"I want to make a place for myself through my own merits," Varconi slowly stated, in his well-modulated voice. "If I don't do so right now, I shall eventually. Too much publicity before you have shown what you can do makes the public expect more than an actor can sometimes give. It is not always his fault, either, that this is so. The first parts assigned him might not appeal to the majority. I would rather rise up from secondary roles than fall down to them."

Now any film actor will tell you that, next to gaining your first chance in pictures the hardest thing in the entire business is to win the role that will get you over to the fans. Valentino 'got over,' in "The Four Horsemen." John Gilbert 'got over' in Mrs. Glyn's pictures. And thus it goes. Although Varconi won notice in that first film with De Mille and in various pictures that followed, he somehow just did not "get over."

Instead of growing at Hollywood for not recognizing an actor when she had one, Varconi bided his time. He always uses his mind, reasoning things out—and by this method, whatever he wants, he usually gets! I always found him a most congenial chap, rather reluctant, though, to speak about himself in a personal manner. I always had to take him unawares, and it never did to show too keen an interest.

Occasionally, various events in his earlier life used to float to me across a lunch table, through a haze of cigarette smoke—vignettes piercing the nebulous veil of the past. If the smoke became too thin, Varconi could see how intensely I was listen.
the stage. Instead, he realized he knew very little about the theater or about acting. He would learn! His mind won again. So a few nights every week found him studying dramatic art at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art in New York.

A student had to go through a three-year course at the academy before he was allowed to play even a small part. Varconi, however, did so well that after his second year, he was given a contract to play at the First Province Theater at Kolozsvár—a city then in Hungary, now rechristened Klausenburg and belonging to Roumania. Instead of soliciting big commissions for the insurance company, Victor now began to win the notice of the public by his splendid acting.

Finally, he realized his boyhood dream. He was admitted into the First National Theater in Buda-pest—the desired goal of every Hungarian actor. During the two years following his début, he ran the gamut of Shaw, Molnar, Ibsen, and others.

Then the war swept over Europe. Varconi spent the next three years in the army.

Following the armistice, he returned to the stage; but he met some one who slightly distracted his mind from his work. This disturbance was personified in the person of beautiful Nusi Avanyossy, a brilliant young singer of musical-comedy fame in the Hungar-ian capital.

Handsome, dashing young nobles courted her in vain. They would place, so they said, the world at her feet. Varconi, looking on, remained aloof; yet he seemed to be the favored one—whom young Nusi could rely on as a real friend.

The first revolution broke out, dethroning the late Emperor of Austria-Hungary. It was a dan-gerous time for all. While most of the nobility were seeking escape to save their own skins, our Victor thought only of protecting the girl he loved. In spite of Bela Khan and other revolutionists, he offered Nusi his heart and name. They were happily married and remain so to this day.

The stage was, for a time, dis-or-ganized. Picture studios were opening up once more. Varconi had already made a couple of films in his own country. The famous Ufa company in Berlin was preparing to make a version of "Camille" for Pola Negri. Varconi, offered the rôle of Ar-mand, accepted it. The picture, brought to America because of the tremendous ré-clame Pola achieved in "Passion," was retitled "The Red Peacock." In spite of its demerits, Varconi gained notice, winning praise from the American critics. He later ap-peared in the spectacular produc-tion, "Sodom and Gomorrah," which was brought here from Vi-enna. Against its many handicaps, he lived.
Oh, They Sail the Ocean Blue!  Two yachtsmen good and true—John Barrymore and Raymond Griffith.

There was much excitement among the seafarers of Hollywood—and there are many now—when John Barrymore entered his newly purchased yacht, The Mariner, in a race under sail to Honolulu, and still more excitement when he captured third place in that big handicap. He bought the yacht shortly after he decided to remain on the Coast, and spent most of his time cruising during the summer.

Much more modest is Raymond Griffith’s little Donna Bertha, but he won with her the annual cup for seamanship given by a California yacht club. Though John looks very handsome posed at his wheel, with natty cap and all, Ray looks as though he does some real work.
Lads and Lassies

A full score of talented and optically pleasing young but you rarely read anything about them. Often you do who make you laugh loudest, and you see them more Meet your friends of

By Grace

Take that clever Alice Day, for instance. There’s a sweet little youngster who is going to crowd a lot of the tear-teasers among the dramatic actresses right off the screen.

Yet, on the other hand, Alice, who has a special comedy talent, may be heard of later on playing high comedy—a phase to which our screen comedy already has a tendency.

Alice has blue eyes and is one of the few girls still back in the horse-and-buggy period, with her long, curly hair. You are bound to love Alice the minute you meet her, and you know right away that you could confide all your troubles to her and that if she could help you she would. She goes little to cafés and other public places, and her associates are mostly high-school girls and boys.

The little comedienne was born in Pueblo, Colorado, and her father is a building contractor who came to Los Angeles during the real estate boom in 1922. Alice at once entered high school, and, having finished, she trotted about the studios with her sister, Marceline, asking for work. It didn’t take them long to obtain it, and Alice had played extras only six months when she was cast for the second lead in Fox’s “Temple of Venus.” Her next work was as the eldest daughter of Norma Talmadge in “Secrets,” a part which admirably suited Alice’s quaint, old-fashioned personality. In this rôle Mack Sennett first saw her while searching for a leading lady for Harry Langdon, his new star.

We know just every single thing about the beauties and belles of the movie dramas—who are their favorite poets, where and how they live, and how many times married if any, and if not, why not. If we crave more details, all we have to do is read the ads in the magazines. There we read heart-searching accounts of the kind of cars they prefer, their most ardent sentiments regarding this or that cold cream, and their passionate preferences in perfumes.

And all the while there is an army of youngsters who are being sadly neglected by the publicists, but whose motto might well be, “I care not who makes their dramas, so I make them laugh!”

Maybe you would like to know about that cutie you saw with Charley Chase last night; or about that good-looking youngster who made love to Mabel Normand in her last picture. That’s just what I am here to tell you. So gather round, children, and we will do a little explaining and searchlighting.

Not that any of these children are likely to become Chaplins or Normands, because the present-day comedy business doesn’t run to the development of eccentric types. But you will hear a lot about some of them in future, quite likely in dramas, as comedy is a wonderful training for any screen career, because it teaches the player to put points over keenly and quickly.

Photo by Corrigan

Ruth Hiatt, of the Sennett forces, is another dainty beauty you will recognize.

Martha Sleeper’s talent and beauty distinctly belies her last name. She’s only sixteen, too, and Hal Roach is proud of her.
of Laughter

people smile and prance before your eyes on the screen, not even know their names. Yet they are the players often than your heroes and heroines of the drama. the short comedies!

Kingsley

Alice played Harry Langdon’s leading lady for one year, being then launched as a comedienne in her own two-reel comedies. Her first comedy, “Tee for Two,” was warmly accepted by the critics and the fans, and Miss Day was hailed as a comedy find.

Alice can play slapstick comedy, and make it appear accidental! That is a gift. But more than that, she can play slapstick comedy without appearing in the least coarse.

Then there is Ruth Taylor, who was recently signed as leading lady to Ben Turpin. Much more is required of comedienes than used to be, since the action is more carefully planned. Moreover, the picture comedienne is no longer merely the goat for funny situations; she starts a good many of the complications. Ruth, who is cute and blond, is always brilliantly adequate, they say, to every situation.

Ruth is one of the little Cinderellas of the movies. She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but her parents moved to Portland, Oregon, when Ruth was three years old. Her father became one of Portland’s prominent business men.

The comedienne attended the Portland Heights School, graduating from Lincoln High in that city in 1922, when her family moved to Los Angeles. Having had some training in dancing and dramatics, Ruth was ambitious to enter motion-picture work. After a time she obtained extra work at

Universal City, followed by some comedy rôles at the Fox studio. An ingénue part in “The Bridge of Sighs” at Warners’ in 1924 helped give her a start along the road to fame. Now Mack Sennett has signed her to a five-year contract.

Ruth may establish a distinctive type, it is said. She is that rare individual, a blond vamp. Usually, vamps are dark, you know, but Ruth has the naughty twinkle in her blue eyes that usually goes with dark orbs.

While it is hard to make anybody outside pictures believe that a blond vamp in comedies likes to read, Ruth really does. Her favorite recreations are books, horseback riding and dancing.

Martha Sleeper lives up to anything but her last name. She is beautiful, talented, brilliant. She writes as well as acts, and is a dancer of unusual ability. Lately, she has taken a notion to write scenarios, and the Hal Roach studio folks are, altogether, mighty proud of her.

Martha was born in Forest Bluff, Illinois, on June 24, 1910, which makes her, as you can see, only sixteen years old now. At ten to twelve years of age, she danced in Carnegie Hall, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and elsewhere in New York. Her pantomime ability as a child was remarkable, and when a tiny tot, she used to amuse her family by imitating players she saw.

Her mother was an actress before she married William B. Sleeper, who lately passed away, and who was a Montana rancher and one-time congressman. Martha was deeply devoted to her
Lads and Lassies of Laughter

decided that she would like to be a lawyer. She looked about her, saw to what lengths some of the formerly wealthy Spanish families had been reduced by poverty through carelessness and ignorance of business, and made up her mind to help them by becoming an attorney and advising them in the law courts and as adviser in business matters.

She took up a law course, finishing last March after studying hard for four years. She will take her law examinations this fall. She is a brunette and one of the prettiest girls at the Roach studios, where she has been playing a part with Monty Banks in "Attaboy." This is her first work in pictures, and if she passes her law examinations, and becomes a Portia, it may be her last.

Another mighty pretty girl at the Roach studios is Virginia Bradford, leading woman in "Attaboy." She went to high school in Los Angeles along with Alice and Marceline Day, who are still Virginia's chums. All three started in pictures at the same time.

Virginia is a great-great-great—or thereabouts—granddaughter of Massachusetts' first governor, William Bradford. She is auburn-haired and pretty. She began in stock at Universal, playing in Westerns for two years, after which she went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under contract. She was borrowed from the latter studio to play with Banks.

When Leola Rose, Mildred Yorba, and Jeanette Loff are all on the Roach lot, you would think, judging from the look of their motor cars, that there was a bankers' convention afoot! All three are rich and have almost enough cars to match their various gowns. Indeed, the day I met Leola, she was wearing a mauve and golden-brown dress, and her car was mauve and golden brown, too!

Leola Rose is the daughter of one of Los Angeles' leading financiers, and is prominent socially. She did not think of entering pictures until one night at

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father, and her grief at his death was deepened by the fact that he died while Martha and her mother were on their first trip back to New York since she had left there to go into pictures. Martha's mother was not only an actress, but also a painter of no mean ability.

Martha left New York for pictures when she was thirteen, signing with Hal Roach. She is regarded as an excellent eccentric type, somewhat similar to Louise Fazenda, in spite of being a very pretty girl. She loves playing character roles.

The little actress does a tremendous amount of work daily, including writing, besides several hours a day spent at outdoor sports when she is not working in a picture. She is a fine horsewoman, and likes tennis and golf. She does four hours a day of actual school work also.

A very interesting and picturesque figure is Mildred Yorba, daughter of Alonzo Yorba, owner of one of the old historic ranches at Fullerton, near Los Angeles, and scion of an ancient Spanish family of California. The Yorbas were among the first Spanish settlers in California, and received a grant from the King of Spain of all land from San Diego to Alhambra, and from the foothills to the ocean. That was in the eighteenth century. They are now principally ranchers and holders of oil lands.

Mildred is an ambitious girl. Having finished high school, she
Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan holds forth on the latest gossip and newest developments in Hollywood, including production activities, which are going up in the air.

By The Bystander

FOR days and days I hadn't been able to locate Fanny until finally, in desperation, it occurred to me to look behind an enormous volume that hid from view a mysterious figure at the corner table at Montmartre. And lo, there she was!

"The movies are so educational," she remarked casually, as though that explained everything. Then she took up her encyclopedia again and began diligently studying its pages.

"None of us would ever have known anything about Georgia, Asia Minor, if Mae Murray hadn't married a prince from there," she finally went on, putting an end to my growing bewilderment. "I can't say that I really know anything about the country now, but I am hot on its trail. It seems to be one of those tiny countries that only its king could love.

"Oh, well, anyway, it's terribly exciting to have a film star marry a real prince, even if his country is so far off the beaten track that tourists have never seen it. His name is Prince David Divani, and he seems to be a nice young man. He has been working in pictures here for quite some time, and everybody likes him. I believe he met Mae at Pola Negri's house and that he fell in love with her at first sight. A romance that sounds just like one of her early pictures.

"It is the season for romances in the film colony. Mary Astor surprised everybody by announcing her engagement to Irving Asher, the production manager of the First National unit that had just made her picture, 'Forever After.' I don't know why it should surprise every one, though, unless it is because Mary is always so closely chaperoned by her mother and father that it seems odd for a young man to muster up courage enough to propose in front of her family. Still, according to all accounts, Alice Calhoun's mother accompanied her and her husband on their honeymoon, so perhaps I am just behind the times. It may be quaint and old-fashioned to think that three is a crowd.

Mae Busch got married a while ago to a nice, substantial business man. That's the sort of marriage that makes other girls in pictures really envious. They aren't particularly impressed by husbands with titles, or wealth, or positions of importance in the picture industry. But when a girl in pictures marries a business man who is sympathetic and understanding but who doesn't look on himself as ordained to advise her on make-up and camera angles and acting, she is considered really lucky—and she is lucky, too!

"It would be a terrible blow to lots of girls who simply adore their heroes on the screen if they could ever hear a crowd of ingenues proclaiming, 'I wouldn't marry an actor!"

"It seems as though simply every one is out here now," Fanny said, changing the subject abruptly as she glanced around the room. "Alice Terry is back from abroad and is going to play opposite Ramon Navarro in 'The Great Galeoto.' That is none other than 'The World and His Wife,' in which Alma Rubens scored her first triumph years ago. They will have to do awfully well to improve any on that early version.

"May Allison is now here to stay. She is going to play opposite Milton Sills in his next picture, which he is to make here instead of in the East. And Doris Kenyon is here to star in 'Ladies at Play,' which sounds very frolicsome, doesn't it?"

"Milton Sills' next picture is 'Men of the Dawn,' an air film, I believe. The air above Hollywood will be more congested than the studios if only half of the aviation pictures announced are really put into production. Famous Players-Lasky are going to make 'Wings'—an epic of the United States air service; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contemplate a sort of 'Big Parade' of the air, which some one with great originality has dubbed in advance an 'epic.' Why doesn't some company make film history and a fortune by producing a simple little picture and advertising it as NOT an epic? It would be such a relief. However, if we are to have so many serious epics of the air, Raymond Griffith will really have to close that phase of motion-picture history with a laugh, as he has many others, by making a burlesque
such a gorgeous contribution to the humor of the screen—"They gave it up without a struggle."

'Incidentally, Dorothy Sebastian is playing opposite Ray in his new picture, 'You'd Be Surprised.' I'm as pleased over her getting such a marvelous break as though she were a good friend of mine, and I hardly know the girl. There is something about her that is awfully winning, though. And when you find a girl who has that indefinable quality that makes others want her to succeed, you've found a girl who is headed straight for success. In the past year I've met a lot of girls who were more beautiful than Dorothy, and some who seemed better troupers, but of them all I remember her with the greatest interest.'

Quite obviously Fanny had been out addressing women's clubs again. The soap-box manner always clings to her for days, and you just can't stop her from holding forth on the qualities that insure screen success.

"No, I haven't—honestly I haven't." Fanny protested vehemently. "I promised you that I would never make another speech, and I won't. The last one was enough for me. A club of students of dramatic art asked me to address them on the subject of 'The Beginner's Chance in Hollywood,' and after I got all through my most impressive collection of statistics—and not all made up on the spur of the moment, either—and asked the congregation if they had any questions they wanted to ask me, they rose in a body and inquired, 'Do you think that Jack Gilbert will marry again?"

"If I seem to hold forth in the manner of a studio guide, blame it on the National Editorial Association. They have been convening here, and visiting the studios, of course. Several delegates thought I must be some one of importance, because they saw an electrician speak to me. Suddenly I was surrounded with people asking questions, and now I start spouting information if a stranger so much as gives me a passing glance.

"Some of the visitors found Hollywood very depressing. They were the ones who looked beyond Montmartre and the beach clubs and other havens of the prosperous. They saw something of the tragic poverty of the many strugglers out here. There are really only a few hundred actors in pictures who make a good living and there are thousands of people who can't get enough extra work to keep them from actual hunger and want.

'Quite a few of the editors who came out to the convention cherished ideas of getting their daughters or nieces into the movies and settling back to a life of ease. One day in the studios, however, and they were all over that notion."

Janet Gaynor's best luck came close on the heels of a terrible disappointment.
"I wonder if any of the visitors caught on to Hollywood's strange sense of humor. The studios are like a vaudeville show—the simplest and oldest jokes always get over best with the inmates. Actors can always get a laugh out of congratulating each other on pictures they weren't in, and pretending to mistake one player for another, particularly in front of strangers. Visitors must think they are crazy, and no doubt they are right. Imagine how confusing it must be to some nice editor, who always tries to get her facts straight, to have John Gilbert rush up to Billy Haines and say, 'Hello, Tony, that was a great performance you gave in "The Midshipman."

"One of the visiting editors came up here to Montmartre for luncheon on Wednesday, and she almost went crazy trying to recognize her favorite stars. All the girls looked alike. Fashions in clothes sweep through Hollywood like a plague and, just now, at least two thirds of the girls are wearing white coats with fox collars and enormous pale-pink hats. Look at the way the fur comes up over their chins and the hats come down over their ears. Try to distinguish them by their noses!

"I happen to know that that girl over at the next table is Jobyna Ralston because I was just talking to her, but who the rest of the white-coated brigade are I can't tell until I meet them face to face.

"But speaking of Jobyna, she and I have banded together to end our days as the social blight of Hollywood. We are going to learn to play bridge. We've held out until we're about the only people out here who don't play.

"Of course, any one who doesn't play bridge is just out of Bebe Daniels' life. She plays simply all the time. She may forget people's names and where she met them, but never a bridge score. Some people came out to the studio the other day whom she hadn't seen for two or three years. She couldn't recall who they were, but she remembered how much she had won from them. Imagine how surprised they must have been when, between scenes, Bebe called out, without any preamble, 'I suppose you've come back thinking you can beat me this time.'

"Isn't it exciting about Bebe's becoming engaged to Charlie Paddock while he was supporting her in 'The Campus Flirt'? Now we know why he holds a record for sprinting.

"Bebe went up to the University of California to make scenes for that picture on the campus, and a lot of students played extras. One girl was so good that she was brought back with the company to play a small part. Her name is Margaret Leisen-

Virginia Valli is going to England to make "One Increasing Purpose."
parties at friends' homes, you forget all about the people whose personalities grate on you.

"And who cares?" Fanny perked up brightly, as she saw Madeline Hurlock coming in the door. "Have you heard of Madeline's terrible disaster? Sunday night she went to see Pola Negri in 'Good and Naughty'—she admires Pola almost as much as I do—and when she got home, robbers had stolen all her clothes but two evening dresses. Oh, yes, they left her shoes and hats, too. Just think of losing all those lovely clothes of hers!

"If I had been in Madeline's place, I should have been so discouraged that I'd have bought just one dress and worn that all the time until it fell into rags. But she went right out and stocked up again.

"Why the robbers had to pick on Madeline, who lives in an apartment, I can't understand when there are so many homes left unprotected while their owners are at the beach or away at their country homes. Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell are up at their mountain camp at Lake Arrowhead most of the time now. Corinne Griffith has bought the Tom Ince yacht and spends all her spare time cruising around. Tom and Victoria Mix divide their time between their yacht and their home at Catalina. Anita Stewart and Julia Faye are living down at the Casa Del Mar Club at the beach, and Lewis Stone and his wife are anchored off Catalina on their boat. And speaking of boats, Wallace Beery bought a forty-foot cruiser, thinking that he would spend a lot of time on it this summer. Almost as soon as he got it, he started making 'Old Ironsides,' which kept him out on the U. S. S. Constitution for months, and then he started making 'We're in the Navy Now.' I dare say he has had enough of boats for a while.

"Still, the actors who are working out on the high seas are pretty lucky, as any one who is working in the new studios will tell them. Famous Players-Lasky have moved into what used to be the United studios, but they are remodeling them so extensively that they have torn up all the lawns, and the place looks like frontier days. Every time a slight breeze comes up, a cloud of dust settles on the actors and, no matter how light their make-up may be at the start of a day's work, at noon they look like Creoles. It is pretty hard on Florence Vidor, who has been working out on a street set wearing an old-fashioned costume that is minus sleeves and very brief as to bodice.

"She and Ricardo Cortez looked stunning in their costumes for 'The Eagle of the Sea.' I am glad that one company has courage enough to go on making occasional costume pictures. I'll never be content until some one films 'Spanish Bayonet,' by Stephen Benet.

"But if the dust clouds at Lasky's are annoying, they are simply terrific out at the new First National studios at Burbank. Until the lawns are put in, the players will just have to wear veils whenever they go from their dressing rooms to the stages.

"Kathleen Collins went down to Death Valley the other day to work in a picture with Ken Maynard. That's supposed to be the most awful assignment a girl ever got, but some of the girls who were working out at the new studio said that they positively envied her.

"Oh, by the way, the first picture started in the new First National studios was 'The Masked Woman,' a June Mathis production. Anna Q. Nilsson plays the lead.

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Big Brother George

Among the new order of juveniles who have risen to prominence in the movies within the past year, George Lewis most suggests the big, sympathetic brother.

By Myrtle Gebhart

There is a fraternity of young fellows in the movies, whom the past year has brought into more or less prominence, whose naturalness is in strong contrast with the stagy methods of the actor of a few years ago. George Lewis, Hugh Allan, Grant Withers, Arnold Gray, Tommy Thompson, Charles Farrell, Dick Walling, Larry Gray—oh, there are many of them. Personable, likable, steady youngsters they are, who regard acting as a sensible and serious profession and are undazzled by the glamour that used to surround the movies. They realize that success in the motion-picture field must be slowly and constructively built, much as one would train for banking or any other routine business.

A lucky break, however, carried George Lewis upward rather more quickly than the rest. The rôle of fighting Sammy in "His People" lifted him from the ruts of extra and bit parts into the spotlight. He insists that it was just luck and that there are many other boys of equal or more talent tramping the weary rounds of the studios, hidden among the mob, who just haven't been so fortunate. But I think, giving due credit to the chance which dropped from the skies when Director Edward Sloman selected him for the happy-go-lucky, quick-fisted lad of "His People," that George won out because he had prepared himself for just such an opportunity, and because he knew he had to make good.

Of Spanish and American parentage, he was born in Mexico City, where his father represented a typewriter concern. Later, the family was stationed for a while in Rio de Janeiro. Then they came north and spent limited periods at various small cities of the American Middle West. George has the distinction of having attended school in more towns than any boy I ever heard of.

Eventually, they settled in San Diego, where George distinguished himself at Coronado High in athletics. School theatricals and the local stock companies awakened his desire to be an actor.

"But I thought it was one of those dreams that couldn't ever come true and I always pushed it aside," he explains now. "When mother finally decided I should have my chance, I came to Hollywood, another Merton, determined to learn how to be a good actor."

He glosses over the struggles of two years during which fate placed him at the head of his family, consisting of a mother and two younger brothers, without the means of a steady livelihood at hand. His first rôle was carrying a spear in Pola Negri's "The Spanish Dancer;" then he was an extra in "The Thief of Bagdad." Realizing that he must make more progress, he held out for bits, often remaining idle for weeks rather than work for, say, ten dollars when he had set his salary at fifteen a day.

Give up and get a job clerking? Often, during months of despondency, he thought himself foolish to be sticking to this crazy acting gamble, but there was a tenacious streak in him that stubbornly held him to the line he had sighted, certain that some day it would get him somewhere. With each succeeding film he graduated into more important work—"Captain Blood," "The Lady Who Lied," and Mrs. Valentino's "What Price Beauty."

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A Reluctant Siren

Greta Garbo, natural-born fascinator, dreads being classed as a vamp.

By Herbert Moulton

The fresh girlishness of twenty. The full beauty of thirty. The sophisticated allure of forty. Combine them and you will have some idea of the charm that surrounds Greta Garbo. Merge these qualities and you will understand why Greta makes male hearts pound a little harder when she appears on the scene, why male eyes follow her around covetously,

wishes she didn't have. Pola, incidentally, is Greta's pet cinematic goddess, and one whose course she will undoubtedly parallel in the matter of roles.

Her forte is intense emotion—repressed. One feels that she will always have the floodgates of her passion locked by some dramatic impasse. She will be a woman of the world, never, thank Heaven, a little fluffy-haired bit of ingénueish saccharine.

But, if she had any voice in the matter, she would never be a vamp, either. This is the principal thorn in her side right now.

"I don't want to be—what you call eet?—a vamp," she says, in her soft, strangely accented voice. "Tell me, ees Pola Negri a vamp in thees countree?"

After being informed that Miss Negri is possibly regarded as a person of vampish proclivities in some quarters, but doesn't fall into that category on the screen, Greta coos a happy little coo:

"Ooooh! That ees fine! I don't vant be that vay, either. I hate vamps. I vant—what you call eet?—sympathy. I vant people to like me!"

Greta isn't the first natural-born siren to talk this way. It seems that whenever the Lord endows a woman with those qualities which make her to men what catnip is to a feline, she bends every effort to prove that she is a sweet little thing whose one aim in life is to have a husband, home, and babies.

That's why I wasn't at all surprised when Greta announced that she didn't want to be a vamp. She'll always be a vamp, whether she wants to be or not. Put her in cotton stockings and a gingham dress, braid her long bob into pigtails, and wipe the rouge from her cheeks—you would still have the kind of woman that men leave home for.

Greta's ambition, too, must take into consideration what the czars behind the mahogany desks have to say—the Messrs. Mayer, Thalberg, Rap, and Stromberg—to whom employees do not say "No!" out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where she is under contract.

They gave her for her first American role the part of a siren—softened

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DESTINED by her very nature to be cast always as a charmer of men, Greta Garbo claims that she has no desire to be or play a vamp, as revealed in the story on the opposite page.
The power of feminine persuasion is once more proven by Kathryn Perry in "Womanpower," wherein, as a sweet young school-teacher, she twists a whole camp of pugilists around her little finger.
NOT all those who decide to frontline make a success of it, but Jacqueline Logan, on parting with Fox, achieved a most auspicious beginning as the demure widow in Warners' "Footloose Widows."
GEORGE O'BRIEN'S role of a fist-fighting sailor in "The Devil's Master" might almost have been taken straight from his own life, for George, you know, was once a champion boxer in the U. S. navy.
LAWRENCE GRAY was determined to be a director, but Paramount decided he was too good looking to waste, so made him a leading man. His latest films are "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and "Kid Boots."
THOUGH Mae Murray's recent marriage to Prince Davari was as sudden as a bolt from the blue, she insists that she will not repent. She postponed her honeymoon in order to finish "Altars of Desire."
Everyone is pedaling out in Hollywood, and Phyllis Haver is right in line. Meantime, she has been helping Harrison Ford to snap out of himself in "The Nervous Wreck," a film of distinctly comic tendencies.
Emil Jannings' great character portrayals in various German films that have been shown in this country are the talk of the screen. His Mephisto in the film version of "Faust," soon to be released, should make history.
What Emil Jannings Fears

The great German actor, discussing art and his coming visit to this country to make pictures for Paramount, betrays a desire with which many will sympathize and which some may try to alleviate.

By Alma Talley

Clothed in a glamour of mystery because he worked far away in Germany, Emil Jannings has always been to us in America a sort of magic character of another world. Every one knows him to be one of the greatest artists of the screen, but few in America have known just what he is really like as a human being. We haven’t even known what color his eyes are, or what is his favorite flower, or any of those quaint little facts of which we are so lavishly informed in the case of our own stars.

Yes, Mr. Jannings has always seemed a most remote person. So it was with a feeling of extraordinary pleasure that I met and talked to him right on his own home grounds—the Ufa lot in Berlin. And I found him quite enthusiastic over his anticipated sojourn in America—except for one thing, about which he was as distressed as a small boy whose mother has told him he can’t go out and play baseball. He is really worried about our prohibition.

There were a number of “geschlugts” and “schlabens” and a fluent collection of other German words, which undoubtedly meant something—though not to me—and that one familiar word, “prohibition.”

“He says,” explained the interpreter, “that he’s worried about prohibition. He doesn’t know how he can enjoy his meals without beer or wine with them.

“Ah,” I said, being fresh from Broadway, “I know a place!” (This, however, is no place to mention the name of it.)

There was more German on the part of Mr. Jannings after this reassurance.

“In New York, yes, so I understand,” was the gist of his answer, “but I’m told that it’s harder to get in Los Angeles. And I don’t know where I shall have to work—I hope in New York.” Indeed, I got the impression that he really is a little worried about being sent to Los Angeles, where beer and wine are not so easy to get.

He gave us another delightfully infectious smile, which made it seem altogether incongruous that this same sunny countenance was the one which had leered so diabolically at his shuddering audiences in “Quo Vadis.” Truly, the man is remarkable.

One look at the man, and you feel that he should be allowed almost anything! Mr. Jannings has never played the sort of roles which make of an actor a matinée idol, but it isn’t because he couldn’t. He wore a brown suit which made him look as though he had just stepped out of one of those Bond Street tailoring establishments which boast of their appointment by or with His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. And this in Germany, where most men’s clothes look as if they had been cut by the tailor’s apprentice on his way to catch a train.

As we approached, he gave us a flashing smile, which began with a twinkle in his eye and lit up his whole face. He acknowledged the introduction with the proper German words, whatever they are. So, with the representative as interpreter, I asked him how he felt about coming to America for the fall and winter—Famous Players, you know, having bought an interest in Ufa, had arranged for Mr. Jannings to make a few pictures over here.

He shrugged his massive shoulders in a gesture of
What Emil Jannings Fears

By many Jannings is thought to have created his most impressive characterization in "Varley," even though his other roles are unforgettable.

interrogation. His shoulders are massive; indeed, though he is only moderately tall, he is so powerfully built that he gives the impression of great size, so that it is easy to understand why he seemed a huge man in such roles as Nero and Peter the Great.

Emil Jannings is very eager to compare our American methods of film production with those employed in Germany. He feels naturally that the Germans have a great deal to learn from us, but that we also could learn much from them.

"I think," said Mr. Jannings, "you do not make use of mirrors in your lighting as we have started to do."

Mirrors, by the way, are an innovation recently evolved by the Ufa company which remarkably lessen production expenses. Instead of building a skyscraper or going away on location to find one, the German company builds the first three or four stories. Then, by surrounding the structure with a series of mirrors, by reflection and counter-reflection, they can make that building seem as tall as the Woolworth tower, if necessary. In the same way, they can build the base of a church and throw the reflection of a steeple on top of it. Of even greater advantage, perhaps—though not to those who seek jobs as extras—is the use of mirrors in mob scenes. Instead of employing five hundred extras, a handful or so can be engaged and, surrounded by mirrors, be made to look like several hundred. Not only, of course, does this save a great deal of money for the company in salaries, but as every one knows, large mobs are very hard to direct.

So strict are the rules at the Ufa studio that smoking is absolutely forbidden to everyone—but Jannings, And no one resents his especial privilege.

"So we really have got something to teach you, as well as to learn from you," Mr. Jannings said. "You can see how Ufa's experiments with mirrors work out in our new picture, 'Metropolis,' for which the director, Fritz Lang, and his wife, conceived the idea."

The actor stopped at this point to offer us cigarettes and to light one himself. Forming, as it were, a sort of magic circle around the privileged person of Emil Jannings, we were also permitted to smoke on the Ufa lot. One of the prop men passed by at this moment and exchanged cordial greetings with the actor.

"It's remarkable," my English-speaking friend assured me, "how much liked Mr. Jannings is among all the workmen and minor actors. He is the king of the Ufa lot. Instead of resenting the fact that he can smoke when no one else can, every one in the place would do anything for him."

Well, as I said, you have only to look at him, at that sunny, twinkling smile, to understand why! This magic character from another world

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Behind the Silver Screen

Shrewd comment, by one who knows Hollywood well, on the little things, both humorous and otherwise, that happen in the movie town.

By Jack Malone

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A NEWSPAPER clipping before me quotes a San Francisco judge who warned matrimonially-inclined young men against marrying blondes—especially blondes with blue eyes. The blonde is a vamp, quoth he. Thus a popular notion is shelved. The tall, lean, sinuous, velvet-eyed brune is enthroned as a hausfrau. Personally, I'm too old-fashioned to change my opinion. A tall slinky female, with long, slanting eyes, a pallid face and flaming lips, she wears a stiletto in her garter, and a hiss issues from her mouth—there's my picture of a vamp, but—

"We have some blond vamps in the movies who can give the dusky-haired maidsens a run for their money. Anna Q. Nilsson is one. Greta Nissen is another. Myrna Loy (a younger who will bear watching, by the way) is a glorious redhead. Jane Winton has vamped successfully in a blond wig. And there are others.

But since Theda Bara's day began, we've had a succession of brunettes on the screen who have had to be poisoned or knifed to let the blond leading lady get the guy. Theda Bara. Nita Naldi. Barbara La Marr. Olga Petrova. Madeline Hurlock. Jutta Goudal. Bebe Daniels (in comedy). Mae Busch. Carmel Myers. Aileen Pringle—the list is long and every girl efficient.

So I have proved to my satisfaction, at least, that the judge is wrong—and I am right—a gratifying feeling.

The irrepressible Hedda Hopper brought home with her a new wardrobe that keeps her nicely in the lead as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood.

I encountered Hedda on the Boulevard not long ago, and asked her to tea for a talk.

"Can't," Hedda replied. "I have to go see a little Scotch friend of mine who's in the hospital."

"Too bad," I said, sympathetically. "Anything serious?"

"No. She got splinters in her tongue—dropped a malted milk on the floor."

And before I could do anything ungentlemanly, Hedda had breezed on.

Lilyan Tashman had a clash with Metropolitan, with which company she was under contract. According to the story, when Lilyan discovered that she had been loaned to the De Mille studios to play a supporting rôle to Leatrice Joy, she revolted.

"I told them," Miss Tashman is reported to have said, "that I would play this rôle with Miss Joy because it had already been planned and cast. But I also informed them that it was absolutely my last rôle in support of a woman star. I'll quit pictures first."

That difficulty was eventually smoothed over, and all was peaceful for a while, but when further disagreements arose, over various and sundry matters, Lilyan decided to sever her connection with Metropolitan, which she has done.

Cupid does a rushing business out here. Not only have we many charming unattached stars, but the attached ones so often get unattached again and start all over.

Ruth Roland, who has been unattached from her first husband for some time, has whispered that she will soon be Mrs. Ben Bard. This makes us wonder a bit. The first husband, after the conjugal knot was untied, still acted as Ruth's business manager. Every one knows, of course, that Ruth owns more of Los Angeles than any one else—she's the Hetty Green of Hollywood—so her business affairs are necessarily complicated. We wonder now if husband No. I will retire—or possibly he'll gain another client in Ben Bard.

Ben Turpin, whose former wife died about a year ago, is now married to Babette Dietz.

George O'Brien has been quite the most eligible young man in town, and it looks as if he and Olive Borden may do a little announcing soon.

Laura La Plante and William Seiter are still engaged, at this writing, and "they say" that wedding bells are just around the corner for Rudolph and Pola. The pair admit they are in love, and when Valentino was reminded of his fifteen-thousand-dollar wager in Paris last year that he would not marry before 1930, he shrugged his shoulders. "A mere matter of money would never interfere with the course of our
Behind the Silver Screen

romance," he said. Any conceivable amount of money would be infinitesimal compared to winning Miss Negri's affection. We hope the wedding bells ring out, for the Negri-Valentino alliance would be the greatest star romance since Doug and Mary were quietly united.

Warner Brothers control a new thingumajig called the Vitaphone, which may revolutionize the presentation of motion pictures. By the use of this device, theaters will be able to offer a synchronized musical program in connection with the showing of moving pictures, more elaborate even than the programs now offered by the largest New York picture houses. It will also bring to the screen great musical artists who otherwise could not be seen by audiences in the smaller communities.

I guess the guy who said the movies are still in their infancy was right.

I saw "La Bohème" not long ago—and then wished I hadn't.

I saw "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" the next day and maneuvered around until I got a season pass. If the editor wants to find me, he'll have to "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!"

Among the actors we want especially to mention this month are Karl Dane and André de Beranger. Dane, as you know, is responsible for no little part of the success of "The Big Parade," and has followed his initial hit in that film with deft and capable acting in later pictures. He played Gilles in "The Scarlet Letter" with splendid success, and contributes a lot to Marion Davies' current starring picture, "The Red Mill."

His playing in "La Bohème" was one of two bright spots—Renee Adoree's performance was the other.

Now M.-G.-M. has announced that he has a comedy rôle in Tourneur's picture, "The Mysterious Island."

Dane started his career as an engineer in Denmark, then became a captain in the Royal Danish Air Force. He came to America to be a stunt flyer in films, and Vidor discovered his acting genius in "The Big Parade."

De Beranger, the French character actor, is adding to his laurels in American films. He is one of the most subtle actors on the screen. He has lately been playing with Mae Murray in "Altars of Desire." His rôle is most delicate and whimsical. De Beranger's finesse and unusual restraint and poise mark him as a real actor—not just a type, as too many of our film players are.

James del Rio, millionaire Mexican clubman, has taken a job in the movies at a salary of forty dollars a week. His wife, Dolores del Rio, was discovered, as you know, by that astute director, Edwin Carewe, and with but two parts to her credit, she won a place among the thirteen baby stars that the Wampus boys select each year. Lately, she has been playing the leading feminine rôle in "What Price Glory."

The husband really doesn't need the job. He's merely learning the motion-picture business "from the ground up." Later he plans to become a producer.

Well, well, we read with pleasure that our old friend, Bob Wagner, had been engaged by Warner Brothers to write the titles for Ernst Lubitsch's production, "So This Is Paris." Wagner was a capable executive of the Writers Club; he is one of the finest painters of portraits, not houses in the country; he is a gag man and comedy scenarist par excellence; he knows everybody in Hollywood; and he's a darn fine person besides. Good luck, Bob!

And speaking of title writers—George Marion, Jr., one of the best in the business, has been signed by Famous Players-Lasky to do the titles on six pictures.

Marian Ainslee, title writer for M.-G.-M., on returning from her vacation in France and Germany, titled "The Waltz Dream," the first M.-G.-M. importation from the Ufa studios in Germany.

Everywhere it is agreed that M.-G.-M. had the most notable successes last season. Now it looks as if Famous Players-Lasky is going to step in and grab this year's honors—and they may make it the banner year of all these years that pictures have been "in their infancy."

One of the nicest things about living in Hollywood is the fact that the people you like best sooner or later come to stay. Helen Klumph, whose articles have delighted Picture Play readers, came out to title some pictures for Fox, and is now to do some titling for Warners.
World, Flesh, and Devil

A visit to D. W. Griffith's set while "The Sorrows of Satan" was in progress disclosed high jinks of a voluptuous nature, and revealed the presence of a new menace to susceptible femininity on the screen—and off.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE nymphs and satyrs were making merry on Long Island. Even before you entered their high-walled garden, with its sun-drenched terraces, you could hear shrieks and laughter and distant music. Then the pagan gayety of the scene burst full upon you. Faun-like lads, with cloven hoofs and dappled shanks, goatishly pursued fair young dryads. Here a young couple embraced shamelessly, there a pair of evil-looking satyrs closed in on an exquisite nymph, lovely in her confusion. Somewhere a spirited orchestra played, not Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" but Berlin's "Always." Every movie orchestra plays "Always." In the very center of the garden, a fountain plashed resplendently, while about it strolled amorous couples. All was laughter and intrigue and ripe beauty.

Then, unexpectedly, a gong sounded and, before its harsh resonance had died away, the gayety of the afternoon had lapsed into listless inactivity. The satyrs withdrew to exchange anecdotes, the dryads fluttered to their make-up boxes, the photographers lolled at their ease—the scene was over. A sinister figure crossed the garden.

Had one not had the propriety and efficiency of the Astoria studio to reassure one, one might have suspected the worst. From the tips of his moustachios to the points of his gleaming patent leathers, the gentleman looked like hell.

"It's Adolphe Menjou," announced a beautiful blonde, visiting the studio on a holiday from "Follies" rehearsals.

Sure enough, it was. His eyebrows inclined satanically, his mouth was curved in a quizzical, impish way, his hair seemed to conceal tiny horns. This was all as it should have been, for Mr. Menjou was arranged to represent the Evil Fellow himself in the pictorial translation of the book Marie Corelli once wrote about "The Sorrows of Satan." (And there is one title that will not be changed!) Mr. Menjou looked like a Dore frontispiece or a poster advertising Inferno Hot Water Bottles. One could sense a wicked aura surrounding him. One could fancy him vanishing in a spray of sulphur. One felt uneasy.

"All I want is a cigarette," announced Adolphe.

He was enjoying his task, it developed. Working under the direction of D. W. Griffith was most interesting, and getting back into heavier drama also had its advantages. "Something," said Adolphe, "to get your teeth into, you know."

Then, from across the set, the bronze Lya de Putti signaled him to her chair, and Satan left us.

The cast Griffith had assembled for the Corelli novel impressed one as a League of Nations in miniature, what with the French Menjou, the Germanic De Putti, the pseudo-Spanish Cortez, and the New England Miss Dempster. Then, there was the Russian newcomer, Ivan Lebedeff. Griffith believed that in Ivan Lebedeff he has made a sensational discovery.

Fifth feels that, in him, he has a sensational discovery. The veteran director was quietly superintending the erection of a forest. Battered straw hat tilted over his eyes, tie falling away timidly from his collar, revealing a shiny collar button, elbows akimbo, feet spread wide apart, Griffith surveyed the set.

A tree was ordered moved two feet to the left, the sky was brightened by additional lights, another tree was permitted to branch into camera range. Slowly the
director let his eyes panorma the view. He took a match from one pocket, a cigarette from the other. Then, as if remembering the waiting job, he murmured "Okeyo," and sat down to smoke. "O. K. !" his assistant announced through a megaphone. "O. K. !" echoed resoundingly through the trees. The forest was in readiness.

"Very merry," he smiled. "What fun we have!"

Carol Dempster remained for a word about her costume, then hurried away. Cortez strode past us, on his way to the dressing room. A group of chorus beauties in blond wigs pirouetted about.

Griffith grinned tolerantly, tiredly.

"We're making quite a story," he mused. "Of course it isn't a fraction of the original; you'd need fifty reels to get in the very merest outline. Detailed story. But we have some good picture material.

"Of course the picture's built up for Menjou. But keep your eye on this Russian chap, Lebedeff. Former nobleman; very distinguished, strong personality. One of the most unusual persons I've ever seen.

Lebedeff, of the Russian nobility, admired Carol Dempster in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Now, he plays a scene with her. Carefully groomed along, he should be bigger than Valentino or any of them. He is a box-office bet." This from Griffith was unusual. I asked for more details regarding this promising newcomer.

"Meet him," said Griffith. "Notice his eyes. Perfect menace. Extraordinary sex strength. So much so that I have had him stand on the set, just behind the camera, to inspire desire in the eyes of a girl, in a close-up. Altogether, he is a remarkable man. Be sure to have him tell you about those Huns he captured. And his experiences as a spy. And his escape from a German prison. His exploits are amazing. And he is a gentleman." Griffith allowed himself a grin, broad, expansive. His silent pause implied much. He has been in the studio world too long not to appreciate the unusual.

Taking myself reluctantly past the decorative ladies from the Broadway figure displays, I went in search of the talented, high-born, exceptional Ivan Lebedeff. I found him.

As Satan's accomplice, a sort of minor Beelzebub, he was attired, as was Menjou, in faultless evening wear. Continued on page 114.
The Movies Move Off Main Street

With more and more big pictures being made, elaborate plans are under way for erecting throughout the country specialized theaters in which to present these films for long runs with appropriately artistic surroundings.

By Edwin Schallert

If every motion picture were a million-dollar motion picture, and each and every theater were a million-dollar theater, in which the aggregate output of the studios could be shown, then the troubles of a world-famous industry, frequently also referred to as an art, would perhaps be forever ended.

Barring this unforeseen millennium, producers, stars, directors, and exhibitors are looking ahead to the dawn, in the near future, of a day of uniformly bigger and better accomplishments, not only in the making, but also in the garnishing and embellishing with music, prologues, and the like, of America's most popular form of entertainment.

The ideal movie program has long been a topic of interest—and also vexation—to many people in the film business, along with the ideal type of theater for the staging of such a program. It is contended that neither has yet been attained, except, perhaps, in Grauman's unique Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, and possibly also in a few of the theaters in New York and Chicago.

This naturally excludes a vast number of very pretentious show houses throughout the country which specialize not only in pictures but also in a great variety of circusy and extraordinary entertainment, ranging from revues and ballets down to performances by acrobats or even by trained sea elephants.

If you read the article in Picture-Play, called "Million-dollar Housewarmings," which appeared a few issues ago, you know something about the achievements in this line. That article told about the plans that were being made to distribute such supplementary entertainment nationally, at least in the bigger cities, in much the same fashion that the films themselves are shipped around. It also sounded the warning that, owing to the growing demand for these spectacular and luxurious offerings, the films themselves were gradually being relegated to a place of obscurity, so much so that, in the more extreme
cases, they amounted to little more than chasers on bills of vaudeville.

Both players and producers have, viewed this encroachment upon their sacred property with a certain amount of alarm, but they have not complained much about it as yet. For one thing, they do not perhaps care to offend the owners of theaters who undoubtedly take a great deal of pride in the character of their prologues, jazz numbers, and other attractions. These men, after all, have their own success to consider. Moreover, many of the bigger producing companies themselves sponsor these added attractions, to a certain extent. One, the Producers Distributing Corporation, in which Cecil B. De Mille figures prominently, has even gone so far as partially to merge with a vaudeville circuit.

Also, the theatrical situation in this country is a complex one. There is no agreement in the likes and dislikes of audiences, and the appeal has to be made to the biggest majority. Jazz and lavish display, as the article, "Million-dollar Housewarmings," pointed out, seem to capture the widest popularity, and are therefore given a place in the foreground.

And in the matter of theater building, in which there is now great activity, bulk appears to come foremost. There is a perfect madness, in fact, for erecting houses of huge capacity, accommodating from three or four thousand up to five or six thousand persons. The new Roxy Theater in New York, for instance, which promises to be a great show place, exceeds a capacity of six thousand. Even in the outlying districts and suburban localities, big theaters are going up, and they too are beginning to feature their share of vaudeville and other popular allures.

In greater or less degree, all this indicates a very decided swing of the movies toward big-city ideas. So strong has this tendency become that, in some localities, small-town houses, particularly those of the nickelodeon type, are now passing away entirely.

A leading film-trade journal, for instance, reports in a recent issue that no less than thirty small-time theaters in Kansas and Western Missouri have been forced to shut their doors. The explanation offered is the growth in automobile traffic. "A network of concrete roads in this vicinity has made big-town patrons out of small-town theatergoers," the head of the exhibitors' organization in the Missouri-Kansas district is quoted as saying.

Many people living in rural sections now spend holidays and week-ends trekking via motors to the big cities and, while there, generally go to one of the larger movie palaces. What with a ten-billion-dollar national road-construction program in sight, the results for the small-town theater owner might seem nothing short of disastrous unless he can get a bigger theater of his own.

All this has exerted quite an influence on film development in the past two years. It has given a much-bigger and more metropolitan sweep to production, and has been largely responsible for the appearance of such large features as "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," "The Merry Widow" and others, which you have probably already seen, not to speak of many new ones like "Old Ironsides," "Don Juan," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Bardelys the Magnificent."

Obviously, though, the bigger features like these are not the sort that would flourish in the huge emporium type of picture theater. There, stage entertainment is given such prominence that these big films might have to suffer from either hurrying or cutting, unless big concessions were made to them in the presentation. Occasionally this is done, but the large audiences and the great variety of tastes that these theaters cater to make this impossible as a regular thing. Furthermore, these large show houses are maintained only at great expense, and consequently the percentage of the profits that goes to the movie producer is said sometimes to be considerably reduced.

At various times, therefore, it has been proposed to establish a chain of first-run movie theaters across the country, at which the bigger features, if not others, might be shown with harmonious embellishments, and at the same time appear as the outstanding attraction on the program. Many people engaged in film-making contend that there is a very considerable part of the public who would patronize such theaters—perhaps even travel miles to go to them—if they could be assured of a big picture and a presentation that would be in the mood—at least, artistic.

The first noteworthy project along that line was suggested only recently and has been financed to the tune of twenty million dollars by United Artists. It is to be shaped up gradually during the next several years. The slowness and care with which it is to be brought about is perhaps in itself a recommendation.

Joseph M. Schenck, an astute business man and producer, Douglas Fairbanks, long now a pioneer in production, and Sid Grauman, regarded as one of the keenest showmen in the country, are the prime movers. And needless to say, none of them would be likely to go into a project of this kind unless it was pretty sure of success.

[Continued on page 112]
In a Pinch, the Movies Got Him

When young Barry Norton, truant son of a wealthy Argentine family, found his allowance cut off, he turned desperately to the movies, and soon had a long-term contract with Fox.

By William H. McKegg

NOW confess—isn’t Hollywood the most delightfully inconsistent, odd, and topping place in the world?”

“Decidedly odd,” I admitted to the young gentleman yept Barry Norton, as we both watched that splendid actress, Belle Bennett, go through some final scenes for “The Lily,” in which the young gentleman already mentioned was playing his first rôle for Fox since the latter corporation had signed him up under a five-year contract.

Our whispered talk was interrupted by Director Victor Schertzinger as he summoned Barry out onto the set.

I first met Barry Norton in 1913. I was eleven then; he was about eight. I knew him then by his real name, which is Alfred de Biraben. Our meeting place was not Hollywood but Buenos Aires, in one of those rambling old Argentine estancias a little way outside the city. We were the only children present in the company. English tea was being served.

I remember that our amiable host wished to give me a jar of small snakes. My mother, much to my distress, refused to let me take them. Alfred was allowed to have the snakes—but some unfeeling person at the De Biraben estancia later let them escape to wiggle off into the pampas. I recall these things as I look back upon my first meeting with Alfred de Biraben.

How did we come to meet again? Like this:

Nearly three years ago, twelve young Argentines, scions of wealthy families, came to New York to attend the Dempsey-Firpo fight. As he had just finished school, Alfred was permitted to be one of the twelve. His mother was anxious for him to go to college and then enter the diplomatic service. His father had similar ambitions for him.

“Look here, my son,” he said, just before Alfred left home, “if you must go to New York, all right. I’ll allow you five hundred dollars a month for hotel expenses and five hundred for other necessary things—sufficient for any boy not yet eighteen. But remember—after six months, you return and study for your career.”

Six months passed. Of the twelve who had left Buenos Aires, only ten went back. Alfred remained in New York with another young Argentine, his chum, who later went to Chicago. Letters came from home repeatedly asking, “When are you thinking of coming back?”

Alfred liked New York City too well to leave. Now I ask you, who wouldn’t? For, after all is said and done, New York is New York. And Alfred did not appreciate that parental idea about diplomacy; but he did know the theatrical Forties and Broadway almost as well as does George Jean Nathan. He also went in and out of all the Eastern movie studios. Often he was urged to “have a try in the movies.” But he wasn’t inter-

His first rôle for Fox was that of the juvenile in “The Lily,” with Belle Bennett.

Barry left Buenos Aires to see New York, but now finds Hollywood the most “topping place in the world.”

Continued on page 106
Manhattan

Uncensored, informal and, at times, terribly they pursue their holiday—or workaday—
A new department which

By Aileen St.

girlish heart. Mary laughed so hard at an actor’s antics, that now he’s billed all over the London buses as “Almost a Gentleman,” or “The Man Who Made the Queen of England Laugh.” And Betty was in on that laugh.

Betty, you know, is the girl who is responsible for the current prosperity of the bead business. She demonstrated some years ago the singular utility of the bead, and thereafter every motion-picture star included a costume of at least one bead in her wardrobe for each production, to insure success at the box office. With the popularity of the bead, the slogan, “Bigger and Better Beads,” became known, but never really caught on, owing to the fact that it was the picayune beads that were really wanted. The smaller the bead, the better be- decked.

Betty and her husband, Paul Scardon, the director, spent three weeks in New York after their arrival from Europe and if, perchance, you saw her wandering about the streets of Manhattan in a vivid yellow costume, don’t think that, like Orphan Annie, that’s all she has. Betty, like Pola, had trouble with the customs. Only Betty owned up, and they wouldn’t believe her. They were convinced that her maid was following with the family jewels—“Don’t laugh!” says Betty—if indeed they were not secreted in an old shoe at the bottom of her trunk. Just to prove they were right, they kept the trunks, and Betty had to wear her flaming French creation as a negligée, afternoon and dinner frock.

I’m sure the British must have liked Betty. She’s frank and outspoken. England likes that. Ye true Britisher is blunt to a fault and, as we said before, Betty puts on beads, not “dog.” While in Europe, aside from lawsuits and things, she made a picture, “The Sphinx,” for the Gaumont people, and the exteriors were in Constantinople, Palestine, and Egypt. She appeared in vaudeville throughout England, and she is home now for more vaudeville, and for pic- tures in Hollywood, her own, her native land.

Minding Her Business.

Alice Terry confesses to that dolce far niente feeling. Or, in other words, says Alice, “Europe gets you. You forget all about the struggle and strife and bustle, and before you know it, you cease to be annoyed when the butter doesn’t arrive until two days after you order it, and you get really het up if, perchance, any one does anything on time.”

She was enjoying a holiday somewhere in the Alps, far from the madding crowd and picture problems, when she was suddenly jerked back to consciousness by a telegram from Husband Rex Ingram, telling her she was wanted in America to make a picture.

The upshot of it was that she took a boat to New York in a couple of days with a print of “The Ma-

The Blithe Betty.

YOU may not believe it, but Queen Mary of England has a motion-picture fan, despite her antique models and her utter disregard of what the well-dressed girl of 1926 should wear. It only goes to show that it isn’t necessary to be decked out in Paris imports when good old English homespun will get you votes in the popularity contest.

It’s Betty Blythe who has the crush on the Prince of Wales’ mother. Of course, that’s one way of doing it. Many a bride has won her groom by discovering the way to his mother’s heart. A course in domestic science is becoming a bit démodé.

But take it from Betty, just returned from England, she didn’t get half the thrill bumping into England’s heir in Piccadilly as she did sitting a few seats away from his mother at a command performance at the Alhambra. One glimpse of Mary’s snow-white hair scintillating with tiaras, and Betty wanted to go out and learn how to curtsey to, a royal sovereign. She doesn’t care if the queen does carry her belt line a little above par. What’s a perfect thirty-six among friends, anyway?

But it’s Mary’s laugh that tinkled right into Betty’s

Betty Blythe, fresh from London, has a crush on the Queen of England.

Photo by S. George, London.
Medley

intimate glimpses of screen personalities as pleasures and duties while in New York, we hope you will like.

John-Brenon

gician," leaving Rex to cut the negative in his studio at Nice.

The name of the picture for which Alice sailed back to America is "The Great Galeoto," with Ramon Novarro, and we left her at the door of Nicholas Schenck's office, whither she went to battle about salary. The play was done on the stage as "The World and His Wife."

"Europe takes all the pep out of you," she explained, "but you get it back the minute you set foot in America. One glance at all your friends, and you step into line like clockwork, and before you know it you are arguing over the good old dollars along with the rest of them!"

And she disappeared into the private office to discuss salary.

Our Beaux Gallant.

Mayor Walker of New York City played a featured rôle at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Paramount Theater. He was, in fact, the star of the proceedings, while Lois Wilson, Alice Joyce, Ricardo Cortez, and Adolphe Menjou took back seats, as it were. And while I think of it, those two last-mentioned gentlemen, if I may use the word, took jolly good care to get seats, too, no matter who else had to stand, the ladies, bless 'em, or any one!

But we were speaking of a regular fellow. That's the mayor. "Jimmie," as the workmen hailed him, has wit—it's quick, too—as well as personality. When Jimmie was handed a golden trowel, and rolled up his sleeves—metaphorically speaking, of course—the working squad welcomed him to the gang.

"Hey, Jimmie," cried a workman, "did you bring your lunch with you?"

"Gee, I forgot it," cried the mayor.

"Hey, will you give us a bite?"

Betty Bronson visualizes what she wants, and goes after it in workmanlike fashion.

Photo by Henry Leckie

Alice Terry cut short a delightful holiday in the Alps to hurry home and play opposite Ramon Novarro.

"How about a bucket of suds?" came from the side lines.

From another: "Don't forget to collect your pay."

When the mayor mounted the flag-beckoned rostrum, he paid his respects to Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor, who were present, and then addressed the workmen grouped about.

"I have no union card," he admitted, "but I still treasure my father's, and if things go badly in City Hall, now that I have a trowel I know how I can earn an honest living—"

Shouts from the overall squad.

"He's a regular fellow," they agreed as the whistle blew.

Two Hearts That Beat as One.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gillespie, lately arrived from Hollywood, entertained at the Ambassador Hotel while enjoying a belated honeymoon. In case you are not aware of the fact, Mrs. Gillespie is pictorially known as Jacqueline Logan, she of the winning smile and gracious ways. But at home she is addressed as Mrs. Gillespie, or by her husband as just plain "Jack." When broker Gillespie married "Jackie," while he wanted her to enjoy
listen to what the sad sea waves have to tell them, or sing their songs of love to the steady pur of a fastly driven roadster?

Jackie giggled when I asked her. I hadn't seen her since her marriage, and wondered where she had discovered this blond replica of Herbert Rawlinson who dislikes actors and loves prize fights.

"I did it with my little kitchen," she paraphrased George Washington. "I'd always sworn I'd never marry, and Bob had, too. That was before we met. I didn't want to meet him, as a matter of fact. A friend of my mother's brought him to call one evening. I had been working hard all day at the studio and was terribly late getting home. I started to sneak upstairs to escape the visitors, and then something made me turn back and go into the kitchen, where they were all getting sandwiches or something. When Bob and I were introduced, we just gaped into each other's eyes. A little spark was kindled and it just grew. I saw him every day for four weeks—every minute I could spare from my work. I broke every date, and probably lost all my friends. We were married in a month but still think we wasted three weeks.

"Mother gave a wonderful wedding breakfast for us, and invited all our friends, but we, we—well, we forgot to show up! We'd already started on our honeymoon."

The Collier Wit.

It was a great day at Great Neck when Thomas Meighan threw open the doors of his happy home, and kept them open. Renee Adoree, Dorothy Dalton, Arthur Hammerstein, Ed Wynn, Norma Talmadge, Oscar Shaw, and Rudolf Friml dropped in to pay their respects, and, as the Godey book might put it, a wonderful time was had by all.

Apropos of Great Neck and that part of the country, the fatted calf was killed when young Buster Collier arrived at his father's home in Douglaston for a prolonged visit after many months in Hollywood. Buster was prepared to become a regular Long Island commuter, only he planned to go to work at the Famous Players studio in a high-powered auto, not via the famous Long Island Railroad—famous, that is, for being late.

Buster's father can never resist what is generally known as a wise crack. Florence Moore, returning from a party at Andrew Mack's, had the indiscretion to have a smash-up, with the result that Willie Collier, Sr., was so severely injured that he had to have stitches taken in his forehead and had to go to bed for weeks.

A doctor who was rushed to the scene queried:

"Have an accident?"

"No, thank you," replied Collier. "I just had one."

"Gunboat" Smith Has His Say.

It's "Gunboat" Smith that's speaking. You know Gunboat if you know your Richard Dix. His is that delicate physiognomy, with the broken nose and the cauliflower ears, which bears the dents of the fists of Jess Willard, Jack Johnson, Frank Moran, and the rest of them. He started out to be Dix's trainer, and now he's a matinee idol—not exactly, but Famous Players has thought enough
of his histrionic ability, combined with his mean wallop, to
ensnare him into signing on the dotted line as an actor.

But, as we said before, it's Gunboat Smith speaking.

"They'll never make no doll-baby out o' me. It stays as I
am. Nobody's gonna try any of them fake noses on my
mug if they knows what's good for them. I stays as I am."

Whereupon an unusual clause was inserted in the contract
which reads:

It is mutually understood and agreed that the artist's engagement here-
under is based upon his unique and individual features and appearance
and conditioned upon a continuance thereof, and the artist hereby agrees
that he will not cause or permit any of his features to be altered by
plastic surgery or other treatment.

Swanson's Shadow.

Her name is Jean Lorraine. You've never seen her, though
she has been in heaps and heaps of pictures. You might mis-
take her on the street for Gloria Swanson. She's the same
height, has the same oval face, keen, wide-open eyes, Cupid's
bow mouth—everything. And yet she doesn't want a part—
not a real one. Directors have offered her jobs, but she has
always refused, and says she will continue to do so. She's
Gloria's most ardent fan, and she's always on the set when
Gloria is acting, and doesn't care to be on any other. "Whither
thou goest, I will go," she says to Gloria.

Resembling Gloria in face and figure, Miss Lorraine relieves
the star of many tedious hours before the camera. Gloria's
face is Jean's weekly stipend, for Jean is what is known as a
"stand in." She stands in for every scene in which the star
is not actually needed. Most of the stars have such substi-
tutes—Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, and others.

But the unique part about Jean Lorraine is that she loves
her job and loves Gloria, too, and wouldn't deprive herself
of doubling up for the star for any contract on earth.

Buttercups and Primroses.

Three little maids from school! In fact, many youngsters
of their age are still struggling with their "reeling and writh-
ing and fainting in coils," as Lewis Carroll would express it.
These three little girls are Lois Moran, Betty Bronson, and
Mary Brian, and they have all been working on the same stage
at the Cosmopolitan studio. They aren't made to continue their
studies with the aid of a birch rod. They keep up their lessons
willingly and drive to the studio with text-
books under their
arms, along with their
make-up boxes.

Three more distinctive personalities it
would be difficult to
find. Betty is pre-
cocious beyond her
years. Behind her
childish face is a wise
little head. She's keen
and ambitious. They
are all ambitious, but
Betty has a way of
visualizing what she
wants and needs, and
then going after it in
a thoroughly work-
manlike, determined
fashion. In other
words, she has char-
acter.

Speaking of things cul-
nary, Jacqueline Logan was
woed in the kitchen by
her husband, Bob Gillespie.
or What Have You?

Reads them all in her cult of the exotic, as you will learn when you see her. She will never quit till De Mille stars her. But then what?

Myrtle Gebhart

metrical "Rosa Ads
She has tied up vamping traffic terribly in Hollywood. The congestion around her apartment is like a Montmartre Saturday-luncheon crush, minus tourists and the chattering feminine element. And yet none captures her heart. She drives them crazy, I've heard men complain, and then laughs at them.

Yet she is never the conventional vamp; there is no obvious attempt to lure. What she has is subconscious; but, catching men's response, she is fully aware of its power.

Hollywood is fascinated by her strange charm, by her hauteur, by her repartee. Our best wits retire from skirmishes with her with the blankness of futility in their eyes.

From her personality emanate vibrations of that emotional intensity which some one has described as "going clear through and buttoning down the back." Dark eyes are always scornful under lashes that tremble with every feeling the instant before it is mirrored on her face. That pale face, jet bordered, its smooth skin suggesting oils and spicy unguents. Artistic hands with long, tapering fingers, never still.

A tremulous voice, that reminds you of the nap of velvet.

This internationale speaks five languages—Italian, English, Spanish, German, Jewish. Merely to bewilder, she uses the foreign tongues in shops, professing unfamiliarity with her native English. And she gets away with it beautifully.

And her confidence is colossal.

"There is but one Rudami," she exclaims. "The mountain must come to Mahomet."

Arriving at Cecil De Mille's studio, where she had been summoned to sign a contract, she found him in conversation with Leatrice Joy, and sauntered past. Her head, as usual, was held very high.

After an introduction—one could scarcely call it the presentation of Rudami to De Mille—Leatrice said, "You, a newcomer to the screen, are very fortunate to have Mr. De Mille take an interest in your career."

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Is the First Chance the Easiest?

Neil Hamilton says that for him it was, and that he had his hardest time after he thought he was well on the way to success.

By William H. McKegg

WITH your first chance in pictures, your troubles have only just begun. It is like sailing into uncharted seas—the final destination is precarious. You see newcomers sail placidly along to certain fame, praise is lavished upon them—then, the storm. Just when they believe they have reached safe waters, they find themselves stranded.

"The desire of my career," they will tell you, "was to film Such-and-such by So-and-so. I thought I was fully capable and experienced enough to tackle it. But it was a failure. Consider that other picture of mine, made not long ago. I put no thought into it at all. The entire production was done in a few weeks. Yet it was a tremendous success."

Thus, another vagary of the movie world. You take yourself seriously, work out a role in a methodical way, putting, you think, every ounce of your latent ability into the part, and the result turns out badly. Again, you put no effort into your work, letting everything, rotate in a spontaneous manner, and you achieve an unlooked-for success.

Neil Hamilton has faced something like that. But experience hands out a compass to every one. Now he is well able to guide his future.

"Not that I want to be a star, but if I ever become one," he declared, stressing the "if" as he talked to me across a lunch table at the Hollywood Athletic Club, "I should be content only with one big hit after another. I could not bear being raised to the heights, then flung to the depths, according to the success or failure of each picture I made."

He looked very serious as he said this, ridges of frowns corrugating his slightly protuberant forehead. "The funny part of it all is," he went on, banishing the frowns as quickly as one flicks ash from a cigarette, "that they say the first chance is the hardest. Not in every case, though. My first chance, now I come to think of it, was comparatively easy. It came without any overexertion on my part. Of course, I had my hard times before getting in pictures, such as all young players like to tell about—and with me, they were realities."

But time, if good to us, turns grim reality to mirth. Neil is now able to smile at past struggles. He did. The outer corners of his deep-set eyes crinkled.

"Being chosen by Mr. Griffith for a part in 'The White Rose' won me instant notice from the fans. I fell right into a position that it takes many players years of hard work to reach."

"When I had the call to go out to Mamaroneck, although I was inwardly hoping to win the test, I somehow went about the entire thing with an indifferent attitude. You see, it seemed so very vague—my chance of getting the part." My vis-a-vis waved his free arm deprecatingly, to indicate the vagueness of his opportunity, taking advantage of the momentary pause to swallow a morsel of food.

"Too many disappointments, you know, get you used to them, so that you stop being thrilled over mere chances. That's how I looked upon the whole affair at the time."

When he had been old enough to leave the small Connecticut town where he had been born, Neil had mustered up all his determination to get onto the stage in New York. He had gone at it tooth and nail. When he had the call from Mamaroneck, he was playing in stock in Brooklyn—a temporary job which offered no lucrative future. Previously, he had done extra work in the film, "Dream Street."

On his way out to Griffith's studio, Neil fell asleep in the train—which proves he was regarding his possible chance as something not worth getting excited about. But if optimism wasn't with him, luck was. Though he was an hour late, Griffith himself was two hours late.

"I felt more nervous seeing Raymond Hatton and his wife standing by the camera than I did at facing Griffith," he said. "He outlined a certain situation—the same one in which he had rehearsed Richard Barthelmess, so he told me—and asked me to do it. I did. A few days later, I got word saying I had been chosen for the part. Easy, what?"

Last year, when Griffith left the ranks of the independents for the security of the Adolph Zukor menage, his two proteges, Carol Dempster and Neil—also the more experienced W. C. Fields—were transferred with him. Miss Dempster still remained under her discoverer's guidance. But Neil entered new waters. His voyage into unchartered seas began.

Few male players survive after leaving Griffith. Neil is one of the exceptions. Since joining Famous Players, he has won, with each new picture, increasing notice from the fans. So far, so good.

"I was beginning to feel like a matured player," he confessed, smiling. "When I saw 'New Brooms' on the stage, I felt sure I could do it just fine on the screen. All the way through the making of it, I kept saying to

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Hollywood High Lights

Interesting flashes of what has been going on in the picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

HOLLYWOOD, like The Hague, Paris, Geneva, and other famous places addicted to political debates and conferences, is accumulating a set of wits and humorists, and there is no gainsaying the fact that they are an advantage in the film colony.

George Jessel, who has been engaged by Warner Brothers to star in "Private Izzy Murphy"—which title is funny enough to begin with—is one of the latest comedians to enter films. He is a prominent stage and vaudeville player who made a big hit last season in New York in "The Jazz Singer." In this play, as sometimes happens even with the best comedians, his performance was a success because of its pathos.

At the Writers' Club recently, Jessel was a guest at a dinner and jinx given in honor of Irvin Cobb, and he vied with that celebrated epigram maker, along with Rupert Hughes, Eddie Cantor, Donald Ogden Stewart, and various other droll talkers, in regaling the guests assembled. It was a very hilarious and brilliant evening, with many of the most noted film stars present, for they often attend these functions.

Among other things, Jessel talked very kiddingly about his forthcoming production—namely "Private Izzy Murphy."

"It is just a nice sweet homelike little story such as we love to show in the movies," he said. "It is about a boy and a girl who are in love with each other but who have a lot of trouble getting married because of religious differences.

"It is the girl's papa who causes the complications and worries the young people. You see, the difficulty is that papa is a Hebrew and, because he is a Hebrew, he objects to the marriage. And the reason he objects to the marriage is that he finds out that the boy is not a Hebrew but a chiropractor."

Keeping Up With the Stork.

We have had a great deal of trouble keeping up with the stork lately. He has been the busiest bird in the colony, even though he has not yet been numbered among the celebrated animal actors.

One of the most interesting rumors is that he has been flitting around the household of William Boyd and Elinor Fair, who played hero and heroine in "The Volga Boatman," and who were married upon the completion of that very popular production. We haven't heard just when the capricious bird expects actually to visit their home, but we imagine that it will be some time during the late fall or winter.

Just about the time that this is printed, the arrival of an heir will be celebrated by Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, and his wife, who was professionally known as Frances Howard. You no doubt remember her from her work in "The Swan" and other pictures of a year or two ago. By the way, Frances' younger sister, Constance, will soon be seen in a Douglas MacLean comedy, "Ladies First."

Eileen Percy, who, in private life—though just why it should be called private life is a mystery—is Mrs. Ulric Busch, is also looking forward to an arrival, and after she finished work in "A Model from Paris" for Tiffany, she decided to retire from the screen temporarily. Her baby will, according to current prospects, be born just about Christmas time, and needless to say, will be a perfectly marvelous present for the holiday season.

Youth Flames On.

Jesse L. Lasky is authority for the statement that youth is still everything when it comes to making choices at the studios for future female stars.

Lasky cites as argument for this the fact that Paramount has been signing up any number of girls in their teens during the past few years. He names a dozen, to be exact, under twenty-one years of age, and says that seven of these play leading or starring parts.

They include, among others, the following: Clara Bow, Betty Bronson, Lois Moran, Mary Brian, Margaret Morris, Louise Brooks, Charlot Bird, and Marion Ivy Harris.

Where Do They Get Their Names?

Speaking of new names reminds us that there seem to be quite an assortment of odd ones just now in pictures, and we wonder whether they are natural or adopted.

Here are the most striking: Nola Luxford, Martha Sleeper, Rose Mints, Betty Moon, Sybil Tinkle.

We can vouch for the authenticity of Miss Sleeper,
because she has made quite a reputation for herself already in short comedies, and is a very clever little girl besides.

In view of the fact that Betty Moon and Sybil Tinkle both appeared in the production of "Christine of the Big Top," the company that filmed this probably did not have to bother about lights and music.

**The Most Unkindest Cut.**

When he isn’t best with aggravations at home, Erich von Stroheim seems to have to suffer from the stings and arrows of an outrageous fortune heaped upon his head from abroad.

His picturization of "Greed," which he made with much pain, tribulation, and expense three years ago, was recently hissed off the screen in Berlin, Germany, and the crowning insult of all was that the critics described his efforts as "sentimental!" That the Von was a more terrible blow than you may realize, because if there is anything that he rates himself as not being, it is sentimental.

One report had it that the inside cause of all the disturbance was that the German nationalists had voiced a protest because Von had recently become an American citizen. And that may be the case. Such outbursts have frequently occurred since American films have been making such heavy inroads on the foreign market.

On the other hand, the cause of the uproar might easily have been the title. "Greed" was shown over there, we understand, under the title of "Gier nach Geld."

Which may, of course, be perfectly correct, but does sound terribly complicated.

**Helene Isn’t Discouraged.**

Dolores Costello’s kid sister, Helene, is a great little cut-up.

You have possibly heard the story of how she resents being referred to as merely a member of the Costello family, but it will bear repeating—at least that part of it which pertains to the very summary action that she took on the set to dispose of this impression.

As you probably know, stars have canvas-back chairs to recline on between scenes. Their names are printed on these. While she was making "The Honeymoon Express" with Irene Rich, Helene was courteously tendered a chair marked with her name. It was the first time that she had ever had one, because she had never before been considered far enough along professionally to rate one.

Immediately it attracted attention, and various theater owners and other traditional studio visitors, of whom Warner Brothers have a great many, were constantly running up to her and saying, "Oh, are you Dolores Costello’s sister? Oh, are you related to Maurice Costello, the actor?"

Finally, one day, Helene grew tired of these questionings. She went to the studio art department and had a special sign painted and hung it over the back of her chair.

It read as follows:

"Helene Costello. Yes, Helene. I am Dolores Costello’s sister, and Maurice Costello’s daughter. For any further information regarding me, please see the director of this picture, the publicity department, or else send me a fan letter. I surely need one."

**Kitties in Hollywood.**

Kittles seem to be the latest rage in Hollywood. They haven’t displaced knickers on the Boulevard yet, but they are becoming quite a popular costume around the studios, what with several different examples of Scotch films being made.

Norman Kerry wears a pair of kilts as leading man to Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie," her new starring picture which John Robertson has been directing. Kerry looked quite spiffy when we saw him in his "plaidie," though a trifle chilly, for California had been having a spell of cool and unusual summer weather.

We expected Norman at any minute to burst out into a tune upon a pair of bagpipes. You can never tell nowadays who possesses musical attainments in pictureland. Even Harold Lloyd sang a song recently at a show given by The Masquers, an association of Hollywood actors, and brought great delectation to the informal audience. Harold at one time, you know, toured the small towns on the stage, and an actor then had to do everything from beating the bass drum to reciting Shakespeare.

Douglas MacLean is another player who has been wearing kilts and, being of true Scotch descent, he knows everything about them that there is to know, which is a great deal, considering their actual dimensions as a garment.

Doug’s employment of them is solely for comedy purposes. They form his variation of the old gag wherein the comedian suddenly finds himself minus his trousers. This has been used times without number in slapstick.

When placed in this trouserless predicament in his latest comedy, MacLean decides to wear the Highland costume rather than the water barrel, the family bedspread, or any other of the disguises usually resorted to under such trying circumstances.

**Tramps Immortalized.**

The epic of the tramp is shortly to be flashed on the screen. Everybody else has had an epic, so why not the hobo?

That, at least, has been Paramount’s conclusion, and for this reason they have engaged Jim Tully, who knows tramp life upside down and also flat on its back under a freight car, to write an original story that shall tell about America’s itinerants.
Hollywood High Lights

Tully is the author of "Emmett Lawler" and "Beggars of Life," two very good sellers on the bookstands. He has also written articles about picture stars.

The Paramount tramp picture, which is to be called "The Passing Strangers," isn't the only film in prospect that has to do with vagabondia.

John Barrymore's "François Villon" deals with the fascinating vagabond ballad writer of that name of the French renaissance, who has already been celebrated in the old-time stage triumph, "If I Were King," and in Robert Louis Stevenson's literary pastel, "A Lodging for the Night."

Rudolph Valentino's film about Benvenuto Cellini is said also to have a trampish angle, though we had always considered Cellini as a mere aesthetic sort of artist rather than a tramp.

Firemen, Too.

The fire fighters, too, are having their innings. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have put a lot of energy and money into their feature, "The Fire Brigade."

We stood on the side lines one evening watching the filming of some of the scenes, and it looked as though the whole Los Angeles fire department had been called out, not to speak of Jack Gilbert, Antonio Moreno, and various other stars ordinarily associated with mere romantic entertainment. Gilbert and Moreno were just looking on, but they kept up a nice cooling line of conversation that served to act as a counterirritant to some very realistic blazes.

During these blazes, various stunt firemen leaped from the third and fourth stories of a prop building, and landed very adroitly in a sitting posture on a regulation fire net. Another did some sort of hand-spring and flip effect as he jumped from the roof.

We were duly informed by somebody that these things were all quite according to Hoyle when such a thing as a big fire happens and men are supposed to spring out of upper windows with women and children in their arms.

At that, M.-G.-M. really did everything possible to make the picture wholly and entirely authentic, and it is to be offered as a big road show through the country.

The Enticing Olive.

We haven't viewed a more interesting person lately than Olive Borden, particularly since she became a star at William Fox's. We don't see her as often as we should like to, but, whenever we do glimpse her, she is eye-filling.

The romance between George O'Brien and Miss Borden must still be persisting, because they are frequently seen together. They have already been reported engaged, and they should make a very lovely married couple.

More Marriages.

Marriages are still numerous, and the majority of them important. None was more unexpected than that of Mae Busch to John Earl Cassell, a civil engineer, who is reported to have made much money in oil. They were wed at the Mission Inn at Riverside, with Arline Pretty and Jimmy Morrison respectively as bridesmaid and best man. Miss Busch was formerly the wife of Francis J. MacDonald.

Mae Murray has settled into her new home with her new husband. The home she purchased from Jack Donovan, who has built many unique residences for film stars, and who has also very occasionally played in pictures. Mae's husband, David Divani, artist and prince, is a trifle younger than Mae herself. They were wed in Beverly Hills, with Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino attending them. Quite a group of other well-known stars were present.

Turpin a Benedict.

Dear old Ben Turpin, too, ceased to be a widower early in July. He duly took unto himself, as wife, Babette Dietz. Or perhaps it might be more proper to say that she took unto herself Ben as husband. Either way is correct and, judging from the photos that we have seen of Miss Dietz, we feel that she is going to make a very charming Mrs. Turpin.

As we have before remarked, Ben deserves all the happiness that he can obtain. He has done both long and valiant service in making the world brighter and happier, and he was a most loyal spouse to his first wife, who died about a year ago.

Ben has been doing work regularly in Sennett comedies lately.

More Skyscraping.

Various unusual film productions are now in the offing.

One of these particularly catches the fancy, and that is the film version of H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds," a very remarkable imaginative story about the invasion of the earth by the inhabitants of the planet Mars, that was written quite a few years ago.

Paramount is to make "The War of the Worlds," with the new Berlin director, Arnon Decesery (we can't pronounce his name, either) directing. The pictures he produced abroad, "Frederick the Great" and "Nirvana," are considered very remarkable.

Under the Sea in Ships.

Syd Chaplin has been contemplating, for the sake of variety, doing an unusual type of undersea thriller comedy—one that may in a way revive memories of "The Adventures of a Submarine Pirate," made by him some years ago for Keystone.

Syd's war travesty, "The Better 'Ole," it is said, will increase his prominence among the feature comedians even more than any of his previous successes, and also enables him to get away from female impersonations. He isn't particularly anxious himself to do any more of the latter, unless the public appear absolutely to demand them of him. Personally, we think that they can begin to do without them, particularly if Syd is going to give us something even more clever.
Hollywood High Lights

A Jungle Conversationalist.

"The Monkey Talks" is another film that sounds unusual but frankly, we haven’t had a chance to investigate this. It is adapted from a New York stage success, anyway. Jacques Lerner, a remarkable animal impersonator, is doing the monkey, and Madge Bellamy, it is said, has a great opportunity as the heroine. We haven’t yet been able, though, to decipher just the reason for this optimistic statement. With a talking monkey on the screen, what star in Christendom would have a chance to compete?

We hope, though, that Madge’s chance is really a good one. Eddie Lowe plays the lead opposite her.

Out of the Silence.

Speaking of vocal performances, it might be noted that, from all reports, the film favorites may soon have to take up elocution.

There is a tremendous lot being said these days about talking pictures, and maybe some of it is going to prove true eventually, though most filmgoers are quite content to regard the films as a very good form of entertainment as they are now—silent. Nevertheless, several producers are interested in new inventions and appliances that aim to blend both sight and sound, with an almost equal emphasis on both.

One of these inventions will, by the time this is printed, probably have been tried out in connection with the New York première showing of "Don Juan," starring John Barrymore, if plans are carried out as expected. At this writing, we haven’t had a chance to appraise the value of the innovation. In any case, its use is to be confined, for the present, to the synchronic combining of musical recordings with picture showings. These recordings will be made, it is announced, by some of the foremost orchestras and artists, and they may later be sent around to theaters throughout the country.

This would, naturally, make a great and much-to-be-desired improvement in the musical programs of a good many theaters.

Resuscitating a Favorite.

If you remember that splendid picture, "My Official Wife," a made fully twelve years ago, you will be glad to know that it is being produced again, with Irene Rich in the rôle formerly played by Clara Kimball Young. Conway Tearle has the hero rôle, in which Earle Williams appeared.

Paul Stein has been directing this production for Warner Brothers. He is a friend and protégé of Ernst Lubitsch, we understand.

Further Wedding Bells.

As this goes to press, news comes to us of still more engagements among the players. The crop of romances this year is beating all records.

And speaking of records brings us to the point—Bebe Daniels has announced her intention to wed Charlie Paddock, record-breaking spritner, whom she had known just five weeks. She met him when he accepted a rôle in her latest film, "The Campus Flirt"—his first essay into the movies, by the way—and now she is engaged to him. Charlie is evidently as speedy in love as he is on the track. The pair say they don’t mean to be married for some time, however.

On top of this, Jobyna Ralston has announced her engagement to Richard Arlen, young leading man. Yes, it is definitely a bigger and better year for weddings.

Hetty Greens of Hollywood.

Ruth Roland isn’t the only Hetty Green of Hollywood. Kathleen Clifford, who has appeared both in features and short comedies, has lately also gained that distinction.

Miss Clifford has been making quite a success of a floral establishment in Los Angeles, and now owns a big nursery, where she raises the flowers she sells.

Katherine MacDonald is another former film favorite who has lately embarked on a business career. And it seems quite appropriate, in view of her reputation for pulchritude, that her enterprise should be a beauty shop.

Getting Ahead.

Francis X. Bushman, Jr., appears to have made good. He has recently been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on contract. It was considered that he did so well in "Brown of Harvard" that he would carry on the Bushman name very successfully, and so the company took no chance on losing him and straightforwardly signed him up.

Charles Farrell, who had the hero rôle in "Old Ironsides," has again been borrowed by Paramount from Fox, this time to play in "Wings," a film of the wartime air service.

A New Contributor.

A little friend of ours, whom we shall call Insanea, has offered us a contribution, with apologies to Lorelei Lee, which we think you may be interested in reading. She has asked us not to divulge her real name, but has agreed to the nom de plume we have given her, admitting that she is "simply crazy" about picture stars. But let Insanea speak for herself:

I really came to California, two or three years ago, to get into pictures, but all that is over now, and I am living with my parents and my brother and sister in Hollywood, and they are very well-to-do and retired some time ago from business in a small town back in Illinois, and so I do not have to worry about my living. My father, who is very critical, has encouraged me to write rather than act, because he said that while a girl might make a fortune with her face in pictures, it really took a lot more intelligence, to his way of thinking, to put one’s thoughts into

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The Screen in Review

A chronicle of the latest pictures, in which endeavor is made to guide you to the most entertaining ones.

By Norbert Lusk

Variety," the Ufa film brought to this country by Paramount, is a great picture, all but perfect in its honesty and realism. Its escape from absolute perfection will only make it more popular, so what boots it if the implication of a happy ending seemed to me a concession to sentimentality? What matter if the duel with knives between Emil Jannings and Warwick Ward was more a Latin gesture than a Teutonic one? E. A. Dupont's direction bears the imprint of genius and the acting of Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti, Warwick Ward, and Malv Del-schaft is scarcely less inspired.

"Variety" is a simple story—quite as simple as you are likely ever to see. But its grip is terrific. Only four characters: the boss of a cheap traveling show, his hausfrau, a girl, and a star trapeze performer, The boss is Jannings, his wife Delschaft, the girl is Lya de Putti, and Ward is the other man.

The boss deserts his wife for the girl and with her is picked up by the star trapeze artist, to join his act, only to lose the girl to the stranger. The boss kills him, and goes to prison. That is all.

This primitive plot is flung against a bold, dazzling canvas of detail, of unabashed acting, of stark thrills. The result is a picture as adroit as it is forthright, as fascinating as it is terrifying.

You forget all Jannings' other rôles in the wonder of his new one, which gives no reminder of Louis XV., Peter the Great, Pharaoh, or Henry VIII. That, however, is to be expected of a man who is perhaps the greatest of all screen mimics.

Lya de Putti is a seductress the like of which the screen has never yielded from the long line of native sirens. She is baleful, unbridled—as naively physical as a quadruped of the jungle. And an extra-tropical jungle at that.

In the Far East.

In "The Unholy Three" and "The Black Bird," Lon Chaney won the privilege of doing almost anything with his public in his next picture. And in that film, which is called "The Road to Mandalay," he has taken advantage of his license.

Chaney can do no wrong so far as characterization and acting are concerned, nor is he likely ever to err. But he imposes considerable strain upon our credulity in his new film by reason of a plot that gapes here and there and that leaves circumstances and motives unexplained.

He is Singapore Joe, in a marvelous make-up, of course, who preys upon seafarers off the Malay coast. His chief aid is Owen Moore, as The Admiral: obviously a man who has seen better days. How bright those days were and how The Admiral has come to be where he is—well, that is one of the gaping holes in the story. We learn nothing of it from the picture.

Nor is the story of Joe's daughter, played by Lois Moran, made clear. Ignorant of his relationship, she is repelled by his frequent visits to her shop, where he glowers at her with fatherly affection which he dare not voice, for reasons kept secret by the screen.

But Henry B. Wallahl, as The Priest, his brother, knows all, as they say, and is about to marry the girl to The Admiral when Joe becomes aware of what to him is his pal's treachery. There is a tremendous flare-up, which ends in Joe's attempt to tell his daughter who he is and his right to stop the marriage, but he dies without speaking, knowing that she hates him.

Chaney is superb in this scene. One shares his every thought. His emotions are projected from the screen to all who behold him. But when the picture is over, you begin to ask questions about the whys and wherefores.

The Cabbage Patch Again.

Give Bessie Love a character rôle, or a part which enables her to play some one not herself, and Bessie proves every time that she is among the most gifted of players.
She does just this as Lovey Mary in the film of that name, and does it with such splendid skill that I defy you to think of another in the rôle or to imagine any one playing it so well. Hers is a rare and precious performance, charged with sympathy, humor, and honesty. Whether you like the picture is another matter, quite. I did.

"Lovey Mary" is not a conventional film, and the people in it belong to no group of familiar screen types. They are all part of the community of "poor, white trash" first introduced to the public in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and now continued in "Lovey Mary," by the same author.

At bottom, it is a simple tale of an orphan-age girl who mothers the baby of her wayward sister. Rather than be separated from the child after two years of devotion, she runs away and finds a haven with the denizens of the "Cabbage Patch"—quaint, poor, unlettered, but gorgeously human. All, Lovey finds friendship and hospitality with no questions asked, and there she might have stayed had not the appearance of an old enemy occurred to spoil the harmony of her existence.

The enemy comes in the guise of one Stubbins, a shiftless fellow sent by a matrimonial agency to marry Miss Hazy, with whom Lovey is living. The girl prevents the marriage and, in doing so, loses her adored nephew, but I am glad to assure you it is not for long. The film ends in a state of happiness far more plausible than when we are given the usual clinic and asked to inquire no further.

Of its kind, "Lovey Mary" is quite perfect fare for those who relish character rather than spectacle, and human interest more than a fashion display. Admirable direction by King Baggot has brought out the best from all the well-known members of the long cast, not one of whom could have been improved. Mary Alden is Mrs. Wiggs, William Haines her milkman son, and Vivian Ogden the inimitable spinster, Miss Hazy.

Glorifying the Workingman.

"Men of Steel" sets out to be an "epic" of the steel industry and its workers, but falls short of that ambitious goal by reason of a melodramatic story carefully wrought to satisfy the needs of what exhibitors call the box office. Consequently, it is showy and unreal. However, "Men of Steel" becomes interesting because of its fiery background, as well as some magnificent scenes in the steel mills and a sincerity of purpose which makes itself felt throughout.

Milton Sills, who elaborated the plot from a magazine story, plays Jon Bakak, a crude foreigner who goes through the refining process along with the ore he mines. An excellent premise on which to build a story, and also it has the advantage of being typical of this country.

But in order to bring this about, it becomes necessary, in the picture at least, to evolve an elaborate plot whereby the lowly heroine turns out to be the lost daughter of the steel magnate, and her marriage to Milton Sills is celebrated by her father's turning over half his stock to the workers in his mill.

The story thus becomes a fairy tale in the final analysis, although it has moments of grim and beautiful reality—for example, when a half-crazed worker empties a vat of molten metal upon Sills and Victor McLaglen, and falls into the vat himself. This is a thrilling sequence. Also, the burial ceremonies at the steel mill are impressively beautiful, and cause the spectator to forget the comedy which has occurred here and there in the preceding sequences and which is downright vulgar.

Doris Kenyon, as the heroine, is convincing in her lighter moments, and May Allison is pleasing in a flapper rôle. Milton Sills will be thought by many to have his best character since "The Sea Hawk."

Save the Sinking Ship!

Leatrice Joy fares not well at all in "The Clinging Vine." One of our most interesting and gracious actresses again is strangled by a story as unworthy of her talents as—well, "Eve's Leaves." How she could even simulate cheerfulness while playing the business girl who blossoms into a cooing dove is beyond me. The transition is supposed to be funny—and was in the stage play—but it is all too sad on the screen. And sadder still for Leatrice's future.

The story of the mannish girl who gives her life to swinging big business deals, and then, on the advice of a skittish aunt, decides all at once to become a dumb Dora in order to attract men, was trifling though fairly plausible entertainment on the stage, by reason of dialogue and music. But on the screen it is reduced to sheer silliness, and dull silliness at that.

Not only is Leatrice swamped by the ineptitude of "The Clinging Vine," but the talents of Tom Moore are equally wasted.

Strictly Celluloid.

Ken Maynard is proclaimed the star of "Señor Daredevil"—by the screen, not me. This is a Western with Mexican trimmings. Meaning that it transpires at a mine while the hero wears velveteens and a sash and is called Don Luis O'Flagherty. His father is master of a supply-wagon train and is desperate because a
bandit gang repeatedly robs it and thus the mining camp is starving. *Don Luis*, whose father has never seen him, steps into the breach and lives up to the specifications of which heroes are made in Westerns.

There are beautiful views of the open country, and Dorothy Devore is a curly soubrette in décolleté gingham.

**Vive la France!**

France has sent to this country, via the channel of Universal, a big production of Victor Hugo’s immortal “Les Misérables.” Of such length that it must necessarily be shown in two separate installments, the picture is highly meritorious on the score of presenting clearly and in graphic fashion one of the world’s greatest novels to a generation that prefers to see rather than to read the classics. It has moments of beautiful acting and shows a distinct advance over all previous French pictures.

As it is loyal to the original, the film will prove to be extremely heavy fare to the average fan but, on the other hand, the omnivorous should see it because it is important.

The entire cast is made up of native players, all of whom are good and some magnificent, notably Gabriel Gabrio as Jean Valjean through all his transitions, and Andrée Rolane as the child Cosette. Take my word for it. “Les Misérables” is not to be approached lightly. Nor will you come away from it with a feeling for jazz. You will be in a Wagnerian mood.

**Brimming With Tears.**

Lois Weber’s return as the only woman director fills no artistic void. “The Marriage Clause” falls into its place among films of supposed stage life without a touch of realism or originality. It is the very long story of an actress from the moment of her discovery by a director until her nervous breakdown as a star because circumstances have parted them. They can’t—or won’t—marry because of a clause in her contract. Though it seems to me that, with so much agonizing on the part of the two, they might as well have had the nuptials over with, and put an end to Billie Dove’s career as a star.

There was no proof that she enjoyed being an actress and less that she was a good one. It was just a matter of endurance, so far as I could see, and a question of how many artificial flowers could be passed over the footlights before showing signs of wear and tear. Some day directors will discover that floral tributes are forbidden in Broadway theaters, that audiences do not applaud in unison as if their hands were controlled by strings, and that posters announcing theatrical attractions are not the same as those advertising films. Then we may have an authentic picture of stage life. Monte Bell’s “Pretty Ladies” came nearest to being that rarity, and then “Variety” swept upon us.

**They Call Her Venus.**

Priscilla Dean is the star of “The Speeding Venus.” The story is about the invention of a gearless automobile and the efforts of Priscilla, who is a secretary, to drive it across the continent ahead of the train which carries a similar car built by the villain. She succeeds, of course, in spite of many mishaps—also of course. That’s about all there is to say except that Dale Fuller and Robert Frazer are in it, and Priscilla doesn’t seem to care.

**More Merry Widows.**

Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda are responsible for a goodly number of laughs in “Footloose Widows.” These two are, in fact, the widows, and never has Jacqueline looked more demurely charming than in cape and veil. The pair begin as fashion models, poor but pert, who flirt with the absurd proprietor of the shop and come into possession of a lot of clothes to wear at a little party he plans to give for them. They do not attend, however. Instead, they dash off to Florida, where their masquerade as wealthy widows brings about all manner of farcical complications.

The picture is genuinely amusing, both Jacqueline and Louise doing more than their share to make it so. The girls’ capable aids are Jason Robards, Arthur Hoyt, Neely Edwards, Douglas Gerrard, Jane Winton, Mack Swain, and John Miljan.
Wilder and Wilder.

Now that Bebe Daniels is established in farce, her pictures become wilder and wilder. "The Palm Beach Girl" is an instance of the fast-and-furious school of comedy, at times frankly slapstick and at other moments yielding quiet charm. Such moments are infrequent, however, as must be the case in a mad scramble to cover as much ground and whip up as many laughs as can be crowded into the allotted length of a feature picture. All this has been done and the result should please Bebe's many admirers.

She is a girl from Iowa who visits her aunt in Florida and at once becomes involved in social and sporting events of the most active sort, the chief one being racing Lawrence Gray's speed boat to victory. This sounds simple enough, but it is invested with more comedy, thrills, and dangers than could be crowded into the mind of a single scenario writer. That is why probably half a dozen experts concocted Bebe's latest. I can think of no recent picture that more emphatically proves the work of being a star to be more strenuous than any known form of endeavor.

That Girl, Clara!

"Mantrap," from the novel by Sinclair Lewis, is an entertaining and unusual film. It combines intelligence and box-office appeal to a marked degree. And knowing, as you do, how seldom these elements meet in the same picture, you really shouldn't miss this instance of it.

Ernest Torrence is Joe Easter, a simple soul living in the Canadian woods, who decides to go to Minneapolis to see the sights. In his case this means girls' ankles. And whose ankles are more sightly to behold than those of Clara Bow? She is Alverna, a manicurist, an outrageous little flirt—and worse. The guileless Joe falls into her clutches for his first experience in getting polished.

Joe returns to Canada with Alverna—married. The conjunction of Ernest Torrence and Clara Bow as man and wife is, I admit, a strain on one's credulity but, if you pass that up, you have a treat in store. For, Percy Marmont, as Ralph Prescott, a tired and worn lawyer, also comes to Canada for a needed rest. He, too, falls into the clutches of Alverna, but hardly with Joe's simple trust.

Then begins one of the most amusing and original versions of the eternal triangle seen in any a day. Each character defies screen orthodoxy and behaves exactly as would happen in real life. Clara Bow gives her best performance. "Mantrap" is a triumph for her and establishes Victor Fleming as a shrewd and discerning director. Let us have more of both!

Where Miracles Happen.

"Under Western Skies" gives Norman Kerry a chance to wear an outfit that imitates Tom Mix's idea of a cowboy. Otherwise it has no distinguishing features—if you call that one. It's all about a rich young idler who goes West to the wheat fields and proves himself a "man," chiefly by doing rodeo stunts—and not too convincingly at that—without any previous training. There's a girl, Anne Cornwall, mixed up in the proceedings and the two fathers are at odds, George Fawcett having the least intelligent rôle I have ever seen him play. "Under Western Skies" is a poor advertisement for God's country and a worse one for Universal.

The Garden of Eden.

"Fig Leaves" probably gave the director, Howard Hawks, a lot of pleasure to make. He wrote it, too. But neither process defines whether it is farce, fantasy, drama or allegory, though there's a moral somewhere, even though I cannot, for the life of me, put it into words. It has something to do with clothes, however. Women's clothes. Fig leaves, don't you see?

The picture opens in the Garden of Eden, elaborately and expensively reproduced according to legend. George O'Brien and Olive Borden are Adam and Eve, and you are prepared to accept them as such until you find it is all a joke—that their habits and reactions are thoroughly modern. There is a primitive conception of an alarm clock in the form of a coconut that drops on Adam's head to wake him in time to snatch a hasty breakfast and catch

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WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

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

"Big Badade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. Story of three tired, dirty doughboys, one of whom is John Gilbert, who falls in love with a French girl, played ravishingly by Miss Dix. H. Adoré.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove as the heroine.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"Kiki"—First National. Norma Talmadge very entertaining in the highly comic role of the little gamin girl of Paris, who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lilian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of Paris, against the Latin Quarter; sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Marc Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Báez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disaster spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian girl. Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading roles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Max Murray gives one of the best performances of his career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Night Cry, The"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin more amazing than ever in exciting film of the South Pacific, in which the villains are foiled just in time.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows aud and bitter, seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costeloe appealing as the girl.

"Stella of the Dust, The"—Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title role, mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.


"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix, an excellent tint Indian, and Malcolm MacGregor also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"Auction Block, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Elaborate and splendidly staged picture of wealthy, shown to better advantage than usual. Eleanor Boardman and Sally O'Neil make for complications.

"Barrie, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting melodramatic romance of the far, far North, with Lionel Barrymore, Norman Kerry, and Marceline Day.

"Bat, The"—United Artists. Not nearly so thrilling as the stage version of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

"Behind the Front"—Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Philbin is the gin-slinging waitress.

"Beverly of Graustark"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Marion Davies disguises herself as a boy and pretends to be a certain princess in order to protect her.


"Black Paradise"—Fox. Good old melodrama crammed full of action and suspense, and ranging from a department store to the South Sea Isles. Fine performances by Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe.

"Blind Goddess, The"—Paramount. Good plot and excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Esther Ralston. Case of a girl who is ignorant of her mother's identity, and tests against her in a murder trial.


"Brown of Harvard"—Metro-Goldwyn. Quite an improvement over the usual college film. William Haines, as a Harvard undergraduate, carries off the honors, with Marv Brian as his girl and Jack Pickford his satellite.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young heiress who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Cohens and Kellys, The"—Universal. One of those sure-fire comedies involving a mix-up between the Jews and the Irish. George Sidney and Charles Murray head the respective tribes.

"Crown of Lies, The"—Paramount. Poirot mystery in the Orient, where a girl who is transported to a mythical Balkan state and made queen.

"Dancing Mothers"—Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living young generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

"Desert Gold"—Paramount. Wild-West melodrama. Neil Hamilton is the handsome hero, William Powell the villain, and Shirley Mason the girl.

"Eve's Leaves"—Producers Distribution. A film dealing with the East. Luatrice Joy, as the tomboy daughter of a sea captain, gets shanghaied, along with her sweetheart, William Boyd.

"Flaming Frontier, The"—Universal. An accurate historic picture of American frontier days, with Hoot Gibson in the rôle of a pony-express rider, and Dustin Farnum as General Custer.

"Good and Naughty"—Paramount. Poor Negroes in excellent in a gay comedy of a dowdy office girl who blossoms into a woman of the world and saves her employer, Tom Moore, from the machinations of a married woman.


"Hands Up"—Paramount. Farcical romance of the Civil War, starring the inimitable Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy. Not quite so funny as some of his pictures.

"Heil Bent der Heaven"—Warner. Adapted from the prize stage play. A tale of mountain folk and religious fanaticism, reaching a climax when the dam bursts. John Harron and Patsy Kelly Miller in entertaining picture of homely stenographer who startles and fascinates employer by suddenly blossoming forth as very lovely girl. Lew Cody is the employer.

"Irene"—First National. Colleen Moore in a pleasant comedy of a poor...
Little Shepherd of the Stars

Namely, the young man, Hubert Voight by name, who takes charge of the Metro-Goldwyn stars on their visits to New York. This story tells you of the troubles as well as pleasures he has had in guiding the activities of his celebrated charges.

By Dunham Thorp

SHEPHERD, cowherd, swineherd, and even gooseherd—all these tend their flocks under the stars by night. But now, even those stars themselves are herded in their coursing through the movie heavens—through those heavens of which you, as a fan, are one of the astronomers.

Star gazer and star-herd—could the former aspire higher than the latter? Higher than this job that has made of its youthful incumbent a greater fan than any other? But, unfortu-

Formerly indifferent to the movies, Hubert Voight, through his job of chaperoning the stars, has become a most ardant fan.

nately, this job is filled—and there is no other one quite like it, for no other company focuses so many beams in one person as does Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hubert L. Voight, the twenty-three-year-old enthusiast who acts as shepherd of its stars on their frequent visits to New York.

We had liaison officers in the war, whose task it was to have our army thought well of by all
the others. And now the equivalent of these has entered pictures, to see that the stars are thought well of—and as often as possible—during their trips to, and passage through, New York. To see that Miss So-and-so's face shall grace the news stand, and that the name of Mr. Blank's latest puppy shall no longer be unknown. And that they will be asked to eat (and show themselves, and speak) at banquets; and—anything else that will help these gentry to bring their light from out the basket.

From the moment a M.-G.-M. star first appears on the horizon of the city by the Hudson, this pilot navigates him through the channel beset by shoals until he is again hull down, and outward bound.

Do they ever run aground? Sometimes—when the ship is unwieldy. And therein lies my tale. For Hubert Voight has handled many vessels, and on no two was the steering gear the same—nor anything else, for that matter! And there are some shoals of whose existence not even he knows until he hears the grating of the keel.

On his first job he almost killed his star! Buster Keaton was in town, and Mr. Voight—bright young chap in a new job—thought it would be a good stunt to have him go sightseeing on a Fifth Avenue bus. Very good. But he was new in the game and failed to charter one. So they hied them—

But it was a painful day when he let Buster Keaton fall head over heels off the top of a bus.

Keaton threw himself into a hand stand at the top of the stairs—and then the bus started! And in his pleasant journey downward, stopped only by the contact of his ear and the lower platform, Keaton caught his arm and almost wrenched it off.

A most auspicious beginning!

Though one hidden shoal may be to starboard, the next may lie to port. Ramon Novarro was in town. For a week before his arrival, Mr. Voight had been pestered by a girl, who represented herself as connected with a Long Island newspaper, to grant her an interview with Ramon. Novarro was busy and tried to sidelong. But no chance! The lady was too insistent. So the interview was granted. She was introduced to Ramon—and flung her arms around his neck!

The newspaper woman had never existed—but the fan had embraced her idol!

And the next shoal may be straight ahead. "Babe" Ruth lay in a hospital, sickening unto death. A good stunt: Jackie Coogan should bring him flowers—American Boyhood comforting its idol in distress. Great! So Jackie was washed and dressed, and the flowers were purchased. All went well until Mr. Voight and his charge reached the hospital. And there they learned that the mighty Ruth was at the Yankee Stadium warming up for the day's game!

And then, sometimes, there is a fog upon the surface of the waters.

"You know, Norma Shearer's mother is very young looking—remarkably so!" relates Mr. Voight. "When I went to meet Norma for the first time, I had never seen anything but photos of her. So when a lady stepped from the train, I naturally greeted her as 'Miss Shearer.'

"Mrs. Shearer has never been able to do enough for me since!"

But these isolated shoals are really only an extra hazard thrown

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Ladies of Spain

In shawls and mantillas, with flirtatious fans, they practice their various wiles.

Louise Fazenda, in dark, glossy wig, with a flower at her ear, plays the mocking señorita behind a large lace fan.

More coy in pose is Julia Faye, though her eyes are lit with a tempting gleam.

Josephine Norman, above, boldly exposing a shoulder, is another who would play with men, while Greta Garbo, left—in Ibáñez's "Torrent"—is the proud, high-spirited lady of Spain. Helene Costello, right, the truly demure señorita, dares not even raise her eyes, so great is her maid- enly modesty.
It is hard to realize that the gay and tingling days of fall are all but upon us once more. Joyously but inexorably the carefree summer days have slipped by, until we find ourselves face to face with the fact that most of our friends have returned from seashore and mountains, that the first teas and luncheons of the new season are under way, and that we must apply ourselves again to the momentous but delightful task of choosing our fall and winter wardrobes.

Only in subtle ways has the silhouette of fashion been changed. Skirts in some cases are shorter than ever, in others decidedly longer. They are long chiefly in the robe de style, which easily takes first place among the evening and dinner gowns of the season. The up-in-front-and-down-in-back skirt is frequently seen and, indeed, few formal gowns of any sort continue to show the skirt of even length all around. The flat back still continues the favorite, with fullness at the front given by every device known to the couturier's art. The normal waistline is occasionally seen, although it has not gained great popularity, owing, I think, to the fact that women are loath to sacrifice the slender lines given by the low waistline. Sleeves continue long on all daytime frocks, and collars still ascend to the chin line.

In almost every one of the new film offerings, smart new styles are to be seen which are typical of the coming season's mode. A few of the most practical of these are sketched on these pages. At the left is a traveling costume worn by Greta Garbo in the Cosmopolitan production, "The Temptress." This is really an ensemble suit, with a hip-length cape instead of the usual coat. Its material

Five smart but practical outdoor costumes seen in current films, revealing the continued brevity of skirts and the persistent popularity of the long sleeve and the occasional high collar.
Three evening gowns typical of the season’s mode—a quaint bouffant frock worn by Sally O’Neil; a decidedly more sophisticated gown seen on Greta Garbo in “The Temptress”; and a dainty dress worn by Dorothy Mackaill.

is a soft, gray serge with inserted panels of flat crape in the same color, a narrow strip of silver braid separating the serge from the panels. With this costume Miss Garbo wears a chic gray hat wrapped with a full chiffon scarf, which trails to her ankles. A stubby umbrella and gray gloves complete the outfit.

*Just below this costume is a novel black-and-white polka-dotted frock, which May McAvoy wears in “The Fire Brigade.” This little gown is of black crape embroidered in white dots. The vestee and jabot are of finely pleated georgette edged with black, as are the flare cuffs. A wide pleating of plain black crape forms the lower part of the skirt. The narrow belt is of black-and-white kid.

Dorothy Mackaill wears some very smart frocks in “Subway Sadie.” The dress pictured next to May McAvoy’s is one of these, and is a most practical all-round frock. It is of heavy crape in a soft ashes-of-roses shade, simply made in one-piece style, with the popular inverted kick pleat in front. A little lace collar and vestee soften the neckline of this dress, and a wide sash of the material, gives a graceful line to the slightly bloused waist. An unusual feature is the very full, bishop sleeve, which is slashed to the elbow.

A charmingly dignified frock is the one on the next figure. It is one of the costumes worn by Lois Wilson in “The Show Off.” Miss Wilson’s gowns are always conservative and in good taste, and the one shown is a particularly happy example of this rule. It is of heavy black satin, made surplice style and tying in the back with a large bow. A soft jabot and cuffs of finely pleated white georgette are its only trimming.

The trim, fitted coat at the extreme right of the opposite page is also one of the costumes worn by Dorothy Mackaill in “Subway Sadie.” It is of navy-blue charmeen, simply tailored, and with an odd scalloped effect down the front. Miss Mackaill wears with this a soft, blue-felt hat and a pleated satin vest with a high collar.

On this page I have sketched three evening gowns which are typical of the current mode. The first is a most charmingly débutantish frock worn by Sally O’Neil and is an attractive example of the robe de style. This is the only type of gown, so far as I know, that practically never goes into oblivion. Since the days before the Civil War—and even before that—the robe de style, although it was not so called in the old days, has blossomed forth from time to time with increasing frequency. Perhaps this is because of its extreme becomingness to slender young figures, for no gown was ever designed which was so well suited to the average

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When she had learned all there was to learn about whip cracking, Anna turned to war clubs, those vicious weapons with which the aboriginal Australians sometimes try to best each other over the head. And she found it was no easy job to ward off her opponent's attacks.

Anna Q. had never handled one of those long, cracking whips before, but, as "Snowy" Baker's pupil, she soon became so adept that she could neatly nip a cigarette from his mouth from a distance of fifteen paces. To get even, Snowy lassoed her.

Next, there was practice with the foils, commonly known as fencing, and supposed to make you quick and agile.

Last came the boomerang, and there Anna went down to defeat—she simply couldn't make it come back to her at first, and that's the whole point of a boomerang, you know. Guided by Snowy's steady hand, however, she at last threw it as it should be thrown—and got the proper backfire.

Anna Q. vs. Australia

Miss Nilsson becomes the pupil of the famous Australian athlete, "Snowy" Baker, and learns from him all the tricks of Australian sports.
How Do You Take Your Tea?

In blunt British fashion or in the gentle, ladylike manner of America?

When in Britain, do as Britons do, is Dorothy Gish’s method, and so while she’s over there in England, where tea is all in the day’s work, she sips it from any old china mug that happens to be lying around, has no scruples about drinking from the saucer, and brazenly leaves her spoon in the cup. The main thing is to get it. She and Adele Astaire, well-known musical-comedy actress, are shown above having a jolly sip together.

In these United States, however, the hour for tea, when observed at all, is still, a polite occasion. If we can’t have it properly, we just don’t have it. Above, is Mary Brian delicately balancing cup on saucer. At the left, Florence Vidor serves tea in her garden, with all the customary appointments. Below, Norma Shearer and her mother have tea with their luncheon, quietly—but correctly.
**Discovered—Jack Mulhall**

Though Jack has been a popular leading man for a long time, producers are only just beginning to realize his full value—and they mean to make good use of it.

By Inez Sebastien

You never can tell beforehand about an interview. A star who ought to be tremendously interesting and give you a marvelous story may turn out to be duller than last year’s fashion magazines, whereas some inane-looking little blonde may have so many ideas that you wish the editor would turn the whole magazine over to her.

It’s a gamble every time.

I went to see Jack Mulhall with high hopes, and let me add at once that I was not disappointed. He wouldn’t talk about himself, however, unless I tricked him into it—that was the only difficulty. But set a thief to catch a thief—I’ve been interviewed myself, and found afterward that a clever interviewer had made me say things without my knowing how it was done.

Driving along the edge of Central Park to Jack’s New York apartment, I checked up on my information about him. A dashing young leading man, one of the few who had successfully braved the Spanish invasion which had been led by Valentino; Irish as the Blarney stone; a fine trouper, one of the best, certain always to give a good performance—surely one of those points would turn into a hook on which I could hang my story.

Not at all! Up one of the sleeves of the engaging young man’s extremely well-tailored coat was another point, far better than any of those I had thought might work out.

We got off to a bad start, from my point of view. We sat by a big window, listening to the riveters working on a new building near by—nowadays the sound of riveting is as much part of New York as baying is part of a bloodhound—and I tried to make Jack talk about one Jack Mulhall, without success.

He’d talk—oh, sure! All about the play he had seen the night before, said to be one of the worst ever produced in the city. But instead of making fun of the play, he made fun of himself—he hurled at his own response to it. I mentioned the Cossacks, a Russian troupe then performing at Madison Square Garden, and added that their riding couldn’t touch that of our American cowboys—you see, I knew that he was an excellent rider, and thought I’d trap him into talking about himself that way. No use. I learned a lot about the 101 Ranch, where he had once made a picture, and did drag forth the name of an organization of cowboys of which he had been a member—and promptly forgot the name of it—and there we were.

“How did you like being directed by Al Santell?” I asked, knowing perfectly well that he must have liked it, because people always do—I was just stalling till I could think of another lead. That was when I struck pay dirt, so to speak.

“Say, wait till you see ‘Subway Sadie!’ ” he exclaimed, with that eager, boyish enthusiasm that is one of his most delightful characteristics. “Subway Sadie” was the picture he had just finished with Santell. “That man’s a great director. He can make people be perfectly natural. He’s got what Chaplin had when he directed ‘A Woman of Paris’—he and Lewis Milestone and Mal St. Clair all have that same touch, they all belong to the new school of directors, it seems to me. They’re not so busy thinking about technique that they have actors turning into marionettes.

“Why, I’ve worked with directors who—well, let’s say I had to open a door and come into a room.” He was up and across the room to the nearest door in an instant, and had stepped into the adjoining room and shut the door. “Now, I come in.” He walked in, naturally, and closed the door. “See? That’s the way I’d naturally do it, isn’t it? But no! Here’s the way I’d have to come in, according to some directors.” Out he went once more. The door opened, slowly. He stood there for a moment with his left hand on the knob, then came into the room, reached behind him with his right hand, and closed the door. Try it yourself and see how stagy the effect is. “Dramatic, they’d say. Artificial as the dickens, isn’t it? Or maybe I’d just have to cross the room. They’d be at me—‘Head up, Jack! Chest out! Don’t slump!’ ” He struttered back to his chair, reminding me of an actor of whom one of the critics said that he thought acting meant following his chest around.

“Santell would never have you do that sort of thing. He wants you to act like a human being. That’s one reason why ‘Classified’ was so successful. Then, too,
TRY to talk to Jack Mulhall about himself and he bursts into a pean of praise for some one else, as Inez Sabastien—see opposite page—discovered when she tried to interview this cheerful Irishman.
Any one who keeps an eye on Gilda Gray can be sure of knowing what's being worn in Paris, for Gilda always has the latest importations. Included in her early-fall wardrobe is the novelty sport dress above, of shell-pink crépe de Chine, with a border of rose-and-beige braid. Lelong designed the ensemble at the left, the dress being of gray faille and the coat of gray georgette. Particularly pleasing for afternoon wear is the costume at the right—coat of navy-blue taffeta and dress of rose-colored georgette.
Among the smartest of Gilda's new evening gowns is the one below, created by Milgrim. It is of silver cloth, with four tiers of rose-colored metallic fringes hung from the skirt.

For tailored, practical wear, Gilda chose the Lelong creation below. The coat and blouse are of beige kasha cloth, the pleated skirt and coat revers being of plaid worsted.

Gilda's favorite is the charmingly simple, yet unique, dress above, of leaf-green crepe georgette, trimmed with gold braid, the graceful capelike sleeves being embroidered in gold.

Another Lelong frock is the one at the left, of shell-pink georgette, trimmed with hem-stitched strips of pea-green georgette.
The Fireman's Bride

May McAvoy is the poor little rich girl and Charlie Ray the fire-fighting boy who have their little romance in spite of parental disapproval, in "The Fire Brigade." There's a big fire, of course, before the happy end, and Charlie climbs crumbling walls to save a baby from the flames.
Come Into the Parlor, Jack

Jack Holt has for so long been playing strong, silent men of the great open spaces that we sometimes forget that he ever did anything else. It would be nice to see him leave the plains for a change and come into the drawing-room again, for Jack has the perfect society manner when he isn’t taming bucking broncos.
Let's hope that it was cold when Connie Talmadge made "The Duchess of Buffalo," for otherwise she must have been almost smothered by the piles and piles of lovely furs that she wore in that film as a pseudo Russian duchess. She is magnificent to behold however, in all her furs and feathers and easily wins a bona fide grand duke, played by Tullio Carminati.
Blanche Sweet was an ideal choice for the patrician heroine in the film version of the famous old stage play, "Diplomacy," which deals with intrigues among European diplomats. In beautiful clothes and aristocratic settings, Blanche is always at her best. Neil Hamilton has the role of the young attaché whocourts her.
That Boy, Buster

Buster Collier is not just the ordinary handsome leading man. He has character and individuality besides. His performance in "The Rainmaker" won much praise for him. What he will do next is in the balance. Meantime, he has been enjoying a vacation.
What their Hands Betray

A second series of analyses showing what the hands and handwritings of some of the screen people reveal about their personalities.

By Eugene Clement d'Art

SAYS an ancient Chinese proverb: A reed bent by the wind of love is he whose writing leans to the right.

We have with us to-day four reeds bent by the wind of love, and two that are not. It's a pretty good world after all. True, out of the first four, the writing of three—Hallam Cooley, Manuel Acosta, and Hugh Allan—leans only moderately in the proper direction and, correspondingly, they are but moderately affectionate. These chosen three, also on account of their leaning tendency, we judge to be magnetic, fond of life and the luxuries of life, sensitive to their surroundings—to perfumes, colors, beauty. Greater love for humanity has Pauline Garon, however, who is the fourth of the bending reeds. Her writing bends to quite an altruistic angle. The two who refuse to bend their proud stems under the gentle caress of the zephyr of human sympathy, are Sally O'Neil and Cleve Morison.

Of the six samples of handwriting now spread before us, none is of the strictly intuitive type. Intuition is shown by disconnected letters. The more disconnected letters there are, the more intuition one may expect to find in the writer. The intuitive-deductive mind, with emphasis on the deductive, is in the majority, being represented by Sally O'Neil, Pauline Garon, Hugh Allan, and Manuel Acosta. Hallam Cooley and Cleve Morison are entirely deductive. They reason things out and never jump to conclusions.

There are other characteristics common to several of the writings now under our observation.

In the samples furnished by Manuel Acosta and Sally O'Neil, the small r has a tendency to be larger than other letters,
The large, artificial capitals, especially evident in her signature, imply vanity. The hand is upright—Sally is efficient, self-governed in her sentiments, kind, but cold. There is a dash at the end of the sentence, and a dot after the signature, betraying unusual cautiousness. Sally probably has six lawyers go over a contract before she signs it. The loops are out of shape, weird of form, the capitals are large and strangely fashioned—an unusual personality, somewhat reckless and extravagant in her manner of living. She is imaginative—the fancy capitals show that. The a's are slightly open, so to a great extent Sally is true to her own self. Shakespeare would approve of her. The t stripes are over the i's, not touching them—the girl is domineering, possessed of an overwhelming desire to rule and-to direct. These t stripes are long and thin—tenacity.

Cleve Morison, who by the way is Colleen Moore's brother, writes a back hand, which is strange in a moving-picture actor, because a back hand indicates repression, misanthropy, inability to express feelings of love and hate. From the rounded, irregular aspect of the letters, we would say that Cleve is highly emotional, though in appearance reserved. He is good-natured, but cold and undemonstrative. There is a dash over one of the i's, but the balance are properly dotted—Cleve is possessed of a sense of humor which is not usually manifest but which, at times, comes to the surface. The t stripes are short and thin—the keynote of a mind that is wavering, undecided, easily influenced, lacking in will power. The boy is not fond of hard work, for the writing is uneven, irregular, formless, undulating, with no angles, and the dots, commas, and stripes are faint.

Manuel Acosta's handwriting says that he is stubborn; his hands show a greater love for the artistic than for money.

Pauline Garon's handwriting is typical of distinction and good taste; her hands bespeak unusual artistic talent.

showing love of appearances, fondness for fine clothes, and sensitiveness to public opinion. Large capitals, a sign of pride and of desire for achievement, belong to the writing of Sally O'Neil, Hallam Cooley, and Hugh Allan. Cleve Morison has a thick, heavy-pressure hand, denoting love of pleasure. Contrarily, Pauline Garon and Hallam Cooley exhibit hands that are light and even in pressure. They are idealists, unselfish in love, careful not to offend others, not given to grosser enjoyment. But we're somewhat in doubt about Hallam Cooley. The question is, what did he write with? If he happened to use a stylo instead of a pen, he fooled us. The m's and n's written by Hallam Cooley, Manuel Acosta, and Pauline Garon are distinctly angular, suggesting ambition, courage, skill.

Pauline Garon writes somewhat like Louis XIV., the Sun King of France, patron of the arts, and creator of the glory that is Versailles. Her hand is typical of distinction, delicacy, and good taste.

It is clear cut, angular, and composed of straight lines—firmness of character is Pauline's leading virtue. The t stripe is heavy, plain, and rigid and in its regular position, further denoting will power and a cool, calm, collected, methodical nature. This dry, rigid, airy script suggests a critic, at times given to mockery, and a woman who is cold and chaste. Hangers and loops are long and thin—Pauline is enthusiastic in her work. The capital C's final stroke is cut short—a precise, careful mind. The a's are firmly closed—not an open nature.

Sally O'Neil, except in her capital letters, pays little attention to form. Her hand is rapid and thick—she possesses dynamic energy. The exaggerated loops and hangers reveal enthusiasm, the queer f a taste for adventure and for the unusual.
Hallam Cooley exhibits large capitals—pride, and desire for achievement. The t stripe is high—there is a slight tendency to domination. As a rule, the o is open—an open nature. The dash after the signature implies cautiousness, perhaps a little vanity.

Hugh Allan and Manuel Acosta exhibit long t stripes with a downward stroke—both are stubborn. They differ in other respects, however. Hugh's a's are slightly open—a fairly open nature. Manuel's o's are usually closed, but the o in the signature is wide open. It seems, therefore, that Manuel is not a teller of unpleasant truths, nor will he climb on the studio roof and shout what he knows at the top of his voice for the edification of the whole community, but when he does choose to tell the truth, it's all there. Hugh's sturdy capitals denote pride, and Manuel's finale to his signature, a certain degree of egotism.

And so, "every form of writing has a meaning all its own." That is Cleve Morison's contribution.

The hands themselves also betray many characteristics. As one might expect in a group of artists, all hands before us are more or less of the conic, artistic type—fully so in the case of Pauline Garon. Manuel Acosta, and Cleve Morison; inclined, however, toward the more practical square hand in the case of Sally O'Neil, Hallam Cooley, and Hugh Allan.

Pauline Garon, as we have previously remarked, has the true conic, artistic hand typical of the real lover of beauty and creator of things beautiful. She is fond of luxury, colors that harmonize, delicate perfumes, and sweet sounds. She is anxious to please and, being magnetic, able to please. Not robust physically, Pauline should pay special attention to her health, particularly to throat, lungs, and eyes. The palm is firm and thin, indicating firmness of character and lack of sensuality. The thumb, with its evenly balanced phalanxes, suggests a finely balanced, highly coördinated mind, wherein logic and imagination, will power and courage, are blended. The index is shorter than the ring finger, so love of glory is correspondingly greater than love of money. This long ring finger is also demonstrative of talent, as applied to the fine arts, through which money and fame will be realized. Within a very few years, Pauline should reach the pinnacle of stardom.

Sally O'Neil's long index finger suggests love of power, love of money. She is proud and domineering. The ring finger is also long—Sally is sensual and artistic. Her third phalanxes are the longest, indicating that the materialistic, sensual side is strong. The second phalanx is next in length—logic is highly developed. The first phalanx is short—will power and the deeper feelings are not predominant.

Cleve Morison's first phalanxes are also short—will power is not strong. The second phalanx being longest, logic predominates over the physical side. If the photograph is to be trusted, this is not a highly magnetic hand. The ring finger is unusually long, so love of art and beauty predominate a good deal over love of money. The index finger is unusually short, suggesting a nature fairly simple, lacking in vanity, not very ambitious.

Hallam Cooley is characterized by logic and reasoning power, the second phalanxes of his fingers being the longest. Hallam

Continued on page 105
Montagu Love Returns

ENDING a vaudeville tour in Los Angeles, Montagu Love succumbed again to the lure of the screen and signed to play in Paramount's "The Ancient Highway." Theretofore his picture work had always been in the East, sandwiched in between stage productions.

His has been an interesting life, with much travel and changing activities. He has been newspaper writer and sketch artist, stage and screen actor, and globe trotter. Born in Calcutta, India, he grew up and was sent to Cambridge, where he won some note as an athlete. During college days, he began drawing for the London Times, and later sketched many great personages.

While on an assignment to sketch a British general, he decided to answer his bent and dropped into a theatrical booking-agent's office. Given a rôle, he acted it for a week and then was fired. Other good rôles followed, however, and for years he was seen in the metropolitan centers of the world.

During the time he has spent in the movie studios, for occasional pictures, he has appeared under practically every banner.

She Sold Her Piano to Get a Start

Ethel Shannon sold her piano to get into the movies. It was in Denver, and she had just finished a course at a fashionable girls' school, with a view to a social career. Her family suffered unexpected financial reverses, so Ethel, who had a suppressed yearning for film fame, seized Opportunity by the forelock. She decided that if she were to help earn money, it would be in pictures. She received only a small sum for the piano, but it was sufficient to take her to San Francisco—no farther.

She wasn't sure whether pictures were made in the northern California city or not, but soon found out that they weren't—regularly. So she answered the first advertisement that she saw. The job was that of a shipping clerk, and she had to argue to get the position, because it was a man that was really wanted.

After taking the job, she decided that it wouldn’t do any harm to wait a few months before going to Hollywood. It would be better, she convinced herself, if she were provided with a good wardrobe first.

Almost immediately after her eventual arrival in Los Angeles, she obtained a chance in Sennett comedies. Fortune, later on, was not so kind. She appeared in a number of features, but none were great box-office winners.

But her luck has now changed for the better. She has signed a contract now for five years, and is to be starred by Gotham Productions. Her most recent film is "The Golden Web."

One of Our Best Young Comedians

If he hadn’t come to California to play in a stage engagement, Robert Ames would probably have continued blithely on his way to success on the stage. But when he appeared at the Playhouse in Los Angeles in "Kelly’s Vacation" and "The Dark Angel," that changed the course of his life entirely, and now he is being groomed as a new virtuoso of light comedy on the screen.

There is no question about the efficiency and thoroughness of Ames' training in acting. He has done everything from near tragedy to the lightest sort of musical productions—and chiefly leads and juvenile leads.

When De Mille first saw him, he recognized him immediately as a personality of the type for which the majority of fans are inclined to sigh—a young and good-looking American, with a manly air, a clean-cut presence, and a sense of humor. He is not billing him as a second Wallace Reid, because De Mille is too shrewd for that sort of thing. But it is easy to tell that Ames is expected to slip quite naturally into that general category.
Robert a, She prime full de— he was played didn't can't their identified been the it cumbed it it way American figures it of tour of for film ality happens Present nia. "What series Cocoanut Corbin. "Talking," A Grace Hollywood, just A Grace movement, just Grace of movement, well suited to work before the camera, is just a natural outcropping of her training, which has all been along the line of dancing and athletics.

A MAN YOU SHOULD KNOW

Hollywood is full of ironical stories. One of the most twisted of these is the history of William J. Kelly.

Those who know the annals of their handbook of American drama can’t forget his name.

To those who follow the monthly play programs of the Writers Club in Hollywood, the name is not only identified with delectable bits of characterization, but is a prime favorite as well.

But to those who only follow the flicker of the silver sheet, the name is probably entirely unknown. And it is their loss.

On the New York stage for more than ten years, Kelly supported or was supported by some of the most acclaimed figures on the American stage.

Repeating some of his former successes, he went on tour in Australia, where he played for several years. Recently, he decided he had been away from Broadway long enough and returned, but it was via California. Once in California, he succumbed to the lure of Hollywood.

HAIL, ANOTHER DANCER!

A dazzling, golden girl—that is Margaret Quimby. She danced in cafés and in the George White “Scandals” before she came to the movies.

Thousands have done that before, you say, but then it happens that Miss Quimby is utterly different. Her personality doesn’t need a stage spotlight to draw attention to her. One is certain to notice her, whether it be at the Sixty Club, Coconut Grove, or under the unflattering blue lights of the film set. She is a ravishingly beautiful blonde type.

A Terpsichore was wanted when she was engaged for a series of Jack Dempsey two-reelers, which marked her début on the screen. She later played with Reginald Denny in “What Happened to Jones,” and also in “The Whole Town’s Talking,” with Edward Everett Horton and Virginia Lee Corbin.

Grace of movement, well suited to work before the camera, is just a natural outcropping of her training, which has all been along the line of dancing and athletics.

THE FACE OF A FINANCIER

If Robert Edeson owned all the money that he has handled through business deals before the camera, his wealth would make pikers of Rockefeller and Morgan. Because he has the stern, line-engraved face that, by screen theory, matches shiny mahogany desks and big, luxuriously furnished offices, he has been cast almost always on the screen as a shrewd master of high finance.

As a matter of fact, bankers and business executives often have jolly faces and urbane manners, and seldom look as if grave happenings hinged upon the properly tense way of holding a telephone receiver. But custom has formed typifications all the screen’s own, and Edeson does fit into these ideas of how big business should be conducted.

His personality belies his face. A jollier disposition would be hard to find. He is always chuckling over a joke he has heard, and simply must tell. He is the prize raconteur of the studios and of the many clubs to which he belongs. His friends come in for much kidding, nor does he spare himself in his wit.

A wager brought about his entry into the theatrical world. He was treasurer of a Brooklyn stock theater. When the leading man became suddenly ill, the nineteen-year-old boy, Robert Edeson, scoffed that it didn’t take particular ability to act; whereupon the manager disdainfully bet one hundred dollars that he could not step into the hero’s place. Within three days, he learned his lines and played the rôle satisfactorily, though his experiences in the years since have convinced him that acting does require a trifle more than mere aplomb.

Margaret Quimby.

William J. Kelly.

Robert Edeson.
Among Those Present

Upset at first, the idea that he had been evading for three years suddenly struck him.

His next move was back to Hollywood. Paul Bern, director, gave him a very small part in "The Dressmaker of Paris."

Even the comparatively few flashes given him in that film were evidently good enough to impress the powers at Lasky's, because Gray was immediately assigned to a good part in "Are Parents People?." And then he was given the lead opposite Gloria Swanson in "Stage Struck," and later in "The Untamed Lady." And now he is in "The Palm Beach Girl" with Bebe Daniels.

FAME WAS THRUST UPON HIM

In June, a year ago, at the University of Kansas, a member of the junior class, the son of a small-town editor, was preparing for his final examinations in journalism. To-day, the same boy, Charles Rogers, of Olathe, Kansas, is under contract to play important roles in Paramount pictures, and is said to be a real find.

He has been temporarily loaned to the Fox company to play the lead in one of their films, and then will return to the Paramount fold.

And his success not only fulfills his fondest hopes, but also those of another man in the movies—Jesse L. Lasky. For Rogers got his chance on the screen by virtue of a project that Mr. Lasky made his hobby during the past year—the Paramount Picture School.

Rogers was a member of the first class of the school, and when the term was completed, and the sixteen students were cast in "Fascinating Youth," he was given the role of Teddy Ward, the central figure.

A good-looking, manly youth of twenty years, with an open heart and a likeable personality, Rogers did more at the studio than attend classes during the school term. He made friends. When it was over, any carpenter or electrician in the place would have made the same choice as did the studio officials.

He is the son of Burt H. Rogers, editor of the Olathe, Kansas, Mirror, a weekly newspaper. With absolutely no thought of a screen career, he was preparing to follow his father's profession, when the movies interrupted his plans for a career in journalism. Last year, when Famous Players had all its field men on the lookout for prospects for the school, then being planned, Rogers was recommended to a Paramount representative by the movie theater owner in Olathe. The representative looked him up and found him immersed in study.

An outline of the plans for the school, however, made Rogers give serious consideration to the possibility of applying for admittance as a student, and finally, with considerable doubt and little hope, he submitted photographs. A screen test at Kansas City followed, and when studio officials approved it, he was telegraphed of his selection from more than forty thousand applicants.

FATE MADE HIM AN ACTOR

He always had a disdain for acting, so that is why he will probably make a good actor. On the surface, this deduction may appear a trifle strained, but sometimes those who yearn and burn most to do certain things do not achieve because of the overintensity of their desire and purpose. A little disdain is often a good thing. And Lawrence Gray, Famous Players' new juvenile, is proving it. Because today, after having played in only a few pictures, he is more enthusiastic over screen acting than anything he has ever known.

Three years ago Gray came to Hollywood from San Francisco, where he had been raised. His parents had always had strong prejudices against the stage, but their opinions did not influence their son, because when he arrived in Hollywood, he went to Famous Players, and applied for a job along technical lines, and got it.

As one of numerous assistants on production, his work brought him into contact with stars like Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, and others. And often they asked him, "Lawrence, why don't you become an actor? You look like one." But he wanted only to become a director.

Transferred to the Lasky studios in New York, he remained in the East for two years, and then was suddenly dropped, on account of a slackening up of production.
Almost Great

Edwards Davis has become almost great in a number of professions.
He has been minister, vaudeville headliner, broker, producer of stage plays, and star in legitimate productions. On the threshold of attainment, each time something snapped and he had to begin all over again.

A young Columbia graduate, he first attracted attention by the splendid delivery of his sermons from the pulpit of a California church. The doorway to ecclesiastical honors opened with the offer of the pastorate of a big church in Melbourne, Australia.

This he refused, "Because," he says, "I felt that the force of religion was being lost. In the Dark Ages, the church was at its most influential stage. With mental awakening, came man's dependence more upon himself and his contact with his fellow men. Hundreds of cults and societies sprang up which, in a cooperative spirit, served to replace the church's effect.

"My study of history has shown me that each mode or standard ascends to its apex and then retrogrades, and it dawned upon me that the mental and individual stimulus of these many currents of thought were taking over the work formerly done by religion.

"The doctrines I preached were ahead of my time and considered revolutionary. Socrates was put to death because he saw a vision beyond those who judged him. Intolerance restricts progress. Many men have been ground into nothing, because they have let their imaginations be repressed into a small sphere.

"When I felt those walls closing in upon me, with their eternal convention and prescription of thought, I sought a wider latitude."

For a quarter of a century, Davis played on the stage, never attaining the goal of his vision. A play he had written was to be produced by Al Woods but, as its theme was pacific and as the tide of public feeling about that time swerved toward a militaristic viewpoint, it was shelved.

He left the stage for Wall Street. For a time he prospered. Then, an unexpected break in the market swept away his holdings.

Sidney Olcott, an old friend, came to his rescue and gave him his first picture role, in "The Only Woman," following it with another in Pola Negri's "The Charmer." Lately, he has played a character part in "Joanna."

He is a cultured and thoughtful scholar of history and psychology and other subjects of interest to analytical thinkers, and talks equally well on science and astronomy; or on politics and economics.

"I do not consider myself a failure," he says, "though on the surface it might appear that I have not accomplished much. Youth visualizes, but seldom attains, lacking experience.

"So I feel that, in my ripe, mature years, I may accomplish things—accomplish them through the motion picture, which in time will fight its way through its present frivolities of entertainment to its real purpose as an educational factor in reflecting the fundamental principles of life and conduct."

"So I am glad that I am an actor now instead of a minister. I feel that I can do more good here than I did in my four years in clerical garb."

Among Those Present

One of the Favored Few

They call her the "little Quaker girl"—Janet Gaynor. A wee sprite, with big brown eyes and auburn hair. Weighs ninety-six pounds and is just five feet tall. Afraid of the crowds of men who haunt the casting offices. Took her a long time to make up her mind to walk right in among them. push her chin over the edge of the sill at the casting window, and ask for something to do.

But, after less than a year of endeavor, she was selected as a Wampas star for 1926! Not bad, is it?

Fate and circumstance have a lot to do with guiding the destinies of girls who seek fame in Hollywood. Talented, bright, energetic, one girl may move into the realm of pictures and bravely, heroically spend months and even years seeking the opening which will let her come into the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts and the Kleigs. Another, probably with no greater charm, drifts in, is caught in some magic whirl, and glides smoothly, swiftly into the hallowed circle where shine the celebrated cinematic stars. Something in her manner, her poise, her personality, attracts the eye of a casting director, and the gates swing ajar.

Janet Gaynor is one of those few. Not that she doesn't possess talent and charm and unmeasured ability, but from the very first, every one seemed to want to extend a hand to this little maid from Quakerland—and did. But it took a trick—the sharp-pointed end of a common carpet tack—to give her a chance to gain attention. Here is how it happened:

Janet arrived in Hollywood in December, 1924. She had been born in Philadelphia, but had early moved with her family to Chicago, thence to Melbourne, Florida, and eventually to San Francisco, there to graduate from...
With All Due Apologies

An attempt by some young screen players to reproduce in real life several well-known paintings.

The demure maiden above is Mary Philbin, posed as Lewis Jennifer's "The Spinner," and the gilded lady at the right is Marian Nixon, in a portrayal of the Lewkowitz painting, "The Spirit of Vanity."

Above, Universal's new juvenile, Raymond Keane, successfully represents Jonathan Wright's "In the Steps of the Master." Right, Laura La Plante, in dark wig, does Weisz's "Beauty and the Beast."
You can win one of these Valuable Prizes

Can you answer Norma Shearer's questions?

Do you “glance” or do you really see?

Every Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fan has a chance to win one of the valuable prizes I am offering this month. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open and your mind alert when you go to see a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Don’t be a “glimper” — be a “seeker”. You may be one of the winners.

To the person who writes the best answers to all the questions in this column, I will present — if it be one of the fair sex — the hand bag I use in “The Waning Sex” and a cash prize of $50. If a man is the lucky one, Buster Keaton will present and sign the boxing gloves he uses in “Battling Butler” together with a cash prize of $50.

To the next fifty lucky ones, I will send my personally autographed photograph finished in a sepia style suitable for framing.

Go to it and best of luck.

Yours cordially,

Norma Shearer

Norma’s six questions

1. In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does a mollusk play a prominent part? Who is the director?
2. Who plays Musette in La Boheme?
3. In what picture does Sally O’Neil fall for Buster Keaton and why?
4. In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does Lon Chaney play the part of Singapore Joe? Describe his “make-up” in not more than fifty words.
5. Where are the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios?
6. What animal is the king of Beasts and where is he most often seen?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by October 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.
Stories by noted Western writers: Johnston McCulley, George Gilbert, Harley P. Lathrop, Cherry Wilson, Max Brand, George Owen Baxter, Herbert Farris

Articles on the West : : Pictures of the West
Poems of the West
Departments for those who love the West

in

Far West Illustrated Magazine

Published monthly 25¢ a copy
The Stars’ Favorite Dishes

Some interesting facts about what they particularly like to eat, together with their most-valued recipes.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

You’ve heard, haven’t you, that old story about a dinner for a movie star never costing less than thirty-nine dollars?

It’s the bunk! You can buy a satisfying, irreprefaceable meal for a star for only thirty-seven dollars and forty cents.

Sometimes the bill will not run even that high, although, if it doesn’t, you may get a dirty look from the girl in the hat room, from the head waiter, and from the service waiter, and you will probably have to dispute the cover charge.

The truth of the matter is, that the movie queens like very simple foods. During the past few months, I have been inquiring into their favorite dishes, and they have confided to me that they are not fond of just ordinary things — chicken à la king, for instance, chicken italienne, paprika chicken, Indian chow, broiled mushrooms with butter sauce served on toast, oysters au gratin, anchovies, avocados, breast of guinea hen, orange rolls, caviar, and such widely known, everyday dishes. Seldom, oh! very seldom, do they venture a yearning for such highbrow foods as corned beef and cabbage, stew, broiled chops, and the like. No, indeed! They stick to those chicken things.

Except Pola Negri! What do you suppose Pola’s favorite nourishment is? Raw meat! Think of it—Pola Negri eating raw meat! And onions. And marinated herring. All mixed into what she calls “Comrade Salad.” It’s spiced and garnished and dressed up with condiments, though, and those who have dined at Pola’s home believe it one of the most delicious salads ever devised. Pola tells, presently, how to make it.

Mary Pickford admits a weakness for angel-food cake, Norma Talmadge for fried chicken Maryland, and Bebe Daniels for a combination dish of lamb chops, green peas, and shoestring potatoes. Bebe probably eats more lamb than any one in pictures, regardless of the cost. “Just throws money away on lamb. She has a close second in Constance Talmadge, who also elects lamb, by an overwhelming majority, in voicing her favorite food.

Louise Fazenda can be forced to eat mountain trout without much urging. The approach should be very formal — something like this:

“Louise, will you have some trout?”

Her reply will probably be just as cold and formal:

“‘Atta boy! Just try me!”

Louise can cook trout, too, it might be added. But she’ll insist on frying strips of bacon with it. She is a connoisseur of good cookery, by the way. The comédienne is a cordon bleu herself. Her chicken italienne is famous all over Hollywood, and she concocts a moist chocolate cake that is equally popular among more intimate friends, and that has caused many a cinema star to fall from the rigid diet she had been adhering to for art’s sake.

A desire for grand, exalted foods, is found principally among the male stars. Lew Cody is a regular bount for that corned-beef-and-cabbage dish, and he has a corned-beef-and-cabbage room in his house for just such dinners. Fortunately is any one who is invited to one of these. Bert Lytell likes an old-fashioned, New England boiled dinner, while Ronald Colman and Alec B. Francis costar on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Edmund Lowe goes into ecstasies over kidneys and bacon. Tom Mix is another who demands expensive nourishment. When I asked him what was the greatest food on earth, he went into a rhapsody which was something like this:

“Just give me the desert, a whole sky full of stars—not the cinematic variety—and a whole lot of baked ham, chuck-wagon style. The ham must be lean, at least half an inch thick, and baked in an oven right over the coals. It must be baked slowly, with just two tablespoons of water. Then, delicious gravy can be made when it’s done. If, by any chance, a few ashes get into the pan, that makes it all the better.”

Cecil B. De Mille admits a fondness for just plain cold-slaw salad, served on a lettuce leaf with French dressing.

“I have it four or five times a week,” he said, “for lunch. And when I get through, there’s not enough left to keep a light-eating caterpillar alive.”

Douglas Fairbanks answers the dinner tom-tom with a crash when he knows that bread tarts are to be served.

Continued on page 110
IT'S almost like making a trip around the world to go from end to end of a big moving-picture studio, except that in a studio you can jump in a minute's time from one side of the world to the other. You get that seven-league-boot feeling as you pass, for instance, from Siberia straight into the center of Mexico, or from Mexico to Ireland, or from Ireland to Siam—and so on, ad infinitum.

Just to show you what a mammoth place a "studio" is and how much may be included within that one small word, there are reproduced on these two pages bird's-eye views of the two divisions of the Fox lot in California.

On this page is shown that section where all the outdoor location sets are, ranging anywhere from a French village to the South Sea Isles. Covering a space of several hundred acres, it is located midway between Hollywood and Santa Monica. On the opposite page is a view of the main division of the studio, in the center of Hollywood, where all the indoor sets, office buildings, dressing rooms, and so forth are located. This section is a complete little city in itself.

If you examine the explanatory key that follows, and the one on the opposite page, you can pick out for yourself the various interesting items shown in the two pictures.

(1) Designates a complete reproduction of a Spanish village.

What a Studio

Detailed bird's-eye views of the two divisions of nature and what a great variety of activities

Just across the road, at (2), is a factory district.
Next door, at (3), is an Irish village.
(4) is where Buck Jones keeps all his horses and dogs. This is called "The Outpost."
(5) is what is known as a sky-backing, essential as a background for certain outdoor close-ups.
(6) is a Siamese village and temple.
Divided from Siam only by a stream of water is (7), a typical French village, used in the making of "What Price Glory."
Next to France, at (8), is the Tom Mix rancho, with stables, corrals, kennels, and so forth.
(9) is another sky-backing.
(10) is a replica of an ancient Aztec temple in Mexico.
And (11) represents Siberia—the sets where the film of that name was made.
Looks Like

a big Hollywood studio, showing its extensive and "locations" are included within its bounds.

RUNNING through the center of the Hollywood division of the studio is Western Avenue. On this avenue is
(1) the building occupied by the reception room, and
(2) the administration building, where the powers that be—executives, directors, and so forth—have their offices.
Farther along the avenue is
(3) a section of bungalows for the use of the various stars.
(4) is a little theater where the officials preview films before releasing them.
(5) and (6) inclose two stages where indoor scenes are filmed.
(7) is where all the electricity for the studio is generated.
(8) is a little courtyard, with fountain, where players can take the air between scenes.
(9) is a building where all the properties are kept when not in use.
(10) and (11) house two more stages for indoor scenes.
(12) is the laboratory building, where the films are developed, printed, and so forth.
(13) is the transportation department, from which all the studio trucks, wagons, horses, and the like operate.
(14), away over on the corner of the lot, is where the supervisor and his staff are located.
On the other side of Western Avenue is
(15) the mill, where the major carpentry work is done.
(16) and (17) two more indoor stages.
(18) the dressing-room building.
(19) the largest stage in the studio.
(20) another stage.
(21) the casting offices and publicity department.
(22) the wardrobe department.
(23) the photographic studio, where photos of the stars are taken for publicity purposes.
(24) a section of outdoor sets, including a Chinese village, an old Spanish village, and a replica of the Arc de Triomphe.
her curls back from her forehead while she helps mother make a chocolate cake.

In “The Ex-Duke,” Robert Kane supplied two of these little maids, Mary and Lois, with parts for their respective talents, while Betty, in another corner of the studio, was preparing to show the world what she could do with a truly grown-up part, that of the wife of Milton Sills in “Paradise.”

The Truth About Gloria.

Gloria Swanson, on the brink of the independence she has sought for years, is experiencing one of life’s darkest moments. Raymond Hitchcock used to sing a doleful ditty about being all dressed up with no place to go. Gloria, however, knows exactly where she wants to go, is all dressed up and ready to go, but finds her health putting terrible spokes in her wheel of success.

She was dispirted and weary when I talked to her on the set of a picture that took her four months instead of four weeks to make. It was the last day of “Fine Manners,” and Gloria, with fatigue showing in every line of her, was heaving a mental Deo gratias!

If Gloria were a singer, instead of an actress in the silent drama, she would have sung, “Nobody knows how tired I am,” would have been the burden of her song. Gloria says that, after the flu, she went back to work too soon, and suddenly discovered that, instead of being able to work from dawn to dusk, even an hour a day would bring the sandman.

“I’ve worked too hard all my life,” said Gloria, “to have any desire to loaf now. I’m simply worn out. I need what I’ve never had, a long holiday. I don’t want to take it. I want to get to work immediately. I want to make my own pictures, good pictures, that are worth while.

“You must remember that, all these years, I have been making program pictures, and yet, in comparing my work with that of other actresses, specials have always been used against me. I am anxious to take my place where I belong, to challenge that comparison. I don’t want to be resting, but doing. I never learned to take it easy, and I’m suffering for it now. Now that I am free to do as I wish, I haven’t the strength to do it. But I’ll take that rest, and then you’ll see what you shall see.”

We’re betting, of course, on Gloria.

A Timely Reformation.

To return to Thomas Meighan:

you will be happy to hear he intends going in for serious roles. Aren’t you tired of seeing him running around like the Pied Piper of Hannelin, followed by hosts of little children, doing naught but kind deeds in a naughty world, turning the other cheek, and regarding all the emotions that the copy books aver are inherent in clean, throbbing young American manhood? Wouldn’t you like to see him make a mistake, wander from the straight and narrow, and be—well, you know the way he was in “The Miracle Man?”

In “Tin Gods,” he tells me, he has a real, honest-to-goodness part, and if nobody likes it, he’s ready to throw up the sponge and admit he knows nothing about the making of pictures. He says he is ready to stand or fall on his next picture. Still, that’s hardly quite fair, and we for one hope that if he doesn’t strike it this time, he will follow the old maxim that bids you try, try again.

Enter Marion Talley.

Enter Marion Talley, motion-picture star as well as prima donna. She’s going to appear on the screen in one of her famous roles and simultaneously you can hear her sing, via a marvelous invention called the Vitaphone. Marion Talley is the youngest prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House and, stepping onto the stage for the first time last winter, she startled New York by her poise and the exquisite sweetness and clarity of her voice.

It was, indeed, a thrilling sight to see that girlish figure, in the simple robe of Gilda in “Rigoletto,” step before that vast, sophisticated gathering known as the diamond horse-shoe, all of them expectant, wondering, waiting. They gave her an ovation. Her simplicity won every one and her singing was the delicate warbling of a bird. Her utter lack of self-consciousness and nervousness was a source of wonderment.

If the screen catches these qualities, you will see Marion Talley as she is. Guarded carefully by a wise mother and cared for by an unselfish sister, she is the sort of girl you like to see succeed.

Irene Castle Protests.

Whom should we discover entering the elevator at the Algonquin but Irene Castle, wearing the ancient and honorable form of hair cut prevalent before the war. Irene Castle originated the fashion for women, Charlemagne for men, and Miss Castle, like Charlemagne, believes that once you have cut a good thing you should stick to it.

Being a conservative, Mrs. Fred-
Manhattan Medley

In the interests of congeniality, the two girls had decided that, though living in the same hotel, they would both go their own ways, make their own engagements, have their own friends. And it came to pass that, unknown to each other, they were invited to the same party, and accepted.

When Diana arrived, though the room was crowded with celebrities, her eyes were glued on sister Lois. Some people thought this was just another star-struck girl, but to her horror Diana had discovered her elder sister tricked out in her own new frock, not yet worn by herself and through some effort of sisterly ingenuity Lois had also discovered a French hat which Diana had bought, and secreted.

With murder in her eye, Diana approached her sister and hissed a few words into her ear which caused Lois to turn pale. They had to do with what should befall Lois if she dared get a crumpet in the folds of the stiffly pleated silk skirt.

Lois blandly promised everything but we doubt if she very much enjoyed her tea party for, every time she tired of balancing her tea cup and essayed to capture a chair, she caught the glowing eyes of Diana fixed upon her, and stood up the entire afternoon, rather than face the ignominy of sisterly revenge in their sitting room at home.

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the suburban express to town. The latter is a cumbersome vehicle, on the order of a carnival float, drawn by a huge monster. And so on.

Then the picture fades into a modern sequence. Adam is a plumber in overalls who lives in a charming home with a wife who wants clothes even better than the ones a poor plumber’s wife wears, and who becomes mixed up with a man dressmaker who stages costume parades in technicolor. She is, of course, misjudged by her husband who thinks—oh, well, what is it that husbands always think under such circumstances?

Phyllis Haver, the wife’s friend across the hall, who is no better than she should be, probably represents the serpent because she is a good actress and has charm.

The end fades back into Eden, which increases the mystery of what it’s all about. But it’s rather entertaining while it lasts, and will do no harm.

Good Direction Here.

“Born to the West,” the latest Zane Grey story to reach the screen, is far better diet for the intelligent than some of the other yarns by the same author, although the new one can scarcely take its place among the season’s novelties. It is to the director, John Waters, that all the credit should go. He has done his job with skill and understanding, making the story clear and the characters human. Furthermore, he has contrived to develop interest and suspense even though working with material far from fresh.

He is aided by an excellent cast. Jack Holt and Margaret Morris are the leads, with Raymond Hatton and George Seigmann behaving themselves admirably as villains. Arlette Marchal, last seen as Napoleon’s sister in “Madame Sans-Gêne,” makes her American début in this as “The Belle of Paradise Bar,” a strange choice indeed. But she has individuality enough to make her presence felt, and will fare better in a more congenial rôle.

A Good Job Well Done.

Heaven and the Christies be praised! “Up in Mabel’s Room” is neither subtle nor sophisticated. It is instead excellent, straightforward and vigorous farce, good for many laughs long and loud from any audience, and the screen version has the same qualities that made it successful on the stage. Moreover, it has the insinuating Marie Prevost as Mabel, the young wife who divorces her husband for no cause she can remember, and then maneuvers to get him again before Phyllis Haver’s nabs close upon him.

It is light and incredible entertainment, but amusing it surely is. Shrewdly played by Miss Prevost and Miss Haver, experienced in farcical frolics, it brings forward, for the first time, Harrison Ford as a comedian. He proves himself their equal as well as that of Harry Myers and Arthur Hoyt, also veteran playmates of the comic muse. His Garry Ainsworth seems to me the best thing he has ever done. He plays the rôle with the distinction expected of a leading man experienced in serious pictures and brings it to the lightness of the true farceur.

Pollyanna’s Back.

This time Pollyanna is a waif in a pickle factory who varies the monotonity of her cheerful cuteness by pushing George K. Arthur into a vat of brine. She is Vera Reynolds, and the picture, “Sunny Side Up,” presents her as a star for the first time. Besides many other opportunities, it permits her the chance to pose with flowers, chicks, and a sunset. Also she becomes the prima donna of a musical comedy on the strength of her cuteness, and moves a big audience to rapturous applause by means of a few impromptu wise cracks. Roses, diamonds, and furs are given her by the handsome manager, as well as an offer of marriage and, but for the unexpected appearance of the manager’s wife, there would not have been a hitch in Pollyanna’s life. However, the wife is killed off by an automobile and Pollyanna quells a stampede in the burning theater with her cuteness and a saxophone, out of which clammers a kitten, so it’s quite a crowded evening at that.

Edmund Burns, Ethel Clayton, and Zasu Pitts are in the cast, but they play little with such distracting cuteness going on.

Puppets All.

In “Puppets,” Milton Sills is an Italian master of a lowly puppet show somewhere off the Bowery, and Gertrude Olmsted is a little toiler in a near-by drug store, where the pay, however, must have been sufficient to buy French heels, charming frocks ornamented with bits of fine lace here and there, and chiffon nighties. She possesses all in “Puppets,” while Milton Sills has only a rôle unlike any of his recent ones.

There is treachery among the Italians and war scenes for the hero who, in going back to Italy to fight for his country, leaves Miss Olmsted in charge of the villain. You can imagine what happens, but nothing lasts in life or on the screen, so all’s well in the end. As if to make that condition doubly sure, a lot of ba-
Bringing Up Joseph

And now we come to Joseph, born in Vienna in 1897, after his father's struggles were over. To their modest but comfortable home there came the noted figures of the day for hearty meals and big mugs of beer and learned discussion of the arts. Max Reinhardt and Schnitzler were frequent visitors. Richard Strauss held Joseph on his knee and predicted greatness for him, when comment was made on the racial mixture in the boy—Hungarian, Roumanian, Turkish, and Spanish blood.

Music was the predominating topic of conversation when Joseph was around, mention of the theater being quickly hushed in his presence. The moody, dark little boy practiced his violin and sprawled on the floor of the library poring over classic tomes. "A better father never lived," Joseph raves, with real boish idolatry of the one closest to his heart. "He kept a list during the year of the toys and books that I so much as expressed a desire for, and on birthdays they were heaped about me.

"School holidays would find us, knapsacks on our backs, tramping up into the Carpathians, through the Black Forest, up the Rhine. We caught butterflies and insects and put them in glass jars, and talked of music. For my father's ambition was that I be an orchestra conductor. Memory of his own bitter experiences made him want me to avoid the struggles and heartaches and disappointments of the theater."

"Once Joseph played hooky from school and sneaked into the theater to see his father play King Lear. The impulsive boy became hysterical at the drama's climax and his convulsive weeping almost broke up the show! A good trouncing he got afterward. Realizing the tendency was too deeply rooted for curbing, the elder Schildkraut eventually gave his grudging permission, and Joseph became an actor under Max Reinhardt's training.

In 1921, Joseph did a remarkable thing: coming to America without knowledge of English, he played "Liliom," memorizing the words by rote. Their meaning in each scene he understood and was therefore able to speak his lines with dramatic effectiveness through having portrayed the rôle in German. Since, he has played on the American stage in "Peer Gynt," "The Firebrand," and other dramas, and in many celluloid concoctions.

The elder Schildkraut is Joseph's most severe critic.

"One reviewer's line rings through my mind constantly," the boy exclaimed one day, "a comment that I am not a great actor because I have never known struggle and privation. Suffering comes to each of us in different ways. I may never toil as my father labored, but I have no easy road, let me tell you!"

"If once I could win his commendation, I should consider myself a success. When I commence a scene with him, I say to myself that I might as well remove my make-up and quit. What is the use? Never can I prove myself the son of Rudolph Schildkraut. Only once did he speak to me a word bordering on praise. After the opening of "Liliom," he came backstage and said, "All right.' My heart sang.

"The two Schildkrauts, according to the sworn word of the exalted Joseph, are the soul of punctuality. The dashing, black-haired boy, with the smile that flashes his sullen moods away, with the laughing brown eyes that twinkle with subtleties of meaning and beguile you to believe him against your better judgment, had the nerve to insist upon this point in the face of three appointments that failed to materialize either Schildkraut.

First, Joseph was late. He had a thousand things to do. Oh, he is full of excuses, Joseph. Twice Rudolph failed to show up. First, it was a mistake in the time. Secondly, I discovered later, he had waited patiently, one hour, two, in the wrong café.

"Oh, he's been out with a blonde," Joseph teased when we met, too late for an interview. "Such a little while in Hollywood and already he's starting a scandal!"

Rudolph paled, his mustache bristled and his cheeks puffed angrily. Then he relaxed, muttering and, with a rough but tender slap, silenced his son's foolishness.

"Young April," the story in which they play father and son for Cecil De Mille, concerns a lark-loving prince of a mythical kingdom who airily waves aside royal duties in favor of romantic pilgrimages.

Our fourth appointment was most fortunate. I found a court scene in progress. From the throne there descended and approached across the polished floor a figure, small, square, compact, but with a dignity. Rudolph Schildkraut is no longer thin, and the tight-fitting white uniform, weighted down with gold braid and a dozen medals, and fastened so tightly across his chest that I feared its buttons would not hold, was acutely uncomfortable.

But he marched like a soldier, shoulders squared, and he kissed my hand like a courtier of old when Joseph, with a gay gesture, presented him.

(Incidentally, Joseph sneaked into the next booth at the café to eavesdrop in the hope that perchance his father might pay him a compliment meant only for my ears.)

"Ach, yes, he hass tal-ent," old Rudolph breathed deeply. "But too much tempera-ment. Like a balloon, always in the air, dat young one. He has made his way too easy. No heartbreak, no years of suffering, of fighting for learning. Tal-ent sweeps him to the top. Of technique not yet hess he much."

The old man's laborious English, intoned in a guttural accent, was accompanied by eloquent gestures.

"No censure, no one to criticize but his old fodder. Dey all lobe him. His person-al-ity, he has charm.

"At first I vant him not on de stage. At fifteen what does a boy know? But tush, tush, dat young one iss headstrong. Some day," he whispered between cupped hands, "my son vill be great actor."

Then, in stentorian tone, "Joseph!" Caught unawares by the boom of that deep, rich voice to which he is accustomed to respond, Joseph bounded from the next booth. "Aha, so I think! You hide, to listen. I hope you hear what bad things we say about you. A handkerchief, Joseph!"

While the old man puffed and wiped his face, sitting, however, very erect and attentive to a young lady's whims as a gentleman of the old school and a gentleman at heart always is, the boy was quick to serve, almost with military speed and precision. Before he dashed away, he squeezed his father's hand in an impulsive gesture.

A deep affection binds them. No longer do they tramp up the Rhine and catch butterflies and talk of Mozart's sonatas. Now they work in the movies and, on a holiday, drive through the hills. But father and son they are still. When old Rudolph gets the light he will go out of Joseph's life.

What contrasts are linked by this tie! Joseph the firebrand, burning with a flame still vagrant and leaping from interest to interest at random, rapt just now in his present romantic rôle and in the one to follow, that of a Chinese prince in "Silk," vibrantly a thrill over prospects of a reunion with his wife, Elise Bartlett, from whom he has been estranged. "We are miserable together, but more miserable apart!" he wails.

And Rudolph the patriarch, preserved with a great calm, sternly surface but tender-hearted, with a big and mellow love for all mankind. He is at once simple and majestic.

Let the flappers rave over Joseph. I have a movie crush: it is Rudolph.
Four Ways of Keeping Fit
How the movie actresses do it.

These are only a few of the methods, of course, by which the feminine stars keep the weight down and the spirits up, but these few are very effective.

Above are calisthenics as they are practiced on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, under the direction of no less a person than Teddy Hayes, Jack Dempsey's trainer. Left to right, Helen Ferguson, Eleanor Boardman, Carmel Myers, Ina Anson, Kathleen Key, and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Kathleen Key, above, does a little private training of her own, every morning and evening, on her weight-pulling machine.

And Gertrude Olmsted, at the right, enjoys all the advantages of sculling, without a scull—nor the danger of capsizing.

Just the simple, old-fashioned setting-up exercises, without any of these modern machines, is just about as good as anything, thinks Carmel Myers, so she always does her daily dozen.
Lads and Lassies of Laughter

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a dinner party, when somebody connected with pictures kidded her, telling her she ought to work in films. She called his bluff.

Nobody thought this pampered child of wealth would stick it out more than one day, especially as she was called on as an extra, to do all sorts of stunts. But she took it all gamely, and now seems headed for success. She worked in "Attahboy" with Banks.

Jeannette Loff is a society girl, too. She is a petite blonde, and she played a small part in Banks' picture, after which Cecil De Mille gave her a chance in several films.

It would never do to leave the Roach studio without telling you something about the new find, "Scooter" Lowry, now four years old, who has joined "Our Gang."

Scooter first gained fame a whole year ago, at a big benefit performance conducted by Gus Edwards. His "gag" was to come toddling out onto the stage between numbers, during numbers, or at any old time he desired, and do anything he felt like doing, usually funny little dances. When Hal Roach was in New York a few months ago, on business, Gus Edwards arranged that Scooter should go out to the Roach office and meet the producer. Scooter explained to Mr. Roach that, being four years old, it was high time he had a job with "Our Gang," and Mr. Roach fully agreed with him.

Scooter is a kid who believes he can whip anybody twice his size. The "Our Gang" players taught him that he cannot, but he still believes he can try. He is a good dancer, mimic, and fighter, and will give away a pocket knife and a black eye in the same breath.

Wesley Barry being all grown up and married, some kid had to fall heir to his freckles, and it begins to look as though Junior Coghlan is that kid. You have seen him in Marshall Neilan's pictures, "Mike" and "Skyrocket," and mayhap with Leatrice Joy in "The Poverty of Riches."

When Junior was three years old, his parents took him to Hollywood, with no intention of entering him in pictures. Doctor Coghlan established a practice in Hollywood, where Junior's engaging grin, freckles, and mop of yellow hair drew everybody's attention to him. Finally, his mother decided, after everybody told her that her son should be in pictures, to register him at the studios. His first real part was with Leatrice Joy in the picture mentioned above. Afterward he played not only in the Neilan pictures, but in "Cause for Divorce," "Bobbed Hair," "Garrison's Finish," "The Fourth Musketeer," and "The Road to Yesterday." He so pleased Mr. De Mille in the latter film that he was signed for his stock company.

Our at Universal is a pretty girl who is reaching out to stardom. Dorothy Gulliver is her name. She hails from Salt Lake City.

Not long ago, she made up her mind she was going into pictures. And to make up your mind about a thing like that in Salt Lake City requires imagination as well as courage. But her success came away ahead of her own schedule. Through the pages of the Salt Lake City Telegram, Dorothy was chosen to represent her city in a beauty contest to be held by an Eastern company. While she was awaiting word to come East, a Universal camera man and director, traveling in connection with producing Reginald Denny's "California Straight Ahead," stopped in Salt Lake City to make screen tests of local girls. By good luck and the mistake of a society editor, Dorothy took the test. A few weeks later, she was given a contract with Universal.

Though it has been only a year since the pretty eighteen-year-old Salt Lake City girl came to Hollywood, she has established herself as a promising screen player. She has played leads with Arthur Lake and Jack Hoxie, and is at present being featured with George Lewis in "The Collegians," a series of ten two-reel stories of college life.

[Editor's Note.—In the November Picture-Play Miss Kingsley will continue her chatty cataloguing of the boys and girls in comedies.]

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Babies are posed to carry out the idea of puppets. Which was unfair to the babies, perhaps, but made a cute closing scene.

Cream Puffs and Zephyrs.

Joseph Schildkraut, in "Meet the Prince," takes a flyer in comedy which at times becomes farce. It proves not the happiest experiment, although he plays with a certain amount of skill. He is far more successful, however, in the serious episodes; and in the love scenes following his first meeting with Marguerite de la Motte he plays with delicacy and charm.

The story is all about a Russian prince who flees to America for obvious reasons and, with his sister, becomes mixed up with society people, finally masquerading as a butler in order to be near the girl he loves—and wins.

It is a gay, inconsequential and, at times, silly trifle of a picture, but is handsomely produced and well played. Julia Faye and David Butler adorn the cast.

A Good Show.

If the circus gives you a thrill, a picture such as "Bigger Than Barnum's" ought to please you more than the circus itself. For the film aims to reproduce all the glamour of a big traveling show in addition to giving you a decidedly generous slant on the lives of the performers, their hopes and fears, their sincerity and their jealousies. All is pleasantly set forth to the accompaniment of laughter, suspense, and pathos. What more could you ask of a circus picture?

Ralph Lewis is the old performer whose son, George O'Hara, refuses to risk the life of Viola Dana by doing stunts on the rope without the protection of a net, and is branded a coward—until he redeems himself magnificently by doing, in a flare of heroism, what he had declined to do through prudence.

Ralph Ince, who also directed, contributes a droll portrait of a vain and bragging rope-walker. It is among the best performances of late.

No, Indeedly!

W. C. Fields' debut as a star, in "It's the Old Army Game," is not as happy as it should have been, though it is amusing up to a certain point. In the first place, the "story," if I may so denominate the patch-quilt of gag and incident that holds the film together, is nothing more than several of the acts which served Fields in the "Follies" last year. So little has been added that J. P. McEvoy, the author, has no cause to complain that his works have been changed or past recognition. With all the minds enlisted in so important an enterprise as the comedian's first starring picture, it is to be wondered that just a continuity was achieved. But if you haven't seen Fields in last year's "Follies," there is every reason to believe you will be amused.

Louise Brooks, pert and provocative, trips hither and yon and is always interesting to look upon.
What the WorldExpectsof Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

The lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is expected. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days. Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a new way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet all exactments every day. You wear filmiest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence...un handicapped, at your best.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary-pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only pad made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and the Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue
What Emil Jannings Fears

Continued from page 44

is really a very human person after all.

Mr. Jannings went on, then, to tell us of the new film he was making before his departure for America. It was temporarily called, I believe, "The Black Man," and it has to do with a negro with a recipe for a potion which turns him white for a certain period. He falls in love with a white woman, and the climax of the film occurs when he loses the magic formula, turns black again, and is unable to change his color.

"Do you think they will like that in America?" he asked, with another smile, and with the eagerness of one who wishes to please. That, of course, no one could really predict, but there is no doubt, certainly, of the originality of the film. They have imagination, there in Germany, and nowhere is it revealed more clearly than on the Ufa lot.

As to what plans had been made for him in America, Mr. Jannings was unable to say. But from the star of such masterpieces as "Deception," "Passion," "Peter the Great," "Variety," "The Last Laugh," certainly great things should be expected.

And now that we are to learn to know him better, it can be told that he has been married for three years to Gussie Holl, who has herself been famous on the German stage, but who gave up her career in order to concentrate on the furtherance of his.

As for the Ufa studio, that is certainly a fitting kingdom for him—it is a city in itself. To begin with, it occupies a whole town, just outside Berlin, which is called, suitably enough, Neubabelsberg. Not only does it consist of numerous studio buildings, with acres and acres of land, but it is a manufacturing center. Most studios, of course, have their own power plants, and all of their own wardrobe departments, but Ufa has even its own factory for the arc lights and electrical equipment used in the making of its films.

Then there is the workroom, in which expert artists are engaged in the making of sculpture. The fauns and satyrs and laughing cherubs which gurgle in the fountains on the estate of the rich Mr. So-and-so—all these things are made right in the studio laboratories.

Like many another city, Neubabelsberg has its zoo. One strolls along a little path by a wire enclosure and sees a furred or feathered representative of almost every known country. In one corner, a gaudy peacock spreads its green-and-blue-and-purple tail, while near by is its blond cousin, a white peacock. There are, of course, swans and ducks and pigeons and canaries—all sorts of feathered animals.

There are no signs, as in most zoos, warning you not to feed the monkeys, who chatter up and down their cages. And, if you like, you can pet the little porcupine, who obligingly keeps its quills to itself and, when you put it down, rolls itself up into a little brown ball so that you can't see its head or feet. And there are sheep, and there is a big black sow rooting around in a pen.

It seems that the Germans like animal pictures, and Ufa produces innumerable educational films in which the animals reveal their private lives.

There is, for example, a whole cage of butterflies, which was being watched carefully so that cameras would be on hand whenever one started to emerge from its cocoon to begin its flighty career.

Adjacent to the studio grounds are the houses in which many of the workers live—sculptors, architects, carpenters, electricians, gardeners—and the studio has its own flower and vegetable gardens. Everything one could possibly think of is there.

And in this amazing environment, Emil Jannings is the shining light—the only man who may smoke on the Ufa lot! It is here that he has been working to make you laugh, or to make you cry, or to send shivers of horror down your spine. This is that "other world" in which he lives, where everything is made to order, from the vegetables to the sculpture, where the studio creates everything else, but Jannings creates emotions.

Black Orchids, or What Have You?

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"Ah, yes?" The never-lowered head of Rudami tilted a shade higher and her eyes coolly surveyed Napoleon. Her tone, though courteous, was proud. "But so is Mr. de Mille fortunate to be permitted an interest in Rosa Rudami's career."

How he did chuckle, this czar who appreciates a spirited challenge!

Her apartment, as would be expected, is exotic. Lacy green-and-gold brocatelle hangings. Persian chests, of ebony and mother-of-pearl. Mezzotint and bronze and alabaster jars filled with pungent scents. A Satsuma jewel box that contains queer stones, green tourmalines, and topazes set in heavily carved gold.

Before you dismiss Rosa as an adventuress, however, picture the little girl of twelve who knelt, enraptured in tranquil prayers, before the altar in an Italian convent. This woman of the world, Rudami, tells with pride that, three generations back in the family, there was a Benedictine monk. All, some, or none of what she says may be true. The lady may be lying as charmingly as she does everything else. I may be gullible, but I prefer to believe what she says is genuine. You may use your own discretion.

A year ago, she came to California for a vacation, and immediately three companies were dickering for her services. De Mille won. But Rudami, not finding herself "happy," obtained a release from her contract and has found the free-lance field fertile.

There is left in the air between De Mille and Rudami an unvoiced controversy of wills fighting for supremacy, a tacit duel that needs not the pitifulness of words. I am curious to see it brought to a settlement. It is said that eventually any personality under the dominating influence of De Mille bends itself until it becomes submerged in his individuality.

When Rosa left, an employee said, "You'll be back. The chief can't make you out. You puzzle him. He'll break your spirit, with that quiet, ironical scorn of his—and then make you a great star."

"Ah, yes?" she drawled, speculation in those dark-brown eyes. "We shall see, my friend, if Rudami ever bends her head in homage to any."

She is curiously humble toward her inferiors in worldly status. She provides medical attention for two crippled children and, in an abjuration that seems genuine, considers herself privileged in serving them so. An extra's compliment on her work makes her glow for hours. She performs little charities and shows courtesy to those who cannot repay her.

Where will she go? I haven't the slightest idea. Like a leaf, she is flung about on the winds of life. I cannot think of her as a screen person, but I do feel certain that she will enjoy at least a brief vogue.

Her screen future depends upon opportunities in the way of colorful vamp roles. She is superbly self-confident. And one thing she has determined—she will never quit until she has been starred by De Mille and has emerged from his tutelage triumphant, her will unbroken, her individuality victor.
Screen Ladies in Mournful Mood

Showing them appropriately yet tastefully clothed for their more sober roles.

Esther Ralston mourned for a murdered father, in "The Blind Goddess," in the becoming hat and veil at the left. With her face becomingly framed in a tightly wrapped white veil, Pola Negri became a careworn queen in "The Crown of Lies."

Louise Fazenda, above, just to prove that she could be a tragedienne if she were only allowed to escape from comedy roles, gave an impersonation not long ago of Sarah Bernhardt, and succeeded in looking remarkably like her. Left of her is Myrna Loy, in sorrowing dress for her rôle in "The Love Toy."

The severe nunlike attire worn by Leatrice Joy in a recent film, as a symbol of grief, was well suited to her clear-cut features. A mourning costume typical of bygone days was worn by Mae Busch, right, in "Time the Comedian."

Even in the very severest mourning of all, Julia Faye's face, above, loses none of its charm. Just above her is Jetta Goudal in a similar though less somber head-dress. At the left is Norma Talmadge as she appeared during a sad time in "Graustark."
DRUSILLA.—With a million? I hope so, for you seem to be a right deserving girl. I may judge by your letter. You want to know if Johnny Hines is engaged to marry Diana Kane. No, my child—there's no budding romance there at all. They're just good friends. I hear that Diana is to play with Johnny again in his next comedy. Pretty soon she'll be running her sister, Lois Wilson, a close race. Nice girls, both of them.

DANDY LION.—Well, Shakespeare was addicted to puns, so why not you? Only don't run too plentifully in your letters to me. I can't stand the strain. Famous Players and First National have studios in the East which are busy right now, but I don't know both you and your friends. Making pictures is a business just like any other. I know these are harsh words, but they have the ring of truth. Besides, your favor withisseems to have joined Unicorns Artists, so will probably be working on the Coast soon.

JUDITH R. C.—Mary Carr is not only a screen mother, she's an excellent parent in private life as well. She has six children, several of whom work in pictures from time to time. Stephen Carr seems to be making the most rapid strides to catch up with his ma. Mrs. Carr's latest picture released was “The Wise Guy,” a Frank Lloyd production for First National.

JENNY MCK.—Now, now, don't flatter me! I am not as popular as a movie star, but I bet I get just as many letters as Rin-Tin-Tin. Yours is easy to answer. Bebe Daniels has quite recovered from her accident and is working hard at the new Paramount studio in California.

Mrs. H. L. F.—Colleen Moore is very much married. Her husband is the young First National executive, John McCormick. Lloyd Hughes, who often plays her leading man, is married to Gloria Hope, who used to be on the screen. Lloyd played opposite Colleen in “Sally,” “Irene,” and “Elia Cinders.”

E. Y. Y.—Ruth Roland has been off the screen for some time, but now has a role in “The Masked Woman” featuring Anna Q. Nilsson. Ruth is a very rich young lady, having wisely invested her picture earnings in California real estate. She's not married now. Write to Famous Players about pictures of Wally Reid. His kidney, Miss Dorothy Davenport Reid, is a producer now; she rarely appears, however, in her pictures. There are two little Reids—Bill, and an adopted daughter.

TROY.—You didn't ask too much, and even if you had, I should have tried to answer you. I'm almost too obliging at times. But you—you, you wish to know when Mae Mulvany's latest, “Dancing Days,” and “The Gilded Lily” directed by Fitzmaurice. Then Metro-Goldwyn claimed her and she made “Peacock Alley,” “Fascination,” “The French Doll,” and others. Of course the high light of her career was “The Merry Widow.” Miss Murray thought for a while last winter of making pictures in Germany, but decided instead to return to Metro-Goldwyn, where her new film is tentatively titled “Altars of Desire.”

DOTTIE DEMPSEY—If you look as much like Pauline Garon as your loving friends tell you do, you are a very lucky young woman. If it is so, you look around for a young man bearing a close resemblance to Lowell Sherman, and select a nice big solitaire. Pauline and Lowell selected each other simultaneously, I suppose. Anyway, it was one of those occasions of love at first sight—and second sight, too. The Shermans recently sailed for Europe for a belated honeymoon. They had both been so busy finishing pictures that they hadn't had a chance to get away before.

M. M.—There's nothing wrong with your spelling—unless there's something wrong with mine. Here's a brief biography of your favorite, Alice Calhoun. She was born in your town, Cleveland, and educated there. Then she went to New York with her mother and was encouraged by an art photographer to try her luck in the movies. Vitagraph saw her possibilities and made her a star. Some of the pictures she made for that now-defunct company were “Closed Doors,” “Princess Jone,” “Rainbows,” and “The Little Minister.” Alice went over to Warner Brothers when that company took over Vitagraph. She played opposite Syd Chaplin in “The Man on the Box,” and with Rin-Tin-Tin in “A Hero of the Big Snows.” She is now free-lancing. Shortly after she completed the Rin-Tin-Tin film, she became engaged to and married Mendel B. Silberberg, a Los Angeles attorney.

FOOLISH FAN.—If you let people discourage you when you confuse to them your ambition to be an actress, then you'll never be one. It takes a lot of determination, Foolish, and more ability and some luck. Don't mind my calling you Foolish—you gave me that name to use, and I'm using it. You'd better stick to your gymnastic training instead of dreaming before a mirror. Eleanor Boardman is Jack Gilbert's girl, you know. I can't think of a better cent. Bebe Daniels played in “Volcano” and “The Palm Beach Girl.” Mary Astor has the leading feminine role in John Barrymore's “Don Juan” with Estelle Taylor doing the vamping as Lucrecia Borgia. Mary Philbin played in the latest production of “Stella Maris,” and in “Love Me and the World Is Mine.” She is now playing the feminine lead in “The Man Who Laughs,” the film from Victor Hugo's story.

ADSUM.—George Irving played the father in “The Goose Hangs High,” with Constance Bennett as the flapper daughter. James Cagney directed. Lilyan Tashman has the Metro picture. She is Mrs. Edmund Lowe in private life, and she used to be on the stage in New York.

TOMMY TUCKER.—“Beau geste” has been finished but, at this writing, has not yet been released. It's one of the most elaborate productions of this or any other season, and Herbert Brenon, it is declared, has surpassed himself in the direction of it. Except for the cast, I can't tell you anything more about it until I see it. Ronald Colman plays Michael in “Beau Geste.” Ralph Forbes is John, and Neil Hamilton is Digby. Alice Joyce plays the aunt, with Wallace Beery and Bill Powell in an important role. Sounds good.

Continued on page 129
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A Reluctant Siren

Continued from page 94

by compassion. This was in lbañez's "Torrent," and even though she did not actually upset Ricardo Cortez's stolid domesticity in the last reel, she was nevertheless a sophisticate.

In her second picture, too, as the title character in lbañez's "The Temptress," she skirted dangerously near that line which divides the out-and-out vamp from her more virtuous sister.

Although she has been in this country about a year, Greta continues to remain a comparatively obscure figure in Hollywood's social life. True, she has been seen at dances now and then, but most of the time she secludes herself at her home in Santa Monica, where a little colony of Scandinavians has sprung up.

Greta's is a peculiar temperament. She is moody, but not annoyingly so. Only twenty, according to studio records, she appears at first glance to be somewhat older, for personality and character are more completely developed than we anticipate in a girl who has just left her teens.

Something in her face bespeaks intense suffering. One almost feels that fate has given her a nasty deal instead of having thrust a golden opportunity into her hands. Unutterable pathos lurks in her eyes.

"Eet ees the way ye live over there," she explains, pointing to an imaginary Sweden. "People are sad, everything is so serious. Over here—ah!—everybody plays while he ees working. He ees happy—he does everything so fast I get dizzy."

American life and our methods of making motion pictures are not only taking her breath away, she admits, but are also seriously interfering with her sleep. She's not accustomed to making a picture in five or six weeks. In Sweden, she says, they make only two or three pictures a year—and they're not "Ben-Hurs," either.

Her ignorance of English and of our customs naturally causes her to say and do many amusing things.

She came to Monta Bell during the filming of "Torrent," and asked: "Tell me, Meester Bell, ees eet not true that I am important?"

"Of course, you're important," replied Monta. "You're the most important person in this picture."

"No, no, no—I dun't mean that! I mean, am I not important player? Important—import—import-ed, like lettle sardine—he come over in a can—Greta import-ed, too—maybe she go back in a can?"
Among Those Present
Continued from page 89

Polytechnic High School at the age of sixteen. And there it was that she and her mother first began to talk of the movies as a career for her.

"I know you can do it!" her mother said.

"I don't know," Janet replied.

But she decided to try. When she reached Hollywood, though, and saw crowds of young men and women applying to casting directors and being turned away, she weakened.

Time and again, she walked nearly up to one of these directors, then turned and walked away. And she is such a wee bit of a thing that no one noticed her. Finally, however, she was introduced at the Hal Roach studio, and got two days of extra work. Imagine her surprise when F. B. O. then sent for her to come over and do a bit in "The Face Makers" with Alberta Vaughn!

"Nothing very big," the casting office said. "You will sit on a tack."

Janet looked somewhat startled.

That wasn't exactly her idea of being a screen actress. She didn't mind doing emotional parts, but she did not want such an urge as the pointed end of a tack to assist in "registering" surprise or annoyance or pain, or whatever it is one registers when sitting on a tack. But she took the job. And was careful.

Then Universal sent for her, and she played in six comedies, after which her great chance came. James Ryan, casting director for Fox Films, wanted some one who could do an emotional part in "The Johnstown Flood," and Janet was one of six girls he presented to Irving Cum-nings to be considered for the role of Ann Burger. The minute Direc-tor Cummings laid eyes on her, he believed that she was the one he was seeking. He put her through a dozen screen tests, made her run the gamut of emotions, made her weep copious tears—the kind he wanted to have wept in the film. And it wasn't hard for her to do. She would have wept if he had barked at her. Or scolded her. Or jumped at her. So, she was not only cast for the role, but Fox officials saw in her what they thought was the making of a tal-ented actress, and placed her under contract for a period of five years.

And she is still a little bit dazed by the rapidity with which it has all happened.

"I'm very ambitious," she said.

"I do not know just what kind of roles I shall like best. But I believe I'd rather play the slavey type!"

And that is exactly Janet Gaynor's attitude toward pictures. She is marveling at all she has seen. She wants direction, training, schooling in screen technique, and she is willing to work hard to get it. Her timidity is still apparent. But she'll get over that. Unless some one barks at her. For, then the "little Quaker girl" is apt to run home.

Is the First Chance the Easiest?
Continued from page 57

myself, 'Now this is quite easy. I'm doing splendidly. Every one'll like it.' I went at the part with all my heart and soul. I worked it over and over in my mind. Well, what was the result? The critics saw little in the piece—less in me!"

"Compare the easy way in which I approached that Griffith test, which gained me such unexpected luck, with the earnestness that I put into what I fully thought would be, but wasn't, a knock-out. How do you account for it? From now on, I'm going to take things as they come, and never work out a role in my mind as some great problem.

"Not that I agree with all that the various reviewers said about me and 'New Brooms.' I don't. One critic actually said my hair was too long. Imagine! But the majority of let-ters I got from the fans confirmed me in my belief that in 'New Brooms' I had played one of my best parts up to that time.

"All the same, having that scare, you know, did me good in a way. It never does to make too sure of yourself, or to take yourself too seriously after the first chance—for you never can tell if you've reached the right place."

If I am not mistaken, Neil Hamil-ton is going to sail nearer the right place with each of his new pictures.

Playing that part in "New Brooms," whether good or bad, did give him a chance to break away from the supersensitive type he had played while under Griffith. And for that he should be grateful. His part in "The Splendid Crime" was vastly different from his later one in "Desert Gold." Different again is his part in "Beau Geste"—a rôle reckoned to be one of the biggest of his career.

P. S.—Yes, he's married.
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In a Pinch, the Movies Got Him

(Continued from page 51)
ested—not then! Just for sport, however, with others of the idle rich, he played "atmosphere" in several pictures, but this sort of amusement soon lost its interest.

Six months multiplied into twenty-four.

One day, a casting agent, reputed to possess keen eyes in picking talent for the Paramount Long Island studio, asking young Mr. de Biraben to come out there and have a film test taken. Not very eager, but just to be amiable, he agreed to go. Then, two messages, arriving almost simultaneously at the Park Avenue apartment that he shared with a friend, caused Alfred to forget altogether about the test. His chum in Chicago was very ill and wished to see him. The other message was from home, from his father. Mr. de Biraben, Sr., wrote something to this effect:

"My dearest son, instead of demanding that you come home after your six-month holiday in delightful New York, we have permitted you to remain there for more than two years, which is slightly out of the arrangements we made. I now hope to persuade you to return by stopping your allowance. When you are ready to come, your passage will be paid. With fondest love. As ever—"

To which Alfred replied:

"Dearist father, I do not need any further allowance from you, as I am doing very well. Tons of love—"

Young Mr. de Biraben came to his senses with a jolt. He packed up and, with what ready money he had, went to Chicago. His chum was indeed very ill. "You know, Alfred," he said, "I think I ought to have gone home." He died in Alfred's arms.

Young Mr. de Biraben then did some serious thinking. The death of his friend gave him a shock and made him realize that it isn't so comic as some would have us believe.

He came to Hollywood. He and I met again after thirteen years.

"Now, Alfred, my boy," my mother would say to him, with maternal feeling, "why don't you go home? Think of your dear parents." But I could not go back like this.

"Don't you see?" he'd tell me. I am doing fine—that I can get along without any further allowance!"

"What? Oh, Alfred, how could you? Now, really! Oh, Alfred!"

"So," he continued. "I must get something to do in order to live up to my own statements. Every one has been trying to push me into the movies, and I didn't want to go; now I guess I'll have to have a try at them—and in real earnest!"

Within the next two months, a call came to him from the Fox studios. Irving Cummings was looking for a juvenile for his next picture. Along with others, our hero was ordered to report at nine o'clock one morning to have a test taken. He went. He came home. Ten minutes later, a phone call came from the studio. Would it be quite convenient for him to go back there right away? "We want to talk over a contract with you—" came part of the message.

"Great heavens! Am I hearing right?" Alfred exclaimed, the shock causing him to lapse into Spanish.

But far more excitement was taking place at the Fox studio. Three directors were fighting over which one would have Alfred de Biraben.

"What's all the argument about, anyway?" asked Irving Cummings. "I discovered him first and I say he is to play the juvenile lead in 'Pigs.' That's what the test was taken for."

"I don't care what other pictures he plays in," interrupted Raoul Walsh, "but when 'What Price Glory' goes under way, he plays in that."

"Allow me to state, gentlemen, that you are both entirely wrong," Victor Schertzinger remarked, in a cool but determined tone. "The young boy plays in 'The Lily' before making any other picture."

The following day discovered Alfred de Biraben rechristened Barry Norton and bound to William Fox for five years. Truly he has had movies thrust upon him!

From now on, he has all the chances of the film world to win fame and popularity. Unlike many a juvenile bound under contract—kept months without work, or given merely bits, gaining no chance to get before the fans—Barry Norton has already had important parts in two of the biggest productions Fox is releasing this year. When he had completed his exacting role in "The Lily"— Victor Schertzinger won out!—Raoul Walsh got him for that much-discussed film, "What Price Glory."

All in all, Hollywood is exactly as Barry Norton described it at the beginning of this story. One thing remains to be said—so long as he remains, and I remain, in this delightfully inconsistent, odd, and topping place. I can always flatten any know-it-all by cooly remarking:

"Oh, Barry Norton of Fox? Why, I knew him when—"
A Man Who Kept His Head

Continued from page 24

Varconi once more won credit for his acting. And then it was that he was offered a contract by Cecil De Mille to come here and play in “Triumph.”

Shortly afterward, De Mille severed his connection with Paramount to form his own company. In the meantime, while waiting for the new company to operate, Varconi accepted an offer to make a picture in Italy, “The Last Days of Pompeii,” and sailed back to Europe as quietly as he had come. But he had made a deep impression, for many fans started asking what had become of him. They know where he is now, for De Mille’s faith in Varconi’s ability was rewarded when the latter returned to Hollywood and gave such a splendid performance in “The Volga Boatman,” as Prince Dimitri. He had found the rôle that “got him over!”

It was one Sunday, while spending the morning at Varconi’s home—a picturesque place halfway up the foothills—that I recalled to him our conversation of two years ago about stars being over-publicized before they had built up a following for themselves. To-day, some of those stars we spoke of are falling out of their orbits. In contrast, Varconi, who came without any publicity, is reaching the heights.

He has been assigned one of the leading rôles in “The King of Kings,” Cecil De Mille’s next big production. He is looking forward to it with keen delight. Recently, he appeared in “Silken Shackles,” with Irene Rich, and now he has been playing in a comedy, “For Wives Only.” I commented on how extremely different this latter film was in type from “The Volga Boatman,” “Silken Shackles,” and the coming De Milé opus.

“Comedy appeals to me as much as drama does,” he asserted. “In this comedy, I play the part of Marie Prevost’s husband. I want to get different rôles in every picture. I like variety in acting.”

Variety is certainly easy for Victor Varconi. I do not deem myself a judge of handwriting, but in any one of Victor’s letters to me, five lines of writing will reveal five different capital H’s or K’s—which is variety and nothing else but. His heavy downstrokes denote, I should say, determination—mental determination. And as mental reasoning has won for Victor Varconi whatever he has set out to win, so it has “got him over” to the American public, and will keep winning for him increasing popularity with the fans.

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he knows what he wants and how to get it. He doesn’t rehearse you till you nearly drop, and then shoot a thing over and over. Sometimes—pretty often—he’ll shoot a thing twice, and let it go at that, and both shots will be good.

“Take ‘Subway Sadie.’ Dorothy Mackaill plays a girl who works in a big New York department store, in the fur department, who wants to be a buyer and go to Paris—that’s her idea of heaven. I play a boy who’s a subway guard. Now, there’s a love scene in that—well, we’re sitting on a bench in Central Park, she and I, just staring off into space, perfectly happy, not even holding hands, just thinking about each other. And I say, not even looking at her, ‘Let’s you and I get married. Sadie,’ and she says, ‘All right,’ and I reach over and take her hand and put an engagement ring on it. None of this wild clutching of her to me and all that—just a nice, real love scene. Honestly, the way that man can direct a scene—”

Nothing, you see, about “Wait till you see me in this! I do this—I do that”—the litany chanted by so many leading men. That’s Jack Mulhall—giving somebody else the credit.

The riveters added some sort of infernal machine to their other equipment, and in despair I bade him farewell.

“Be sure to see ‘Subway Sadie!’” he shouted after me, as I got into the elevator.

Propelled by his enthusiasm, I went up to the studio the next day and lunched with Al Santell.

“I don’t know whether that film is good or not,” he told me. “Dorothy and Mulhall are awfully good, I think. You know their parts, don’t you? Well, I’ve tried to keep the picture right in line with the kind of people they portray. New York has been done over and over on the screen, of course—the side of New York that’s all night clubs and—”

“Caviar,” I suggested. “Caviar and Rolls-Royces.”

“Yes, and I’ve tried to show the New York that’s sardines and Chevrolets,” he answered. “Not the New York of the four hundred, but the New York of the four million. Want to see part of ‘Subway Sadie?’”

I did, of course. And though I saw it before it had been titled—save for the working titles which Santell had supplied, some of which were so good that it will be a crime if they’re taken out—and before it had been cut for tempo, it was one of the most delightful pictures I’ve ever seen.

It seemed to me that Santell had got out of a great city what D. W. Griffith used to get out of a sleepy little country town.

After seeing that picture I was convinced that First National has discovered oil in its backyard in the trio made up of Santell, Dorothy Mackaill, and Jack Mulhall.

“Why, with those two you can create a team that will succeed the famous old ones—another Bushman and Bayne combination, one that the fans will love the way they did May Allison and Harold Lockwood,” I told Santell, as I emerged blinking from the darkness of the projection room. “They’ll be the perfect lovers of the new school. You could do a lot of pictures along the lines of this one, and—oh, but you’ve already thought of that, of course.”

He admitted that he had.

“The next one will be ‘The Charleston Kid,’ based on a story of Gerald Beaumont’s,” he told me. “After that, I’d like to do another one I have in mind, and then—”

“If these First National people have any sense, you’ll do a whole series,” I told him. “Separate pictures, of course, but along these lines. Showing the kind of New Yorkers who go to Coney Island instead of Paris, and to the movies instead of the opera.”

“Yes, that’s what I’d thought of doing,” he replied.

Now, I may be wrong about all this. I thought it over on the way home, and wondered if people want to see reality on the screen, or if they prefer a lot of symbolism—pictures in which the heroine drops a white rose and the villain steps on it; pictures in which the heroine is just a sweet little thing with no money and no friends and, after being in New York three days, has an apartment on Park Avenue and a Hispano-Suiza limousine, but is still sweet and pure; pictures in which the heroine is an immigrant who can dance, and gets a job in the chorus, and immediately the première danseuse breaks a leg or back or something, and the heroine takes her place and is the sensation of New York.

I can’t answer that question. It’s up to you.

But no matter what kind of pictures you like, go to see “Subway Sadie.” It’s worth your time and money. Even the people who go to movies on passes are going to like it—more than that cannot be said!
words than it did to register them in front of a camera.

Before I came West I always thought from what I read of Elinor Glyn and such other famous writers that a rendezvous was a place where a girl and a young fellow went when he whispered nice things into her ears in the moonlight—say like a canoe or a coupe. But now I know different, because in Hollywood a rendezvous is a place where the stars go to dance and show off their clothes and jewelry.

The only place that I have ever seen the stars make love to each other so far in Hollywood is a picture set, and I have been disappointed about that. A friend of mine, who is an assistant director, told me that what so often appears to be real love on a picture set is not set love at all. He said that oftentimes when two stars seem to be holding each other in their arms and are just filled with joy over their kisses, they are really thinking—"The next time I buy this girl an ice cream soda I am going to put poison in it if she tries to take this scene away from me," and "If that director is going to make me turn the bad side of my face toward the camera just so that bum leading man can act, I'm through with him for life!"

But all this hasn't disillusioned me. I am still the happy fan that I was when I first saw Rudolph Valentino back home making love in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."—I always used to call that picture that because it sounded so funny.

I think that there never was a picture more wonderful than that, except Valentino's first shelf picture, and naturally I thought he was just marvelous. I saw his new shelf picture not long ago.

For Valentino, himself, the showing of his new shelf picture was a very serious catastrophe. At least, the girl who went with me said—and she is right about it, too—that no man can fall flat on his back in the orchestra pit as he did and really enjoy a première. Rudy had just made a nice speech of thanks, and had started to walk down a little stairway off the stage, when a big vase which was used as an ornament tumbled over on him, and then, before any one could stop it, he fell right down into the orchestra.

And this was a bit funny, although everybody I tell about it always laughs at me. I nearly wept out of grief and anxiety and all the people around me were just about crying. And when Valen
tino got up and started down the aisle, they cheered him. I know now that there is a lot of truth in what they say about his being a good sport, because he was very badly bruised when he did this.

The other evening I went with some friends of mine to the opening of a new little theater out in Sherman, just across the street from a tenement where they were holding an Aimee Semple McPherson revival meeting. They were supposed to show some very highbrow pictures there, but I was sorry afterward really that I hadn't gone to the revival meeting instead.

The audience seemed to like the highbrow pictures that were shown very much, though personally, while I found them interesting, I couldn't see so much to them because they were all foreign, and I didn't know any of the players. Even Emil Jannings, whom I remembered from "The Last Laugh"—when I really thought that the laugh was on me for letting a boy friend of mine take me to it—was made up something like a sheik. But if he thinks he is going to trick another Valentino, he is badly mistaken!
The Stars' Favorite Dishes

Continued from page 91

Pola Negri's Comrade Salad.
1 cup marinated herring.
1/2 lb. round steak.
1 medium-sized onion.

Chop the uncooked round steak, and season sparingly with salt and Cayenne pepper. Add to this the chopped onion and the herring, which has been boned and chopped. Place in a salad bowl lined with lettuce, and cover with mayonnaise, which has been made with anchovy and tarragon vinegar. Garnish with chopped cooked beets, hard-boiled egg, and capers.

Florence Vidor's Indian Chow.
Curried chicken with mushrooms, served with rice, may be varied with cur- rants, and accompanied by various condiments—Indian relish, Major Gray's chutney, ground peanuts, toasted coconuts, and minced hard-boiled eggs.

Mary Pickford's Angel Cake.
11 whites of eggs.
1 teaspoon cream of tartar.
1/2 cup sugar.
1/4 teaspoon salt.
1 cup flour.
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs until frothy, add cream of tartar, and continue beating until eggs are stiff. Then sift in sugar gradually, fold in flour, which has been mixed with salt and sifted four times. Add the flavoring. Bake forty-five to fifty minutes in angel-cake pan. Never try to take it out, but stand upside down until it drops out.

Douglas Fairbanks' Bread Tart.
1 cup fresh bread crumbs.
1 cup sugar.
2 cups chopped nuts meats.
1/2 teaspoon baking powder.
5 eggs.
2 tablespoons grape juice.
1 lemon.

Filling.
1 egg.
1/2 cup chopped walnut meats.
1/2 cup sugar.
1/2 cup lemon.

Soak bread crumbs with grape juice and strained juice of lemon. Beat yolks and sugar together until light, then add nuts, baking powder, bread crumbs and beaten whites of eggs. Bake in a buttered and floured layer tin, and bake in moderate oven twenty minutes. Put together with filling. Beat up egg, add sugar, lemon juice, and walnuts. This tart may be covered with frosting if liked.

Wilma Banky's Paprika Chicken.
Put fat in pan, brown one diced onion in it, add one heaping teaspoon of Hungarian paprika, 1 cup water, 2 tomatoes—or it might be tomato sauce or the equivalent of 2 tomatoes—1 large green pepper cut fine. Cook all together, then put one disjointed chicken into this mixture, add salt, and cook slowly one and one half hours. Lastly, add 1/2 pint of sour cream, pouring over, and cook five minutes longer. Serve with small rice molds.

Louise Fazenda's Chicken Italienne.
Cut a young chicken as for fricassee, and brown with 2 tablespoons of butter and 2 tablespoons of olive oil. When well browned, add 2 cups of peeled and chopped tomatoes—more if desired—3 finely chopped chili peppers, 1 clove of finely chopped garlic, and 1/4 cup mushrooms, 1/4 cup stoned olives, a little chopped parsley, another seasoning to taste. Cover tightly and let simmer for two hours. Serve with rice or stuffed peppers and tomatoes.

Seena Owen's Fruit-salad Dressing.
2 tablespoons of mayonnaise.
1 tablespoon of whipped cream.
1 teaspoon of orange juice.
1 teaspoon of bar le due.

Willard Louis' Chili Con Carne.
Cut an onion in small pieces, and cook until tender in a covered pan. Place in pan 1 lb. of chopped beef, and put under grill to cook. Empty into a pan a large can of kidney beans, and cover with pimientos, cut in small pieces. When chopped meat is cooked through but not browned, add to the beans and pimientos and stir well.

Patsy Ruth Miller's Oysters au Gratin.
Mushrooms, butter, cheese, a cream sauce, and crackers baked in a casserole is all there is to it.

Irene Rich's Omelet.
Omelets with green peas, tomatoes, mushrooms, cold chicken, or ham are always good, but an omelet flavored with kippers is a thing to remember. Just prepare your ordinary omelet and cover the surface with finely chopped onions. When the eggs are almost cooked, add the meat of canned kippers, shredded and free from bones. Then roll up the omelet as usual.

Caviar a la Lilian Tashman.
Boil eggs for twenty minutes. Shell, and with sharp knife, cut whites of eggs horizontally in two, being careful not to cut yolks. Take out 1/2 cup of yolks and by using halves of whites as receptacles fill with Russian caviar. In serving, place caviar-filled whites around edge of dish and place whole yolks in center. Top with mayonnaise, salt, and pepper to taste.

Edmund Lowe's Kidneys and Bacon en Brochette.
First braise the kidneys, then fry the bacon. Roll small piece of braised kidney in hot strip of bacon. Put in toothpick to hold together and let brown until very hot. Serve as appetizer before dinner.

The Charlie Chase Vegetable Salad.
Take asparagus, sliced tomatoes, peas, shredded lettuce, green peppers and anchoaves, and add French dressing that has been made in a dish over which garlic has been passed. Mix with oil vinegar made from wine.

Alice Calhoun's Baked Sweet Potatoes en Casserole.
Boil sweet potatoes until tender, cut up in small pieces, and place a layer of potatoes in casserole, then a layer of diced pineapple, a layer of oranges cut in small pieces. Sprinkle with nutmeg and butter.
and place in oven to bake. Remove from oven and cover with a meringue of the beaten whites of 2 eggs sweetened with sugar. Replace in oven and brown. Raisins may be added if desired.

Anita Stewart's Scalloped Corn.
2 cups sweet corn
2 cups well-drained tomatoes
4 large pimientos.
Mix corn with tomatoes, cut up pimentos, beat until light 2 eggs with ½ cup of cream, salt and pepper to taste, then blend with corn, tomatoes and pimientos. Turn into buttered baking dish, and lay 2 strips of bacon or grated cheese on top, and bake until brown.

Leatrice Joy offers the following, with due apologies to Don Blanding and "The Vagabond House:"
Some day I'm going to suit myself, and have what I'll call my condiment shelf.

Big Brother George
Continued from page 33
During these two years of bit work, he made test after test, each time hopeful of getting a real rôle. The seventh test brought him unexpectedly the part in Universal's "His People" which flashed his name into electrics.
"Give all the credit to Sloman," George urges. "I didn't realize the importance of the picture or of my part until we started. I thought it was just another bit. Then, when I came on the set and found Rudolph Schildkraut, Rosa Rosanova, Kate Price and other skillful actors with years of training behind them, I was all set to be canned.
"Sloman called me aside and put his arm around me and said, 'Now listen, kid, don't be scared. You've got it in you. I know that. Don't throw me down. Let go.' His confidence in me acted like a tonic."
Having been permitted to see none of the rushes, George did not know, when the picture was finished, whether he had succeeded or failed. His contract with Universal was for two months more, carrying an option clause, but without pay. For forty days after the film's completion, unaware of the rumors drifting around Hollywood that Sloman had made a knock-out picture, George was idle, facing the possibility of having to go back to the bit rut.
On the fortieth day he was called to the Universal offices and placed under a five-year contract. It was not until the film was previewed and acclaimed by an enthusiastic audience that he knew he had made good.
Following "The Old Soak," in which he played the son, "Clemmie," George commenced a series of two-reelers, "The Collegians."

Filled with all manner of herbs and spice, of curry and chutney for meats and rice;
Pots and bottles of extracts rare (onion and garlic will both be there);
Ginger and sirup in quaint flat jars, almonds and dates in tinsel bars;
Astrakan caviar, highly priced, orange and citron peel, crystallized;
Soyo, and saffron, savory goo, stuff that I bought from an old Hindu;
Chili and beans from every land, and flavors they use in Samarkand."
Then I'll get a cook, whom I'll call O-Joy, a fat-faced, smiling China boy,
For at roasting a pig, or mixing a drink, you can't improve on a slant-eyed chink.
My favorite dishes I count by the score—lusious brown roses when the north winds roar—
Delicate water cress to eat in the spring—ducks for the fall, brought down on the wing.
Each day suggests some new delight, but the secret of all is to season it right!

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Name
Address
The Movies Move Off Main Street

Continued from page 50

The various stars of United Artists, including Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, and John Barrymore, as well as Sam Goldwyn, the producer, are interested in the project. Charlie Chaplin will doubtless also come in, but so far he has capriciously remained the insurrecto.

The announced intention of this group is to build a series of so-called pre-release movie theaters in various parts of the country—about twenty.

"It is our aim to present pictures in these theaters in the most adequate style possible," declares Mr. Schenck, who is spokesman for the United Artists organization. "The houses will be of moderate size, seating say seventeen hundred persons. They will not all be alike architecturally, but they will conform possibly, in a very general way, to the plan of Grauman's Egyptian in Hollywood, in that they will be built chiefly for pictures rather than for stage entertainment, though they may accommodate both.

"The music will all be especially arranged and will, as a rule, be quiet and subdued, with violins, cellos, and stringed instruments favored rather than the brass instruments. The scores will be prepared in the studios while the pictures themselves are being made.

"The prologues, if there are any—and there probably will be—will also be carefully and appropriately staged. Virtually the same show, including music, prologue, and picture, will be offered in each and every one of the theaters of the circuit."

I also take it that some of the bigger openings may be attended by the stars—at least those who appear in the picture that is billed—which will add to such occasions something of that keen zest that attends a première in Hollywood.

If the plan that has proved successful at Grauman's Egyptian Theater is carried out, the theaters in this proposed circuit will probably be "atmospheric." That is, they will, in their architecture, express some distinctive and picturesque motif.

Atmospheric theaters are regarded as very swagger affairs, what with landscape gardens, statuary, patios, trellises and fountains scattered about in utmost profusion. The ushers and other attendants are generally garbed in a style in keeping with the general effect.

Grauman's Egyptian has been a Mecca not only for residents of Los Angeles but also for tourists, because of its uniqueness in these respects, and because it has always shown big pictures so alluringly.

Grauman is now building another theater, to be called The Chinese, somewhat similarly designed. The Carthay Circle, another long-run show house recently opened in Los Angeles, at which "The Volga Boatman" was shown, embodies the early history of California, and is also a very enticing "atmospheric" affair.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 32

but who do you suppose is in the cast? None other than Ruth Roland, and she has had the time of her life playing a brazen chorus girl. There is a girl who is working purely for the love of it, because of course Ruth has more money than any one else can imagine.

"Mildred Davis Lloyd is to be the next comeback. It is all settled at last. Harold isn't going to back her productions after all, because just as he was trying to find time to organize her company and get a story and all, along came J. G. Bachmann and offered her a contract. Her first picture will be Louisa M. Alcott's 'Old-fashioned Girl.'"

From a table on the right came Monta Bell's insistence that he was perfectly serious in saying that Lilian Gish was ideal for the role of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." From the left, a whispered rumor that Blanche Sweet might do "Seventh Heaven" for Fox.

"Blanche's plans are all upset," Fanny chimed in. "She had intended to go to Ireland to make two pictures so as to be near her husband, who was going to make one there with Betty Bronson. But Mickey decided to stay here instead, so Blanche is free to make 'Seventh Heaven' or whatever interesting picture turns up first."

There was a buzz of whispering each time any one entered the room. As Virginia Valli came in, Fanny launched into an impassioned description of the charming little English cottage she was building out in Beverly Hills, while from our right drifted the information that Virginia would be leaving for London.
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MOTHERSILL'S REMEDY

Silhouettes of the Autumn Mode

World, Flesh, and Devil

Continued from page 48

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débutante as this quaint style. The bodice of the youthful little dress worn by Miss O'Neil is of white taffeta, while the skirt is composed of tiers of finely pleated chiffon, which also edges the quaint drop-shouldered bodice.

Greta Garbo wears the center gown in the same group. It is of a decidedly different type. The close-fitting bodice is of brocaded metallic cloth, while the skirt is of black satin lined with cloth-of-gold, its voluminous bias flare being extremely short in front and almost reaching the floor in the back. A fichu-like drapery of cloth-of-gold passes through a jeweled ornament at the low waistline, and consists of a great soft bow with trailing ends.

At the right of this group is another of Dorothy Mackaill's costumes. It is of raw silk chiffon, with a garniture of gay-colored French flowers which reaches from shoulders to hem. An odd, slashlike bertha, which ties at the back, is a new feature, and four very full, biased flounces of chiffon give the bouffant lines to each side of the skirt.
Little Shepherd of the Stars

Continued from page 68

in for good measure; the heart of the task is the battle with the personali-
ties of the stars themselves.

Some do n't give a rap for pub-
licity, and can't "be bothered" to keep
appointments; some don’t, or can't,
say anything when they do, and so
make interviewers peevish; some say
too much—and so it goes.

And some have complexes! In
fact, Mr. Voight rates as the hardest
task of his career the overcoming
of Jack Gilbert’s "nose complex." For
he is known that Jack Gilbert’s great-
uest worry is that his nose is long and
has a bulbous termination. And,
because of this, he refused to sit for a
"still" photograph— anywhere—for
any reason— absolutely no!

As direct tactics failed to work, Mr.
Voight tried strategy. He brought
the star a copy of a magazine in
which there was a most beauteous
likeness of the Americanized Pola.

"Now see, Mr. Gilbert, how beautifully
he has photographed Miss Negri. Don’t you think that if he
were to do it——"

"Let me leave it with you for a
couple of days; you can look it over,
and then let me know."

But no luck. Long before the
couple of days were up, the maga-
azine was returned with the single
word "No!" scrawled across it.

So again to the attack! This time
at a luncheon with the editors of a
movie magazine. Skillfully, Mr.
Voight turned the talk to the general
subject of stars' photographs. Then,
casually, he asked them if they had
had a good one of Mr. Gilbert lately.
They said they had not, but would be
glad to get some. Our friend of the
wicked glances shot a particularly
dirty one at our hero, and on the
tablecloth again scrawled that lonely,
but most emphatic, "No!"

What was to be done? Direct at-
tack and strategy— both alike had
been of no avail.

So, at his wits’ end, he prostrated
himself before him, and with tears in
his eyes, begged him to be reasonable.

"There is a rôle you want very
much to play— your heart is set on
it—and they won’t give it to you.
Can’t you see my position is the same?"

The appeal was fruitful. The
photos were made.

Sometimes a bomb is burst beneath
the swivel chair. As when Mr. Voight
waited more or less patiently until
day o’clock for Constance Bennett to
keep an appointment she had made
for four. As Trinity dropped the
last liquid note of six (of course, he
couldn’t hear these chimes—but it’s a
good touch, anyway) a newspaper
phoned and asked him if he had a
statement to make on the marriage of
Constance Bennett and Phil Plant
at four o’clock that afternoon in
Greenwich, Connecticut.

He had—but it’s unprintable!

Some players consider publicity a
nuisance—a thing to be endured only
when it cannot be avoided. Renee
Adoree is one of these.

Our friend wanted her to speak
over the radio, but she refused point
blank. Strategy was called into play.
She was brought before the micro-
phone simply to have photos taken.

She posed. Young Voight asked
her to speak a bit — "So it’ll look more
natural," he said. She started a little
speech in French. Voight signaled
the announcer. He asked her to
translate it into English, so that those
present could know what she had
said. She did. "Voilà!— Miss Adoree
was broadcast.

And, unless she reads this, she
doesn’t know it yet!

But, of course, where you have
one extreme, you also have the com-
penasing opposite. You have mod-
els of punctuality, as well as of per-
versity.

And of all these, Aileen Pringle is
perhaps the best. Having once made
an appointment, she never breaks it
unless she can do so sufficiently in
advance to be sure of inconveniencing
no one.

Though it is a great joy to work
for such stars, it is an even greater
one to work for those with whom
you fall in love!

Mauritz Stiller and Greta Garbo
were arriving from Europe, so Mr.
Voight rambled down to the water-
front. The Swedish ship drew in
playing the Swedish anthem, and
everything was most impressive—
but it was all utterly lost on Hubert
Voight, for he was smitten to the
heart. He had spied a little blonde
leaning on the rail and looking in a
most bewildered fashion at the tow-
ering skyscrapers that are New York.

He knew she must be one of two
people—either the looked-for Greta
Garbo, or Venus resurrected.

"I fell like a busted elevator!" he
says.

"And later, when she mistook me
for Richard Barhelsme, I felt no
hesitation in pronouncing her the
greatest ‘find’ of all the year."

And so it goes.

"It’s the greatest job imaginable
for turning you into a fan," says
Voight. "Before I took it, I believe
I hadn’t seen more than twenty pic-
tures in my life. Now, I’m the great-
est fan in the world!"
Over the Teacups
Continued from page 112

is going over to play with Eddie Lowe in "One Increasing Purpose." "Let's be just like every one else," said Fanny, "and dash out to Culver City to see Marion Davies' company making skating scenes. Just why they always make skating scenes on the hottest days I don't know. "Maybe on the way out I'll tell you about the perfectly marvelous luck of Janet Gaynor, though perhaps I shouldn't. She is getting so popular that she is slated for a lot of big parts out at Fox.

"Janet is one of those girls whose best luck followed closely on the heels of a terrible disappointment. She was playing extra in one of Fred Thomson's pictures and Frances Marion saw her on the set and liked her so much that she wanted to give her a bit in 'Stella Dallas.' She took Janet's name and address and told her the assistant director would call her when the company went to Del Monte. Imagine Miss Marion's surprise when she got up there and Janet wasn't with the company. The assistant had lost her address.

"Janet was simply heartbroken when days passed and she got no call from the 'Stella Dallas' company. Finally, when she heard that the company had gone off on location without her, she took a job in a Fox comedy and it was that that led to all her present good luck."

Suddenly Fanny looked at her watch and gasped. "Would you believe that civilized people would sit around at luncheon until three o'clock when they might be out watching Lillian Gish make the first scenes for 'Annie Laurie'?"

We might have argued the point of why civilized people should take any interest in the mad business of movie making at all. But that would have kept us away from seeing Lillian.

Now It's Characterization!
Continued from page 17

stars have become gradually independent, nor do they make pictures as rapidly as formerly.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are the most striking examples. Charlie Chaplin is typical, too, although in most aspects he may be described as distinctly a character interpreter. Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Rudolph Valentino, who is always potentially one of the screen's best actors, Gloria Swanson, and Constance Talmadge belong to this group, and, with the exception of Lloyd, are all members of the United Artists, which seems definitely to represent screenidon's peerage. Richard Barthelmess might well be included among them were it not for the fact that he is still forced to meet the routine demands of a contract. Charles Ray and Bill Hart have been among the few exceptions in the list of older celebrities who have not securely gained their independence.

The last person really to wear a crown in filmland was Gloria Swanson. Since then it has been difficult to pick any truly outstanding idol.

The pictures made by the Fairbanks - Pickford - Talmadge - Valentino group have always been great box-office winners. These stars can still save a bad picture, according to filmland experts. They are still, and will be for a long time to come, preeminent favorites, but they do not reign any more in supreme glory.

Harold Lloyd is probably the most consistently big money maker, although he has had a hard time catching up with Douglas Fairbanks. Tom Mix is also a king of shekels although, like Pearl White of yore, his success is confined to the provinces. The same applies to Fred Thomson who has recently been gaining ground in much the same manner.

The attraction that Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman, and other finds of two or three years ago exert for the public, has already been definitely demonstrated. Miss Shearer and Mr. Gilbert have been raised to stardom, though they will probably continue occasionally to play featured roles in the bigger type of productions, if they are needed. Colman is being costarring with Vilma Banky for a series, and there is not the least doubt that he is one of the film's great idols. I look to see him survive even if Garbo's brilliance is nevertheless amazing.

Irene Rich, Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Jetta Goudal, Belle Bennett, of 'Stella Dallas' fame, and Alice Joyce are others to be very seriously considered. They all belong to the present in their ability to characterize. And the same applies to such widely divergent types among the actors as Monte Blue, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Lon Chaney, and Syd Chaplin. Their names are what may be termed pullers at the box office.
Comedians generally have things their own way, and also, I believe, comedians. There is much hope, therefore, for progress during the ensuing season for such players as Louise Fazenda, long a reliable source of hilarity; Clara Bow, already a sparkling favorite, according to all reports; for Vera Reynolds, who may develop this side of her talent more freely under her new starring contract; for Bebe Daniels, Laura La Plante and Eleanor Boardman, to name some of the foremost. That's not forgetting Mae Murray, either, who continues by her ability along this line to maintain her rank of star. Of the more mature actresses, Kate Price, Vera Gordon, Trixie Friganza and May Robson are newly promising, though of course Miss Gordon has long been known for her serious work in such mother-love features as "Humoresque."

The comedians, too, possess a marked variety of type, what with W. C. Fields, a star; Jean Hersholt, who is at his best as a character actor in big pictures; Charley Murray, George Sidney, and others of the "Abie's Irish Rose" extraction continually in the limelight. Leon Errol seems to be less successful.

Colleen Moore has been able to maintain her prestige perhaps more remarkably than anybody, it should also be noted. Corinne Griffith is another star who should engage more in fun-making, since her "Classified" was such a triumph. Harry Langdon looks like a definite hit among the new feature slapstickers, while Reginald Denny in lighter comedy is a luminous fixture. The same, apparently, for Raymond Griffith.

Among the very new feminine comers there seems to be, on the other hand, a decided swing toward seriousness. Mademoiselle Dolores Costello, and even her much more sprightly sister Helene; Dolores del Rio, Greta Garbo, Georgia Hale, and Fay Wray all project a mood of pensiveness. There is a touch of wan sadness also to Miss de Putti, though superficially she flings forth a mecha in piquancy.

Cecil De Mille told me not long ago that he hoped to make every picture that he supervised this year either an extreme of comedy, or an extreme of tragedy. In other words, this would seem to indicate that the screen is definitely forsaking the commonplace happy medium. He cited Clive Brook's death in "Three Faces East," as an example, because in this picture, so it happened, Brook and Miss Goudal played the really sympathetic characters. De Mille also debated the matter of having "Silence" end with Warner going to the scaffold to defend his daughter. Although it was not the ending of the original stage play, it would have made a far better finish.

Lillian Gish has already done one of her greatest tragic portrayals in "The Scarlet Letter." One can safely predict great acclaim for this picture, and there is nothing about the death of the minister, Dimmesdale, played by Lars Hansen, that will ever leave the public with the desire for a different close than the picture has. Miss Gish will fully regain any personal prominence that she may have lost through her far-fetched interpretation of Mimi in "La Bohème," for her work as Hester Prynne is by all odds her best since "The White Sister"—better even.

Raquel Meller may do something sensational if she carries out her proposed intention to enter the movies, and is directed by Charlie Chaplin. Whether she is a good photographic type or not—and that is always important—I do not know, but she has magnificent versatility.

To sum up the remainder of the talent, it may be noted that among the newer arrivals whose future can be watched with interest, are Einar Hanson, the Swedish actor who appears in Miss Griffith's Russian story, "Into Her Kingdom;" Myrna Loy, whose peculiar, somewhat Oriental beauty has been remarked by many; Arlette Marchal, the French actress who attracted attention in Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans-Gêne," and was subsequently brought to this country by Paramount.

Charles Farrell, the boy in "Old Ironsides," is a chappie who has come into his own after quite a struggle. Lois Moran seems to be doing well under contract. She still will have to learn a great deal about acting, but then she is one of the screen's youngestest novices. Janet Gaynor and Merna Kennedy, leading woman for Charlie Chaplin, may be named as among others to watch. Olive Borden, Esther Ralphson, Joan Crawford, Blanche Mehaffey, and Natalie Kingston are others who have been with us for a long time, and who seem to be getting along very nicely.

All these players are, broadly speaking, new, and the outlook is for their progress. It is always a question, naturally, how many who may flash on the screen to-day, accompanied by the explosion of publicity, will be here two or three years from now. Tastes change rapidly in the movies, and that is what gives especial color right now to the planting of the Hollywood Thespians about dwelling to the danger of being crowded out, or losing ground because their type is suddenly no longer wanted.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 66

little Irish girl who becomes a dressmaker's model and is wooed by a rich young hero, played by Lloyd Hughes.

"Just Suppose"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in the role of a young prince who visits this country and falls in love with an American débutee, pretty much played by Lois Moran.

"Kiss for Cinderella, A"—Paramount. A delicate and humorous, though somewhat too lengthy, transition to the serendipitous love of starved London wail whose vivid imagination finds expression in her fantastical dreams. Betty Bronson very engaging as the part played by Tom Moore as London Bobby.

"Lady Windermere's Fan"—Warner. Oscar Wilde's story of a mother of doubtful reputation who sacrifices last chance of respectability to save daughter from prison. Well done. May McAvoy in title role; Irene Rich, as mother, does best work of career; Ronald Colman and Bert Lytell in cast.

"Let's Get Married"—Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard Dix, style up like as a gay young man who gets in trouble with the police and has a hot time getting married. Lois Wilson the girl.

"Make Upstairs, The"—Warner. Adapted from the story "The Agony Column." Good comedy-melodrama, with Monte Blue, Dorothy Devore, and John Roche.

"Memory Lane"—First National. Simple, taylored comedy, nicely played by Fay Compton, chosen between two admirers and settled down to domesticity, begins to wonder if she has chosen right. Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, and William Haines.

"Midnight Sun, The"—Universal. An elaborate film picturing prewar Russian tyranny. Laura La Plante, as a ballet girl, captures the attentions of a grand duke, Pat O'Malley, but gives her heart to his aid-de-camp.

"Mike"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old-fashioned tale full of lovely, ragamuffins, quaint characters, and amiable animals, but lacking in plot. Sally O'Neill pert and pretty in overall William Haines as an engaging country boy.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"—Paramount. Very funny comedy of a young lady compelled to spend a million dollars within a certain time. Well played by Bebe Daniels, Ford Sterling, and Warner Baxter.

"Moana"—Paramount. Picturesque and interesting film of actual life of actual characters in South Sea Islands, showing the gradual rise of a youth to manhood.

"Money Talks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Broad farce, with Owen Moore emerging as a female impersonator. Claire Windsor, as the warden, increases the tangles in the already-confused plot.

"My Own Pal"—Fox. Tom Mix and the wonder horse, Tony, save a baby from certain death and otherwise distinguish themselves.

"New Klondike, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in an amusing satiric on Florida real estate, with a few baseball players thrown in.

"Oh! What a Nurse!"—Warner. Syd Chaplin in skirts again. Good story, with funny gags, but too much repetition.

"Old Loves and New"—First National. One lord steals another lord's lady, and several years later finds himself in Algiers together. Barbara Bedford, Lewis Stone, and Walter Pidgeon.

"Raggedy Rose"—Pathé. Successful return of Mabel Normand in a cooking good slapstick comedy, dealing with the adventures of a wail who breaks into high society.

"Rainmaker, The"—Paramount. Interesting chiefly for the sympathetic performance of young man who has only a year to live. Marguerite de La Motte is the girl.

"Rolling Home"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's best. Rapid, amusing comedy of two young men who return home pretending to be millionaires and actually become such. Marion Nixon is the girl.

"Runaway, The"—Paramount. Showing the successful transformation of a city girl into a country lass. Good cast, featuring Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.

"Say It Again"—Paramount. Richard Dix in another genuinely pleasant satire of the mythical-kingdom type of film. Chester Conklin amusing in regal robes, and Alice Mills makes a ladylike heroine.

"Sea Horses"—Paramount. Pleasant tropical film featuring Florence Vidor, Paul Hebaugh, and the ever-going-gin William Colby, and including both a deluge and a cyclone.

"Silence"—Producers Distributing. Strong, moving performance by B. H. Brighman in the role of the father of this well-known crook melodrama. Vera Reynolds is the girl—both mother and daughter.


"Skinner's Dress Suit"—Universal. Reginald Denny in a thoroughly enjoyable comedy of young clerk whose wife becomes extravagant on the strength of a raise which he dares not tell her she has not received. Laura La Plante is the wife.


"That's My Baby"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean funny in a comedy that is otherwise something of a bore.
"Volcano"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in the emotional rôle of a girl in the West Indies who doesn't know whether she is white or not. Lovely settings and picturesque costumes. Also Betty Compson.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in the leads.

"Wet Paint"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith turns into a slapstick comedian in a film which you enjoy in spite of yourself. Helene Costello is the heroine.


"Why Girls Go Back Home"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Clive Brook in a small-town story of a girl who becomes a Broadway star and brings her husband home to meet the folks.

"Wilderness Woman, The"—First National. Alleen Pringle bursts into comedy, with highly entertaining results. Chesta to the ain, and Lowell Sherman makes the film complete.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Bride of the Storm"—Warner. Dull and dreary. Girl, stranded on an island with three boys, is accidentally left just in time by United States warship. Dolores Costello and John Harron.

"Broken Hearts"—Jaffe Art Film. Boresome, sentimental drama dealing with the troubles of a young Russian Jew. Poorly done by Maurice Schwartz and Lila Lee.


"Devil's Circus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither very good nor very bad. Normal Shearer in rôle of circus girl. Charles Emmett Mack is the crook hero, and Carmel Myers is a jealous woman.

"Ella Cinders"—First National. Adapted from the newspaper comic strip. Superficial but not unpleasant. Colleen Moore amusing in rôle of domineering young banker. C. G. Harvey wins.

"Fascinating Youth"—Paramount. Featuring the graduates of the Paramount School, none of whom make much impression. Tale of a rollicking group of young people.

"Little Irish Girl, The"—Warners. Muddled film, with intervals of good entertainment. Dolores Costello is an ill-treated, young girl in a nest of crooks who has no choice but to go straight. John Harron to the rescue.

"Miss Nobody"—Paramount. Far-fetched, poorly acted film in which Anna Q. Nilsson, a runaway disguised as a boy and accidentally becomes one of a gang of hobos, there meeting Walter Pidgeon.


"Other Women's Husbands"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in another of those domestic comedies, with usual entanglements. Phyllis Haver and Greta Gordon are the other couple.

"Paris"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silly story made entertaining by the performances of Charles Ray and Joan Crawford. John Gilbert is a young American who becomes an apache girl and fights it out with her apache lover, Douglas Gilmore.

"Prince of Pilsen, The"—Producers Distributing. Out-of-date comedy. German-American and daughter go to Germany and become involved with princes and politics. Anita Stewart, Allan Forrest, and George Sidney.

"Reckless Lady, The"—First National. Unusually fine cast in rather disappointing picture. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran again take to as mother and daughter. James Kirkwood plays the father, and Ben Lyon the juvenile.

"Sap, The"—Warner. Good idea badly handled. Mother's boy goes to war and accidentally becomes hero, only to be killed of by old home. Kenneth Harlan in the lead.

"Social Highwayman, The"—Warners. A hodge-podge film, dealing with the exploits of a crook reporter, played by John Patrick. Doris Devore is a go-getting young lady writer.

"Soul Mates"—Metro-Goldwyn. Adapted from an Elinor Glyn novel of a beautiful American heiress who is forced into a quarrelsome marriage with a dull husband. Alleen Pringle and Edmund Lowe.

"Too Much Money"—First National. Long, involved slapstick comedy in which Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are made to act in a very silly manner which has no meaning. May McAvoy, Grady Nutting.

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—First National. Harry Langdon grows monotonous in his first film of feature length. Tale of a simpleton who enters a continental dance hall. Joan Crawford is a bright spot.


"Untamed Lady, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson and a lot of stylish clothes and beautiful backgrounds in a poor picture. Italian version of "Taming of the Shrew."

"When Love Grows Cold"—F. B. O. Natacha Rambova, otherwise Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, not at all pleasing in role of flimsy actress who helps husband to succeed, only to find he has grown away from her. Clive Brook is the husband.


"Woman of the World, The"—Paramount. Clowns and drama hopelessly mingled in dullest of all a comedies. Played by Pola Negri, who comes from Riviers to small United States town and fails in love with strait-laced district attorney.

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Don't commit a crime against the girl you love by being long into marriage. If you are not physically fit—if you are not well-trained and weak through fast living and excesses. Don't do it. She will find you out and only too quickly. Your chance of a long and happy marriage is impossible. Why take such a chance? Why not wait just long enough to be STRONGFORT?

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The Boys.—Is it easy to pass through the gates of Paradise, or to make a silk hand bag out of a pig's ear, or to push a camel through a needle? Then it's easy to get a job in the movies. There are hundreds of people after every job. I advise you to consider seriously for a long, long time before you leave comfortable homes to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of screen success.

A BOOKWORM.—Don't you turn on me. "Three Faces East" was originally a play, written by Anthony Paul Kelly. Henry Wallahl, after this success is listed at the end of this department.

A VILMA BANKY CLUB has been formed. Fans who are interested may get further information from Donald Phillips, 215 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

GISH 'TWINS.—All you fans seem to be running to resemblances nowadays. Did your mother name you after the famous sisters, or are you contemporaries of theirs, if you know what I mean? Lillian and Dorothy have just started another. E. F. &\n
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60 Days Ago They Called Me "BALDY"

Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

BOB MILLER and I had both been getting bald for years. We stuck together a lot—maybe it was for mutual protection. I guess between the two of us we tried every hair restorer known to man—salves, crude oil, mange cures, singeing, massaging. And as for ordinary hair tonic, we poured gallons of the stuff on our heads. But we might just as well have used brass polish.

Then one day Bob left town—a business trip. Weeks passed. I began to wonder if I'd ever see him again.

One afternoon at the office I heard a familiar voice—"Hello, Baldy," it said. I whirled in my chair and glanced up much annoyed. There stood Bob, grinning at me.

"For Pete's sake!" I exclaimed, springing up. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

We shook hands. "Take off your hat," I suggested sarcastically. "Let me gaze on that luxuriant hair of yours. I haven't seen it for weeks."

"Luxuriant hair is right," he retorted. "I've got the finest growth of hair you ever saw!"

It was my turn to grin, but I didn't—I laughed out loud! "Know any more jokes?" I said.

"Bob did not reply. Instead, he stepped back, swept off his hat and made a theatrical bow. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The top of his head, once almost as free from hair as the palm of your hand, was covered with a brand new growth of hair—real, honest to goodness hair! I was speechless.

A New Way To Grow Hair

"I've got something that's worth a million dollars to you!" Bob shouted, banging his fist on my desk. "It's wonderful—marvelous—miraculous! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

That night I went to Bob's house. The demonstration he gave me reminded me of the time I was initiated into our lodge. He sat me in a chair and placed a strange apparatus on my head and turned on the electricity. The treatment lasted 15 minutes, during which time Bob talked to me.

I never saw a man more enthusiastic in my life.

"Don't forget," he concluded, "this proves what I say." And he ran his fingers through his new growth of hair with a triumphant flourish.

At the end of the treatment, I rubbed the top of my head. "Well, Bob," I chuckled, "I don't feel any new hair." "Of course you don't," Bob came back. "But just wait a while." On the way home I read a booklet which Bob had given me. It described a new method of growing hair—a method discovered by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It was the only treatment I had ever heard of that got right down to the roots of the hair and awakened them to new activity. I must confess that never before read such an interesting, helpful, honest book.

Then I re-called what Bob had said—how enthusiastic he had been. Bob was proof. I decided to send for the treatment immediately.

I Get the Surprise of My Life

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. The first two or three days nothing happened. But I could feel my scalp beginning to tingle with new life—new vigor. Then one day when I looked in the mirror I got the thrill of a lifetime. All over my head a fine, downy fuzz was beginning to appear.

I continued the treatments and every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bold spot on my head. And after 60 days my worries about baldness were ended. I had gained an entirely new growth of healthy hair.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of loss of hair the roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a slicky free grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluids" on the leaves.

Yet that is just what thousands are doing, when they dose their heads with ordinary tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of loss of hair that nothing in the world can help, but so many have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the really interesting 12-page book, which will be sent you entirely free if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—no strings. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 356, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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City __________ State __________
Young Love and a Puritan

Her specialty, he told his wife, was to love him. And he meant it. For Asa Pincheon, scion of a privileged family, was essentially selfish, narrow, and a bit self-righteous, and Marjorie, his wife, was a brave, great-hearted woman, who fought for the right to express her own personality.

The clash of wills, the conflict of temperaments between these two characters make a powerful love and adventure story called

The Wife of Asa Pincheon

By ANNE O’HAGAN

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When Indian summer days are come—and with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields—have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—have a Camel!

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowy mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there’s no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You’ll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

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He Packed a Pile-driver's Punch

Out of the woods he came, with a boy's slender, brown body, but with a shattering punch that would easily have made him the world's middleweight champion. He fought magnificently with every one sent against him, scored knock-out after knock-out, and then——

For the love of a girl he quit the ring, and when she would have nothing to do with him, he went plumb bad. He became a man to be shunned by all—vicious, drunken.

Read for yourself the story of how this man, almost down and out, found himself again. It is in one of the most powerful of Western novels.

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By DAVID MANNING

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**BE FREE — free from slavery to your hair, from the tyranny of the hot iron, the expense of the beauty shop, the inconvenient "appointments."**

Of course you're weary of your unceasing slavery to your hair. You are sick of endless round of beauty shop appointments, the incessant spending of money, of appointments, the disastrous results of hot irons, the tedious process of the "permanent," the bother of water waves, the constant expense.

But more than ever, you know how imperative it is to keep looking your best. "If other women can take the time and trouble if they can afford the money, to keep their hair constantly waved, then must, too." And you go the weary round again.

End—TODAY—the expensive, time-consuming, hair-ruining, "beauty shop" habit.

Don't be a slave to hair care a minute longer. It isn't necessary. You can be immediately and permanently free from all the nuisance of hot iron marcelles, "permanents" and water waves. But that doesn't mean that you must let your hair go, that you are doomed to straight, straggly, unkept locks. Far from it!

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You can have the most gloriously waved hair you ever had—a tragedy of smooth, loose, becoming waves framing your face, showing off your hair in all the beauty of its natural lustre, giving new grace to your shapely head. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcelles once a week—at home—gives you this Marcel of unbelievable loveliness.

Think what an untold convenience it will be—never to have to step outside your home again for a wave—never to bother with appointments—never again to experience the disastrous effect of the hot iron.

**A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them**

You know how appallingly your waving expense mounts up—particularly in summer. Often the wave costs a dollar or more, and that is gone before you reach home. Or a few minutes in a barbershop leaves you ruined in look. Frequently you are forced to force a second time, and the expense of fear you will spill an expense new and greater.

The Maison Marcelles save all this expense and would be worth the price of a marcel or two, and you are free forever from further expense. Why not put in a dollar at all, and have saved the price of a new hat, in but little more time, you can afford the little frock you want—paid for out of the money saved by the Maison Marcelles.

**Notice to Readers**

A Chicago Tribune special for magazines and representatives of over 100 other publishers. The most satisfactory demonstration of these waves.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson

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**Notice to Readers**

A Chicago Tribune special for magazines and representatives of over 100 other publishers. The most satisfactory demonstration of these waves.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson

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It doesn’t matter how you wear your hair, in a straight line, in coils, in waves, in pompadour, centre, or side part, the Marcelles are designed. Marcellers, no matter if your hair be thick or thin, long or short.

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You can enjoy these Paramount Pictures now:

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"TIN GODS"
An Allan Dwan Production
with Renee Adoree and Aileen Pringle

"VARIETY"
An Ufa Production

FLORENCE VIDOR in
"YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN"
Florenz Ziegfeld's
"KID BOOTS"
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[D. W. GRIFFITH'S
"SORROWS OF SATAN" with ADOLPHE MENJOU

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**HOW TO STAY FAMOUS**

Stars of the first magnitude will tell you—provided they talk about it at all—that their struggles to gain a foothold are nothing compared to the energy and cleverness required to keep what they have won, to retain their grip on the ladder of fame and keep themselves in the public eye. Their films alone will not do it—they must resort to other measures.

This is called showmanship, and it is the least understood of the many elements that make for popularity and fame. It has become a science with a few, but even they have made their blunders and have challenged public opinion instead of just attracting it.

In the December number of Picture-Play an article by Edwin Schallert on this phase of the stars’ activities will explain just what methods are pursued by film celebrities and what mistakes have imperilled their standing with the public. It is a most illuminating story.

**NEVER TOO BUSY TO PLAY**

So you would think if you could see how sports have captivated all Hollywood. Every one, it seems, is going in for athletics on a scale “bigger and better” than in former years, and Grace Kingsley, in our next issue, writes entertainingly of the craze. Also, Myrtle Gebhart makes Ruth Roland’s return to the screen the inspiration of a sympathetic analysis of the great popularity of the former serial queen with those who know her best.

But these are only a few of the items included in a collection which we feel sure Picture-Play readers will say is the best yet.
It Was Mary's First Dance at a Fashionable Restaurant

She was distinctly ill at ease. She didn't know just what to do. For one thing, she wasn't certain whether she should have kept her hat on. Other women were dancing without hats, and Mary wondered whether she were making a "bad break" by wearing hers. All the time, little doubts as to the correctness of her behavior kept cropping up in her mind, so that, on the whole, she spent a most uncomfortable evening.

Now if Mary had only been one of the "wise virgins" and secured a copy of The Book of ETIQUETTE by Laura Alston Brown before going out that night, and had read up the section devoted to "Restaurant Dancing," she would have enjoyed herself every moment of the time, instead of being harassed by a series of annoying perplexities. She would have known just how to proceed, what to do regarding her hat, wrap, gloves, and other belongings, what to order at table—everything, in fact, that would tend to make the evening pass smoothly and pleasantly.

The dollar spent for THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE would have been one of the best investments of her career.

No one can afford to be without this book.

Fashions in Etiquette Change

Good Form To-day is Different from the Good Form of a Few Years Ago

The Very Last Word on the Subject of Correct Behavior is

The Book of ETIQUETTE

By
LAURA ALSTON BROWN

Every Possible Topic

dealing with the social relationships in which human beings participate is covered in this comprehensive volume of 244 pages. In all, 176 topics are treated. These include:

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The Woman who

Conduct of the Engaged
Man
Travels

Entertaining Guests
Automobile Etiquette

Table Manners
Public Dances

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Letters of Introduction
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CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers

79 Seventh Avenue, New York
What the Fans Think

Seething With Anger!

T HIS letter is inspired—inspired by the article written by Mr. Oettinger in August Picture-Play about Louise Brooks. It filled me with seething anger. It always does disgust me to see, or read of; a girl smoking! It is so indelicate. And then, I was further angered by her suggestion, “Let’s say that I got ahead by hard work and Christian Science.”

So bored with an interview! So bored that she was asked to give any information! How difficult she made Mr. Oettinger’s task! Certainly she should be pleased to be interviewed—pleased to help the interviewer—more than glad to do anything that might please the public she is serving. Who is she, that she must be so reticent, maintaining an “I’m-better-than-you” air? Why can’t she assume, at least, an agreeable manner, a gracious sweetness, such as that of EstherRalston and Mary Brian, when they are interviewed? Such a sulky, sophisticated, yet young, overbearing, haughty creature as this girl is not likely to remain popular. I abhor conceit, particularly when caused by sudden wealth, or sudden fame. Three kisses for her!

Three cheers for Picture-Play! And for such a patient man as Malcolm H. Oettinger!

DORIS BURNS.

Dallas, Texas.

“A fragrant yellow rose seen through dewdrop prisms in the first blushes of morning.”

I also have my doubts that Pola Negri would consider it very much of a compliment to hear about her surprising resemblance to a volcanic crater belching lava into the water.

Good heavens! How many of us poor, ordinary mortals do you think are able to digest such exaggerated language? Be yourselves, girls, and take it from me that our film stars look and act exactly as human as you and I.

Mrs. H. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here's a Chance to Disagree.

As one who prefers Picture-Play to all the other motion-picture magazines, because it contains more to agree and disagree with than all the others put together, may I register several disagreements with Malcolm Oettinger’s article in the August issue, “Which Make Better Actors, Men or Women?”

Of course we are only beginning to arrive at critical standards for the screen. So far only two things are clear. First, that screen acting is a thing apart from stage acting, being simply mimic ability—one part sensiveness, one part facility of expression. And secondly, that this thing called personality cannot be so lightly dismissed as Mr. Oettinger does in considering screen acting. Where the stage actor has to fit himself into a part, parts are selected to fit the screen actor; consequently the part drawn from the actor whatever power he has within him to give it. The more vital the personality, the finer the actor, provided, of course, that he can act in the first place.

Now Mr. Oettinger mentioned, among others, the following: Conway Tearle, who is neither actor nor personality; John Barrymore, our first stage actor, whose screen work is still much “of the theater, theatrical”; Charles Chaplin and Adolphe Menjou, who have each settled into screen types which never vary; Richard Barthelmess, who can act, but has not since “The Enchanted Cottage”; and, out of eleven character actors, several whom we know as such by their whiskers alone!

On the other hand, Mr. Oettinger has altogether failed to mention Lon Chaney, who, when unhampered by heavy disguises, is our finest pantomimist; and Jean Hersholt, to whose credit goes the most versatile list of lifelike minor characterizations on our screen.

And lastly, Mr. Oettinger dismisses quite casually Harry Langdon, who is a master of facile and significant

Continued on page 10
Another Notable Picture

From the Man
Who Directed
"THE IRON HORSE"
Presented by
FOX FILMS

The ability
to catch with
the camera and portray
on the screen those traits which
proclaim us all kin—that is one of the
marked achievements of Director John Ford.
Just as the epic story of "The Iron Horse" was
larded with this rich vein of human interest so

"3 BAD MEN"

now a magnificent, colorful screen story of the
West in the making, again reflects Director Ford's understanding of the human heart.

Three bad men—grimy-crusted, crime-hardened, wanted, but how tender and lovable they are in
their self-appointed task of guarding a young girl
who has ventured beyond
the safety zone! Tom Santschi,
Frank Campeau and J. Farrell Mac-
Donald (he of the cocked eye) as the trio,

GEORGE O'BRIEN, OLIVE BORDEN, Lou
Tellegen, Alec Francis and others, are the main
personalities in a picture which includes prairies seething with men and cattle, horses and vehicles, with action rampant.

"3 Bad Men" upholds the screen's finest
traditions. It will be shown in leading
theatres everywhere and it is a

WILLIAM
FOX
PICTURE

Based on
Herman Whitaker's
novel
"OVER THE BORDER"
What the Fans Think

I have never written a letter to your magazine, but an article in the August number, comparing the lighting in the "Hollywood High Lights" it was mentioned that May McAvoy receives about $3,500 per week, while Jean Hersholt, the greatest star, sells picture права for but $2,000. How can such things be? Miss McAvoy proved her worth in only one picture, "Sentimental Tommy." Since then her career is semiper through one part another.

The most welcome news was to hear that my favorite, Mr. Hersholt, had been selected into the principal part in "The Old Soak." Neither Mr. Ford Sterling was playing "The Show Off." The casting directors do show good sense once in a while! MARY LEWIS. San Francisco, Calif.

Criticism from an Egyptian Fan.

You had plenty of pretty screen actresses some time ago in the U. S. A.

Most of them unfortunately have lost their beauty. Why? Because they have bobbed their hair, and even more: they have shingled it and have affected that most awful, dreary, dowdy dress like, the maids of men. A woman really should look like a woman and not follow mannish styles. I really think that half a woman's beauty is her hair. Is that too much to ask?

In the article, "What I Admire Most in a Man," in a recent number of Pictures-Play, many screen actresses have proved to be not at all serious and rather foolish in their appearances.

Nearly all of them like in the opposite sex such small and mean things that have no importance whatever. They do not seem to care much about the man's character and principles, but only about his manners, which are the last things girls should worry about.

Take, for instance, Greta Nissen, with her "four-foot-yellow-eyes-doze—but let me tell them, et ees not smart! Frankly, I am sick of it.

It is all very well to be charitable and forgive our foreign cousins, and far be it from me to upbraid a position he has earned by his own merit; but let me say this: If these want to be movie actors and actresses, let them be better acquainted with the interests in their countries! It's being overgenerous when we allow them to crowd our own whole-American screen all over the magazine.

That said! -- CARL A. DUSSE.

Jefferson, Wis.

A Retort from a "Foreigner.

"An American Fan" asks indignantly why the money of American dollars should go to foreign artists.

What about the millions of dollars which foreign stars invest in the foreign feature films, to every homemade one, and not because the American ones are superior, but because our own are being banned out of the United States, and even out of our own color. Surely, the American has interests, and our producers cannot afford to make films just for the home market.

I guess "An American Fan" looks three times at his five cents before he pays it down to see even his favorite home-grown star! E. HILTON.


How Can Such Things Be?

Lillian Gish—70%. A rotten actress, but a dandy mechanic.

Dorothy Gish—99%. Our best comedienne. She should be in Lillian's place.

Estelle Winwood—95%—Not quite as good as Dot Gish, but you didn't see her in "Her Sister from Paris?"

House Peters and Conway Tearle—65%. Only one of them, playing the others instead of young heroes.

Naziinova—100%. A great emotional actress.

William Collier, Jr.—98%. Can't be beat.

Dorothy Seastrom—99%. My own discovery.

Raymond Griffith—99%. Our best comedian.

Reginald Denny and Harold Lloyd—98%. One lap behind Griffith.

Theda Bara—98%. The greatest vamp of all.

Nita Naldi—97%. Theda's nearest rival.

GERALD C. HAM.

Why Pick on Pola?

Why all the fuss about the return of the old-time Pola, the flaming genius of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." People have already decided that she is no longer the old, orchid bob and all. I believe that, if the critics could see "Passion" and her other foreign pictures again, they would term them a bit too crude.

But you must remember that Pola appeared in some very bad pictures when she first came to this country, but fans, is it fair to condemn her because of the bad escapable casts? The critics are not very sportsmanlike to be forever setting up the standard of "Passion" to her. The beautiful Phyllis Diller, even when Pola has a fair chance, but she has surmounted all obstacles and is holding her own, more power to her! Since coming to America, she has acquired more polish. Her acting is more finessed, her turn, her gestures and general technique superb. Personally, I thought her portrayals in "Men," "The Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise," and "Dubarry." The Gishes, the Talmadges, Mary Pickford, Douglass Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, and scores of others have made pictures unspeakably bad, but somehow the critics don't remark on these, then, let us be fair. "She?" Pal! She's just had a streak of bad luck.

Here's to her continued success! As artist and woman, Negri is incomparable.

DONALD HOBEN.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.

To the Originator of "It."

As I write, I have before me a picture of the oft-maligned and vilified, Elinor Glyn. I should like to say a few words in praise of her. It is very true that as far as stories themselves are concerned, she has contributed little, or none; but she has surely contributed in other ways. In many pictures where a correct foreign atmosphere was needed, Elinor Glyn has supplied. She has brought charming personalities into prominence. Aileen Pringle and Jack Gilbert are two names that come to mind. She did for Gloria what finishing schools do for our young ladies. This charming woman has a way of picking screen personalities. Why? Because she has that same screen personality herself, and duplicates it. It is said that she is the originator of the term "It," as it is used in Hollywood to designate a certain sort of degree of screen ability.

I once saw, M. Glyn in the prologue of

Continued on page 117.
"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"

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The Slang of the Studios

A key to some of the mystifying words and phrases that are heard being used round about the movie sets.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

KILL—The babies beneath the coop, put a pair of ear muffs on the broads, and have the gaffer jazz up the juice. And while you're at it, send the grinds over to the big shed and tell 'em we will need about three more ash cans.

Can you get it? Sounds goofy, doesn't it? But it is the line of talk you hear on the sets at the studios.

Nobody but an old-timer knows what this lingo means, but if you will run over some of the expressions listed below, you will find that there is sense in such slang, after all.

ASH CAN—A powerful arc light used for illumination in motion-picture production. Otherwise known as 100-amp spotlight. General shape of ash can. Usually 3 feet in diameter.

ATMOSPHERE—Pertaining to players appearing in motion pictures, merely to carry out the background or setting for the leading players.

Extra, Super.

BABY—A small spotlight, used to give proper lighting to face of motion-picture player. A "baby" spot.


CALL—The daily requisition for players at a motion-picture studio. Players called are "on call," and their names are posted on the "call sheet."

COOP—A light used on motion-picture sets, usually hanging from ceiling. Contains a number of mercury tubes, and gives a purplish light. Comes from trade name, Cooper-Hewitt.

CUT—To stop shooting. Either to finish filming a particular scene, when director orders, "Cut," or to halt for the "noon cut," or "nite cut."

CUTTER—Professional worker who assembles and selects the best scenes in a picture, or "cuts" under the director's direction. Works in the cutting room.

DAY CHECK—A check given to an extra player each day, which assistant director signs, and which is re-deemed for negotiable check at end of day.

DRESSER—One who "dresses" a motion-picture set, i.e., places furniture and decorations artistically.

EARRUFF—A square piece of black cardboard, hung on the side of a side arc, or "broad," to keep beams of light from camera lens.

EXTRA—One who plays atmosphere parts. See ATMOSPHERE.

FAN—One who is an enthusiastic picturegoer, and is familiar with players and productions.

FAN MAIL—Letters written by fans to players.

FROST—A layer of glass placed in front of an arc light to diffuse the light.

GAFFER—Chief electrician on a motion-picture set.

GOBO—A black sheen, used to prevent beams of light from entering camera lens. Of varying sizes.

HEAVY—One who plays the villain's rôle in a picture.

JUCER—Electrician handling arc lights on a motion-picture set.

KILL 'EM—Put out the light.

LIFT—To eliminate a part of a picture in the cutting room, holding for possible future use.

LOCATION—Any spot used away from studio for filming exterior scenes.

LOT—In general, a motion-picture studio. The open part of a studio, on which exterior sets are erected.

NIGGER—A gobo.

PAN—To swing the camera from one side to another while cranking.

PROP—Anything used to supplement the action of the players. Anything about which there might be "business."

PUT ON THE GREASE—Extra has a job.

RUSHES—The daily projection of film exposed during production. Usually includes several "takes" of each scene.

SCOOP—A type of arc light secured to the top of a set, to give general top light for a set.

SET—Any part of a stage decorated to resemble a room, or any place where action in a picture can be filmed.

SILK—See FROST. Same made only of silk.

STAR—Any player who carries the predominating rôle in a picture.

STILL—Any picture not made with a motion-picture camera.

SUGAR—A period of time when a player is drawing salary, but production is delayed.

SUN—A large arc light giving an excellent appearance of sunlight. From trade name, "Sunarc."

SUPER—An extra.

TAKE—Film exposed on a scene in a picture. There are usually several "takes."

TILT—To move a motion-picture camera on horizontal axis during the taking of a scene.

TRIM—to insert and adjust fresh carbons in an arc light.

WAMPAS—An organization of publicity and advertising men. Full name "Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers."
aving won great acclaim in "The Scarlet Letter," Lillian Gish is on her mettle and seems determined to show how versatile she is in "Annie Laurie," which provides her with a more spirited rôle than usually befalls her. As a daughter of old Scotland, she is torn between warring clans, because her heart, you see, is with the enemy. But as the "enemy" is Norman Kerry you can imagine how long that lasts. The two are pictured above in one of the charming moments of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film.
"But she doesn't even know she's beautiful." I have stoutly maintained, 'and doesn't like to be told so. She even thinks herself plain—I've heard her say so.'

"Oh, so's your Aunt Minerva!" Thus I have been given the merry ha-ha. And it has ranked. Seriously, I am appalled by the unfairness with which Madge Bellamy has been judged. The successful player naturally comes in for unfavorable comment from a few. These persons always have a discardable anecdote or a morsel of gossip which they freely profess, if only to dampen enthusiasm for the star the majority are praising. It is done in most instances to establish superior knowledge—to submit the real low-down.

But in the case of Madge Bellamy unfairness has been carried further. No one, of course, has ever been able to cast the slightest reflection on her character. Years in Hollywood find her exactly as she came—a bit aloof, with few if any intimates, no affaires du cœur—decidedly an enigma.

In a sense, this has made her position more serious, for her critics have thus been able to concentrate upon her supposed dullness instead of her private life. When there is no private life worth talking about, and no public errors to chronicle, it is possible that the discerning individual who first "discovered" that Madge Bellamy stood dumb in the midst of Hollywood’s welter of brainingness may, after all, have unintentionally complimenting her on being unlike any one else there. But it has gone too far.

The legend has been carried to the point of cruelty. Instead of reviewing her pictures impersonally, some of the critics have taken occasion to give vent to sheer spite. One, in New York, went so far as to say that if he couldn’t see why William Fox, usually so astute, employed Madge Bellamy at all. Another, also a woman, declared in print that she "would like to slap Madge Bellamy on sight." Why? Not because either had met her, not because one or the other had heard she was conceited or upstage, but simply because they had come to the conclusion that a girl so lovely must have been passed by when Nature distributed brains.

I believe that women resent Madge Bellamy’s beauty—at least those women in a position to express their opinions in print. Masculine critics do not speculate on her lack of gray matter, but seem to be quite willing to give her credit for a good performance and overlook one of lesser merit.

In fact, all her lasting friendships have been with men conspicuously intelligent and much older than herself. William Gillette, with whom she played on the stage at sixteen in Barrie’s "Dear Brutus," was her constant companion and delighted in literary arguments with her. Mr. Gillette was old enough to be her grandfather at the time, so his talks with her were not sentimental ones. Frank Harris, author and literary critic, constantly sought her when she was even younger, while Daniel Frohman, president of the Actors’ Fund and dean of the theatrical world, was the first to discern dramatic talent in her as well as a degree of intelligence which stimulated his own. These veterans in life are too experienced to be taken in by a pretty face with a vacuum where the mind ought to be.

And, then, consider myself!

[Continued on page 114]
She Is Not "Just a Snip!"

Betty Bronson's sudden leap to fame as Peter Pan placed her in the limelight at such an early age that her studio associates expected her head to be turned. And because she has failed to be meek and humble, they have decided against her. Read this analysis, and decide for yourself.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

EARLY two years it is now since a boyishly agile figure with a pert little face and a cocksure air poised for a second on a window sill before leaping across Mrs. Darling's nursery into instant and world-wide fame.

This was little Betty Bronson, a girl still in her teens, who had been chosen by Sir James Barrie to bring to the screen his long-sought and eagerly awaited "Peter Pan."

It was this very pertness and cocksureness which captured the imagination of the penetrating author, who saw in a few reels of screen test the identical qualities which made his Peter a fireside favorite in homes throughout many lands.

Peter suffered no doubts about himself; he had no fears for his future, no disturbing qualms of self-distrust; he saw no bogies looming menacingly on his journeys to the "Never Never Land," Peter had absolute confidence, unshakable faith, and the unvarnished armor of self-esteem.

These qualities in Betty Bronson brought her from obscurity, and won her the celluloid plum desired and reached for by no less celebrities than Gloria Swanson, Bessie Love, Mary Pickford and Marion Davies. For Betty's youth and faith, unflawed by disillusionment and experience, had scored against the skill of prominent actresses just as Peter's dauntlessness conquered the machinations of the wily Captain Hook.

Betty's success as Peter Pan was not a screen fluke. To be sure, she had the able guidance of Herbert Brenon, but she's not a "one-role actress."

There have been flashes of histrionic power in every part she has attempted, no matter how greatly blurred by poor direction or by inadequateness of the story. Despite her inexperience, she has unshakable poise; there is expression and character in those minute hands; grace in her carriage, and intelligence in those puzzling, round eyes. No, there is no questioning Betty's talent, because as it may have been by poor judgment in the scenario department.

Yet, while no one denies her gifts, one invariably meets within the film industry—within those portions of it that have come in contact with her—an unmistakable hostility or marked indifference whenever her name is mentioned.

Mind you, I don't say it's fair—in my own opinion it's grossly unjust—for I've found Miss Bronson at all times courteous, responsive, and very much alive—but there is no denying the fact that despite her extreme youth—probably because of it—she has incurred the dislike and, in some instances, the positive enmity of many of her associates.

It astounded me when I first discovered it and, determined to get to the root of the matter, constant inquiry revealed, nine times out of ten, the inadequate explanation, "Betty Bronson's just a snip!"

The same response came from the studio on Long Island, the business offices in New York, and constant repetitions drifted from California from those who had been associated with her as fellow actors and actresses, and as workers of one sort or another on the set.

Further inquiry revealed the offenses which, it is alleged, Betty had committed in the face of film decorum. Here again it is necessary to caution that we are not in agreement with the indictment, as we shall presently divulge, but relate to you the plain, unvarnished statements as told to us.

1. Two years ago, Betty was just a child ready and eager to accept advice, happy and grateful to be given a chance. Now she expresses opinions of her own, and even goes so far as to try and use force to get her own way in the face of the dicta of her superiors.

2. She has forgotten that, but for Famous Players and their advertising campaign, she might still be an obscure, would-be actress, looking for a job. "Where, it is asked, "would she be but for Famous Players?"

3. She once complained that rooms engaged for her at a leading New York hotel weren't good enough for her.

4. She demanded of Jesse Lasky that she be given a raise in salary, in spite of the contract she had so willingly signed two years before.

5. She's rude to people in the studio, and all the stage hands dislike her.

To begin with, let us remember that most girls of Betty Bronson's age are still in the classroom being imbued with the principles of conduct to serve as chief weapons in their battle with life. [continued on page 94]
Hollywood's a Crazy Town

Thus muses one of its denizens after a stroll down the Boulevard, and he herewith sets down all that he saw and heard.

I HAVE just returned from a stroll up Hollywood Boulevard, and these are the things that impinged themselves on my optic and oracular nerves:

An acquaintance came up to me and tried to sell me an original copy of the Koran for five hundred dollars. Now if I had five hundred dollars to spend casually in Hollywood, I wouldn't spend it for religious advice.

Edmund Burns met me and told me, with amusement, of a very "arty" entertainment which he had attended in a private home. The show had been given by a young male interpretive dancer, ultratemperamental, and in tune with the cosmic vibrations. He had come out swathed in his moods and a G string and given interpretations of moonlight on the water, angels in heaven, and a nude descending the stairs. The guests had sat around on the floor, and the dancer had made them clap their hands and sway in time to his own gyrations.

Next, I saw a gambling house in a building which sports stained-glass windows and resembles a chapel. Inside, I saw a picturesque young daredevil win five thousand dollars at the good old Senegambian game of craps.

In my stroll I also saw a score of young men, hatless, coatless, and with their collars unbuttoned and their beautiful necks exposed like a débutante's at a college prom.

Although the sun was high in the heavens, I saw three young men dressed in full evening clothes—claw-hammer coats, high collars, and stiff shirts. They attracted no more attention than a bricklayer in overalls would in Peoria, Illinois, for they were wearing their working clothes just the same as the bricklayer.

I saw a score of men with full beards of assorted lengths and cuts. Some of them were young men and, by all normal standards, their faces should have been innocent of hirsute embroidery. These men grow alfalfa on their faces for the same reason that farmers grow it on their land—they sell it, and pay the grocer and the bootlegger with the proceeds. The Hollywood alfalfa growers, however, don't harvest theirs and bale it—they use it to get parts in pictures featuring locales where the daily shave is taken only twice a year. Once an actor grows a beard for a part, he never cuts it off until another part requires him to, because a director might come along the next day looking for hairy apes. The Thespian can always cut it off in a jiffy if, on the contrary, a prospective rôle requires him to be sanitary.

Specimens such as these are the usual thing along the Boulevard—all for the sake of art.

A scenario writer story:

"You see, the dog runs off with the hero's pants. He jumps out the window, slides down the drain pipe and falls into the arms of the girl. The girl's father is an old crab and doesn't want her to marry the hero anyhow. Boy, this story is a wow! The star is standing in a department store, and a lady comes up to him and asks him to hold her baby. He takes the baby, and then pretty soon a cop comes up. Funny? Lord, it's gonna be a wow! Wait a minute, I want to tell you the gag I've got for the finish—"

But I was already on my way, thoroughly convinced that Hollywood is the craziest town in the world. And, may I add, with as much reverence as I can muster, thank God!

I maintain that nowhere else in the world could any one encounter so much delightful goofiness in an hour's stroll along one boulevard. And that's what makes
Hollywood such an interesting place to live in.

The whole town's topsy-turvy. A genuine European nobleman is elated to get extra work at $7.50 a day; a former bus boy earns $5,000 a week.

A film-company executive leaves for New York to spend a week. All the minor executives, the players, the directors, the yes men and the would-be yes men, go to the station to bid him good-by. The head press agent and a corps of assistant press agents are there with six cameras, movie and still.

And when a star returns to Hollywood from New York—now there's something! The band plays, a police escort guides the shrilling parade through the streets, and the mayor welcomes the star back and tells her he hopes she will find all her police dogs and Rolls-Royces in the pink-and-lavender of condition. All of this spontaneous celebration has, of course, been arranged by the star's press agent, who is always amusing even though the star's films sometimes are not. The star is flattered, the public is impressed with her great popularity, and the man up a tree laughs, and remembers Robert Louis Stevenson's line about Hollywood being so full of a number of things that he is sure we should all be as happy as kings.

In no other place is practical joking—which really means impractical joking—carried to such a limit. Before Raymond Griffith bounded into big money, he was living in a furnished room. Several of his big-hearted friends bought an old billiard table and, in his absence, had it set up in the room, which it filled completely. On another occasion his friends bought a horse, which, unlike the motion-picture industry, was no longer in its infancy, and sent it to Ray as a Christmas present. When he went home he found the nag tied in the front yard with a Christmas card fastened to its mane.

Our own Sid Grauman, who grows hair for a vocation and operates Hollywood's most pretentious theater as a side line, is an inveterate practical joker. On one occasion he garbled himself as a plumber and went into a directors' meeting where Marcus Loew and his associates were deciding how to spend a few million dollars. Every time the big boys were about to come to a decision, Sid would hammer on the radiator so loud that they couldn't hear themselves talk. One of the directors walked over to Sid and told him to postpone his work. Sid told him to mind his own business, that the building superintendent had told him to fix the radiator and he was going to carry out his orders. The dignified director was just going into a fit of apoplexy when Mr. Loew himself came over and instructed the plumber to avant, exit, and beat it. More back talk from Sid. Mr. Loew then started to throw his own little private fit of apoplexy when he recognized under the plumber's cap a long wave of hair which could belong to no one but Monsieur Grauman, the Hollywood impresario.

Hollywood is also a great place for strange cults of all kinds. The retired Iowa farmers—there are more of them than picture people in the town—with plenty of money and nothing to do, "reach out" for something more spiritual than planting corn or digging potatoes. Krishnamurti, the young Hindu who was hailed by Mrs. Besant, the Theosophist leader, as the man whose body should harbor the reincarnated Christ and who recently drew several thousand people from all parts of the world to India to witness the event, formerly lived in Hollywood.

A little group of picture people recently invited me to join a cult based on Basil King's book, "The Conquest of Fear."

The film folk pour fortunes into the lap of Darios, a fortune teller who operates near unto the movie capital. I know one big star who will not conclude any business deal without getting the seer's advice. I know another star who tells him all his tangled love affairs and asks him what to do about them.

And then we have the eccentricity which comes with genius, the real Gordon as well as the synthetic. Messrs. Erich Von Stroheim, and Rod La Rocque both wear bracelets, and I can give you my word that neither of these gentlemen belongs to the Ladies Aid, nor attends knitting parties. I once heard a great popular favorite explain to an interviewer from the provinces why he wore one. "It's just a barbaric ornament," he said.

Herr von Sternberg wears black shirts—which I assume to be an eccentricity of genius rather than a prejudice against the Chinese. A costume designer tells me that she gets ideas only when listening to an orchestra. A lady author avers that she can write only when clad in a Japanese kimono. A scenario writer takes oath that his great inspiration comes when he eats peanuts. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, in our little village we are like Hamlet—not really insane, but "mad north-northeast, a quarter west."

We differ, however, from the latest presentations of the Melancholy Dane.

He wears plain clothes.

Occultism flourishes—some stars dare not move without consulting a seer.
One's first impression of Lillian Gish is the ladylike grace and precision of her movements, and her gentle decorum.

"Do They Criticize Me?"

So questions Lillian Gish, gently, when given an opportunity to explain her interpretation of Mimi in "La Bohème."

By Madeline Glass

Is Lillian Gish a great actress or merely a mechanical technician?

Is she unable to act for any one except D. W. Griffith?

Is she a genius too subtle for general appreciation?

These questions have for several years been hotly debated by fans and critics wherever motion pictures flourish. No actress on the screen provokes such widely differing opinions as Lillian Gish. Men like George Jean Nathan, Joseph Hergesheimer and John Barrymore have extolled her histrionic qualities, yet others tire of comparing Lillian's beauty with virginal lilies and the Madonna, the assumption being that her character matches her face. Still, even a superficial analysis proves the fallacy of judging persons solely by the perfection of their features. We all meet at times fine, benevolent individuals who, if judged by their appearance, would be hanged without a trial. But, at any rate, Lillian has long been my favorite actress and when the studio clerk announced that she was ready to receive me I put all critical thoughts from my mind, and went forward eagerly.

whose names are less imposing but whose judgment is, perhaps, more reliable, scoff at her alleged genius and her tacit acceptance of the name bestowed upon her by her admirers—"the Bernhardt of the screen."

A few years ago, Lillian was generally regarded as the finest actress in motion pictures. Her work in "Broken Blossoms" established her as a great tragedienne. Later she appeared to excellent advantage in "Way Down East." Her characterization in that picture was superb, containing as it did exquisite interludes of pathos and several instances of towering emotionalism. At that time D. W. Griffith's morbid predilection for depicting frail virtue at the mercy of brutal man kept Lillian continually playing persecuted heroines.

After leaving Griffith's guiding hand she made "The White Sister," which was well received by the public, but which won only lukewarm praise from the press. Then came "Romola," an expensive and highly pretentious picture, but a dismal failure financially and artistically. Such histrionic honors as it contained were captured by Lillian's sister, Dorothy. And after the release of "La Bohème," Miss Gish's standing as an artist seemed to suffer a great deal. Critics dealt with her so harshly that I determined to seek her out and, if nothing else, offer condolence.

I had read somewhere an article which quoted her as saying that she never allowed anything but finest silk to touch her skin. Which is all well and good. But, somehow, I vaguely resented it. It suggested ostentation. Then I remembered having seen her wear silk stockings while playing poor orphans and peasant girls. Could that delicate, angelic face possibly conceal a haughty nature? Writers never...
A few minutes’ walk through a labyrinth of hallways and miniature streets brought me to her dressing rooms. Before the maid could offer me a chair the silk curtains across the room opened and Lillian began to enter. I say began to enter advisedly.

First came the lowered head bearing a graceful burden of bright, high-piled hair and a tall coronet of stiff gold lace. Then the pale face, with its large gray eyes and delicate chin, appeared. Next came the snugly dressed upper torso and arms, and last the enormous brocaded skirt which, once through the narrow door, spread about in gorgeous profusion, seeming to half fill the tiny room. Quickly the lovely figure stood erect and advanced, extending a white, blue-veined hand.

One’s first impression of Lillian Gish is her very definite air of gentle, nineteenth-century decorum. There is ladylike grace and precision in all her movements. When the usual greetings were over I remarked about the striking medieval costume.

“This dress weighs fifteen pounds,” said she, in her nice, deliberate voice. “It is a seventeenth-century model. When I was in London recently I visited museums and studied dresses of that period. The material in them is much heavier than in this—they really stand alone.”

“No wonder the houses in those days were built as large as the Mammoth Cave,” I observed. “The women must have required a lot of room.”

“Yes,” said Lillian. “It wasn’t necessary for them to take up outdoor sports. They got enough exercise carrying their clothes about.”

She spoke with delicate enthusiasm about her new picture, which is based on the famous song, “Annie Laurie.” Before our conversation had progressed very far she was wanted on the set, so the maid and I helped her gather up her trailing garments to depart. At the corner of one of the buildings Lillian and I halted while the maid went in search of a car. Presently Mae Murray came along and stopped to exclaim over Lillian’s costume. Mae, you know, is a recent bride and while she and Miss Gish engaged in brief discussion of real estate, Robert Leonard, Mae’s ex-husband, also recently remarried, walked by smiling pleasantly, and bowed to the three of us.

In a few minutes Mae left us and a limousine rolled up for Lillian’s use. With the aid of every one present she got in, and made room for me. Dressed as she was, the heat must have been most unpleasant, yet she voiced no complaint. Every one on the set seemed cheerful. Courtesy and affability were constantly in evidence. Occasionally an actor or actress from one of the other stages dropped in for a brief call. Finally Ramon Novarro appeared, wearing an ill-fitting suit and a pleased expression. (He has discarded his mustache—thank Heaven!)

After two hours I was begin-

As Hester Prynne in “The Scarlet Letter,” Miss Gish carries the somewhat incongruous burden of a five-pound box of chocolates—the tribute of admirers off the set.

“Do They Criticize Me?”

Lillian had been too busy to talk except for momentary intervals, and although I was enjoying myself immensely I did not forget the object of my visit. Lillian had been gone from the set for some time, but presently returned garbed in a less extreme dress and wearing a fetching blue cap which, with the golden curls, made her look very lovely. She led me away from the disturbing set to a property room near by. There were no chairs, but Lillian approached an iron bedstead and sitting down upon the springs spread her abundant skirts as a sort of makeshift cushion for me.

After some preliminary small talk I mentioned, as tactfully as I knew how, the subject of criticism, both professional and “fanesque.” To my surprise, she did not seem particularly interested. So I tried again by bravely suggesting that her Mimi in “La Bohème” had not received as much praise as some of her other characterizations. She answered then—and I nearly fell off the bed.

“Has some one been criticizing me?” she inquired.

Under the circumstances her question was as astonishing as if she had looked at the Pacific Ocean and asked, “Is it wet?”

Growing suddenly uncomfortable I wondered what explanation I could make. Perhaps I should not have mentioned the subject. When ignorance is bliss—

“What have they been saying about me?” she insisted.

Hard pressed for an answer, I finally mentioned certain reputable critics who had found fault with her interpretation of Murger’s heroine.

“Yes, I remember reading those reviews,” said she. “A criticism,” she continued, “is merely one person’s opinion. For years I had wanted to play Mimi—not as Murger described her but as she is in Puccini’s opera. Our picture is based on the opera, not the story, and I feel that I portrayed Mimi very faithfully. Music lovers have praised the characterization highly. The heroine of Murger’s story was a promiscuous woman and I do not think a woman of that character could have inspired Rodolphe to write a great play. For that reason the Puccini version is the more logical of the two. We tried to depict an ideal romance, a great, spiritual love, and I think we succeeded. If I had wanted to play a naughty lady I would have chosen Camille.”

Her manifest lack of resentment toward her critics confirmed me. I wondered then and I have wondered ever since whether her attitude is due to superb mental and emotional control or to polite disdain of the opinions of others. She sat quietly toying with the folds of her dress, betraying no sign of annoyance or concern.

There was one other subject I felt I had to broach.

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Guilty of Comedy

When Harrison Ford was cornered and accused of having suddenly changed from just an ordinary leading man into a remarkably good comedian, he insisted that he was the innocent victim of circumstances, but finally admitted that he did rather like being funny, for a change.

By William H. McKegg

When a screen player of several years' standing suddenly makes a bid for new fame—particularly when a player who has hitherto played reserved, serious parts in pictures suddenly makes a bid for fame in comedy—it's time to sit up and take notice. On this occasion, the gentleman who has attracted attention is Harrison Ford.

Though he has always been popular to a certain extent as a straight dramatic or romantic actor, he has only just struck a rich vein in the comedy field, and is now enjoying a new wave of popularity from the movie public.

For several years, Ford has been considered a satisfactory leading man. In that capacity he once worked with Connie Talmadge. He has rendered similar services to Marion Davies and numerous others. One thing was certain about him: whatever he appeared in, you could always say of him—to paraphrase a well-known ad—"He satisfies." For he always did.

He seemed well known, but little was ever known of him. Before meeting the gentleman, I knew not one iota of per-

sonal news about him, except for the rumor that he was something of a recluse. "A rather serious, secretive chap," was what those who did know him used to say.

"They tell me," I accused him, as we walked across a section of the Metropolitan lot recently, after his career had taken its sudden and surprising change of course, "that you don't give a hoot for publicity. True or untrue?"

"Hardly either," my subject replied, not without reluctance in his drawling voice. "What I can't make out, though, is what you people see in any of us interesting enough to keep writing about."

And right there I had to inform our new comedian that his recent success in such pictures as "Up in Mabel's Room" and, better still, "The Nervous Wreck," had brought me to him for discussion. What had caused him, I asked, to turn from the straight romantic paths of filmdom and enter the broad vistas of farce? What, in particular, did he personally think of the success he had achieved in a new sphere?

Mr. Ford, however, seemed to think there was not much to discuss, and appeared somewhat puzzled that I thought there was.

"I really don't know if I've done anything out of the ordinary in these recent comedies," he said. "Reviewers have spoken well of my work in them. They seem to have got over to the public, anyway—that's all I know. I can't give any definition as to how I played, or why I took up, such an extreme rôle as was offered me, for instance, in 'The Nervous Wreck.'"

When discussing a question, Mr. Ford has a trick of looking far away, or down on the ground, or glancing behind him, as though he might find the explanation in any of these directions.

"You see"—he was silent while Claude Gillingwater passed by on his way to one of the sets—"a good situation, worked out well enough to carry you into the drift of the action is all you need with a good director. When you have these aids, you can't go wrong in putting over a scene. On my last picture, I had Scott Sidney as director, and he is one of the best for comedy."

Here my grilled victim paused with, I thought, a sigh of relief, feeling sure he had said all there was to say on the matter. But I stormed the gentleman with question after question, so that he was forced to answer.

"I do not know that I'd care to play constantly in farce comedy," he remarked, in reply to the wish I expressed that we might have more pictures from him similar to "Up in Mabel's Room" and "The Nervous Wreck.

"I like it, and I'll play it in as long as they let me. But," he added, his gaze wandering far away, "I have no particular preferences. I like both comedy and drama. I'm afraid I don't know enough about either to decide which I like best." Mr. Ford smiled as his gaze

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Manhattan Medley

Intimate glimpses of movie folk in New York—at their work and at their play.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

SEVERAL correspondents have written to inquire, "Where is the film colony in New York?"

The answer is, there isn't any. And that is one reason, producers tell you, why they like to ship their stars Eastward once in a while. In California the sun rises and sets on pictures. There are little cliques and sets from the film studios who play about together in their homes and on the beaches. But once in New York, the actors and actresses become scattered far and wide, and they find a multitude of new interests to occupy their time and their minds.

Even those who live here regularly dwell far apart. It's a rare occasion which brings a gathering of film people under one roof in New York, and even then there are many representatives from other walks of life—the theater, the literary and musical worlds combining to give a cosmopolitan atmosphere to soirees and afternoon teas.

Thomas Meighan keeps open house at Great Neck, Long Island, where Albert Parker, Gloria Swanson's prospective director in her next picture, also has his home. Gloria's country estate is at Croton, New York, where she leaves her children, and whither she dashes for week-ends.

Adolph Zukor's summer place is at New York, a favorite pastime of his week-enders to see if they can walk through all the rooms of his home before luncheon and be on time for the midday meal. Carol Dempster recently bought herself a farm in upper New York State and finds the rural life in her woody retreat much to her liking. Lower Park Avenue boasts the home of little Lois Moran, whose front windows face those of Geraldine Farrar, who lives just across the street. Ben Lyon has an apartment in the Fifties, and his mother, with the aid of a stalwart Nubian, keeps house for him. Aina

Estelle Taylor, in spite of her own fame, is quite content to play second fiddle to her champion husband, Jack Dempsey.

Rubens and Mabel Normand, when in the city, choose Central Park West, because of its cheery outlook, and always stick to the good old-fashioned habit of keeping house, even though only for a few months.

Norma and Constance Talmadge invariably select a bright Manhattan hostelry for their abode. Anna Q. Nilsson's choice is a dignified hotel near Fifth Avenue, while Corinne Griffith goes a bit further uptown for her New York setting.

Of course a large contingent always remain faithful to the Algonquin, which has dispensed hospitality to the movie folk for many years and which comes nearer to being a motion-picture rendezvous than any one spot in town.
Philbin didn't care whether Friday the 13th was unlucky or not, she couldn't put off that first glimpse of the little island any longer. When "Love Me and the World Is Mine" was finished, she packed her little bag and came.

Georgia Hale, William Powell, and Warner Baxter spent many days on Long Island, having come East for the express purpose of making "The Great Gatsby," and Norma Talmadge paid a belated visit to the town toward the end of the summer.

Lya de Putti, despite the wild rumors about her that had preceded her arrival from Europe, lived quietly all summer at a conservative hotel, alternating between the Famous Players studio on Long Island, where she made "The Sorrows of Satan," and the Cosmopolitan studio uptown, where she made "The Prince of Tempters" under that interesting director, Lothar Mendes. Lya made such a hit in "Variety" that she has been much in demand. Even those who fail to admire her exotic type of beauty are won over by her charm.

Buster Collier flitted about from beach to beach, and Constance Talmadge and her husband paid brief visits on their way to and from England.

Another Offspring Makes Good.

The second generation is making good in films in the person of Leila Hyams, offspring of the well-known vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre. Leila is a self-contained young miss and, to see her on the Fox lot, you'd never dream that "Summer Bachelors," in which she has her first screen part, marks her film début.

She got her innings just by chance. She had been appearing in vaudeville with her parents when the urge to go on the screen overcame her. She registered with an agency. Allan Dwan was casting for "Summer Bachelors," and the agency sent him her picture. She was given a test and got the job, sharing honors with Madge Bellamy in the first picture to come out of the Fox Eastern unit in many a long day.

A Blow to Mabel's Pride.

Mabel and Hugo Ballin, two of the most popular members of the California film set, were warmly welcomed by the Eastern contingent when they arrived.

Gloria Swanson has turned into a full-fledged business woman.
from Hollywood. Mabel decided to revel about the shops, while Hugo started to work on the sets for Gloria Swanson’s first independent production.

Mabel confided to me over the teacups that, as never before, she had been conducted through the Valley of Humiliation, by no less a personage than a storage man. One never knows where a snub is coming from.

The occasion had been the shipping of Mabel’s furniture to her new home. An itemized list of her belongings, with comments from the home office, had been supplied by way of inventory, and had accompanied the furniture on the cross-country journey. Mabel has always taken considerable pride in the artistic furnishing of her home, and awaited her belongings with anticipation. But one glance at the accompanying inventory was enough to knock her self-esteem to the four winds. She realized that the examiners firmly believed that there wasn’t a whole stick of furniture in the melée, and weren’t going to be held responsible for any damage—if discernible—received en route.

“Dining-room table—worm eaten,” the list began. “Mahogany couch—faded and scratched. Bric-à-brac—in bad condition.” And so on down the list.

Mabel’s only consolation lies in the fact that several Madison Avenue interior decorators prize her antiques as highly as she does and are willing to buy them at a high price, despite the rating given them by the warehouse.

A Joke on Hugo.

Hugo Ballin loves a joke on himself just as much as his pretty and vivacious wife likes one on herself. It was just before they left California that his own amour propre was considerably wounded.

Mabel lost her rings at Montmartre, and it was not until she reached a beach club that she discovered that they were missing. She had left them in the washroom. Telephoning immediately to Montmartre, she learned that two young ladies had reported their discovery and were to be found at a near-by hotel.

Hugo went in search of the finders with a liberal reward in his pocket. The girls refused it, but asked, “Could you use any influence to get us into a motion-picture studio? We are visitors here and that’s our ambition.”

“Oh, of course,” replied Mr. Ballin. “I’d be delighted.” And feeling flattered that he had been recognized, he asked—expecting a further bit of flattery—“But how did you know I could help you?”

A joke on Hugo.

Despite the wild rumors that preceded her arrival from Europe, Lya de Putti has lived very quietly and inconspicuously ever since.

Menjou’s Ingénue.

The best-laid plans of mice, men, and motion-picture directors gang after, Mal St. Clair planned a trip abroad with the object of filming “The Ace of Cads,” with Adolphe Menjou, but in view of several bickerings, he retired instead to the country, while a new script was written and Luther Reed directed “The Ace of Cads” at the Long Island studio.

By way of expatiating on the trials and tribulations of a film director, Reed had his difficulties when he threw aside his lead pencil in favor of the megaphone. His troubles began during his first week on the “Ace of Cads” set, but as he is an old newspaper man—not so old at that—the uncertainties of each day’s work failed to turn his hair white, and he calmly proceeded with his job of making Alice Joyce look like a twenty-year-old matron leaving the morrow’s problems for the morrow’s disentanglement.

The chief cause of his apprehensions was Dorothy Mackaill, hot on the heels of “Subway Sadie,” again plays a girl of the people in “The Charleston Kid.”

“Oh, we didn’t,” was the reply; “we’ve asked every one we’ve met since we got here.”

Ballin kept the promise despite the blow to his vanity, and tells the joke on himself.
Manhattan Medley

“Follies” and late of “The Palm Beach Girl” in Palm Beach. Susan, an eighteen-year-old miss with blue eyes and black bobbed hair, was given a test, and so great was the desperation of the casting department and so able her try-out that she was given the job. Menjou declares she is perfect for the part.

“Names!”

Johnnie Hines found himself in the same predicament in regard to a leading lady. He was all dressed up for his new rôle in “The Knickerbocker Kid” but had no girl to play opposite him. He combed the big city for a little girl to take a celluloid buggy ride. But the box-office crier shrieked. “Names!” at the top of his lungs, and the result was that Mary Brian was pressed into service and will carry the ingénue honors in Hines’ new picture.

You fans who scan these lines, it’s your supposed prejudice against the newcomer that is responsible for the shrieking of the box-office siren for “Names!” Is it true that you are prejudiced, or wouldn’t you like to see a new face once in a while? Perhaps old loyalties bind you to old favorites—and that, of course, is to be commended—but e’en so, I’m sure there’s room in your hearts for others and that you’d like to give the new fellow a chance once in a while, now wouldn’t you?

Pros and Cons.

To foster our own particular brand of entertainment, we advocate “bigger and better pictures” for Pola Negri, Colleen Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jack Pickford, Betty Bronson, and Mary Philbin, just to name a few of our own particular favorites, but for all we care, operations can be suspended for the nonce ad lib. on the brand of diversion supplied by Lon Chaney, Miss Dupont, and Alyce Mills.

A Human Link.

Not all the romance of the screen centers on the stars. For example, there’s Jean Cohen, for ten years plenipotentiary for Jesse Lasky. Now she has a new job. As a reward for faithful and competent service, she has been presented by the boss with a commutation ticket to Los Angeles, to which town she flutters back and forth as a dove of peace, keeping up an entente cordiale between the East and West Coast studios. It gives her wider scope for the ability and tact which made her a real figure in the home office.

Jack’s Wife.

Paul Armstrong, the widely known Broadway playwright, used to say, “Every man at heart would rather be a heavyweight champion than anything else in the world. Imagine walking down the street secure in the knowledge you could lick any man alive!”

Well, it takes a champion to steal honors from a moving-picture star.

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El Brendel Is His Name

Lured from vaudeville by Famous Players, the comedian made such a hit in "You Never Know Women" that he will continue to contribute his particular brand of amusement to films for five years to come.

EL BRENDDEL is a Swede, but that fact need not arouse the ire of those readers of Picture-Play who are up in arms against what they call the foreign invasion. For he has been in this country for years, playing in vaudeville and musical comedy as part of the team of Brendel and Burt, so is hardly an importation come to compete with Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, and all the rest of our native comics.

Already El Brendel has made a distinct impression on the screen, which with only one picture, is proof enough of his unique individuality among the purveyors of laughter.

This individuality is not so much a matter of his acting as it is the actor himself. Through his chalk-white face there shines a human quality. It makes you realize that, in learning the tricks of his calling, he has learned also a great deal about his fellow men, and it has made him tolerant and wise and sympathetic.

In the photograph, he is seen leaving his Hollywood bungalow with Bozo, a trained Chinese goose, valued at $2,000, which appeared with him in "You Never Know Women." But if you saw the picture, it is unnecessary to say that Bozo is trained.

El Brendel will next be seen in "The Campus Flirt."
Do Two Careers Endanger Matrimony?

Is a happy marriage possible between two screen players who both go on with their careers? Usually not, but Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, being one of Hollywood's happiest professional couples, tell how for two years they have managed to live in harmony together.

By Margaret Reid

SUCCESSFUL marriage, anywhere, is something of which the participants may be pardonably proud. But in Hollywood, where life is played on the brittle surface of emotions, it is an achievement. And as for enduring matrimony between an actor and an actress—that is little short of a triumph!

Even the most persistent Pollyanna will admit that there are few enough cases of the latter. Many an actress has tried going on with her career after marrying an actor, but with dubious results. Some have withdrawn from the brink of disaster just in time, by sacrificing the career on the nuptial altar. Others have preferred to sacrifice marriage to their work.

But there really are some who have managed to combine marriage and careers without detriment to either. There are Mary and Doug—they go without saying, since they have ceased to be an example and have become an established, lilac-scented legend. There are Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, who continue to be happily married even though Dorothy's work takes her to Europe half the time, while her husband's activity on the stage keeps him in New York. There are Bert Lytell and the lyrical Claire, James Kirkwood and Lila Lee, Tom Gallery and Zasu Pitts, Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan, and so on.

Not many, but enough to prove that the thing is entirely within the range of possibility. And perhaps one of the sanest, most solidly founded marriages of all between actors and actresses is that of Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost. They are one of our most delightful young couples—level-headed, humorous, tolerant, and undeniably happy. Both of them are working practically all the time, sometimes in the same picture, sometimes at widely divergent studios. It is over two years since they were married and, for two years before that, they were engaged, and went about together to the exclusion of all other companions. So it is really four years that they have been exposed to all the rigors that beset professional marriages. And still they continue to be our shining example of what two young people in love can do to the obstacles in the path of actress-wedded-to-actor.

"I suppose," Marie told me, wrinkling her impudent little nose reflectively, "that there are more difficulties for a man and wife who are both on the screen than for couples in other walks of life. Even more than in those cases where either the husband or wife is non-profes-
sional. But when I try to explain them, I can only think of how absurd it is, when we are so happy! It’s so wonderful just to be in love with each other, that any little trivial difficulty is small in comparison.

"Of course I can’t imagine being married to an actor who did not have Kenneth’s sympathy and understanding. He is so sweet and considerate. He isn’t like some men—requesting all the attention and service for himself. When I come home late from the studio, all tired and cranky, he doesn’t bother me with conversation at dinner. If we had made plans for the evening, he insists that they be postponed. If I want to read, he rushes out to some bookshop in Hollywood and gets me a stack of new books. And then he goes into another room and leaves me by myself. You see—he looks after my comfort and then lets me alone.

"Only an actor would know that that is just what I need. Of course, he was born with a thoughtful disposition, but I think that being in the profession himself makes him doubly solicitous. Another man might not understand just the state of raw, nervous tension you get into after a day when everything has gone wrong—when the lights have been hotter than ever before, the director more irritable, the hours longer, the work more nerve-racking. Kenneth, knowing just what all that means, knows also what your resulting mood is, and what you need to keep you from screaming. No non-professional, no matter how much he loved you and wanted to help, could be as completely understanding as an actor—one of your own kin, as it were.

"When Kenneth comes home feeling tired and irritable—which isn’t often, since he is so level-headed—I try to have some favorite dish of his for dinner. If I haven’t the makings of it, I send down into Beverly Hills for it. Ken is not like me—he likes to talk when he’s worn out and tired. About little, trivial things that don’t matter, just to rest his mind. So I tell him silly, unimportant happenings, and we maybe go out and play with the dogs a bit—he’s just like a kid with them. We have eight, with more on the way. Then I just let him alone and he wanders around the house, stopping by my chair whenever he wants to talk.

"Actors are more readily irritated than other people. I think that is unavoidable, since they work with their emotions, rather than with their heads or hands. But at the same time, they are more sensitive to the unspoken moods of those about them, and can act accordingly. When I am tired and nervous, even if I don’t say so, Kenneth wouldn’t think of suggesting a café or theater. Any more than I would suggest a game of bridge to him after he has been having a fidgety day on the set."

"What happens when you both come home after a jinx day at the studio?" I asked.

"Nothing very terrible," Marie laughed. "We don’t talk much, but if an argument does begin, we both shut up like clams and start to read, or we bring the dogs in to make us laugh. We never argue when we feel like that—it wouldn’t do—we might say things we’d regret miserably. So we always avoid it. We usually play safe by confining our conversation to what happened at the studio."

"Then you don’t believe that ‘shop talk’ should be excluded from the home?" I put in.

"Not moving-picture ‘shop talk.’ It’s different," she said decisively. "It is our business, of course, but being such a unique and fascinating business, it is part of

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Over the
Fanny the Fan reviews the gossips about the problems
By The

her delicate pastel complexion when she goes in swimming every day.”

“But Lillian gets up at the crack of dawn,” I reminded her, “and does her swimming before the sun gets hot. Besides, Lillian isn’t the promenading type. She goes at her swimming in the businesslike and efficient way she does everything else. About the time that other people are sleepily thinking of getting up, Lillian has had a strenuous swim and started for the studio.”

Fanny stared at me wide-eyed.

“If Lillian took up sword swallowing,” she said, “you would think that was the one perfect way to health and beauty and artistic development, just because Lillian did it. But we can’t all be single-purposed like Lillian.”

“But wouldn’t it be nice if we were?” I mused. Associating with Fanny has made me something of a star worshiper, too. The only difference is that I remain constant, while she has a new idol every week.

“I don’t know what would happen to Hollywood’s social life if a new fortune teller didn’t turn up every few weeks,” Fanny observed, as seriously as though anything that did happen to Hollywood’s social life wouldn’t be an improvement.

“The new favorite is Minnie Flynn. Simply every one has her in to tell their guests’ fortunes. Mrs. Flynn used to be on the stage, and about twelve years ago she went into pictures. But now she is so busy telling fortunes that I don’t see how she will ever have time to do anything else, though she does say that she is going to stop long enough to play in John Ford’s new picture, ‘Mother Machree.’”

“Who’s going to play Mother Machree?” I asked, ignoring the fact that the mere making and showing of pictures never seems as important to Fanny as Louise Fazenda, as some one’s maiden aunt in “Ladies at Play,” continues on her comic way.

Photo by Koshiba

Being a Polish girl, Gilda Gray was picked for the lead in Paramount’s “Glorifying the American Girl.”

THERE’S a fortune awaiting some one in Hollywood.

Fanny announced, as casually as though mere money wouldn’t interest her.

“Who died?” I asked, as I made a mental note of the bewildering way that Anita Stewart’s scarf swirled around her neck and down the side of her dress.

“No one died. There’s a fortune to be made by some one who can invent grease paint that will go on over sunburn. Frolicking on the beach has left a lot of the girls in no state to play anything but natives of the South Sea Islands. And now, with winter coming on—though, of course, real winter doesn’t come to California—the girls don’t look any too good with their bronze complexions.

“The blondes seem to have been hardest hit by the sun. Laura La Plante is just a shade lighter than mahogany, and Blanche Sweet is a deep tan. What I can’t understand is how Lillian Gish retains
what the players are doing when they are not working.

"Belle Bennett, of course—the inevitable sympathetic lead since 'Stella Dallas.' But about the fortune telling," she went on, returning to her first interest. "Anita Stewart discovered Minnie Flynn, I think. Then Anna Q. Nilsson went to her. Just before Anna left for Sweden, she gave a party and Mrs. Flynn told every one's fortune, and they all got so excited over what was coming to them that they sat up until all hours of the night talking about their futures and it is a miracle that Anna Q. woke up in time the next morning to catch her train.

"Monday night I took Mrs. Flynn out to Helen Ferguson's house. She wasn't up to her usual form because she had been to Theda Bara's the night before and told fortunes until three or four in the morning. But she did tell Billie Dove and Laura La Plante enough to get them all excited. I should think it would be easy to tell their fortunes. Just one glance at the moonstruck way that Laura gazes at her engagement ring and you can see she is soon to be married and thinks of nothing else. And the most casual observer of what is going on in pictures knows that Billie Dove is due for a tremendously successful year.

"They say she was marvelous in 'The Marriage Clause.' Have you seen it? By the time she had finished working in that, word of her triumph had been passed all around Hollywood and she had offers for five other pictures waiting for her. I am awfully glad. The disappointment of working in a big picture like 'The Black Pirate' and then having her part cut so that all she did was stand around and look beautiful deserved some recompense.

"It's always great fun to go to Helen Ferguson's. She maintains that she is the worst hostess in Hollywood, but she is all wrong. She thinks that just because ice cream melts and cakes fail to be delivered, she isn't a perfect hostess. 'I've been reading the Book of Etiquette,' Helen.

"But every leading woman in pictures had been tested, Jacqueline Logan was chosen for the role of Mary Magdalene in Cecil De Mille's 'The King of Kings.'

proclaimed to us the other night, 'and it says that the perfect hostess overlooks all mistakes and so do the perfect guests. Evidently, none of my guests have ever read it.' The remark seemed to have been inspired by Laura La Plante who, after delving into her ice cream, had declared, 'I like the soup, Helen.' Anyway, Laura took it to heart and blushed. It is a valuable accomplishment for a girl who has been in the studios as long as Laura still to be able to blush like a schoolgirl.

"Kathleen Clifford rushed out to join the party after seeing 'The Green Hat.' Her account of that play was so hilarious that I don't want to see it. In fact, I think that I'd rather hear Kathleen's account of any show than to go to it.

"Apparently, every one else in town did go, and Katherine Bennett, who was making her stage debut in the role of Venice, got an ovation. You know Katherine, don't you? She's Enid's sister, and played opposite Fred Thomson in a picture a while ago."
"It takes Von Stroheim to change our ideas of people. He can make Zasu a beauty and Mae Murray a real actress. I wonder what he will do with Gilda Gray. I hear that he is going to make 'Glorifying the American Girl' with her in the lead. There's something strange about that. They would pick a Polish girl to glorify the typical American. It's all right with me, though. I'm so fond of Gilda and like her work on the screen so well that I would cheer no matter what they cast her in.

"I don't always like my friends' work on the screen, however. Look at Patsy Ruth Miller, for instance. I'm awfully fond of Pat, but I haven't liked her a bit in some of her films. Maybe it has been the fault of her stories or directors or something. Anyway, I was so relieved when I saw her in 'So This Is Paris' that I could have shouted for joy. At last I could look right in the eye and say I thought she was a grand actress.

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"George Jessel has taken the place in Hollywood of Will Rogers. He's the inevitable speaker of the evening. And now we're going to lose him. But he is coming back in the spring to make 'The Jazz Singer,' so we'll just have to get along with Lew Cody and Wallace Beery pinch-hitting as masters of ceremonies until his return.

"Will Rogers is making a picture over in England—that's one thing to the credit of the British picture-makers. The commercial war between English and American picture-makers is getting so acute that all the big American companies have decided something must be done about it at once. Famous Players are going to start making pictures there again—they've been making so much money showing films there that they really ought to spend some of it in the country—and Fox is planning to open a studio somewhere near London.

"That reminds me—at this very minute we ought to be down seeing Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman going to lose "Over the Teacups" to "The Jazz Singer," so we'll just have to get along with Lew Cody and Wallace Beery pinch-hitting as masters of ceremonies until his return.

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and Lila Lee off. They're on their way to England. Eddie and Lila are going to play in 'One Increasing Purpose' and Liliyan is in the meantime going to dash merrily about Europe buying clothes. Liliyan and Eddie planned a trip abroad a year ago for their honeymoon but it has been postponed all this time because they were both so busy making pictures. When Eddie was assigned this picture, Liliyan was so determined to go with him that she went and talked the officials of Metropolitan into releasing her from her contract with them.

"It does seem a pity for Liliyan to go rushing off before she has really had a chance to enjoy living in her new home in Beverly Hills. That house is a real masterpiece. Liliyan has exquisite taste and she has spent a great deal of time and trouble — to say nothing of money — getting just the right hangings and furnishings for the house.

"May Allison is going to be in 'One Increasing Purpose,' too, but she gets cheated out of the trip abroad because all the scenes she is in are to be made in the Fox studio here in Hollywood when the company returns. While waiting, she is going to make another picture for Fox. It was thought, at first, that Virginia Valli would go to England for 'One Increasing Purpose,' but then it was decided to give the role to Lila Lee.

"There's a regular reunion of old friends on the Fox lot now, with May Allison and Bessie Love and Anita Stewart and Virginia Valli all making pictures there. There's a rumor that Lois Moran may be there soon if she can be borrowed from Famous Players. Midnight, the German director, would like to have either her or Janet Gaynor in his picture. But then, all the directors want Janet. She's about the busiest girl in Hollywood and, when you see her performance in 'The Return of Peter Grimm,' you'll understand why directors are so enthusiastic about her.

"There are certain directors whom players always yearn to work for. One of them is Victor Schertzinger. There is a sympathetic quality in him that draws the finest emotional response out of his players. Since Janet has been working in 'Peter Grimm' under his direction, she has added to her nightly prayers, 'And please let me make another picture with Mr. Schertzinger.' And speaking of Janet — I might just as well warn you now that Fanny is al-
Rudy at the Rubicon

We are privileged to publish this tribute to Rudolph Valentino, written by one of his most enthusiastic admirers from an interview just before his illness, and printed exactly as it was written before there was any fear of his death.

By Virginia Tracy

He comes in quietly yet rather quickly, with the grave and charming attentiveness of a good child who wishes to do exactly right in an involved and surely somewhat irrational world.

Breeding and instinct having evidently fused in the belief that it is necessary, before all things, to take care of people’s feelings, Rudolph Valentino gives himself up entirely to the business in hand—to persons whom he never saw before and will never see again but who, by agreement with his management, are to come for fifteen minutes apiece, the whole long day through—a day with the thermometer at ninety-six—and ask him questions.

So might the young heir to an old throne resign himself docilely, trusting, cordially, to the counselors of his state, realizing that wisdom was born before him, yet all the while aware that the world is full of a number of things—swimming pools, orchards, airplanes—which it does seem a strange waste of time to leave so largely out of the account.

But you get this impression through the rich vitality and liveliness of Valentino’s immediately manifest temperament, never through his having been touched in the slightest degree by the bored inertia of mechanical politeness.

On the contrary, his entrance into the jaded and stewing air of even that great tenth-floor room, dotted with knots of fidgeting people, was a little as if some one had turned on an electric fan—if you can imagine a quiet electric fan. He was the only person present who was cool, who was in no way fuss ed or wilting. There is in him such a live depth of composure that it makes, somehow, its own temperature.

Only, with a kind of thoughtful readiness, his eyes go seeking among all those as yet featureless, blank faces for the next face.

He is towed up to the group where you yourself are huddled with an efficient lady whose story must have exclusive photographs and with a tired-looking young girl who has been sent after a daily fact story. He is introduced to all three of us, and shakes hands. Then even that thoughtful readiness disappears in kindling change.

For, instantly, at any direct, individual contact, his glance brims up with light. And this light is so eager, so social, so full of gay warmth that you are helplessly convinced by it; it immediately makes common cause with both of you in finding what interest, what fifteen minutes’ worth of a story you experience you two together can strike out of all time.

It is the turn of the efficient lady, who moves off with him into the immense cavern of the rear room whence he has just come. Behind him the reception room goes dead again.

You subside into your old place, wondering how you are to suggest on paper that something in his flexible and largely idiomatic English which is barely a coloring, a cadence, and which mustn’t be falsified into the accent that he hasn’t got.

Then you admit that he is no longer entirely a boy. He has achieved that state of development which is so much rarer than boyishness: he is a young man.

Without a trace of staleness or tameness he has come into the full, diligent, intent flush, the experienced power and scope, of young maturity, and that ingenious immaturity which made ”The Sheik” so admirably, touchingly, heartrendingly funny is no more.

You realize, with a pang of terror and hope, the ring of a good old resounding phrase—the hour is struck.

What has been his future is, now and here, his present; here flows the Rubicon, and it is for this year rather even than next to decide all that he shall become.

Being a person whose consideration of his future is on the grand scale, you put up a prayer.

Over the telephone at your elbow you hear a conversation between his secretary and a clergyman who has called up about arranging a wrestling match between himself and Mr. Valentino. Not a spiritual but a muscular wrestling match!

An automobile manufacturer calls up to know if Mr. Valentino will accept an automobile and appears to turn rather sulky and argumentative upon hearing that he has three; a stream of people call up with invitations, requests for appointments, for donations; a man comes in with a bronze bas-relief of Valentino which creates a stir of interest; two young men come in with a sketch of him which they can get into a newspaper if he will autograph it; a photographer calls up to say that he owns a set of sports costumes, and will Mr. Valentino come and have his picture taken in a series of athletic poses? You wonder if the comedy of royal antechambers is something like this.

Your host reappears and shepherds back with him the daily-fact young lady and yourself, for you want merely an impression story, which can be woven from her facts.

He crushes your sacrificial impulse to take the uncomfortable chair of the three, saying as firmly as a father, “You will sit here.”

From the other comfortable chair the daily-fact young lady leads off with a question about a newspaper article which has given him great offense.

“And when you read it, you were annoyed?”

“I was boiling.”

There is no exclamation point, for it is not said with effervescence—it is more as if copper glazed.

“That article showed the kind of bad feeling for me which no one must be allowed to get away with,” he went on. “Perhaps if I were an American I would have a sense of humor. I would say to myself, ‘This is only a foolish meanness some one has tried to do me.’ I would laugh it off and it would be nothing. But what use is there in pretending that I feel like an American? I am not an American, I am a Latin.’’’

The young lady puts down, “Latin.” “And about your diet, Mr. Valentino?”

He replies, with a touch of indignation, “I have never been on a diet in my life! I fully enjoy eating. And I like to eat a great deal.”

“And what is your system of exercise?”

“Oh, I don’t like systems. The people who go in for systems are people who don’t like exercise, and I like it so much I want to keep it for pleasure. So many hours every day at the gymnasium—that would be routine; and I hate routine. There is routine enough, the Lord knows, in getting through a lot of work; I want to get

Continued on page 96
LLOYD HUGHES continues to be a living proof of the popularity among fans of the wholesome, home-loving type of actor. His latest leading-man job has been with Doris Kenyon in "Ladies at Play."
THAT natural, thoroughly human smile of Monte Blue’s is one big reason why he has endeared himself to so many moviegoers. He joins the army in “Across the Pacific” and helps fight the Filipinos.
YOU'D never know these comedy girls off the screen. The stunning Madeline Hurlock, who leads such a rough life in Mack Sennett comedies, is a very cultured lady in reality—a great lover of books.
REJOICE, ye fans! Pola Negri may soon produce another “Passion,” for Lubitsch, who directed her in that, has joined Paramount, and may guide Pola once more. Meanwhile, there's her “Hotel Imperial.”
WHAT could be truer than the title of Marguerite de la Motte's latest film, "Pals in Paradise?" For she and John Bowers, who were recently married—and simply adore each other—are the pals in question.
FILMS, like history, repeat themselves. Mary Philbin, in "Love Me and the World Is Mine," is again a sad-eyed maid of prewar Vienna, whose military hero is Norman Kerry. Shades of "Merry-Go-Round!"
GEORGIA HALE'S "haunting eyes," says Malcolm Oettinger, in the story on the opposite page, tell you before she has spoken that her life has been full—and none too easy.
Marching with Georgia

Georgia Hale, a girl who has really had to struggle to win her place on the screen, has known too much of hardship and disappointment to have developed either temperament or a pose.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

It was by way of relief to meet some one without temperament.

There had been the artificial De Putti, coached and groomed to awe the press; Renee Adoree, madcap and irresponsible, ready enough to permit engagements to be made, indifferent about keeping them; and then, to be sure, one could not forget Louise Brooks, the "Follies" sprite earnestly battling to subdue a Kansas complex by wearing a rococo façade of Manhattan ennui.

These were unquestionably entertaining artistes of the cinema, playing their little game of make-believe. They worked conscientiously at projecting their artifices and wiles, if any; one found them anything but humdrum. One wondered, however, what these lovely ladies were like at home, among their roses and kettles, amid their books and embroidery. One had no way of knowing.

Georgia Hale made no pretense at being unusual, and in this day and age, that is almost enough to mark her as unique. Georgia made no attempt at putting on what Miss Texas Guinan calls "dog." Georgia, then, had no flunky search me for weapons as I entered her presence, no Rolls-Royce to carry us to gilded palaces of pleasure, no fornette, no jeweled cigarette holder, no high hat. Georgia Hale is real.

She is young but not coy, beautiful but not May McAvoy. They have called her the girl with the hungry eyes. It is a rather eloquent description. Her eyes fairly dominate her face. In her eyes you read that she has lived a full life thus far, that she has had her share of disappointment and pain and worry. Then she tells you things that bear this out.

Georgia is a cynical Cinderella who has tried on too many slippers that haven't fitted. She is a young girl with haunting eyes, eyes that have seen more than life usually prescribes at twenty. Her face is memorable less for beauty than for character; her eyes are clear and her gaze unswerving, her jaw masculine in its strength.

Success, you guess, will never turn her head: limousines and private secretaries may be well enough, but Georgia will always remember the tawdrier side of life she learned to know at seventeen.

Her pretense to adventure was auspicious enough, as auspices go in these United States. That is to say, Georgia entered one of those bathing-beauty tournes. The judges, artistic fellows, were sufficiently impressed by the contours of her bathing suit to christen her "Miss Chicago" and send her to Atlantic City to uphold the municipal honor.

Without even feebly endeavoring to create dramatic suspense, let it be said at once that Georgia was not crowned "Queen of the Waves" or "Empress of the Boardwalk." But she was within striking distance of New York, which was unexplored ground, and she did have a purse of prize money that had been awarded her coincidentally with the "Miss Chicago" title. So to New York she went.

"I was crazy about Broadway and the lights and the crowds," she admitted. "There was a thrill in being in New York. I'd never been here before. Then, before I knew it, my money began dwindling. Have you ever noticed, when you aren't earning anything, that money goes much faster than it normally would? I began looking for work. I had done a little singing in Chicago, so I tried the revues. But it was late in the summer—the revues were all under way—the chorus was out of the question. Fewer picture companies were working than I had expected. After winning the contest in Chicago I had rather thought it would be easy to break into the movies. But New York displayed an amazing lack of interest in my presence."

While she continued to look for work, her funds continued to disappear. And she was too proud to write home for aid. Her family had not altogether approved of the bathing-beauty affair, and they had distinctly warned her about New York. They had told her how arduous it would be to make a living in the wilds of Manhattan. So now she refused to let the family know of her struggle.

"I had a funny reminder the other day of those first days in New York," said Georgia with a smile. "when I went to report at Paramount's Long Island studio to do a part in 'The Great Gatsby.' Some one took me over to meet the director, Mr. Brenon. As we shook hands, he looked at me in surprise and said, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before?' I said, 'At Fox's,' and Mr. Brenon said, 'Sh-h! Not a word! I'll see you later!'"

She told this simply, haltingly, without striving for effect, without bidding for sympathy. It was her story, without frills. And a somber tale it was, with a parallel in thousands of cheap flats scattered over Manhattan to-day.

"My name was on register at a number of casting bureaus," she went on. "I used to wait all day for the telephone to ring, calling me to Fort Lee or Hoboken or the old Biograph studio in the Bronx. Anywhere was great. I was living in a funny little boarding house in a dark little street over in Brooklyn. There was only one telephone, and that was in the basement in a Chinese laundry. Sometimes a call for me wouldn't reach me, so rather than miss a chance to work, I used to sit in the hallway of the basement, just outside the shop, waiting for the ring. It was cold and damp. But I'd sit there for hours, hoping."

Her eyes bore silent corroborative of the story.

"I'll never forget those days," said Georgia.

Finally, she had returned to Chicago. Again life ticked her there. Restless, she planned to go to Hollywood to
Two Gentlemen from Sweden

Lars Hanson and Einar Hansen, two of our screen's newly imported leading men, come from the same land and have practically the same name, but they are as different from each other as night from day.

By Myrtle Gebhart

NEVER having met any of the Scandinavian influx, and believing everything I read in the funny papers, I once thought that all Swedes were named Ole, and all said, "Ay ban." Again, as very often, I stand corrected.

For no particular reason, except that both actors are Swedish and both have the same name—though no relationship exists and one name is spelled with an "o" and the other with an "e"—the idea of doing a combination interview with Lars Hanson and Einar Hansen seemed to me not a bad one. The idea, I still insist, is good. But like many others, it didn't work out in toto.

My suggestion of a chummy luncheon chat with the two over a pale-gray table in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer café met with blank stares from the publicity department. For, it appeared, Einar was working, not for Metro-Goldwyn, but for First National.

It became necessary, then, to interview them singly, or whatever is the term for half of in toto. Not having a penny to toss, I spun a mental coin to see which I should take first. Einar's first name intrigued, but Lars is called the "John Barrymore of Sweden.

The cards, you will agree, were stacked. Lars won.

Would there really be a striking resemblance between him and Barrymore, I wondered. There is—in the chiseled cut of the jaw. Lars has the Barrymore profile—but not, thanks be, the Barrymore capacity for being bored.

At first, I had fears of the well-known Swedish gloom. I was late. The sun whipped down in a sting of heat and beat back from the white façades of the studio buildings—M.-G.M. will keep things looking freshly laundered!—in a blinding glare. I was hot, and Lars was wilted and his face was set in a masklike mold.

He speaks English very brokenly. Oh, what a time I was in for, I thought! I fumed, as I stepped alongside big, silent Lars across the lot toward the café. Our social chatter during the first few moments of luncheon was so stilted that it was virtually agony for both of us.

And then, as my eyes strayed across and saw him mopping his face, a great wave of pity welled up in me. Poor thing! Accustomed to the fog that blows over his native land so much of the year, to be set down in such heat! I giggled. He looked startled.

Then a reluctant twinkle sprang into his blue eyes, driving away that look as of blinds being drawn to conceal whatever lay behind them. A slow smile lighted up his long, lean, strong face and eventually developed into a deep laugh.

The ice of the fjords was broken. A question or two me opened his great blanket of reserve, and soon he was telling me of his boyhood.

Accents are treacherous—one cannot convey them in printed words. And the range of his voice is difficult to record. It is now impersonal, toneless, next low with tensity, then becomes rich with a sonorous boom. It is a Shakespearean voice, habituated into naturalness.

He was the first of his family, workers all, to dream of the stage. His trade had been engraving gold rings. Gothenburg—or Göteborg, to use the Swedish spelling—had been his home. But this, the second largest city in Sweden, did not offer what he wanted. His work done—many intricately scrolled, thick gold rings laid out in massive array—he used to stroll along the bank of the river Gota, past the quays into the wooded countryside, or—and I imagine with long, steady strides—out among the rocky, oak-crowned hills of Slottskog Park. There his thoughts, awing, flew always to the Royal Dramatic Theatre at Stockholm, where talented novitiates were trained in the art of acting.

I picture him as a somber boy, perhaps with rare moods of lightness, roaming about, threshing out his ambitions in his deliberate Scandinavian mind. He had a trade—he should put foolish ideas out of his head, he thought. But no, he would prove his ability to the masters of the Dramatic Theatre, would live those stirring, strong scenes of life which he had read. Should he remain, or should he go? In this conflict of thoughts, a definite idea struggled up. Around among friends he went, to ask for a lend.
“Thirty crowns—a very much money for a poor boy.”
In his blue eyes I saw both a smile and reminiscent pathos. “Fare to take me to Stockholm and back. A bottle—so high—of milk, and a loaf of bread—on that, three days I eat. Only enough of the milk to wash down the bread.

“I take a cold and when I get to Stockholm I am so—so—” In the paucity of his English, his responsive face caught up the tale, and immediately I saw that Swedish boy, his nose the kind of a nose anybody has with a cold, his eyes watery, himself tired and hungry, urged on by a dogged stubbornness.

“At the school,” he chuckled, with a deep rumble, “I find the pupils act a tragic scene of Shakespeare. I wipe my eyes—how can I help it, when they stream with the cold that does not stay in my nose?—and the master see me and say, This boy has the dramatic feeling! He knows not it is of my cold that I cry.

Out of eighteen candidates, four, possibly, might be chosen for free tuition in Sweden’s great school of the theater. Not knowing whether he had succeeded or failed, and unable to find employment, Lars prudently used his remaining fifteen crowns to return to Gothenburg. There he went to work again, carving initials and designs on heavy gold rings.

A month later, a letter came, informing him that he had been selected as a pupil. The rejoicing in his heart was clouded by the material problem of existence. Tuition only is gratuitous. So Lars was on the point of relinquishing his dream when ten men of Gothenburg formed a pool, presenting him with one hundred and fifty crowns and guaranteeing more as needed. Simple, stolid souls, content themselves, they saw his hunger for art and decided that it must not be starved by poverty or distracted by worry.

“The school have eleven theater,” he explained. “One year of study, then one of practice in the plays, back for more lessons, again to act. In all, three years of actual study. Fourteen years I act now.”

Gradually he became a public favorite. The phlegmatic Swedes are not enthusiastic on the surface, as we highly keyed Americans are. They are slow to applaud, and then do it only with great calm, says Lars, but the Swedish actor, sensitive to his own people’s reactions, feels that act though suppressed tingle of response.

“To suffer for what is here, your dream,” he touched his heart, “to watch as it be-

Two Gentlemen from Sweden

Two evenings later, I ringed spaghetti around my fork in a nook of an Italian cafe with Einar Hansen.

Prepared for a big blond man, whose bland face would be o’erspread with seriousness, I was startled by his breathtaking resemblance to Jack Gilbert.

“You,” he admitted. “Down the street I drive and the girls all call, Hal-lo, Yack; and I wave to them.”

He greets you with the gallantry of one who has had military service. The safety-pin bow—the proud flinging back of the head—the eager step—the quickness to serve a lady in the small trifles of dining.

Jack Gilbert—yes, yes. Young, very young. Dark, with grave brown eyes that of a sudden bubble with merri- ment over his own tongue’s confusion, for he too has been in America only a short time. He might be Latin, with a touch of German. Yet, though one would never think him Swedish, his family tree is proof. Born in a suburb of Stockholm, his schooling led him to the field of electrical engi- neering, later abandoned in favor of the theater. He served his student apprentice-

Continued on page 105
Lads and Las

The second contingent of young people and about whom you have read little,

By Grace

to the Orpheum circuit in vaudeville. It was while dancing at the Orpheum in Los Angeles that Mack Sennett saw him and offered him a picture contract.

Both Danny and Eddie Quillan, an eighteen-year-old boy in whom Mack Sennett is taking great interest, have been playing in Alice Day's pictures.

Eddie is one of a family of nine, all natives of Philadelphia. The actor and three of his brothers, together with his father, have, during the past five years, been playing in vaudeville. He plays the saxophone—but he is a nice boy, and this should not be held against him. Mack Sennett, out on a scouting expedition at the theater one night, beheld Eddie with his brothers, and decided he should be in film comedies. So there you are.

Opportunity is knocking with a vengeance at the doors of a score or more aspiring young beauties anxious to climb the cinematic ladder of fame at the Christie studios. Al Christie is giving a chance to a new girl in each picture for the new season, either as a leading lady or as one of the leading players.

Edna Marian, Wampas Baby Star, who has been playing with other comedy companies, has been engaged to play the lead with Neal Burns in the first Christie comedy of the new season, now under way.

Edna is a native of Chicago. She attended Wadleigh High School in New York, however, and while going to school played hooky to work as an extra at the Paramount studio on Long Island. But the New York climate eventually proved unhealthful for her, and she wasted away to seventy pounds. Two specialists gave her up, and told her

Barbara Luddy, of the Fox forces.

Danny O'Shea, of Mack Sennett's forces, is one of the best-looking young men in comedies. He has lots of personality, and it's of the kind that wins him many fans, to say nothing of a sense of fun that earns him many a laugh. He is twenty-six, but, on account of being in the World War, got started in pictures late. Danny is making up for lost time, however, and is likely to go far, as the critics love to put it. He is a buddy of George O'Brien's, as is fitting, since two nicer broths o' boys y' niver have seen.

Both are quite model young men, according to reputation.

Running away to sea when he was twelve years old, Danny has had altogether a sketchy career from the standpoint of occupation. Born in Philadelphia, he must have found the place too slow for him, causing him to join up with a chum and worm his way on board a ship which took him to South Africa as a stowaway. He was discovered and made to work his way. Finally, after visiting South America and having had many adventures, including a shipwreck, he wound up in San Francisco.

Then the war broke out, and Danny went to Canada, where he enlisted in the regiment known as the First Canadian Highlanders. He went overseas and served four years in action, during which time he was only slightly wounded, though he spent most of his time in the trenches.

He went home to Philadelphia after it was all over, and then came West. He tried his hand at many an odd job, and one night in a café, after his day's work, he was watching a man do a buck-and-wing dance. Somebody hollered over to Danny and asked him if he couldn't do better than that. Danny took up the challenge, went out on the floor and originated a funny skating dance. The manager offered him a job then and there, and he danced for six weeks at the place. Later, he played an engagement in a picture house, from which he went

Betty Byrd, Collette Mazoletti and Thelma Daniels are expected to increase the quota of fun in Christie comedies.

Danny O'Shea, Sennett comedian, is handsome enough to play romantic heroes.

Eddie Quillan, at eighteen, is a veteran.

Barbara Luddy, of the Fox forces.
sies of Laughter

people who appear in short film comedies,
are here brought to your attention.

Kingsley

she was about to die. Then it was her family held a hurried and anxious consultation. They decided to give Edna her chance in California. She responded astonishingly to the climate, and soon recovered her health.

Then she looked about for something to do in life, called at the picture studios, was introduced, and became an extra, at which job she worked for three months. She was next costarred in Century comedies, and afterward was featured in them. Miss Marian remained with Century over a year and the remainder of her two years was spent with Fox and Universal. Then came her chance with Neal Burns in the first two Christie comedies in the new series.

One of the "babiest" of the baby stars is Thelma Daniels, sixteen years old, who the Christies believe is a great bet. She is playing the second lead with Bobby Vernon in his new picture.

Miss Daniels won an honorary commission for entertaining in war camps in and around New York. She was born in New Orleans, and came West with her family, entering pictures and playing child parts with Jackie Coogan and Wesley Barry. She appeared with Eddie Polo in a serial at Universal and was featured in two comedies.

For four years Thelma was a dancer in vaudeville, but she prefers pictures, and is especially ambitious to become a dramatic actress.

A university student at Minneapolis was Frances Lee, leading lady now with Bobby Vernon. While attending college, Frances was also dancing at the State and Capitol theaters in Minneapolis. An offer came to her from the Rainbow Gardens in Chicago. She accepted, and it was there she met the celebrated Billy Dooley, with whom she went on tour in vaudeville. Al Christie saw the pair at the Orpheum, and signed them both.

A strong sentiment of friendship bound the partners together. They agreed that in case one failed in pictures the other would leave, and together they would resume their vaudeville act. However, Dooley is proving one of the most likely of the new comedians, and Miss Lee has just been signed for a second year as Bobby Vernon's leading lady, a distinction which has never befallen any of the other girls who have played at the Christie studio.

Miss Lee's real name is Myrna Tibbetts, and she lives with her mother in Hollywood.

Although Billy Dooley and Frances Lee have never appeared in pictures together, they often revive their Orpheum act for entertainment at the studio and at parties for their friends.

Dooley is a native of Chicago. He ran away and joined a circus at an early age, and then went into vaudeville. "The Misfit Sailor" was a big-time vaudeville act, and the character, transplanted to the screen, has been meeting with success.

Now Billy is living in the first real home he has known since he was a child! This home is an attractive little bungalow near the studio in Hollywood. His sister lives with him. Until she came to California, she had not seen him since he was a little kid who used to make her play circus with him. That was just sixteen years ago!

Over at the Fox studio there are two players about whom I am sure everybody will want to learn something. They are Georgie Harris and Barbara Luddy, appearing in the "East Side, West Side" comedies.

Georgie is a diminutive scamp, who was born in

Continued on page 110
Does a Star's

Not so that you could notice it, if these pictures can but the screen ladies whose past and present photos more beautiful

Photos from

The man who first said, “Other times, other faces”—or was it “customs?”—was certainly right. Times do change, and so do people. But the funny thing is that they seem to have changed for the better. Can you dispute it, with such evidence as is here before you?

Sweet sixteen was written all over Lois Wilson when she daintily posed for the picture below, back in 1916, but wouldn't you honestly rather have the Lois of to-day, shown above?

Though roses and curls may be old-fashioned, there's no denying that Carmel Myers was always a pretty girl. But neither is there any denying that she's just as stunning to-day—and much more poised.
Beauty Fade?

be trusted. We hear a lot about the ravages of time, are herewith shown certainly seem to be growing instead of less.

Harold Seton

When we dug these ancient photos of the stars out of their old family albums and compared them with their present-day portraits, it was a shock to discover how much better looking, and even younger, they seem now than they did ten or twelve years ago.

Is there a fan who will dare to say that the Priscilla Dean of 1914, shown at the left, can compare in looks with the slim and spirited Miss Dean above?

Of course old-time photos are never flattering, but even if we close our eyes to that 1913 model that Anita Stewart is wearing in the picture at the left, we must admit that our 1926 Anita is far more beautiful.
Does a Star's Beauty Fade?

Corinne Griffith, did you say? Not the stolid, mature-looking lady below—surely not? But, yes, it is. Who would recognize our willowy, spiritual Corinne in Vitagraph's former leading lady?

It was evidently all the rage at one time to pose with a rose next one's cheek, but aside from this slight deviation, scarce a change can be detected in Alice Joyce. Above and below—then and now—she is equally lovely.
Hollywood Pours Out its Troubles to Him

The Reverend Neal Dodd, Hollywood's famous pastor, who marries the stars, christens their babies, and hears the troubles and confessions of one and all, insists that the much-criticized film folk are not nearly so wicked in their ways as they are said to be.

By A. L. Wooldridge

It's just a little weather-boarded church hidden during late afternoon by the shadows of the magnificent Hollywood Lutheran Church. At its side is a garden of roses, some California shrubbery and a hedge. An unpretentious sign in front announces to the wayfarer that here is the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, and a shingle above the door in the rear points to the study of the Reverend Neal Dodd.

It is where motion-picture stars, character players, ingénues, villains, comedians, comedienne, camera men, scene shifters, and painters go when their souls are torn by strife. It is where bitter tales of "the eternal triangle" are poured out. It is where heartsore, disappointed, disillusioned, nerve-worn young men and young women go to plead for guidance and help and advice. It is Hollywood's "Little Church Around the Corner." It is to screen folk their place of worship. But most of all, it is where they find Neal Dodd.

For eight years, this kindly faced, gentle-mannered man, known to every star and to nine tenths of the other players in cinemaland, has been their friend. He performed the ceremony which made Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller husband and wife. He officiated when Winifred Westover was wed to William S. Hart. He married Eddie Sutherland and Marjorie Daw, Benjamin Hampton and Claire Adams, Gaylord Lloyd and Barbara Starr, Alec Francis and Lucy Smith Maitland, as well as scores of others whose names are not so widely known. He assisted Dean McCormick, of St. Paul's Cathedral, in performing the final rites for William Desmond Taylor, and he has christened many babies who have come to homes in movieland.

I found the Reverend Mr. Dodd in that little study of his one afternoon a short time ago. He was preparing for a meeting of his parishioners that night. On the desk before him, in charming disarray, were letters and envelopes engraved with the names of many of the screen's elite. At one side was an easy chair. An air of peace and quietude pervaded the room. The thought flashed through my mind that nowhere could a weary soul go to find more assurance of relaxation and friendly sympathy.

"Smoke if you wish," Mr. Dodd invited, pointing to the easy-chair, "I do."

For the balance of the afternoon we sat in that delightful little study and discussed the distinctive code of ethics which prevails among the screen's great players in Hollywood.

"I don't like to call it their "code of morals,"" Mr. Dodd said. "That would imply that the movie folk have a moral code different from that of other people—which is not true. But they do have a code of ethics which is different. And I want to make myself clear on that point.

"The motion-picture people live in a little world all their own. They eat motion pictures, sleep motion pictures, talk motion pictures, dream motion pictures. Their life, their very existence, their uppermost thoughts and endeavors are about motion pictures. What goes on in the outside world, in a general way, is of no consequence to them whatsoever. And a spirit of freemasonry or friendliness or comradery springs up among them which, to those in the profession, is beautiful. But to those not in the profession, it sometimes appears shocking. If Mr. A., who is married, meets Miss B., who is married, when the two are working in the same picture, and he puts his arm about her and possibly kisses her, the action is nothing more than a friendly salute and is accepted as such.

But were this to occur outside of the mystic movie circle, if the butcher met the baker's wife and endeavored to kiss her, the baker would probably get mighty mad. Some one might get beat up, or even shot.

"Let me cite an incident which occurred when I was introduced to Constance Talmadge. I was at the United studios, visiting among the movie clan. Standing on one of the sets I noticed John Considine, general manager, talking earnestly to a very striking young woman, and it rather struck me that he was up to something. I didn't
know what. Suddenly, he reached down, picked her up in his arms, and rushed over to me.

"'Here!' he exclaimed. 'Take her!'

"And, not knowing what else to do, I did take her. There I stood, pastor of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, holding a blonde moving-picture actress in my arms while Mr. Considine said, 'This is Constance Talmadge, Mr. Dodd. Constance, this is the Reverend Neal Dodd.'

"As graciously as I could, I acknowledged the introduction, although I did feel a little bit flustered. That was before I knew as much about the motion-picture people as I do now.

"Now suppose such a thing had occurred outside the movie circle. You can't conceive of it."

Mr. Dodd paused for a moment to glance at a message handed to him, then continued:

"You hear of the failure of marriages among the movie folk, of their wild parties, of drinking, gambling, infidelity, and so on. All right, let's look into it.

"Are such evils confined solely to movie folk? Run over in your mind the list of brokers, bankers, lawyers, and financiers who have had domestic troubles and see how much longer it is in proportion than the list of actors and actresses who have come to marital grief. The president of the biggest bank in a big city might be sued for divorce on the grounds of infidelity and the newspapers outside of that city would print possibly a line or two about it. But let one of the motion-picture stars become involved in such a suit and his or her name is blazoned across the papers throughout the country in banner headlines, together with startling pictures, followed by columns of details. Every one from the man in the country store to the multimillionaire coal baron reads about it and discusses it. Because they all think they know the movie stars. It is one of the penalties the movie folk pay for success.

"Now, as to the wild parties. Are they confined to Hollywood? Is there a city in the country where wild parties are not in progress almost every night in the year? Do you believe you can pick up a newspaper published in any metropolitan center of the country, and not find somewhere therein an account of a drinking fest? I doubt it. But let one of the widely known screen players be placed under arrest and an account of it will go into every newspaper on the continent.

"I believe there is no more immorality and infidelity among motion-picture players than among persons in other walks of life. A great proportion of the marriage failures in Hollywood result from players marrying persons outside the profession, who do not understand the ways of screen artists. For example:

"A comely young married woman, whose husband was well to do, had lots of pretty clothes and much idle time on her hands. She decided, just for the fun of it, to get a place in the movies as atmosphere. Her husband later saw the film and saw his wife in another man's arms. He was furious. 'But,' she protested, 'that doesn't mean anything. It was part of the story.'

"That was the beginning, however, of a series of events which broke up her home. Not that she had done anything wrong, but her husband simply could not understand. Had he left his business and met and mingled with the motion-picture folk, he would have acquired the same attitude toward fellow screen players that his wife had, and would have understood.

"Not very long ago, I visited the De Mille studio while they were filming 'Sunny Side Up,' starring Vera Reynolds. A chorus of very beautiful young women were costumed in little more than sashes and girdles. Directors, camera men, painters, carpenters, electricians, and the like were moving about on the stage, paying no more attention to these semi-nude young women than if they had been dummies designated by numbers. Concealment is always more alluring than revealment. Yet, it is more than likely that if some husband who was not a screen player had seen his wife in such a chorus he would have felt sorely aggrieved.

"A woman came to me recently and said, 'Another woman is taking my husband from me. I'm going mad!'

"'Not mad,' I replied. 'That's wrong. You're going to gather yourself together and do more calm thinking and careful planning and harder work than you ever did before in all your life. You don't retain your husband by going mad. That's how you lose him.'

"We sat down together and went over the case from the start, and I mapped out a course of procedure. There are eternal triangles in Hollywood, of course, just the same as there are in every other city. But eternal triangles too often are made worse by the anger of a wife who loses her head and thereby loses everything, when a little exhibition of the care and sweetness she used when she won her husband would have reclaimed him.

"'You try my plan,' I said to this woman who had come to me, 'and if things aren't straightened out in a week, come back to see me.'

"'She hasn't come back.

"'There are many divorced men and women living together in cinemaland who appear to be happy. I don't know. I have had dozens and dozens of them come to me and ask me to perform a wedding ceremony but, of course, I've refused. One man offered me three thousand dollars even after I had explained to him

Continued on page 111
Johnny Hines is dunned by a row of midgets. He used them in his film, "The Knickerbocker Kid," and they are shown here vigorously demanding their pay.

Hollywood High Lights

The most interesting bits of news from the center of film activities.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

CECIL B. DE MILLE has at last officially started his most pretentious and daring undertaking. He is filming "The King of Kings," based on the life of Christ, with a cast including H. B. Warner in the title rôle, Jacqueline Logan as Mary Magdalene, and Joseph Schildkraut as Judas. It is his most elaborate production since "The Ten Commandments."

The probabilities of the picture's success are already being hotly debated in Hollywood, but there is no doubt that De Mille is expending every energy to make it his greatest achievement. The story as finally settled on will picturize only a comparatively brief span in the life of its central figure, beginning with the period of His teachings and ending with the Resurrection.

There will be no modern epilogue or interpretation, as there was in the case of "The Ten Commandments," unless it is decided to add this later. Some talk there has been of portraying in a visionary way the Second Coming of Christ, though this is still a matter of conjecture.

The film will depict the Christ both in His divinity and His humanity. He will be shown as a strong and virile personality—with the greatest reverence, of course.

Practically all prominent religious sects were represented in the conference that De Mille held with regard to the film, his principal advisers being a Protestant minister, a Catholic priest, and a Jewish rabbi. Great emphasis is to be given both to the drama and spiritual beauty of the biblical narrative. Some of the climax scenes, particularly those of the earthquake and destruction following the Crucifixion, will be done most spectacularly, and with the fullest resources of technical magic. Already these effects are being worked on and are expected to excel even the opening of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments."

Fortunate Jackie.

Jacqueline Logan was the girl eventually selected to enact Mary Magdalene, after as wild a hurricane of rumors over the choice as has ever hit the cinema colony. Even the selection of Ben-Hur hardly excited more attention.

Several dozen tests were made of various players. Among those sought for the part was Gloria Swanson. It is reported that De Mille himself was quite anxious to secure her but that plans for her first picture for United Artists, among other circumstances, interfered.

Miss Logan, who is now doing the rôle, has never before had so great an opportunity. All the pictures that she appeared in so far have been of the program type. And since her marriage about a year or so ago she has played only irregularly. Now, however, she is the envy of the majority of girls in the colony.

Among others importantly considered were Vilma Banky, Estelle Taylor, Mildred Harris, and Jobyna Ralston. Miss Logan was selected because she could blend dramatic emotion with spirituality.

It is another instance of a big chance gained only after a long period of waiting. And this should be reason enough, perhaps, for any one who has the slightest foothold in films, never to grow discouraged. Good fortune often lurks just around the next turn in the road.

Billie Dove "Rediscovered."

Billie Dove is another girl who has suddenly been blessed with good luck. After having been "rediscovered" several times, notably by Douglas Fairbanks, she has been "rediscovered" yet again. And this time it was Lois Weber, the premier and practically only woman director in films, who did the Columbusing.

Billie seems slated to become Miss Weber's stellar
favorite, just as Mary MacLaren was some years ago.

Do you remember "Shoes" and other films that Mary played in at that time? They were quite a hit in their day.

Miss Dove appeared first under Miss Weber in "The Marriage Clause," a story of stage life, and more recently has been starring in "The Sensation Seekers." Huntly Gordon is appearing opposite her.

On its presentation in Los Angeles at the Forum Theater, "The Marriage Clause" had a run of several weeks, and Miss Dove's rôle was the brightest part of the picture.

In Far-off India.

And speaking of Mary MacLaren, we were told not long ago by Katherine MacDonald, her sister, that she is living in far-off India with her husband, who is an officer in the British service. India isn't an alluring place, either, despite all the charms of the Orient that are depicted in movies with Far Eastern settings. It is hot as hot there, and occasionally the natives commit terrible atrocities, so Katherine tells us.

Incidentally, Katherine is having great success with her business as a manufacturer of cosmetics, and is opening up a series of establishments in the film colony. The cosmetics and beautifiers that she makes are her own secret preparations, the formulas for which were given her by an old German nurse who once lived with her family.

Miss MacDonald's own beauty should be a wonderful advertisement for her business.

Further Extracts from Insanea's Diary

To me this has been the greatest month of my life, for have I not been present at the same party with Jack Gilbert—imagine it—but I have hope also that I may soon meet Ronald Colman, who has at last come home from the cruel, terrible desert, where he was making "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which I read when the merest child. Only when he did come home—think of it—he had to go through the terrible ordeal of the divorce court, because of the troubles between him and his wife.

What that must have meant to a man who is so idealistic, and whose soul seems so constantly in his eyes that it almost breaks my heart! Still, it is something to know that he is free once again—a bachelor in reality, as well as temperament. At least, I am told he has always been a bachelor in temperament, although it is almost unbelievable that one so romantic as he should go forever alone through life.

One of my friends, who is a writer, took me to a party at which Jack Gilbert was present, which was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, who, I should say, are not stars but producers, with Metro-Wyn-Mayer. I felt very flattered, because I was really one of the few people present, among all those brilliant stars who were gathered there, who was not a star myself.

It hurt me to the very soul that I did not have a chance to talk to Mr. Gilbert, because people do keep on telling me that I can talk, but somehow or other, Mr. Gilbert and I did not have a chance to converse with each other, and I hope when he hears about me he may regret this, and soon seek me out, or allow me to seek him out. I noted, though, at the party that he was very popular with everybody, and that when he was the center of any group they were apparently always laughing at some clever remark that he had made.

At the table where I was seated, Mrs. Shearer was also seated. She is very sweet and quite modern. What I want to say is that she smokes cigarettes so gracefully, while Norma herself doesn't smoke at all, except in pictures. And as regards Norma, I did notice, even in "The Waning Sex," in which she tried to be very masculine, that she laid the cigarette aside that she was supposed to smoke, almost before she had taken a single puff. That is what I really like about Norma. And though I smoke a little myself, I do think that it is something to be able to smoke and adore femininity without doing it in a masculine way.

Norma was at the party with Irving Thalberg. They call Mr. Thalberg the "boy producer." He is, of course, very young looking, and he goes out with Norma a great deal lately. Like everybody else, I have heard, of course, whether he is engaged to the boy producer. He is not, naturally, so much of a boy as you might think, because they just have a funny way of saying things about anybody in Hollywood that are not really true but that every reason seem appropriate to do it. She is last becoming my feminine ideal among the women.

Norma was at the party with Irving Thalberg, and when I wasn't sitting near her, it was near her mother, which is much the same thing for a girl who is as unknown as I am. Norma's brother, Doug, too, was with us, and he is very nice and ambitious to do something important in a picture as a camera man. I already know several camera men, and am, therefore, able to appreciate this. Because they have told me that it makes them sad because the public does not really recognize how important they are, and how it is to photograph a star just right, no matter how beautiful she is, she wouldn't look like anything.

Norma Shearer—so my friend the writer told me—has a charming detachment. And quite frankly he said that he did not think she was really intending to get married, but that she liked to go around with Mr. Thalberg because he was so gallant and well-mannered. There are some men in executive positions, he said, who are so not so gallant, unless you happen to be a girl who is not so discriminating.

The night that I went to the El Capitan Theater was for me simply marvelous. Everybody was dressed so gorgeously. They always do dress elegantly when they know that they are going to be seen, not only one another, but all the people who stand out in front of the theater watching for the stars.

So, anyway, this night, a girl friend and I got our seats early and went to the theater, dressed up in our very finest. And when I went into the theater, one person said, "Oh, there goes Clara Bow!" And I was terribly flattered, since she is now so very popular. I haven't red hair like Clara, though, but black as she used to have.

When I got to the theater I had a tremendous sensation, because I was introduced to Aileen Pringle, whom I had not known was in the West. She, so far as I am concerned, is wonderful, because she has such grand manners, such true grace, and what young Frenchmen would call savoir faire. She was telling us how she had met everybody in New York, and how lovely they had been to her, which I can well imagine. Because even though she hasn't appeared on the screen so often, Miss Pringle has perfectly lovely distinction.

A director by the name of Hobart Henley gave me a great laugh by calling Conrad Nagel "Grandpa" and asking him where he got his tuxedo. I didn't know that anybody would dare to
An Elegant Actor.

One of the distinct pleasures that fans can anticipate in the near future, especially those who relish good acting, is the work of Holbrook Blinn in "The Masked Woman."

Blinn is especially remembered for his performance as the King in Mary Pickford's "Rosita" and for his work in several Marion Davies films, including "Janice Meredith" and "Zander the Great." He also starred in "The Bad Man," a picture version of his stage play. Most of his time, though, has been devoted to the spoken drama.

In "The Masked Woman," Blinn portrays a sybarite—which, translated, means a very luxurious and effete gentleman given to making a deep impression on the ladies, à la Don Juan. He is seen as a lavish spender, a sort of Baron Chevalier, amid the idealized glorifies of the Continent.

Just to add to his general piety, the bed in which he slumbers is shown to be provided with black sheets, instead of white. Erich von Stroheim, please notice! Blinn may decide to remain permanently in pictures, following the course of various other stage actors. He has had numerous offers, and would be a great acquisition.

The Extras Declare War.

Hollywood extras don't like it a bit—the way that soldiers, sailors, and marines in the service of the United States government are working for the movies. Recently they objected that this was treading on their province and doing them out of jobs. They questioned, among other things, the right of the government to proffer the aid of the war department in this fashion. There seems to be some justification for their attitude, particularly as many disabled veterans have heretofore taken part in war pictures and have found in them a means of making a living. The complaint of the extras was based on the fact that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had announced that they had engaged a portion of the U. S. marine corps for the period of a year to work in their pictures, notably in "Tell It to the Marines."

And What of Romance?

It would be a poor month, indeed, that did not bring with it the announcement of a few marriages and engagements.

Eddie Sutherland, the director, and former husband of Marjorie Daw, was recently married to Louise Brooks, Paramount's young hopeful. And Bert Roach, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedian, became the spouse of Miss Gladys Johnstone, not a professional.

Carlyle Blackwell, popular screen idol of some years ago, was wed in London. And the papers said that it required forty florists to supply the adornments for the ceremony that united him to Mrs. Leah P. Hoxton, the daughter of Barney Barnato, known as the "diamond king." This affair must have been fully as lavish as the wedding scenes in some of Hollywood's best studios. Blackwell has been making pictures abroad lately.

Ena Gregory is among those who have recently become engaged. She is a little comedy girl, a very decided blonde, who is doing her first features with Universal now. Her husband-to-be is Al Rogell, the director, but the couple will have to wait for a year or so, declares Ena's mother, because Ena, being nineteen, is still "such a youngster."

On the debit side of the ledger appears the rumor that the marriage between Alice Calhoun and Mendel B. Silberberg may be annulled. That romance turned out to be of very short duration.

Florence Vidor has now received her final decree of divorce from King Vidor, and Hollywood is therefore anticipating the probability of a wedding between King and Eleanor Boardman, and Florence and George Fitzmaurice, the director.

Meanwhile, Adolphe Menjou is having to pay five hundred dollars alimony a week to his wife, which breaks the record for such contributions in Los Angeles.

Joy Versus Gloom.

Jobyna Ralston's romance has been a charming one, and it is expected that the marriage between her and Richard Arlen, young leading man, will have taken place ere this is printed. Jobyna has, however, been laid up as the result of an accident that occurred during a swimming party at the home of Gaylord Lloyd, brother of Harold. Jobyna stumbled and fell over a short stake that protruded from the ground near the swimming pool, and hurt her neck seriously. Her right thumb was also fractured by the fall.

This is the second severe accident that she has had in a year, the other having been caused by a fall from a horse, and so Joby is really getting worried.

A Financial Problem.

Lest it should worry you whether or not Adolphe Menjou can meet his alimony payments, it might be mentioned that, during the court proceedings, it was brought out that he is paid a salary by Paramount of four thousand dollars weekly.

He didn't appear in court during the legal action. It was explained that he was busy making pictures in order to earn the alimony payments. It takes more than
Hollywood High Lights

a little figuring to determine just what was meant by this, considering that the amount that he is called upon to pay is only five hundred dollars. Evidently being a sophisticated film hero is costly as well as lucrative.

Marriage à la Movie.

Not all weddings are celebrated in church, at the office of a justice of the peace, or in the rose-garlanded bower on a spiffy estate. These are the familiar locales for the ceremony, perhaps. But recently, some one thought up the bright idea of having a wedding take place right on a film set. Said set was the church that Erich von Stroheim built for "The Wedding March."

With Von Stroheim's fidelity to detail, this set might almost have passed for a real church, and so the atmosphere was unusually appropriate. The groom was a camera man who had been working on the picture, and the bride a player of small screen parts. Under Von's auspices, a party was given to the couple after the performance of the ceremony.

A Taste of Sensation.

"Red" Grange evidently had to have his share of sensational publicity just to have a proper introduction to what movie life is like when it does become sensational.

Just after he left Hollywood, after having completed his starring film, "One Minute to Play," for F. B. O., Red was mentioned in a divorce-suit complaint. The man who filed the complaint accused his wife of having made Grange the object of her attentions.

However, from all that was brought to light regarding the affair, it looked as if Grange had been an innocent victim of circumstances. We must say that he has always made a decidedly wholesome impression upon us personally.

The Duncan Sisters.

"Topsy and Eva" will yet come to the screen. And if you have ever seen those two delightful girls, the Duncan sisters, in this divestiture of theirs on the stage, you will know what an event that will be.

Nearly every company in filmland was reported to be bidding for the two girls, Vivian and Rosetta, who played a long engagement in their show, during the spring and early summer, at one of the Los Angeles theaters. The indications are that, when you do see the film, it will be under the auspices of First National.

We predict a hit, too, for the Duncan sisters, as they are both attractive. One is an expert little comedienne.

Wallace Beery as a Wit.

"Don't turn the spotlight on me, for if you do, every one will see that I am getting on."

That was one of the bright remarks that Wallace Beery put over as master of ceremonies for Gilda Gray. It brought glee to his audience. Beery is filmland's newest official introducer at film premieres, succeeding Lew Cody, Charlie Murray, and others. He made his debut when "Aloma of the South Seas" showed at the Million-dollar Theater, with Gilda herself doing a little hula in person.

Wallie carried things off with a dash and a poise that distinguished him as one of the very best little masters of ceremonies that filmdom has ever had. In introducing Raymond Hatton, who had played with him in "Behind the Front," he said, "Here's a chap who has made life miserable for me lots of times." And Ray got a great hand.

Jack Gilbert, though, won the big salvo of applause. Others who shared in the ovations were Percy Marmont, Vera Gordon, Virginia Valli, and Jacqueline Logan.

Milton Sills Speaks.

In a more serious vein than Beery, Milton Sills caused quite a stir when he read some verses to go with a musical number, "The Victory Ball," at the Hollywood Bowl. It was Sills' first formal public appearance since his return to California, and it was undoubtedly quite apropos that it should occur at an event that was in a degree artistically highbrow.

There was a crowd of fully seven thousand persons present.

Recipe for Greatness.

Well—you really never can tell!

Now it's Lon Chaney who has been selected as one of the greatest living men—and by the Y. M. C. A. of England.

Lon is very modest about this honor. He says that he doesn't think he should have been included. He asserts that it is a distinction that should be conferred only on great scientists, authors, and generals—he thinks film fame is too fleeting to be really great.

Among others on the list were Mussolini and Henry Ford. The question that is bothering us is, whether the decision to include Chaney was based on how he looks in his famous impersonations, or whether it was an honor accorded to him for himself. If it was for his impersonations, then anybody who might feel like going in for a similar honor had perhaps better spend some money on plaster, mattress stuffing, shabby clothes, crutches, peg legs, eye drops, and the like.

Film Landmark Destroyed.

One of the most famous of filmland's landmarks, the Century Comedy studio, was burned [Continued on page 108]
How Alice Terry Lost Her Smile

The secret leaks out while she is telling what she thinks of her husband, Rex Ingram, as a boss—but Rex wasn't the one who drove her smile away—he was the man who brought it back.

By Frances Rule

Alice Terry was home again.

Since Rex Ingram picked up his megaphone and moved to southern France to make his pictures, Alice, being Rex's dutiful wife as well as the heroine in most of his films, has been something of a stranger to these shores. So when the news spread, in midsummer, that she was on the high seas bound in this direction, there was a rush to the docks to meet her. Alice's last visit to her native soil had been a year ago, when she had brought us Rex's beautifully photographed "Marc Nostrum.

This time she had the print of "The Magician" tucked under her arm. I was among the unfortunate few who were not at the docks to meet her, but I did see her before she hastened off to Hollywood. We teed together at the Biltmore.

Tea for Miss Terry, by the way, consisted simply and solely of iced lemonade. "I must keep thin," she remarked, then smiled and added, "The battle cry of the movies!"

"Viola Dana, you know, says that in her early struggles she used to long for the day when she would be making enough money to buy herself a square meal, and now that she has the money, she still can't have the square meal, because she has to keep thin!"

As is the way with interviews, I set out to discuss a particular thing with Alice and ended up with something I hadn't expected. In steering her onto the subject of how she and Rex got along working together so much, I bumped into a small but interesting confession of a personal weakness. But we'll get to that later.

Every one knows, of course, that Alice adores Rex Ingram and thinks him a wonderful director—many times in the past has she said so—but I was curious to find out whether she didn't get a little tired sometimes of having that husband of hers so constantly for a boss, and how she felt about it in general. Her situation is really unique. Wives have been directed by their husbands in films before, but there is no other movie couple of quite such prominence as Rex and Alice who have worked together quite so exclusively as they have, as director and directee. Rex started directing Alice long before he married her, long before either of them had made names for themselves.

They rose simultaneously to fame with the release and great success of "The Four Horsemen," and have gone hand in hand ever since, except for occasional interims. Didn't it get a little monotonous sometimes, I wondered. Didn't they ever have fights while working together? Rex Ingram, fastidious to a fault about details and almost stubborn in his ideas of how things should be done, has the reputation of being something of a tyrant to those who work under him. Did he seem just as domineering to Alice, or was there a sympathy and understanding between them that made things easier for her?

So, as she and I sat idling over our lemonades on the aforesaid afternoon, I put the question bluntly to her. And she took it quite calmly. In fact, I can't imagine Alice being baffled by anything—I don't know which I admire the more, her marvelous complexion or her perfect composure. She just leaned her head back, rested her elbows on the table, squinted through the smoke of her cigarette, and thought a minute.

"Well," she said, "I've left Rex—cinematically speaking—several times and tried working with other directors, and have thought at first that I liked it better—I seemed freer somehow—but I've always returned to him. For the roles I've played under his direction have nearly all received more praise than those I've done under any one else. I suppose it's because he knows my peculiarities, knows how to handle me, and therefore can get the best out of me."

A hand wandered up to the broad black brim of her hat and from there to the bit of dark, reddish hair that pecked out under the side.

"And of course," she went on, "I know him equally well. I think I'm the only person who works under him who isn't simply terrified of him. The others on the set don't dare speak, he scares them so. But even if he weren't my husband, I could never be afraid of him, because I first knew him when he was just nobody at all.

"Besides, he knows perfectly well that if he makes me mad, that's not the end of it! He knows that it will be carried into the home, that he'll have to fight it out with me later. Not that I ever dispute with him over how I am to play my roles. I let him be absolute master
How Alice Terry Lost Her Smile

there, even against my own views. That's only fair. It would be an impossible situation if I took advantage in the studio of being his wife and undertook to argue with him or to interfere in any way with his direction of me.

With her serious, gray-blue eyes—set wide apart—looking straight at me or wandering off toward the near-by tea dancers, Alice talked on—smoothly, easily, quietly—through an endless succession of cigarettes. Once in a while, a smile—it comes suddenly and spontaneously, lighting up for a moment those calm eyes, and then as suddenly goes away. Very rarely, a laugh—low and easy, like her voice. No, I could never imagine Alice Terry being discomposied by anything. She has by nature the same perfect control that she showed in the never-to-be-forgotten execution scene in "Mare Nostrum."

But every Achilles has his heel, and Alice is not an exception. She was full of reminiscences that day, and there it was that the unexpected secret leaked out. She confessed to me her Achilithean heel—the one thing that can upset her. Have you ever noticed how rarely Alice smiles on the screen, how very serious and solemn she usually is? Well, that's not by accident—there's a reason.

"I'm all right," she says, "so long as I have a perfectly straight-ahead, dramatic part to play, but let there be just one word in the script to the effect that the heroine threw back her head and tossed out a gay laugh, and I'm lost. I'm much better about it now than I used to be, for I used to live in perfect terror of having to smile before the camera. And it was Rex who made me overcome that complex. He helped me there as no other director could have, for he knew exactly what was the matter."

And what was the matter, I urged, my curiosity roused. How did she come to lose her smile?

It seems that the whole trouble began with a bit—a light, capricious bit that she was supposed to play with Tom Moore, way back in the days before "The Four Horsemen," when Alice was having rather rough sledding. That bit was the first part she had been given in many, many moons, and such a to-do was made over it that, for two weeks in advance, she heard of nothing else. Every one concerned took turn in telling her just how she ought to play it, so that when the crucial day at last came, she was in such a state of nervous panic that she was literally paralyzed. She stepped before the camera and couldn't do a thing.

"Smile?" she says. "I couldn't have smiled if my life had depended on it. Unfortunately, that bit did depend on it. The whole point of the scene was for me to be gay and smiling.

"From that day to this, I've never completely got over it. For the longest time, I couldn't even pretend to smile before the camera. Whenever I was asked to, something inside me froze up. It was the queerest sensation—my face became absolutely taut.

"I came very near not playing in 'Mare Nostrum' because of that same old complex. I hadn't wanted to play that role anyway—thought I wasn't suited to it. But Rex had insisted, so I had finally given in.

"And then, on the first day of shooting, we did a scene in which I was to come downstairs smiling at Tony Moreno. And I simply went to pieces over it, couldn't do it at all. That evening, I wept for hours, told Rex that I knew I couldn't play the rôle and that I absolutely wouldn't. He argued and argued with me until he finally succeeded in making me snap out of it.

"The next day, he shot some other scenes first, then when we came to the troublesome one, he suddenly said that he was tired, and suggested that we go out and get a bite to eat. While we were out, we talked about everything under the sun except 'Mare Nostrum.' When we went back, Rex quietly began shooting the smiling scene, and there wasn't a single hitch!"

So there certainly are advantages in having your husband for a director!

Before the film was finished, Alice had become quite keen about the rôle that she had so reluctantly undertaken.

"In every other picture I had played in," she said, "I had always been just a passive heroine being rescued from trouble that someone else had started. In 'Mare Nostrum,' I was the one who was making all the trouble. I like a rôle with some character to it like that. I wish I could play more like it—but evidently the critics didn't agree with me, they knocked me so.

"I began to feel, though," she said, with a smile, "that I had at last become a success, for they had never bothered even to knock me before!" [Continued on page 106]
Speaking of Lew

Lew Cody, of course. “A great guy” among men, a favorite of the ladies, and the idol of small boys and dogs, he keeps all of Hollywood in a good humor.

By Margaret Reid

This story, for no particular reason, is going to be about Lew Cody. Not because Lew has any message to deliver or theory to expound, but because he is an entertaining topic of conversation. As if you and I were lunching at Montmartre and, having exhausted the weather and the latest marriages, I were to laugh suddenly and say, “Oh, have you heard the latest one Lew pulled?” When I quote his wise cracks I even admit they are his and not my own—a signal manifestation of respect.

I’ve known Lew in a casual, careless fashion for two years. I was an extra in one of his pictures when I met him. “Met” is really an erroneous term, since it never happens in a studio—“Got a match?” “Hook me up,” or “Is it near lunch time yet?” being professional phrases of introduction.

I forget just what Cody opus it was wherein I made his acquaintance, but it was marvelous fun. I mean Lew. I don’t remember that there was a great deal of work accomplished. If there was, it was indiscernible and quite painless. Lew has very little respect for his art. Even when the camera is grinding, he kids. When it stops, the brakes are off and any one who wants a laugh can climb on.

When he has an accidental moment of seriousness and introspection, he says that this genial kidding is almost a method of direction. Lew practically directs his own stuff, you know.

And, in the comedy dramas he now makes, he says it is vital that the tempo of the entire outfit be lively. It isn’t enough that the script outlines a clever scene and the players play it—lightly, brightly, according to direction. It is desirable that every one in the company, down to the props and electricians, share a common spirit of convivial, foolish fun. Out of this, says Lew, will evolve spontaneous details for the scene that are invaluable, and could be got in no other way than by playing around.

Directors love to work with Lew Cody. It gives them a rest. Rupert Hughes calls Lew his “patron saint.” Hobart Henley, after directing him in “Exchange of Wives,” went into the front office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and remarked that Lew deserved the actual credit for the film’s success, since he had put as much into the direction of it as he, Henley, had. To really appreciate the enormity of this generous tribute, you should see the cut-throatting that goes on behind the studio gates—and I don’t mean in front of the camera, either.

To men, Lew is known as “a great guy.” Among the ladies, one understands he is somewhat of a heart-breaker. Whether or not he gives the femmes enough attention to be so classified, I don’t just know. But, optically speaking, he is all that could be desired of the man about town.

By canny nurturing and fostering of his money, Lew is a very rich man. His cars are long and silent and impeccably chauffeured. The charming Beverly Hills house he designed for himself has exactly the right blending of artistic taste and masculine comfort, presided over by skillful-fingered Ethiopians. His dinner parties are famous along the length of the Boulevard. His charities are numerous and totally unpublicized.

So much for the accouterments. Then there is Lew himself—gray at the temples, a humorous mouth beneath a jaunty mustache, eyes that are a little weary without being cynical. His manner with ladies reaches just the right degree of attentiveness. He is suave without being unctuous, flattering without being fulsome.

If Lew wanted to work at it, he could be one of our very leading sheiks. Only, as far as I can make out, the ladies have to share his interest with dogs and prize fights. And lots of men will tell you that, in a showdown, a woman has pretty stiff competition in a mute, loyal-eyed specimen of canine perfection.

Lew has three dogs. He does everything but tell you the cute things they say when they get up in the morning. One is a British bulldog, another is a Doberman-Pinscher. These two have such marked patriotic fanaticism that the one lives only to slay the other. So when Lew was approached, some time ago, by a boy who was broke and out of work and wanted help, he rented a tiny bungalow near the studio in Culver City, and installed the boy and the bulldog in it. The boy brings the dog over to the studio every day to be with Lew.

At home with the Doberman-Pinscher abides the third dog, whose ancestry is too involved to describe. Although Lew

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BEAUTY and the box office are wedded in John Barrymore's "Don Juan." The ceremony is invested with magnificence and pulsing reality. You should see it at all costs, for the combination is rare on the screen.

"Don Juan" has the splendor of pageantry, the richness of old paintings come to life, and to prove that it is not a highbrow picture despite its appeal to the imagination, the film flings forth the excitement of a serial in galloping to a climax.

Barrymore's exploits rival those of Douglas Fairbanks in his escape from his enemies, when he snatches Mary Astor from a tree where he had left her while he placed nine men hors de combat, and bears her away on his steed full into the setting sun behind which, presumably, are peace and quiet.

It seems to me that Bess Meredyth has evolved a good story to center around the legendary Don Juan, one that is essentially of the screen and therefore challenges no literary comparisons, and that it has been nicely pointed off by the tiers of Walter Anthony and Maude Fulton, while the direction of Alan Crosland reveals imagination, authority and sound sense of screen values.

Don Jose, in the prologue, is the suspicious husband of a beautiful wife who betrays him for no better cause than John Roche. Whereupon Jose loses faith in woman-kind and instills in his young son the code of the rake and libertine.

The son grown up becomes Don Juan of many intrigues—cynical, humorous, irresistible—and it is his adventures as an amorist that the picture is built upon. Pitted against his wits are those of the infamous Lucrezia Borgia, her brother Cesare, and their henchman Donati. Sixteenth-century Rome is theirs to do with as they please, and their pleasure is poison, imprisonment, torture for those who oppose them. Furthermore, Lucrezia is a woman scorned by Don Juan, and you know what that means in a costume picture.

Estelle Taylor as the Borgia is seductive rather than sinister, more beautiful than baleful, but effective always; and Barrymore in the wide range afforded him by a rôle which begins with Don Jose in the prologue and shows Juan's growth from a gay philanderer to a flaming figure of romantic love is, as you already know, magnificent. It is a performance touched with glory and charged with surpassing skill.

Mary Astor, Warner Oland, Montagu Love, Nigel de Brulier are vital and real, and the same may be said of all the ladies who captured Juan's passing fancy—Phyllis Haver, June Marlowe, Jane Winton, Hedda Hopper; and the poetic little Phillippe de Lacy might have stepped out of the Middle Ages. Even the Morgan Dancers give a medieval touch instead of a Hollywood splash.

**Salaam.**

Lillian Gish's performance in "The Scarlet Letter" recaptures all the praise ever bestowed on her, and by the same token should erase all memory of the shortcomings charged against her. For her Hester Prynne is shimmering perfection, and is completely her own.

The scenario of "The Scarlet Letter" is not wholly, however, the story of Hawthorne's novel, though the liberties taken with it could scarcely offend the most captious. As you see this beautiful picture on the screen it occurs to you that there was no need to have followed the letter of the book at all.

What has come from it is fine and true. The spirit of Puritan days has been preserved with reverence and, at times, humor, while Frances Marion's story is a model of screen technique and skillful compromise with the censors. Behind the story of the ill-starred lovers is a sharply etched study of the habits, customs, and psychology of our forefathers, yet it is never merely a presentation of detail but takes its proper place in unfolding the story of the seamstress who loved the Reverend Dimmesdale and who sacrificed herself that the townspeople might never lose their ideal of his goodness.

Lars Hanson, the Swedish actor who makes his first American appearance as Dimmesdale, might easily have stolen the picture from an actress of lesser gifts. He is a magnificent performance—poise, repression, and spirituality being blended into a character as dominating as it is appealing. The slow, gathering intenness of Hanson's gaze is one of his most potent means of expressing thought and emotion. It is amazing on the screen.

But for that matter the entire cast with a single exception is of the highest order. Henry B. Walthall as Roger Prynne, Hester's sinister husband, plays with repressed power, and Karl Dane and William H. Tooker offer lifelike characterizations. The one exception to me was Joyce Coad as Pearl, Hester's daughter. Here was a hearty, black-eyed child with a length of limb.
that nearly brought her up to Miss Gish's shoulder, wholly unlike the frail flower my imagination created as the offspring of *Hester and Dimmesdale*. When Miss Gish carried her, the full force of a sacrifice to art came to me, and I hoped she wouldn't break under the muscular strain.

Victor Seastrom's direction is that of a master, and the Scandinavian's sympathy with the traditions of our rock-bound New England is strongly manifested in every scene.

Caviar and Champagne.

"The Duchess of Buffalo," Constance Talmadge's latest, is typical of her recent comedies, which means that it is a Continental story done by the invincible Hans Kraly, with adroit direction by Sidney Franklin, who understands her requirements so well, with rich and beautiful settings, and an air of gay humor. It is civilized entertainment at its best, a bit more plausible than "Her Sister from Paris" yet not quite, in my opinion at least, so amusing.

There is no particular reason for calling it "The Duchess of Buffalo" except, perhaps, for the fact that Connie is an American dancer enlisting in Russia. However, she might just as well have been "The Duchess of Oil City." But that, after all, is a trivial detail in a charming and tasteful picture which shows Connie girlishly in love with Lieutenant Vladimir Orloff, but forced to cope with the amorous attentions of a grand duke whom she dare not offend. All of which sounds usual, but isn't at all when you see it. For one thing, there is the duke's wife who has suspicions worthy of a duchess, and a hotel proprietor most drollly played by Chester Conklin who mistakes Connie for the duchess. Through it all there isn't a dull or an obvious moment.

Tulio Carminati is an excellent leading man. Rose Dione is a duchess in the grand manner, and I found Edward Martindel exceedingly effective as the fatuous grand duke.

The Bubbling Blue Danube.

"The Waltz Dream" is as deliciously stimulating as a glass of champagne. But if you are a prohibitionist you should keep away from the picture, else it is sure to weaken your morale and fill you with the joy of living. It's a Ufa film and every member of the cast is a stranger to American audiences. So much the better, in my opinion, for I can't think of any of our nationals who could equal the performances of Mady Christians as *Princess Alix*. Her scene in the wine garden where her prim timidity melts under the warmth of music and the spring brew is comedy that dazzles and delights.

The story is typically Continental and is based on the operetta which came in the wake of "The Merry Widow" some twenty years ago. The princess comes with her father from a northern country to find a husband in Vienna, expecting to marry the first man who kisses her. Her father has told her this is the rule. *Count Preys* takes her to the humble wine garden where under the spell of Viennese waltz music and what not he implants the pre-nuptial kiss and *Alix* salutes her hero.

In Flensburg, her cold country, a marriage of convenience takes place to the accompaniment of absurd ceremonies, the *Count* loving neither his bride nor her court and longing for the gaiety of Vienna. The royal bride is too timid to assert her own love, hence the two are miserable.

The *Count* strays to a little café where a women's orchestra from Vienna plays the music he loves. It is easy for him to fall in love with *Franzi*, the leader, and he is her hero. Meanwhile, the *Princess* pines in the palace till a happy idea strikes her: she will employ a Viennese girl to teach her the ways of Vienna and thus may win her husband. The girl is *Franzi* who on discovering the identity of the man she loves contrives to unite him with his wife at the sacrifice of her own feelings.

A bare synopsis gives no hint of the charm and loveliness of this picture, nor the uniform excellence of the acting. Willy Fritsch is perfect as the *Count*, and resembles Conrad Nagel as well. Xenia Desni is *Franzi*, with all the traditional allure of a Viennese heroine. "The Waltz Dream" is a dream of light comedy.

Rudy's Farewell.

Rudolph Valentino's last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," could not have been better chosen to reflect those qualities of his personality that created his tremendous popularity and raised him to a height of fame achieved by no other star. It falls considerably below his best picture from the standpoint of acting—in my opinion "Blood and Sand"—but it has greater appeal to the sentiment of his adorers.

"The Son of the Sheik" is a fairy tale of the desert, with all its traditional glamour and none of its reality, produced on an elaborate scale and skillfully compounded of those elements pleasing to Rudy’s great public. The plot is thin, but you see Rudy as an impassioned lover in the moonlight, as a dashing horseman and as a sheik who twice kidnaps Yasmin, the dancing-girl heroine, first for revenge and then for love. She is the daughter of a
desert bandit whose followers capture Rudy, torture him, and hold him for ransom while he of course miraculously escapes, only to be deceived into believing that Yasmin trapped him into a rendezvous to oblige her father. Hence, Rudy's revenge. But it is a noble revenge. Yasmin leaves the tent with the O. K. of the censors.

When Rudy learns it was all a lie just to separate him from Yasmin and make the picture longer, he simply rides to the café where Yasmin is dancing energetically, though with a breaking heart, and abducts her at the price of a good fight with the crowd. It is all done in the spirit of high-flown romance. Whether you believe it is another matter entirely. But at least Rudy and his sponsors did the best they knew how to keep faith with those who have applauded before.

What matter it if desert dancing girls do not really have crisp blond curls and pearly complexions and practice the soft coquetries of the drawing-room? Vilma Banky nevertheless is charming in her masquerade as Yasmin. Many will voice the same opinion of the entire picture.

Mothers Must Suffer.

Pauline Frederick is a strong argument in favor of the woman in politics. She shows how to be well dressed though a governor, and the authors of "Her Honor the Governor" have seen to it that the lady is just a mother after all and quite able to cope the emotional laurels in a great big courtroom scene. What more could you ask of any State executive?

Adele Fenway is elected to rule the destinies of a State not mentioned and might have done so suavely and capably had she not run afoul of Jim Dorton who, when she refuses to sign a bill advantageous to him, swears to "get" her.

This is done in collusion with a woman who professes to have evidence that the governor's deceased husband was not divorced when he married her. If true, this would make her son illegitimate, to say nothing of reducing her political career to nothing. With the help of Tom Santschi, a trusted friend, she sets out to obtain a document which shall prove her right to the name of "Fenway." But before evidence is produced her enemy is killed and suspicion points to her son as the murderer. All of which leads up to a courtroom scene where Pauline Frederick can always be depended upon to act good and plenty.

She does.

Despite the considerable tension achieved by Miss Frederick's acting, "Her Honor the Governor" is unworthy of her. However high her performance may rate, the story which brings it about is mechanical, theatrical, and the touches of comedy and sentimentality are laid on with a heavy hand.

Carroll Nye as the son is youthfully sincere and I found Greta von Rue, a new ingenue, refreshingly unaffected. Tom Santschi is all too seldom seen. When he does appear he makes you wonder why this is so.

English History.

Dorothy Gish as Nell Gwyn in the picture of that name is all very well as far as she goes, but she doesn't go far enough.

By that I mean the film ends abruptly, with the death of King Charles II, and a title tells us that to this day the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-fields toll every Thursday in memory of sweet Nell. All of which is true because Nell provided for this tribute in a bequest to the City of London, although the film doesn't tell us so.

The screen version leaves Nell in the lurch. We all know that she didn't cut short her vivacious career when she lost Charles. Why should she have, with youth and beauty still hers?

For the rest of it the picture is pleasing entertainment. The tale of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, checkmated her enemies at every turn and had a fine time generally, is told with taste and charm. It is quite well acted by a cast composed entirely of English players, and Miss Gish employs her talents as a hoydenish comedienne to the satisfaction of all beholders.

"Nell Gwyn" is worth seeing, yes; but it misses being extraordinary.

It gives us, however, a new conception of the star.
Small-town Charm.

"The Midnight Kiss" isn’t a fair title to tack onto Fox’s picturization of the play, "Pigs." It conceals a really charming and amusing study of small-town folk which to see is to enjoy.

The story is a simple one but that doesn’t keep it from holding one’s interest. It is replete with deft touches of characterization and interesting persons make it plausible. Briefly, the story tells us of a young fellow who aspires to be a "vet," of all things—and in this year of grace when youthful ambitions aim at movie stardom or making a million dollars overnight. At any rate, the boy buys a lot of ailing pigs, cures them by means of a remedy of his own, sells them at a big profit, pays off the family note, and gets the girl.

Richard Walling, graduated from a camera man into an actor, contributes a great deal of boyish naturalness, and Janet Gaynor is a piquant and whimsical little heroine. Arthur Houseman, Doris Lloyd, Tempe Pigott, George Irving, Herbert Prior could not be bettered. Irving Cummings, the director, deserves a heap of credit for making a slight story pulse with life and reality.

The Undying West.

"Three Bad Men" is a superb picturization of the West in the ’70s, replete with John Ford, the director’s, deft, human touches. But its emotional appeal is almost nil because of a plot that moves slowly—what little there is of it. Yet, because of the magnificence of the scenery, the beauty of the grouping and lighting this is not as serious a drawback as it might have been under direction less inspired.

The story is built around the opening of the Dakotas to the homesteaders in 1877, and the characters, who are many and various, include three men on whose heads a price has been set by the United States and Mexico; a girl and her father from Virginia; a boy from Ireland; a villainous sheriff, and an array of lesser characters, all of whom are sharply distinct and, with one exception, wholly believable, and that exception does not matter.

George O’Brien and Olive Borden are hero and heroine, while the “bad” men are J. Farrell MacDonald, Tom Santschi, and Frank Campeau.

Veiled Naughtiness.

Ernst Lubitsch offers another example of his comedies of marital philandering and calls it “So This Is Paris.” It is suave, sophisticated and somewhat subtle. That is, there is a great deal of skating on the thin ice of sexual intrigue without breaching the proprieties, although there is nothing the average imagination cannot grasp and an effort to suit individual requirements.

Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller are one married couple and Lilyan Tashman and André de Beranger the other. The ménages are across the street from each other, so when Monte Blue calls to protest against the scantiness of De Beranger’s attire glimpsed at the window, he is confronted by his former inamorata. At once they connive to resume their intrigue, while De Beranger meets Miss Miller and is comically smitten. There is considerable novelty of incident in the development of the plot, with shrewd touches of characterization, and if I consider the whole thing overshadowed I am sure no one will give a whoop.

But at last Patsy Ruth Miller plays a mature rôle.

Ashes.

Richard Barthelmess offers another dull and spiritless picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," which he plays listlessly, probably because it is not the sort of rôle he should play at all.

It is adapted from Jeffery Fairol’s novel of the same name and has for its hero Barnabas Barty, the son of a pugilist who on being left a fortune decides to go to London town and become a “gentleman.” You see, it is laid in the time of the Regency when prize fighters were not millionaires and movie stars and therefore did not automatically become gentlemen.

There’s a villain, a stately heroine, her dissipated brother, a moneylender and what not, all mixed up in a story that doesn’t matter for a minute, and moreover is so unhappily cast that three characters are readily mistaken for each other.

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JONES is just one of those good, old-fashioned names that typify true American simplicity. To be one of the big family of Joneses usually means that you are as plain as an old shoe. True, a few black sheep, becoming *nouveau riche*, have tried to high-hat their modest cousins by adopting such hifalutin monikers as "Montmorency" or "Cholmondeley," but all big families have their black sheep. For honest accomplishments, the grand old name of Jones hasn’t had to take a back seat for any name. We have the one and only Bobby Jones, world’s champion golfer, and we have the pride of the Western picture stalwarts, the popular and likable Buck Jones. If there is one he-man in this world who is equally modest and a shade more painfully shy than Bobby—it’s Buck.

When the stalwart cowboy star and his wife made their recent trip to Europe, which happened to be their first and possibly their last for some moons to come, New York interviewers discovered that talking to Buck anent Buck was like trying to scale the w. k. Rock of Gibraltar. It simply couldn’t be done. Buck proved a genial, yea, even a master host, but he positively refused to discuss himself. Granted that the big Westerner has never been noted for his loquacity, nevertheless, he can radiate more silence than his own great open spaces—on the subject of himself.

To state that the cowboy screen hero was glad to be back on his own range after a rather hectic trip to the land of the gyp artists is to put it mildly. After only three weeks of Europe, he and the missus began to yearn for their hospitable ranch, which lies near Hollywood in the San Fernando Valley, at the foot of the

The Simple

Provided you think that cow-punching Mexicans is simple! Not to mention simple to Buck Jones,

By Romney

Sierra Madre Mountains. They passed Paris up after several typically Parisian nights, especially designed for American tourists, to enjoy the rest of their time motoring through the small villages and countryside of France—to see the real folks. But perhaps the simplest way to sum up Buck’s idea of his sojourn in the Mecca of frenzied American spenders and sightseers is to quote verbatim how he parted between the star and his cowpunchers around the chuck wagon on the first day’s location work during the filming of “The White Eagle.”

Quoth the spokesman of the gang, between bears, “What place did you cotton to best, Buck?”

“Jefferson, lo-way!” retorted Buck, laconically but emphatically. And he meant what he said!

It appears that the Joneses’ sudden return from Europe left them with some time on their hands before their vacation was up, so they stopped off at this hamlet in Iowa to visit some old friends. They stayed a week. Discussing Jefferson, Buck became positively loquacious.

“Stopped off to visit some old friends. Real folks in such towns as Jefferson. Main Street is just about as long as one of my Western sets, but shucks, folks knows how to live. No, we didn’t do much. Played baseball, pitched horseshoes, took in a county fair, swapped yarns, and just visited. Had a real nice time.”

That’s Buck Jones, who had just given Europe the good-by!

Buck is a Hoosier, born in Vincennes and educated in Indianapolis. Having been raised on a farm, he craved to go West to become a cowboy. He made his début on a real cow ranch at the age of fifteen, with the Big V outfit, some fifteen miles from Ponca City, Oklahoma. He began as the helper on a chuck wagon; next he became a horse wrangler; then he brought in the drag—which means that he was assigned the task of rounding up the stragglers from the herd—then he advanced to the dignity of pointing the herd, which meant that he was a full-fledged "top hand." Pointing the herd is to take charge of the moving of cattle or the rounding up of the herd. After a year and a half on the Big V ranch, he joined the famous Miller's 101 Ranch, staying there the rest of the year, and then he joined three buddies on their first ranching venture near the Osage Indian country in Oklahoma.

Being a top hand and a finished horseman, it was natural that Buck should feel a desire to enlist in the United States cavalry, which he did in his home town, Indianapolis. He was first assigned to the famous Sixth Cavalry. He went with his outfit to the Philippine Islands where he rose to the rank of sergeant during his three years of service. After receiving his honorable discharge, he immediately drifted back into his old ranch life.

But once a soldier, always a soldier!

The Mexican trouble arose on the border. So Buck enlisted again in the Sixth Cavalry, to help protect
Life for Buck!

ing, bronco-busting, and taming belligerent daredevil movie stunts. But it all seems and that’s the life he loves.

Scott

American citizens along the border. Then he became enamored of aviation, and succeeded in getting transferred to the First Aviation Squadron, giving up his rank of first sergeant to become a first-class private. When he had completed his period of enlistment, he returned once again to cowpunching, working at various ranches throughout the West.

Fate brought him back to the 101 Ranch. He and his three pals, all brothers, used to marvel at the great 101 Ranch Show, which wintered at the home ranch, and each spring went on the road to show the rest of the United States its collection of broncobusters, ropers, riders, and wild-West performers. The four of them dreamed of the day when they might make the show, and finally, one spring, they decided, to “contest” in the big rodeo that was held to decide who would be taken on the road. These four boys took an oath that if one of them failed, none would go. To their great surprise they all qualified rather easily. As Buck modestly expressed it, “The nag they gave me couldn’t have thrown a wet saddle blanket.”

So they were whisked off to New York, where the big Western circus was shown for weeks at the now-historic Madison Square Garden. They had about fifteen cents between them—until pay day two weeks later. Then they saw New York.

The next year brought Buck a real romance. While strolling in the wild-West concert that followed the show, he met the pretty and sensible young lady who was to become his wife. Odille Dorothy Osborne was a trick rider and roper whose remarkable skill and agility evoked such admiration in Buck that he watched her from the wings at every performance. Mrs. Jones has confided since that she always watched Buck do his broncobusting, riding, and roping, too—at every performance. The two champion riders were eventually married on horseback as a surprise feature of the show one afternoon.

When Buck Jones drifted into the motion-picture capital several years ago, he was still happy-go-lucky—and very nearly broke! He met a few of his kind, real ranch hands, who had been lured to Hollywood by the stories of fabulous sums paid for daring riders who could really do stunts. Soon he was working at the Fox lot for Bill Farnum, under the direction of none other than Frank Lloyd. May it be eternally registered to Bill Farnum’s glory that, when William Fox called him in New York to

Buck and Mrs. Buck fell in love with each other when they were both doing stunts for the 101 Ranch wild-West show.

look at the first film of this possible cowboy “find,” he put his stamp of approval on Buck Jones, and prophesied that Fox had one of the coming young stars of the screen. In 1919, Buck made his début as a William Fox star in a picture called “The Square Shooter.” Bill Farnum’s prophecy came true. Buck has now become one of the most popular of screen figures.

Probably the finest thing that he has contributed to the screen was the title rôle in “Lazybones,” the rôle of a small-town hero. But Buck’s fans much prefer him in his natural Western character. Once in a while, for the sake of variety, he essays other he-man rôles, such as lumberjacks, mounted policemen, soldiers, and such, but very seldom, so great is the demand for his hard-riding, fast-action cowboy character. Somehow, Buck confesses, there doesn’t seem to be nearly so much glamour and romance attached to other outdoors he-men heroes. So he is happy in his own character.

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Weddings being in style, Ralph Ince and Lucila Mendez decided they would have one. No need to introduce Ralph—he has directed and appeared in too many films not to be known. Miss Mendez is a musical-comedy actress, besides being the daughter of a former president of Venezuela.

Above, Lon Chaney tries to carry on a flirtation with Eleanor Boardman in “Tell It to the Marines.”

Left, Lawrence Gray obligingly leaned up against his wall and posed for the camera man amidst all the flowers and shrubs that surround his California home.

Here she is—Ruth Roland herself, returned at last to the screen! She answered the call of the fans by taking the rôle of a dancer in “The Masked Woman.”
of the Studios
shots both on and off the set.

Which sister will you have, Jerry? Both, is the answer of the oil man's son. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason both capture Jerry Miley, young millionaire, who has gone into the movies. You can see him in "The Understanding Heart."

She's yours, all yours, Bert, so don't be bashful. Bert Roach, film comedian, seems a little apprehensive about hugging his new wife, Gladys Johnstone. He'd be no shakes at all in a final clinch.

Below, Percy Marmont bewares of his own dog at his own gateway.

Also seen on the sands was Blanche Sweet, in this attractive beach costume. The dress is of green-white-and-black figured foulard and the hat of black velvet.
A new way of getting a coat of tan—above, one of the Roman soldiers in Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings" has his skin bronzed while he waits.

Left, Ruth Clifford and Helen Ferguson, at the top of Mt. Lowe, sight Hollywood.

Radio made Ann Howe, below, what she is to-day. She became so popular with "listeners-in" that now she is being starred in a series of two-reel films.
A Confidantial Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"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 his father, May Adraos, Betty Bronson, Katharine Keye, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. 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.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Dorothy Gish superbly plays the part of Queen Elizabeth, excellently filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"For Heaven’s Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for missionary work, to the chagrin of real missionaries.

"Kiki"—First National. Norma Talmadge very entertaining in the highly comic role of the little gamin girl of Paris who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic, but beautifully played. Lilian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Mare Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibáñez’s tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the direct control of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading roles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to the director, Victor Schertzinger.

"Night Cry, The"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin more amazing than ever in exciting film of the sheep country, in which the villains are foiled only just in time.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and who single-handedly indirectly deprived him of the girl he loved, Madge Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartbreaking story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title role of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as husband.

"Three Faces East"—Producers Distributing. Splendid mystery melodrama about World War spies, with Jetta Goudal, Clive Brook, and Robert Ames.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the tangled relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Janings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"Auction Block, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An appealing little picture, but thoroughly agreeable. As a wedding present, he gives his father, who is in poor health, the loveliest gift for his birthday, a new car. Well made, and a credit to the studio.

"Barrier, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Exciting and melodramatic romance of the far north, with Lionel Barrymore, Norman Kerry, and Marceline Day.

"Bat, The"—United Artists. Not nearly so thrilling as the stage version of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

"Behind the Front"—Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both unbelievably rich in this doughboys. Mary Brian is the girl.

"Beverly of Graustark"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Marion Davies disguises herself as a stranger in order to capture the heart of a young prince. Antonio Moreno opposite her.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter, George O’Hara, Viola Dana, and Ralph Lewis.

"Black Paradise"—Fox. Good old melodrama crammed full of action and suspense, and ranging from a department store to the South Sea Isles. Fine performances by Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe.

"Blind Goddess, The"—Paramount. Good plot and excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Esther Ralston. Case of a girl who is ignorant of her mother’s identity, and testifies against her in a murder trial.

"Born to the West"—Paramount. Another Zane Grey film, more interesting and picturesque than usual. Excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Margaret Morris.


"Brown of Harvard"—Metro-Goldwyn. Quite an improvement over the usual college film. William Haines, as swaggering undergraduate, carries off the honors with Greta Garbo as his girl and Jack Pickford his satirist.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny and rather thin story of a bored young heroine who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Cohens and Kellys, The"—Universal. One of those sure-fire comedies involving a mix-up between the Jews and the Irish. George Sidney and Charles Murray head the respective tribus.


"Dancing Mothers"—Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Claire Windsor, and Norman Tower.

"Desert Gold"—Paramount. Wild West melodrama. Neil Hamilton is the handsome hero, William Powell the villain, and Shirley Mason the girl.

"Eve's Leaves"—Producers Distributing. Film of a French comedy, "Le Feu," as the tomboy daughter of a sea captain, gets shanghaied, along with her sweetheart, William Boyd.

"Flaming Frontier, The"—Universal. An accurate historic look at the Balkan frontier days, with Hoot Gibson in the role of a pony-express rider, and Dustin Farnum as General Custer.

"Footloose Widows"—Warner. Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda make genuinely amusing the story of two fashion models who dash to Florida and masquerade as wealthy widows.

"Good and Naughty"—Paramount. Pola Negri excellent in gay comedy of a dowdy office girl who blossoms into a woman of the world and saves her employer, Tom Moore, from the machinations of a married woman.

"Hell Bent for Heaven"—Warner. Adapted from the prize stage play. A tale of mountain folk and religious fanaticism, reaching a climax when the dam bursts. John Harron and Patsy Ruth Miller featured.

"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkraut in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a Jewish family of the lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

Ibáñez’s "Torrent"—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young lover whose mother’s influence kills his romance and ruins two lives.

"Let’s Get Married"—Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard.
There is a Santa Claus

Arnold Gray's happy lot in the movies revives the writer's faith in the much-disputed idol of credulous youth.

By Dorothy Manners

WILL HAYS won't be so keen about this story, probably. Neither will the welfare leagues. But I'm expecting a big commission from Westbound railroads, because this is one of those exhibits of why young folks leave home for Hollywood. In short, it's a résumé of the career of a young Mr. Arnold Gray who recently played the role of Fowler in "The Flame of the Yukon," opposite Seena Owen. Which was an awfully nice plum in the cap of a chap who had never played a big part in a picture before.

But before we go into that, you are entitled to a few personal details about Mr. Gray and I'm tickled to death to give them to you, because if there is anything handsomer in Hollywood than this boy, I haven't seen it. Not since Wally Reid has there been such a face. In fact, his resemblance to the late idol is startling. You look at this Arnold Gray and you think you are seeing a ghost. He is tall and blond and blue-eyed—like Wally.

I've seen him about Hollywood for years and wondered why one didn't snap him up. This may sound like press-agent stuff, but—you know me, I wouldn't fool you—it is true that he creates a mild panic when he appears in public. Both men and women buzz and whisper "Wally," then stare, and point him out to their children, who also stare—and point sticky fingers. For that reason you rarely see him at cafes or at first nights. When he does venture out, he dashes down the Boulevard in a swift-moving roadster.

No one knows very much about him. I talked to him for quite a little while when he was making the "Yukon" film, and I didn't know much more when I got through than I had before.

Naturally, I spoke of his amazing resemblance to Wally.

"I don't think there is any marked resemblance," he said quietly, smiling rather shyly. "Even when he was alive I couldn't see any great likeness between us."

"But surely every one speaks to you about it?"

"Oh, yes," he admitted. "Every one speaks of it."

I got the impression that he didn't want any one to think he was trying to trade on his resemblance to Wally. He seemed anxious to be accepted for himself, to stand or fall on his own ability—not on his

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Then came the lead with Priscilla Dean in "West of Broadway," a scene from which is shown below.
**A Priestess of Poise**

And who is she but Alice Joyce? Noted for this reveals the same lovely calm and a natural gift of good sense that have survived the ordeal of good fortune.

By Elizabeth van Horn

It was in a shoe shop on Fifth Avenue that I first caught sight of Alice Joyce "in person," as they say. It was a shoe shop de luxe.

Luxury, like a perfume, lingered in the air. Piles of expensive shoes lay heaped carelessly about. Wicker sofas for the customers were placed casually, as they would be in a boudoir. Models strolled nonchalantly by, arm in arm, from the dress department, and white poodles, with the latest fashion in poodle bobs, dozed, attached to decorated chains, on sofa cushions next their mistresses.

The customers were, for the most part, women of wealth and fashion, skilled in the gentle art of being women, but it seemed to me, when Miss Joyce happened to walk in, that she was the loveliest lady in the place.

I had always thought of her as an intelligent actress, but now, as I watched her, I realized that in fulfilling the secret aspiration of all women—in retaining her beauty and enhancing it by her dress and demeanor—she was great. I felt shabby beside her, and I wished that she, or even her maid, would give me a few hints on how she did it.

When I went to see Alice Joyce, therefore, remembering her screen personality, and the glimpse I had had of her in the shoe shop, added to the fact that she is married to a man reputed to be quite wealthy, I think I expected to find her living in a place almost dramatically "swanky." One of those apartment houses, for instance, native to New York, which cover four sides of a block, with a courtyard in the middle, made up, by means of rocks and palm trees, to look like California. Many footmen and elevator boys I expected to find on the ground floor, all with a

**With Neil Hamilton in a scene from "The Little French Girl."**

...envious quality on the screen, a glimpse of her home life...
A Priestess of Poise

this business, I think," she explained, referring to her telephone conversation. "One of the things, anyway. The uncertainty of it, I mean. I've been expecting for days to start playing with Mr. Fields in a story by Julian Street. Five people are working on the continuity and they haven't got it right yet. So much has to be added to a story to make it full enough for production."

As she spoke, in a voice not of powerful timbre, but clear and well modulated, I glanced about the sitting room of the apartment.

The walls were in plain ivory, and the pictures few. The lavender color of the velvet rug toned in pleasantly with the rose-colored hangings, and the bright yellow of the damask chairs furnished a lively note. One wall was taken up by a fireplace, with two flanking bookcases. A few personal photographs were standing about—one of them, autographed, of George Arliss. A pretty room of feminine color scheme, rather than a magnificent room. Altogether, just the sort of room you could see in numbers of nice homes except that it had been planned by one whose taste had been trained.

In fact, in talking to Miss Joyce, I discovered that the glamorous lady of the screen and of the boot shop faded more and more as something not in keeping with the actual facts of her mode of living. She impressed me, in spite of her undoubted talent in selecting and wearing clothes, in spite of her prominence on the screen and her private circumstances—fortunate as they may be—as a singularly practical and unaffected young woman. Born reasonable, Sophisticated, and yet without being hard.

She sat directly opposite me, very erect, in a very loungy chair. She's an easy person to interview because she listens intently, and answers directly. Yet she's a difficult person to interview because she's so sensible that there's no drama in her copy.

"You mustn't judge my private life," said she, almost pleadingly, "from the fact that I usually appear on the screen in an atmosphere of luxury, surrounded by beautiful women. They receive salaries," he explained carefully, "for making love to me."

Well, Alice Joyce's appearance, at any rate, was glamorous. Was it true, then, that to reach perfection women do not need an atmosphere of idling and of ease?

When Miss Joyce had finished with the telephone and again faced me, I saw a very slight figure in a plain dark-blue crape dress. She was carrying a garden hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with a wreath of wild flowers. Her face was innocent of make-up except for the latest idea of deepening under the eyes and reddening the mouth a trifle—the instinct of the actress, no doubt, to accentuate her features. Her hair was worn parted on the side and waved only once, where a barrette held it back.

The distinction of her face, apart from its beauty, is its freedom from lines. It is as smooth as a baby's.

"That's the sort of thing that keeps me interested in

Miss Joyce says she cannot "emote," but this scene from "Beau Geste," with Ronald Colman, vibrates with restrained emotion.

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Watch Us Grow!

"Bigger and better families," is Hollywood's slogan.

Mary Carr's large family of boys and girls, above, are famous, and are ample evidence of why she is so good in mother roles on the screen. Left to right, there are Rosemary, Thomas, Luella, John, Mrs. Carr, Stephen, and Maybeth.

Eddie Cantor, above, basks in the admiration of his four small daughters, while Mrs. Cantor stands by. The comedian is wearing the outfit that he sports in his first film, "Kid Boots."

The truckload of kids at the left are H. B. Warner's flock — Henry, Lorraine, and Jean — out in the yard with their dad.

The proud father below is Pat O'Malley, and those are his three little red-headed girls — Eileen, Sheila, and Mary Katherine.
Myrna, Are You Real?

Is Myrna Loy's bizarre personality a pose, a mere figment of her highly developed imagination, or is she actually the strange, fantastic being that she appears to be?

By Myrtle Gebhart

L O Y—Myrna Loy—what impressions does it conjure, that name? Chinese? Yes—lotus blossoms, and a lissome figure falling breathlessly upon a heap of silken cushions, little ivory fingers begging wailing notes from a moon-faced lute, to the lift of a sing-song chant.

The Chinese-boy movie fans of these modernized American Chinatowns write her love letters, which amuse her vastly. One walked six miles to a location, with a sandwich lunch in his pocket, to adore her and to ask, with many bows, for her photograph.

The gleam went out of his shattering eyes, and the eagerness which glowed on his saffron face was masked again by his racial reserve when she smiled at him and said, with a hint of a mocking laugh, "I am American, of Welch extraction."

Myrna Loy—American, of Welch blood. Pause to consider that.

To me her name suggests almond cakes and litchi nuts and tea sweetened with jasmine—tiny pagodas with bells in their tiptops—bead curtains and wee stands of bamboo and teakwood—lilied words and golden boys and a silver pool guarded by swaying reeds.

This seductive name was conferred upon her by a poet. A poet struggling, as poets always are, for ideals and self-expression, but playing a bit, meanwhile—because even poets must eat—in a shoestring movie that was later to be hailed as impressionistic art—Von Sternberg's "The Salvation Hunters."

Myrna had ambitions to be a great dramatic actress and adored Duse and copied Bernhardt's gestures. But with a commonplace name? Horrors! All must be artistically prepared for her plunge into the cinematic ocean.

Myrna she had been christened, but Loy was woven out of the vague dreams that wandered one day through the poet's mind, as he and she sat on a rocky headland beyond a populated beach and talked of idle fancies. While her eyes strayed out to query the fathomless mystery of the cobalt sea, he suddenly announced her name—"Loy." It kindled her imagination, so she accepted it.

There are several Myrna Loyes, all of whom contribute to the facile screen personality on which Warner Brothers are building a house of many hopes.

There is Myrna the Oriental, with somnolent gray-green eyes latticed in lazy appraisal, vouchsafing you her slumberous attention, Myrna of the full lips puckered into sensuous curve, Myrna sleepily beguiling. The suggestive carving of her pose is seen, young and a trifle crude. I rather think she fancies herself an embryonic volcano whose smoldering rumble she dimly hears in the distance. And yet, perhaps it is instinctive, genuine. It is not for me to say—because I do not know—whether Myrna the eccentric is a figment of her imagination being molded into form, or whether she is but groping her way to an expression of a naturally strange character. But intriguing she undoubtedly is.

Away from studios and costumes and interviews, there is Myrna the young sophisticate, with brown short hair, cut irregularly in pert wisps over her forehead, in sideburns on her cheeks. This Myrna has a whimsicality, a mere crinkle of amusement. But broad humor, never. One gathers that she fancies she knows the world—and maybe she does.

And there is Myrna the Filipino maid in "Across the Pacific," wreathing her sapling self into poems of articulate movement on a moonlit beach. The Love Girl is just that, hungry for life, athrobin with primitive surges, restless with the volcanie nature of her race. She lives in a fiber hut and serves with the spices of Southern love both insurrectos and Americans.

To one of the soldiers of Funston's filibusters, who have been sent to the Philippines to capture the rebellious Aguinaldo and to quell the strife in the islands won by the United States in the Spanish-American War, the Love Girl gives her heart. Duty demands that he learn from her secrets possessed by the "Sons of the Triangle"—so branded in allegiance to Aguinaldo—for whom she is a spy. Duty places him in an ignominious position before his golden-haired American fiancée. And loyalty to her own people eventually arouses the Love Girl. So each double crosses the other.

The American uniform wins, of course. And the Love Girl, with only a proud shrug for the loss of her love and the humiliation of defeat, is marched away under guard. Her parting gift to the man is a superbly disdainful glance. It has in it the contempt of the woman scorned and the fatality of the native sense. A pride, too. She has played the game, guided by her instincts, her only compass, and she has lost. But she leaves the weeping to the pale flower who wilts under the scorching Southern sun. Fiercely, she gives and takes, drinks with gusto the draughts that life hands her, and to the victor she throws a mocking shrug.

The rôle is many-faceted in its demands, encompassing chameleon emotions, with a sympathy skillfully woven into it by a cleverly constructed scenario.

A young artiste of varied but still nebulous talents, is Myrna. For a while, one amuses. When it bores, with equal facility she turns to another. From her mother, a pianiste, she inherits a passionate love of music which perhaps influences her Spanish and Peruvian trends, both offsprings of the melodic art. As a youngster in Helena, Montana, she startled the conventional neighborhood by her dramatic posings before mirrors, by her little feet that never plodded but always danced. Enrolment in Ruth St. Denis' dancing school developed her talent and her particular bent for eccentric impersonations.

Her dancing is that of momentary whim and inspiration. To a slow, pulsating rhythm, she moves about, weaving slim arms and fluttering hands into exquisite Grecian postures, her eyes sleepy with that reverie which goes through and beyond their apparent focus.

What does she dance? Oh, whatever her vagrant thoughts conjure. Allegorical scenes—in a contrary mood, a wild and gay peasant stamping—a jerky polka—a Spanish fandango of electric animation—a Bacchanalian frenzy.

Mostly, her dances are nameless children of her imagination, rhythmic cadences of languid gestures, a flowing motion of grace. Flexed muscles relax into a plant and elastic quiver that ripples nimbly down her slim body, the while her arms, curved into an arc over her low-bowed head, fall slowly like outspread, drooping wings.

Another hobby is sculpturing. Dreaming of the Continued on page 107
As a half-caste girl in "Across the Pacific," right, Myrna Loy has a real rôle at last, one that is well suited to her strange, imaginative temperament. In the story opposite, Myrle Gebhart draws a vivid pen portrait of Myrna's exotic personality.
As the fall days advance and chill winter approaches, there is nothing more alluring than one's own home fire. Pictured above beside their cozy bachelor hearth are Ronald Colman and Charles Lane.

"Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
We while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide."

—Alaric Alexander Watts.

The lady enjoying the cheerful fire at the left is Dorothy Phillips. To quote further lines addressed to the fireside by the same British poet:

"When Fortune frowns, or care annoys,
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried."
Though Pola Negri’s fireplace, at the right, is most stately, it still has that intangible lure of all hearth-sides.

"Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life’s vexations lose their sting
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brook."
—A. A. Watts.

Ariette Marchal, left, also thinks that the home fireplace is by far the nicest place to be.

“Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!"
—Idem
Sixteen Adopts Six

Lois Moran, scarcely more than a child herself, recently adopted her little six-year-old cousin, Betty—who has long been motherless—and means to bring her up and pay all the expenses of educating her and starting her on a career. Lois and her small cousin have always been devoted to each other, but not until Lois' sudden success on the screen brought her unexpected independence did she think of the possibility of adopting Betty.
What Has Become of Sessue?

Though you haven't seen him on the screen for some time, Sessue Hayakawa has by no means disappeared. If you have a vaudeville theater in your neighborhood, watch for his name, and you may have a chance to see the magnetic Japanese actor in person. For Mr. Hayakawa has written a short play called "The Bandit Prince," dealing with Orientals in Paris, and is making a tour of vaudeville theaters in it.
The evil works of a fanatic magician form a gripping tale in "The Magician," the latest film that Rex Ingram has made for us in Europe. Alice Terry, in the rôle of a young sculptress, comes under the magician's dreadful power, and barely escapes disaster.

Ivan Petrovich, handsome Serbian, has the rôle of Alice's lover and protector.
The sorcerer, whose consuming ambition is to find the secret of creating life, carries on his experiments in a tower high up on a hilltop. Here he holds Alice captive, and hypnotizes her for his own purposes.

the Spell Fiend

The magician, right, is played by Paul Wegener, well-known German actor.
Norma Shearer has a chance to wear some very gorgeous costumes in "Upstage," the film of theatrical life that she has just been making. And when Norma dresses up, there is no one more stunning.
Novarro—Past, Present and Future

The part that his ancestry, boyhood surroundings and upbringing have played in making of Ramon Novarro the man that he is to-day.

By John Addison Elliott

A HOUSE of ancient masonry, its walls five feet in stone thickness, with iron-bound door and shuttered windows, it faced the world with feudal majesty. Yet, clasped within its armored mold, like the heart of a chivalrous knight, there glowed a huerta of such rare beauty that the family termed it the "Garden of Eden."

Such was the boyhood home of Ramon Novarro—in Mexico.

You entered by the zaguan, a heavy barred door, through a sala paved in polished red tiles, and passed down sunny corridors that opened onto patios.

They were precisely like cloisters, these fragrant patios, surrounded as they were by the open archways and slim stone pillars of the corridors. There were three of them in this old Mexican house, each centered and shaded by a huge tree springing from the circular pileta. Off from them opened all the rooms, save the grand salon.

In the rear was a wide, paved terrace from which you descended to the huerta, a tropical garden with every scent and shade of Eden. Orange trees, peaches, pomegranates, cherries, figs, plums, avocados, pears, cinnamon, mangoes, and bananas, both red and yellow, were set in a profusion of flowers. Bisecting the paradise was a pergola lost in roses, honeysuckle, and wisteria, and over the outer walls, the bougainvillaea flung its pontifical purple.

In the tranquility charm and cloistered spirit within these sunbaked walls, Novarro spent his youth. The perfect product of environment, he became reserved, a little aloof from the world, loving music, poetry, and drama.

Feudal in his pride of race and family, he is a product, too, of that old, old Mexican town of Durango, filled with holy legends and tracing its origin back beyond the knights of Cortez to the proud and art-loving Aztecs.

On his maternal side, Novarro partakes of Aztec blood, while his father’s name of Samaniego is of lineage almost as ancient. Though it has been borne by Spaniards for many generations, it is of Greek origin, as its nomenclature testifies.

In physique and features, as well as in name, there is reason to believe that Novarro is a throwback to those Greeks of the Golden Age, if not to Apollo himself.

He is one of the most romantic figures in motion pictures. His Ben-Hur was no everyday young man dressed up in old and glittering garments, for Novarro himself is no everyday young man. His Ben-Hur was actually "a romantic and fiery bit from the past," an evocation of his own remote, romantic nature.

Little of the real Novarro is glimpsed in interview. He is one of the least-known of all the glittering parade in Hollywood.

His existence might be considered that of a recluse, from the Hollywood standpoint, but that's only because Hollywood does not go where he goes. Although he is not seen at social affairs nor at opening nights, when actors vie with one another for places in the artificial sun, he is a regular patron of the opera, the concert, and the drama. He'll always be found where music is played.

As a matter of fact, his nature is a combination of esthete and anchorite, a paradoxical contrast between priest and gay worldly pagan. Here again, perhaps, are the ancient Greek and the Aztec in combat with the latter-day Spaniard who carried the crucifix into the wilderness and there established missions.

At one period in his youth, Novarro was touched by religious fervor that all but took him into holy orders. It was the love of music, a pagan love as old as the world, that turned him to a different career. Specifically, it was an opera program from the Metropolitan in New York that came into his hands in Durango and fired his interest. Like most boys, he was
Novarro—Past, Present and Future

urgent, "Remember, you may be a bigger man than the one you're talking to."

He was just seventeen at that time.

Since then, his philosophy of ambition has been tempered by Marcus Aurelius
and his own sage observations. But overlaying all is a gay, satiric sense of humor, typically Spanish, through which he always sees himself. It is a detachment rare in players, and one found only in the greatest workmen.

He liked playing in "The Midshipman," because it was comedy, though not the subtle satiric comedy in which he excels, and it was a pleasant excursion from the travail of "Ben-Hur."

The public never got the full benefit of the comedy, however, as did a few friends who accompanied Novarro, after the Los Angeles première, to a little Mexican restaurant down in Sonora town of lower Los Angeles. After each had aired his high opinion of the performance, Señor Novarro proceeded to give a devastating impersonation of himself in the rôle.

His first rôle with Rex Ingram, that of Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda," is favored in his mind because of the wit which colored it. And it is wit, rather than humor, which characterizes Novarro's gift as a comedian.

Novarro personally is a youth of brilliant mind. He speaks and reads several languages. He has a great library of literature as well as of music, in the English, French, Spanish, and Italian. In his present home he has a huge studio, with a stage where he experiments in his own conceptions, for he intends to go onto the stage eventually.

Such are his interests. The fact that he invariably dresses in black, has mystic beliefs that you may call superstitions, knows Tasso but not Arlen, prefers horses to motors and beautiful women to homely ones—these are matters which he considers trivial and of no concern to the world. Nor will he permit any of his family to figure in his publicity aggrandizement. To a Spaniard, the home is a sacred precinct.

He was too ill with the flu to attend the première last winter of "Ben-Hur" in New York. But had he attended, he would have sat in the back row rather than in the box reserved for celebrities. This is no pose of modesty, but merely his taste. He does not enjoy being gazed upon save only on the screen. For this he has been b o t h c o m m e n d e d a n d c r i t i c i z e d .

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Ramon is one of the best all-round athletes in the colony, and is in a constant state of training.
To see "Husky" Hanes is to adore him. Since he crawled on hands and knees into his first screen rôle something over a year ago, no one who has been entertained by him in any of the Hal Roach comedies has been able to escape his charm. He has learned how to walk since then, and is now all of two years old but, in spite of his advancing years, his public love him and laugh at him more and more.
Eleanor Boardman Discusses John Gilbert

Aside from having worked with him in several pictures, she has for two years been one of his closest friends, and so knows him as few others do.

By Margaret Reid

On reflecting upon the above title, I cannot but think how easy it is for any one to talk about John Gilbert. He is as varied, his moods as changingly iridescent, his character as many-faceted as the best that ever came out of Kimberley.

An idol of the moment is always meat for enthusiasts and analysts; the very mechanics of his success make for deep-chested discussions. But Gilbert is much more than a momentary hero. How much more I shall not attempt to proclaim here, since on this subject my eloquence is apt to run away with dignity. Even aside from his unique and unassailable position in pictures, he is a figure of enduring interest. To certain friends—using the word as it is applied to casual playfellows—he is interesting for his wit, his charm, his brilliance. To other friends—meaning the few, cherished humans every man admits to his heart—he is a delight just for himself—for his lovable, bad-tempered, eager, generous, tempestuous, and little-boy self.

I personally, in my few brief contacts with Jack Gilbert, had never discovered the little-boy qualities, but Eleanor Boardman assures me they are uppermost in the Jack she knows. And Eleanor is an authority. She has known Gilbert for two years—not a long time, perhaps, as measured by days, but the time when you consider that she has been close to him during the period when he most needed friends, friends who would give him honesty for honesty during his dizzy rocketing to the top of fame. And he found at least two such friends in King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman.

King and Eleanor, as you probably know, have been romantically devoted to each other for some time, and it is expected at this writing that they will shortly marry, if they have not already done so by the time this is in print. They, with Jack, have been a familiar trio in Hollywood ever since the making of "The Wife of the Centaur," which picture brought them all together for the first time. King and Jack had met before, when the former directed the latter in "His Hour," but it was during the "Centaur" picture, in which Vidor directed both Jack and Eleanor, that they all became intimate. More recently, the three of them worked together on "Bardelys the Magnificent." Very few people are as near to Jack, or know him as well, as King and Eleanor. With them he is completely himself, although Eleanor says that at no time is he troubled with inhibitions.

"I think," she says, "that this naturalness is the result of his strange childhood, when he was left totally to his own devices, with no one at all to tell him what to do, what to think. It has given him extraordinary mental freedom; his mind has grown naturally, instead of being forced into little ruts and grooves. I envy him that divine lack of self-consciousness, either mental or physical. I have never seen him ill at ease, except once or twice in front of some girls, and then only for a moment."

Eleanor, with her warm heart and steady mind, is a perfect friend for Gilbert. Their is a sister-and-brother friendship that is the more splendid because such professional friendships are all too rare. Being fond of him, she does not withhold from him the devastating frankness for which she has become famous. And because he is fond of her, he stands for it and is grateful, though he may gulp a bit at the time.

"Jack and I have awful fights sometimes," Eleanor said to me, when I talked to her at the studio. "We are both too quick-tempered and, when we disagree, we do it violently. There are days when we don't speak to each other from morning till evening. And then King finally becomes official peacemaker. Jack and I couldn't stand each other when we first met, but now we have wonderful times together—all three of us.

"Both King and Jack are like small boys at times. On Sundays, King keeps open house, and there are always a lot of people there. And whether it's tennis, handball, or swimming that is absorbing King and Jack, they play with the most amazing energy. It is all I can do to haul them in for tea, and sometimes they are quite sulky about it if I have interrupted at a crucial moment.

"Jack is not particularly happy at present. You see, he is lonely. I know he wants very much to marry again. He has built his new home—the home he has always wanted—and he seems to long for somebody to share it with him.

"And with that gorgeous enthusiasm and energy of his, he is diligently looking for a wife. You'd know what I mean about his small-boyishness if you could see him come to me and say, 'What do you think of So-and-so, Eleanor? How do you like her?' Sometimes I have to admit that I think So-and-so is not so good—

Continued on page 100
The ancient Muse of the dance would probably have a fainting spell if she could see the way the present generation are distorting the graceful art over which she presided. The tango, once so severely frowned upon, is dignified and old-fashioned compared with the latest twists and turns. Rod La Rocque and Ina Anson, right, gave an interpretation of it in "Gigolo."

One of the newest steps is the "Surf Board Glide," emulating the behavior of that contrivance on the surface of the waves. It is demonstrated below, and also on the opposite side of page, by Louise Fazenda. Another popular variation is the "St. Louis Hop," being executed by Dorothy Dwan at the lower center of the page.

Below, Marie Prevost practices with her sister Peg the tricky steps of "The Smart Set," a cross between Charleston and "St. Louis Hop."

Lois Moran, below, did a so-called Spanish variation of the Charleston in "Padlocked"—but where are the castanets?
The Story of a Failure

Though he is one of the best portrayers of successful business men on the screen, Huntly Gordon claims to have been a complete failure in business in real life.

By Caroline Bell

This is the story of a failure.

But it's ever so hard to write it, especially when you're writing of a husky, hearty, well-fed, sleek individual who sat opposite you at a perfectly appointed luncheon table.

"Really, though, I am a failure," Huntly Gordon was stoutly maintaining. "I'm the darndest, most miserable of failures. Everything I've ever touched in business has gone bankrupt. I'd be ashamed to talk about it if it weren't so deucedly funny! Where is that waiter?"

He drummed nervously on the table with long, square-tipped fingers, and then dabbed, with his napkin, at the beads of perspiration on his forehead which had oozed through his make-up.

"There's a big crowd on the set, and I've got to get back there on time," he explained his haste. "Why doesn't that waiter come?"

He broke off to give an impersonation of a windmill.

"What's the—idea—did our waiter break a leg?" he called to some one. "Yeah, mother won out and, pronto, I was stuck in a bank. Here comes one, now—yeah, and there he goes! You know, that was before the day of adding machines. It was the Bank of Montreal, you know—gobs of front to it, and a most respectable and staid bunch of chin whiskers running it! Well, my balance sheets never came out like the rest of them. Did you ever notice how many people make their sevens and nines the same? I never did, either, until I started on those balance sheets, and I'm here to tell you that it only takes a couple of nines that look like sevens to make the directors close the bank and search the vaults."

He smoothed his already smooth hair, and hurriedly adjusted his perfectly adjusted tie, and absent-mindedly began to make a rabbit out of his napkin.

"Do you ever have nightmares?" he asked, and immediately continued. "I have—every time I go into a new business, and I've gone into plenty. But those bank nightmares were the worst! Whole armies of sevens and nines used to chase me over huge ledgers! The only thing I got any interest out of at that time was a little dramatic club that was organized among a bunch of amateurs. I thought I was a knock-out then. Um-m-m-h! At last we eat!"

The conversation was continued between hurried mouthfuls.

"I got so I'd recite my lines around the bank. That didn't last long before I was fired. I didn't care, though—I was sort of glad. Then, before I knew it, I was wished into a broker's office. That was better, because I had more time for the dramatic club, and I was making more money. But when friends gave out, I couldn't make any more sales and—out I was again. Come on, you're through now, aren't you?"

Before the last mouthful was swallowed, we were on our way, fairly streaking through the lounge of the club where we had been lunching. People always notice Gordon when he walks anywhere—there's something substantial about his handsome, hearty, red-blooded type that is attractive. Then, too, there are his long, swinging strides, faintly suggesting the outdoors and athletics, and lending a boyish air to his successful-business-man manner.

At the studio, great droves of people were roaming about the set—a college crowd, in sweaters and middies. The director was nowhere to be seen, and the camera stood deserted. Hastily, Gordon excused himself, with a muttered something about fixing his make-up, and went striding off toward his dressing room.

Every moment brought changes in the restless, eddying crowds. Then, the camera coverings were pulled over, and the director appeared with his cortège. It seemed he wanted Gordon. The cry was raised.

"Fixing his make-up." I whispered to the director.

"Oh, that bird's always fixing—his make-up," was the peevish reply. "He worries more over that than a farmer does over his crops."

Before the sentence was completed, Gordon was hurrying across the set, as immaculate and fresh-looking as though a dozen valets had just turned him out for a stroll on the Pall Mall. Snatches of his story followed in short respires between the scenes.

"Sorry—where was I? Oh, yes—well, after the brokerage fiasco, dad's pride came to the fore, and he sent me out to sell his goods—he was a wholesale grocer. It seemed like a cinch—small-town merchants have to have sugar and other staples. But darned if they'd buy 'em from me! I talked too much about plays and other things, I guess. Bye-bye—I've got to emote some more."

Back again he'd come, either glowing in self-satisfaction or muttering discontent.

"All wrong, I tell you—I'd never do it that way in real life. No one would who was a gentleman! Now, let me see—did you ever hear of the cobalt-and-per-}

apine boom—you know, a gold-and-silver boom, like the Alaska ones? Well, anyway, a man found that his lake was paved with pure silver. It didn't take me long to get a pick and shovel and sneak out to that locality to hook, onto another lake. I planned it all out. I'd buy a theater and produce my own plays! But all I ever dug into was damp earth.

"I went bust there, and drifted to New York, where I didn't do much. I tried to sell real estate, and after that fell through, I got a job running a cigarette fac-
But as I didn't smoke, I never knew whether we were turning out alfalfa or real tobacco, and anyway, that went broke like all the rest.

"Here, now, this will show you what a boob I was. My brother and I went into the construction business, and we got an order to build one of these small, private, one-car garages. We got the garage built all right, but the car stuck a few inches from the door, because I had forgotten there would be a difference between the inside and outside measurements!"

And thus his story was rounded out in snatches. He finally landed on the stage, where he stayed until his show broke up. Probably that was his darkest moment, for in that brief period behind the footlights, he had found the realization of all his dreams. Nothing had ever given him such a moment of suffocating ecstasy as he had felt just before his first entrance.

By chance, however, Ralph Ince had witnessed one of his performances, and he sent for Gordon to play in his current picture. One thing then led to another, until now, as you know, he has attained a prominent place on the screen.

Through it all, the listener's paramount impression is that he has been just the pawn of circumstance, that instead of squaring his shoulders and demanding a new deal from Fate he has allowed himself to be moved across the checkerboard without protest.

He reads much, speaks with a degree of familiarity about some of the more recent best-sellers, and can quote a passable number of reviews discussing New York's most notable stage offerings. Yet Gordon could never be called a profound student; he might more probably be grouped as one of those individuals sublimely satisfied to gaze with appreciative eyes at the mirrorlike, placid surface of a shallow pool, and never distress his mind with theories as to its contents.

And isn't it a rather strange paradox that one of our best portrayers of successful business men on the screen should have been notoriously unsuccessful in business himself?
By Accident

Scenes of some recent catastrophies in the movies.

By accident, the motorboat at the right ran away with Blanche Sweet just after this pistol episode in "The Sea Woman," and went wild for half an hour before it was overtaken.

Fire broke out during the filming of the above scene in "The Midnight Sun," and two girls were badly injured. Right, is the scene of a drowning during the making of "The Ancient Highway." Below, three of these horsemen were thrown and trampled upon in the filming of "A Man Four Square."

Shortly after the above picture was taken, a chain on the front carrier broke and Jack Daugherty was pitched thirty-five feet to the ground. Lola Todd saved herself by clinging to the side. This happened in the making of "The Scarlet Streak."
You liked her in The Big Parade
You loved her in La Bohème
You’ll adore her in Barnaby

Directed by Marcel de Sanó
adapted by Albert Lewin
from the story
“In Praise of James Carabine”
by Donn Byrne

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
“More stars than there are in Heaven”

Allons!
The big parade of questions
I hope you win the big prize

A prize worth winning is worth striving for—is it not so? For you I have chosen most desirable mementos of motion picture stars and I have made my questions most difficult!

For the lady who sends me the best answers to my questionnaire I have chosen as a reward a vanity case similar to one I myself carry. And the cleverest gentleman shall receive a cigarette case very much like John Gilbert’s own.

And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the fifty “next best” contestants!

Allons! Here comes the Big Parade of Questions and here are my best wishes for your success.

Renée’s six questions

1. In what pictures have Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro been co-starred?
2. Who is the original “Nell Brinkley Girl” and what is her latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture?
3. What is the title of the first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer “western” and who is the featured player?
4. Where does Rodolphe first meet Mimi in “La Bohème”?
5. Whom do you regard as the greatest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director? Why? Answer this in less than 50 words.
6. What are the three famous Ibanez stories transferred to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer during the past year and who directed them?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by November 15th. Winners’ names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.
$5,000 for a Millionaire Husband

When her mother died and left her five thousand dollars, this girl, starved for the luxuries of life, decided to spend every cent of it in a campaign to capture a millionaire.

She had charm and beauty and good taste and soon had society at her feet. Everything seemed to be going her way, when—

Find out for yourself what happened. Go to your dealer to-day and ask for the story of this adventuring girl. It is

QUICKSANDS

A Love Story by

VICTOR THORNE

Whether it's stories of love and romance, adventure or the Great West, the solving of strange crimes, whatever your taste in good fiction, you will find what you want among the popular copyrights published for the first time in book form by Chelsea House and selling at the low price of seventy-five cents apiece. Ask your dealer for "Quicksands" and other Chelsea House offerings.

75 Cents
and live. Jack Dempsey never appears in public without a demonstration of public interest of one sort or another, while his wife, Estelle Taylor, walks demurely by his side with a smile on her round countenance that is reserved exclusively for that portion of the feminine population who are content to bask in the sunlight of their husbands’ fame.

It’s evident that she doesn’t mind taking second place. In fact, secure in her happiness, she likes second place, even going so far as to explain, “Jack is the most lovable fellow in the world!”

The other evening, during the intermission at the “Scandals,” the entire audience—yes, even the ladies now have taken to cigarettes in the entr’actes—adjourned to the lobby, but all eyes were centered on a tall bronzed figure, heavily sunburned, fairly brimming with vigor and health. The crowds sort of shifted about as he lit his cigarette, and followed and fidgeted as he took a cooling drink at a near-by soda fountain. The tall, husky fellow with a pretty, brown-eyed maiden clinging to his arm didn’t lose his poise.

As he reentered the theater, one doorman called out to the other, “Hey, who is dat guy?”

“Jack Dempsey, you poor simp,” came the reply.

“Who’s the jake he’s got with him?”

“Aw, just some skirt, I guess.”

Shades of Estelle Taylor’s screen fame!

Lois Moran’s Poise.

Lois Moran doesn’t have to take a page out of Jack Dempsey’s book when it comes to maintaining her poise. At the opening of “The Scarlet Letter,” she was literally besieged with onlookers during the intermission. In her simple georgette frock and picture hat, she might have been any seventeen-year-old girl still in high school. But the fans soon spotted her, and the theater might have been the Bronx Zoo for all the craning of necks that went on.

But Lois, who is a young lady of considerable dignity and knows how to conduct herself, never hatted an eyeshade, though she must have felt that at any minute some one might prod her with a stick to verify the statement, “There ain’t no such animal!”

Pride and a Fall.

It became the fashion during last season for first-night habitués to wear rather degagée attire, with the result that evening dresses are now few and far between, all the celebrities appearing in simple frocks undressed and undistinguished, with the exception of the exhibitors’ wives, who would squeeze themselves into Faquin models in a Kansas heat wave with the family diamonds to match!

A gorgeous being in a Spanish shawl briskly approached a young lady who was standing in the aisle chatting with a few gentlemen just before the curtain went up on “The Scarlet Letter,” and asked to be shown to her seat.

With the courage born of superior clothes, the other flashed out, “See here, young woman, it’s you I’m after talking to these young men, and attended to yours truly. I want to be shown to my seat immediately!”

“You’ve made a mistake,” replied one of our leading motion-picture critics, and the intruder, despite her fine toilette, tried to retire inconspicuously in search of an usher.

Maude Adams Experiments.

Whenever you hear absolutely nothing about Maude Adams, you can be absolutely sure of one of two things—she has either gone for a rest with the good nuns of the Cenacle at Lake Ronkonkoma, or she is experimenting with motion pictures.

Just now it is the latter. Motion pictures—the technical end of them—have occupied most of Miss Adams’ time since she retired from the stage. She has been up in Rochester experimenting, in company with Robert T. Flaherty, of “Nanook” and “Moana” fame, with a process known as “kodachrome.” A scenario has been written for the procedure involving the making of colored glass by the monks years ago and culminating in the reproduction of a colored glass window of to-day.

Miss Adams spends very little of her time in New York, preferring to stay in her little home on the convent grounds on Long Island. She gave the nuns their own building in gratitude for their kindness to her, reserving for herself only the privilege of keeping her own cottage for life.

She did, however, emerge from her seclusion to get a glimpse of Betty Bronson in “Peter Pan,” and when she was asked how she liked the young girl’s performance, she replied, almost wistfully, “Ah, it was almost too good.”

Gloria Becomes Businesslike.

Gloria Swanson has a new role—that of a full-fledged, dyed-in-the-wool business woman. You should have seen her almost swamped in legal documents, emitting high-sounding business phrases about bond issues, accrued interest, salary settlements, and the rest of it. Gloria has a good business head, and has all the requirements which make a good business woman—except the wardrobe. Even in the midst of her business proceedings, Gloria can’t resist gay and pretty raiment.

The reason of all this financial activity on her part is that she has been forming her own producing organization, and if you see her again, it will be at the head of her own company, for she has become a full-fledged producer, along with Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford.

Gloria took time off from her business duties to maintain that, like the Britons, who never, never would be slaves, she never, never, never was a bathing girl for Mack Sennett, and she related the story of her entire career to prove it.

“I never had a hard time,” says Gloria, “so why should I pretend I had? My screen life has been comparatively easy. I could make a heartrending tale out of it in order to make a story, but to my mind, truth is stranger and far more interesting than fiction any day.”

The Screen in Review

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Charlotte Russe.

The kingdom promised by the title of Corinne Griffith’s “Into Her Kingdom” turns out to be home and motherhood in an American mill town, though you hardly expect so placid a conclusion to the exciting life of the Grand Duchess Tatiana, daughter of the last Czar of Russia.

Her kindly tutor is nothing if not democratic, for another of his pupils is Stepan, the son of a peasant who, after the revolution, becomes a power in the Soviet government and forces Tatiana to marry him after her family have been murdered, according to history. She, it seems, escaped through the sacrifice of her maid.

So far the picture is quite good, but when Tatiana and Stepan are seen keeping shop in New Jersey the story becomes utterly preposterous. Stepan goes back to Russia to inform the royalists of Tatiana’s existence, and returns with half a dozen heavily
bearded gentlemen who wait in the parlor for the grand duchess to make a regal entrance. But instead of appearing in her musical-comedy model of what a ca's daughter should wear, Tatiana comes down stairs in the comfort of a bungalow apron, carrying a hefty baby.

Einar Hansen is spirited and handsome as Stefan.

In the Days of Buffalo Bill.

"The Last Frontier" has magnificent views of stampeding buffalo. Unfortunately, they never get anywhere, even though galloping toward a pioneer settlement.

We have the stalwart young scout in picturesque buckskins, finely visualized by William Boyd, the flower-like Southern girl orphaned during the long journey via covered wagon across the plains, a villain selling rifles to the Indians, a beruffled and cute ingenue and, to complete the prescription, a freckledurchin uttering quaint observations.

The character most interesting to me was the brooding, jealous housekeeper of the villain. She had a story but wasn't allowed to tell it. Gladys Brockwell made her vital and significant. Marguerite de la Motte is the girl.

Where Men Are Devils.

"Devil's Island" takes its name from the penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana, and inspired Leah Baird to write a melodramatic story for Pauline Frederick. It might have been an extraordinary story, in view of the strange conditions actually governing the settlement, but it was apparently thought best to make it turgid melodrama.

Some of it reminds you of a serial when, for example, the noble young hero in Paris makes a radio speech at the moment the villain is about to carry out his fell purpose in South America. As the heroine squirms in his arms the hero's voice rings loud and clear out of the horn and the wretch drops the girl like a hot potato.

The Russian Craze.

Florence Vidor makes her bow as a star in "You Never Know Women." The bow is as graceful and gracious as that of a grand duchess. The character is Vera, of a Russian vaudeville troupe touring this country, whose stunts include having knives thrown at her by Clive Brook as Norodin, the hero.

"You Never Know Women" is entertaining exactly as a vaudeville show is entertaining, being flashy, active, novel. The story matters little—it is incidental to the vaudeville.

The Screen in Review

El Brendel, a recruit from the two-a-day, is a comedian who combines skill with odd charm.

Plantation Heroes.

"Pals First" has the merit of keeping you guessing how it will end even though you don't particularly care—unless, of course, you are fortunately blessed with the intelligence of a backward child of thirteen or have just discovered motion pictures. It has heaps of plot, and for background a Louisiana plantation where the live-oak trees drip Spanish moss and the people ooze sentimentality. Even three hard-boiled crooks who appear on the scene become sentimental when they are not busily purveying comic relief.

Danny Rowland, the youngest, bears a striking resemblance to the missing owner of the manor hall and is accepted as such by Jeanne Lamont, the girl who has been placing white roses as a votive offering before his photograph these many months.

Danny Rowland really is the heir masquerading as a crook and proves his identity by not having the tattoo mark. There's novelty for you!

Lloyd Hughes is Danny. Dolores del Rio the heroine, and the crooks are Alec Francis and George Cooper.

Are Parents People?

A young girl is given a party by her mother, at which all the young people dress as children. Her father appears unexpectedly and orders them out of the house before the birthday cake is cut. For this and other indignities the mother commits suicide and the daughter becomes a cabaret dancer until she is forced to return to her father by a police woman with a warrant for her arrest as a delinquent. The father, influenced by a new wife, has the child committed to a reformatory for three years.

This is the beginning of "Padlocked," with Lois Moran as the daughter. Noah Beery the father and Louise Dresser the mother.

If you can reconcile these occurrences with the life you know or read about, it is all very well. But if you can't credit fathers, civilized men of affairs, acting as this one did, then you will agree with me that "Padlocked" is not so good.

Small Talk.

"The Whole Town's Talking" somewhat overstates the case. A village may talk about the picture, but a town never will.

A soldier returned from the war believes that he has a silver plate in his head and therefore should not become excited. His arrival in Sandusky, Ohio, sets in motion all the rough-and-tumble face the director could think of, some of it fairly funny, some of it just silly, until the mistake is discovered and Edward Everett Horton as Chester is paired off with Virginia Lee Corbin.

Anita Loos wrote the story. Nothing could be more unlike "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," if that's what you're thinking of.

If Beauty Counts.

If you like gorgeous Oriental spectacles on the screen, by all means make a note to see "Lady of the Harem," with Greta Nissen, William Collier, Jr., Ernest Torrence, and Louise Fazenda in the leading roles.

Greta Nissen has never been seen to better advantage. She is lovely, glamorous and supremely seductive, while the production is magnificently spacious. Raoul Walsh, who did "The Thief of Bagdad," is responsible for this one.

Hollywood Hash.

In "Her Big Night" Laura La Plante is a shopgirl whose resemblance to a movie star enables her to earn a thousand dollars for taking the latter's place for a personal appearance, with a lot of complications, the object of all concerned being to make every incident as long as humanly possible and thereby turn out a "feature" picture.

The knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out technique is employed and Miss La Plante plays with the finesse of the slaughterhouse, but Einar Hansen manages to be sincere.

Much Too Late.

"The Great Deception" deceives no one but the characters in this melodrama of the late war because almost any one knows that Ben Lyon as Cyril Mansfield couldn't—or wouldn't—be a German spy and still be the obvious hero of the picture. However, all the characters have their suspicions and it takes what seems an awfully long time for the truth to be told. Aileen Pringle is the girl.

You Never Can Tell.

That slangy title, "The Cat's Pajamas," covers a charming picture, well worth seeing from the standpoint of story, direction, and acting. It is slight, understand, but adroit.

Betty Bronson is a little seamstress who marries Gracco, tenor. Sounds absurd, of course, but it sparkles with satire and humor and the unexpected. Miss Bronson is delightful. Ricardo Cortez very droll as the singer and Arlette Marchal is perfectly beautiful as the jealous dancer.
Celebrities at Ease

Above, Irene Rich spends a peaceful afternoon in her hammock, and at the left, Dolores del Rio does the same thing, with a book on the side for entertainment.

Colleen Moore is not always dashing about in the wild way that she does in most of her films. At home she often settles down quite soberly — see above.

Marian Nixon, above, takes to her hammock with a box of chocolates and a book — happy days! Left, Florence Vidor was caught devoting an idle hour to a pile of picture magazines.

Perhaps Doris Hill, above, isn’t exactly what you might call a “celebrity” yet, but she’s well on her way to being one, and she’s certainly “at ease” in this picture.
Two years in the motion-picture business have taught Betty Bronson to develop her own brand of self-defense. She has learned, though a child in years, that “Yes, sir,” “If you please, sir,” “If you think it’s best, sir,” “Very well, sir,” are not watchwords to success. She is aware that to retain the high mark she reached at one fell swoop, she must show decisiveness, and determination to stick to her guns at crucial moments. Gloria Swanson and Mary Pickford will tell you that it is good judgment and the ability to avoid mistakes that are the greatest allies to screen achievement.

Betty Bronson hasn’t the sureness and tact which come from experience, but she has intuition. She senses when things are wrong though she may not be able to define the reason.

Already she has found it necessary to put her diminutive foot down, and while it may not have added to her popularity with her business associates, the thud of that little foot hasn’t gone unheeded. Betty is more concerned with her career than with personal popularity and adulation. All her efforts are consecrated to one purpose: learning her job and doing it well.

While it is perfectly true that Betty Bronson got her first chance in “Peter Pan,” it is absolutely untrue that she would now be unheard of for the boosts of the Famous Players publicity offices and their lavish expenditure of advertising ducats. She waited several months, after her test was taken, for Sir James Barrie’s decision, during which time two leading directors wanted to engage her for ingenue roles. Having an option on her services, Famous Players exercised that right, and Charles Eyton, I believe it was, gave her assurance of the job that should she fail to win Barrie’s approval, she would be given the part of Wendy to compensate her for her loss with other companies.

Moreover, if Betty Bronson had failed to make good as Peter Pan, what then? Doesn’t she deserve some credit, too?

In regard to the hotel incident, there are also two sides. Upon her arrival from the Coast, she was expected to receive and entertain whatever visitors the organization saw fit to send to her—reporters, photographers, and the dozen and one callers who seek to interview a girl of her prominence.

But she had no sitting room. And when she was asked by an executive if she was comfortable, she replied decidedly to the contrary—she had no sitting room. This has been quoted against her with the greatest scorn. “Who is Betty Bronson,” you are asked, “to have demanded better rooms in the most exclusive hotel in New York?” But that she was justified to some extent is evidenced by the fact that she got them.

In the matter of hitting Jesse Lasky for more shkelers, again we must repeat she got them. But she had to fight for the money and take a few snubs in the bargain. Betty’s contract called for a minimum salary, raised by modest additions over a period of five years, with the result that while in several pictures she was the starred player, she was receiving little more money than the assistant director or the electrician. Supporting actors were receiving as much as five, and in some instances ten, times the salary of the star.

This contract held good whether Betty was a huge success or a moderate one. In view of the fact that she made a tremendous hit, wouldn’t it have been generous to add a small sum to her weekly stipend, which would have meant a great deal to the girl and nothing at all to the organization? Especially in view of the way she spends that money.

Betty’s father died just before his daughter’s first picture was shown. This left her with a family consisting of her mother, two younger brothers, and a sister. Her first thought in her success was for them. It has been her pride, so her mother once told me, to provide for and to do all in her power for them, not grudgingly and sparingly as it is often done, but with a determination to give them through her own efforts all that they lost, and more if possible, with the death of their father.

She has selected one of the finest prep schools and, despite their unwillingness to accept her sister’s help, is making all arrangements for her brothers’ education; she attends services generously to all her sister’s needs, and puts by a tidy sum for the proverbial rainy day. Her mother, of course, lacks nothing.

Betty Bronson gives an example of thoughtfulness for those close to her that her wealthier confères may well envy. It seems to me a girl like that deserves a raise, and should be commended in her fight for it, no matter how brusque the manner of attaining her ends.

As for being rude to people in the studio, it’s Betty’s very unconsciousness of her surroundings, her concentration on the work at hand, which makes her at once detached and abrupt, and piles up enemies for her at every hand. But she’s unaware of it.

For example: in the midst of a scene in a recent picture, some one who had been watching on the set stepped up to Betty and remarked, “You’ve had that cap on crooked for the last two takes—you’d better fix it.”

For answer Betty snapped back, “Why didn’t you tell me before?” Tactless, of course. The kindly reminder deserved no such rebuff. A wiser and more experienced actress would have hidden her chagrin under a cloak of graciousness, whereas Betty’s first and only thought was for her work and two utterly wasted scenes, totally oblivious of the bad impression she had given by her lack of politeness and consideration.

To incur the dislike of the stage hands is one of the seven deadly sins of filmdom. It makes a player a social pariah. The stage hands are “regular fellows.”

Their displeasure implies a lack of the fundamental qualities which makes all creatures akin. Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford are adored by the stage hands, which is another way of saying they are recognized as genuine human beings in a world where the almighty dollar is used to cover a multitude of sins.

Mary Pickford once remarked humorously, when some one commented on her popularity with the stage hands, “Well, that’s fine! You never know when one of them will be directing you next year!”

It is indeed true that, at the present time, the stage hands have decreed thumbs down on Betty Bronson. They, too, echo, “Betty Bronson’s just a snip!” But this I haven’t a doubt will be obliterated entirely when Betty comes of age and has learned that a kindly word and a cheerful “Good morning!” to those about her will never in any way interfere with her work, but make life much more cheerful for herself and every one else.

What the stage hands don’t realize, when they feel that Betty Bronson treats them as if they were the dust beneath her feet, is the fact that when Betty starts to work, not even Jesse Lasky himself would be vouchsafed a nod.

The manner in which the little Bronson has conducted herself since her advent into public life should be the strongest argument in her favor. She has not gone in for ballyhooing, accompanied by the loud blowing of her own trumpet. She has shown utter self-possession in her few public appearances. She has been retiring at all times and has never shown a disposition to push herself.

She Is Not “Just a Snip!”
Killing Time

How the players idle away those long waits between scenes.

Monte Blue, above, looking terribly bored, undertakes to beat the Chinese at their own game—mah jong, of course.

The strange-looking stringed instrument that John Patrick is toying with is designed especially for accompanying the Charleston.

Patsy Ruth Miller, below, contrived a wire bookrack for her chair, and lessens the tedium of waiting by reading.

Clara Bow, above, communes with herself on the subject of her make-up. Eleanor Boardman, below, coaxes a tune from the portable organ of the studio musicians.

Elinor Fair, above, found a swing to loll in while making some outdoor scenes.
Rudy at the Rubicon

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on a horse and ride just because I like riding best.

"And next I like to sail. Did you know," he asks, turning eagerly, and with such a change of manner and emphasis that your pulse gives a bound, as if confronted with a metamorphosis taking place before your eyes," did you know I had a little boat?"

Impossible to convey, after all, what the metamorphosis is like. In the first place there are no syllables in our language to reproduce the sound of that question, which bursts from him in pure liquid vowels; what few consonants remain form scarcely bars of foam on the swift tide. No accent? Well, this is English rendered into Italian without a change of words, English set to Italian music—so ardent, so limpid, so caressing and rhythmical—fluid as quicksilver, but warm.

And there is another change, a change of countenance. The young man who was no longer ingenuously immature, the young man of ready thoughtfulness, has disappeared.

In his place is a small boy, about eight years old, who has just seen that his new full-rigged ship is really what it pretends to be, that it has actually—see!—caught the wind and goes sailing, there, out across the pond. And as that small boy might look from his ship to you with a face all vivacity and good faith and happy fire, proudly exultant in calling upon even grown people to bear witness that the world has come true, so does Rudolph Valentino, idiotically misnamed "The Sheik," turn to you, spontaneously wishing to share with you the bright image in his mind.

Oh, and you do so wish to appear a nice kind of grown person! Even though you have to tell him no, you didn't know he had a little boat, you don't want to seem a mere bump on a log, the mummy of a staring ox.

And at least he keeps on telling you about it—how she is not much of a boat, only thirty-two feet long, but then the great thing is that he himself can do everything to be done on her.

He grows up again, as he talks; he is somewhere around twenty by the time he says, "I am the cook and the captain and the crew. I can sail her and spend whole days alone on her."

But you want so much to talk to him about pictures. For after all he is, before everything, a serious and brilliant artist.

"Did you like doing Beaucaire, Mr. Valentino?"

He casts on you a long, steady look. "Yes, I like Beaucaire." And then, with a certain gravity, "He is the best work I have done so far. Don't you think so? And after him, Gallardo."

As simply as if there had not already been so much misquoted, he gives you his views about his next rôle, Cellini.

"Not to have all the devil cut out of him, no. To have him just as he was, there in his book—the whole of him, all satire and farce and wildness, for three or four reels. And then—not to make him repent, never that! But to take one of those episodes he has been flying through with an immorality and develop it into a big love story. Why, it's not possible that a man who has been so many times a lover should not have been, at some time, madly in love. You do not say what comes by and by. You say simply, 'Here you are!' You can't have all your love-making satirical—not in pictures."

The daily-fact young lady ascertains the date when his new picture, "The Son of the Sheik," opens in New York. "My birthday!" bursts from you in a fatuous yelp.

Before you can blush at this cri du cœur, your host is holding out his hand. "A thousand congratulations for the birthday!" His gavly gentle breeding, spiced with a little amusement, swerves him for just this second time during the whole interview into a pure Latinity of speech. "I wish you the good day and the good year!"

You grasp at his attention, attempting to trample the daily-fact young lady out of the way "About 'L'Aiglon,' Mr. Valentino. Didn't you ever think there was a picture in that?"

"Not for me. Yes, there's a great picture in that. But for Jack Barrymore in his first youth—not for me."

Cryptic. But—excuse it, please—intriguing. You want to find out what he means. You want—

Time's up! The fact falls on you, blank and sudden, like disaster.

Doubtless the most valuable thing he holds for the screen is a personality tingling and surcharged with dramatic suggestion.

For instance, that ability to suffuse his body with his imagination which makes him able to suggest differing temperaments—in nationality, class, period.

You remember with shame, wondering which was really more his own strain in that personality of his—the swift, silken flash of the aristocrat in Beaucaire or the brooding peasant-ness, sun-steeped and earth-rooted, which sometimes showed Gallardo almost thick-headed. Neither.

These are only garments which he has made himself for his theatrical wardrobe, to put on and off when he chooses. His own personality is something else again—oh, quite entirely!

It is uniquely picturesque, and who shall deny that it is inherently romantic? But schooled sharply and observantly in the most persuasive realism, and energized to its fingertips, there is no vital adventure, from ancient Egypt to modern Paris, that it does not suggest.

This is an equipment like a great fortune, which he brings to the screen in the golden abundance of his youth.

You can't help wondering, as the poor will wonder about great fortunes, what he is going to do with it. What are we going to let him do with it, all of us? It is not only to him but to motion pictures that you can hardly keep from saying, as you bid him farewell. "A thousand congratulations! I wish you the good day and the good year!"
Oh, Those Silly Men!

They think they are being so funny, mimicking the fads of the girls.

If William Boyd thinks for one minute that any girl would wear all that jewelry at once, he's greatly mistaken. Men do exaggerate so! Now just look at Harrison Ford's idea of an ornamented garter—keys, of all things!

Larry Semon, above, may imagine he's being comical in that lace collar, but just exactly what he's trying to prove is hard to see. There's nothing so funny about a lace collar, and certainly no girl would ever pose in any sort of collar in that unrestrained way.

What does Neal Burns think he is, anyway—a bathing girl? If bathing girls actually walked about in costumes like the one he is wearing, left, fashion designers might just as well quit right now.

If the girls wear bare knees—and what's more, blatantly show them!—why shouldn't the men, says Lew Cody, right. All right if you're a Scotchman, but Lew forgot his kilts.
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try her luck. She appeared intermittently in small-time vaudeville and occasional cabarets, earned a few dollars, saved carefully, and left, eventually, for the gleaming, golden foothills of California.

In Hollywood, land of promise, there was little or no semblance of hospitality. To Georgia, Hollywood was simply a cruel repetition of New York, with its hungry days and its long nights. Hollywood seemed filled with beautiful girls looking for extra jobs—girls who, like herself, thought “doing movies” would be merry. Hollywood was a mirage in the California sun.

“After a month or so,” she said, “working now and then at seventy fifty a day, I found out where ‘quickies’ were made, and worked in them. Of course, a quicky is made in a week or ten days, and I guess no one ever sees them, but they kept me eating fairly regularly.”

A quicky proved to be her salvation. Most of these rapidly reeled romances are little more than fly-by-night films, sponsored by independent producers who specialize in cheap pictures, economically made. Once in a while, though, a stranger takes a chance. Such a stranger was young George K. Arthur, actor, who engaged Georgia Hale to appear in a story he owned with one Josef von Sternberg, a youth with the urge to direct. After untold delays, numerous trials, and tribulations aplenty, the picture was completed, and titled “The Salvation Hunters.”

Every one who follows the destinies of celluloid knows how the young producer peddled “The Salvation Hunters” from one lot to another, suffering rebuff from producers, distributors, and exhibitors alike—how he finally prevailed upon Charlie Chaplin’s valet to show it to his master at his private theater at home, as a lark—and how, finally, Chaplin saw the picture, admired the fresh viewpoint, interested his friend Mr. Fairbanks in it, purchased it, and afforded it release through United Artists.

That it flopped dismally at the box-offices has nothing whatever to do with this story. For it brought Georgia Hale to Chaplin’s attention, and it gave Georgia the lead in his picture then under way, and known to posterity as “The Gold Rush.”

“Never have I experienced a greater contrast,” said Georgia, “than in conditions that existed during the making of ‘Salvation Hunters’ and during ‘The Gold Rush.’ Of course Georgia Arthur and Joe von Sternberg were great to work with. We all simply slaved. Some days we ate and some days we didn’t.

“Working at Mr. Chaplin’s studio was a dream. Every convenience, every comfort—and, of course, time was no object. Charlie would work days on a single scene. He has a wonderful feeling for lighting and angles. That’s one reason he liked Von Sternberg’s direction. And I guess he was a little interested in my work, too.”

He was interested enough to have given her the lead in his film, as coveted a rôle as Hollywood had to offer. And he introduced her in “The Gold Rush” simply as Georgia.

“Then things opened up,” said Georgia happily. “Lasky’s gave me the lead opposite Ernest Torrence and Buster Collier in “The Rainmaker.” Then they signed me on a contract. And here I am in New York again.” She considered the calm elegance of the Plaza lounge. “It isn’t at all like my first visit,” she said thoughtfully. “Gee, it was different before!”

The basement telephone has become a happily discarded memory.

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imply that Alice Joyce is the type that suggests the small-town housewife, baking pies for the church social. No—she’s a town person.

If she weren’t working in pictures, no doubt her life would be a round of shops and of teas at the Ritz, and at noon she would telephone the nurse to ask whether the children were all right.

The traits off the screen that suggest the actress, in addition to her intelligence, are her manner and her repose in listening to you.

She spoke of an artistic reaction I have heard of before.

“I’m always disappointed when I see myself in a picture for the first time. My execution never realizes my conception of a part. I seem so stiff to myself.

“I can’t emote, anyway. There’s too much of it done, I believe. Maybe I feel that way, though, because I can’t do it.”

I told her how warm and sympathetic her acting seemed.

“Oh, I’m so glad,” she exclaimed, looking directly at me with her fine, brown eyes. “People used to complain that it was cold.”

How had the change come about? She didn’t know. Perhaps subtly, through the actual experience of motherhood.

“But why do you always play the part of a mother, Miss Joyce?”

She looked up quickly.

“Oh, have you noticed that? I’m glad. You know, I don’t mind being a mother once in a while. What I’m afraid of is, if this keeps up, I’ll fall into being a mother all the time.”

From acting I switched the conversation to clothes, her flair for clothes.

Alice Joyce says clothes are positively influencing her career. “I used to play a shopgirl, or even a crook. Now they say to me, ‘Oh, you know how to wear clothes. You must be a lady.’"

As we talked, the extraordinary smoothness of her face kept on amazing me. Not one trouble had left a wrinkle. I wanted to ask her whether this was due to beauty treatments or to an equable disposition.

“Do you believe beauty is a Heaven-sent gift?” asked I, “or that it needs—cherishing?”

But Alice is, as I have written, a practical young woman.

“Cold water’s better than cold cream,” said she immediately. “It’s what you put into you rather than what you put on you. I eat—”

It was at this interesting moment that the telephone rang again.

“Hello,” she said, answering it.

“Good morning! How are you? . . . Oh, is that so? Well, what—why, how splendid! And are you going to direct it? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Yes, indeed, I’m sure I’ll like it.”

She came back, excited.

“It was the studio, and Mr. Fields’ picture is put off. Instead, they start work on ‘The Ace of Cads’—Michael Arlen’s ‘Ace of Cads’—and I’m to be in it. I’m awfully pleased.

“I’m going to be a mother, and with a grown-up child, I think, but it’s a nice story. I think they’re going to switch it around—show the end of it first, so that Adolphe Menjou and I are old in the beginning and young in the end. I think I’ll wear some gray hair.”

Well, Mr. Menjou will find opposite him, I should say, a lady with a natural gift of such good sense that it has survived the ordeal of good fortune. A lady who will give the best that is in her and who, if she were buying your services, on the other hand, would have the carefulness to see that she got a dollar’s worth for a hundred cents.
Those Diamond Tiaras

Those you see on the screen aren't made of diamonds—but then, do you often see a real-diamond one off the screen, either? Brilliants are just as dazzling and effective. Anyway, whether made of diamonds or paste, tiaras have been all the rage lately.

In the upper corners, left and right, are Lilyan Tashman and Pauline Starke, as two ladies of quality in "Love's Blindness." Above is Myrna Loy. Left, Dorothy Dwan; and on the right, Aileen Pringle. In the lower left-hand corner is Corinne Griffith, as she appeared in " Classified." Below, Norma Shearer, and to the right of her is Laura La Plante, made up for "Her Big Night."
Eleanor Boardman Discusses John Gilbert

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not the one at all. And like a child, he is immediately convinced. 'You're right—yes, you're quite right.' Then he will add, with that flashing smile, 'But she's darn pretty, though, isn't she? A lot of charm!'

"He is always falling in love, and each time he is as completely over-whelmed as if it had never happened to him before. With the exception of me, of course, he falls in love with each succeeding leading lady. And invariably it is head over heels, to the exclusion of every one else.

"His greatest weakness, perhaps, is his gullibility. Any one can talk him into anything. He has such respect for other people's opinions that he thinks he can learn from every one. Now and then this gets him into trouble.

"Take the instance of his new house. When it was finished, he was impatient to have it decorated and furnished immediately. Just at that critical moment, a third-rate decorator trapped him and said, 'Now, Mr. Gilbert, I am an artist.' I can just see Jack beam ing with pleasure and saying, 'Great! Happy to know you.'

"The man talked fast and smoothly—talked himself right into a contract giving him carte blanche to decorate the house. It made me almost ill to see the money Jack turned over to him, quite confident that he was infallible. I tried once or twice to warn him that the man was incompetent, but he was completely sold. Every few days, King and I would be dragged up to witness the latest atrocity. 'Isn't this great? Isn't it a knock-out?' Jack would exclaim, proudly pointing to some frightful panel or alcove.

"But when the whole thing was done, he did an awfully fine thing—something for which I shall always especially like him. It indicated such an absence of egotism in his nature. He came to me the day after he had seen the finished job.

"'Eleanor,' he confessed, 'I'm a darn fool. You've tried to tell me all along that this decorator was no good, and I talked you down. Well, I was wrong—the house is a mess. I don't know what's the matter with it, but I just feel it isn't right. I want the whole thing done over again, properly. Will you be an angel and supervise it for me?'

"'You know, that's not an easy thing to do—to admit yourself to having been so utterly and stubbornly mistaken. It would have been much simpler for him to say, 'Well, anyway, I like it.' But not Jack, with his dogged honesty. So King and Jack and I proceeded to spend our Sundays changing rugs this way and that and hauling furniture about. I told Jack, however, that he must do the real planning himself—that if he wanted to be happy in the house, he must put his own ideas into it, not those of another. So he used to go onto the set every day evolving schemes for this corner or that room, and learning all the intricacies of period furniture.

"'You know, it is wonderful—the ability he has to throw himself, heart, body, and mind, into whatever concerns him at the moment. This is probably the basis of his success on the screen. It may only be a fine book he has discovered for himself, yet he is as swept away by enthusiasm as if he had come upon a secret of the universe.

"'He lives, usually, at a very high pitch. His energy is limitless, and he must always be going somewhere, doing something. He works and plays with all his strength. Sometimes he decides that he will retire unto himself and devote his life to contemplation. During such moods, he goes straight home from the studio, dines alone, and afterward reads some particularly sober book by the fire. Then, in about a week, he suddenly becomes restless, lonely—I don't know exactly which—rushes into his dinner clothes, and looks up every party that is going on in town.

"There has been a great deal of comment about Jack's remarkable lack of airs in the face of his success. People exclaim that he is not a bit changed from the days when fortune wasn't so kind to him. But that isn't true. Although I've only known him two years, he has changed even in that time. Success is bound to create some more or less radical change in you. You wouldn't be a normal human being if it didn't. It gives you confidence, assurance, poise. You can live and think with more freedom, without that dreadful business of having to consider the feelings of people who might help you. You can be yourself.

"It is impossible for Jack to avoid feeling all this. But he tries, consciously, to be humble about his success because he has an inherent dislike for self-satisfaction. Although he has too much humor ever to be pluckily content with himself, he seems to have an unholy fear of falling into such a state. He is naturally inclined to be arrogant—in a dashing, youthful sort of way. And there is a continual battle between that trait and the humility he tries to achieve.

"Of all his characteristics, I think the salient one is eagerness. He is eager for everything—for life, for work, for play. This has always seemed wonderful to me, because he has had such a hard, rather unpleasant time of it in life. One could readily understand it if his enthusiasms were a bit warped by now. Yet no boy, fresh from a sheltered home, was ever more—well, just eager, than Jack. He is stubborn sometimes, and moody and unhappily selfish. But if he had every fault known to man, he would still be lovable just for his absorbing, boyish interest in life.

"So that's what Eleanor Boardman thinks of him.

Novarro—Past, Present and Future

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but neither praise nor criticism fizes him in the slightest.

He sat in a box at a New York showing of "Scaramouche" at the behest of the publicity office, but he vows he has never felt so uncomfortable. It was then that he promptly stopped the advertisement of himself as "the perfect lover," and won the high approval of Rex Ingram.

His place in pictures has been forever established by his magnificent performance in "Ben-Hur"—"the dominating, stimulating, captivating Ben-Hur of Ramon Novarro," as one critic expressed it.

Commencing as a gay and carefree youth, this rôle swipes him through poignant drama to poised and somber manhood. No rôle ever revealed the spirit of man more completely, and no man ever revealed his own nature more fully in the playing of a part. For two long years, Novarro was in that character and of it, refusing to be depressed by the besetting odds of that production, risking his popularity by remaining off the screen for so long, and taking physical risks of all sorts.

What Novarro did for "Ben-Hur," "Ben-Hur" did for Novarro. His consecration to the rôle, his conscientious determination to realize it spiritually and mentally, was an experience that brought growth of character in the man and maturity in the artist. As a man's work is the measure of his character, so the character is a limiting rule of his art. It is significant that those who know Novarro personally are those who believe most definitely in his future.
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FROM the standpoint of modern social life, with its activities and full days, its filmy frocks and often ill-tuned exactments, millions of women urge this new way.

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You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.
SHORTY.—To think that any one really might want that photo of me aged two—me, not the photo—with a milk bottle in my hand, and so blurted that my face looks just like the milk! If I had one taken in that pose now, I'm sure the bottle would not contain milk. At least, not for long—I like milk. Robert Agnew's home address is at the end of this department. Mary Brian was born in Texas about seventeen years ago, and got into the movies by way of a beauty contest. She is five feet tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Betty Bronson is eighteen and is five feet tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. She studied dancing with Fokine before starting on a screen career. Betty was born in Trenton, New Jersey. George Lewis and Raymond Keane are Universal players. You can write to them both at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California. The tale of Danny O'Hea's life is set down in the article about the girls and boys in comedies in another part of this issue. He appears in Mack Sennett comedies.

A. O. N.—As for my photo being published, you've no idea how bashful I am, and, besides, the editor is so particular. This department is quite cosmopolitan this month, with your letter from Norway, one from Tokio, and several from England and Canada. If Paul Ellis, formerly known as Manuel Granada, continues to progress so well in films, he will undoubtedly rise to a featured position, and then you will see pictures of him in all the fan magazines. He doesn't give his home address, and he is not under contract to any one film company, so I don't know where you can reach him. However, he will certainly respond to you some day, and then you can write him in care of his company. The snapshots of yourself that you sent are quite charming; it was nice of you to send them.

MISS EVELYN MACDONALD.—A place in this department is reserved for you just as often as you ask for it! William Haines was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He ushered in not only a new year, but a new century, didn't he? He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-two pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. I quite agree with you about Richard Dix; he is one of the most likable men I have ever known. Yes, I think he and William Haines and Lloyd Hughes would all be glad to send their photos on request.

MERCUTIO.—That's a beautiful signature—it makes this department sound just like Shakespeare! Ruth Roland returns to the screen in "The Masked Woman," with Anna Q. Nilsson. This is the first picture she has made in some time, but she hopes to make more. She has made a great deal of money in California real estate, and is a very clever business woman. I'm sorry I have to supply the names of her early Kalem pictures and, since that company has long since gone out of business, it would require a great deal of research to find out about the films. Perhaps some of the other readers of this department can recall what a few of those pictures were.

FLORENCE REGNARY.—How did you ever guess that I'm not old? Of course I do try always to be bright and snappy and to conquer "that tired feeling," but you know how these late parties wear one out! No, Diana Kane is not longer with Famous Players. It's difficult to keep the addresses at the end of this article. When an issue goes to press, a player is working at one studio, and by the time the magazine appears on the news stands, that player may be working somewhere else. Yes, I will tell the editor you would like Malcolm MacGregor's picture in the gallery.

A NEBRASKA MISS.—We're probably just as cool in New York as you are in Nebraska, but we bet we're not as dry! William Haines is not married. See the answer to MISS EVELYN MACDONALD. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-address at the end of this department. Lois Wilson does not give her home address. I'm afraid she gets too much fan mail to answer personally, but you might write and see. Tony in "Little Annie Rooney" was played by Carlo Schipa. Gordon Griffith played Tim Rooney, Jr. He was born July 4, 1908. I have added his address—the latest one I know—to the list.

JOY FLOWER.—Thank you so much for your information—unfortunately none of us in the know everything. I thought that Eugene O'Brien was probably the leading man in Mary Pickford's "Poor Little Peppina," but the picture was too old for me to check up on the cast. I recall that Eugene was frequently Mary's leading man in those early films. Flora Le Breton played in several stage productions during her visit in America. Wedgewood Nowell, I believe, has appeared in stock companies in Los Angeles, though his film appearances in the past few years have been rare.

A MARIE Prevost Admire.—I'm sorry your answer could not appear in the issue you wished; unfortunately it takes several months to print and distribute a magazine. Marie Prevost was born in Sarnia, Canada, in 1898. She began her screen career in Mack Sennett comedies about six or seven years ago. She is Mrs. Kenneth Harlan. Marie has dark hair and blue eyes. Her next picture is "For Wives Only."

PEGGY EDWARDS.—You are not the only admirer of Edmund Lowe; Libyan Tashman admired him so much that she married him last year—on September first, to be exact. He doesn't give his age; he is about six feet tall and has brown hair and eyes. He works for Fox Films. He doesn't reveal his home address.

ANGELINE FROCKMAN.—So far as I know a fan club is organized by a group of fans in one city—you and your girl and boy friends, for example—who elect the officers. Then you write in to the answer men of various screen magazines, asking to be announced, and inviting any one interested in your club to join them also. If I were you, write to the star whom you select and tell her, or him, that you have organized a fan club in her honor. There are correspondence clubs to my knowledge for Mary Brian, Helene Costello, or Constance Bennett. Dolores Costello and Joan Crawford clubs are announced in this issue. As Constance Bennett retired from the screen upon her marriage to Philip Plant last fall, I doubt if you would get much cooperation from her for a fan club. There is already a Betty Bronson Correspondence Club, care of Mary Campbell, secretary, 300 West Sixth Street, Cisco, Texas. Diana Kane is Lois Wilson's sister. Esther and Jolyna Ralston are not related. Richard Dix is thirty-two. Constance Bennett is twenty-one. Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels played together in "Argentine Love" and "Volcano." Kathleen Key is now free lancing. I believe Alberta and Admire Vaught can be reached in care of F. B. O.—address at the end of this department. Shirley Mason usually appears in First National pictures.

JUST TWO GILLS.—If you don't get an answer to your questions, it's because you forget to watch—here they are! Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morosco;
There is a Santa Claus

Continued from page 70

almost freak resemblance to that great popular favorite.

He was tired, he said, and explained that he had worked most of the previous night in the fight scenes. The conversation wilted and almost died for a moment. He leaned against a post, picking splinters from the wood with one hand, pushing the other deep into his pocket.

"Is this the first picture work you have ever done?" I asked.

He seemed undecided for a moment, then answered, "The first big work."

"It's a pretty big role for a newcomer, isn't it? How did they find you?"

He shifted himself into a chair beside me and watched idly while some electricians moved lights on the set. He looked as though he would have enjoyed helping them if he hadn't been duty bound by the publicity department to sit beside me for the duration of my visit.

"I did some picture work several years ago," he answered after a pause. "Some bits and doubling work. I didn't make much money at it, though, and the automobile business looked better to me. So I got a job as a salesman. I was out of films for four years. Then, one day I was down on the Boulevard in a little tie shop when Uncle George"—George Melford—"dropped in at the same store. I had known him on and off for some time. He asked me what I was doing. I told him I'd gone into another line of work. He sort of looked me over for a moment, then told me to come over and make some tests for a role in 'The Flame of the Yukon.'"

He didn't continue. I suppose he thought it silly to add, "And so I got the role over half the actors in Hollywood." He was there to prove it. He also forgot to add that he had "troubled" so well during the first few weeks of the production that Metropolitan had rewarded him with a five-year contract.

"Well, there is a Santa Claus," I remarked.

He smiled very boyishly, almost grinned. "I've been awfully lucky," he said, "it's been a lot of fun making this film. There is a lot of action—fights and chases. I'm lined up now for the lead in Priscilla Dean's next picture, "West of Broadway." That ought to be plenty of action, too. If I get a chance, I'd like to do some comedy."

I was going to ask him if he had

Continued on page 109

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Americans rely upon quick communication and prove it by using the telephone seventy million times every twenty-four hours. In each case some one person of a hundred million has been called for by some other person and connected with him by means of telephone wires.

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is so subtle and refined in its effect, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. It is very simple to use, no rubbing in, or messy treatments. Just a moment's time each morning assures you of possessing your "evening affair" beauty throughout the day.

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Do Two Careers Endanger Matrimony?

Continued from page 29

our pleasure as well. We both love it, we are equally interested in it. Naturally we don't want to ignore, in our home, a thing we enjoy so much. It's our fun as well as our job. As a pleasure it isn't quite so near, however, to Kenneth's heart as dogs and hockey games, nor so near to mine as dogs and theaters. But next to those pleasures, we get our best fun from our work, I think.

"The only horrid thing is location trips. But we have been very lucky about those. You know, it's funny—the other day a married friend of mine, not in pictures, said, 'Oh, Marie, you're so fortunate that both you and your husband are in pictures, for the location trips give you a chance to get away from each other now and then, don't they?'

"Now Kenneth and I just can't understand that. When you're awfully in love with a person, why should you want to be separated from him, even for a little while? When I am on location and Kenneth is working and can't come with me, or vice versa, we are miserable. We try to steer clear of pictures that will take either of us out of town—unless one of us is idle at the time and can go along. Dorothy Gish wanted Kenneth to go to England to do King Charles in 'Nell Gwyn,' but he wouldn't leave me. I think that was wonderful of him, because it was a splendid part. But we don't believe in these 'marital vacations.'"

"Do you find any rankings of professional jealousy disturbing the peace of the home?" I queried, in businesslike fashion.

"Heavens, no! That doesn't bother us at all. I can understand a woman letting herself be jealous of another woman's success—but of a man's, never! Especially not, if the man is her husband. Why, I'm proud of Kenneth! I'm as excited over his new parts, his new pictures, as he is."

Kenneth was vigorous in his denial that he would prefer to have Marie give up the screen and devote herself to their home.

"In the first place," he stated, "I want Marie to be happy—as happy as I possibly make her. And being in the business myself, I realize how dissatisfied she would be away from it. She couldn't help but be. It gets into your blood. And Heaven knows I couldn't have her unhappy!"

"In the second place, why deprive ourselves of this absorbing, mutual interest? We both like the work, we both like each other's work, we like to play in pictures together when we can. Having the same profession brings us even closer together.

"And in the third place, if Marie retired, I should lose my favorite actress. I'm crazy about her on the screen! She has such a marvelous gift for subtle, sophisticated comedy. And has she got 'it'? Oh, boy!"

"Of course," Marie admitted, "we have awful fights sometimes. I think those people who say they never disagree are fibbing. And people who say they are never jealous! But our fusses don't last long. One or the other of us starts laughing and that settles all the fine, dramatic effects. Then we both laugh and it's all over. You learn not to take emotional scenes too seriously when you spend your working hours doing them over and over again."

I wondered if it ever bothered Kenneth that Marie—one of the highest paid of the stars—is financially independent of him.

"No," Marie told me, "he is splendid about that. I know it might worry some men, but money, for itself, isn't that important to either of us. This home, our dogs and cars and trips—they only mean to us pleasures that we can enjoy and share. We wouldn't spoil them with squabbles over whose money should pay for which."

Why, indeed, should they alter or regret their eminently successful marriage? Two such happy, contented, and very sane young people. Leading such a delightful, sane existence. They live in a charming, rambling house in Beverly Hills, the gardens of which are overrun with their beloved dogs. Under Marie's generalship, their home is run on smooth, oiled wheels. Their fun, their work they share and share alike, like the best of buddies. An outsider would say that the exemplary triumph of their marital partnership is due to a great extent, to their old-fashioned common sense, and to their mutual sense of humor. But Marie says no.

"These things sound like endless little sacrifices and indulgences on the part of one or the other," she says. "But they actually mean nothing when you're doing them for some one you love. Naturally your first thought is that the person you love may be happy. And anything you do that will make him so gives you pleasure. I know it all sounds like a regular Pollyanna doctrine. But it's really the only method for making any marriage successful—just being in love!"
Two Gentlemen from Sweden

Continued from page 45

ship in the same Royal Dramatik Theatre which trained Lars, though at a later date. Subsequently, he appeared in several of Mauritz Stiller’s productions and in German films.

He sits, they tell me, very quietly on the set, until some one notices him. Then that boyish eagerness quickens him, like the sun dancing through the April mists, and tingles all about him to respond. It is as though quivering beams of light play over him, awaiting only an invitation to spring into little animation.

The “dramatic romantic,” he describes his ambition, “deep and sweeping of feeling, with dash and color. Like the Prince of Pilsen, which I play on the stage.”

It is characteristic of the dreamer that I fancy he is that his favorite actresses are the ethereal and delicately wistful Lilian Gish and Mary Philbin.

He is cordially liked at First National, where he has made “Into Her Kingdom” and “The Masked Woman.” Anna Q. Nilsson, from Sweden herself, had the featured feminine lead in the latter and helped him on the set by interpreting the director’s instructions for him in Swedish. Ruth Roland, who was playing a snappy American chorus girl in the film, tipped him off as to camera angles, gestures, and many little tricks of how to get a point over most effectively to American audiences.

By now you may have seen him opposite Corinne Griffith in “Into Her Kingdom,” in which he had his first really interesting American part—that of an idealistic Russian lad who dreams of and fights for freedom.

One of the very nicest things about Einar I have saved for the last. He is single!

These two products of Sweden sweep aside all my preconceived notions of racial attributes. Lars is more the typical Swede that I had pictured—stolid, wrapped in quiet except when a keen interest penetrates that fog to shine steadily in his blue eyes—a thinker, a planner, a slow but steady attainer. Einar is boyishly charming, with the fire of a glowing temperament, with a rapier-blade swiftness and precision.

P.S. I have added two valuable bits to my storehouse of knowledge: not all Swedes are named Ole, nor do all Swedes say, “Ay ban.” I now know two of them—both are gentlemen.

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MODERN beauty science has discovered that the way you remove cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found—one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

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This new way is called Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

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Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

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FANNING THROUGH THE NEW PICTURES

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "DEVIL'S ISLAND"

A NEW Pauline Frederick drama is always an event. Pauline is one star who may be depended on every time for an outstanding picture. It must be that she has free reign in selecting her stories, for her latest, "Devil's Island," like her others, stands out from the usual screen plays as Bill Hart from a drug store cowboy.

DEVIL'S ISLAND is the French penal settlement for life prisoners that has kept bobbing up in the newspapers since Captain Dreyfus was sentenced there long before there were any motion pictures. The strange customs of this little known, tropical island provide an intriguing background for Leah Baird's stirring story.

PAULINE FREDERICK, as the wife of the Devil's Island convict, is perfect. She makes the most of every opportunity, and even her wonderful "Madam X" didn't give her the chances for emotional acting that she has in this Chadwick picture.

MARION NIXON and George Lewis, the youthful lovers, are altogether charming. Richard Tucker, John Miljan, Harry Northrup, Leo White and William Dunn complete the cast. Some cast!

LET me know how you like "Devil's Island." It will be playing at a theatre near you soon.

FANNING THROUGH THE NEW PICTURES

How Alice Terry Lost Her Smile

A school girl and boy danced by our table and did a tricky little dip. Alice's eyes rested on them and followed them. They dipped again.

"That dip fascinates me!" she said. "It's so unexpected." We ceased talking entirely and watched the two youngsters. What a thrill it would give them, thought I, if they but knew that they were being watched by Alice Terry! But they didn't know it, for they didn't recognize her in her own auburn hair.

The chief purpose of Miss Terry's visit to America was to play the lead opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Great Galeoto."

"I like getting back to Hollywood," she said, "to see my old friends and to get all the gossip, but Europe is a much nicer place to live in and work in. They take things so calmly over there. It will be a long time, I think, before any one will be able to tear Rex away from it. He adores it. As he says, simply to walk down one of those old European streets gives you dozens of ideas."

So Alice will go back in a few months, after Rex has decided what story he will do next, and will com posedly take her place once more before her husband's camera—composedly, that is, unless the script says, "Smile!"

What an ideal existence—to go on peacefully making pictures with a sympathetic husband in such inspiring surroundings!

*Since this conversation, Rex Ingram has returned to this country for a short stay, and may film his next picture here.
Don't you think?

It is by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima.

All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

The Simple Life for Buck!

Continued from page 65

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have one child, Maxine, aged seven. She is a chip off the old block, being a remarkable rider.

You know, the typical Western man and woman, raised on the ranches and schooled in the high ideals of what the West considers manhood and womanhood are real people. Just folks! And, although Buck Jones and Mrs. Jones have one of the most beautiful homes in all Hollywood, a Spanish hacienda, several ranches of their own, some twoscore horses, and all the fame mortals could desire, they are still—just folks!

Myrna, Are You Real?

Continued from page 74

strange emotional creatures she will some day create for the camera, her tapering white fingers model clay into odd little figurines.

Dancing in prologues at Grauman's Egyptian Theater brought her in contact with Hollywood and she became picturesque.

It was along about that time that she met the poet who called her "Loy." Thus named to her liking, Myrna took the next step. Knowing that only unusual photographs would attract attention, she went to Henry Waxman, the photographer, who has a gift for highlighting startling features in exotic poses and for bringing out traits of character against either a black or a blank background. He photographed her.

One of these pictures later won her her contract with Warners. Though Waxman had introduced her to Mrs. Rudolph Valentino and she had been given a part in "What Price Beauty," she had not progressed. Then canny Jimmy Flood, the director, who had seen Myrna and been impressed by her, slipped one day into Jack Warner's office and laid a likeness of Myrna on his desk. Jack took one look at the picture and summoned Myrna. After a few minor parts, she was given her role in "Across the Pacific"—her first important one. The cast boasts of Monte Blue and Jane Winton as leads, but Myrna has a large slice of the billing.

Myrna, I wonder, are you real—this slumberous, intriguing, different you? Or have I been duped by a very clever actress of ordinary personality? Wrong though I may prove to be, I think this eccentric you is natural, exaggerated perhaps ever so little.

At least, I am sure of one thing. Myrna—you are unforgettable.
Have You These Symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion?

Do you get excited easily? Do you become tired after slight exertion? Are your hands and feet cold? Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble? Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams? Are you spells of irritability? Are you often gloomy and pessimistic? Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves?

In women this is largely due to overactive emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations. In men the symptoms of nerve exhaustion and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

How To Strengthen Them

No tonic or magic system of exercises can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, enervated nerves. To rejuvenate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves requires attention to the physical and emotional health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back disease-ridden vitality.

"New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and all its cost is only 25¢, stamps or coin. The book will prove a revelation to you. It will help you throughout your entire life. It will help you to build for yourself a solid foundation for your future success and happiness.

Richard Blackstone, 3211 Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

Please send me a copy of your book, "New Nerves for Old." I am enclosing 25¢ in coin or stamps.

Read This Book

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous Nerve Specialist, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to gain new vitality. It is as valuable to women as to men. It will help you to do the things you so long long to do.

Hollywood High Lights

Speaking of Lew

Continued from page 59

will admit no partiality, I think the small, impudent, madly affectionate "Traffic" is his favorite. Traffic was discovered on the Boulevard one day in the depths of a traffic jam. Lew's valet rescued him from under the wheels of a truck. Lew pedalled the dog around at all the adjacent shops, having visions of a broken-hearted small boy as the owner. But after a week, he would have gone to law with any one who claimed Traffic.

There should be some food for psychological reflection in the fact that Lew's fan public is composed mainly of old ladies and small boys. In the dear dead days when he played heroes, his fan mail came mostly from flappers. When he did villains, in the "male-vamp" series—and every one remembers what a smooth and consummate villain he was—the greater part of his mail was from college youths, seventeeners, hinting for tips as to the conquest of womankind, and from housewives to whom he was the symbol of all the charming frivolities they had either forfeited or missed.

And now that he is eminently successful as a dramatic comedian, a farceur with a dash of humanizing disillusion and still just a hint of the old dangerousness, his most ardent roosters are boys under sixteen and girls over sixty.

He took me out to see his house not long ago. As we drove along the street where he lives, a crowd of little boys on bicycles, evidently a "gang," judging by strange paper emblems pinned on their coats, followed the car yelling, "Hi—there's Lew! Hello, Lew—how's business?"

As for the ladies, I've seen them mobbing him after some première whereat he has enlivened the occasion as master of ceremonies—and of wit. Sweet-faced, gentle old darlings, who look like all the grandmothers in the world, rush up begging to be allowed to shake his hand. And maybe you think Lew doesn't love it. More than the mystical homage of all the babbling flappers!

After all, there isn't an awful lot to say about a real person like Lew. Just that he's a regular guy—with all the nice qualities that term implies.
There is a Santa Claus

Continued from page 108

lived in Hollywood all his life but remembered that no one has lived in Hollywood all his life, and while I was thus mentally occupied he was called back before the camera.

A press agent told me later that he had been born in Toledo, Ohio. All the really vital information about him is very inadequate. No one knows whether he dances well, because he never goes dancing. It's absolutely a secret as to whether he prefers blondes to brunettes, because he is never seen with either. He hasn't been reported engaged to any one and even the publicity department can't find out whether he owns a police dog.

"'He's a funny duck," remarked the press agent as he drove me home. "When I told him he was going to be interviewed, I suggested he take the interviews, the dining and dancing. He said, 'Nope. I did all that sort of thing when I was young. I'm tired from the bright lights.'"

Which is certainly an unusual philosophy for a young man in Hollywood, you'll have to admit. But even if he did gyp me out of a meal, I'm glad to know him if only for the simple reason that he revives my faith in Santa Claus.
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Lads and Lasses of Laughter

Continued from page 48

Liverpool, England, twenty-five years ago, and who received his education in that city. He took a lively part in the dramatic clubs of his school. Long before he was out of his teens, Georgie was a favorite with the patrons of English music halls.

Youthful and energetic, Georgie decided to see the world. He has completely circled the globe, appearing before audiences in every civilized country. He arrived in the United States a few years ago, and made a tour of the entire country in vaudeville. When he arrived in Hollywood he decided that he wanted to enter pictures, and it took Fox officials just five minutes to sign him on the dotted line.

Barbara Luddy has just been signed on a new contract and though quite young, is the support of her mother and other members of the family.

Barbara was born in Great Falls, Montana, and spent the early years of her life there with her mother, her father having died when she was a baby.

During the World War period, when Barbara was a child of ten, she took an active part in raising funds for her country. Under the direction of officials engaged in Red Cross and Liberty Loan campaigns, the tiny, curly headed tot, standing in an automobile parked at a busy corner in Butte, sang patriotic songs, after which she passed the hat! Her work in Butte was so satisfactory that officials in Helena borrowed her and she repeated her success. To-day little Barbara bears the envious and authentic record of having raised more money for Red Cross activities during the hectic days of 1918 than any other person of her sex in the whole State of Montana.

Following the close of the war the family moved to Missouri, and Barbara attended school in St. Louis, taking an active part in dramatics. From amateur plays, after several tryouts, she was engaged by Pantages to do a singing-and-dancing turn. Her booking took her to Los Angeles, where she was reengaged for another season, and she was preparing a new act when her voice suddenly failed to register its accustomed tones and her physicians ordered a rest.

Resting in the cinema capital suggested pictures, especially as it was necessary for Barbara to continue to support her mother, who had become an invalid. She had no idea about landing a regular job in the films, so presented herself as an extra. She

goed work with Mary Pickford in “Rosa,” and was paid three dollars a day. That was four years ago. Extra work was not always available, but when she did get it Barbara was always happy, she is still in her teens, remember.

One day fate, in the form of a casting director, gave her a bit as an usher in “The Lover of Camille” for Warner Brothers. After a few days’ work, the director dismissed most of the extra girls, including Barbara. It was at a time when her mother was very ill and she was in dire need of money. The little girl was so crushed with disappointment that she crawled behind some scenery on the big stage and sobbed her heart out. Fate again took things in charge, bringing William Beaudine, director, across her path. He heard the sobbing, dug the child out from her hiding place, heard her story and restored her to her extra-girl job.

Then came an opportunity for Barbara to appear in a stock company as ingenue for a time, and at the suggestion of Mr. Beaudine, who is her guide, philosopher, and friend, the girl accepted the offer.

Upon her return to Hollywood, Barbara was given her first real role in “Rose of the World.” Thus began the active career of a girl who is certainly doing well to-day.

Two-year-old Mary Ann Jackson is one of the youngest screen children to have a real movie contract. She is under contract to Mack Sennett to appear in his comedies for the next few years.

Mary Ann's discovery was purely accidental. Because there was nobody at home to mind her, Mrs. Jackson brought Mary Ann to the studio with her brother Bobby, who was working in a comedy. Need for a new gag came up, requiring a baby to walk through some custard pies on a counter. Mary Ann Jackson, being right there, was given the bit. When Mack Sennett saw the rushes, he ordered Mary Ann to be placed under contract at once.

Now the two-year-old is being featured in a series of domestic comedies with Raymond McKeen and Ruth Hill.

Mary Ann is a little sister of "Peaches" Jackson, the well-known child actress.

The little starlet’s most prized possession is a miniature make-up box. She spends all of her playtime making up herself and her doll.

Florence Gilbert, who plays Sylvia in the "Van Bibber" series, is a
Hollywood Pours Out Its Troubles to Him

Continued from page 52

that our church does not recognize the right of such unions.

"Of late, I have made a practice of talking to each couple who have come to me to be married. I try to impress upon them the difference between a civil marriage and a church marriage—that a civil officer unites the two by the authority vested in him by law, while in the church wedding the vows are taken before God. I tell them that each is assuming an obligation, not acquiring an asset, and that before they take their vows they should realize that the success of their marriage must be based on sacrifice and unselfishness.

"There have been many divorces among cinema players and there probably will be more. And the world will hear about them just because they are cinema players. The screen stars are subject to closer scrutiny than any class of people on earth, not even baying players on the legitimate stage. Their every move is heralded."

Reverend Dodd insists there are fewer "petting parties" among cinema players than among young people not engaged in work in the films.

"Why," he exclaimed, "not long ago a little automobile was parked out in the street near one church one afternoon with two 'spooners' in it oblivious to all the world. I went to dinner, and when I came back, they were still there. When I went home at night, there they still sat! Now you can just wager they were not motion-picture players."

Mr. Dodd is a firm believer in the old adage that "there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us" that he weighs the folk of cinemaland in an impartial scale. And his kindness and fairness and knowledge of humanity has caused scores and scores of screen folk to come to him for counsel.

On more than one occasion a limburgian has driven up to his study door or to his home and a beautiful girl with drawn features has nervously sought admission to pour out a tale of bitterness. And this same girl has emerged an hour or two later with a smile on her face, a radiance in her eyes, and waved good-by to the rector and his charming wife. And at other times men have wrung his hand on the threshold of his door and departed with "God bless you, sir!" after having fought out their griefs with the rector.

In his letter files are missives from all over the land written by young men and women he has helped.

Reverend Dodd is a graduate of the General Theological Seminary of New York. He is vice president of the Episcopal Actors Guild, and active in all its cinema affairs. But above all, he is the good friend of the players who make the pictures we see. He is like a shepherd to a little flock of beautiful but fractious and temperamental lambs.
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"The Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully, whose work recently appeared in five different magazines in the same month, one of them Liberty, says: "I recall writing my first short story... it was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Gains,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up,... I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

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Guilty of Comedy
Continued from page 22

returned to me and he realized he had done with another question. In his conversation he has a neat habit of placing the blame for good work onto the innocent shoulders of others. "Marie Prevost is a great little actress to work with in comedy," or "Phyllis Haver is splendida in it also," are the sort of facts he will remind you of if you compliment him on his own acting.

His comedy—that is, the new kind in which he has just attracted such notice—is distinctive. He plays his comic roles with that serious, half-puzzled manner employed with such success by Douglas MacLean and Edward Everett Horton—though you could hardly compare Ford with either of those comedians. I remarked on this solemn, seriocomic strain of his.

"Why," he explained, "I think comedy, especially farce comedy, played with a certain amount of seriousness, registers on the screen with greater effect than if you realize you are supposed to be funny. Consider—not for any comparison, of course, but for the sake of example—Chaplin, Lloyd, or Keaton. Almost every bit of comedy they do is done in deadly earnest, yet it strikes the onlooker as being extremely comical.

"No one in real life is intentionally funny," Mr. Ford pointed out to me to prove his statement. "The smart Alec type of person is insupportable. He tries purposely to be funny and the people who have to put up with him know it. The result is boring." Such an attitude in a comedian would, I think, register the same way on the screen and have the same effect on the audience."

There has always been a certain amount of versatility in Harrison Ford's screen work. I have held this belief ever since seeing him play with Norma Talmadge in that splendid picture, "The Passion Flower." Mr. Ford, however, did not think he was so versatile.

"Do what the director tells me to do, that's all," is how he excused himself. Which, of course, is the only thing you are allowed to do in pictures. But not even a director can effect the impossible. A certain amount of acting ability is requisite in the player. The distinct contrasts Ford gave not so long ago in such films as "Proud Flesh" and "Sandy" are not to be overlooked. And, to cap the argument, his splendid portrayal of the imaginary invalid in "The Nervous Wreck" proves conclusively that Harrison Ford is a very versatile and capable actor.

"I liked playing the character of the attorney in 'Sandy,'" he said, "as he was not like the ordinary movie hero. "By the way," he exclaimed, interrupting his own conversation as he suddenly recollected an important matter that had, until then, escaped his mind, "how did that picture end? Did they let Sandy die?"

"Yes, you shot her!"

"Oh, I was just wondering if they had made a happy ending, instead, for I never saw the completed film. I do know, though, that Madge Bellamy was great in all the scenes I saw her do at the studio."

"But about your last comedy, Mr. Ford? I insisted."

"Well," he confessed, "I believe that type of thing does appeal to me—but then there was a splendid cast and a good—and so on."

In spite of his reluctance to talk too much about himself and his work, you find in Harrison Ford a person ever ready to talk at length about the abilities of others.

You rarely see him figuring in the social circles of Hollywood, but he is well liked by all who know him and by his coworkers. Directors like to direct him. Any kind of acting seems within his range. On the set, between scenes, you are likely to find him sitting in some secluded corner reading. He is an omnivorous reader. The large library at his home is far more attractive to him than Saturdays at Montmartre. Living with his mother and sister, he'd rather go about with just a few intimate friends than to be one of a crowd.

I should say his age is around thirty. The exact date of birth can be ascertained by sticklers for detail if they dig into the archives of Kansas City—the gentleman's birthplace. He has dark-brown hair and dark eyes, bright and piercing.

Because Harrison Ford is not very communicative about his new success in farce comedy—or, for that matter, about anything else—it does not mean that he thinks he is withholding tons of valuable information from the public. Instead, he seems somewhat surprised that the public want to make him a conspicuous figure. He is unassuming and not, as I first thought, secretive.

In any case, whatever his mode of existence has been or is, so long as we get more pictures like "The Nervous Wreck," we should be content; nor should we complain if this actor appears in any other kind of story, for—as I have already mentioned—Harrison Ford is very versatile.
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She Is Not Dumb!
Continued from page 16

I have never heard Madge Bellamy make a silly or inconsequential remark, or even lapse into the self-centered prattle expected, at times, of every motion-picture player.

I have never heard her complain of poor direction, weak stories, inadequate publicity, or any of those thousand and one details of studio routine constantly on the minds of players, and which intrude into their conversation often enough to become an obsession—and a bore to those who must listen. She never alights herself, nor has she ever directed criticism at any one in my hearing. She seems possessed of a philosophical calm which says, “this too shall pass.”

Often I have questioned her about some studio associate whose acting I couldn’t accept. Instead of making it an occasion for a “dig” and agreement with me, she has said, “I think you would like her if you knew her. She’s quite an interesting girl.” Or, “Don’t you think you give way to prejudice too easily?”

Remember, Madge Bellamy is no new discovery on my part. First I knew her when she was about to enter pictures and her whole future depended on the outcome of a test. Then at intervals, each one of which found her better known and more prosperous. My first impression of her intelligence has been strengthened at each meeting.

“What do you mean by intelligence in her case?” unbelievers have asked, banteringly. “Does she know whether it’s raining, and don’t you have to tell her?”

Patiently I have moved over to another line of defense.

For one thing, Miss Bellamy writes very well. She thinks clearly and puts her thoughts on paper likewise. She has style, too, a delicate wit and quaint, somewhat old-fashioned phrasing which makes you think a rather elderly person is writing. Her penmanship is unlike that of any one else. It is fine and irregular, but precise, and is what the student of calligraphy would expect from a careful thinker as well as from fingers used to writing a great deal.

There is nothing impulsive or dash- ing about her writing, nor has it the formless, juvenile quality of—well, I could name fifty stars who handle a pen with results that make it look like a pickax. And not one has ever been taxed with clumsiness.

So much for that.

“If she doesn’t talk about the studio and doesn’t rake the ‘dirt,’ what in the world does she have to say?” more argumentative critics ask.

Broadly speaking, I might declare that life and letters occupy Madge Bellamy conversationally.

Yes, yes, I know the books a star reads—or is supposed to read—convey little or nothing. I am always skeptical of bookwormy stars myself, because I know that reading may still leave the mind blank. But at least Madge Bellamy has never chosen obvious books. When I first met her she had a run on Zola and the De Goncourts, and discussed them beyond their titles. Dumb little girls don’t select such authors for display. Frankly, I doubt if one person who has challenged Miss Bellamy’s intelligence even knows the names of these novelists.

“I’d like to have a debate with the reviewers who say that I am dumb,” she said to me not long ago, “and let an impartial judge decide what is what.”

“I would fail as a film critic, yes, because I could never write an unkind comment about any one. I know what the work means and why it often happens that what a player puts into a rôle never is seen on the screen. I know too much of the wasted effort, the struggles and disappointments in making a picture ever to publish my opinion as the last word. But I know my mind moves on a higher plane than those who call me dumb. I couldn’t call any one I had never spoken to, stupid.”

This was gently said, but the b lethesome little Madge, who set out for Hollywood with soaring hopes some years ago, is not quite the same: she is disillusioned now. So far as I can see, she is not embittered; perhaps only disappointed.

“I thought I was a Bernhardt,” she laughingly, sadly, “but just look at me now.”

It is not difficult to look at her. In fact, one glows. The lovely outline of her features, her fragile wrists and narrow, delicate hands form a composite of high-bred beauty that seems to belong to a bygone day. Her eyes are remarkably expressive and exquisitely “placed.” These same eyes, however, were called “cowlike” by one of Miss Bellamy’s feminine critics and held as a certain sign of her dumbness.

After that I know you agree with me that she has been harshly misjudged. She cannot fail to have been harmed by these opinions so freely voiced. That is the chief reason for my eager desire to answer her detractors, and to make known to those fans who possibly may have heard nothing detrimental to Miss Bellamy.
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

course they put on weight. All of which builds up business for Joe Bonomo.

"There's no danger, however, of our own little group of serious thinkers putting on weight." She seemed absolutely unwarmed as she recklessly ordered everything on the menu—and the Montmartre menu does offer amazing possibilities!

Before I could ask her just what this new group of serious thinkers of hers was, she had launched into the details.

"Florence Gilbert, Gladys McConnel, Janet Gaynor, and I are studying dancing with Walter Wills. Teddy Eason, Tom Mix's secretary, is with us, too, and Jobyna Ralston is supposed to be, but since she announced her engagement to Richard Arlen, she doesn't seem to have time for anything or anyone but him. I hope she will be properly remorseful and jealous when she sees us romping through our waltz clogs and soft-shoe dances.

"All I ask is that we can learn to dance as well as Ruth Roland. She studied with Walter Wills, too, and she is a marvel!

"Of course, all the girls are busy at the studio all day, so we have to take our lessons at night. You can't eat before taking a lesson, and afterward you're too exhausted to think of anything but sleep."

Fanny's voice dwindled off to a whisper as she watched a crowd of people arriving.

"I'm going to stay right here," she exclaimed, "until that new Russian star Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has imported comes in. She is sure to come here. New stars always come here to see and be seen on the first Saturday after their arrival in Hollywood. When I can get a good long breath, I'll tell you her name. If you can repeat that without practice, I'll put you to the test of learning her husband's."

She was in no hurry to do so, however. She started raving about the extensive film tests that Cecil De Mille had made for the rôle of Mary Magdalen in "The King of Kings." After weeks and weeks of tests of practically every leading woman in pictures, Jacqueline Logan was chosen for the rôle. Even though I don't really like color photography, I hope that part of that film is done in color—Jacky is so exquisite. Every girl deserves one fling in a color picture. Hedda Hopper has just had hers, playing Mona Lisa—at last, Hedda's cryptic smile has stood her in good stead.

"I suppose you were properly thrilled at hearing Anna Q. Nilsson officially greet the Swedish Crown Prince out at the Hollywood Bowl concert," Fanny rambled on. "But I bet you don't know what the real thrill of the evening was for Anna and a lot of others."

I admitted that she didn't.

"Well—the tragedy of a young man's life was averted that night. A woman came up to Anna and told her that Mickey McBan's watch had been found. The loss of it had threatened to blight the young man's life, for you'll admit that is a real misfortune for a boy aged seven."

"Mickey is Anna's official sweetheart, and he is inordinately proud of the distinction, as he well might be. For his last birthday she gave him a wrist watch, and he is so proud of it that he hates to take it off even long enough to work in pictures. Imagine his sorrow, then, when he lost it. He advertised in all the papers, and the studios put up notices about it, but for several days no trace of it could be found. But the night Anna spoke at the Bowl, the finder came up and gave it to her to return to Mickey."

"When Anna left for Sweden, an assortment of her suitors sent her flowers and went down to the train to see her off. But it was Mickey's flowers that she wore. And it was Mickey she promised to go riding with every Sunday on her return."

"A nice promise," I admitted, "but empty as many promises are. You know she almost always has to work on Sunday."

"If that's the sort of mood you're in, I won't tell you any more," Fanny retorted.

"Oh, but you promised to improve my social standing by teaching me the names of those Russian players."

I insisted.

"Natalie Kovanico," she shot at me abruptly, as she started to gather up her belongings with one hand while she madly waved the other through the window to some one in a car on the street below. "But here's the real test. Her husband's name is Viacheslav Tourjanski. If you can say that by the next time I see you, I will tell you a lot of exciting things about them."

And with that intriguing promise, Fanny had fled without me.
Defending the Paramount Graduates.

I am one of the few who think the Paramount graduates are promising. The critics have been very cruel in their criticisms of the players, going so far as to insinuate that some of them will never be successful. People who are so harsh in their judgments forget that the sixteenth showing debuts are novices in the acting line. They cannot be expected to measure up to the standards set by the older players who spent years in training before becoming famous. The critics' remarks were enough to discourage the strongest among them. Instead of tearing their efforts to pieces, they might have given them some advice to help themselves.

A great many fans have been angry because of the foreign invasion. Here are a group of earnest young people who are cleaning out Americans, and they should be supported.

I think that before long, Charles Rogers will be as popular with the general public as he is with me now, and that's say- ing a lot! If the Paramount School had introduced no one else but "Buddy," it would have done something great.

HOWARD CUNNINGHAM.

Detroit, Mich.

Do the Movies Mutilate Good Stories?

When moving-picture companies film a book at a time it already has been set before the reading public, I wonder if they do it to put that story on the screen or merely to produce another play. From most of the past appearances, it seems that they make the picture only to have something to do.

There are three steps in the slasher ing of a novel in the movie business. The first knocks the title off and puts in its place a poor substitute; the second digs into the plot and poisons it, and the third kills the ending.

After the first step has been accomplished, one never knows whether he is going to see the picturization of a novel or just another cleverly dressed play. The novel intended to film "Rita Coventry," why was the film not called "Rita Coventry," and not "Don't Call It Love," another one that was called "Don't Call You Can't Fool Your Wife" and "Don't Doubt Your Husband." It takes a thousand eyes to find out whether a moving picture was ever seen.

The second step of the butcher is to carve into the body of the story and extract huge slices and adulterate them with chunks of inferior meat from his storehouse. If a picture itself felt in a tightening al tering, the picture must be announced as "suggested by," or "adapted from," the novel by Mr. So-and-so. It would seem that some one should be able to make a picture of a novel without adapting, suggesting, cutting, inserting, and borrowing. I understand that there are too many scenes in most novels to put into one picture. But the fact that a man wrote his story and another man does not give another man the privilege to change what is set down and to imagine other incidents to pad the story. I believe it was Harold McGrath who, after seeing one of his novels on the screen, said that he hardly recognized his own plot.

The third and final step strikes the vital point of a story—the end. If some people cannot stand up to a tragedy, I can see no reason why a producer should be so weak as to sacrifice a man's story to make a happy ending. If all of life is a tragedy at the end, why do people yowl for "real life" and then object when the hero dies? Do we always have to sit up and look at a kiss at the end? A story is a story, and if an author kills his whole cast of characters, he does it for a reason. I take my hat off to an old picture, 'The Poor Man's Picture,' one of the best productions of a novel that I have ever seen. I was never so pleased as when I read the book after seeing the play, and found that no one had bagged the story. No wonder the picture was so good!

The liberties taken with books in putting their stories on the screen seem to be due to the notion that there is evil in an evil intent. If a man should take a story which I had written, change its name, meddle with its development, alter its climax, eliminate it, and give it another name and the name of the story which it was supposed to be, I would feel that he had stolen something of mine, ruined it, and then flung it back in my face.

HUBERT CREEKMORE.

Water Valley, Miss.

To B. H., of New Orleans: Will you please tell me something which I want to tell you that will not interest other fans very much, since our argument has become less journalistic.

H. C.

Friends vs. Fans.

In a letter written by Christine Murray, appearing in an article of Picture Play, the statement was made that the motion-picture actors and actresses need friends instead of fans. This is indeed true. But I wonder if just a little of the responsibility does not rest with the players themselves, instead of it all belonging to the flicks public.

A little thought on the subject will, I believe, disclose to any one the fact that the players who are more interested in giving than in getting, have indeed a large following among those who stand loyally by them at all times.

Thomas Meighan is one of the stars whose screen following is composed of friends and not fans. Mr. Meighan has had more than his share of mediocre pictures, but his screen friends know that he is not to blame for this, and they know that they can always depend upon him for a good line and sincere performances. Mr. Meighan gives conscientiously and untiringly his very best at all times. And he accords his coworkers unselfish and helpful cooperation and exceptional opportunities.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Harold Lloyd also are stars who are more interested in giving than in getting.

I. M. A. FRIEND.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Dix, showing him as a gay young man who gets in trouble with the police and has a hard time getting off. Lois Wilson the girl.

"Lovey Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. Delightful human-interest tale, sequel to the "Cabbage Patch." Bessie Love, in character role, proves herself a gifted player. Second honors to William Haines.

"Mantrap"—Paramount. Entertaining and unusual. Clara Bow, a flirtatious manicurist, and Ernest Torrence, from the wilds of Canada, become man and wife. Then along comes Percy Marmont.


"Men of Steel"—First National. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a melodramatic "epic" of the steel industry. Inclined to be showy, but has moments of grim and beautiful reality.

"Midnight Sun, The"—Universal. An elaborate prewar Russian war story. Laura La Plante, as a ballet girl, captures the attentions of a grand duke, Pat O'Malley, and gives her heart to his aid-de-camp.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"—Paramount. Very funny comedy of a young lady compelled to spend a million dollars within a certain time. Well played by Bebe Daniels, Ford Sterling, and Warner Baxter.

"Money Talks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Broad farce, with Owen Moore emerging as a female impersonator. Claire Windsor, as the pretty wife, increases the tangles in the already-confused plot.

"My Own Pal"—Fox. Tom Mix and the wonder horse, Tony, save a baby jump onto moving trains, and otherwise distinguish themselves.

"New Klondike, The"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in a amusing comedy of a real estate speculator, with a few baseball players thrown in.

"Oh! What a Nurse!"—Warner. Sydney Chaplin in skirts again. Good story, with funny gags, but too much repetition.

"Old Loves and New"—First National. One lovely steel-blue, another lord's lady, and several years later they all find themselves in Aiglers together. Barbara Bedford, Lewis Stone, and Walter Pidgeon.

"Palm Beach Girl, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in a fast and furious comedy, laid in Florida and crowded with complications and thrills. Lawrence Gray plays leading man.

"Puppets"—First National. Love and treachery come in comic form. Bowers, Bowes, and Milton Sills, as the Italian master of a puppet show, foil all enemies and wins the girl, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Raggedy Rose"—Pathé. Successful return of a sensitive, spirited old character, a good slapstick comedy, dealing with the adventures of a waif who breaks into high society.

"Rainmaker, The"—Paramount. Interesting chiefly for the sympathetic performance of William Collier, Jr., in an unusually good rôle as a jockey. George Hale effective as the girl.

"Ranson's Folly"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an excitement-loving young army lieutenant of the '70s, who gets himself into real trouble as the result of a prank. Dorothy Mackaill the girl.

"Red Dice"—Producers Distributing. Story of the bootlegging underworld. Rod La Rocque in role of young man who has only a year to live. Marguerite de la Motte is the girl.

"Rolling Home"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's best. Rapid, amusing comedy of two young men who return home pretending to be millionaires and actually become such. Marian Nixon is the girl.

"Runaway, The"—Paramount. Showing the successful transformation of a city girl into a country lass. Good story, featuring Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.


"Señor Daredevil"—First National. A Western with Mexican trimmings. Ken Maynard, in silks and sashes, does all that he expected of a Western daredevil. Dorothy Devere is the girl in gingham's.

"Silence"—Producers Distributing. Strong, moving performance by H. B. Warner in interesting film version of this well-known crook melodrama. Vera Reynolds is the girl—both mother and daughter.


"Speeding Venus, The"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean, in a newly invented gearless automobile, races a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

"That's My Baby"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean funny in a comedy that is otherwise something of a bore.

"Up in Mabel's Room"—Producers Distributing. Vigorous domestic farce, good for many laughs. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harrison Ford are the entangled trio.

"Volcano"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in the emotional rôle of a girl in the West Indies, who doesn't know whether she is white or not. Lovely settings and picturesque costumes. Also Ricardo Cortez.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A four-reeler, an amusing little film, built around one of the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boar and a princess. William Boyd and Eleanor Fair in the leads.

Continued from page 69
"Wet Paint"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith turns into a slapstick comedian in a film which you enjoy in spite of yourself. Helen Costello is the heroine.


"Why Girls Go Back Home"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Clive Brook in a film of a small-town girl who becomes one of Broadway's stars and brings her husband home to meet the folks.

"Wilderness Woman, The"—First National. Aileen Pringle bursts into comedy, with highly entertaining results. Chester Conklin adds to the fun, and Lowell Sherman makes the film complete.

**RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.**


"Clinging Vine, The"—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Leatrice Joy. Scene forcing a woman to be an adventuress in order to save her passengers falls through. Dorothy Mackaill very lovely in role of dancer. Conway Tearle opposite her.

"Devil's Circus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither very good nor very bad. Norma Shearer in role of circus girl. Charles Emmett Mack is the crook hero, and Carmel Myers a jealous woman.

"Ella Cinders"—First National. Adapted from the newspaper comic strip. Superficial but not unpleasant. Colleen Moore amusing in role of domestic drudge, and in a romantic love comedy. Lloyd Hughes wins her.

"Fascinating Youth"—Paramount. Featuring the graduates of the Paramount School, who have won fame. Realistic group of young artists.

"Fig Leaves"—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with ancient and modern scenes for what happens to a wife who cares too much for clothes. George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"It's the Old Army Game"—Paramount. Starring W. C. Fields. Amusing only to a certain degree. Fields is the petroleum-producing giant in the family.

"Little Irish Girl, The"—Warner. Muddled film, with intervals of good entertainment. Don't Waste a Good Cigarette, which is ill-treated young girl in a nest of crooks who has no chance to go straight. John Harron to the rescue.

"Marriage Clause, The"—Universal. An unreal, unprofitable comedy, with Billie Dove in the role of a star who is torn between a career and marriage.

"Miss Nobody"—Paramount. Far fetched, poor comedy, in which Anna Q. Nilsson, a runaway disguised as a boy, accidentally becomes one of a gang of hobos, there meeting Walter Pidgeon.

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**.Information, Please**

Continued from page 102

she is about twenty-eight. Colleen Moore has been married only once, to John McCormick, an executive of First National Pictures Corporation. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Wynn. Virginia Grey- holds was divorced not long ago from Earl T. Montgomery. Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowers are now married, I believe.
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**Miss Anderson's Statement**

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little reaction in any of the preceding hair-cures and expected I would have to go to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it is unnecessary. My hair was perfectly waving and fluffy, and so gorged with the satisfaction that Maison Marcellers will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair waved.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.

---

**Kaufmann & Fabry CO.**

425 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Maison de Beauve, Chicago, Illinois.

J. E. Cook, Manager, states that these actual photographs are the result of using Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was wavy with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair before anything was done and the one in the center shows the hair after the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 5 minutes after it was waved.

(Signed) J. E. Cook.

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**Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of December, 1926, by Edna W. Sibley, Notary Public.**
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A JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION
"Old Ironsides"
Story by Laurence Stallings
with WALLACE BEERY, ESTHER RALSTON, GEORGE BANCROFT, CHARLES FARRELL

THE "ROUGH RIDERS"
A VICTOR FLEMING PRODUCTION
with MARY ASTOR, CHARLES FARRELL, GEORGE BANCROFT AND ALL STAR CAST
Story by HERMAN HAGEDORN

D.W. GRIFFITH'S "SORROWS OF SATAN"
with ADOLPHE MENJOU, RICARDO CORTEZ, CAROL DEMPSTER, and EVA DEPUTTI

YOU CAN ENJOY THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES NOW

Douglas MacLean in "Hold that Lion"
Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots"
Richard Dix in "The Quarterback"
Bebé Daniels in "The Campus Flirt"

AND HAROLD LLOYD IN A GREAT NEW COMEDY
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A new way to test your attention to detail on the screen.

Information, Please ..........................................................  The Picture Oracle  102
Answers to questions of our readers.

WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING!

THOSE members of the Hollywood film colony who are not married had better hurry and choose partners, for at the rate couples have been pairing off lately there'll not be a star left single when the Christmas chimes sound their message of peace and good will.

Indeed, so many weddings—sudden and otherwise—have occurred in the past months that in the January Picture-Play will be found a comprehensive chronicle of the marriages of Hollywood, by Elza Schallert. Naturally enough, the story will be in two installments because all the happy couples couldn't be crowded into one.

Not only will recent nuptials be touched upon, but many of the marriages which have stood the test of time will be duly recorded, with glimpses of family life revealed.

BUT MARRIAGE IS NOT ALL

For among the many interesting and unusual articles in next month's number will be found John Bowers' idea of what is correct and what is unpardonable in men's dress, an intimate account of Colleen Moore's fan party, all about Gloria Swanson's new picture, and a score of other features typical of Picture-Play's varied contents, including all the regular departments which have come to mean so much to readers.

Don't let January Picture-Play escape you.
Mellin’s Food—A Milk Modifier

During the first year of life the growth of cells and tissues together with the building of the framework of the body should go on rapidly and without interruption, for the foundation then laid has a very important bearing upon the baby’s general health as he enters the period of childhood. It is, therefore, very necessary that an infant’s diet contain food elements of a form to completely satisfy the constant demand for appropriate nutritive material.

Mellin’s Food and milk properly prepared supplies these essential elements of nutrition, and a baby fed in this manner not only grows normally during the nursing period, but in later life shows the advantage of this well-selected diet by his strength and endurance, healthy color, resistance to the illnesses of childhood and his happy disposition.

What will be the general condition of the baby at the end of the second year is a matter that should always influence the selection of the diet during the period of bottle feeding.

Write to us today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

A Tribute to Rudy.

W hat the Fans Think! What can they think except how empty the future looks without Valentino of the splendid body. Valentino of the vivid personality. Valentino, the magnetic, active, lovable. I catch myself saying over and over again, it can’t be true.

He lived life so fully, and life promised him so much. My thoughts go back to “The Four Horsemen” and the tragic death of Julio. I remember Julio’s sister remarking as she visited his grave: “He who loved life so, and life so loved him.” Yes, that was a fitting remark about both Julio and Rudy.

We used to wage a regular battle over who was the greater, Wally Reid or Rudy. Little thinking they were both to answer the last roll call so soon. Both so young and so beloved. They leave a vacant place in our hearts that never can be filled. Mrs. F. H. Lallman

2414 K Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

A Heart Bowed Down.

There was all the humdrum monotony of commercialism, all the distracting noises of modern office appliances, and the customary financial “ins” and “outs” of the business corporation before me. But I confess my mind wandered to New York with the ill-fated idol of the screen, our own Mr. Valentino, for I had learned from the most recent papers that his condition was grave.

All morning I had coaxed and reasoned myself into believing my own hopes, and cheerfully disregarded all newspaper reports. How often I had dreamed of Hollywood and of those make-believe people who live there! Secretly I even harbored thoughts of living there myself some future happy day, to follow out my suppressed artistic inclinations and to have as friends my very few screen ideals.

Toward noon I became suddenly disheartened. I feared. The coarse, strained voices of a score of newspaper-sellers sent their sad message in vulgar tones upward, penetrating the old gray buildings on all sides, that every one might hear. Still, I would not believe that Valentino, my favorite, was dead! I refused to listen! But recess finally came, and I dashed out of the building to seek the truth. Immediately I bought papers. Yes, it was true! In capital letters, the heading occupied more than half the sheet—“Valentino Is Dead!” blazed one; “Valentino Loses Fight for Life!” said the other.

I could not cry—gentlemen are not allowed that relief in my conventional world! Through my sorrow, I could not concentrate on the details explained below. I could only see, “Valentino Is Dead!”

It was a bitter, bitter truth. Conrad Arnold

468 Dayton Avenue, Apartment 7

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Never Another Valentino.

Because of my very great admiration for Rudolph Valentino, and sincere regret at his untimely demise, I feel impelled to applaud him in the columns of Picture-Play as I do in my heart.

A great actor—one of the greatest ever known! A gentleman of repressed and refined artistry!

Much has been said through the press in praise of Mr. Valentino; of his great and triumphant rise to the pinnacle of stardom; yet I believe there are many like myself, not professional writers, who will want to add their word of appreciation for the many happy moments spent in watching his exquisite portrayals on the screen.

Mr. Valentino impressed me at all times as being not only endowed with great physical beauty, but with cleanliness of soul and gentleness of heart.

Never in any picture did he pass the bounds of courtesy and decency, seeming always in pictures as in life ever to be striving to reach a higher plane of perfection.

My praise is not the effusion of a young girl, but praise of a woman past middle age who has watched and listened to the great crowds of mature thinkers, who having also recognized Mr. Valentino’s great qualities as an actor have voiced their sincere regard for him, as I am doing.

Again I say: Never will there be another Valentino.

His great histrionic ability, his personality, his great power to sway his audiences, remains peculiarly his own.

He stands out, clean cut, remarkable, and, I believe, a lasting memory in the hearts of the world.

Let our prayers and good wishes go with him into the Great Beyond.

I for one hope to see many of his pictures still shown on the screen.

Elizabeth H. Kelley

Birmingham, Alabama.

If Critics Were Only Kinder!

Valentino is dead. How many hearts are sad? How many feel the seeming cruelty that he could not have lived to prove false the unkind things said about his attempt to “come back.” Not Hollywood alone will miss his roguish, boyish smile, his romantic charm. The loss is universal.

In a recent issue of Picture-Play, Mr. M. H. Oetinger said he could not include Rudy in his list of great actors. All who saw “Blood and Sand,” “The Eagle,” and “The Four Horsemen,” must feel this statement untrue. In “Cobra,” a weak story, Mr. Valentino’s acting stood out supreme. [Continued on page 10]
For You—The Utmost Magic of the Screen

To give you the utmost magic of the screen—that is the mission of Fox Pictures! To this end, the greatest hits of the stage are being converted into Fox Photoplays by directors who have been selected because of their past successes. The stars and supporting players form the greatest pool of dramatic talent any one company has ever brought together.

"Cradle Snatchers", "Is Zat So?", "The Auctioneer", "The Lily", "The Return of Peter Grimm", "The City"—these are a handful of the noted stage plays being made into Fox Pictures. There are many others, and popular novels, too.

And the list of players in Fox Pictures—bewildering!—Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Matt Moore, Belle Bennett, Lou Tellegen, Lila Lee, Walter McGrail, Virginia Valli, Jan Keith, Anita Stewart, Walter Catlett, Phyllis Haver, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, George Sidney, Dolores Del Rio, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Alec Francis, Bessie Love, Victor McLaglen, Olive Tell! Yet these are far less than half the well-known players engaged.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Baghdad"; Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood"; John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"; Alfred Green, who directed Colleen Moore; F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh"; Harry Beaumont, who directed "Beau Brummel"; Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque"—are only a few of the Fox directors—the list reads like a movie hall of fame.

Watch your theatres for Fox Pictures—for they bring you the utmost magic of the screen!
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

We, his loyal fans, realize that opposition is a sign of advancement. The jealous were trying to discourage him because he was above the ordinary. The higher he went in popularity and the better his acting became, the louder the clamor at the foot of the ladder.

And who knew him best loved him for his innate cleanliness, good sportsmanship, and gentlemanly conduct.

It is intolerable to think he could not have lived to reach the success he so deserved and worked for. If only the critics had withheld some of their knockers and allowed a little praise and encouragement to creep into their reviews, how much easier his path would have been in the few years we were privileged to have him with us.

Now may Rudy's loyal fans unite to pray for him and build a memorial to honor his memory.

M. D. V.

Chatham, N. Y.

Mr. Oettinger Answered.

In the August issue of Picture-Play I read an article by Malcolm H. Oettinger. Evidently said person forgets the fact that the movie people have feelings, too. I try to believe every one does his or her best; friendly criticism is one thing, but insults are another.

I have had the pleasure of viewing "Ben-Hur" three times, and if Ramon Novarro is not an actor, then there is none. To my way of thinking, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer showed great wisdom in selecting Mr. Novarro to play the part of the Prince of Judah. No one else could have given a more sincere portrayal of a noble character.

I would suggest that Mr. Oettinger take a vacation to the South Seas and forget to return.

Noreen Margaret Grant.

366 Morris Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Like a Tornado.

I am writing in praise of the foreign stars. Indeed, what has anybody got to say about Pola Negri? Of course, it has been her misfortune, and if Ramon Novarro is not an actor, then there is none. To my way of thinking, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer showed great wisdom in selecting Mr. Novarro to play the part of the Prince of Judah. No one else could have given a more sincere portrayal of a noble character.

I would suggest that Mr. Oettinger take a vacation to the South Seas and forget to return.

Mae Taylor.

70 Lemon Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Do They Rave?

I wish to congratulate George Candel- man Huntington for coming right out and telling the truth about the foreign players, only I wish to add more.

Why do the magazines rave over Greta Garbo? If that's her first picture, let's hope it is her last. I was never so disgusted in my life as I was with "The Torrent." What they saw to rave over I don't know, but I do know that never again will I go to see Greta Garbo. More Americans and less foreign players in the future.

Dorothy Derr.

Camden, N. J.

Upon the Death of Valentino.

Clipped in your youth, a rose unblown, Valentino, we must all say good-by; Those who made happy and those you made sad.

All now have a tear in their eye. The stage of life must change its setting. We all play our part—then go; You played yours well, though time was short.

Rudy

Valentino is dead.

The headlines have an unmerciful glare.

Rudy.

Poor, misunderstood little Italian boy, Wandering from studio to studio. In search of a home, Turned down because he was "too foreign looking."

And then one day, a great director Saw him dance, and said, "You will be Jellio!"

And "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" Revolutionized the movies.

Millions of other little foreign boys Whose eyes were equally melting Whose kisses were equally burning All rushed to Hollywood to become "Another Valentino," But no one ever quite took Rudy's place Because Rudy knew his stuff too well.

Besides, Rudy could act.

Rudy, And Wally. They stand Alone.

There will never be another Wally! There will never be another Rudy! Rudy was not perfect—but he knew what he wanted. And what's more— He knew what we wanted And gave us "The Sheik."

An revolver, Ministre-Boucanier.

You will never give us Cellini

No.

But we'll always remember El Galardo, The tragic torcador of Spain— And now we remember Rudy, The story of Blood and Sand— Was your story, Rudy. Valentino is dead. The headlines have an unmerciful glare.


In Defense of Jetta.

Can't say I agree with June Whitehurst's letter in September Picture-Play. Jetta Goudal has no personality—no distinction. I did not see "The Coming of Amos," so cannot comment on it. But if by "Spanish Love," June Whitehurst means "The Spartan," I advise you to say that the blame rested not upon Miss Goudal, but upon the play itself. Never have I viewed with so little pleasure any film. No amount of superdirection and superacting could have made it anything but what it was—flat, uninteresting! Too much romance, if that is what it was intended to portray. The Divine Sarah could have done anything more out of the picture than did Jetta.

In "Three Faces East" she showed what she could do. I would advise June to see the picture if possible. Probably she'd revise that opinion of Miss Goudal's "wrecking pictures."

Good pictures for good players. Let us be fair. Don't judge them by one rotten play.

Three rousing cheers for Miss Goudal, and may we see more of her, I say! One of the screen's most beautiful and one of the most accomplished actresses.

Andre Arden.

St. Louis, Mo.

From a Thoughtful Fan.

Although producers have taken great steps in almost all respects to bring realism to the screen, to my mind they have overlook preparation and the very fundamental basis of reality—the judicious and careful casting of characters.

In Milton Sills' new picture, "Paradise," his leading lady, Betty Bronson. In the course of the story, a fierce fight is waged between Noah Beery and Sills, presumably because of their "love" for Betty Bronson. Now this fight, although staged in an atmosphere of absolute realism, loses the semblance of reality when one considers the youthfulness of Miss Bronson. Sills, a man almost fifty years of age, with a daughter as old as Betty Bronson, fighting Noah Beery, a man just as old, for the love of a nineteen-year-old girl!

Of course the public is not supposed to know this, or consider it, but the facts are known and invariably considered, with the natural result that the picture loses its reality. If Miss Bronson's part had been taken by a woman of the maturity of Florence Vidor, Anna Q. Nilsson, or Norma Talmadge, the love scenes with Sills would undoubtedly become more plausible, but with Betty Bronson in the fight and the more or less sentimental love scenes lose their reality and poignance.

I have seen Lewis Stone, obviously a man of fifty years, playing opposite Shirley Mason, a youthful ingénue if ever there was one, in love scenes that bordered on the ridiculous because of the obvious difference in age between the two. In "Black Oxen" and in "Dancing Mothers" I have seen Conway Tearle in love scenes with Clara Bowl, a girl twenty or
**Discovered!**

The Secret of Caruso’s Amazing Vocal Power

**THIS IS AN AGE OF MARVELS.** Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking. One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of the principle of voice control by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science. More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger’s method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to under-development of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso’s throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger’s wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

**100% Improvement in Your Voice—Guaranteed**

Professor Feuchtinger’s method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES an improvement of 100 per cent—a REDOUBLEMENT of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

**You Do Not Know Your Real Voice**

Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Physical Voice Culture PRODUCES as well as DEVELOPS the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates testify to this — many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger’s pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

**FREE!**

The Wonderful New Book

**"Physical Voice Culture"**

Send the coupon below and we will send you FREE this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon TODAY!

Prof. Feuchtinger has written the book which makes voice culture easy. Thousands of his pupils have become vocal artists, and many of them have been engaged in grand opera and concert. His pupils have included some of the greatest voices in the world, among them Caruso, his voice having been developed under his direction.

**Perfect Voice Institute**


**Perfect Voice Institute**

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-89, Studio, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Prof. Feuchtinger: Will you please send me a copy of your new free book, "Physical Voice Culture." I understand that this book is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in:

- [ ] Singing
- [ ] Speaking
- [ ] Stuttering
- [ ] Weak Voice

Name__________________________

Address________________________

*Diagram of the Normal Throat showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism. Your throat looks like this. So did the throat of the great Caruso. Professor Feuchtinger’s system of silent, scientific exercises will develop your vocal organ to its full strength.*

*"The Songbird of the ages," Enrico Caruso. The richness, the fullness, the beauty and the astounding power of his voice was due to the exceptional development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle.*
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 10
more years his junior. At other times I have seen truly handsome and Pauline Ga-}

ton, James Kirkwood and Carol Dempster, Tom Mix and Ollie Brown. Lloyd streng-}

ted man and Lois Moran in love scenes that I could not for a moment forget were being}

taken before a camera—so much had that the millions of people. I cannot think of a}

girl falling in love with a man twice her age, or a man in love with a girl young enough to be his daughter. There have been a few cases, of course, but then they were subjects for the newspapers and the}

psychopaths.

In a reverse manner I have seen such youthful men as Ben Lyon, Donald Keith, and}

Nora Swanson with women five and even ten years their sen-

tor—Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, and the late Barbara La Marr, to mention only a}

few. Naturally these scenes lost their greatest power to enthral—themselves.

What would I suggest as a remedy? I can only say that I would welcome, as well as the millions of other "fans," more of the youthful and charming spontaneity as well as the illusions of reality that such teams as Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes,}

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, Mary}

McAvoy and Richard Barthelmess, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Lois Moran bring to the screen in their work.

ALFRED EICHLER.

31-11 Eighty-fifth Street, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

An Interesting Prediction.

May I add my "guess" to the prediction of Mr. Abbate for 1929?

William Haines will occupy an enviable position next to the incorrigible Mr. Gil-}

ter. He has the charm, intelligence, and sincerity of Gilbert, and they ought to

by 1929—to make a duo of the finest romantic actors on the screen.

Betty Bronson, providing she keeps her head level, will be slipping into the place of "premier comedienne" with Florence Vi-

dor only a half yard behind.

Dolores Costello will be one of the high-}

lighted and pointed of the starlets, and Esther Ralston will gain in position rather than lose.

Eleonor Boardman, if she is more care-

ful of parts and plays, will come to the foreground, while Norma Shearer will slip into the place that Gloria Swanson will be}

losing. Miss Swanson has gone as far as she can; she was the "destiny" star; and there is one every decade or so. No one can account for them—they just "grewled" like Topsy.

Cormine Griffith will be losing her place to Greta Garbo. Joan Crawford will not have reached the pace that M.-G.-M. are setting for her; and Vera Reynolds, Aileen Pringle, Louise Glaum, Pola Negri, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Astor, and Claire Windsor will be fading away. If they aren't, they ought to be.

And Lois Wilson will play the "Lore-

di" of the screen. Mr. Abbate's suggestion that Miss Wilson play Iris in "The Green Hat" was a riot. She couldn't, in a million years, have the magnetic illusion and people of the stars that Iris had. Miss Wilson is a dear, lovable, and personable young lady. And lady she will always be—no matter whether she likes it or not. If she ever does prove the oppo-

site, and turns out a gorgeous tapestry of sin and color for the screen, I am perfectly willing humbly to apologize, but I don't think she ever will.

ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL.

79 West Philadelphia Street, Detroit, Mich.
Lincoln Knew How To Laugh!

Lincoln had sent for them. Seward, Stanton, Chase, and the other members of the famed war cabinet. None knew the purpose of the meeting. Save that of course it had to do with the war.

"Gentlemen," said the President, book in hand, "did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward?" Not a member of the cabinet smiled. They had not come there to joke.

But the President had, apparently. For with great deliberation he started to read page after page of Artemus Ward, the greatest humorist of his day. Having finished, he laughed heartily. The others sat aghast. What madman was this to read funny stories to them at such a time? Stanton was on the point of leaving the room.

Stony silence greeted the President as he looked up. "Well," he said, "let's have another chapter." And to everyone's astonishment, he read another chapter of humorous anecdotes. Then, throwing the book down and heaving a long sigh, he said, "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die. You need the medicine as much as I do."

After which, Lincoln reached into the pocket of his long-tailed coat and pulled out a little paper. The "little paper" was the Emancipation Proclamation!

THE tall, gaunt figure who prefaced his cabinet meeting by reading funny stories knew what he was about. He knew the value of a laugh. He, better than they, knew the necessity of something to relieve the tension that was trying men's souls in the dark days of '62.

Knowing how to laugh is the greatest tonic ever devised. If you've lost the art of laughing naturally and heartily—or think you have—see an Educational comedy tonight. You'll forget your dignity, forget your cares, forget you're grown up. You'll look younger and feel younger.

Educational comedies are deservedly popular. They are supreme in their field, just as are the other Short Subjects for which Educational is famous. News reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions—you'll enjoy them all.

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS
HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
JUVENILE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-Podge
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
CURiosities
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HERE ARE THE STARS who are playing in the spirit of fun in joyous two-reelers produced by Christie for your amusement.

WATCH FOR THEM on the programs of best theatres everywhere. If you don't see them you are being cheated of some great twenty-minutes of diverting entertainment.

The name Christie on Comedy is like Sterling on Silver.
Jacqueline Logan offers a striking portrait of herself as Mary the Magdalen in "The King of Kings," Cecil De Mille's picturization of the life of Christ, in which special effort will be made to retain the human qualities of the biblical characters as portrayed in the Gospels, while stressing the drama of a period that has influenced humanity for all time.
How the Stars Stay Famous

Personal showmanship, one of the least understandable phases of a screen career, means much for the success of the stars. In this story are described some of the methods employed by certain celebrities to keep themselves in the public eye.

By Edwin Schallert

In a friendly get-together, two rival Hollywood casting agents were one day discussing the merits of a certain film player, whom one of them had signed up and whom the other had allowed to slip from the bonds of a previous contract.

"Why," queried the first agent, "did you allow Miss So-and-so to get away from you? She is one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, and she has charm and magnetism, not to speak of a remarkably good screen presence. I should think that you would have had such great success with her, that you would not have wanted to lose her."

"Yes, you may be right," answered the other. "She is very beautiful. And she has charm and magnetism, too, of a kind.

"The trouble with that girl is that she doesn't get over. I couldn't get any big producer interested in her. When she walks into a room full of people nobody notices her. She has no sweep and dash. What she lacks is showmanship."

Right here, it might be appropriate to mention that the shrinking violet will never be named as the official flower of the movie colony. And just in case any one, upon reading this statement, should think that it is intended as a slam at the film favorites, I may as well add that it is not meant to be.

It seems to be an adopted principle in studio land that "there is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is, not being talked about." In other words, if you want to sink into the dim shadows of obscurity just allow yourself to pass out of the spotlight for so much as a few months. And then—exit career!

Showmanship is perhaps one of stardom's greatest assets. It is the indefinable something that enables players to elicit for themselves both interest and attention, not alone from the public, but also from literary lights of high standing. He is seen here with his fellow countrymen, Lord Astor and the Hon. William Waldorf Astor.
in a more direct way, from their associates in the game of movie-making. 

"We who act," a certain stage star once told me in a confidential moment, "are really two selves. That is the reason, perhaps, why we are so misunderstood by the majority of people, and why occasionally we even misunderstand ourselves. It is seldom our real self that is known, only our make-believe counterpart. When we walk across the stage, it is not ourselves we see, but somebody entirely separate, whose every movement and word we regulate by strings which we pull, and by dreams that we dream.

"As we grow more experienced in our profession, this crowds more upon us. Instead of putting on the mask, and then discarding it, we wear it more and more constantly. The two selves that we are gradually merge, and through this our lives seem to become, not only for us personally, but for the world at large, more and more of a puzzle. We do things that are extravagant, unreal, and theatrical, yet in doing them we are only being as we have made ourselves through our years of make-believe."

Perhaps this is as clear-cut an analysis of the life of the player, of either the stage or the screen, as any one has ever given. The lives of the majority of actors differ from everyday existences perhaps for the reason that unreality is so much a part of their daily lives.

Still in this matter of make-believe, they are not entirely unique, nor is showmanship confined to the theatrical profession alone. It has been with us ever since the world began.

Napoleon was one of the world's greatest showmen. The mere mention of his name presents the picture of a slightly rotund man, with a somewhat bowed head, a lock of hair sharply curved down the forehead and hand in waistcoat. The impression is indelible. It was this attitude, magnificent, severe, and imposing that marked him as a ruthless conqueror.

The showman may be discovered in any walk of life. Showmanship may be found at the coming-out reception, or the society ball where the astute dowager seeks to bring forward, and display to the best advantage, the charms of the young débutante.

In the theater, Sarah Bernhardt was probably the most triumphant showwoman of the past century. Bernhardt never lost her feeling for the theater; it was with her constantly, even to the day of her death.

Mary Garden is one who more recently has remained consistently in the spotlight. Even in her role as manager of the Chicago Opera Company, she was brilliant. She may not possess the greatest voice or talent in the world, but she has a presence so magnetic, that virtually everything is swept before her. Geraldine Farrar, in the days of her popular fame, was also similarly a conqueror.

Showmanship must not be confused with mere publicity. To many film people who have proved their showmanship, publicity is secondary, and may be something accomplished quite without their inspiration, or even their consent. At the same time, their own personal achievements in gaining the glare of prominence would seem to attain a similar result.

A few years ago when the famous rivalry between Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson was at its height, there occurred an incident that is typical. It was shortly after Pola's arrival in this country, and happened during a convention of Paramount film salesmen at the Famous Players-Lasky studio.

Gloria had been the uncrowned queen of this establishment before Pola had come there. Momentarily her preeminence seemed threatened. It was understood that there was a decided jealousy between the two stars.

Pola and Gloria were both to the guests at a dinner given for the visiting executives at the studio. It was an occasion of some brilliance and importance, because it is recognized in the film colony that the man who sells a star's pictures can do much to enhance that star's popularity by laying stress on her superiority and Gloria particularly felt that on this occasion she could not afford to sacrifice her preeminence to Pola.

The rivalry between them centered on the timing of their entrances to the assembled convention. It became a question which of the two would appear the later on the scene, so that her arrival would be the climax of the meeting.

When they arrived at the studio both Gloria and Pola went immediately to their dressing rooms. They both stayed until they had ascertained whether the other was already there, and each learning that her rival was, at least, not in the banquet room, they both settled down for a siege of waiting.

The exact details of
how the final dénouement was brought about are lacking. The theory is that Pola was prevailed upon to go into the banquet room first to show her good will. Gloria succeeded in making the final "grand entrance" and received a dazzling applause that was comparable only to the waving of the flag at the close of a patriotic film during war time.

Gloria is perhaps one of the film's most striking showwomen. At least, her showmanship is the most easily grasped. It is the most like that of other celebrities, being largely a matter of presence, cleverness, daring, and style.

Gloria's biggest mistake in showmanship, despite that it looked like her most magnificent feat, was her marriage. Not the marriage so much, as the way that this spectacular event was brought to the public's attention. That, and the circumstance that it was coupled with a picture, "Madame Sans-Gène," was, to say the least, unimpressive. Too much attention is sometimes disastrous.

Thea Bara, a victim of the wrong kind of showmanship, did not survive, partly owing to conditions over which she herself had very little control. The organization with which she was associated had built up about her a veritable pyramid of exoticism and mystery. She was hailed as a descendant of the Pharaohs, and a fabulous being out of Egypt, whereas she had merely come from Cincinnati.

The public gradually rejected all this wild fantastic publicity. They found it a case of too much Barnum. Thea unfortunately did not have the resistance to withstand the change of public opinion, especially since her professional accomplishments were at that time at a low ebb, too.

Showmanship in the movies has various demonstrations outside of these two contrasting instances. Many of them are too similar and too little outstanding to chronicle here.

I might mention among others, some of the less consequential ones, just to give you an idea of their diversified character. The "grand entrance" that I have spoken of in the case of Gloria is one of the most notable. Being late in Hollywood is a fine art that is delightfully practiced. It is not a game for the novice, though, but only for one who can really rouse a buzz of conversation when guilty of this affront to the fault convention, whether it be in the theater, at the luncheon party, or the private social function.

I have known a few cases, where lesser stars have arranged to have quite a to-do made over themselves when they were seen in public. There are some who have themselves paged in the lobbies of the larger hotels. They are most likely to do this when they know that some famous producer is hovering in the vicinity, as a reminder of their presence.

There are others who, on going to previews, where a picture in which they appear is showing, enter one door and then go out the other, thus focusing attention on themselves several times. This is often with the idea of keeping themselves in the eye of the film executives who are nearly always present on such occasions. One actress told me once: "It really does pay, too. You'd be surprised, I got a job that very night, after the show. A producer liked me in the picture and he noticed that I was present at the preview. And so, right afterward, he came up and engaged me, before he had a chance to forget about it."

Individual evidences of personal showmanship in the case of the more prominent stars are less easy to classify. I could give many instances to prove their variety, but a few will suffice. Marriages and engagements have sometimes a great deal to do with showmanship. It would be hazardous, however, to analyze motives that concern such a purely personal enterprise as matrimony, even in the film colony where the most private things assume a public interest.

Still, we know that Pola Negri is a countess, that Gloria Swanson is a marquise, and that Mae Murray has recently become a princess of Georgia. The titles contribute their share of glitter. Marrying into the nobility is becoming something more than a mere fad in Hollywood.

Of all the showmen in the film world, Charlie Chaplin is perhaps one of the most adroit. His case outside of Lon Chaney's, which is entirely different, is most typically coupled with a distaste for the ordinary type of publicity.

Yet Chaplin manages to be interviewed, generally by some highly literary writer, on occasion—say, like Thomas Burke whom he met on his trip to England. He notified another writer who was getting up an article touching on a number of people in filmland, that "Mr. Chaplin does not like to be lumped when articles are written about him."

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An Actor of Leisure

In these days of bustling and stressful studio life, Holbrook Blinn's calm approach to his work explains his inimitable poise on the screen.

By Dorothy Day

In this bustling world where the worker reads as he runs and eats standing up half the time, because it takes too long to bother to sit down, it seems incredible that one of the very busiest actors in the world should have as his slogan, "Take your time." Yet that is just what Holbrook Blinn does say, and not only does he say it, he practices it.

When Mr. Blinn finished his tour with "The Dove," visions of four or five months with nothing to do loomed ahead. But the heads of various film companies had other notions as to how he should spend his spare time. His plans for vacationing grew feebler and feebler as one offer after another floated in from the Coast.

Now it is far easier for a child to refuse an ice-cream cone on a summer day than it is for an actor to resist a tempting contract, and gradually Mr. Blinn's refusals to work became less forceful. "I don't believe that Jack was a dull boy because he had all work and no play," he told himself. "He was more than likely a deadly bore, anyway. Besides, it will be fun to work on a picture for a change, after so many months in the theater. It will be just as good, no, better, than a regular vacation."

This ended the argument, and off to the Coast he went to play the leading rôle in "The Masked Woman," for First National. Here the eye of the camera winked at him alluringly, coaxing him to remain and play in five or six more pictures, and such a flirt did this one-eyed monster of the studios prove to be, that, in order to resist the temptation to remain in Hollywood, Mr. Blinn signed a contract with Robert Kane, of First National, calling for his services in the East to make a picture. One offer he received was to play his original rôle in "The Masked Woman" opposite the lovely Norma Talmadge, and another was to do Louis XI., with his old friend John Barrymore, in "Francois Villon."

He wished that he were twins that he might do all the things that presented themselves. Maybe he could squeeze in just one more picture—but he got out his old slogan, polished it up, and realized anew that to hurry is to pass by so many necessary details, that nothing worthwhile is accomplished. So with the temptation of remaining in sunny California duly squelched, he came East.

I saw him a day or two after his return from the Coast. His face was tanned by the golden sun of California and he looked better than if he had actually taken a vacation. He sat in an office of the Empire Theater, a room steeped in tradition. Here it was that John drew, the Barrymores, Maud Adams, and Margaret Anglin had signed their contracts in years gone by. The dull rose curtains hold in their folds the hopes and fears, the secrets and plans of many a famous person. It was quite the proper setting for Mr. Blinn to propagate his philosophy of "Don't hurry."

"This is a world of haste," he said, "where everybody seems to be trying to speed eternity out of a little time. To crowd the work of an hour into fifteen minutes, seems to be the desired idea. Hurry, hurry, hurry! Faster, faster, faster! So beats the pulse of America. Now this may be all right for some lines of business, but when it comes to the business of acting, it certainly does not apply."

"And yet it seems the natural impulse of the young actor to hurry. From early childhood the tendencies of the times teach him to hustle, rush, rush, rush. Hurry or we'll miss the train. Hurry or you'll be late for school. Hurry or the goblins will get you. There seem to be a million reasons why one should hurry, but never, never hurry when you are acting."

Mr. Blinn attacks his work in the theater and studio in a businesslike manner. To him, acting is a business the same as any other profession. He has no time for temperament, or fads, any more than a business man has. In this respect he is unlike the majority of film actors. He has no peculiar theories, no pet hobbies, and he would scorn the idea of having soft music play to make him act. But because he has no pretty fancies like that, is no reason why he is not just as interested in his work as the actor who feels he must surround himself with these things.

He is always in his dressing room at the studio, or the theater, an hour and a half before it is actually time to appear on the set or on the stage. If the set is a new one, he allows himself time to become familiar with every piece of furniture, every bit of drapery. In this way he feels at home in the scene long before work is really started. Even in the theater, where the set is familiar to him after many nights of playing, he makes a point of reaching the stage a few minutes before the curtain goes up, just to take a turn or two around the stage, to become a part of it, not just a person strolling in from Broadway to play a scene.

I think that this attention to detail is one of the reasons for his success in the theater. I have seen him work on a scene for hours, in order to get every ounce

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Just a harpist in the Viennese wine garden, but it is spring, and she trembles with ecstasy as her cavalier approaches.

The moon glow is a delicate tracery over the orchard. There, frail and quaint *Mitsi* sits in her white muslin dress with its gay blue sash, her curls pinned high. Oh, so prim she tries to look! Her softly moving white fingers caress the strings. "The Wedding March"—its strains seem to linger and float upon those woe barges of pink when the last note has been lost in the silence.

Lights—little, dancing, intriguing lights—peek from lopsided lanterns to play over the garden, shedding their radiance in many-faceted gleams. A frothy saber of silver flirts with her coral ear rings, then deserts them to touch with rainbow colors the brooch at her throat. Frivolous lights vacillate from branch to branch, to glow upon each blossom of the myriad cascade that drips a sheer web of beauty upon her.

Now, the gay *Prince Nicki*, very arrogant and a little cruel, considers *Mitsi* lightly at first. She is but a bubble of a girl to toy with and shrug aside.

After a time, though, the slow enchantment that she weaves from her harp and the shy innocence that causes her dark eyes to droop under their milk-white lids awaken something new in *Nicki*. Not chivalry, exactly.

It is cool. *Mitsi* shivers. He places his military cape about her shoulders, and their pastel romance becomes a breath-taking thrill in that setting of fairylike charm. Enveloped in the glow that sifts through the fluttering apple blossoms to rest in her shyly uplifted eyes, *Mitsi* makes an effort at flippancy. She has a birdlike sauciness, the while her lips quiver.

*Dale Fuller* who has appeared in so many other Von Stroheim productions is seen with *Mathew Betz* in a scene from the latest one.

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**Apple Blossoms and**

*Von Stroheim* is sure he has found what

The stark realism of "Greed" has changed

*Viennese*

By Myrtle
“The Wedding March”

the public wants in his latest production. to the imagery and illusion of this charm-
love story.

Gebhart

It is a carnival of blooms and of lights, of laughter and of a half-born love, there in the old garden where Mitzi plays for the populace of Vienna, and hesitates before Nicki’s impassioned wooing.

Five hundred thousand hand-made and waxed apple blossoms, you hear one of those studio pests who insist upon statistics babbling in your ear and that the scene is for Von Stroheim’s “The Wedding March” for Paramount, and you turn aside from his material world into that glamorous unreality where your imagination may emerge from cold storage and play once again.

So you follow as Mitzi leads Nicki to a corner of the garden and shows him her fairy coach. He sees only an old, broken-down, three-wheeled buggy under a gnarled apple tree, and laughs. Hurt flashes pain into her eyes. He is apologetic, and is conquered by the spell of her as she explains how she sits there and dreams of her mythical fairy prince and in fancy watches the Danube maids dancing.

The lids flutter over her eyes set in pools of shadow—she sways, so fragile, so desirable, so altogether new and refreshing, into his embrace.

“The Wedding March” is Von Stroheim’s own original story and marks his first screen appearance since “Foolish Wives.” In a series of resplendent uniforms apparently molded to his figure, His Highness Prince Nicholas Ehrhart Hans Karl Maria von Wildeliebe - Rauffenburg, with auxiliary titles of His Majesty’s Chamberlain and First Lieutenant in His Majesty’s Life Guard, moves in a circle beyond the horizon of the humble peasant Mitzi.

Leading the mounted guard attached to the

Fay Wray as Mitzi, the lovely little harpist whose love story is one of the themes of “The Wedding March.”

The lovers in the old garden are Fay Wray and Von Stroheim himself. Five hundred thousand hand-made wax apple blossoms were used to beautify this scene.

personal retinue of his emperor, Franz Joseph, the gay and debonair Nicki, as he is popularly called, cuts a dashing figure. He is careless and wicked, a product of his class and environment, and a little to be pitied. For he realizes truths and values and—but that would be telling the tale.

The plot, laid in the merry and decorative days of prewar Vienna, embraces intrigue, adventure, thrills, love—oh, a
goodly array of the sure-fire hokum that brings lines to the box-office eager to throw off the dull cares of everyday and loll in fanciful illusion.

With his usual painstaking thoroughness, Von Stroheim has insisted upon accuracy of detail. You are taken behind the scenes of European court life with the lifting of its curtain of lavish splendor, to revel in the little human weaknesses of the great ones. The glittering pageantry of the aristocracy is etched in sharp relief to contrast with the ugly life of the peasants crushed under the heels of the tyrants.

Types have been carefully picked and endowed with mannerisms to mark their individualities. His Highness Prince Ottokar Ladislaus von Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg, His Majesty's Chamberlain, is ferocious-mustachioed George Fawcett. Her Highness Princess Maria Immaculata von Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg, superbly haughty in her black silks, in her eyes the cold and impersonal glint of diamonds, brilliant and supercilious eyes, the inevitable cigar between her scornful lips—Maude George, you remember her? Cecilia Schaeuser, the limping Princess, pathetic figure, victim of an unrequited love, who makes the supreme sacrifice in a most novel manner—Zasu Pitts of the tear-wet eyes that so long to caress and to laugh.

Fortunat Schaeuser, manufacturer of Red Haven Complasters (one crown, each)—George Nichols. The keeper of the inn, "To the Old Apple Tree"—corpulent Hughie Mack. Schantzi, his son the butcher, a coarse and crude one—Mathew Betz. The aged violin player, Cesare Gravina, and Frau Katherina, Dale Fuller. Naevatt, orderly to Nicki, and accustomed to his whims and his boot kicks.

A solemn procession moves down the aisle of St. Stephen's to the haunting strains of "Lohengrin." The bride, swirled in foamy white lace, limps painfully. The prince's uniform is decorated with many medals and his black boots are polished like mirrors and his white gloves are spotless, but his eyes are dull with the loss of hope.

A cold chill runs up your spine as dim figures climb the tortuous mountain pass on precarious footing to the lodge perched atop a gaunt crag of the Tyrolean Alps. A drunken peasant is bent on revenge. A girl seeks to warn her beloved, her feet winged with terror as a blinding rainstorm pelts her flowerlike face.

You see the revelry of the military lightly amused at their rendezvous where wine flows freely and women are but toys.

You surge with the elbowing, jostling crowds to witness the beautiful Corpus Christi procession in the square before St. Stephen's. More eager, some of them, alas, to glimpse their old monarch in his state coach, its eight snow-white horses rearing and plunging in their gold-plated harness, and the cardinal in his robes of velvet and ermine, his tiara and crozzer gleaming in the sun, then to kneel in humble prayer before the Host.

A panorama of contrasts; the militia marching so stiffly, officers' horses tight reined, the pompous magnificence of court attaches in all their magnificence, and the poorly clad monks and friars. The aristocrats bowing from their carriages with a cold acceptance of homage—the peasants, some cheering, others jeering—penitents on bent knees before the Monstrance under its purple-and-gold canopy.

You thrill as Nicki, leading his picturesque Dragonos, bursts upon the mob that has desecrated the Convent of the Bleeding Heart—Nicki sorrowed and taught by tragedy to defend the weak, urging his men to fight for the honor of the nuns. And there you see a little novice, kneeling before her crucifix, with appealing eyes uplifted to the heart that bleeds for all humanity's troubles. And then—but to say more would be to lift the veil.

Some scenes have the blurred beauty of mezzotints; others are sharply emphasized; the color sequences move with a graceful ease. A more virile note is struck in the military accouterments, the clash of dominant wills, in the touches of brutality.

You awaken from the dreamlike unreality of the love which is being spun so subtly and, recalling the motive of curiosity which prompted your visit to their land of make-believe, you interview Von Stroheim during the noon recess.

Settled in an enormous armchair in his bungalow dressing room, you listen lazily to his exposition of his reasons for diverging so pointedly from his usual course in film production.

"The public claimed it was sickened by the stark reality of 'Greed.' It was not a financial success," he begins, "so American are grown-up children. They want fairy tales. And I am going to prove that I can please the box office. "

"So I am giving them illusion this time, with all the pretty trimmings, a fragile play of love. Entertainment, imagery, set in a soft plush of exquisite pastel shades. They can't say then," he ended on a grim note, "that Von Stroheim is a rotter who thinks only of the dirty and the gruesome. I will show them that even as low a cad as some people seem to consider me is capable of fineness of thought, of delicacy."

The conversation drifts to Mary Philbin and other actresses whom he has discovered, and to the transformation of Mae Murray under his guidance from a pictorial coquette into a player of finesse and ability.

"Mae Murray is one of the greatest actresses," he says.

"Was," you interpose, "one time only, in 'The Merry Widow.'"

"Is, Is! Is!" he shouts, pounding the arm of his chair with a clenched fist. "You hear me, I say she is! She possesses an astonishing power, but it is coated with layers of egotism which must be stripped from her by a hand at once brutal and understanding." [Cont'd on page 111]
Manhattan Medley

In which informal meetings during their stay in New York yield intimate little truths that reveal the stars as they really are.

By Aileen St. John-Brenon

It is nine thirty at the Ritz on a Saturday morning. An attractive young husband is knocking gently at his wife’s door.

“All right,” she calls out in a sweet voice. “I’ll be ready in a few minutes.”

“I’m just going over to Fifth Avenue,” he replies, “to buy a pair of shoes. We’ll play tennis in the country and I have to have them.”

“Promise to come right back?”

“Oh, of course, I’ll be right back.”

“Well, what time do we start?”

“In about twenty minutes.”

“Twenty minutes! Why, darling, that’s impossible. I have to pack the trunks.”

“Oh, dear! I thought we were going to get an early start today!”

“Well, then we’ll have to come back early from Mr. Zukor’s. That’s all. I can’t travel to California without sorting all of my things.”

“Oh, we don’t want to come back early.”

“Well, we’ll have to, dear. It’s one thing or the other. Either you give me half an hour now, or we leave early tomorrow.”

“Can’t we just let it go?”

“No, dear, we can’t, and you’ve got to make up your mind—right away, because I’ve lots of things to do, and you’ve got to get those shoes.”

“Oh, all right; we’ll have to come back early tomorrow then!” And off he goes, his tall athletic figure swinging out into the corridor.

It might be any wife talking to any husband, wouldn’t it? Only this happens to be Mary Pickford, just arrived from Europe, and stalwart Doug.

“It was like this all the way through Europe,” explains Mary, smiling. “Douglas can’t understand why everything can’t be done in five minutes. He can stick his things in a trunk in a couple of seconds, but if I do mine that way, I’ll find I have a green hat to wear with a blue dress, dark stockings for a light costume and the rest of it, and of course that’s misery.

“We did have a lovely time of it, though. Ostensibly we go abroad on business, but we say that only to ease our consciences. We really go away for pleasure, though we don’t like to admit it even to ourselves. Douglas, I think, really convinces himself that foreign affairs need his attention, but I know from the beginning, in my heart of hearts, that we travel just for fun.

“You see, when people work as hard as we do, they’ve got to play hard, too. Their playtime has got to be as strenuous as their work time. It would not be

Off screen, Mary Pickford contents herself with being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the “little woman” whose sole concern is her husband’s comfort.
rest for us to live a life of real ease. We would just go crazy. We have to set a rapid pace or the let down would be too enervating.

"And, of course, we really love the hustle and the bustle of it all. Though I must say, the crowds still frighten me. Even in Russia they came to greet us by the thousand, and if any one should tell you that the spirit of the mob differs because of nationality, don't believe it. Mob psychology is the same the world over. I find all peoples fundamentally the same throughout the world, though they may differ in a thousand and one ways. What may seem to be the peculiarities of other nationalities only interests me. I am interested in them all, because I love people—all people.

"When I say I am afraid of the crowd, it isn't for myself, because I always have the vantage point. There is always some one to protect me, but when I see a little baby in its mother's arms, being jostled about by the crowd, or a delicate woman or little child being buffeted around, it simply frightens me to death. It's really agony for me, knowing what one little accident will do to the crowd. It means lawlessness and real danger."

Mary's pretty face looked very serious, and she looked very much of a frightened child as she recalled the crowds that greeted them in their progress through Europe.

The Fairbankses extended their visit in New York to be present at the Valentino funeral at which Fairbanks was a pall bearer. They were terribly shocked to learn of Valentino's untimely death on their arrival. "And," said Mary, "to think we worry about such trifles as packing and all that, when there are such tragedies about us."

Mary was anxious to get home. She loves her home. "And then, too," she said, "I want to get to work, but I'm not going to start a picture just for the sake of making one. I have one or two ideas in mind, but after several months of work they may prove to be only ideas after all. I'm going to be sure that I have something real before I start another picture."

There is another tragedy in the film world. Pola Negri is not going to play Camille. It was all decided on that tragic trip, when Pola came East to be present at Rudolph Valentino's funeral.

Pola, to our mind, is one of the finest actresses on the screen. Ben Ami claims that distinction for Eleanor Boardman, but to our way of thinking, Pola has the emotional depth of the really great artist—truly Continental, of course, in her technique, her approach to life and her interpretation of human nature, and it is for this very reason that we cannot bear to see Camille pass into the alien though capable hands of Norma Talmadge. Both Norma and Pola had decided to play the part, ignorant of the other's plans, and isn't it just Pola's luck that she should be the one to step aside. when, as the saying goes, the part was "just made for her."

Somehow, Camille belongs to Pola just as Sans-Gene should have belonged to her, and in the same way that "The Show Off" should have been played by Raymond Griffith and Florence Introducing John Boles, Gloria Swanson's new leading man, who has been recruited from musical-comedy ranks, and will make his screen début in Miss Swanson's first independent venture.
Vidor should have been selected for "Daddy Goes A Hunting." Zoe Akins' brilliant play that was so pallidly transferred to the screen.

Miss Talmadge is bringing our Dumas heroine up to date. She will live and die in 1926, but whether she will have bobbed hair and a slave bracelet, Norma refuses to admit, though she concedes that Camille will be a modern French girl.

But to return to Miss Negri, it would seem that she has had more than her share of unenviable publicity since she arrived in America; and the criticism that was leveled at her after Valentino's death was not only unfair, but was a reflection on the good taste and feeling of those who chose a time of mourning for the slings and arrows of their discontent.

Any one who caught a glimpse of Miss Negri's agonized face during the harrowing days following Valentino's death will believe in the sincerity of her grief.

What matter if her manner of expressing her grief is not in accord with our Anglo-Saxon standards? Miss Negri's suffering over Valentino's loss was pitiful to behold. It was one of those times in a woman's life, whether she is an actress, an idler, or a charwoman, when she is brought face to face with reality, when she is stripped of all artifice and affection, and those who are about her feel the presence of the real woman, free from her paint and her powder, prey to her sorrow and emotion. That was the Pola that New York saw, a crouching little figure, not laden with the reams of expensive mourning you read about, but garbed in a simple, unbecoming black frock which looked as though it might have been hastily chosen by some kind neighbor who had run around the block at a moment's notice to choose the dark raiment.

A slim young creature with flashing blue eyes set in a dainty, fragile countenance, threaded her way through the New York rainy season. She weighed not more than ninety-nine pounds which, despite her shy manner, she carried with an assurance and poise that would do credit to a mature woman, much less a twenty-year-old girl. It was Mary Philbin on her first visit to New York where she had come with her parents for a bit of diversion, after the production of "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

She was worn out after she arrived and carried a good old-fashioned cold in her head, through all her pilgrimages to the American wing of the Metropolitan, the costume exhibit at the museum, and the room where George Washington established his headquarters, and partook for nourishment of the palatable wing of a lark. In short, Mary was just like any little girl from the Middle West who all her life had wanted to see the Woolworth Building and get a peep at the glittering shops along Fifth Avenue. Only Mary simply had to keep the hundred and one appointments Universal made for her in the name of her cinema art.

And she had to remember when she went to Newport, to look at the spot where her grandfather proposed to her grandmother beneath the Viking's Tower, to have her photograph taken in the Cliff Walk, at the entrance to
Manhattan Medley

Bailey’s Beach, or strolling down Thames Street. Either that, or face judicial frowns in the executive office upon returning to New York.

At luncheon at Maillard’s we thought it a good time to discover just how a talented little girl like Mary disposes of her free time. Do beaus monopolize her? Does she skimp around to parties with the younger set? Does she sit by the fire and spin like a little old-fashioned spinster?

“I never have any free time,” says Mary. “Even though I came to New York for a holiday and to buy clothes, I’ve only had time to buy one little dress. And in Hollywood I am either working on a picture or preparing for one. Being photographed, choosing my clothes, becoming familiar with my part, and the rest of it, my only diversion being motion pictures. I see them all, and I study the work of Pola Negri, and Lillian Gish—two such great artists, real artists.

“You see I very nearly didn’t get into motion pictures even after Mr. von Stroheim chose me in Chicago! I knew what it is to be terribly disappointed, or nearly so! And now that I did get into motion pictures, they are my whole life!”

Miss Philbin, you recall, was chosen by von Stroheim in a Chicago contest and put under contract to go to Los Angeles at once. Through some intrigue in the exchange office she never received her marching orders, and very nearly did not go further west to fulfill her engagement. “Von” literally “made” Miss Philbin.

Working with E. A. Dupont, she avers was delightful, but at the same time difficult owing to the director’s inability to speak the language. “I managed only by learning my own script by heart, because often I couldn’t follow directions at all. Sometimes I forgot my script, and I’d rush madly up to the script clerk to get a peep, only to recall that the script, too, was in German.”

Lila Lee has forgotten her party manners, that is, if any one ever taught them to her. Perhaps her film education has been so strenuous that she has had no time to become imbued with a sense of the conventions. Still the fact remains that her Manhattan “at home” was marred by what Cholly Knickerbocker would dub, “a regrettable faux pas.”

Lila’s guests were put through the third-degree when they arrived at her abode, in response to an invitation to bid her godspeed to England whither she was en route to take part in “One Increasing Purpose.” There was considerable palaver before the hostess could even be summoned to the telephone, and thereafter the guests were subdivided like ancient Gaul, the one part, perhaps the most important, being treated to an elevator ride to the sacred regions above, the rest being panned in the hall like naughty children, and sent home without even a cup of tea to take the edge off their wrath.

Lila tried to explain the contretemps, mid gasps and furtive glances, while the guests shifted uneasily, eager to inform her just what a well-bred girl would do. Perhaps a well-intentioned Santa Claus will insert a volume of Mrs. Price Post into her Christmas stocking and save Mrs. James Kirkwood and her future guests much unnecessary embarrassment.

And then she’ll know that pâté de foie gras isn’t a fish and when oysters are in season.

“Come down to the boat,” called Lilyan Tashman. “Eddie and I are sailing!”

By the grace of the celluloid gods they got the boat by the skin of their teeth, but the last half hour was a frantic and hectic affair, and I think if it hadn’t been for Vivian Moses, the Mauretania would have set forth upon the briny deep without them.

Lowe sat chatting over the luncheon table preoccupied with reminiscences of the days before he went into pictures, when he was playing with Florence Reed in Channing Pollock’s “Roads of Destiny,” when he suddenly recalled he had promised his wife to get some money from the bank. It was four o’clock when he remembered it. The banks were closed.

The boat sailed at five. With visions of sailing to Europe with scarcely a sou in his pocket he nearly—but Moses emerged auspiciously from the bullrushes and conducted him to a bank that emulates a night club. They have them on Broadway, and they are “open all night.”

“What Price Glory” might have been titled. “What Price Ignominies,” had Lowe arrived at the Algonquin Hotel a moment later, for as he drove up there was wife Lilyan with a shoe in one hand, and a vanity case in the other, superintending the loading of the trunks in the lobby. There was nothing personal in the shoe, Mrs. Lowe assured us, merely a last-minute purchase, the remnant of fourteen pairs, the last of which simply would not go in the suit case.

“It wouldn’t have been my funeral if Eddie hadn’t caught the boat,” explained his wife. “He’s the one who’s going to make the picture. I’m excess baggage, but I had to go along.”

The last we heard of the Tashman-Lowe contingent was a post card from the boat: “We’re having a grand time. My ‘One Increasing Purpose’ is to stay on deck. It’s just rough enough to be pleasant, but it’s getting rougher. See you when we get back.”

The charm of Florence Vidor was discernible above the din and roar of the metropolis. We found her to be a gracious yet dignified hostess on the occasion of a little luncheon à deux in her dressing room in the Lasky studio on Long Island. It was during the filming of Mal St. Clair’s most recent adventure in sophistication, “The Popular Sin,” and she confessed that making a picture in New York was fraught with distractions.

“While I think it’s the best thing in the world for

Continued on page 98
Forty-four and Happy

Louise Dresser candidly admits the age that most women take pains to conceal, and revels in playing character roles rather than ladies of luxury, although preeminently qualified for the latter.

By Margaret Reid

I love melodrama. All my life I have wanted to act—to be the tragedienne. Ever since I was so high, all through the twenty-five years I was in musical comedy and farce, I was crazy for drama—melodrama. And here at last, at forty-four, I'm doing it.

So casually, so unconsciously, Louise Dresser admitted her age and continued to sip her iced tea. We were sitting in a little sandwich shop across from Warner Brothers' film emporium, where Louise was making "Broken Hearts of Hollywood." She was disguised in the tired lines of the haggard woman she was then portraying—a woman grown old through drink. While underneath was the sleek, smart, stunning Miss Dresser, whose blond elegance brings a reminiscent taste of Fifth Avenue to Hollywood first nights. This latter Miss Dresser might easily have said "at thirty" and been thought charmingly frank.

"Doesn't it hurt, just a little, to play women like this?" I asked her. "Especially after having been noted on the stage for beauty?"

"It is what I have always longed to do—real women who have lived. Vanity means so little. A woman is the first to see herself in the morning and, unless she is a fool, she harbors no illusions. I don't like to be dirty all through a picture, but the fact of being unattractive doesn't matter, provided the character is interesting and human."

More than one of the cinema sisters have voiced the same Spartan theory—for one picture. After that, the shock of seeing their smooth faces warped with vicarious age and their well-tended figures smothered in rags, is apparently too much for delicate sensibilities. They turn rather quickly to a story wherein character is decently shrouded in Jenny models.

But not Louise Dresser. In her present position she can choose very much as she pleases among the roles that are offered her as fast, and faster, than she can play them. She could, if she wished, confine her film activities to ladies of luxurious leisure. She could reap fan admiration for what she is—a magnetic, charming, attractive woman. But because she is, most saliently of all, sincere, she continues to play women who live through drama and melodrama, no matter how optically unpleasing it may have rendered them.

She is a remarkably honest person—very un-Hollywood and un-movie, with her level head and same philosophy. Mellowed by years that have been crammed full of living, she is alive with her mind and heart as well as her body.

I mused that it seemed unique she should be going in for intense characterization after her long career in musical comedy. Surely she could have received no training there for "The Goose Woman," for instance.
Forty-four and Happy

"It could be odd," she said, "if I worked by technique. But that is something I know absolutely nothing about. Why, I haven't even learned the camera lines yet—I don't know when I am out of range. What's more, I don't want to. I could do nothing then. I can work only from feeling, and that is the only training I have had. Not the hours in front of the footlights, singing ballads and 'feeding' the star comedians. But the days and months and years behind the footlights—the heartbreaks and disappointments and joys and miseries. Bromide as it may sound, just living and learning.

"When I was fourteen, my father was killed and I had to go to work. At sixteen I was in musical comedy—with the Shuberts—and there I stayed until 1913, when A. H. Woods took Barney Bernard and me out of the same show and signed us for the first 'Potash and Perlmutter' play. Our only thought, when the contracts came, was, 'We're getting away with murder. How will we ever put anything over without a song?' I was scared to death, but I loved getting out of musical comedy at last. Now I had a chance to act a bit. It was a step nearer.

"If it hadn't been for Pauline Frederick, I doubt if I should ever have come into pictures. I thought of them now and then, but everybody told me I was crazy—that I was too fat, my eyes too light, my hair too blond—until I finally dismissed the idea myself.

"But Pauline fairly dragged me in. We have been close friends for years, you know. There is no one else on earth like Polly! I was out here on the Coast when she was making 'The Glory of Clementina,' about three years ago. There was a part in it, the 'other woman' that she insisted I play. I was nervous and uncertain all the time I was working. And when I saw the picture! I was terrible in it—make-up, acting, everything. If it hadn't been that I had my mother and various obligations, I'd never have stayed. But there was, obviously, such excellent money to be made in pictures, I thought I'd try.

"For a year and a half I tried to get a foothold—probably the most miserable year and a half of my life. I was so discouraged, directors were not particularly considerate, the parts I got were stupid and inane. I was forever being told, 'Yes, Miss Dresser, that would do very well for the stage, but you must remember you are in pictures now.' As if there were any difference in the methods! You either feel a thing or you don't. If you feel it, you give physical expression to it—either on the stage or in pictures.

"No one will know how many times I was all packed to go back to New York. It was only some streak of stubbornness in me that made me remain—most certainly not any encouragement I received.

"And then, with 'The Goose Woman,' everything suddenly changed. Clarence Brown, who directed, was wonderful to me—at last I felt really sure of myself, and interested in the woman I was playing. The picture was so kindly received by the fans and the critics, that afterward things began to come easily for me—good parts in intelligent productions. Even now I can't quite believe that all this luck is happening to me."

A few years ago, it could not have happened so readily. It is only recently that the public has grown up sufficiently to accept stories dealing with things a bit more vital than the trivial vexations of adolescent lovers. Now, with the advent of the Louise Dressers, the Belle Bennettes, the Myrtle Stedmans, the pendulum has wisely swung to adult entertainment for adults.

"All I want now," Miss Dresser said earnestly, "is the right sort of parts. I am not silly enough to have any desire for stardom. I believe people would rather see a well-done, well-balanced production than one that has been distorted to hang around the efforts and personality of one person. And because the fans have been so nice to me, I have come to the conclusion that they really are interested in older women, as well as in the flappers. My one fear is of always playing 'The Goose Woman.' The majority of the parts that I am offered are just rehearsed versions of that character.

She has a beautiful, sweeping enthusiasm for "Lummox" by Fannie Hurst. The story of the great silent Swedish servant with the torrent of loveliness locked up in her heart is the height of all Louise Dresser's ambitions.

"I would work for no salary at all," she exclaimed, leaning across the table, "if I could be allowed to play it. The producers I have talked to are afraid of it. Afraid of it! One of the finest things ever written. If I were wealthy, I'd make it myself. Even as it is, if I hadn't my mother to think of, I'd take every cent I have and put it into it, even if I had to live in a hallroom afterward."

Her sincerity is overwhelming. She is not a woman to stress trivial enthusiasm. With all her devastating honesty and frankness, she is inclined to retain her innocence. When she is moved, it is so real an emotion as to carry her hearers along with her—the basis, I have no doubt, of her skill on the screen.

"Sometimes people laugh at me for taking the work so seriously. But you see, I can't help it—that is my way. As I said, I have no technique. If I had, I might be able to look on it more lightly. But I do actually feel it. Not just during working hours, but at home, at the theater, all the weeks I am working on a picture. When I am playing a mother—Patsy Ruth Miller's, for instance, as I am in this picture—the child is my own. I feel that her real mother and father have no right to her, that she is mine and that her problems the most important thing in my life. I suppose it is silly, but I can do nothing to change it."

Thus Louise Dresser—an earnest worker and a charming woman. Her sane, tranquil existence is divided between the profession she loves and her home in Glendale, a very unprofessional one, where she lives with her husband, Jack Gardner, and her mother. A restful, mellowed life among the hurly-burly and fevers of everyday restlessness.
Sacred and Profane Love

In "The Prince of Tempters" Ben Lyon chooses between the sinister Dolores and the virginal Monica.

The two loves in a man's life—one, like a pagan song in a brilliant dance hall; the other, a white candle burning before an altar. Lya de Putti plays Dolores, the cynical woman of the world, who sees in Francis the dream that has never come true. Lois Moran is Monica, the pale flower whose innocence has attracted the wicked Baron Gioniigano. It is inevitable that Francis should love Monica, and that their love should arouse the hatred of Dolores and the Baron, who work together to combat the love that threatens the culmination of their desires.

At top of page, Ian Keith as the wicked Baron Gioniigano, and Lya de Putti as Dolores. Center, Dolores and Monica, two women who love one man. Lois Moran plays Monica. Above, left, Lya de Putti, and Ben Lyon as Francis, the young duke reclaimed by the world, as he is about to take the final vows of the priesthood. Above, Francis forgets the exotic Dolores in the spiritual love of Monica. Left, The shadow of his former love threatens to destroy Francis' happiness with Monica.
Hollywood's Sporting Craze

The stars are discovering a new thrill and now the studios have to page them at their country clubs.

By Grace Kingsley

Can you imagine the great Modjeska ever challenging Lillian Russell to a sprinting match? Or the dramatic Clara Morris training for a boxing bout with Ellen Terry? Or Edwin Booth fussing about whether his golf form equaled that of John McCullough's? Or Richard Mansfield getting all het up over a game of polo with Joseph Jefferson?

Of course you can't. But you can easily imagine—in deed, you don't have to imagine it, because you constantly hear about things like that—Jack Gilbert challenging Syd Chaplin to a boxing bout, or Norma Shearer getting ready to pit her skill against Marie Prevost in an amateur swimming contest.

Remember those old publicity pictures showing the Laurel Cañon yachtsmen posing on sail boats in such relation to the steering gear that they would inevitably be drowned if they tried to run a boat that way? Or those photographs of ice-cream-parlor lady golfers blissfully holding their clubs all wrong? Or those thirstless bathing suits in which the film girls used to love to pose?

The press-agent of the past, for instance, made the languid Nita Naldi, for publicity purposes, play she would a-hunting go for big game, whereas Nita would as soon go over Niagara Falls as exert herself that much. Nazimova once told me that she was being made to pose as an outdoor girl, when she was just anything else but—just naturally loathed golf and boating. And poor little Bessie Love was made to drag a gun around in the hot sun for hours to be photographed as a Diana, when the utmost hunting she ever did was for
stairs in her flower garden. Even the fragile Lillian Gish was shown doing impossible things with Indian clubs.

Why, it got so for a while that just to be seen in golf clothes was to call down ridicule and reproach. If you really played golf, you kept it dark and did it in everyday duds, no matter if your trouser legs and skirts dragged about your poor legs or not.

Now the fair day is here when you can walk forth in the full light of day, dolled up in the golf scenery, without exciting any scurrilous remarks.

And when Leatrice Joy goes out to hit the golf ball, she hits it and no fooling! When Patsy Ruth Miller swipes away at a tennis ball, she knows what she is doing, you bet. When Bebe Daniels appears clad in a bathing suit, it isn’t one that’s just come from the dry-cleaners, you may depend upon it.

The necessity of outdoor training for picture stunts, together with a growing knowledge of sports on the part of the public, and the entrance of professional athletes into pictures, are of course the determining causes of the tremendous wave of interest which the film players now feel in all outdoor sports. But the opportunity for the development of skill in these sports comes from greater leisure and more money than the old-time stage actors enjoyed. A deepening of interest in sports, a quickening of the desire to excel in them, with a consequent heightening of skill—this is indeed one of the strongest tendencies I find these days in the life of Hollywood’s actors.

Golf enthusiasts are as numerous as the sands of the sea. “I dress an excellent game of golf!” declared May Allison to me one day a few seasons back.

But you should see her drive!

And when you see Claire Windsor going along all dressed up in a new sailor suit you know that she isn’t merely going somewhere to have her picture taken, but is actually going to sail a yacht. And if you

But these enterprises became too public for some of the players, who sincerely enjoyed their sports, and wished to enjoy them more conveniently and privately.

Wherefore now, even in their homes, you may undertake anything from a go at archery, a trap-shooting match, a game of bowling, to a whipper race or even a canoe race.

Or, if you would enjoy a bit of skiing or ice-skating, you may visit the actor in his lodge at Arrowhead Lake or Big Bear.

Charles Paddock, amateur champion sprinter of the world, who trained the athletic Bebe Daniels for her sprinting stunts in “The College Flirt,” chatted with me about this matter the other day.

“I think the picture people are taking up sports just where most people leave them off when they leave high school or college,” said Charlie. “Bebe really has a sprinter’s flair. If she wanted to become a professional she could do so. If you could just see her running with the other girls—could catch that gleam in her eye—you would know that if she ever went in for professional sprinting, she would be a world winner.”

Harold Lloyd has a real canoeing course on his grounds. This course is an eight-hundred-yard one, and winds through the basin of his new estate in Benedict Cañon where he is building his beautiful new home. Already he has several canoes on the course, and they are used every week end. There is an artificial water race with an old-fashioned paddle wheel, keeping in motion the fine little stream that meanders through the estate.

A golf course is also included in the Lloyd estate. This contains five championship greens, and six tees,
Hollywood's Sporting Craze

The Channel is an old story these days, but Norma Shearer is determined to be the first film star to conquer it.

and is a real test of any player's ability. The holes offer a variety of iron shots not duplicated on many of the Los Angeles courses. Miniature waterfalls and overhanging rocks make the play a real test of carry and accuracy. Many of the holes are surrounded by live oaks, and the "alternate shot" is absent. Play from all greens must be straight. Enjoyable pitches are afforded to all the greens. A hand-ball court and a tennis court are also features of the Lloyd grounds.

Virtually Banky, like most Hungarian women, is a splendid horsewoman. However, she never rode anything except side saddle until coming to this country. She still prefers that mode, but like the good trouper she is, has adopted the Western saddle and has become expert in its use.

As a member of the Midwick Polo Club team, champion of the Pacific coast, Jack Holt has won fame as one of the most skilled riders in the West. He owns a string of polo ponies, and Teddy Miller and Carlton Burke, noted polo players, are his pals. Hal Roach is another polo enthusiast, he and Holt often playing together.

Blanche Sweet is an expert swimmer and diver, a clever tennis player and is coming right along in the new game of "Doug" which she plays with her husband, Marshall Neilan, on an especially designed court at the Neilan studios. In fact, Miss Sweet is an athletic enthusiast, spending most of her time out of doors and wear-

Neil Hamilton is an ardent devotee of tennis.
its rough but picturesque bridle paths curving among the mesquites, live oaks, and vivid manzanita which dot the thousand acres of park, most of which is in its natural wild state. To this informal club belong Buster Collier, Pauline Starke, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Lew Cody, Kathleen Clifford, Marie Mosquini, John Gilbert, and many others.

These riding parties usually start about nine in the morning, with the riders usually returning about one o'clock for breakfast at Bebe's.

Tennis is being earnestly cultivated these days, with many small clubs being coached by amateur near-champions. Harvey Snodgrass himself coached some of the players for the First Annual Tennis Tournament, instituted by J. Stuart Blackton and promising to be a yearly event.

The tournament was held at Patsy Ruth Miller's Beverly Hills home, and those who took part included, besides Miss Miller, Charles Ray, Harry Hoyt, King Vidor—who has won several amateur cups—Marion Blackton, Gardner James, Percy Mar- mont, Carmel Myers, Theodor von Eltz, Dorothy Phillips, and others. The players gave a very fine account of themselves.

The Rancho Country Club, the Annandale Country Club, and various tennis clubs, hold the memberships of many stars, while the beach clubs, including the Gables, Edgewater Club, Casa del Mar, and others, all entertain the players as members.

Most of the beach clubs are built on the bluffs at the edge of the beach at Santa Monica, and here the stars, mostly fine swimmers, take their daily recreation, or at least as nearly daily as they can make it in hot weather.

Ice skating is a popular sport in winter, the skating taking place, so far as Hollywood is concerned, in an ice palace. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are expert skaters, and so also are Larry Semon, Dorothy Dwan, and Jobyna Ralston. Outdoor skating is enjoyed at Lake Arrowhead, the lake freezing over in winter-time. William Russell and his wife, Helen Ferguson, have a cabin up there, where in summertime they sail on the lake and in wintertime toboggan and skate. Anna Q. Nilsson, native of Sweden is, of course, an excellent skater.

Winter sports are becoming more and more popular, even though most sports are possible all the year round in southern California. But location parties going to Nevada, Big Bear Lake, Lake Arrowhead, and Canada, are rapidly developing the sports of tobogganing, sleighing, skiing, and skating. Also winter resorts are being developed in the mountains near Los Angeles. A very fine lodge at Lake Arrowhead, as well as numerous cabins up there, owned by Russell, Lewis Stone, and other players, house their possessors in winter—or summer—when there is skiing, skating, and tobogganing.

Wonder if Gertrude Olmsted has a dark secret in her past? She handles her canoe so well we suspect her of having been a Camp Fire girl.

Catalina Island is popular in winter, these days, for horseback riding, hiking, and hunting, and even for swimming, as the waters of Avalon are always quiet. Tom Mix and other players have homes there, to which they repair in winter as well as in summer, especially to get away from the crowds of the city.

Aviation promised to be a great sport at one time, and Jack Pickford was champion of the bunch of sky pilots, but he gave it up on the pleading of his mother. Priscilla Dean and Jeanie MacPherson are both expert aviators. Probably the difficulties and inconveniences of owning and caring for flying machines are the cause of the dying out of interest in this sport.

Harry Carey owns many thousands of acres adjoining San Fernando Valley. Here he lives on his ranch in an unpretentious little ranch house. His joy is the staging of rodeos and Indian dances, with his cowboys and Navajos performing in the two entertainments respectively. He is planning on his acreage a large golf course, a polo field, and a vast swimming pool.

The picture studios are going in more and more for the equipment of their grounds with apparatus for the promoting of the athletic ambitions of their players. You may see a boxing game any day at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, at the noon hour, with Lew Cody or Tony Moreno refereeing, and tennis courts are planned on the big lot of land recently acquired, adjoining the studio. A swimming pool is a feature of this studio's athletic equipment.

The Fox company is planning swimming pools, hand-ball courts, etc, on their Westwood property, where their

Continued on page 100
Since entering motion pictures four years ago life for Clara Bow has been one prolonged climax. True, her existence previous to becoming a film actress, though beset by poverty, was not entirely monotonous. It couldn't have been!

Clara is the sort of person to whom strange things inevitably would happen. No matter how drab or barren her surroundings might be, it is safe to assume that by her inherent zest and originality she would create therein a measure of interest.

At twenty-one she has known more excitement than the average person experiences in a lifetime. Indiscriminate friendships, strange contacts, an enormous salary, travel, work, play, publicity, headlines—a colorful, swirling, unnatural race, with little Clara holding the reins.

Sitting opposite her in the famous Players-Lasky reception room I studied her wild little face and wondered what the years would bring to her.

My first sight of Clara in the daylight of the publicity office had been rather astonishing. She appeared in the doorway hatless, wide-eyed, excessively made up, her flaming-red hair in picturesque disorder, and with a small dog clapsed to her breast. There was about her a suggestion of flight. Now, in the subdued light of the reception room her gay coloring and pretty dress made an attractive picture against the black chaise longue on which she reclined.

"What do you think of my dog?" she inquired, stroking him with a white hand, the finger nails of which were so long and sharp I wondered how she managed to undress without committing hara-kiri.

Before she could finish pointing out his admirable qualities the little dog curled up and went to sleep.

"You know," Miss Bow continued, amiably, "a picture star is charged higher prices than other people. Take this dog, for instance. I paid fifty dollars for him and later the woman I bought him from told a friend that if she had known I was Clara Bow she would have made me pay one hundred and fifty. And I would have paid it, too."

One imagines she would. She seems to be a generous youngster—too generous, perhaps, for her own financial good.

"I have a cold now," she chatted on, "the second one in my whole life. I haven't been a bit well lately. I am under the care of a doctor. He told me I didn't have nearly enough red corpuscles—that's what you call them, isn't it, corpuscles? I'm taking iron."

Fishing a little amber comb out of her pocket she began running it through her unruly locks.

"I don't know what to do about my hair," said she, "I've just had a windblown bob and now I am to play in a picture of the year 1918. Short bobs were unknown then."

"Well," I said, immediately becoming feline, "Blanche Sweet, you know, wore a smart shingle in a picture of 1914. So remember you shouldn't feel so—"

"Maybe I can find some way to hide it," said Clara, without waiting for me to finish. "I am playing a new type in this picture," she went on, enthusiastically. "She is a nice little girl who adores a soldier. I am so glad to get away from flapper parts. I hate being called a flapper."

She had gradually slipped down on the chaise longue and now she paused long enough to pull herself up to a sitting position.

"For a long time," said she, "they made me play such punk parts that I was afraid they would kill me with the public. But I thought it over and decided it would be best to play each part as well as I could instead of sulking over my bad luck. Now I have a new contract at more than seventeen hundred a week and I am going..."
INTO the short span of her twenty-one years Clara Bow has crowded more hectic excitement than usually comes the way of ordinary mortals. But then Clara is far from ordinary. There is, in fact, no one like her, as you will learn from the frank story on the opposite page.
MARY ASTOR'S calm loveliness stays with us, like the flowers, trees, and running brooks, while she goes from picture to picture. Her latest films are "Forever After," from the stage play, and "The Rough Riders," the story of Theodore Roosevelt.
LOIS MORAN. We dare not let ourselves go lest we lapse into a poor imitation of Wordsworth or Shelley in a lyrical description of Miss Moran, and that would never do because she is herself a poem. "God Gave Me Twenty Cents" is her new film.
LET there be peace. This is said to those fans who have implored and demanded a picture of William Haines in the uniform of Christopher Burns, his rôle in "Tell It to the Marines." So now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio won't be stormed after all.
THAT slow, intent gaze which was so powerful a factor in making Lars Hanson's Reverend Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter" a convincing portrayal, is here pictured with equally telling effect. Hanson will next be seen in "The Flesh and the Devil."
PHOTOGRAPHS of Aileen Pringle are irresistible just as she is herself impossible to resist—that is, if charm and wit and piquant beauty make you susceptible. And who, we ask you, is immune to these devastating qualities? Not ourselves!
JOAN CRAWFORD is our nominee for stardom, and we don't care who knows it. In fact, we are merely echoing the prediction made on all sides that within a year Joan will have achieved a stellar position. Meanwhile, she is adorning the heroine's role in "The Understanding Heart."
WILLIAM POWELL, as Malcolm H. Oettinger points out in the story on the opposite page, denies that he intentionally runs away with the acting honors in pictures designed to exploit stars, although he regularly does it just the same. He is seen as himself, left; and, below, as Boldini in "Beau Geste."
Bad Bill Tells All

The incorrigible Mr. Powell gives the low-down on "stealing" pictures, seeing America first, something of his early life, and how it feels to be a Legionnaire in "Beau Geste."

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

WHEN the best minds of Manhattan united in pronouncing William Powell the outstanding figure in "Beau Geste," I for one read their opinions in the various journals without experiencing the slightest surprise. Bill has been stealing pictures ever since he has been old enough to walk. His conscience has been as elastic as a revenue agent's; he has committed artistic larceny consistently and with admirable persistence. Indeed, he apparently has no respect whatever for stars, for he has walked away with pictures in his pocket that were designed to project Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and now, most recently, Ronald Colman.

Powell belongs to that select circle of picture purloiners that numbers Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Zasu Pitts, Louise Dresser, Mary Alden, and Ernest Torrence. Put any of these talented performers in a picture, and no star is safe. Zasu Pitts has taken scenes from Mary Pickford; the stalwart Beery all but seized "Robin Hood" from beneath Fairbanks' very nose; Torrence walked off with the contents of "The Covered Wagon" and, earlier, dominated his scenes in "Tol'able David." Louise Dresser made "The Goose Woman," intended to be a program picture, a personal triumph.

Getting back to the Powell performances: his was a spirited Italian nobleman in "Romola," a fiery Spaniard in "The Bright Shawl," a grog-soaked Legionnaire in "Beau Geste." Always he has been the menace, his task to counterpart evil in various guises. There were minor villainies here and there, in such transient strips of celluloid as "Too Many Kisses" and "The Runaway" and "Tin Gods." Always believable, always singularly real, Powell is a fellow who manages to focus the attention even in a Zane Grey thirteener.

In carrying on nefariously, he is successful because he is loath to underline, unwilling ever to point a sneer or italicize a leer. His dirty work is craftily soiled, not muddied by the spade of obviousness.

Calling him at noon was a brutal thing to do. I dare say, but he reached for the phone sleepily and managed to mumble, "Hello!" although he was unquestionably thinking of a shorter word.

Yes, he would dine with me. No. I should dine with him. A yawn, a distant snore, and he had dropped back into unconsciousness.

But, curiously enough, I did find him at seven that evening at The Lambs, quite awake.

After deciding that the weather was dreary and that it must have been two months since we had forgathered, we made our circuitous way to the spacious grill, beam'd of ceiling, informal, warmly inviting, for all the world resembling an old English club.

Powell, being an intelligent native, probably is aware of the fact that he is a good actor, but he violates all the rules of The Lambs by not mentioning his merit. A smoothly efficient sense of humor makes it impossible for him to behave as many actors do.

The average actor, however agreeable, discusses little that is not directly concerned with his own interests. Powell is happily different. He reads the right magazines, sees the right plays, and talks intelligently on such diversified subjects as the fallen franc, the departed Arlen, the impending Werfel play, the strenuous Leng-

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They Had Beau

When put to the test of the motion-picture camera, producers flared and prove that coloring often misleads

By Harriette

know; and it is so simple! But I'll admit that no man can tell the difference, because just as soon as he is attracted by a young woman he thinks it is because she is beautiful. As a matter of fact, she seldom is beautiful. Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, but in choosing candidates for the screen one should remember that it should be in the eye of the camera.

"Well," said the terribly important man from Universal City, "look at that lovely creature over there selling soap and perfumes. Her hair is red and her eyes are blue; sugar is sweet and so is she. Now, isn't she the world's most perfect beauty? Wouldn't you give her a chance if you were a director?"

"No, and I can tell you why, too. Her beauty lies in her coloring. That is so often the case, and no producer seems to remember it in picking his screen candidates. Very few, you know, produce in natural colors. Yet a producer will tremble with anticipation and artistic fervor when he sees a peachlike cheek, a wavy red head, and a set of fringed eyelashes. Peachlike cheeks appear overplump on the screen; red hair, naturally wavy, looks the same as black hair marceled; and one touch of mascara makes all lashes kin."

Photo by Curtis Studios

Astrid Lohger's resemblance to Blanche Sweet seemed a good beginning for a film career.

Photo by Mitchell

Anita Pomares, who answered Paramount's call for screen aspirants, found that her beauty did not register.

HOLLYWOOD we shall always remember as the city of beautiful waitresses, soda dispensers, and cashiers. On every hand, or perhaps we should say on every face, you find peaches-and-cream complexions, big eyes and long, curling lashes. The whole place is filled with feminine pulchritude.

One day, when we were shopping, we commented on this to one of the men who is terribly important out at Universal City. "Why," said we, "do all these peaches grow out here and why, in this the Mecca of the cinema world, are they left hanging on the branch—blushing unseen?"

"They," he replied, "are the young women who never went back home after learning that they could not have careers as cinema artists. Peaches do grow in California, but these particular ones did not."

"Then where did they come from?" we inquired incredulously.

"Out of the everywhere into the here. A lot of them are beauty-contest winners and others are just misguided young women who listened to their friends. Every girl has a lot of friends. Pretty girls have more than others, and all their friends are constantly pointing out that Mary Pickford has made a million dollars in the movies and that 'You, my dear, are much prettier than she is.'"

"You see, nobody can tell, by looking at a photograph or even by looking at the girl herself, whether she will screen well. If the producers could learn to spot them with the naked eye, all would be well. But even the most expert camera man cannot tell why a living beauty oftentimes becomes a celluloid fright."

"Then," we said with conviction, "they should ask us women. We
ty, But—
nine out of ten beautiful girls reveal unsus-
the beholder into advising a screen career.

Underhill

"Well, look at that girl over there. Isn’t she as
delightable as any beauty on the screen? And she
has golden hair and brown eyes. Also, have you
noticed her teeth?"

"Yes, and I have also noticed her feet and
ankles! When first I began to do motion pictures
there was an actress on the screen who was very
beautiful three quarters of the way, beginning at
the top. Once when we were in the studio we
heard the director say, ‘Always shoot her just be-
low the knee!’ meaning, ‘Her feet are so big we
can’t show them in the picture.’ This is absolutely
ture, and you know directors aren’t going to bother
with people who have to be shot just below the
knees. Look at Gloria Swanson’s feet and ankles
and look at Corinne Griffith’s, and Pola Negri’s and
Doris Kenyon’s and Lois Wilson’s."

"Yes, indeed," he responded cheerfully. "I shall
be delighted to do so."

"Well, you know what I mean. Now would
you have your blond Venus at the candy counter
for your bright particular star?"

Just recently we were delightfully vindicated
and all our theories were turned into facts—plain,
unvarnished, uncompromising facts.

Famous Players sent out calls for volunteers.
‘Come and have a film test made,’ rang out the
clarion call. Fortunately
some one had the fore-
thought to ask the aspir-
ing, potential artists to
send in photographs so
that the casting director
might learn whether his
estimate of the appli-
cants’ beauty coincided
with their own.

From the thousands of
photographs received per-
haps twenty were selected
as having possibilities.
As a matter of fact, no face a-
ppears on the screen which is any more
beautiful than many of
these aspirants appear to
be in their photographs.
Just look at Anita Po-
mares, blue-eyed, blonde,
with naturally curly hair,
and aged sixteen. Was
Mary Pickford in the old
Biograph days more
lovely and trusting? The
answer is, ‘No!’ and
yet. . .

Then gaze on Astrid
Lahger, seventeen years
old, also blue-eyed and
blonde. She is a sort of
cross between Blanche
Sweet and Corinne Grif-
ifth. No wonder Miss

Even with her height, weight and coloring the
same as Colleen Moore’s, Germaine Faire dis-
covered that the movie camera had a different
conception of her beauty.

Photo by Jay L. Hinchlein

Lahger was invited to call for a test! And look at Josephine Paretto. Isn’t she
the image of Irene Rich, that hunted heroine who has wept so many
and such profitable tears on the screen? And doesn’t Mary Williams look like
Clara Bow? Exactly. And there is Germaine Faire. If Colleen Moore
saw a photograph of her, she would
say, “When did I have that picture
taken?” She is also the same height,
weight, age, and coloring as Miss
Moore.

And yet, not a single applicant of all
those who were permitted to take the
test was found eligible to become a
member of the Paramount school.
And those who saw the screen tests at
the Rivoli Theater in New York a
short while ago readily admitted the
justice of the decision.

Now, what is the reason for this? Undoubtedly all these young women
went about being called beautiful by
every one who saw them. Every one
advised them to drop everything just
where it was and devote their lives to
making the movies more worth while.
Undoubtedly all these young women
have wonderful coloring, and that is a

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Over the

Fanny the Fan tells of the film colony’s
a sad picture of how Hollywood

By The

“Whole fleets of special trains left to carry
the people from the film colony and I am
surprised that the general passenger agent
didn’t go stark, raving mad, because just as
he got the reservations arranged everybody
would decide to go on another train so as to
be with their best friends.

“It may have been a bout between two
prize fighters to the rest of the world, but to
Hollywood it was a clash between their old
friend Jack Dempsey and their new idol Gene
Tunney. Gene made hosts of friends while
he was out here making his Pathé serial.

“Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills left for
the East the other day but not for the fight,
just to get married. It seems that because
of sentimental associations Doris wanted to
be married in her camp up in the Adirondacks.

“Of course, you will never believe it, but
I saw Milton Sills out at the studio the other
day and didn’t recognize him. At last I
agree with the women who think he is ter-
ribly interesting looking. In ‘Men of the
Dawn’ he wears a Swedish Royal Guards
uniform that is vastly becoming and a tiny
mustache that changes his entire expression. It
gives him a slight sarcastic look. I hope that
the public likes him that way so that he won’t go
back to playing those big, noble diamonds in
the rough.”

Fanny reached for a
glass of water and a
twine of pain contor-
ted her face.

“Don’t laugh,” she
urged; “or, at least not
until you see me walk.
I’ve got the tennis
blues. I’ve been trying
to keep up with some of
these outdoor girls and
I’ve about decided that
I’d better give up all
exercise that is more
strenuous than playing
bridge.

“Of course, you know
that with winter coming
on—as though winter
ever really did come on
in California—every
one has gone in for
sports. Marion Davies
and Bebe Daniels, Car-
melita Geraghty and
Carmelita Geraghty is doing
a picture with Pauline Fred-
erick.
Teacups

sudden exodus to New York, and paints
came to resemble a deserted village.

Bystander

Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnston play tennis almost every day. Those girls have so much energy they play even after a hard day's work at the studio. They all seem to survive it, but I am a cripple after just a few sets.

"Aileen Pringle is the one fellow sufferer I know of. She hadn't played tennis in seven years until the other day when she suddenly got ambitious. Since then she has hardly been able to walk. She has the sort of tiny, little high-arched feet that were never meant to plod around in flat sports shoes. I am sure she had a malicious desire to see some one else suffer when she urged me to get up early last Sunday and go to Matt Moore's court to get in a full morning's play.

"Matt has what is probably the most extravagant tennis court in this part of the world. It is on a lot for which he has been offered thirty-five thousand dollars. It is right up on a hill overlooking the beach, just beyond the Beach Club at Santa Monica. It will break my heart if he sells it. It's the one court you can enjoy no matter how rotten your game is, because, after all, there is always the lovely view.

"Rumor has it that some one or other is going to offer a cup for a tennis tournament among film people within the next few weeks. Fortunately, Florence Vidor is in New York making a picture or I suppose she would win it. Bert Lytell is up in the Northwest somewhere on a vaudeville tour, so that eliminates another probable champion. Now if some one will just dispose of Shirley Mason, there will be some uncertainty about who will win.

"The tennis tournament will have to be pulled off soon, because Suzanne Lenglen is coming out to make a picture for F. B. O. and after people have seen her play they will just go out and bury their rackets.

Dorothy Dwan is a bridge shark, and you can't even gossip with her any more about anything else, except bridge.

Tennis is wearing Marion Davies away from luncheons and afternoon teas.

"People might just as well get in all the swimming they can, too, because with F. B. O. going in for pictures starring sports champions, Gertrude Ederle is sure to be here within a few months.

"There really should be a tennis tournament organized for the wives of motion-picture celebrities. Mrs. Tom Mix, Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Mrs. John Ford, and Mrs. Harry Carey are all being coached by Wynn Mace and soon they will be much too skilled to play with people who just play the game casually between jobs.

"The Mix estate out in Beverly Hills looks like the remains of a 'What Price Glory' set as the ground is being excavated for a tennis court and a swimming pool. Night life in Hollywood is certainly suffering a terrible setback. Taking up sports so frantically is making every one much too tired to go anywhere at night."

Fanny merely paused for breath and didn't wait for me to ask her what on earth people did do with their evenings. She was so bubbling with enthusiasm over her friends' new activities that nothing short of a bullet would have stopped her talking about them.
Over the Teacups

"When every one is so stiff from playing tennis that they can't run any more, they play bridge. Every time the phone rings you can rest assured that some one is looking for a fourth hand. Anita Stewart and Kathryn Perry both play a lot, and Dorothy Dwan is a shark. Actually it has reached the point where no one talks about people's looks or their acting. If you speak of a girl and ask if people like her work, some one is sure to speak up with: 'She's terrible; she always overbids her hand.'

"Patsy Ruth Miller is going to organize a bridge club when she gets back from New York, and it looks as though she would have to rent the big stage at one of the studios to hold it in.

"Maybe the Girls' Club will take up bridge to get the members to come to meetings. Their enthusiasm has sort of died lately. They hadn't held a meeting for months until last week when May McAvoy got them all over to her house. All the crowd showed up—Ruth Roland and Billie Dove and Carmel Myers and all the rest. Each one thought that she had a great surprise for the rest, but the surprise was that all of them had been hit by the same idea at once. They are all letting their hair grow!

"Helen Ferguson has a new interest in life; she is studying the care and feeding of Great Danes. She gave Bill Russell a puppy the size of a Shetland pony for a home-coming present when he returned from a long location trip. The animal has such a plaintive look in his eyes that she is always convinced that he wants something and she is madly consulting all the canine authorities to find out what it is.

"Black Michael—that's his registered name, but we call him 'Taxi' for short because he is black and white—grew up in the Francis X. Bushman kennels and never knew many people. But the very first day Helen and Bill had him, they took him up to their lodge at Lake Arrowhead where they had a lot of week-end guests and by the end of the second day he was as spoiled a dog as you ever saw. We planned to go swimming and play tennis and go in for long hikes, but you know how it is with a friendly animal in the house. We just couldn't bear to go away and leave him so we stayed home and developed an appalling vocabulary of baby talk, hardly suited to Great Danes in theory, but nevertheless highly effective in practice.

"But speaking of dogs"—speaking of anything always reminds Fanny of many others—"Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are winning blue ribbons in all the big dog shows with their Cairns. They took three of the dogs East to put in the big show at Philadelphia.

"Marie's entrance speech at parties is 'Now if any one wants to do any talking but Kenneth, don't mention dogs.'

"Marie gave a party at the Ambassador just before she went East to announce her sister, Peggy's, engagement. Monte Blue and his wife were there—Monte being quite hilarious over emerging from his 'Across the Pacific' whiskers for the first time in weeks. Bernie Fineman was bewailing the absence of his wife, Evelyn Brent, who had gone East to make 'Love 'Em and Leave 'Em' for Famous Players. Of course, it is lonely for Bernie to have her gone, but all her friends—and who isn't?—are rejoicing that she is to have a wonderful part at last.

"Vera Steadman was at the party, sunburned to the hue of a Mexican and looking very smart all in white. She goes in for the stockingless fad that is so popular in Hollywood. One reason for its popularity is that stockings look so weird over sunburn, and another one is that if you have a lot of dogs around the house—and who hasn't?—they jump up on you and ruin stockings.

"The usual Friday night dancing contest was the feature of the evening, and as usual Joan Crawford won the cup. That girl must have dozens of them. She ought to build a bowling alley in her house and use dance-contest trophies for dumb-bells, or whatever it is people set up and knock down in bowling alleys.

"Carmelita Geraghty was at the party, looking very smart in her New York finery, and Matt Moore, Lewis Milestone, and Irving Asher—Mary Astor's fiancé—were among the guests. Every one had such a gorgeous time that they didn't want to go home, so when the orchestra left and the Ambassador had but a few straggling guests left, we all went out to Marie's house and went swimming in her pool. Of course, Vera Steadman is such a marvelous swimmer she showed every one else up.

"Elmor Glyn was giving a huge dinner party at the Ambassador the same night, in honor of Lady Ravensdale. Marion Davies, Virginia Valli, Aileen Pringle, Julianne Johnston, and mobs of others were there so the two parties visited back and forth between dances. What a night that was for the tourists who were out staring!

"Lots of girls in pictures used to be embarrassed by strangers coming up and speaking to them on the dance floor, but now they have adopted the best way of getting rid of them. When a tourist bounds up and says, 'I beg your pardon, but aren't you Miss Hooptedoodle'..."
whom I saw in 'Passion's Lure?' the girl just looks bewildered and says, 'Oh, no! I never even heard of her. Who is she?'

Fanny grew breathless and reflective, but before I could ask her about Eleanor Boardman's wedding, or how Mary Pickford looks since she came back, or when—if ever—Charlie Chaplin is going to finish 'The Circus,' she had launched forth again.

"You know, one thing I love about Hollywood is that the film colony is so small and friendly that sooner or later you meet all the people whose work on the screen interests you. I still have hopes of some day meeting Priscilla Bonner. And I have succeeded at last in meeting Barbara Bedford. I've always liked that girl on the screen, and I like her even better now that I have met her.

"She was just rushing up to Kernville on location for a Richard Talmadge picture when I met her, but I hope to see a lot of her when she comes back. When Barbara goes on location she breaks the monotony and loneliness by inviting her friends up for the week-end. Unfortunately, I couldn't go, but Vera Reynolds went. She had just finished winning the war in 'Corporal Kate' and needed a good rest.

"I met Dorothy Dunbar the other day, too. She is a beautiful girl, somewhat on the order of Betty Blythe—taller and more statuesque than the average film player, and quite stunning.

"I saw Theda Bara the other evening and if you don't want to hear me rave just locate the nearest exit and run for it. I always feel that every one else is mentally lazy and stuck in well-worn grooves when I talk to her. She told me that she was going to make another comedy for Roach, and seemed quite enthusiastic about it. While we were talking a lot of people came up and recited tales of woe about their struggles. Miss Bara remarked that everybody in the picture business acted as though they were daily fighting Custer's last stand.

"Isn't it odd, no one takes up rumors with their old enthusiasm? When any one says that John Gilbert simply adores Greta Garbo, people just say, 'Well, who wouldn't?'

"John's baby is getting to be quite a big girl. Baby Leatrice and her mother go out to a riding academy where they have ponies and little Leatrice never seems to get enough of riding around and around. Leatrice is the very picture of motherly devotion as she tramps around the riding ring leading the baby's pony. She must hold the long-distance record by now.

"Baby Leatrice is simply devoted to the chauffeur's baby, and it is awfully funny to see Leatrice motoring with the two of them—the one so dainty and white, and the other a brown little pickaninnny. Baby Leatrice's favorite tune, incidentally, is the 'Merry Widow Waltz,' and she hums it on all occasions.

"Speaking of singing—Fanny was off again on one of those end-

Margaret Livingston is going in for limited editions—for her library, not the screen.

Fanny always liked Barbara Bedford on the screen and now that she has met her likes her even better.
She's All To

Josie Sedgwick, the girl who has had in pictures, tells how to fracture

By A. L.

spine, too many shocks to the nervous system, too many broken bones, they said.

"I don't know," she confided to me, "but it seems that the knocks and bumps some people get in life, serve only to spur them on to more determined efforts to accomplish things. I've had more bones broken and more joints dislocated, I suppose, than any girl in pictures. But I'm just as enthusiastic as I ever was and if I had it all to do over again, I'd go right in and take my aches and pains and fractures just the same. I love my cowboys and my ponies and my stage coaches and the wild rides in the hills. It's been an experience that doesn't come into the lives of many young women. And if I was hurt—well, I'm all together now, don't you see? And it's the 'now' that counts. What's gone doesn't matter."

She curled herself up in a big chair and began telling me some of her experiences. Not in a tone of complaint and not in bragadocio, but just from the funny side of it. The fact that she had suffered broken bones all the way from the tips of her toes to her shoulders and had been picked up unconscious from beneath bucking stage coaches as well as bucking broncos, appeared to her only humorous. What's a few broken bones, she argued! They're bound to come in Western stuff!

"I got my first real hurt when I was making 'One-shot Ross,' with Roy Stewart," she said. "Do you know what a running dismount is? Well, I didn't either. But the cowboys showed me. You get your horse into a good stiff run, then you desert him—leave him flat. And you sail through the air and light on your feet, if possible. You don't drag yourself along the ground, or roll up into a ball somewhere out in the brush. You land on your feet if you can find them. Not being able to find them, you're just out of luck and anything else must do. When I made that running dismount I'm telling you about, I found my feet all right. They were right there in my little boots. I landed on them just as I should have landed. Fine! But, bless your heart, both my ankles were broken! And presently I went down in a heap.

"'I want my mamma!' I cried.

"I meant it in a kiddin' way, but they bundled me up and took me home. There I lay till the bones knit, pondering over that running dismount. Oh, I was learning fast!"

"You understand, I wasn't a horsewoman. I was born in Texas.

This is a mere nothing in the serial life of Josie, but it is feats like this which have almost made her an invalid for life.

YOU'll find Josie Sedgwick at a pretty bungalow home away up on Canon Drive in Hollywood. Possibly she will be sitting in an armchair on the lawn where great palm trees shade her from the California sun. Possibly you will find her in a hammock poring over the pages of a book or a magazine. Looking a little tired, a little pensive, a little wistfully off at the range of hills through which she used to ride. Possibly she will be walking back to the stables to give Pico, that wiry, high-strung cow pony a lump of sugar and encourage him to be patient just a little while longer, when they will be off again in a wild scamper over the mountain trail.

Josie is fighting the fight of her life to get back her health and strength. And she's winning. For nearly a year now she has nursed her battered body and broken bones under the care of eminent physicians and surgeons, laughing at the very idea of becoming an invalid.

"Me?" she exclaims. "I got too many broncs to ride and too many stage coaches to decorate with my lissome figure! I haven't got time to quit."

And day by day she is driving herself back to health on the theory that a quitter never wins and a winner never quits.

A year ago doctors gravely shook their heads. Too many falls, too many wrenches of the
gether Again!

more bones broken than any one else ankles, ribs or shoulders in one lesson.

Wooldridge

but not on a cattle ranch. They selected me to do Westerns because I was a type. I could ride a little but I was no cow-puncher. ‘Oh, come on,’ the cowboys said, ‘we’ll teach you how to stay in the saddle.’ And I came on—and stayed in the saddle—every now and then! You know, riding looks so easy when those cowboys do it. You see them swing onto a broncho’s back and ride anywhere from its ear to the end of its left hind leg and get an awful lot of fun out of doing it. But one who hasn’t practiced that a long, long time usually gets kicked in the face. I didn’t try any trick work. I just wanted to stay in the saddle—that’s all. “Just about the time I had recovered from my injuries in ‘One-shot Ross,’ they told me to get ready to go to the Ince Ranch. They were starting ‘Boss of the Lazy Wife,’ with Pete Morrison in the lead. Another horse picture—not that Pete was the horse, of course. “‘Here,’ said I to myself, ‘is where I make good in a big way. Just watch me!’ “Say, did you ever have anything fall on you hard? Listen, listen, listen! Little Josie swung into the saddle, went tearing away on the beautiful, broad, sun-kissed prairie, wearing sombrero, boots, spurs, and everything—wild as the wind that blows. Then—all of a sudden, flip! flop! dud! wham! A little cloud of dust. A pony all flattened out with his nose in the sand. A saddle scratched beyond repair. And Josie, herself, in person, all crumpled up into a little ball and lying very still and quiet. I was numb from the shock. Both knees and both ankles were dislocated and my right shoulder was lying over on my chest. And it didn’t belong there. Honest it didn’t! “Five cowboys worked thirty-six minutes trying to return that shoulder to a place somewhere in the vicinity of the right side, and get my dislocated leg joints where they would function again some time, maybe! After they had done all they could, one of them asked: “‘Is there anything you want, Miss Sedgwick?’ “‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘I want my mamma!’ “You see, I was progressing rapidly. I had broken both my ankles, then dislocated them, sprained the joints of both knees, and had succeeded in getting my shoulder wrapped around my neck. Famous, wasn’t it! But I was determined I was going to make a success in those Western pictures and it’s funny how one can call upon some strange, invisible supply of nerve and stamina when the heart is set to do it. I just would succeed. So I kept on. You understand, I was not hurt in all my pictures. I’m just telling you about the times when things went bad. That was only once in a while. “When we were making scenes for ‘Daring Days,’ at Universal, I had to race up alongside a runaway stage coach, swing onto it from the side, climb into the driver’s seat, get the reins, and stop the horses. Nice, simple little thing to do! Did you ever try it? You’ll get a wonderful ‘kick’ out of it. I did. Got hold of the swaying, careening old buggy and left my mount, while the stage horses were running like scared rabbits. Then—wham! The old hack lurched to one side and my body crashed against it like a battering ram. Net result—one knee cap wandering off somewhere around the side of my left leg. So, back into splints it went.

Two months later Pico, my pony, rammed that knee and tore the cap loose again. Did it hurt? You know what I said? “‘Back to the invalid chair. Back to sitting idly around while injuries healed. Back to become more determined than ever I would ‘fight it out along these lines if it takes all summer.’ Wasn’t that what General Grant said? One day my brother Ed, the director, came in. “‘How’re you feeling, Josie?’ he asked. “‘Fine!’ I replied. ‘Not a bone broken now.’ “‘What?’ he shouted. ‘Dye mean it?’ “‘Sure I mean it,’ I replied. “What do you suppose he did? Invited sixty people in to a party—celebrating because I was altogether once more. “You know, doing Westerns means providing thrills. There has to be a snap, a twang to them—hard riding, stunts, and the like. A Western picture without these becomes a glorious flop. I would not use a double for riding scenes. I made up my mind I would learn to handle a horse and I did learn. As I guess most people

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Ruth Roland does everything strenuously, and that includes her rehearsing. If you think it is easy to become one of the Morgan dancers at a moment's notice just ask Ruth and Gertrude Short, who appears with her in the group of famous kickers.

The Real Ruth Roland

Success and wealth can so often change a person, but one who knows Ruth Roland perhaps better than any one else finds in her the same unspoiled girl who came to Hollywood penniless.

By Myrtle Gebhart

To "interview" Ruth Roland would strike me as ridiculous, unless I should do it in burlesque vein. One can't condense four years of close friendship into a few pages. So I am going to pick up at random snatches of this association which has been so dear—though it would never occur to either of us to gush over it. Like little pictures in a photo-slide, one by one, I will slip a few into the stereopticon holder for you to view.

"Ruth Roland's through." Certain jealous cats in Hollywood have gloated over flinging that remark about. My shrewd, practical, clever Ruth—"kicked?" Ha! That hands me a laugh. She'll be in pictures when she's fifty, if she wants to. She started fifteen years ago, when she was fourteen or fifteen; and she has been one of our most consistent stars. Now after a year's absence, she is staging a comeback, on which I am willing to bet my last nickel.

There are several Ruths, personalities that unfold in layers.

The public knows best, Ruth, the serial queen. Though occasionally she used doubles, she performed many of those hazardous stunts herself—riding at break-neck speed, being mauled by villains in realistic fights, diving into ice-cold seas. Ruth the athlete keeps in trim by a program of sports—her favorites are riding and swimming—because she regards health as an asset to be cherished and because she gets a keen enjoyment out of them.

One incident of her return to the screen is characteristic of the thoroughness with which she does everything. In "The Masked Woman" she plays a snappy American chorus girl. For theater sequences, the Marion Morgan Dancers were engaged and tediously rehearsed. Ruth, as one of the chorines, danced with them.

She had only three days for preparation; but eight hours of each were devoted to strenuous practice. She did tumbles and cartwheels, she was "stretched at the bar"—ballet students will know the excruciating pain this causes the stubbon muscles accustomed to the plastic elasticity of the professional. Her arms and limbs were black and blue. But when the director called "Action!" her every step and kick and pirouette were in closest harmony to the others.

Two years ago she determined to "roll her own" feature productions. Though the effort was not a failure—she realized her money out of the two pictures, but with a scant margin of profit due to too much expenditure and releasing difficulties—she learned that the combination jobs of producer and star were too much for one girl.

Stage offers and movie contracts were submitted. She hesitated, for it was so hard to choose. Even a Ruth Roland, not being infallible, may make mistakes. A trip East was followed by a visit to Denver, as guest of the Rotarians. She returned at two o'clock in the afternoon. At seven, having made a characteristically sudden decision in favor of the First National offer, she signed. And now she is determined to stay, to fight if need be for the place to which her experience and her capability and her popularity with her loyal fans entitle her.

The wise-crackers don't know the sentimental Ruth as I do. They see only the crisp, cool, public Ruth.

The mementos so carefully cherished—pictures of her mother—hundreds of snaps—odds and ends of trivial treasures. Every billet-doux in romantic vein that she has ever received, from the very first school-kid scrawl, all tucked into a cedar box. Bits of each Christmas'
mistletoe—the faded wild flower that she picked to commemorate the starting day of each serial, wilted good-luck omens. Every greeting card she has ever received, and every tiny card attached to each birthday or Christmas gift—a ribbon from every bouquet—her first doll, a lopsided brunet beauty that gladdened her heart at the age of six. Since 1910 she has kept a diary. Records of joys and of sorrows—of successes and of failures—of loves and of hurts. The first little book, flaunting its brave red leather, was given her by a schoolboy crush. It is loads of fun to glance over the pages of that array of books and read of her doings and her candid impressions of people.

August 5, 1912, bears this notation: “Reported at the studio but couldn’t work because there wasn’t any film. Alice Joyce came to dinner and stayed all night with me. Talked until three, wondering if we’d ever amount to anything.” One day in 1912 has this notable remark: “Bought a pair of bronze slippers—my first high heels; feel grand but uncomfortable.” Another one: “Washed my SILK underwear.”

The little things she does so casually, which mean so much, have endeared her to her friends. From New York she brought me two gifts, unobtrusively laid beside my plate. One was a green comb with my initial set in sapphires, and the other a wee jeweler’s box in which reposéd a precious token. I don’t know how she knew how much I had wanted this particular thing. But that’s Ruth. She finds some chance remark—and always gives you what you want the most.

When there is illness or trouble, Ruth is the first to come—practical, calm Ruth. Her sympathy is too deep for sentimental expression. She just takes care of you, and sees that things are done. Common sense, service.

“Look at that man climb that telegraph pole!” a friend exclaimed one day, as a lineman was at work in the alley. A shrewd, capable business woman and one of the most fearless girls on the screen, Ruth Roland has gained rather than lost in feminine charm.

“[Photo Peggy Hamilton Study]

“You’ve grown soft, Ruth. Double dare! Bet you a box of candy you can’t.”

“Is that so? Wait till I change into my khaki pants.”

A moment later Ruth shimméd up the pole and alertly swung, hand over hand, down the guy wire. And then, true to her business instinct, demanded the candy.

Ruth very gorgeously arrayed at picture premières and parties. I don’t like the ostrich trimming she often affects, but that’s her affair, not mine.

Misunderstandings—if she is wrong, she apologizes like a good sport. If it has been my fault, she treats me very coolly until I fess I was at fault. The matter is never referred to again.

They say that she “makes plays for publicity.” Certainly. Why not? Isn’t she a business woman, steering her own career? At least, credit her candor. She isn’t adroit, like the skillful little ingenues who tenaciously get what they want under a pink-and-white naïveté.

The day before Christmas her car is piled high with gifts, and she makes the rounds of the hospitals and the orphanages. She takes the crippled war vets radios and cigarettes and books, and stacks of woolen blankets, and things they need. They grin through their pain and call her their “buddy” when she sings for them. The kiddies get clothes and toys, and kisses that brighten each small, wan face.

Christmases at Ruth’s house. A comfy home, not a show place—a gray frame house with arbors sprawling winglike and vines rambling over it. At eleven in the morning the
Estelle Taylor has a penchant for portraying certain frail ladies of history. *Lucrezia Borgia* smiles cynically in "Don Juan," and it seems certain even lovely Mary Stuart could find no flaw with her screen vignette.

Above, Arthur Lubin portrays *Louis XIII* and brings back some of the glory that was Versailles in "Bardelys the Magnificent." Below, Dorothy Gish is a most provocative *Nell Gwyn*, and we don't wonder that Charles forgot the "little woman at home."

"The Last Frontier" will delight everyone who has ever thrilled to the heroes of the early West. J. Farrell MacDonald is seen as *Wild Bill*, and on the opposite page is Jack Hoxie as *Buffalo Bill*. 

When History

These charming people of long ago
Repeats Itself

take their places on the screen today.

The charmingly decadent Clare Eames, who has proven Queen Elizabeth's most successful press agent, as she appeared in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Above is George Siegmann as Danton, and below is Johnny Walker, who plays a different sort of hero, as Stephen Decatur in "Old Ironsides."

Charles de Roche, as Ramses II, in the "Ten Commandments," portrays an Egyptian gentleman of biblical fame.
What is Vitaphone?  

A calm analysis of the screen world's latest mechanical discovery. Dunham Thorp

It was bound to happen—and it has! Talking pictures have arrived again.

But this time the "talking picture" angle is not stressed nearly as heavily as it has been in the past; and yet, the chances of some real contribution have actually reached the stage of probability—but more of this anon.

At the present stage of its development, the future possibilities of the Vitaphone (the latest and, of course, best) are—well, whatever you wish to think them.

Therefore, I'll proceed with a bit more caution than the editorial writer of the New York Times, who speaks of "the performance of a seeming miracle in which the tongue of the dumb image was made to sing," and "the lyre of Orpheus that made the ghosts shed tears, soothed the tiger, and moved the oak with song."

Of course, it would be easier to work myself up to an ecstatic pitch, smite lustily where my lyre should be, and troll of Orpheus, Israel, and Homer. And as the waves of my song carried me ever further, I might enter even deeper in the trance; and, adding myself, form a truly celestial quartet.

But, rather than take the risk of falling from the heavens to the back fence, I'll limit myself in this discussion to an examination of the instrument and its possibilities as is.

First, there is a little technical stuff to be hurdled. The main departure from all former attempts is a basic one—the method of recording. Formerly, this was done on the film itself, through flutings on the margin, in the manner of the perforations of a player-piano roll; in Vitaphone, it is done by the engraving of a wax disc, in the manner of a phonograph record.

At first glance, the old process would seem extremely simple—in fact, almost fool-proof. If both sight and sound are recorded upon the same thing, how can there possibly be any slip-up between them? But the job lay mainly in the recording, and in the almost unbelievably delicate, electrical problems involved. Because of this, it was never a practical success. Also, if the film was to be run through the ordinary projector, the frame of the picture itself had to be made smaller than standard, so as to leave sufficient margin for the sound recording.

With the Vitaphone, on the other hand, the recording is simply an elaboration of the usual phonograph recording with a dash of radio thrown in. The filming is the same as is practiced in every studio. The task here lay in the synchronization of the two records, sight and sound. This was accomplished through an elaborate system of intricate and delicate electric motors, a description of which is beyond me, and out of place here.

Lastly, it is not the brain child of some obscure inventor putting away in a lonely garret, but a product of the modern system of invention—the coöperation of specialized technicians in pure and applied science, grouped together in a modern industrial research laboratory.

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On Shore Leave

Larry Kent, one of the newer and most personable leading men, is likely at any moment to quit the screen and sail the seven seas. Because, you see, he used to be in the navy.

By Margaret Reid

Larry Kent? Larry Kent? Oh, yes. You remember the boy with the nice smile in the "Maizie" stories and the "Fighting Heart" series? Sure; that was Larry Kent.

He isn't awfully famous yet, you see. Not that that really troubles him. He'd like to be famous; that is, he'd like to do some good pictures, stories of the sea. But pictures and his own career don't absorb him. He'd like to go back on the stage, but most of all he'd like to cast off in his little schooner and chase the horizon around the world. And maybe come back, and maybe not.

Because this tale deals with Larry Kent it will have to be somewhat about boats. And because he is just recently come into popularity it will have to be biographical, for which we flash back to the first boat concerned.

He was born, of a French father and an English mother, on a British liner two days out of Liverpool. Which may reasonably be in some degree responsible for his passion for the water and anything that rides it.

Being a young man vague and reticent on details, we can only speculate on his childhood. At its close he was in the University of California, learning the uses of pills and prescriptions—the bona fide variety. But when war broke out, like a homing pigeon turned loose on a fair wind he entered the navy. The war, one gathers from Mr. Kent, was gorgeous fun. In the snapshot herewith presented, you see him as a very earnest, slightly rough gun captain on board the U. S. S. St. Louis. Aged nineteen, and every inch the tar.

In his careless, abstracted fashion—after prying and prompting by me—he gave reluctant incidents of his rather hectic service with Uncle Sam's sea dogs.

For example, his first encounter with the enemy. A German submarine crossing their path on a Siberia-bound voyage. And the hard-boiled, nail-eating veterans, together with the youthful gun captain, becoming as hysterical as girls at sight of its periscope. Giggle foolishly and cracking absurd jokes. And when the excited Mr. Kent and his nine men finally got their gun into action it fired one shot and rolled over onto the deck, to move no more.

He inadvertently remarked—apropos of something else—that he had been wounded. Avid with morbid curiosity, I wanted to know how, when, where. He has a rather slipshod way of talking, as if he didn't consider what he is saying of importance to any one, and certainly as if it interested himself least of all. It renders anything he says almost trivial, until you realize just what he is telling you.

"Why"—in answer to my persistent question—"it was just a little argument between another young man and myself. For a while, you see, I was detailed to plain-clothes service in Vladivostok—had to sort of patrol the red-light district and look out for Bolsheviks. And one afternoon one of these birds got a little fresh and lit into me with a couple of bullets—one in the shoulder and one in the leg. But I shot back, all right. And that's all there was to it.

"That," he added reminiscently, "was one rough district. A lot of the habits were women from the Battalion of Death. They were the finer, nicer ones though. Most of the battalion women were great, raw-boned, husky animals who made better soldiers than the men.

"A sweet town, Vladivostok. The day we got in, my buddy and I thought, 'A fine afternoon, we'll do the town.' All slicked up, we stepped off the quay and started up the main street. First thing we knew a Bolshevik had got restless and was firing a machine gun at

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Hollywood High Lights

Unwinding the reel of news events and gossip in studio circles on the West Coast.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Is Pauline Frederick lost to the screen forever? Certainly she will be, if she enjoys many more successes on the stage like "Madame X," in which she recently played for a period of several months in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

There is not a theatrical manager on the Coast who would not be ready to shout with joy if he could have Polly under a permanent contract. With various play-houses for the spoken drama being built in the film center, it seems assured that she will be kept busy. Also, she may play in London.

Pauline was simply deluged with flowers at the opening of her engagement in Los Angeles. "Madame X" itself was a creaky old play, but nobody cared, for Polly was so lovely.

The audiences shed buckets of tears over the motherly scenes. The matinées during the run of the play were-packed to overflowing, and all brought great quantities of assorted handkerchiefs with them, so as to have their cries unhampered by any shortage of lace and linen.

It was probably the most joyous weep-fest ever participated in by the people of the colony, and by the public in general, who all adore her.

Everybody raved for days over Polly's deeply affecting emotion, and over the magnetic impression she made garbed in a clinging gown of black in the scene where she is on trial for a murder that she had committed in a frantic effort to shield her son.

She was veritably a symbol of mystic tragedy, and her sobs were the most poignant that we have ever heard in the theater.

Polly's Retort Courteous.

During her stay at the theater, Pauline, of course, received various offers from the Hollywood film producers, though none of them was particularly inspiring to her.

Among others, was one from a man who wanted to costar her in a picture, with a little Miss Nobody, whom he happened to have under contract.

Pauline's reply to his offer was a classic.

She sent the letter back to him and wrote on it: "Opened by mistake."

The producer's expression when he received this message must have been an interesting study.

Clara Proffers Token.

Among those who did homage to Pauline by a visit to the theater, was Clara Kimball Young, who was in Hollywood for a rest. Clara also sent Pauline a beautiful token in the shape of a huge basket of American Beauty roses.

The two stars have been friendly for a long time, although they were once, in a sense, screen rivals. And we will never forget how thrilled we were upon seeing them together in a box at a Henry Miller production several years ago.

Clara has just finished two seasons in vaudeville, and is now going to appear in a new sketch in England. She also may make a picture while there.

She is looking very attractive these days, despite her tendency to be slightly corpulent. Pauline, on the other hand, has lost thirteen pounds, which gives her most graceful and slender lines.
An Obituary.

The most interesting headline of recent date to our mind is the following: "Will Hays Suggests National Vault for Film Reels."

And now the question is—which ones will be buried?

We could suggest quite a few that might have been interred before they began showing. If there are any readers who are of the same mind, we would suggest that they immediately send in their list of such pictures to the Hays offices.

King and Eleanor.

The marriage of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman was celebrated without any of the usual advance trumpetings. The ceremony was performed the day after the funeral of Rudolph Valentino, and out of deference for the fact that many had been affected by the sadness of this event, it was a very quiet affair.

The setting was the home of Marion Davies, and those who witnessed the wedding included Jack Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin, Bill Haines, Harry Crocker, Elinor Glyn, Rupert Hughes, and various studio executives. The Vidors spent two weeks on their honeymoon and are now dwelling in King's pretentious mansion on a Beverly hilltop.

The marriage of Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon was another recent event in the East, and plans are being made for the wedding of Mary Astor and Irving Asher in December.

Transcontinental Honeymooning.

Talk about honeymoons!

There isn't such a thing as a honeymoon, according to Eddie Sutherland, the director, and Louise Brooks, the actress, recently wed.

Hollywood had a very brief glimpse of the little black-haired lady with the straight bob, when she came to the Coast recently to spend a little time with her husband. And both Eddie and Louise were overjoyed at the prospect of being together for a while.

Then came a telegram. It ordered Louise back to the East to do a picture for Famous Players-Lasky.

So far they have had only five days together since they were wed last July. Sutherland was ordered West almost immediately after the marriage to make a picture. He has recently been directing Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in their second costarring comedy, "We're in the Navy Now."

Briefly Disposed Of.

Family break-ups still persist.

Marian Nixon and Joe Benjamin, the prize fighter, have quarreled and separated, after a comparatively short married life.

Dagmar Godowsky has obtained an annulment of her marriage to Frank Mayo.

Robert Ober, who has done work in various roles, and Maude Fulton, scenarist, have been divorced.

So That's Where They Are.

The fact that Mrs. William S. Hart was in Reno attracted considerable attention in the colony, but it appears that she was not there to secure a divorce, in spite of the Nevada town's reputation.

Considerable amusement was occasioned by a dispatch from there that stated that Mrs. Hart was readily recognized in Reno by "many former Hollywood people."

Which may or may not give a new light as regards where some of the one-time favorites of the film colony disappear to.

Schildkraut Elated.

Joseph Schildkraut is luxuriating in a new-found happiness, due to the reconciliation with his wife, who is professionally known as Elise Bartlett.

They were on the verge of divorce about a year ago, but after a number of tempests and uncertainties, and long phone calls clear, across the continent, harmony again prevails in their household. Schildkraut appears entirely changed by the experience, and to be much happier than he ever has been before. Characteristically, he is of a somewhat moody temperament.

His wife is charming, and bears a very slight resemblance to Norma Shearer, particularly as regards the coloring of her eyes. There is quite a chance that she may be seen in pictures, as tests have already been made of her.

Schildkraut, of course, is playing the role of Judas in "The King of Kings." During the reconciling process between him and his wife the size of his phone bills to the East, according to accepted report, ran into a small fortune. His zeal evidently proved more than winning.

Mary Hay's Visit.

No such cheerful prospects for a reunion exist in the case of Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay. They saw each other upon Mary's arrival on the Coast to visit her young daughter, but lived in different establishments.

Very soon Dick followed the trek eastward of many of the actors, including Tom Mix, Milton Sills, Harold Lloyd, and Douglas MacLean, who managed to get away from the demands of film-making long enough to see the World's Series. Dick also spent some time on his yacht prior to his departure with Ronald Colman and William Powell.

Little Mary Hay Barthelmess, the daughter, is to remain in California through the winter. Both her father
and mother have expressed themselves as entertaining a deep friendship for each other, and many of their friends are hoping that things may yet be patched up between them.

Marceline Faring Well.

Marceline Day is now the child of destiny. The differences between her and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer over a contract have been patched up, and in addition to that she has been making a hit with John Barrymore, and the studio officials of United Artists, because of her performance in “François Villon.”

Barrymore himself selected her as the lead in this picture. It was largely through the recommendation of his brother Lionel that she was chosen. Lionel Barrymore had played with her in “The Barrier,” and felt that she had exceptional talent.

Evidently Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was duly impressed by the fact that Barrymore thought so well of her, for they have engaged her on a new long-term agreement. We have always thought that she was one of the best little bets in filmdom, for she has unusual charm, sweetness, and character.

Topsy and Uncle Tom.

The question of who’ll be seen as Topsy has all been settled.

The little girl who is doing the role in Universal’s production of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” is Mona Ray, a film unknown. She is only fourteen years of age and has worked in just a few smaller pictures. She has a sister in the movies by the name of Judy King.

Eva is being played by Betsy Ann Hisle.

The company suffered a setback again when Charles Gilpin, the negro actor, had to return to the East for a stage engagement. Another colored actor, James B. Lowe, was immediately selected in his place to play Uncle Tom.

The production seems to be a second “Jen-Hur” as regards the halts, delays, and misfortune. Practically all the scenes made in the East will have to be retaken.

George Siegmann, as Simon Legree, Margaret Fischer as Eliza, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Lucien Littlefield, George Harris, Jack Mower, and Vivien Oakland are among the principals.

Rudy’s Funeral Quiet.

Much to the surprise of everybody, the funeral of Rudolph Valentino took on a very quiet aspect. Possibly the superabundance of publicity attending his death in the East brought a subdued reaction in the colony.

The church in Beverly Hills in which the requiem mass was said, was not entirely filled during the services. The picture folk themselves were fairly well represented and many personal friends of Valentino who were not in the profession attended, as did a number of people from the Italian colony.

The film stars present included Pola Negri, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, Jack Gilbert, Mabel Normand, George O’Brien, William S. Hart, Jean Hersholt, Patsy Ruth Miller, Pat O’Malley, Helen Ferguson, and various others. Nearly all the men in this group were identified with the services as either pallbearers or ushers.

The funeral cortège itself was fully a mile long, and the route was lined with people. The crowd never became unruly at any time as it did in New York. The largest assemblage was just outside of the church and at the cemetery. Many stood with bowed heads and hats in hand along the way.

The simplicity of the Valentino funeral was deeply touching. There was hardly a person at the church whose eyes were not at some time glistening.

Most beautiful were the tributes of flowers that the dead idol received from the film folk, and others. Over Rudy’s casket was spread a bouquet of red roses from Pola Negri, and the bouquets varied from the most elaborate and costly to the simplest, some of the latter bearing cards marked just from “a friend.”

Comedian Passes.

The death of Eddie Lyons, the film comedian, formerly of the team of Lyons and Moran, was another sad event.

The pictures that he and Lee Moran starred in together were for a time exceedingly popular.

Later on the two stars broke up their partnership, and Eddie did not fare as well alone. His financial worries, more than anything else, are said to have contributed to his death.

Insane Again.

Little Insane, whose writings we introduced recently in these columns, tells us that she has had an unusually exciting month, and has offered us another contribution concerning her adventures:

Dear me, but I’m all worn out, for I have been flying around every place, and have been to several parties, and two or three premieres, and one or two studios, and more things than I can possibly ever tell about. But, anyway, here goes.

My newest idol is John Barrymore, whom I have met, but whom I was almost afraid to talk to, although he was very courteous. I saw him at a party given by a gentleman named Alan Crosland. Mr. Crosland, lest you shouldn’t have happened to have heard about it, is the man who has been directing Mr. Barrymore in “Don Juan” and other films, and he is almost handsome enough himself to be an actor.

Mabel Normand was there, and I found her perfectly delightful. She just simply withers people with her humor at times, but she is really a much more serious girl than you would imagine, and loves to talk on intellectual topics, which I do, too, when they are not too highbrow. We had the loveliest conversation about books and plays, though I will admit that some of the time I was out of my depth, and just said “Yes” and “No.” People do love to talk at film parties, though, that “Yes” and “No” do get you an awfully long ways.

The Crosland party followed the “Don Juan” première. I thought the picture was very nice if somewhat raucy, and that Estelle Taylor was more than beautiful. Mr. Barrymore himself made a very elegant speech after the première, and everybody
was very enthusiastic because he said that he had been so won over by pictures that he expected to stay in Hollywood indefinitely.

Despite the glamour of the premiere, which everybody said was one of the greatest ever, I think that my most wonderful experience during the month was at one of the studios, where I rode in a little make-believe train in a scene with Jack Gilbert. Can you imagine what that would be like, sitting right next to him while he was acting, with the cameras going, and everybody on the set staring at him, and wondering who was who?

Of course, I was out of sight from where the cameras were shooting, but I really felt as if I were a part of the picture. It was a scene from "The Flesh and the Devil," and they were photographing Gilbert saying good-by to some friends of his, or his family, or something. Lars Hanson and a little girl, a new find, they said, were on the set with him, and he was waving to them as the little dummy train pulled out of a railroad station.

Then we went into a sort of tunnel, and the car was all filled with smoke.

Jack—I mean Mr. Gilbert—because I don’t know him well enough yet to call him by his first name, even in print—was wearing a gorgeous uniform, with a long blue trailing coat, and a military cap—all very foreign. I thought he had a charming personality, and he shook hands with me very graciously. He laughs very easily and boisterously, and seems to enjoy working in pictures immensely.

Mr. Hanson, whom I saw in a showing not long ago of "The Scarlet Letter," impressed me as very intellectual. He talks with an accent, but he speaks good English. He has a splendid physique, and he says that he gets up early every morning to take a swim in the ocean.

I was very much struck by him, particularly by his mind, and he told about how he had acted in some very important foreign plays, like Shakespeare and Ibsen, and some others that were so Swedish I couldn’t remember them.

The lovely Greta Garbo wasn’t around the day I was there, and I nearly died, because I did so want to see her. But I hope some day my luck will be better.

Gilbert said something about the picture being a new angle on the triangle, that he and Hanson were supposed to be just like brothers, and that Miss Garbo was playing a lady who was in love with both of them. He said that because they were such good friends they didn’t shoot each other at the end of the picture, but told the lady that she would have to leave instead. And this I thought was quite exceptional.

All for Walthall

Whenever a foreign director comes over to this country, the very first actor that he generally asks for is Henry Walthall. He is well known abroad, for his fine represenation.

John Barrymore also recently praised his simplicity to us, comparing him with his brother Lionel, whom he holds in high esteem for his talents. "Walthall never uses an excess gesture," Barrymore said; "he is a master of the quiet art of screen acting." Walthall is now playing in "When the Gods Laugh," directed by the Scandinavian, Olaf Nils Chrisander.

We Must Have Romeo.

No season would be complete without a "Romeo and Juliet" announcement.

Ramon Novarro and Norma Shearer are the latest to be heralded for these two Shakespearian lovers, with Ernst Lubitsch directing.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been predicted so often that we’ll believe it only when we see the picture.

Lubitsch recently was released from his contract with Warner Brothers, and is to divide his time hereafter, between Famous Players-Lasky and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He will have wide latitude in his choice of players at these two studios, and nearly every actor is anxious to work under his direction.

Rod La Rocque has developed sudden ambitions along Shakespearean lines. He may some day do Othello.

Vilma’s Attitude.

Vilma Banky tells us that the chances for a romance between Ronald Colman and herself are slight. "I like Ronald and joost love to work with him in pictures, but I am afraid he ees far too serious for me," she averred with a wan wistfulness. "I am so serious myself. I mus’ marry somebody who ees verry light—verry gay—who will make me laugh verry much. Maybe"—she smiled—"like Ben Turpin."

Colonel Tim’s Escape.

A personable chap for whom you should watch on the screen, when he appears in his first starring picture is Colonel Tim McCoy. He is doing a series of Westerns for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Possibly you may remember him as responsible for bringing Indians to Hollywood, and aiding thereby in such productions as "The Covered Wagon," "The Iron Horse," "The Vanishing American," "The Pony Express," and "The Thundering Herd."

We met Colonel Tim at a dinner given at Ernest Torrence’s home, and he has a remarkably clean-cut personality. A genial, easy, and friendly type, thoroughly absorbed in his work. He has a ruddy apple-bloom complexion that bespeaks his outdoor life on a Wyoming ranch where he has been very prominent in government work with the Indians.

At the time of the dinner he still bore powder marks on his ears, the result of an accident that occurred during the filming of his picture. One of the Indians happened to get too close during a pursuit and a gun-battle scene, and some of the powder from the blank cartridge grazed the face of the star. Had his head been turned ever so little toward the gun, he would probably have lost his eyesight.

The Accomplished Torrences.

The Torrencees are most splendid hosts, and are all accomplished along musical lines. Mr. Torrence himself plays and composes, and has written a song that would be a distinct popular hit if he ever decides to publish it. The probabilities are that it will be in—
A Comedienne with a Title

Beatrice Lillie, the inimitable English stage star, joins the film colony in Hollywood.

There is Beatrice Lillie—and there is Lady Peel. If only she would fold away the one or the other personality she might be so much more easily catalogued!

One meets first, Lady Peel—a Gainsborough lady in a Lanvin gown. A distinctive and elegant woman of the world, clever at repartee, imperious. A sophisticate, with well-developed critical faculties, whose coolly indifferent eyes can shrivel one, whose words drip crisply, like square-cut crystals.

There is something so clear-cut and chiseled about her. A light calmly sure of its own glow. An air of cutting edges neatly, of cleaving things, scarring to wallow in the sentiment which cheapens.

Tall and slim she is, with an easy, confident carriage and a thin-lipped arrogance which can unbend to smile "Thank you." One is intangibly made to feel that her ladyship graciously descends to be interviewed—to be seen and admired, to smile over childhood pranks—and then, as one flushes with an inner rebellion and rises to leave, one is thanked for one's time and bother, with a childlike simplicity.

One is both annoyed at the haughty Lady Peel and charmed by the girlish Beatrice Lillie.

For she combines so adroitly the prestige of her social plane and the informality that so often plays through her poise.

With her cool level-headedness, she might be a business girl, capable and composed—except for her poise—and the humor of her unexpectedly bubbles.

Lady Peel—having married into the peerage in 1920—displays pictures of the family estate, Drayton Manor, a graystone pile of fifty rooms once honored by a visit from Queen Victoria, and talks with pride of Robert, aged five, of the future baronet's gift for mimicry.

Beatrice Lillie's eyes sparkle into sudden little lights as she reminiscences of her rather tomboyish childhood in Canada. Of sliding down the banisters. Of imitating the mincing deacon and the over stuffed dowagers who called at tea time. Of dipping the best embroidered towels in ink to blacken her face.

The rebuffs of London managers did not shatter her dream. Being a child prodigy in Toronto and a stage aspirant in London were two different things. Her lodgings were shabby and her money was dwindling, when she learned that Charlot was planning a new revue. Facing a solemn tribunal, the devilish mood flamed in her, its fires ravaging the dignity she assumed for her onslaught upon London.

She sang funny little songs. Her gestures and her clowning won.

In 1924 "Charlot's Revue" played in New York, was returned to London, then, this past season, was brought out to Hollywood.

Types she adores—maids with grand manners, clerks with an overwhelming dignity, harum-scarum boys, the awkward ballad singer, tripped by her train.

"Exit Smiling," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in which she makes her screen début, is a comedy-drama concerning the experiences of a prima donna repertory show on tour.

"The motion picture gives an actress a wider range," says Lady Peel. "It broadens one. It is an interesting novelty."

"And the movies," Beatrice Lillie whispers, with a laugh and a half wink, "mean more money—and more fun."
The Screen in Review

A critic's catalogue of the most recent films, with annotations for those who care.

By Norbert Lusk

With power and glory, "Beau Geste" brings melodrama into its own. It is packed with plot, as all good melodrama should be, and unusual plot, too, with capital acting on the part of all concerned—Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Noah Beery, William Powell, Alice Joyce, Norman Trevor, Victor McLaiglen, Donald Stuart, and a newcomer from the stage, Ralph Forbes.

It required courage to produce "Beau Geste" because it dispenses with all but a semblance of the usual boy-and-girl love story. In its stead the devotion of three brothers to each other becomes the motivation, and from the start we are absorbed by a mystery more perplexing than the screen has ever asked us to solve.

Major de Beaujolais, commanding a relief detachment of the French Foreign Legion, arrives at a remote fort in the African desert and finds a man stationed in every embrasure, ready to fire. A bugle call elicits no response—the gates remain closed. A trumpeter scales the walls to investigate, but is never seen again; and when the major and his men enter the fort the sentries are revealed as corpses. Suddenly the fort bursts into flames.

From this extraordinary beginning the second episode of the picture shifts to England where the three Geste boys are introduced as children in the home of their aunt, Lady Brandon, whose secret sale of an immensely valuable jewel is known only to John, the eldest. Years later when Lord Brandon is obliged to produce the gem, the imitation that has replaced it suddenly disappears before the eyes of the family. The boys separately leave home, each acknowledging his guilt in a note to Lady Brandon. All enlist in the Foreign Legion.

From this point their adventures lead up to the moment when Major de Beaujolais approaches the fort, and the strange disappearance of the trumpeter, together with the fire, is shown to be the culmination of as stirring a tale as the screen has ever told. Self-sacrifice, magnificent courage, and romantic indifferance to consequences are the predominant qualities of the brothers. "Beau Geste" glorifies the masculine virtues, and for the sake of dramatic contrast blackest villainy—also masculine—is included by way of making the picture the gripping thing it is.

The acting is genuinely fine. An individual hit is scored by every player I have mentioned. With small demands made on him, Ronald Colman, by virtue of the character of Michael and the situations involving him, wins sympathy in such great good measure that I fear for his future poise in the face of all the admiration he is sure to win wherever the picture is shown. Neil Hamilton touches heights of spiritual nobility undreamed of in the routine roles he has formerly played, while Ralph Forbes' future on the screen holds rich promise by reason of his auspicious début as the surviving Geste.

A more brilliant performance than Noah Beery's as the dastardly Sergeant Lejeune could scarcely be imagined, and William Powell as the craven Boldini was inspired by superlative skill. Nor must Herbert Brenon, the director, be overlooked in these festoons of praise. "Beau Geste" is not perfect, but its merits are so far in excess of its deficiencies that it would be merely capricious to mention them.

Hats Off.

Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man" offers another expensively produced feature comedy. I am sure you will agree that it is the funniest of them all because, in spite of the utter nonsense of it, Langdon has contrived to create a human character. His Paul is essentially like all the other wide-eyed, shambling little men he has brought to life, but the little fellow called Paul is, in my opinion at least, the first one with a heart.

He is first seen in a battlefield sequence, fondling a picture of Mary Brown with whom he has been corresponding. His return to America, as an assistant to a professional strong man, begins his search for Mary, a quest that develops many farcical difficulties, as you may imagine. These include his capture by and escape from Gold Tooth, a siren played by Gertrude Astor with such amazing gusto that one wonders why she hasn't done this sort of thing before.

Paul's eventual meeting with Mary, who is blind, is genuinely moving—a moment when Langdon's art of clowning reaches its highest estate. For while he remains a clown he becomes also a yearning, timid, pathetic figure of dreams frustrated and denied. For a moment he makes us see ourselves at some moment in our lives.

But these tears would never do to end a farce with, so Langdon gives us the hilarious amusement of watching his efforts to substitute for the strong man at a show from which the Hercules has defaulted. Some things cannot, however, be described. This is one of them.
Something Different.

In the welter of new pictures "Subway Sadie" occupies a place all its own. Not through its importance, although it is less trivial than might be supposed, but because it is unique.

The director, Alfred Santell; has taken the tale of a New York working girl and a subway guard and so enlivened it with shrewd bits of characterization, amusing flashes of byplay and deft photography that it arrests the spectator and through sheer entertainment holds him till the end. The technique employed in "Subway Sadie" strikes me as being as typically American as our comic strips. And you will admit they are essentially our own.

"Subway Sadie" is Sadie Herman, who works in a Fifth Avenue fur shop and aspires to be sent to Paris for the firm. In the subway crush she meets—as indeed how could she not?—Herb McCarthy, the guard, and they become very friendly, which seems quite right and proper. It is the adventures of these two that make up the story which, slight as it is, is shot with human touches and always the element of the unexpected.

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are the young principals, with Charlie Murray, Gaston Glass, Bernard Randall, and Peggy Shaw lending excellent support. Miss Shaw has individuality.

Doings at Deauville.

The screen translation of the old play of "Diplomacy" has been effected with a fair amount of fidelity to the original. Not that it much matters one way or the other. Certainly the result matters less, for it turns out to be only a mildly interesting film from the standpoint of acting and story, though the settings are exquisitely rich and tasteful. But, unfortunately, the casual picture goer gets little or no pleasure from exquisite settings and lovely dresses merely. And there isn't much else in "Diplomacy" except a lot of nice people earning fat salaries for promenading. The strollers are Blanche Sweet, Neil Hamilton, Arlette Marchal, Matt Moore, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Earle Williams, Arthur Edmund Carew, Julia Swayne Gordon, and others.

Keaton Comes Across.

Buster Keaton has delivered a good picture in "Battling Butler." He creates a real character as Alfred Butler, a rich young man who goes to the mountains to rough it with a valet, a tent containing every modern convenience, and absolutely no idea of how funny he is. This sequence is delightfully droll because it is novel, and all so effortlessly done. Alfred meets a mountainside maid in the person of Sally O'Neil whose father and brother, burly brutes, are suspicious of the timid and correct Alfred until his valet informs them he is the prize fighter known as Battling Butler. The rest of the picture is given over to Alfred's valorous efforts to carry on the masquerade, his eventual meeting with the real slugger, and the best fight with gloves I have ever seen on the screen.

"Battling Butler" is downright good because it's intelligent fun-making, and there's real acting. Snitz Edwards is priceless as the valet, and Francis McDonald corks as the real battler.

Long Live Gloria!

By the very force of her fine talent and unique individuality Gloria Swanson makes interesting her latest picture, "Fine Manners." Without her it would be less than unimportant. With her it is entertaining every foot of the way, and its implausibilities are forgotten in the sweep of her vigorous and expert performance.

She is Orchid Murphy, a boydenish chorus girl who falls in love with a rich and bored man who as part of their preparations for marriage decides to make a "lady" of Orchid. The girl tries very hard to conform to the rather ridiculous standard of what passes for ladyhood in the scenario, but in doing so suppresses all the sparkle and animal spirits that won the gent in the first place. It comes out all right in the end, mes enfants, so run along and see it.

Walter Goss, of the Paramount School, gives an effective performance as Orchid's vigilant young brother, and Eugene O'Brien is flawless as a stuffed shirt.

Altogether it's a very pleasant picture.
Wholesale Reformation.

Whatever "The Old Soak" meant to you as a play, if anything, the picture will have a meaning all its own. The character of the humorously philosophical old tippler has been subordinated, and his son's romance with a Broadway chorine is given first place in the eight-reel picture called by the name of the play. It is not a hackneyed story, however, and is well directed by Edward Sloman to the extent of being quite interesting and occasionally amusing.

George Lewis is the boy who engages himself to June Marlowe as the show girl who believes his stories of wealth. Accidentally she comes upon his family and discovers they are living in dire poverty. But she is won over by their sweetness and honesty. The boy learns his lesson when stock belonging to his mother is stolen, and The Old Soak, who hasn't ever mattered much anyhow, assumes the blame. The stock is recovered by the father who, after a life of whisky drinking, becomes a violent prohibitionist and demolishes a load of bootleg liquor. Jean Hersholt, as The Soak, does as well as he can in a gray wig and this obvious play for sympathy.

The Eternal Graustark.

If we must have stories of mythical kingdoms I suppose we should resign ourselves to them and say nothing about the monotonous of the epidemic for, like all others, it will pass.

"Young April" is the latest yarn of that same American girl who regularly falls in love with the prince without being cognizant of his rank. She begins as a youngster at school who by some hocus-pocus is discovered to have a title, and is betrothed to the prince. By accident both meet in Paris and are under love's sweet spell from that moment, although, to give the plot a complication, the prince doesn't know the girl he loves is the Grand Duchess Something-or-other, his betrothed, whom he, as a matter of course, despises.

The production is richly beautiful and looks as if scads of money had been spent in making it so. Also, the direction of Donald Crisp is excellent, considering the feeble material he had to work with.

Bessie Love plays the American princess with a great deal of skill, as might be expected of so expert an actress, but she is never so brilliantly effective as in rags and tatters, and in "Young April" she doesn't wear any. In other words, Miss Love is a character actress par excellence, and when cast for a rôle outside her scope is not happiest. Joseph Schildkraut is the prince. Far more important, from the standpoint of acting, is Rudolph Schildkraut as the jolly, human old king. He contributes a rich and vivid portrait of one of those self-indulgent minor monarchs.

A Slave to Duty.

"Michael Strogoff" is a melodramatic story of Russia in the reign of Alexander II., filmed in France and played mostly by Russian actors, all of whom are unknown to us. It is straightforward stuff, at times strongly dramatic, and in other sequences quite dull.

Briefly, the story has to do with the efforts of Michael Strogoff to deliver a letter to the czar's brother in Siberia, warning him of an impending attempt on his life by Ivan Ogareff, leader of the Tatar rebels. The long journey from Moscow to Irkutsk is fraught with terrible hazards and constant danger of capture by the savage Tatars, but so sublime is Michael's loyalty to the czar that he repudiates his mother rather than make known his identity, and permits himself to be blinded rather than confess his mission to the enemy.

It is a spectacular production, and moves slowly up to the point where Michael is tortured, but unfortunately his tortures do not awaken the sympathy they should—and would, if the actor playing the rôle had more personal appeal. Ivan Mosjoukine, said to be a favorite in Europe second only to Jannings, is about as romantic a figure as an old clothes man although he knows the business of acting very well indeed. The same may be said of the others: capable, but you don't really care what happens to them, or if the czar's message is delivered or not. [Continued on page 110]
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Ben-Hur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A beautiful and inspiring picture, directed with skill and originality by Ramon诺varro, in title role, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as Messala; May McAlister as Malvina, Katharine Cornell and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

"Big Parade, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Most realistic war picture ever made. 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.

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest, exquisitely acted and directed. Black Pirate, a pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission work, with amusing results.

"Kiki"—First National. Norma Talmadge very entertaining in the highly comic role of the little gamin girl of Paris who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lilian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Mare Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Barbara Stanwyck as a spirited young woman of Ibáñez's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans, through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading roles.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mrs. Weeks gives one of her best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stoehren.

"Night Cry, The"—Warner. Rin-Tin-Tin in his ever popular starring film of the sheep country, in which the villains are foiled only just in time.

"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the woman he loves to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title role of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.


"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Janne, Yna de Putti and Warwick Ward gave inspired performances.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"Auction Block, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Charles Ray, as spendthrift son of wealthy father, shown to better advantage than usual. Eleanor Boardman and Sally O'Neil make for complications.

"Barrier, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Excellent melodramatic romance of the far, far North, with Lionel Barrymore, Norman Kerry, and Marceline Day.

"Bat, The"—United Artists. Not nearly so thrilling as the stage version of this famous mystery melodrama, but funnier and just as mysterious.

"Behind the Front"—Paramount. Hilarious bit of slapstick, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton both sublimely ridiculous as doughboys. Mary Brian as the sex symbol.

"Beverly of Graustark"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Marion Davies disguises herself as a boy and pretends to be a certain princess supposed to be in the castle. Marion Davies as the princess.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter. George O'Hara, Viola Dana, and Ralph Lewis.

"Black Paradise"—Fox. Good old melodrama crammed full of action and suspense, and ranging from a department store to the South Sea Isles. Fine performances by Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe.

"Blind Goddess, The"—Paramount. Good plot and excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Esther Ralston. Case of a girl who is ignorant of her mother's identity, and testifies against her in a murder trial.

"Born to the West"—Paramount. Another Zane Grey film, more interesting and plausible than usual. Excellent cast including Jack Holt and Margaret Morris.


"Brown of Harvard"—Metro-Goldwyn. Quite an improvement over the usual college film. William Haines, as swaggering undergraduate, carries off the honors, with Mr. Brian as his girl and Jack Pickford his satellite.

"Cave Man, The"—Warner. Marie Prevost and Matt Moore make funny the rather thin story of a bored young flier who tries to elevate a coal heaver to society.

"Cohens and Kelly's, The"—Universal. One of those sure-fire comedies involving a mix-up between the Jews and the Irish. George Sidney and Charles Murray head the respective tribes.

"Crown of Lies, The"—Paramount. Pola Negri in tale of a servant girl who is transported to a mythical Balkan state and made queen.

"Dancing Mothers"—Paramount. Conventional story about fast-living younger generation, with Alice Joyce, Clara Bow, and Norman Trevor.

"Desert Gold"—Paramount. Wild-West melodrama. Neil Hamilton is the handsome hero, William Powell the villain, and Shirley Mason the girl.

"Eve's Leaves"—Producers Distributing. A film of the Orient. Letrice Joyfull as the tomboy daughter of a sea captain, gets shanghaied, along with her sweetheart, William Boyd.

"Flaming Frontier, The"—Universal. An accurate historic picture of American frontiersman, with Buck Jones in the role of a pony-express rider, and Dustin Farnum as General Custer.

"Footloose Widows"—Warner. Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda make genuinely amusing this film of fashion modeled on the Florida and masquerade as wealthy widows.

"Good and Naughty"—Paramount. Pola Negri, excellent in a gay comedy of a dowdy office girl who blossoms into a woman of the world and saves her employer, Tom Moore, from the machinations of a married woman.


"His People"—Universal. Rudolph Schildkrout in an excellent drama, with plenty of comedy relief, dealing with lives of the four members of a family of cowboys on the Lower East Side of New York. George Lewis a captivating new juvenile.

Ibáñez's "Torrent"—Metro-Goldwyn. Interesting film introducing the magnetic Swedish actress, Greta Garbo, to American audiences. Ricardo Cortez plays young beauty boy who is influenced by his mother's romance and runs two lives.

"Irene"—First National. Colleen Moore in a pleasant comedy of a poor little Irish girl who is the dressmaker's model and is wooed by a rich young hero, played by Lloyd Hughes.

"Let's Get Married"—Paramount. Another amusing comedy for Richard

Continued on page 7.
Rin-Tin-Tin, a model parent who remembers all the family anniversaries, celebrates his puppies' birthday with a cake and a candle for each week of their lives.

Vilma Banky decides that no one would go to the trouble of winning Barbara Worth, should that illustrious lady have a shiny nose, so she receives first-aid treatment.

Above, Milton Sills in "Men of the Dawn." Left, Gwen Lee, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, appears in her own origination, a hula skirt which is made of cuttings from films in which she has appeared.
Left, Louise Fazenda makes play of the daily dozen. Below, George Bancroft, playing in "The Rough Riders," examines the artistic back of the tattooed David Warford, one of the original rough riders, who has immortalized the girl who rode three hundred and sixty miles in thirty hours to warn the ranchmen that war had been declared with Spain.

Above, what a whale of a difference a few years can make! In "The Ace of Cads," Ruby Blaine shows the change of fashion since 1906, the period of the voluminous evening gown on the left as compared with the chic simplicity of the present-day mode. Right, Eric von Stroheim, Jr., visits his illustrious father and rides one of the horses used in "The Wedding March."
Right, Charles Ray may have forsaken country-boy roles on the screen, but he reverts to type in his own garden. Below, Richard Dix and his director, Fred Newmeyer, at the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island.

Above, snappy sport models of 1899, as displayed by Mona Palma and Ruby Blaine. Richard Rosson directs these daring coeds in the prologue of "The Quarterback." Left, Constance Howard gives her director, William Beaudine, and Mrs. Beaudine a flying start for New York.
Beauty and

Kathleen Key's career—or rather the lack of thing to her credit—including a fine perform celluloid endeavors suddenly stopped and no one knows why, least

By Margaret,

into the hands of the invading Germans. A famous European actor who was visiting the set during the making of the picture asked Rex Ingram who she was.

"She is very young," he remarked to the director, "but she undoubtedly has the spark. For one who is totally ignorant of technique her work is as good as any I have seen."

In the ill-fated "Rubáiyát," Ramon Novarro's first screen venture, she was the glowing-eyed, sweet-lipped heroine. And exquisitely lovely. If that picture had not been attended by such a tenacious jinx—probably Kathleen's own—it is likely that she would have stepped directly from it into the opportunity she was, even then, prepared for. But the unfortunate production became involved in a maze of litigation and Hollywood had no way of knowing how beautifully Kathleen decorated it.

Sometime later she became the protégée of June Mathis, who saw in her the perfect Tirzah for "Ben-Hur," then in its infancy. With Francis X. Bushman, Kitty survived the upheavals and battles that all but annihilated the picture and nearly bankrupted Metro-Goldwyn. That meant for two years she was off the screen. But wasn't she working in "Ben-Hur"—the fruits of which promised extravagantly?

Shortly before "Ben-Hur" was taken East for its première, I saw a preview of it at a beach theater. Wasn't Tirzah, I thought, charming? And in the leper sequence, poignant? To my mind, she far surpassed the other women of the picture. Only, there wasn't a great deal of her. Just here and there, along the walls in the background. Every one, of course, and of necessity, suffered in the cutting of "Ben-Hur," but Kathleen more than any.

After the final close-up, conspicuously lacking Tirzah—who was, one supposed, dead or married off—I ran into Kitty in the lobby. She had found a dark corner and was crying.

"Oh," she wailed in a muffled voice, "there stands two years of my life, two years out of my so-called career. Two years off the screen, just to fill up the background when they ran out of extras. Oh, gee! Oh, oh!" And in her racy, Irish fashion, Kitty prophesied unpleasant futures for the—well, the fates that made it so. With the exception of Irving Thalberg.

"But Katy," I consoled her, "they have seen the other stuff at the studio, so they know what you can do. What's there for you to worry about?"

"What, indeed! She sniffed pessimistically.

As it came about, there was plenty.

For some obscure reason the official hearts were adamant to the beauty of Tirzah. Kathleen was still under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, but her sole duties seemed to consist of visiting other people's sets and watching other girls play rôles she had coveted. After a lengthy interval, and with a grand gesture, she was offered a bit
Bad Luck

it—is the talk of Hollywood. With every-
ance as Tirzah in "Ben-Hur"—Kitty's
left her high and dry for four months. And
of all Kitty herself.

Reid

in "The Midshipman." Because it was with
Ramón Novarro, and because of the publicity
that would be attendant on the trip to An-
napolis, Kitty consented to do it. Afterward,
with a sickening gasp, her career fainted
again. Another "vacation," and she was
farmed out to Universal.

While she was there, plans for producing
"The Barrier" were begun by M.-G.-M. The
rôle of the half-breed girl, made famous by
Mabel Julienne Scott some years ago, was
eminently suited to Kathleen's type and
talent.

"I thought," she sighed gustily, "'Well,
here's the little wandering ship coming home
to mamma at last.' I galloped over and
stormed the Front Office, all crazy about my
'art' once more. Gee, when I think of how
sure I was of getting it, I have to laugh.
But not very hard!"

The close of that tale being that Marceline
Day—a flawless little Anglo-American type
—played the half-breed in the picture.

Then, more idleness for Kathleen. And
last April, at the expiration of her contract,
she set desperately forth as a free lance, since
as a contract player she was being kept off
the screen. Her one escape from profes-
sional death lay in leaving M.-G.-M.

Immediately after, she was cast for a small
rôle in "The Temptress" with Greta Garbo
and Antonio Moreno. But a hoodoo as capa-
able as Kathleen's would never let her get
away with that. So when Mauritz Stiller,
who was directing the picture, became "ill" and had to
leave, Kathleen's part was deleted from the second
filming.

Since that time Kitty has been out on the world for
fair. Not once since has she worked. And Kathleen
laments it, and the town knows it. Not she to broadcast,
"My nerves were so shattered. I had to have this vaca-
tion. When I am quite rested, time enough to consider
all the tempting offers."

Not that Kitty whines. Her sense of humor forbids
that. But if it comes up in conversation, she exclains
candidly, "My Lord! I'm going mad. Four months since
I've had a job. Nobody will have me—I guess maybe I
must be rotten. But, oh, golly! wouldn't it feel good to
be on the set at nine again?"

"No fooling," she confided to me the other day, "I
think I'm a little crazy. Not much, you understand,
but just a little nutty in the head. The day before yest-
erday I was talking to a producer about a part. He
said: 'No, Miss Key, you wouldn't do. This girl is
supposed to be an unsophisticated, spiritual type, and
you are too sensuous! And yesterday another bird I
was trying to get a job from said, 'But, Miss Key, we
were really looking for a vamp. You are too Madon-
na-faced.' But I think all that's the matter with me," she
finished, "is I'm just a little batty."

It may possibly be this very contradiction that
puzzles. And, of course, it isn't at all fitting that men
with mahogany offices and numerous electric buttons
to push should be confounded. Consequently, the
demand is for some one who is either a vamp or a Ma-
donna, not some freak who is both.

Even at this advanced era of the industry, it is pre-
ferable that you be wide-eyed and an ingénue or else
slit-eyed and a siren. That an innate histrionic abili-
ty would make it possible for you to change your per-
sonality to suit the requirements of divers rôles, is not
accounted of importance. Pinch-hitting is all right in
theory, but in the movies it is cautiously left to the
Ingrams and Von Stroheims and Griffiths, of whom
there are few enough.

Then there is the matter of diplomacy. Disraeli
would pale before the calculating tactics employed by
cinema young ladies on their way to fame, and heaven
help any one in their path. It is an almost indispensible
gift, if you have your way to make against the four
thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine others. And
Kathleen Key doesn't even quite know what the word
means. She is nice to totally unimportant people just
because she likes them. And with others who could be
of material aid to her she has been known to fight hustly
just because she didn't like them.  [Continued on page 105]
Richard Walling, without any previous dramatic training, was converted overnight from assistant camera man to leading man.

By Myrtle Gebhart

"Interview him?" I scoffed at a press agent's suggestion of such a solemn event—right before Dick, whose face was brightened by a wide and teasing grin. "I'll be switched if I will! If you encourage him, he might get the notion he's an actor."

"I've drawn an actor's salary for only four weeks, but some day I'll drive up to your house in a Rolls-Royce," Dick replied witheringly, "and then you won't be so sassy."

I was merely putting on, of course, so that the young man, fortunately still humble, wouldn't get any cocky ideas in his head. I knew that eventually we would find ourselves ensconced in a chummy tea room for luncheon, blue-eyed Dick and I, to wonder at the lucky break that had shifted an inconspicuous camera lad into the spotlight.

The hero of "A Kiss at Midnight," the film which was originally called "Pigs," is an unsophisticated, enterprising youth who aims to be a doctor. Meantime, he practices on pigs. The plot involves his scheme of buying a sty full of sick pigs for a dollar each, curing them, and selling them for enough to pay off the mortgage and win the girl. For this rôle, nearly every available juvenile in Hollywood was tested. What was needed was something of a youthful dreamer, but a hustler as well.

One day Mr. Cummings, gloomy in his despair of finding a suitable hero among the actorish young men of Hollywood, noticed Dick fooling with his camera,

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Janet Gaynor and Richard, in a scene from "A Kiss at Midnight," which was originally called "Pigs."
Pippa Passes in the Sun

Jane Winton has borrowed from Browning's Pippa the gift of scattering happiness wherever she passes.

By Caroline Bell

Pippa passes—curling life into her pink palms with eager finger tips, skillfully sifting from its unpleasant chaff its golden gleanings and spilling them all about her in a shower of sunlit humor.

What a joy, to have the gift for making life a continuous holiday, for dancing always in the sunlight and trailing its glow, as our Pippa does, with a scornful back turned toward the shadows of commonplace existence!

She shouldn't have been demurely named Mary Jane, this Winton once of the “Follies” and now of the films. I have been captivated by her personality, as you may realize if you read further. And with the license of one who says what she thinks because people hardly ever give a rap for her opinion anyhow, I have privately, and herewith do so publicly, dubbed her Pippa.

It occurs to me that she may not know who Pippa is, for she is concerned now with the glamorous work that she adores and with such frivolities as smart gowns, dancing, and collecting odd-shaped perfume bottles. But she may recall the times she pored over at Darlington Seminary, in preparation for Bryn Mawr, and Browning’s Pippa may dance out of her memory to show herself as reflected in my eyes.

A few seasons ago there was a number in the “Follies,” or some such extravaganza—like my metaphors, I’m likely to get these girly-girly shows mixed—in which young buds climbed rose-garlanded ladders. So our Pippa has ascended the steps from boarding school and little, damp, ugly villages to gorgeous ballets and the beauty-garbed “Follies,” always with a gay, glad laugh at life, until now she has entered moviedom.

I am writing about Jane Winton because I want to. Having seen her in only one film, I lack sufficient knowledge of her work to venture either approval or criticism. And I don’t care whether she can act or not.

Jane introduces a new note in a walking stick that unfolds itself into a chair, and now she can take her ease along Hollywood Boulevard.

I like her. She is amusing, entertaining, vivacious, with a naturalness not usual to the “Follies” girls. Besides, she differs from the average Folly who is a neatly chiseled, exquisitely and artificially posed young thing with a manner. It’s hardly describable—but it is distinctive, the “Follies” manner. It’s a highly polished surface applied over a rather crude gem. It includes carriage—a languid, haughty walk—a flair for wearing clothes, a studied voice which presumes to be a tone of culture. In short, the Folly flashes her goods before you and, a little bored, permits you to stare.

Not Pippa. She wrinkles an Irish nose and wails that she’s got mascara in her eyes, and flirts her thoughts all about her in a refreshingly merry spray of spirit.

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A Houri Without a Harem

Estelle Taylor’s appearance is decidedly Oriental, but her mind is pure American; the charm of her personality is like the weave of old tapestry, but her repartee is twentieth century.

By Violet Dare

ALANGOROUS, voluptuous beauty, with great dark eyes and vivid red lips. The devoted wife of Jack Dempsey, one of the world’s greatest gladiators. The girl who came back to the screen after a year’s absence to play Lucrezia Borgia in “Don Juan” so skillfully that United Artists immediately gave her a two-year contract—the first they’d given any one not a star—and of whom Jack Barrymore is reported to have said she made him work hard to keep up with her.

Ladies and gentlemen, Estelle Taylor! We lunched together in the conventional smartness of her suite at the Ritz, yet even in that gray-and-pale-green trimness she gave the effect of being the favorite of the harem. She is most satisfying to look at, because hers is not the calm, placid beauty that an observer has to discover for himself, nor is it the type that is most noticeable only on the screen. It’s as obvious as the skyline of New York.

She insisted that I saw her at a disadvantage. She’d been up until four thirty that morning.

“Aha!” said I to myself. “Celebrating her success in ‘Don Juan’!”

Not at all. She’d been riding on trains, taking her mother back home to Wilmington, and then riding most of the night to return to New York. She was just out of bed when we met—hadn’t even powdered her face yet. Any woman realizes that beauty knows no truer test than that.

Incidentally, she didn’t feel that she’d made any big success as Lucrezia, though several of the New York reviewers had said that she gave the best performance in the picture. She was more taken up with the adverse criticisms than with the others. She’d done the best she could, she said, and Barrymore had been wonderful about teaching her, and helping her. In appearance she may have all the languorous loveliness of the Oriental beauty, but her mental attitude is that of the girl who’s working hard at her job, putting into it every scrap of ability she has, and topping that off with ambition.

There is an honesty about her that is as satisfying as her beauty. She was telling me about wanting “more than anything!” to play in “The Volga Boatman.” And then at the last minute there was a change of plans and she didn’t get the part.

“I went home feeling just heart sick, I was so disappointed,” she told me. “Jack had said he didn’t mind my going back to the screen if I did something big, and I’d thought this was my chance.”

And then—twenty minutes after she got home, she was asked to make some tests for the part of Lucrezia Borgia at the Warner studio. And at seven that night—she’d rushed down at four and made the tests—she was asked to come in the next day and make the final arrangements for playing the part.

She made no secret of her delight over getting it, of her realization of what a good thing it had been for her. It would have been quite simple for her to say that she’d considered playing in the first picture and had turned it down for the second. But if Estelle Taylor ever trips over anything it will be her own honesty. It’s as essential a part of her as her eyes.

The tale of the contract with United Artists she told me quite as frankly. She didn’t say, “When they saw ‘Don Juan’ they signed me up at once.” She’d gone into the studio to see when a new picture was to start, because she’d been spoken to about playing in it, and the doorman knew her because she’d worked there with Mary Pickford in “Dorothy Vernon,” and told her that Mr. Considine wanted to see her—was, as a matter of fact, trying to reach her by phone that very moment. And when he spoke to her about a contract she nearly fell off her chair!

I’d been told to lay no stress on the fact that she is Mrs. Jack Dempsey.

“Might as well try to describe New York without mentioning Fifth Avenue.” I’d said to myself, for at that time all the city was tremendously interested in his presence. Only the day before I’d arrived at the Ritz with a celebrity of another stamp, rather more highbrow, and we had stepped out of a cab, only to be completely ignored by the carriage starter; he, with every one else in sight, was gazing rap-tidly down the street.

“What’s the idea?” demanded the celebrity gruffly.

“Jack Dempsey!” retorted the carriage starter.

The whole hotel rang with the fact that he was stopping within its portals. All the time that Miss Taylor and I talked, the telephone buzzed frantically. And impatiently she would pick up the receiver, and tell those who called, “No, he’s not in!”

“Nobody knows anything about me,” she told me cheerfully. “All the excitement’s over him.” This in spite of the fact that all through the day and evening overlapping interviews were listed on her engagement pad.

Being the spouse of a heavyweight champion might seem to have its drawbacks, but apparently it reduces itself to the same terms that the wives of other men know. She was talking about his coming East. She was being considered for a part that she wanted to play, yet she felt that she ought to follow him to his training camp.

“I knew that he was worried, with so many things to bother about,” she told me. “And if I played that part I wouldn’t see him again till after the fight” (the Dempsey-Tunney battle), “and he was staying up till

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Instead of the glamorous enchantress of the films, Estelle Taylor is an unpretentious, human sort of girl away from them. But read, on the opposite page, Violet Dare’s story of the two Estelles.
The New Chambermaid

In "Hotel Imperial," Pola Negri's latest picture, she is seen as a girl who does menial tasks in a European hostelry before the war. But, needless to say, she rises in the world before the picture has gone very far, and indulges in emotional outbursts far above her lowly station.
The Undying Past

Rudolph Valentino is here seen as The Sheik, a rôle that endeared him to millions.

I cannot think he wished so soon to die,
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood attendant by
To buckle the winged sandals on his feet.

—James Russell Lowell.

As Julio in the memorable "Four Horsemen," and, right, in "Moran of the Lady Letty."
Rudolph Valentino as The Eagle strengthened the devotion of his loyal fans and added countless new ones to the millions who now mourn his death.

Moments of poignant beauty occurred in "The Young Rajah," left, although it was not one of Valentino's best films.

Above, Valentino is presented in a scene from "Passion's Playground," in which he played a subordinate rôle before he achieved fame. At the left he is pictured as Gallardo in "Blood and Sand," one of his two favorite characters.
"The Son of the Sheik" will remain a lasting remembrance of Rudolph Valentino, for it embodied those unique qualities which created for him a degree of popularity unsuspected before his untimely passing from the scene.

A scene from "Beyond the Rocks," right, depicts Valentino's infectious smile and gay good humor, which fans looked for in all his films.

The late star is pictured, right, as Monsieur Brancaire, his own favorite rôle next to Gallardo, in "Blood and Sand." Above, in "The Sainted Devil."
Goethe's immortal poem has been brought to the screen and will soon be shown here. At the top is Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*; left, Emil Jannings as *Mephisto*, and Gosta Ekman, *Faust*. Above, *Marguerite* repentant.
Three scenes from "Faust" which illustrate crucial moments from the Ufa film which was directed by F. W. Murnau.
Her Infinite Variety

Whatever her rôle—and she has played many—Norma Talmadge makes it interesting, appealing, sympathetic. She is now turning her beauty and talent to Confile, that lady of numberless interpreters, and it requires neither shrewdness nor imagination to predict that Norma's "Lady of the Camellias" will be a heroine the fans will rave over.
To the Manner Born

A phrase that can be truly applied to the youngsters who are following their parents into the movies.

By Margaret Reid

The movie industry—that intricate, titanic craft which ensnares romance and high adventure and sometimes even life itself, and winds it all on wooden spools—is no longer in its infancy. Even as the second generation of wealth definitely establishes a money aristocracy, so the second generation of wealth definitely establish an air of substantial dignity to the business.

Parents who have themselves devoted the better part of their lives to the movies have found in them a sufficiently admirable profession to hand down to their children. And parents don't plan lightly for their children's futures. They want so much for them—happiness, security, success. In particular do the parents of the picture colony want these things for their sons and daughters. For, with few exceptions, they themselves knew days of bitter struggle and uncertainties in the embryonic period of the movies. They know all there is to know about their profession—about the work, the sacrifices, the concentration it demands. None of them have allowed their children to enter it without full warning of all this. But once satisfied that these very ambitious young people were in earnest, and capable of working out their own success, their parents have added "God bless you!" to "God help you!" and sent them on their way. And—wisely—they have not sent them in the family limousines, but sturdily, on foot, with only a few sage directions as to what turns in the road to follow and what bypaths to avoid.

The first of the new generation to make his cinema début was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Hollywood still had an impression of the Fairbanks film as a smiling, rather fat little boy, when the first Mrs. Fairbanks returned from a trip abroad with a tall, serious, charming-man-nered youth whose dignity belied his fourteen years. He wasn't quite handsome, then. There still lingered traces of adolescent gawkiness and angles. But he was clean cut, wholesome, earnest. He is still all that, and also, now, more than ordinarily good-looking—handsome by the best American standards of broad shoulders, firm jaw, sensitive mouth, steady blue eyes.

When he signed his first contract with Famous Players, it was well known that Fairbanks père objected. Doug felt that his son should still be in school, that he was too young to decide upon a career for himself. Perhaps he felt justified in his opinion when young Doug's first picture in which he was starred, flopped.

When, after an interval, young Doug returned to pictures as a featured member of certain casts, he had grown up considerably. The rough edges had worn off and he was, for all his inadequate years, a handsome, athletic, determined young man, and with the makings, apparently, of an excellent young actor. He had poise and a level head, a nice sense of his relative unimportance and the enormity of all he had to learn. Which includes practically every requisite for the more lasting and dependable sort of stardom.

In "Stella Dallas," young Doug bore himself like a trouper, and to all intents and purposes, it is tacitly understood, now, that his father is more enthusiastic than he was at first about his son's career. Certainly, he must be proud of such a stanch young spirit, with its fund of very sound philosophy.

For, read the answer that young Doug gave not long ago, when he was asked to define his ambitions. The conversation took place in one of the studio offices. Boylike, Douglas waxed self-conscious and incoherent in trying to express his desires, until he turned impul-sively to one of the adjacent typewriters, explaining that it was so much easier to write than to talk. And this is what he rather inexpertly picked out on the keys, his brow wrinkled in earnest concentration:

I have so many ambitions that it is rather hard for me to single out any one of them. One of my ambitions is to have the power to create. Also to have an education fine enough to appreciate the results of the creations and to be able to judge them correctly. I also have a yearning for those about me to be always happy and harmonious.

As to my ambitions in my work, I should like never to do a thing unless it really meant something. For everything I do I should like to have a real reason and a meaning. Always to
have some goal to attain. No matter how great a person may become he will never last, at least in my opinion, unless he always has one more step to go. If one is truly ambitious, one should never be satisfied. The highest reward I can think of for ambition is not money nor power, but happiness. That is the hardest of all to attain. Those who get it are lucky—and few. I should never be content unless I were working. So that is another ambition—to be able to work until the end of my life. Perhaps, when I get old, I shall change most of my ideals, though I hope I shan’t, because they are something to work for. And I hope I am on the right path.

Edwin Carewe, the First National director, didn’t want his daughter Rita to have any career other than the charming, aimless duties of a debutante and, eventually, of a wife and mother. He hoped she would find in her home expression for her youthful energies and ambitions. But last year, when Rita came out to California from school for her vacation, her father was confronted with a suppliant young person who implored and begged and wheedled until he finally consented to let her try her talent in one of his pictures.

Rita is a pretty little blue-eyed blonde, vaguely reminiscent of Mildred Harris, and screens quite delightfully. Mr. Carewe gave her a small part in “Joanna,” starring Dorothy Mackaill, Rita, with her fingers constantly crossed, for fear the dream would vanish, worked and studied and learned. In “High Steppers,” a later production of Mr. Carewe’s, she had quite an important role.

It is definitely understood, however, between Rita and her father that she must work just as hard for what she may attain as any less fortunately related girl. She will, of course, have the advantage of Mr. Carewe’s personal interest and advice, but they both intend that she shall fight her own little battles up the ladder. Her father, now that he is satisfied as to her apparent talent, is quite content about her choice of a career.

Lenore and Virginia, the daughters of Francis X. Bushman, are, in spite of their extreme youth, unusually interesting personalities. I first met them shortly after they came West over a year ago to spend the summer with their father. We worked together on “Lights of Old Broadway,” but it was not until we made the café scenes of “The Masked Bride” that I came to really know them, for they were timidly, diffidently shy at first.

Lenore was fifteen, then, and Virginia seventeen, and they were vacationing from a Maryland convent. Everything was startling and marvelous to them, and most of all, their wonderful daddy. Mr. Bushman played opposite Mae Murray in “The Masked Bride,” you know, and whenever he came in, they used to rush over to him, adoringly straighten his tie or his handkerchief, smooth imaginary wrinkles from his immaculate dinner coat, and, one on each arm, we’d up and down with him outside the set.

They live in a huge old house on the tippot of Whitley Heights, with broad lawns and gardens surrounding it. Lenore told me, with the shyly proud air in which she always speaks of her father, that, work or no work, he was up at six every morning, and after a run round the grounds, a dip in the swimming pool, a shower and breakfast, “he comes in to wake Gin and me. He teaks our noses with his cold hands, till we wake up.”

Bushman’s manner with his girls is a splendid thing to see. One hears so much of this easy friendship between parents and children—and one sees so little of it. The Bushmans, however, have apparently found the secret. Francis X. treats his daughters as very intelligent persons, granting them credit for specific and salient ideas and opinions and individualities. And yet, too, he babies them, indulges their little whims, but never inordinately.
To the Manner Born

where Mr. Bushman's family is an old and aristocratic one. Their happy, carefree lives were safely bounded by the strict conventions and creeds and rules of the South. In their open young minds were planted the lovely, amiable rules for what a lady should and should not do. The result is that they are daughters that the most exacting parent would view with pardonable pride.

As yet, they have done nothing in pictures beyond the usual extra work and occasional bits. But it seems impossible that they will not some day be very important young people in the film world. They both have beauty and charm and intelligent ambition. Lenore is still very shy, and the slightest indication that she is arousing interest or attention terrifies her. She has delicately chiseled features—an elfin, whimsical patrician. Virginia is a vivacious, friendly youngster, full of sudden energies and bursts of unstable enthusiasms. She has an overwhelming admiration for intelligence and good taste in any one. She has a fresh, candid prettiness, and the swinging, easy grace of the young athlete.

Their father listened sympathetically to their cajolings when they first arrived on the Coast. He knew what it was to want a career—and want it badly.

"When I was a boy, I begged, for years, to be allowed to try my luck on the stage. But because there had never been a precedent in my very conservative family, I was not only discouraged, but defeated. That is, until I took matters into my own hands and ran away. That is one reason why I want my children to have a chance at what they want, an opportunity to realize their ambitions. Lenore and Virginia were young to leave school, but there were the very best of tutors for them here, and actual contact with the world itself is the best education of all. While they are under my care, I can make things easier for them. But not too easy—it will be good for them to have a few healthy struggles and disappointments," is the magnanimous Francis X. Bushman, Jr., the tall, husky, handsome son, is already well established on the screen. You
"Marvelous!" exhibitors exclaim. "The next Baby Peggy!"
"Cocky little thing!"

Freckled-faced, fat-cheeked, pug-nosed, but with eyes that sparkle, and chubby hands that seem almost to talk in their expressiveness, Mary Ann Jackson, at the age of three, is an enthusiastic little trumper and is winning a world of applause. The grown-up stars adore her. When Mary's sister, "Peaches" Jackson, widely known to screen fans, was playing with Tommy Meighan in "The Pied Piper of Malone," Mary, a babe in arms then, used to be brought to the studio by her mother, and received as much attention as Peaches. Later, when she was big enough to walk, her mother took her one day onto a set at Sennett's, and Eddie Cline, the director, saw her. That settled it. She went into films—into Sennett comedies.

"Her nerve astounds me," says Mrs. Jackson, the child's mother. "In her very first picture, Mary had to crawl from a rocking cradle in a flooded house, along a plank extended from a window, over a swimming pool, to safety. She was then barely two years old. When she was halfway along the plank, she looked at me and said, 'I'm 'fraid!' "She had nothing on me! My heart was in my

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Mary Ann loves mimicking the grown-ups. She's shown here taking Alice Day off.
Uncensored Observations

Delving into the puzzling yet magnetic personality of Jetta Goudal.

By William H. McKegg

HALF past five—more than thirty minutes had passed since Jetta Goudal had informed me over the phone that she would be at the studio "dans un petit quart d'heure."

Six o'clock—after having wandered about C. B.'s lot, I had traipsed back to the entrance hall. A constant stream of players and executives coming from the sets made the place overcrowded. It was certainly no suitable spot for a star to make an effective entrance. But Miss Goudal did. For suddenly, floating over the general noise, came a quiet, throbbing voice, "Ah!—I have kept you waiting so long."

Now, Goudal speaks the most beautiful Oxford English I have ever heard from a foreigner. Her French is spoken in clear, decisive tones. There are no hand-and-arm gestures when Jetta lapses into French—but then, nervousness of any kind is something Goudal has not got. She can do more with vocal tones than with all the wild gesticulating in the world.

Although her remark was meant only for me and was spoken quietly, her tonal effect arrested the attention of every one in the hallway. William Boyd, about to say hello to some one, got as far as the first syllable, remained open-mouthed, and turned in the direction of the voice. Theodore Kosloff, rushing home, looked back and walked into the screen door instead of opening it as, of course, you always must do. Even the great De Mille stopped halfway upstairs and smiled down upon the transfixed assembly. Miss MacPherson, coming down from her office, wondered what it was all about and glanced from one person to another until her eyes caught sight of Goudal.

Jetta advanced, glided forward rather, her slender, straight figure swathed in a black satin cloak. A large black hat accentuated the paleness of her face. One slim hand, with an exquisite gesture, unfastened the collar of the cloak, permitting it to fall open. The top of the dress beneath was revealed—a splash of dazzling scarlet—the color of which matched Goudal's lips. She kept her exposed hand in such a position as to show her brightly polished finger nails. Artistic hands!

Everything about Jetta draws attention, yet she reveals no outward sign of vanity. You feel sure of this. Her entire demeanor is one of calm indifference, coolness and superiority. Whereas Negri radiates a dominating personality, Goudal maintains a mysterious in-drawing power—a trick achieved, I think, when she first came to earth, many thousand years ago, in Egypt.

She is an adept at winning you over. No matter how annoyed or irritated you may feel, as soon as she appears, you think as she does. So when she approached me and said, "I do hope you did not mind waiting?" I replied, "Why, of course not!" which was a lie but true, if you get what I mean.

No one can ever know Jetta Goudal. Her mind is like a mirror of the universe, reflecting whatever we think we see flashing on its surface, but puzzling us the more with each varying mood.

Photo by Harold Dean Conroy

Jetta Goudal has an uncanny way of unconsciously arresting the attention of all who see her, yet remains quietly indifferent to her power.
Louis XVI. of France would never wait. He had invited some friends of the Court to take tea with him in the royal apartments. He entered one doorway just as his friends were coming in at the other end of the room. Louis shot them an imperial glance and witheringly remarked, "Messes, j'ai failli attendre"— "Gentlemen, I nearly had to wait!" Yet he himself kept courtiers waiting for hours on end. What of that? There were many courtiers—there was but one king.

Just after the completion of "Three Faces East," I had a phone call one evening from Goudal's personal maid. Miss Goudal had left this message—Would I, as I lived so near Hollywood Boulevard, step around there to Paulais' and get a cake which had been especially ordered, but which would not be ready until late that night? And would I, as a great favor, fetch it to her hotel the next morning? Miss Goudal would be leaving early. Would I be there at seven "promptly"? Yes, she had said "promptly"—I asked twice.

So seven o'clock on the following morning saw me staggering half awake past the swimming pools of the Ambassador. Of course, I supposed Jetta would be just waking up, taking breakfast in bed. Then a sight before my eyes caused me nearly to miss my step and fall into one of the pools on top of a young actor of note—for there, coming out onto the Pagola, was none other than Jetta herself, all in white, tennis racket in hand, on her way to do an early-morning Lenglen!

She saw me and glanced at her wrist watch. It was a few minutes after seven. "Monsieur, j'ai failli attendre," she remarked, but with a smile. Let it be known by one and all that Jetta Goudal has a keen sense of humor!

Up on the sixth floor, in Goudal's suite, I placed the cake where her maid designated. On my way out through the drawing-room, I glanced through an open doorway into Jetta's bedroom. I maintain that one's bedroom reveals one's character better than anything else. This was the picture that flashed before my eyes:

Exquisite cleanliness, white lace, and crystal flasks of rare perfume, which must have cost at least fifty dollars an ounce! Silver on the clean top of the dressing table, shining in the morning sunlight which was streaming in through the open windows.

I first met Miss Goudal when she came to Holly-

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He Crashed the Gates with a Grin

Grant Withers proves that a combination of good humor and nerve is bound to win.

By Myrtle Gebhart

"What's your idea of a grumpy man?"

"No matter how grouchy you're feeling, you'll find the smile more or less healing. It grows in a wreath. All around the front teeth—thus preserving the face from congealing.

GRANT, will you be serious for two minutes?" Irritation threaded the honyed feminine voice, raised in reprimand and ending in a chuckle.

"Why?" came Grant Withers' reply, in plaintive tone, and his browned, boyish face was a question mark. Elbow on table, chin sunk in palm, he announced moodily, "And if I laugh at every mortal thing, 'twas that I may not weep."

"Oooh," the sweet voice squealed, "Grant's read a book!"

"Two books, honey child," he reproved her ignorance, "Those quotations don't grow on the same literary tree."

An impromptu and undignified introduction to Grant, the young white hope of F. B. O., this is. But that's the way I met him, the way most everybody meets him—"at parties. He seems to have the habit. Anything stilted or formal could find no place in his world. He is absolutely carefree. Life's troubles he waves aside with a free and easy gesture.

A handclasp, a mutual grin, and you are Grant's friend, for none could resist that infectious comradery of his, not even a young lady with a strong sense of duty toward her half a dozen readers.

At three parties—for we both just happened to be invited on them on the successive evenings set for our interview, and why miss a good time when you can combine pleasure and work?—I sought to discover the deep, dark secrets of his life.

"Where were you born and, if so, what for?" I would ask seriously.

"Honey child, you hear that mummy-tum-tum music?" His eyes would reproach me, impatiently begging, "And you sit here asking foolish questions when we could be dancing!"

As there was no stepladder handy, and inasmuch as Grant measures six feet three and a half and I less than five, dancing was not conducive to conversation. Long-distance interviews never are successful. When the number ended, there would be food at our plates, and two healthy young beings—these two anyhow—never delay answering hunger's demand. And then the orchestra would lure again.

So a luncheon was suggested. We would be very businesslike and forget that we'd ever met socially. It was all planned, to the tiniest detail. Then what did that blessed boy do but—

"Grant!" some one said, when the fatal day came and Grant didn't. "He and Rex Lease took a sudden notion this morning to go to Mexico."

Three days later, he turned up, grinning jovially. He apologized with that hurt, little-boy look that makes girls love to forgive.

"At the immature age of twenty-one, wine, women, and song—" I began reprovingly.

"You do me injustice." Irritating—but you chuckle over it—that look he wears, of a little boy falsely accused. "Note the clear eye, the steady hand. No Tia Juana wine can turn my head. Women—they lie. Just had a fuss with one of 'em. Had loaned her my frat pin, and asked for it back. She turned back the lapel of her coat, disclosing an array of pins, and said sweetly, 'Tuck yours out, Grant dear—I forget which is whose.' And song—I can't carry a tune. So don't scold.

"Incline the little pink ear, and I'll whisper a secret—'twas the races! And, honey child, I cleaned up enough to give us a nice party all by our twosome. Let us scorn all invites and sally forth."

So, one fine evening, we found ourselves in jail. That is meant figuratively, though if one rode often with Grant, it might become a literal fact. Our jail was a café, in which the atmosphere is supplied by "convicts" in stripes—the latest Hollywood novelty. Having selected murder for our crime, we were highly insulted when they put us in a cell labeled "Vagrancy."

Continued on page 100.
Can You Tell Them By Their Bobs?

1. A player who was made prominent by Cecil De Mille.
2. A former Glyn heroine who plays sophisticated roles.
3. A star of unusual ability in emotional roles.
4. A French girl who became prominent in the last year.
5. One of our best-known comedians.
6. She plays hoyden roles very successfully.
7. A dramatic star who got her start in two-reel comedies.
8. A Fox star, noted for her vivacity.
9. A star who became known by her work in a Barrie film.
10. A Wampas star of 1926—from Kentucky.
11. One of Cecil De Mille's most successful "discoveries."
12. A star who has played many flapper roles.
13. A player who has often appeared in a blond wig.
14. A star well known for her exotic beauty.
15. She plays roles of restraint and refinement.
17. A great screen beauty, wife of a popular and handsome male star.
18. She began back in the old Biograph days, under D. W. Griffith.

On this page we have reproduced incomplete photographs of eighteen women stars—just enough to show the way they have been wearing their hair of late. To assist you slightly in guessing who they are, we have added a few words to each which, in a general way, characterize the player, without telling definitely who she is.

Study these over carefully—see how many you can identify—and then check up your results by turning to page 106, where you will find the entire list of names, with numbers corresponding to those on this page.
Do you see motion pictures or merely look at them?

Win one of these Rare Prizes

Do you remember what you see? I wonder!

Take my test—Try my five questions—You'll be surprised how much you miss in the movies!

For the best answers to my questions I have chosen rewards that you'll be proud to win and to own.

The lucky lady will receive the signed ring I wear in "Bardelys the Magnificent."

The fortunate gentleman will win the handsome rapier John Gilbert uses in the same picture and the fifty "next best" contestants will receive my favorite photograph autographed personally by

Yours hopefully,

Eleanor

Eleanor's Five Questions

1. What four nationalities are represented in the cast of Rex Ingram's "The Magician"?

2. Name the four pictures in which King Vidor has directed John Gilbert for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

3. What do you regard as Lon Chaney's greatest screen characterization? Answer this in less than fifty words.

4. Name four Metro Goldwyn-Mayer stars whose surnames begin with the letter G?

5. By what means was the stroke of the Roman galley slaves regulated in "Ben Hur"?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.
The First Harsh Word

When Anne married John, she had had little experience in household management. At first everything went smoothly, and John did not notice the sameness in Anne's menus. Then, one evening, as he got up from the table, he asked in a slightly petulant tone: "Couldn't we have a little more variety in our meals?"

It was the first suggestion of a harsh word he had ever spoken to her, and Anne felt terribly hurt, the more so because she had practically exhausted her limited knowledge of the culinary art. All she could do was to look embarrassed and murmur: "I'll try, dear."

The next day she consulted a neighbor. On being told how to cook THE MARVEL COOK BOOK? She felt exhausted and couldn't get THE MARVEL COOK BOOK? It has been a wonderful collection of recipes you have never wanted it. I'll lend you my copy for a few days, but you ought to have one of your own. It only costs a dollar."

So Anne took THE MARVEL COOK BOOK home, studied its recipes, and practiced all the rest of the morning, experimenting with this and that.

That evening John ate a dinner which made him exclaim: "Why, Anne, this is wonderful! How did you ever learn to cook such dishes? I never tasted anything like this before!"

But Anne, being a wise little girl, did not tell him her secret. A clever woman never does. THE MARVEL COOK BOOK is now an indispensable article in her household.

A Volume of a Thousand Wonders

THE MARVEL COOK BOOK

by

Georgette MacMillan

There is a recipe to suit every one for every occasion in this remarkable book. The favorite recipes of the leading stars of the stage and screen are included. There are

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AND MANY OTHERS

This Volume Should be in Every Home

Price, $1.00

CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers, 78 Seventh Avenue, New York
Hollywood High Lights

The Wedding Epidemic.

Romances are blooming more and more luxuriantly everywhere, with the professional marriage continually in high favor. Indeed, it is almost an epidemic.

Clara Bow surprised us quite a little when she made known not long ago that she was engaged to Victor Fleming. Not so surprising, though, because with one or two rumored engagements, and men nearly killing themselves over her, Clara was bound to be wed.

Doubtless she made a wise choice in selecting a very capable and successful director. He will probably look out for her fast-brightening career in the very best way imaginable. The fact that they were intending to marry was announced while they were both working in the production of the airplane war story, "Wings."

Alberta Vaughan is another bride-to-be. This clever little girl, who has made such a hit in the two-reelers, recently has announced her betrothal to the young leading man, Grant Withers. He played with her in a picture not long ago, and that's where their romance started.

Buttons—Buttons.

Five thousand buttons on a single costume! Well, maybe not quite that many—but then we could fully believe it when we saw Colleen Moore in the garb she used in the final scene of "Twinkletoes," soon to be released. It was absolutely peppered with tiny pearl buttons, and was a trousered affair in imitation of the suits worn by costermongers. She danced in it, too.

Colleen played in two endings for her picture. One was terribly tragic, combining murders, suicides and other like disasters.

"John"—meaning, of course, her husband—"wants very much to use the tragic ending," said Colleen. "Isn't he bloodthirsty?"—with a smile.

Colleen indicated that she might be prevailed on to use the happier ending, although both of them will probably be tried out.

"Twinkletoes" is her most dramatic picture since "So Big," and will be appreciated particularly by those who enjoyed her unusually good acting in that. The story is from the "Limehouse Nights" series by Thomas Burke. In the earlier scenes, fortunately, Colleen has some good comedy opportunities. So even if the tragic ending is used, by any chance, it won't be all unrelied sorrow.

More Money Magic.

Just how lucky stars are in real estate may be gleaned from the fact that Norma Talmadge and Joseph M. Schenck recently sold the Talmadge Apartments, which they owned on Wilshire Boulevard for $1,850,000. The profit for them was reckoned a huge one, as they bought the land on which the building stands several years ago when it was much cheaper than now.

Many socially prominent people dwell in this establishment. For a time Norma and Joe themselves resided there.

Corinne Griffith is another of the coming Hetty Greens of filmland. She is a heavy investor in Beverly Hills, owning something like $600,000 worth of business property in this swagger suburb. Her latest acquisition is a piece valued at nearly $200,-000, on which she will build a big apartment, with perhaps a bungalow on top for herself. This is in case she should ever want to give up her very lovely estate where she is now living.

Valentino's Will.

Rudolph Valentino's will disclosed a peculiar assortment of possessions, which may be regarded as typical, perhaps, of what an actor acquires during odd moments of his lifetime.

Of course, Rudy's collection of antique armor and of firearms was famous, and this alone was valued at about $100,000. He had also some very highly valued autos of Italian and French make, and remarkable pedigreed horses and dogs. More unusual, though, was the fact that he had spent much time collecting and raising birds of all species. He had two aviaries for these, and devoted much time to the hobby.

Valentino's will caused much comment as it left a third of his estate to Teresa Werner, an aunt by his marriage to Natasha Rambova. It was learned that he had long regarded her as a true friend and most trustworthy adviser.

The other two thirds of the estate were divided between Alberto and Maria Guglielmi, the star's brother and sister.

The talk is that Valentino's fortune may amount to $2,000,000 when the returns from his newer pictures, "The Eagle" and "The Son of the Sheik" are in. These films have been exceedingly popular since his death. A rare thing in the case of a star who has passed away. It is a grateful change, though, from the old order when a player's achievements lasted no longer than his lifetime.

Continued on page 98

Never Such Wedding Bells!

"Mabel's a great little pal; we should have been married long ago."

"I love Lew—that's all; and I'm glad I accepted him."

Thus Lew Cody and Mabel Normand replied to the frantic and dizzy questionings of their friends when they greeted them on their return from their wedding.

Filmland has had a few madcap marriages but the elopement of this gay and giddy pair outdoes any of them.

Imagine Lew and Mabel at a comparatively sedate party, to which especial dignity was lent by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, the opera singer, Marguerite Namara, and one or two others, at Mabel's home. Picture them on a wild midnight ride, preceded by motor cops clearing the road, to the sea-coast town of Ventura, seventy miles from Los Angeles. Visualize them waking up a slumbering county clerk to issue a license at two in the morning, and an equally slumbering judge to perform the ceremony at three. Behold them then back in Los Angeles for a wedding breakfast at an equestrian club at six.

If you can let your fancy roam over this sequence of happenings you will have a fairly accurate idea of an event that literally swept the film colony off its feet. Nothing perhaps in the history of Hollywood has ever caused so much hubbub.

However, we're glad that Lew and Mabel decided to join their destinies, no matter how fantastic the method of fulfillment. They ought to be happy together because they both have such a gay sense of humor.

It seems that Lew had really proposed a number of times to Mabel, and that a fondness existed between them since Cody played the villain in her picture "Mickey" some years ago. Mabel has never previously been married, while Lew was formerly the husband of Dorothy Dalton.

Well, anyway, here's where we tender them our felicitations.
She's a Riot!

Continued from page 34

to star. I didn't want to star—too much responsibility, but my employers thought it best.”

"It must make you very happy," I remarked, "to have received so much praise from the critics."

"Only in 'Mantrap,'" said she, "pouting a little. "When I made 'The Runaway' I was so ill and tired I had no more pep than a dead fly. As I get older and more experienced I hope to become—to become—what is that word that means being able to play many different types?—yes, versatile. When I am working hard on a picture I don't sleep well at night. I lie awake planning how I will play my part next day. Then when the time comes I play it entirely different!"

She had been raking the little comb steadily through the hair above her small, right ear. Repose is, apparently, unknown to her.

I was rather anxious to get her version of the affair with young Savage which created such a sensation a few months ago, and which landed Clara in the police court because of her swain's attempted "suicide," but not having the brass-bound nerve necessary to such personal inquiries, I did not mention the subject. Then, fortunately, Clara herself brought it up.

"It was while I was working so hard that I got into that trouble with Mr. Savage. I didn't like those headlines, or going into court. I was so nervous, anyway, and they tried to get me mixed up in my testimony—but they didn't, thank God! Newspaper men called me on the phone until I thought I would go mad. Finally I became so ill that I couldn't go to the studio but the officials called up and begged me to come, so I did. The director was wonderfully kind—tried his best to help me—but my face was so stiff I couldn't control my expressions."

As she talked she gesticulated freely and shifted her pretty features to fit each sequence of her story.

"Mr. Savage has since tried to be friends again but I refused. I don't want any more trouble. The last time I talked with him was over the phone. When he found I was firm in my decision he said, 'Good-by!'—just like Tosti. A few of my fans wrote letters of sympathy, but on the whole it was poor publicity for me."

Clara is herself a movie enthusiast and she understands the public's viewpoint. She knows what the fans like and why. Valentinio was her adored favorite and his untimely death impressed her deeply and made her very unhappy.

"I don't dare go to the movies often," said she, "for I am a terrible mimic. After I have seen some actress that I admire in a picture I find myself unconsciously imitating her. That may be flattering to her, but it is very bad for me."

"I want always to be fair to the public," she continued, "and I hope they will be fair to me. I don't want ever to become conceited or to treat the fans in a condescending manner. If I get to be a great actress and you notice that my attitude has changed will you tell me? Will you tell me if I change?"

Her request seemed perfectly sincere and I promised that I would.

She talked on fluently, lightly, paying little attention to the questions or remarks which I edged in at intervals. Her father with whom she lives, her broken matrimonial engagements, her hopes and ambitions and intentions were all mentioned.

"I don't drink or smoke," said Clara. "And I can't inhale. Recently my director criticised me for holding a cigarette so awkwardly in a picture. I used to be dancing and running around all the time but I don't go out much any more. I seldom stay out later than one o'clock in the morning."

At last she rose, gathered up the sleeping dog, and announced that she had an appointment with her dentist. (I hope she didn't make the poor fellow wait as long as she did me!)

Bluntly, Clara Bow is a crude little person without even superficial polish or knowledge. Yet she possesses unusual native ability. Her intelligence is keen, her sympathies are broad and her manner is unaffected. At the immature age of twenty-one her work compares favorably with that of many older contemporaries. With even moderately good directorial guidance she bids fair to become one of the most brilliant actresses on the screen.

An Actor of Leisure

Continued from page 19

do much good. There is a great deal of value out of it. Lesser actors would pass over many little details which he brings out, thus losing much of the flavor that is there. "I have even been called Scotch in my acting," laughed Mr. Blinn, "because of this desire to squeeze every bit of value from a scene."

There are very few show places in the East belonging to screen actors, but Mr. Blinn has a home at Croton-on-the-Hudson that would be difficult to rival in the very heart of the film colony on the Coast. It is called "Journey's End," and it is a typical farm. The house rambles over a beautiful lawn, which runs off into a lake at the end of it. The place includes acres and acres, and everything in live stock that the proudest farmer would possess. There are pigs, cows, and horses, pigeons, chickens, and geese. A deer or two wander unmolested in the wooded portions of his estate, and comfort reigns supreme in every nook and corner of the place. It simply knocks to pieces the old theory that you cannot be both grand and comfortable, for there is enough of the modern about it to make it grand, and enough of the real old Westchester farm to give it that comfortable aspect which is usually so sadly lacking in show places.

A garden of the country consists of rising at six thirty to fly over the farm in an airplane. You could hardly call this getting back to nature, could you? A dip in the lake before breakfast, a visit to the stables afterwards, and he bides good-bye to the peace and quiet of the country for bustle of a day in New York.

"Which do you like best, the theater or the studio," I asked.

"That is rather difficult," he replied. "You see, while they may seem different, fundamentally they are the same. For example, would you ask a farmer if he preferred to use a rake or a hoe? Or would you ask a painter if he would rather paint the little villages in Spain or the castles on the Rhine? It is simply a matter of having two mediums for acting, and while there is a difference, a big one, in working before a camera or an audience, still it all comes under the art of acting, and—my goodness! haven't we been talking about it though?" he finished with a laugh.

And, as no interview is quite complete without a word about Hollywood, I hastened to ask Mr. Blinn how he liked it. I found out that the only objection he has to Hollywood is that it is too far away from New York. "I have a great many friends there, and on the other hand, I have a great many here, so until something can be done about moving the two cities a bit closer together, I shall have to content myself with spending half my time here and half there, and thank the good Lord that it is such a bully old world."

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“Ransoh’s Folly”—First National. Richard Barthes as an excitement-loving young army lieutenant of the 80s, who gets himself into real trouble as the result of an idle prank. Dorothy Mackaill the girl.

“Red Dice”—Producers Distributing. Story of the bootlegging underworld. Rod La Rocque in role of young man who has only a year to live. Marguerite de la Motte in the girl.

“Rolling Home”—Universal. One of Reginald Denny’s best. Rapid, amusing comedy of two young men who return home pretending to be millionaires and actually become such. Marian Nixon is the girl.

“Runaway, The”—Paramount. Showing the successful transformation of a city girl into a country lass. Good cast, featuring Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.


“Señor Daredevil”—First National. A Western with Mexican trimmings. Ken Maynard, in silks and sashes, does all that is expected of a Western daredevil. Dorothy Devore is the girl in gingham.

“Silence”—Producers Distributing. Strong, moving performance by H. B. Warner in interesting film version of this well-known crook melodrama. Vera Reynolds is the girl—both mother and daughter.


“Speeding Venus, The”—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean, in a newly invented gearless automobile, faces a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

“That’s My Baby”—Paramount. Douglas MacLean funny in a comedy that is otherwise something of a bore.

“Up in Mabel’s Room”—Producers Distributing. In a recently invented gearless automobile, faces a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

“Volcano”—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in the emotional role of a girl in the West Indies who doesn’t know whether she is white or not. Lovely settings and picturesque costumes. Also Ricardo Cortez.

“Volga Boatman, The”—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille production, built around the events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Eleanor Fair in the leads.

“Wet Paint”—Paramount. Raymond Griffith turns into a slapstick comedian in a film which you enjoy in spite of yourself. Helenel Costello is the heroine.


“Why Girls Go Back Home”—Warner. Baby Jane as a Russian girl, who finds a role in the film of a small-town girl who becomes a Broadway star and brings her husband home to meet the folks.


RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

“Amateur Gentleman, The”—First National. Richard Barthes in a dull and unbelievable story of the young man of a powerful family who comes to London and becomes a gentleman. Dorothy Dunbar, a newcomer, is the heroine.

“Bride of the Storm”—Warner. Dull and dreary. Girl, stranded on an island with the crook who has made her life difficult in time by United States warship. Dolores Costello and John Harron.

“Clinging Vine, The”—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Loretta Joy. Silly film, that might have been amusing, but it is a product of a business woman who blossoms into cooing dove. Tom Moore also wasted.


“Ella Cinders”—First National. Adapted from the newspaper comic strip. Superficial but not unpleasant. Colleen Moore and her role of a domestic drudge who rises to movie fame. Lloyd Hughes wins her.


“Fig Leaves”—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with a touch of mystery. A case of much ado about nothing. Louise La Plante in a dual role adds nothing to her reputation as an actress.

“Her Big Night”—Universal. A shopgirl is persuaded to take the place of a film star for a personal appearance at a theater, and becomes mixed up in a lot of farcical situations. A case of much ado about nothing. Louise La Plante in a dual role adds nothing to her reputation as an actress.

“Hitching Post, The”—Paramount. Starring W. C. Fields, but moving up to a point. Louise Brooks is the pert and provocative girl in the case.

“Little Irish Girl, The”—Warner. Muddled film, with intervals of good entertainment. Dolores Costello is an
The Real Ruth Roland

chocolate, emerges from a towering pile of dolls, buggies, and toys, and waddles over on fat little legs to receive another mysterious package from her fairy princess-cousin. Bobby, nine, is seeking to control traffic—bicycle and wagons all at once—to the amusement of Jack White and Buddy Post, who double up their long legs out of the way. A great day for the kids!

The family doctor, who brought Ruth into the world and closed her mother’s eyes, comes in, grinning bashfully in response to Ruth’s hail, “Come and kiss me, you flirt, then feed yourself. Punch and sandwiches for everybody in the breakfast fast room.” He is very old, and his clothes are rumpled, and the medical bag which he carefully deposits in a corner is shabby. But he knows, from many repetitions of this annual visit, that he is as welcome as Helen Ferguson, who curls up on a lounge to untie the green ribbons that fasten her own tinsel-wrapped gift.

Late in the afternoon Ruth turns to her own, heaped beside her. A diamond-and-emerald bracelet—with a blush, she hides the card and refuses, amid much jocular kidding, to reveal the donor’s name. A radio, bags, fluffy lingerie, odd Parisian dolls, novelties of all kinds, are unsheathed from tissue and held up to view, accompanied by her exclamations.

A wood-carved model of Columbus’ ship, the Santa Maria, from Peggy Hamilton. A flat, inconspicuous package, undone by her quick fingers, reveals hand-embroidered handkerchiefs. The hanky box in her rose-and-gray bedroom is full, but—from a fan, made them herself—isn’t that sweet?” A saucy powder puff is held up. From another fan. “She had a baby last year, a girl with blue eyes. Husband’s a mechanic.” With her uncanny memory, she recalls verbatim snatches of her fans’ letters, is as pleased—often more so—over their gifts as over those much more costly tendered by personal friends.

Rumpled and wilted, she rises from a mountain of red tissue and green ribbons and bids her last guest farewell. Only relatives, according to annual custom, remain for dinner. But right before leaving—it is an invariable wish—must write in her autograph album:

Let’s turn its pages and glance at a few comments.

“The other half of the Charleston”
—Priscilla Dean.

“Just old Dinty, old but with young ideas.” “Not room enough to tell how wonderful Ruth is”—Tom Mix. “Hope to see one hundred more like to-day”—John. “My favorite Los Angeles address”—Addie Smith, whom Ruth has known since she was seven. “Just a crazy Irishman”—Mick Brown—an automobile man.

“A happy evening with my friends”—“Countess” Phyllis Daniels. Ruth named Bebe’s mother “the Countess” in the old Kalem days. Opposite Rod La Rocque’s signature is a cartoon, showing him beggimg a lot from haunted Ruth in the doorway of a real-estate office.

Other names bring smiles or the shadow of tears when one recalls the changes the years have brought. Harry Hartz, the racing driver, Al Herman, an Orpheum star, Ollie, Madge, Creighton Hale, Helen de Lade, a musician and a pal for years, Brownie Brownell, whose death two years ago in China is still a sorrow to Ruth.

The business woman Ruth sits at her mahogany desk with its near array of pencils, pads, its labeled wire trays for correspondence to be answered and filed, and its brass lamp shade. Her office is a plain room with curtains of tan monk's cloth.

At her big subdivision, Roland Square, an agent and secretaries, working under the directions that she telephones or gives on visits to and from the studio, care for the details of her realty investments. These are enormous. It has been said that she owns most of Los Angeles except the air. I shouldn’t be surprised if she had a mortgage on that.

Her home office, however, is the hub of her business interests. A secretary takes dictation. Each fan letter is read by Ruth personally—I have seen her going through huge stacks of mail. Each request for a photo is compiled with. I do not believe any star gives as conscientious attention to her fan mail. Through it, she has built up the largest and most faithful fan following and held it longer than any actress. There are some who have written her since they followed her first serials, and to whom she replies regularly.

The telephone rings. No, her tone is crisp, she won’t consider the investment offered, and gives her reasons for her refusal. She will spend several hundred thousand dollars

Continued on page 115
How the Stars Stay Famous

Continued from page 18

Too, Charlie is known far and wide as a great social entertainer. The romances that once invaded his life helped to keep him in the spotlight though, throughout, his attitude was one of shunning any excess of attention because of them.

His is really the most subtle sort of showmanship, whether it is actually designed to be or not.

Chaney's case is also without parallel, though much more obvious. The secret guarding his off-screen personality seems to be Lon's sovereign weapon. He wants to be known only as the grotesque being that he so often plays on the screen.

Despite this, I have known him occasionally to make a personal appearance in a theater—and without a Hunchback of Notre Dame disguise either.

They tell this of Chaney:

He was on a set with another actor, when the publicity man of the studio came out to obtain a photograph. The actor reneged a little, questioning the advisability of it—as actors sometimes do when they don't quite favor an idea for a suggested photograph. The publicity man was about to leave—when Chaney said:

"That's right," said Chaney, shaking his head, "never let them take a publicity still of you.

"But"—he spoke to the other in a mock whisper—"never let them get away without taking one."

The milk bath of Anna Held, the numerous wives of Nat Goodwin, and the numerous husbands of Lillian Russell—such things have never become so characteristic of the picture player as of the old-time stage player. Nor are they as typical of the theatrical profession to-day. Audiences are different; their demand seems to be for less palpable extravaganzas.

Norma Shearer, for one, is known for her simplicity and directness in achievement. She has an air, to be sure, and a manner when she is seen in public. But she is not given to any artifices of the ebullient type.

Pola Negri, one of Hollywood's most decided personalities, has never gone in for anything more exciting than a few hectic engagements, and in the case of these it would be rather unfair to question her sincerity, at least for the moment.

Jack Gilbert is pretty much himself on all occasions, except that occasionally he might seem to take himself and his work somewhat more seriously than heretofore. He wears no mask, however, and seems rather carefree as a rule. The same is true of Ronald Colman, for his pose if he has any at all appears to be the habitual and natural one of seriousness.

In the portraits of Irene Rich, mother love appears predominant; in her personal life mother love is also prominent.

On the screen, Jetta Goudal is a personage rare and unusual; personally, she lives a life that is both individual and different—almost unlike; it would seem, in its quietude. Jetta's greatest extravaganzas have been her quarrels with producers. Even these are apparently heartfelt, because she is fulfilling her present contract with Cecil B. De Mille very composedly.

John Barrymore, to mention a more prominent figure in filmdom, appears always resplendent and magnificent—the actor. But then he is an actor!

The Douglas Fairbankses specialize in entertaining and being entertained by royalty, but then they really enjoy this, for all that it may bring their names prominently and frequently into the papers.

H. B. Warner is pictured as a serene and home-loving type in the minds of those who know him since his arrival in Hollywood, as well as an artist and a man of dignity.

Colleen Moore carries some of the charming naiveté, the underlying genuineness of the flapper that she has depicted on the screen, into her personal life, just as Corinne Griffith is on all occasions the languid and attracting beauty, with a bright sense of humor that surprises.

"Be yourself," is really the new word in showmanship. Match your type, your style and your achievements, and then let fate do the rest. Of course there will always be certain stars who for various and individual reasons, cannot resist the temptation to go in for fireworks. Tom Mix, for instance, still wears the brightest shirts on the Boulevard, and would ride his horse Tony up the White House steps if he felt that it might evoke a sensation. And needless to say, Tom has amply proved the popular acclaim for his particular method of horsemanship.
noticed the absent-minded gaze in his blue eyes and also the way in which he suddenly spurred into action to get a particular shot that his knowledge of pictorial composition knew would be a good one. Cummings' brow furrowed into a frown. After a period of cogitation, Dick being blissfully unaware that he was its object, the director hailed him and ordered him to prepare for a screen test.

Dick wondered at first what the job might be, and, when he was finally told of Cummings' seriousness, became petrified with fright. For five years, mind you, he had been knocking around the studios with no thought of whatever of acting. And then, of a sudden, he was made up, put into a costume, shoved under the lights, and told to enact a scene from the "Kiss at Midnight" script.

"Scared? Say, I'm still shaking," he mumbled weakly, on the day of our interview. "I don't know yet what I did. It was torture. I just tried to obey Cummings and prayed it would soon be over and that they'd let me go back to my camera."

"Four days later," said the aforementioned press agent, "he dashed into my office absolutely incoherent. First time I'd ever seen him when he hadn't talked. He was attached to our department, you know, to take off-stage stills for press purposes.

"'I've quit!' he stammered. 'I mean I'm promoted—or something. I mean to—' I mean do—"Pigs"!—that's what the film was called then—and got a five-year contract to play leads. I'm an actor now!"

Just like that, it happened. Cummings had seen in the boy a likable personality, enthusiastic once the nervousness of posing for the test had been overcome by kindly encouragement.

Dick's real ordeal was yet to come—when the company was taken on location to Santa Cruz and, for the first time, the boy who had viewed hundreds of scenes from behind the camera took a part before it.

"Frightened isn't a strong enough word," he explained. "I didn't know a thing about acting. I shook all over. It wasn't quite so bad when the action camera was shooting, for then Cummings—he's a prince—was telling me what to do.

"But when we posed for stills, I understood why actors hate 'em so. When I was still man, I used to gawl at them for moving. Now the still man howls at me, and asks me why am I aping St. Vitus.

"And after undergoing that agony all day, working among the pigs in a real sty on a farm, we'd be served pork at the hotel dinner."

That, to the two youngsters co-featured in the film, Janet Gaynor and Dick, was heaping insult upon injury.

I found it impossible to get a regulation interview from him. First, because I was determined not to ask him questions about his career, unwilling to cater thus to the vanity that I contend is in every man, dormant though it may be—downright set against encouraging Dick to think that he was one whit more important now as an actor than he had been as an aid-de-camp to the publicity department.

And secondly, because he was in no state to do justice to his first interview. He was so thrilled that he was walking on air, excited over his increase in salary, over the new vistas opening up before him, though abject in admission of his ignorance.

"I've no illusions about this acting business," he said. "You go up, if you work hard and make a hit with the public. You have a few years of success, of fame, of bigger money than you could earn in any other line of work. Then you reach the peak and begin to drop. I've seen 'em go up—and down! When I hit the top—if I ever do—I'm going to stop acting, right then and there, and try directing, if they'll let me."

He certainly should be qualified to hold the megaphone, if thorough studio training is any preparation for it.

His only previous dramatic experience occurred when he was seven. For a week he played a rôle in his dad's stock company in San Francisco and received twenty dollars therefor, which he insisted upon having changed into fifty-cent pieces, so that it would look like more money. He thought himself the wealthiest kid in the world.

At sixteen, he became suddenly ambitious, dreaming of aviation. One evening his father started to talk him out of that, and, by two o'clock in the morning he had persuaded the boy to try some branch of film work.

His first artistic endeavor in the movies was pushing a mop around the Paramount laboratory. He rode a bicycle to the studio, worked more or less, and had the distinction of being bawled out more often and more heatedly than any boy in the department.

Progressing through various phases of lab work, he learned the intricacies of the camera. Determined to get on in the world, he sought a job from Jack Warner, whom he waylaid on the lot. Timid Dick bolstered up all his courage, but to no avail. Turning to one of his assorted brothers, Warner said, "Let's get away from the hungry mob."

The "hungry mob"—a sensitive, ambitious kid, feeling himself the most stupid individual in the world—slunk away and effaced himself.

Soon after that, an accident occurred which incapacitated him for a year. Kid fashion, he was riding his bike and had hooked onto a truck. The truck turned suddenly, and the result was a crushed foot which kept Dick in bed for months.

When he was again able to work, a friend got him onto the Fox payroll as still camera man. Between assignments, obliging Dick used to stick around the publicity department and run errands. Often he had rattled up to my house in his flyer to bring me photos that I needed.

Inasmuch as I have not seen any of the scenes of "A Kiss at Midnight," I cannot laud or criticize Dick's abilities as an actor. I can tell you, though, that Dick Walling is a sweet, nice kid, a young gentleman except when he gets into an argument with an old pal, meaning me, upon which occasion he doesn't feel that his new exalted position requires any less of politeness. That, however, is to his credit.

Not many youngsters of twenty-one who had suddenly been promoted to leading roles, would remain unchanged. Dick is sincere, likable, humble. He has character.

I do believe that he is of the stuff that the young favorites of the next few years are going to be made—natural, ambitious, genuine youths, boyishly excited over their picture possibilities, a contrast to the bored and egotistical actor of the past.

"Anyhow, even if you are an actor now, don't you dare put on any airs with me!" I concluded our interview. "While you're waiting for your next picture, I notice you're hanging around the publicity department. Habit is strong. So you just make it snappy and get those pictures of Edmund Lowe over to my house by five."

At five ten—pretty good punctuality for Dick and his flyer—his equipment shivered to a stop before my house and the lad ambled in with the pictures of Eddie, ate the piece of chocolate cake on my desk, and called over his shoulder, with a parting grin, "Remember, young lady, I'm an actor now."

"Not around here!" I called after him. "When you drive up in rolls, maybe I'll believe it and hire a butler to meet you with due ceremony."
He knew Women—
but one woman knew him
too well!

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A First National Picture
Hollywood High Lights

Strange to say, she had never worked there prior to being engaged by the company. Her first picture under contract is "Here Y'are, Brother," which June Mathis is sponsoring.

Miss Dove's success dates from "The Black Pirate," in which she played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, and "The Marriage Clause." These were directly responsible for her engagement by First National.

Following her marriage to Irvin Willat, the director, she retired somewhat into the background. Now, however, she appears destined for a very interesting career.

Which is again proof that it only takes a nice lucky "break" to make a player very popular.

Manhattan Medley

Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens, the happy newlyweds, dashing to make a train for Atlantic City.

John Boles, Gloria Swanson's leading man—a find culled from musical comedy—leaving the performance of "Kitty's Kisses" with half his make-up on.

Gloria Swanson is true to her word. She promised that when she made pictures "on her own," so to speak, she would bring new faces to the screen rather than fall back on the stereotyped, hackneyed visages that fall to the lot of the independent producer. All available talent, as most of us know, is snapped up avidly by producers for some dog-in-the-manger reason of their own. Frequently a company has no particular plans for a player, and simply farms the actor or actress out to another company, usually at a huge profit—to the producer, of course— or else shoves him into inappropriate roles for the purpose of saving the bank roll—the producer's, of course.

But when Gloria started shooting up at the Cosmopolitan studios, she had already three new players signed in her supporting cast. They are Andres de Segurola—famed for his monocle and his spats at the Metropolitan Opera House where he has sung character roles for so many years—John Boles, culled from musical comedy, and Florence Faire.

Gloria first saw John Boles while he was playing in "Kitty's Kisses." She was scouting about for a new face to play opposite her in "The Eyes of Youth." As a matter of fact she was going from play to play in search of a young man with sufficient dramatic talent to warrant a test. Boles' test was so successful that she signed him up immediately.

John Boles' mother didn't raise her boy to be a movie actor. For years he has been planning a career which, while it employed grease paint and powder, had little relation to the silent drama. Boles is a singer and his goal is the opera. And he doesn't plan to give it up, either. He is going to have one eye on the camera and the other on his sharps and flats.

As a pupil of Oscar Seagle he traveled to Nice, serving as secretary and general utility man to the Seagle European School, in order to obtain his musical education. One of his first engagements was with Geraldine Farrar when she ventured into operetta last year.

You would never recognize little Florence Faire for a niece of Douglas Fairbanks. We watched her closely for some resemblance to her bronzed and distinctive uncle. We decided that she had a nose like Mary Pickford's, but of course that's all wrong, for little Miss Faire is the daughter of Fairbanks' brother, and Miss Pickford is her aunt only by marriage.

Just out of a convent where she has been for twelve years, Miss Faire decided she wanted a career. The family laughed at her, but she slipped down to the studio and Albert Parker took a test of her. The result was so successful that she went to work as an extra in different studios.

"You can't imagine how much good it did me," said Miss Faire. "At my uncle's studio every one knew me, and of course I just loved it, but at the other studios I was just an extra girl—any extra girl, and I was treated as such."

Then when Parker was casting Gloria's picture he remembered the first test taken in Hollywood and sent for her. Upon coming East Miss Faire decided that if she ever did anything on the screen, she wanted to do it through her own ability, so she renounced the name of Fairbanks—she was Florence Belle Fairbanks at the convent—and became just Florence Faire, a newcomer looking for a job.

Miss Faire is a pretty little thing, fair and dainty, but there's the light of determination in her bright blue eyes—the determination to succeed by her own efforts, and a firm resolution never to use the name of Fairbanks no matter who persuades her.
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City................................................State......
He Crashed the Gates with a Grin

Continued from page 89

I had given up all hopes, however, of interviewing the lad, and was glibly chattering away, when of a sudden he exclaimed, "Brakes! You're tying up the verbal traffic. Take a rest, honey child, and let Grant psalm his own praises. Nobody else seems crazy to, and I promised that Sheba who handles my publicity that I'd do my duty by her.

"Not that I care a rap about it," he went on. "I got me a nice job without publicity, and I'm all tied to a pretty contract. But her maid makes the swellest chocolate layer cake!"

"To begin at the beginning, I was born. That momentous event happened in Pueblo, Colorado.

"The publicity lady said to be sure and tell you that the family was prominent socially. Put it in—I'll show it to her, and get a whole cake next time. Athletics and all that stuff, at school. Came West with the football squad from the military academy for a game, and decided I might get educational indulgence if I went back with them, so I ducked."

Though he figured the picture field might prove lucrative, he could not convince any casting director of an immediate need for his services. Not being a boy to waste time, particularly when he was hungry, he got a job as a reporter, and then as an oil salesman.

Being Grant, he won the contest for the biggest sales total. Also, being Grant, he took a short cut to his point. Lacking only one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of the sales necessary to take him over the top in the campaign, he wired a heartbreaking message home, representing himself in dire circumstances. The money came. He bought the oil from himself, won the contest, and for months afterward was peddling oil, at most atrocious prices, to his friends.

When he mentioned his picture aspirations to the scenarist, Raymond Cannon, whom he had known several years before, and whom he had looked up in Hollywood, Ray said dubiously, "I doubt if you have brass enough, Grant. It's a gamble, and often you have to bluff to get in.

"He didn't know Grant then as well as he does now.

One day, Ray was going out to Universal, and offered to take the lad along.

"Even though I've an appointment, there may be a lot of red tape to get you in," he explained. "They telephone your name in, then you're admitted—maybe. But you stick close to me, and I'll do my darnest for you."

As they approached the gate, Grant swung quickly into the lead and sauntered into the studio. "Hey!" called the gate man.

"Oh, my good fellow, he's with me!" Grant jerked his thumb toward the fiberglassed Ray, who meekly followed. "I'll be responsible."

And he got away with it!

"Having shifted the matter down to a gnat's eyelash, I decided to be a movie star," the boy unreeled more of his life's history, as we drove home under a mellow moon. "Obtained an immediate engagement with Mr. Laemmle, helping to obscure the trees in the background of a Western set, along with several hundred other classic countenances. Was an extra for a long time—two months. Figured, at that pace, I'd be sporting a long gray beard before I got anywhere. So I crashed the gates a few times.

"Quite simple. You just bust in, that's all. Talk faster than they can. Look 'em straight in the eye, and give 'em a grin. Always works."

It worked for Grant, anyhow. His breezy manner caught Elinor Glyn's eye, resulted in a bit in one of her pictures, brought him several juvenile leads in comedies, a role in the "Helen and Warren" films at Fox, and in a Buck Jones feature.

"Then," he says, "hearing, via the grapevine, that F. B. O. officials were in a good mood, I dropped in to see them. Five times.

"I finally became annoyed and said, 'Listen here, this is taking up a lot of time, yours and mine. Let's talk business.' They did. Signed me for the juvenile heavy in Alberta Vaughan's 'Fighting Hearts' series. Now I'm being groomed for leads.

"But—the grin was wiped off his face by a rare seriousness which quieted the buoyancy of him occasionally and shows you that he isn't altogether, at heart, the playboy that he seems—I'veuffed long enough. I convinced 'em I could act. Now—his jaw set—'I've got to learn how.'"

That this youngster has a future on the screen seems quite likely, for he has a most engaging personality, good looks, absolute self-confidence, and a spirit of fun that makes time dash by in high gear—all qualities capable of translation into the vital action of the movies.

To the Manner Born

Continued from page 85

ture played opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," and became a Wampas Star after less than eight months in pictures.

It is well known now, of course, how Dolores and her sister Helene, on finishing school, went into George White's "Scandals" as a dancing team. And how, when they played in Chicago, a Warner Brothers scout came there, saw them, and was, naturally, convicted. When the test he took of them reached one of the per-spicacious brothers, the girls were wired a contract, with orders to leave at once for the Coast. And not till they reached Hollywood did the studio discover that they were the daughters of Maurice Costello.

Their father, as handsome and debonair as ever, though his hair is gray now, was as surprised as Dolores and Helene when they were swept so breathlessly into the business. He had never given a thought to a picture career for them. As small girls, when they went on occasional location trips with him, they were allowed to work in one or two scenes, as a special treat and great lark. But when they left school, it was to the stage that their attentions turned.

But it is doubtful, now, if the stage will ever see them again. For they are both launched on very substantial movie careers. After finishing the Barrymore picture, "The Sea Beast," Dolores was loaned to Famous Players for Cruze's "Mannequin," after which she returned to Warners' to play in numerous other films, including Barrymore's "Manon Lescaut.

Helene has been rather less publicized than her sister, but she is following closely on her heels. She looks quite a bit like Dolores, but her hair is darker, her eyes merrier, her manner more lively. I don the robes of a prophet timidly, but I have a vague hunch that Helene may exhibit a flair for comedy, somewhat in the vein of Constance Talmadge. So she will probably, I suppose, just to spite me, become a youthful Duse.

If I could find any one to take the opposition, I should be willing to wager my handsome autographed photograph of Jack Gilbert that every one of these ambitious youngsters will make, as the storybooks have it, good. But no one would bet against such a sure thing. For, one and all, they have as liabilities only the unlikely perversions of Fate. And for assets, mark up youth, earnestness, comeliness, and talent. And—better than a hundred dramatic schools or correspondence courses—the most expert parental advice in the world.
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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

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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

Greta Garbo Admired—Tell you my real name? That's asking too much. Don't you know my movie name? "When in doubt never tell your right name". I agree with you, Greta Garbo is "well." She has a nice figure, though her hair seems to photograph rather dark. And she has rather a quiet disposition—goes home right after her work in the evenings, and doesn't care much for social life. She is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. I don't know how it is possible to get large picture of Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together; I don't suppose they have ever had fan pictures taken together. But you might write either one or the other of them and ask—Famous Players Studios, in Long Island City. Olive Thomas died in Paris, September 10, 1920.

Fritzie—Why, Fritzie, where have you been hiding all these years that you didn't know Jack Pickford was Mary's brother? Wherever it was, it's a good place to hide! I don't think Hoot Gibson uses a double in his pictures, and neither does Richard Dix. Richard's sister, Josephine, answers his fan mail—at least she used to. It's impossible for any popular star to do it himself, as it is a full-time job. But you might write either one or the other of them and ask—Famous Players Studios, in Long Island City. Olive Thomas died in Paris, September 10, 1920.

Isabelle—You may say "Dear Sir" if you like. Lots of my readers do, and it hasn't hurt them a bit. I believe Majel Coleman is correct, but it frequently gets into print "March," because printers think the "j" is a mistake when they see the copy. I doubt if Ollie Pickford will appear on the screen very often in future. She lives in Beverly Hills, I think. Thanks for the information.

Mellowed Heart—Did Time really soften your heart? Well, I hope when Time gets to working on me, it won't pick on my brain instead—such as it is. So far as I know, both Mary Brian and Betty Bronson use their real names on the screen. Mary was born in Corsicana, Texas, about 1909. I believe she had no film experience before playing in "Peter Pan"; she was the winner of a beauty contest. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, New Jersey, November 17, 1906. The cast of "The Little French Girl" is as follows: Madame Vortier, Alice Joyce; Alex, Mary Brian; giles, Neil Hamilton; Top, Esther Ralston; Owen, Anthony Jowitt; Mrs. Bradley, Jane Jennings. Betty Comson was born in Salt Lake City; I never heard of her having lived in England, and I am fairly certain that she never did.

Ginny—Many of us are, despite prohibition! Elmo Lincoln played Tarzan, I believe. In "Tarzan of the Apes," Fatty Arbuckle was barred from the screen because of a most unfortunate party of which he was the host. A girl died, and there was a great deal of scandal; Fatty was completely vindicated by a jury, but his film career was ended nevertheless. He is directing pictures now under the name of William Goodrich, his latest being Marion Davies' new film, "The Red Mill." I should think that "The Black Pirate" would have reached Detroit by now; it is impossible for me to keep a record of the bookings of various pictures throughout the country.

The Richard Talmadge Club wishes to make its bow, with Mr. Talmadge himself as president. Inquiries should be addressed to the club secretary, Mr. Max Kochan, 16 Keir Street, Lauriston, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Kate Price—Poor Rudy! His death was a sad blow to us all. The first picture in which he played, according to the records, was "Once to Every Woman," in which he was only one of the "also rans" in the cast—or was he the villain? I'm not sure, and no one else seems to be. He was five feet eleven inches in height and weighed one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

Eve J. Robinson—I am unable to give you all the addresses you ask for, as most of the players you inquire about free lance at various studios. I have added those whose addresses I know to the list at the foot of The Oracle.

Boots—As to my getting typewriter's cramp—that's one of my chief symptoms. That Dull Ache Between the Shoulders used to trouble me until I learned of Doctor Wright's pills for the wrong people; and then after a good slap on the back I grew a mustache. So now I'm all right! Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri; he is in his late thirties, but he doesn't say how late. He was married to Beatrice Prentice, and they are separated—I'm not sure whether there was ever a divorce. I don't know of any Harrison Ford Club. Why don't you start one? Harrison is six feet tall, which, if you ask me, is quite tall enough to see over the crowds at a parade. The reason you so seldom see any interviews with him is that he is too shy to talk. I know; I've interviewed him myself.

A Cord—My sakes, as grandma used to say, I don't think Glenn Hunter would be pleased to have you inquire if he is living or dead! He's far from a dead one! Glenn plays on the stage most of the time, and therefore doesn't make many films. His new picture is "The Romance of a Million Dollars"—enough to keep any one busy. He also appeared on the screen recently in "The Clod-hopper" and "The Broadway Boob.

Betti—Now I know who compiles those almanacs every year—especially the page about weight measures! At the rate you ask for statistics, I bet they just pile up under the bed something terrible. Lois Wilson is 5 feet 5½ inches and weighs 120 pounds; so does Vilma Bánky, who is a half inch taller. Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke, and Clara Bow are almost triples; they are all 5 feet 3 inches, and weigh 110 pounds. Helen Ferguson is the same north and south, but she weighs 123 pounds. With her clothes on; don't be silly. Marion Davies also weighs 123 pounds. She and Elina Fair are both 5 feet 4½ inches tall. Elina weighs 120 pounds. Carol Dempster is 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 114 pounds. Madge Bellamy is 5 feet 3 inches, and Mary Brian 5 feet. They haven't been weighed lately. No, that wasn't too much for me, but it's a good thing this isn't a hot day, with all those prostrations going on.

Virginia—You're quite right. When I've made a mistake, to take your pen in hand and tell me where to get off. Don't let me get away with anything! I do know now that Richard Dix played in "Racing Hearts." I found the cast in the files under the S's—how was I to know I should look there? Many thanks!

Another Fan—If this were a hot day, I'd need one, doing all this work. Paulette in "Kiki" was played by Gertrude Astor. The players in "The Dressmaker from Paris" were Leatrice Joy, Allan Forrest, Ernest Torrence, Mildred Harris, and Larry Gray. Denny's supporting cast in "Where Was I?" were Marion Nixon, Pauline Garon, Lee Moran, Chester Conklin. Continued on page 118
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**KLEENEX ABSORBENT KERCHIEFS**
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary
They Had Beauty, But—

Continued from page 45

thing the layman always forgets to
discount. But what about the stills
being so beautiful? Having seen
these stills in advance, we were pre-
pared for the movies on the Rivoli
screen. Any good photographer
knows how to get a sitter posed at
the best angle. But the eye of the
motion-picture camera is cruel. It
ferrets out every bad line and dark
secret. It spares nothing.

Another thing we noticed was that
so many of the contestants in that
race for fame and fortune appeared
to have irregular teeth. This is some-
ting that is fatal if one aspires to
being a screen beauty. The slightest
irregularity casts a shadow, and if
one of her teeth is slightly behind an-
other, a lovely lady might as well
make up her mind to keep on learning
her Pitman system or whatever it is
that beautiful girls learn whereby
they can translate two hooks and a
thing looking like a brassie into
"Your favor of even date received
and contents noted." It is even bet-
ter to keep on adding up the figures
in the office of daddy's garage than to
expose your own to the censorious
eye of the casting director. The
former carries no heartbreak!
On the switchboard at the hotel
where we live is a little girl named
Anita who is so pretty that everybody
who comes in says, "Why doesn't she
go into the movies?" To which we
reply, "Because she is a sensible girl."

People never seem to consider that
something more than a pretty face is
necessary before one can please a
public and make a million. Beautiful
feet and legs are quite as important
as facial perfection, and the ability
to wear clothes is imperative and
something which cannot be learned.
You either have it or you haven't.

Out of the 30,000 photographs
which Famous Players received in
answer to their call for eligible stu-
dents for the second term of their
school, they were able to choose only
eight male and eight female. Doesn't
that speak for itself?

So please bear this in mind. The
next time you see a Venus selling
cigars and cigarettes, or a wild rose
calling "Number, please," don't tell
her you know a big director and will
help her to get in pictures. You are
paving the way for heartbreaks, dis-
content, and perhaps lifelong regrets.
What if she does get a chance? It
couldn't be anything better than ex-
tra work at first, and those who do
extra work know that three days a
week with pay bring delight to the
soul and that hope deferred maketh
the heart sick. If a girl owns hand-
some gowns she will receive ten dol-
ars a day. She must leave home at
seven o'clock and be made up and
on the set at nine. Only stars can af-
ford motor cars.

Tell her this instead of urging her
to bring her beauty into the glow of
the calcium. Tell her she is a delight
to the eye right where she is. Tele-
phone switchboards, candy counters,
offices, colleges, schoolrooms, and
homes—especially homes—all need
beauty.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of
ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the des-
ert air.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

starting work for Murnau. She
decided to do a lot of reading and
asked all her friends to suggest their
favorite books. Considering the si-
renic rôle she is to play I figured
that she had better read the sort of
thing that is only published in lim-
ited editions. So, I'm on the trail
of a literary bootlegger and if all
goes well I'm going to gather to-
gether a library for Margaret that
would make a hardened librarian
blush. The only thing to do when
she gets all the books is to organize a
reading club—what would you call
the opposite of an uplift club?
Hardly a downfall club, would you?
Anyway, I can see where we are all
about to be enlightened if not im-
proved.

"I don't suppose you are at all in-
terested in knowing who the great
sensation of the year in pictures is
to be, but I'll tell you anyway. As
soon as 'Tell It to the Marines' is
released, William Haines is going to
be one of the greatest popular fa-
vorites the screen has ever known."

She waited for me to put up an
argument, but why should I?

Fanny had quite forgotten me; she
was poring over the list of books
she had made up for Margaret Liv-
ingston. What is Hollywood com-
ing to? I suppose that in due time
she will tell me.
Beauty and Bad Luck
Continued from page 71

One thing: you always know exactly where you stand with Kitty. And it is doubtful disturbing to magnates of the first eminence to be shown so plainly that they don't stand at all so far as she is concerned. Socially, they are a little afraid of her wit which can, on occasion, be as the pin to the balloon. And in a business way, whatever is one to do with a wise-cracking Madonna?

A director once told me that Kathleen's diplomatic faculties were limited to an unfortunate ability to see both sides of the question. She will go after a part she wants and knows she is suited for. And the producer, after a few minutes' quiet conversation, can convince her that, beyond all doubt, she is not the type. Once convinced, she does not argue the point further. And she comes out regretfully, but feeling, as she says, "just a little batty."

So there you have the facts—as Aimee Semple McPherson said when she rose out of the Arizona desert. Kathleen Key, an actress who can act—beautiful—clever—with the poise of her Irish-English lineage. And with hitherto unsounded depths—for beside the kidding, fooling-around Kitty, it is the thoughtful, rather dreaming Kathleen who is a little afraid to be caught without her sheltering wall of frivolity and repartee.

Kathleen Key having to hunt lengthily for a job, and landing wearily in Westerns, is a refutation of the laws of logic.

What the Players Read

Douglas Fairbanks.

I never read for recreation. When I attempt fiction, I invariably find myself building my own plot out of the start the author gives me, and thus I get no relaxation from the reading.

I often reread my favorite plays among Shakespeare's works. Otherwise, only philosophy and biography interest me.

Clara Horton.

I like stories with a lot of action. The great out-of-doors stuff for me. Peter B. Kyne is my "best," but I get a thrill out of James Oliver Curwood, Zane Grey, Rex Beach, and Ralph Connor. They have beguiled many spare hours. I like the sense of motion they give, and the exciting pulse of many events happening swiftly.

Isn't it natural?

A EUROPEAN WIT says, "Americans not only want the best of everything—but spare nothing to get the best of everything."

A characteristic that explains, perhaps, why American cigarette smokers so willingly pay a few cents more to get Fatimas

FATIMA

"What a whole of a difference just a few cents make!"

Loggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Uncensored Observations
Continued from page 88

Rod's starring picture! English papers never bother to boom any star, domestic or foreign. To them, however, Goudal is evidently a personage.

By nothing is dinner at the Ambassador made more thrilling than by the entrance of Jetta Goudal, looking every inch a countess. This "Goudal Entrance" has become famous. Not that the lady does anything to attract your attention—she doesn't—that's the strange part of it! Again, I maintain it is some uncanny power she has reaped from past ages.

I repeat for the last time—no one can explain Jetta Goudal. Yet, for a star, she is a most candid talker. There is nothing secretive or elusive about her, but if she chose, she could rule over Hollywood. But she doesn't choose—she keeps to herself. She is quite natural when we expect her to be artificial. Perhaps this does explain her after all! We look ever for the exotic.

Were I to paint Jetta Goudal's portrait, I should pose her thus: I should stand her before the heavy folds of a black-velvet curtain, symbolizing the past. clad in a jade-green, metal-cloth gown, wearing a silver head-dress, Jetta would conceal behind one hand, held stiff at her side, a thin silver-bladed dagger. The other slender arm would be held out before her, reaching out for future things. At her feet, on a floor of black velvet, would be scattered scarlet roses, for though Goudal kisses a rose with poignant tenderness—as you have often seen her do on the screen—she never holds flowers. Standing erect, dauntless, she would look straight ahead, never glancing back—for the black curtain shows nothing, and the silver-bladed dagger is in readiness for present foes!

Can You Tell Them By Their Bobs?
The following are the names of the stars whose coiffures are shown on page 90.

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HAVE you a liking for drawing, for sketching people and scenery and putting your thoughts upon paper? Would you like to turn your talent for drawing into money? It is a fascinating and immensely profitable hobby to be able to sketch quickly and easily the people you see about you, pretty scenery, trees and old houses.

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2 ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FREE

Let us also send you an actual Specimen Lesson Book Number Twenty-five. This is to be sent to you in consequence of your letter. This Lesson Book is entitled 'How I Do My Work' and has been written and illustrated by eight prominent artists. Each artist explains in simple language, the method used by him. The book is written to give the help and guidance of artists high in their profession.

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fireside industries
DEPT. 32 W
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN
On Shore Leave
Continued from page 57

Scores who never dreamed they could draw can now easily become artists. You too—without any previous training—and no matter how little apparent talent you have—can now easily learn illustrating, Designing and Cartooning through this amazingly easy method.

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us from a roof. We dived under an overturned lifeboat in an alley and lay there until night when we beat it back to the ship, running faster than any soldier or sailor ever should in public.

Briefly he mentioned the horror of Siberia. The tragedy and terror and bloodshed and ruin that had become mere routine to a populace numbed by destruction and misery. His most definite contact with it being the night when, caught in a storm, he had to take refuge and sleep in a dilapidated barn. A barn filled with a hundred and fifty corpses, piled in careless heaps, awaiting the next bonfire for disposal. Though the ex-gun captain swears he wasn't scared—only nauseated by the mute tragedy.

"Japan, though," Larry says, "is a marvelous country. Prettiest place I've ever seen—romantic as the dickens. And I had a great time there. Just after we landed, and were on leave, my buddy and I got into a fine young mess. Some Japanese cops took us up before the local judge and what not. It all looked pretty bad. They asked me my name. I told them, and nobody fell down in a faint. Then they asked my buddy's name, and as a desperate resort he handed them, with a great flourish, his letter of identification as president of the student body at the University of California. And those Japs thought it meant he was president of the whole university. They got so respectful we were embarrassed. And darned if they didn't insist on giving us a big dinner that night. There were, a couple of criminals, practically, belonging in the hoosegow, and they gave us a banquet."

Before the war ended, Larry was at one time invalided home and made company commander at some sort of naval-training base. (I am a bit nervous about my technical terms—being quite sure they are wrong and for all I know highly insulting.) Among the men in Larry's unit was George O'Brien, now the dream and despair of all the impressionable females round the Fox lot. The friendship between Larry and George began then, and is still in strong existence.

"George," beams Larry, conversing definitely for once, "is such a fine, clean sort of chap. You don't find many like him nowadays, and in this town."

With the firing of the last gun and the beginning of what the wits termed peace, Larry returned to the university, to the acquiring of familiarity with bones and aches and ailments that would make him a doctor.

But the hardy youth who adventured through the war without flinching found that the business of being on intimate terms with every known disease and ill, was just a bit stiff going. The constant sight of people in physical agony grew daily more trying. Before examinations, cramming his mind with fearsome names and symptoms, he would wake up each morning convinced that he himself was in the final stages of each and every one.

"Some people are real doctors," he says, "and others just aren't. It's a thing you have to be born for. I was within a year of my degree, but it was getting me, all right. I saw I wasn't cut out for it, so I left."

With no very definite idea of things theatrical he went to San Francisco for a while. It was one of his friends there—Homer Curran, of the Curran theaters—who suggested the stage. Rather uncertainly, and more for fun than anything else, he played about in some of the performances given by the Junior League—the group of those exalted young people known in the newspapers as Scions, among whom were the now well-known Lawrence Gray and Harry Crocker.

On a trip to New York with Homer Curran, Larry Kent got himself a job in stock, and becoming inculcated with the fatal germ, swore allegiance to everything from the smell of the grease paint to the Theater Guild. Returning to San Francisco, he worked there in stock, culminating in a very successful engagement as Margaret Anglin's son—or brother—in a play, the name of which any good reporter would remember, but which has quite slipped that minute portion of my head known as "mind."

Taking a vacation in Los Angeles, Larry was thrust unexpectedly into a picture by Norman Kerry. Once in, he thought he might as well clean up a million and make his name a national byword before traveling on.

"Sometimes I wonder why I stick," he said disgustedly. "Especially when I look back on those terrible 'series' pictures. If I could only work in a few decent pictures I'd like it."

But, gee—that's my schooner down in the harbor. It will be finished soon and I could go aboard, get a little crew, and spend the rest of my life wandering—Continued on page 111
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Hollywood's Sporting Craze

Continued from page 33

new studio is situated. Lasky will put

in hand-ball courts and a swimming

pool at the new Paramount studios

in Hollywood, and First National are

to go in for an elaborate athletic

equipment at their Burbank studios.

Many of the younger men in pic-
tures are amateur champions. George

Lewis, for instance, was captain of

his football team at San Diego High

School, and George O'Brien excelled

in all sorts of athletic sports.

Trap shooting with clay pigeons is

a favorite sport with the film play-

ers, and both John Bowers and Wal-

lace Beery have trap-shooting courses

on their grounds. Lon Chaney, 

Beery, and Bowers are all enthusi-

astic hunters, and the opening day

of trout season or of the deer season

will always find these players, if not

busy in the studio, making miles up in

the Sierra Nevada mountains with

pack mules and equipment.

A novel sort of sport is that en-
joyed by Pauline Starke, who owns a

pair of very fine whippets named

Slim and Paris. These she enters in

the Culver City races at the Speed-

way every time there is a race. Whip-

pets are racing dogs that run with-

out being directed. Each dog runs

in an alley bounded by wide white

tape.

I know this one sounds as though

fresh from the press-agent's mimico-

graph; but all the same I've met her

doing it, and I know she does. Not

to keep you in suspense any longer,

Joan Crawford actually does ride a

bicycle. When a child, she wanted
to be a circus performer, and the near-
closest thing to doing stunts on her

bicycle. She rides for exercise, not

for speed, and she uses a boy's wheel.

Although proficient at tennis, polo,

and swimming, Antonio Moreno has

concentrated his efforts on golf. His

game is so good that he has played

with many professionals and has won

prizes in semi-professional games.

Another prize winner is Norma

Shearer, who is a splendid swimmer,

and has many cups to prove it. Her

favorite stroke is the Australian

crawl.

Even the youngsters in filmland are

athletes. Thomasina Mix could

swim and ride horseback almost as

soon as she could walk, and so could

little Dobe Carey. Jackie Coogan is

tremendously interested in sports, and

will stop an interview any time to

show you how to cast a fly properly,

or how to pitch a curve. Little Bill

Reid, son of the late Wally Reid, has

constantly to be held back in his love

of fast motoring.
More Calories Needed.

“Risky Business” is an engaging title, but the picture it lures us to see has low blood pressure. It is a well-bred affair, with nice sets, decent direction, and mostly there are interesting people to watch, but it’s all minus the pulse of actuality.

Cecily Strongton, the daughter of a mother who has seen better days, is in love with a country doctor, while her mother determines she shall marry a man of wealth. Cecily and mamma visit the young medico’s sister in the country, and Cecily is angered by the doctor’s attention to his patients and inclines toward the rich guy. Circumstances show him up in short order, and she decides to cast her lot with the doc.

Hardly a quickening tale, you’ll admit, but there are moments of good though not showy acting in it, and considerable laughter comes from an awkward woman servant. Vera Reynolds is the star, which perhaps explains the title, and for compensation there are Ethel Clayton and Zasu Pitts, the former as Miss Reynolds’ mother—poised and polished and distinguished—and the latter as the sister of the doctor. Miss Pitts’ role is all too brief. A newcomer named Kenneth Thomson, about whom some one is probably enthusiastic, gets by as the leading man.

For the Whole Family.

You will like Douglas MacLean in “Hold That Lion” for the very good reason that MacLean is difficult not to like, and his experience and intelligence have seen to it that his latest comedy in no wise falls below par.

It begins when Hinnies Hastings, a typically MacLeanish young man, darts off in pursuit of a girl he has casually met. His outward purpose is not so much to know her better as to return a handkerchief he thinks she dropped. His chase takes him nearly around the world and in East Africa where he discovers the handkerchief wasn’t hers after all.

He is inveigled into a lion hunt, without in the least knowing how to go about it, and in a series of highly amusing encounters with the lion—a live one, by the way—contrives to capture the beast and win the laurels of a hero, and the girl, too.

“Hold That Lion” is clean, discreet filmmaking, good for an hour’s diversion in any mood, and Constance Howard, MacLean’s new leading woman, has poise and distinction. Methinks she will be heard from again. I hope so.

The Football Season Opens.

It is pleasant to record that “Red” Grange, making his screen debut in “One Minute to Play,” will shovel loads of money into the coffers of those sponsoring his film activities and, incidentally, will offer a highly agreeable picture to those who respond to the lure of the publicity he has received.

“One Minute to Play” features Grange as a freshman who avoids football because of a promise made father, and then finally plunges into the game and, of course, brings glory to his college. The story is unimportant and somewhat conventional, but it has been handled well. The football sequences are effectively photographed, the only complaint being that there isn’t enough of Red. However, good direction and cutting develop an exciting climax.

Stars and Stripes.

“Her Man-o’-War” is agreeably entertaining, though it hardly comes up to my expectations of what a starring picture for Jatta Goudal should be. She plays an Alistan peasant girl into whose home comes Jim Sanderson, a doughboy, in the person of William Boyd. He is supposed to be a deserter, but is really a spy. They fall in love, and finally he is about to be executed when the Americans rescue him.

Miss Goudal plays with skill and, as always, is a picturesque figure, but on the whole she is not at her best as a village spitfire. She is too subtle for that.

We All Know Him.

“The Show Off” is a character known to us all. In fact, there is likely a show off in every home or office. He is called Aubrey Piper in the picture and he brags and lies his way through it, facing defeat after defeat but coming out victorious in the end, quite as if he were the hero instead of a rather despicable boomer. The picture is out of the ordinary in this respect: it presents as its central character a man totally devoid of sympathetic appeal. It is not as funny as the play, but it is amusing and quite as bitter.

To my mind Ford Sterling is too mature for the rôle, and plays too broadly, while Lois Wilson tosed aside opportunities for shrewd characterization by wearing Paris frocks as a daughter of the Philadelphia poor. Louise Brooks, another little sister of poverty, likewise offended. Claire MacDowell—magnifique!
On Shore Leave

Continued from page 108

heading north or south—touching any port that had a pretty name—or just drifting along under the Southern Cross. Then again, now that I'm here I know I wouldn't be satisfied to leave without the personal satisfaction of making good.

"Not that it matters," he added with a grin. "There isn't a darn thing in this world that matters, you know."

There you have him, boys and girls. One side of him, anyway. He says he is the biggest hypocrite on earth and changes his opinions daily. With such a vivid past he should have a great future, and one of the best signs of it is that he considers his present state to be of total unimportance to the world, himself being the most bored of all. But come what may, a handsome young man with such a smile, and such clear blue eyes, and such a profile—however fate may treat him in the movies—would look rather nice at the wheel of a schooner under full sail, heading for points unknown.

[Editor's Note—Since this interview was written, Larry Kent has joined First National, so he won't sail the open seas after all.]
A Hour Without a Harem

Continued from page 74

all hours every night, calling me on long distance, and I decided that this was one of the times when I was the one who'd have to forget what I wanted to do."

Incidentally, she has never seen him fight. She doesn't care for prize fights. Doesn't like any kind of sports. Keeps her weight down with massage—the true lady of the harem! But she went fishing with Jack at his training camp out in Colorado Springs; he wanted her to. The true wife!

The famous husband was in and out of their suite, but he was the husband, not the fistic champion. She gave him telephone messages, and asked if he was going to the gymnasmium in the afternoon, and how soon would he be able to leave town? She might have been any wife asking any husband whether he'd had his luncheon yet, feeling a bit disturbed because he'd had only coffee and minded the heat, wanting to know what time he'd get back to the office.

I felt as if some one were using the biggest spotlight in the world as a reading lamp by which to do a cross-word puzzle, or engaging a symphony orchestra to accompany a lullaby. A beautiful and accomplished actress and the heavyweight champion of the world, discussing the simplest domestic plans!

She had wanted to go with him the night before to the new Ziegfeld show, to which they had been specially invited, but couldn't because of having to go down to Wilmington with her mother. Down in Wilmington she's still "the little Taylor girl." She'd brought a couple of things back with her; a large vase which her grandmother had given her, which she'd have to carry back to California in her hand so that it wouldn't break, and a copy of Stanley's travels in Darkest Africa, published in 1889, an interesting old book, which her grandfather had had, and which her grandmother was sending to the little niece who lives with Miss Taylor.

Little details of her life and character etched themselves into the picture, although she made no effort to create a character for herself in my mind, to show me how generous and thoughtful she was, or how carefully she hid her charities from the public. A Finnish woman of uncertain age came in; I learned that she had been a masseuse in a hotel in Wilmington, and was going to lose her place because she did not speak English. She had no home, no money. "So as I had an extra room, I just took her along to stay with me; I love massage," was the end of that story. The woman had driven East in the Dempsey car, and would travel back with Miss Taylor. There was no talk of "my masseuse," nor was she played up as being part of the necessary retinue; she'd come East for the ride and would be company on the long trip home.

There was talk of clothes.

"Sophie Wachner, who did the 'Don Juan' costumes, is a wonder," Miss Taylor declared. "Even when I'm thin I look so—well, so sort of earthy—so solid, somehow. See how clever she was about making heavy seams in this costume," showing me a photograph, "and using lots of them, long, heavy ones, to give a long line and take away from the broad effect you get in a costume of that type. Wasn't she clever?"

I don't remember ever having met a girl who had fewer illusions about herself. Had she cared to do so, she could have turned the exotic quality of her beauty into a keynote for all her whole life, have made herself one of these languorous creatures who smile enigmatically at interviewers, leaning back against great cushions while they talk about their art and their public. She could have posed as the spoiled beauty whose gladiator husband was merely an accessory, kept for the sake of the effective background which he makes. Life has tossed into her lap gifts which others would be willing to buy at extravagant prices, material for the most spectacular sort of publicity.

But Estelle Taylor merely shoves them aside. Let the world hail and salute Dempsey—to her he is just "Jack," who needed her to come along as company on the trip East. I doubt whether she knows how beautiful she really is. Certainly it never occurs to her to dramatize herself.

Whether she will ever be a star or not, I can't even try to say. She has both the looks and the ability; those who sit in the seats of the mighty agree with me about that. Certainly she has the necessary ambition, and the will to work.

But if becoming a star means that she will have to be anything but the charming, sincere person who is still "the little Taylor girl" back in her grandmother's home in Wilmington, Estelle Taylor will never reach stardom.
Pippa Passes in the Sun

Continued from page 72

Shrewd to the ways of the world, she has not misplaced a hangover of childishness.

It is, you perceive, not a career for a beauty, but a lark, upon which her winged feet are set.

Knowing that the cozy of the world sometimes needs sharp little teeth to bite into it, there is no ingénue timidity about Pippa. Quite early in life she realized that brains were meant to be used. Her distinguished family gave them to her for her heritage—Grandfather Rear Admiral Robinson of the Navy and her architect-father who designed the United States Mint at Philadelphia and other impressive buildings. Left an orphan, she was placed under the guardianship of a man who, no doubt with the best of intentions, walled her in with conventions. Not a book could she read, nor a movie see, until he had passed upon it and pronounced it prophylactic.

With the triple mixture of Irish, French, and English blood in her, no wonder Pippa grew restless. Fears of boarding school and summer vacations spent visiting relatives or traveling with her stern guardian accumulated in a resentment which finally burst in a runaway.

Pooling a cash fund of thirty dollars, she and her chum Florence, daughter of a municipal official, flung out in search of thrills, fame and whatever they could find. She was then seventeen. And that was six years ago.

I couldn’t begin to tell you the amazing adventures they experienced. Because she had an aunt in Providence to whom she might S.O.S for financial aid in a crisis, they tarried in a village near Lawrence, Massachusetts.

"The times we had!" Jane’s eyes, which turn from gray to green with excitement, dance, and the whole of her exults with a laugh that begins with a rush inside of her and shines out like a sun all over her face, and in the merry cascade of words tossed from her smiling lips. "Stayed in bed all day so we wouldn’t get hungry. Walked four miles into Lawrence and back every evening to see a movie. Between the two, food seemed less important.

"But it became a problem, solved by a lunch-cart boy." The gray eyes are flecked with little imps of mirth. "He got a crush on me. I couldn’t see him, but I could see—also smell—the food that he cooked. Its tantalizing odor won me to the cart. I’d primitively refuse the huckleberry pie, insisting, ‘Re-ally, I just had a seven-course dinner, though my friend Florence likes huckleberry pie.’ I would let myself be persuaded to nibble a bite or two—and we would eat up all his profits.

"Feeling an urge to shock the staid village, we would accept two cigarettes from him, have him put them in a paper bag, and sit in the cemetery and smoke"—she doesn’t smoke any more, by the way, because everybody else does—and talk about all the wonderful things we’d ever eaten. ‘Remember that big steak you left on your plate, crazy foo, at such-and-such a place?’ Florence would ruminate, and our tummies would egonize. A priest treated us to the only square meal we had that summer. We stuffed. Everything on the menu. We weren’t girls to let an opportunity go to waste."

Relatives of Florence rescued them and took them to New York where Jane, who had dreamed of dancing since childhood, somehow got herself into Fokine’s ballet and then into Ben Ali Haggins’s tableaux. These engagements proved of short length. Being stranded, however, meant little more than a passing annoyance to our Pippa, who wanted to scoop up all the life singing about her, into a paper bag and gouge it out at will.

There was a young man. There seem to have been many accommodating young men eager to serve her in return for a smile at once gay and rebuking. This one had sent her a corsage bouquet of red roses.

"I started to a theatrical agency, wearing a chiffon dress trimmed with monkey fur, and the roses. That dress was the only decent one I had left—I’d sold one after another when our money dwindled—and I had washed it twice and again. Imagine, my dear, how grand I looked in washed-and-ironed monkey fur!"

The roses were her flag, lending color to the dispirited dress, as the elevator shot her upward. The cage was crowded with girls, all of whom got out at a certain floor, Jane absent-mindedly following. The corridor was jammed with girls seeking entrance to Ziegfeld’s office.

Realizing she had gotten off at the wrong floor, she pushed the button in vexation. She had always longed to be in the “Follies,” but to scramble through a mob of girls—not Pippa. While she waited, Ziggy appeared and noticed her. Her first instinct to approach him was smothered not so much by shyness as by pride. Suppose he shrugged her aside, right before all those girls! The elevator
The Real Ruth Roland

Continued from page 94

without batting an eyelash, if she deems the property worth it. But I have heard her refuse to take a fifty-dollar ad in a paper—whose circulation figures she had at the tip of her tongue—because she would not receive value for her money.

I have been with her on real estate appraisals. She knows property valuations, and keeps up with their fluctuations. Her judgments are swift and decisive, accompanied by a characteristic mien, a snap of her fingers. "Yes" means yes and "No" means no; arguments are superfluous.

The afternoon when she took an option on the big slice of land that now is covered—with homes and called Roland Square, there was a rapid-fire of questions, discussion of improvements, of hills, of hollows that must be filled in, of drainage, of suburban lines, of footage, of terms. Her eyes narrowed to slits of blue, as they do when her thinking is concentrated on a problem. A snap of those firm white fingers. O. K. papers were signed in the agent's office—and that was the beginning of a deal that netted her several hundred thousand dollars profit. The subdividing from a big blue print, the pricing of lots, the arrangement of terms to buyers—all these multidimensional details she directed.

Parties at Ruth's house—chummy, informal affairs of picture people and nonprofessionals. Kathleen Clifford, in a swirl of black chiffon, prattles from a corner. Lilian Tashman is swept onto the floor by Eddie. The rugs are rolled back, for dancing space. The music upon occasion is furnished by an Hawaiian orchestra that obligingly stops in the middle of one number to play another for which some one has a fancy, but mostly it comes spasmodically over the radio from the Ambassador. And after the winie roast about the camp fire at night, Ruth's clear soprano leading less sure voices from the clatter of modern jazz to the sweet old melodies of yesteryear.

Ruth, whose fortune, earned herself, is estimated at between three and six millions, shopping all afternoon for some particular trinket for which a friend has expressed a fancy. Ruth hard-boiled in business, but square and honest—and loyal and true to her friends. Ruth with faults, yes. Ruth's flag again flies in movie land. Long may it wave!
Bad Bill Tells All
Continued from page 43

To fit Gilda Gray’s hips, Powell succeeded in injecting a realistic touch. And yet no matter how persistently you question him he will not admit planning his artistic thefts.

"Taking the attention is not stealing a scene," he will explain. "Any one can contrive to hold the attention. He may twist at his mustache or tap a cigarette pensively on his cigarette case or light a match, and permit it to burn as he talks. But these are cheap, ham tricks. A conscientious actor wouldn’t think of resorting to them."

"He’s absolutely right," Dix vouchsafed from his side of the table. "Any number of ways a flashy actor can manage to get away with a scene, but it isn’t real acting. You don’t find old Chester Conklin or Ray Hatton or Henry Walthall stealing ‘em that way! Anyway, no one can deliberately go into a scene with the idea of stealing it."

"It would spoil his characterization," said Powell.

They stuck to their guns doggedly.

"I’d blame personality, if anything," Bill finally declared. "Why do the Beerys and Torrence and Ray Griffiths steal pictures? Simply because they dominate the scenes they are in. And they dominate by virtue of personality. You leave the theater remembering them rather than some wishy-washy lead."

Powell foretold Clara Bow’s stardom. "She has what it takes," he said pithily. "No one can play a scene on equal terms with that girl. Her personality fairly leaps from the screen and seizes the audience. Watch her step."

And as this is being written, the announcement comes that Clara Bow will be among the Paramount stars of next year.

As the evening wore on, Powell was tricked into unburring himself on the matter of acting. Here and there, now and again, he would let things slip, giving some notion of how carefully he plots his characterization, how shrewdly he estimates effects.

His stealing is made possible by making his characterization stand out in the mind of the spectator. And he succeeds in doing this by building it up, detail for detail, until it fairly cries for recognition. He avoids stereotypes and conceives fresh business, new angles, different treatment.

In "Bean Gestes," for example, as the cowardly, cringing Boldini, he interested the onlooker with his introductory shot.

"I had an empty bottle at my elbow. I fingered an empty glass. It established my character—lack of it, if you please—in a flash. I was a bum, and no one could miss it. I tore my trouser at the knee. And I never permitted myself to be shot smoking a full cigarette. I used only butts, held greedily between my thumb and forefinger."

Little things, to be sure—little enough to escape the casual trouper, but important enough to build up a believable film portrait.

"When you talk about stealing scenes," said Bill, "remember that everything is dependent upon the director. If you are working under a stupid fellow who does not grasp your ideas in doing certain little things, you are tied and helpless.

Your work cannot amount to anything. A rule-of-thumb director is just as bad. But given a clever man to work with, you have a real chance to produce a characterization."

Away from the studio, Bill’s chief characteristic is a brisk humor. And probably that is what enables him to render his villains so plausible, despite their unpleasant motives.

What is Vitaphone?
Continued from page 56

At the opening in New York, no white-haired, near-sighted old man broke into tears at this consummation of a life of hope; rather, the honors were shared between the Western Electric Company, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and Warner Brothers.

Now let us see what has actually been accomplished; and what can reasonably be expected to be done.

First, no talking picture, in the sense of a story carried by dialogue as well as action, has been made nor is there any probability of one in the near future. The opening program contained a speech by Will Hays; vocal, violin, piano, and orchestral music by various famous artists and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra; and a musical accompaniment to John Barrymore’s latest profile vehicle, "Don Juan." But it is the rendition, not the quality, of the offering that interests us.
The rendition was exactly what I had expected. The tone is that of the average good radio, not as good as the best under favorable conditions, nor nearly as bad as radio can be. It is not as good as that of the latest orthophonic phonographs.

And, again like radio, there were some things it could not handle to perfection, mainly volume. The opening chorus of "La Fiesta" was horribly garbled. As this was sung by the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Company, it is not probable that the fault was the singers'. On the other hand, when Martinelli gave vent to the loudest bellow in his power—which is considerable—Vitaphone was in every way adequate to the task. But in this case there was only the one voice—not several competing tones.

And during the Philharmonic's rendition of the Overture from "Tannhäuser," a shot was shown of the percussion corner of the orchestra. I saw the triangle struck at least two dozen times, but never heard its note. Through the natural medium of air, the triangle has a remarkable carrying capacity; through the medium of Vitaphone, the cymbals, which were near it, seemed to drown it altogether.

But the main failing is that there were times when, to me, it failed to give a complete feeling of oneness, of seeing and hearing one person, at the same time, in the same place, and from the same distance. At first I thought this was due to imperfect synchronization; but, try as I would, I could not prove it, even to my own satisfaction.

The only cause I could put my fingers on was a lack of the right proportion in volume and distance. A guitar sounded at least three times as loud as it would have if it had actually been played in that theater, and if I had been sitting where I was. Everything sounded as though it were at my elbow, yet my eyes told me the players were quite a distance away. My eyes and ears have been trained to compensate for any differences in the strength of the waves of light and sound due to distance. When the distance recorded by my eye is not recorded by my ear, the whole confusion is thrown out.

But it is quite probable that this difficulty is not a major one, and will be overcome in the course of time. Even in its present state it is not nearly as crude as the phonograph and radio—or, for that matter, the movies—were in the beginning, for it has built upon the foundations they have laid, instead of having to dig them for itself.

Now what do they intend, and what will they be able to do with it? In the first place, there are not going to be any talking pictures. Even its sponsors are not thinking of this 'new art' as anything but a possibility of the dim and distant future.

And there are several good reasons for this. One will be sufficient: consider the state of chaos that would enter a movie studio with Vitaphone. Suppose the strong, silent lover stutters—and then enter a wordless supposition. Is there any single person in any of the key positions—scenarist, director, actor, cutter—who could handle the double medium half as well as he can handle the present one?

The movies would enter the Dark Ages for a period of years. For it would take at least a few years before talking pictures could reach even the technical level of the present silent blank.

Even if, living in the hope of future reward, we were willing to do this, what assurance have we that the possible gain would offset the possible loss? It would undoubtedly help such half-breeds, "adapted" from literature and stage, as are unable to shift for themselves in terms of form and movement alone—but at what expense to others, such as "Moana," "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," "The Last Laugh?"

Therefore, the only immediate contribution projected by its owners is in the field of presentation, not production. On Broadway, a picture is accompanied by an orchestra of at least fifty pieces. They hope to bring this—or an even better—orchestral accompaniment into the smallest house of the smallest town. And, when the picture is of sufficient importance to merit it, a prologue will be added. There will also be short subjects of one and two reels, presenting world-famous virtuosi, orchestras, singers, et cetera.

But, at present, even these things cannot be done; the instrument is far too delicate to admit of quantity production—some of the screws have to be threaded by hand under a powerful magnifying glass, one hundred threads to the inch!

So when we examine Vitaphone, we find that little has been accomplished; everything lies in promises for the future. At present, it is nothing but a novelty on exhibition in New York. Designed to give pictures a Broadway presentation in Smith's Corners, it has, so far, only succeeded in returning that presentation—in not quite its original perfection—to the street from which it was taken.
BOYS & GIRLS

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MADAME WILLIAMS, DK 41, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIRL GRAD.—I see you have changed your name—a bit that because you found there was another "Girl from the Windy City"! Vivian Martin has been playing on the stage off and on for three or four years; she was playing in England for a season or so after the American run of her show, "Lost Boy of Barretts." She is heard from now and then in vaudeville. Naomi Childers seems to have retired entirely in favor of domesticity, and Dorothy Dalton also has dropped out of the limelight since her marriage to Arthur Hammond. I can't think of any unobbed screen stars except Lillian Gish—oh, yes, Patsy Ruth Miller has a very nice part in "The Cherub," and Van Johnson is playing the lead. And Mary Brian, Mary Astor, Alice Mills, Lois Moran—there must be a dozen or so, but I can't just drop a nickel into the old hat and expect their names suddenly come to me, now can I?

JOSEPHINE REGINA.—All the way from Porto Rico! You may have the freedom of the column at any time. Yes, I think Richard Dix's sister, Josephine, autographs his pictures. See Fritzie, Richard never gives his home address; I don't even know it myself. Sometimes he makes a picture in California, but most of the time he lives and works in New York.

HELEN MARGARET B.—Was I supposed to publish your full name? You didn't say. I remember you were married; if you mean it, don't tell your right name. I don't know what has become of Louise La Grange; as you say, she played in several films, but I haven't seen her name in any of them. I think she went to Miss La Grange, but I do know that frequently a player will get several good roles and then be unable to get anything else for months. She is acting such a heart-breaking career for a new-comer.

THE ORIGINAL GIRL FROM WINDY CITY.—Yes, I noticed that one else called herself by your name. Well, that's quite a name, wouldn't you say? Isn't it? Yes, John Fox, Jr., played Norma's son in "The Lady." He was born in Chicago, he doesn't say when.

MISS SAUCY.—I used to be saucy once, too, but there were too many hairbrushes and razors. Mary Brian and I are standing out, but I don't know which one. Agnes Ayres weighs one hundred and twelve pounds; she was born in 1898, and so was Vesta Vitali—I don't know the months. Pauline Garon came from Montreal. Mary Brian was born seventeen years ago last January in Corsicana, Texas; she has brown hair and brown eyes, and is five feet tall. George O'Hara is in his early twenties. Raymond Keane is so new to pictures that I have no information about him. Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburg; she is five feet, four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eight pounds.

CLARA BOW FAN.—You must be delighed to see the way your favorite has been coming to the top in her latest picture to "My Man Godfrey." My dear! If you keep up the good work, the famous Players; yes, it seems quite certain that in a few more years she will be one of the screen's leading stars. Esther Ralston was born on Feb. 11th, and played on the stage as one of the "Ralston Family" before she appeared in pictures, about six years ago. She is featured and is soon to be starred-and she is a blonde, born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He and Eleanor Boardman both began their screen career at the same time, when Samuel Goldwyn sent a representative about the country in a search for their screen faces. No one playing in films at present, but is planning to appear on the stage this season in an operetta. She has a beautiful singing voice. She can be reached at 1540 Broadway, New York. Mae Murray was born in Portsmouth, Virginia; Elinor Fair was born in Richmond—she is not a star, oh, but a leading woman; Julia Faye and Vera Reynolds are also. Francis X. Bushman came from Norfork: George Fawcett is a Virginiaan, as is Jack Holt. Carmelita Geraghty was born in London, and educated in France. She has played in pictures about six years, but it is only recently that she began to be known among the fans. Her more or less current film is "The Merry Fools," but "Passionate Youth," "Protecting Prue," "My Lady of Whims, and "The Great Gatsby."
Marianne.—I can see that you never lose track of any one; you remember all the old familiar faces, don’t you? Carlyle Blackwell has been playing in films made in Hollywood, but those performances were apparently seen only in America in a European-made film called “She,” starring Betty Blythe. Carlyle, by the way, was married in England last July to Leah Barnato. Olga Petrova plays on the stage part of her return to the screen. Irving Cummings stopped making screen love in order to direct it, some years ago. He has been making pictures for Fox recently—“Dawn” and “The Volga Boatman.” J. Warren Kerrigan has not been working in movies for months; John Bowyers latest films are “Whispering Smith” and “Francis.” B. P. Berman has been making “The Marriage Clause,” and Antonio Moreno’s new one is “The Flying Forest.” Elaine Hammerstein was married to June J. Walter Kayes, and hasn’t been working at the studios since then. Ethel Clayton plays in pictures sometimes. Her newest film being “Richard the Third.” Cecil DeMille’s production. I don’t think John Patrick is married; he doesn’t give his age. His current pictures are “The Door Mat,” “The Desperate Woman,” and “Ladies at Play.”

HELEN PERRICK.—I do hope you don’t always make every one around you work as hard as I have to work to answer your questions. You see, it is very difficult for me to give you the name of a picture of which I have never heard, as I have no means of looking it up. Casts are card-indexed under the names of the films. However, sometimes I can find out—especially if I have seen the film. Readers should not be disappointed when I am unable to do so. It was not “Fifth Avenue Models,” but “Fifth Avenue,” in which Marguerite de la Motte played. Mary Philbin was the heroine of the former. Marguerite’s other recent pictures are “The Girl Who Wouldn’t Work,” “Children of the Red Dust,” “The Unknown Soldier,” and “Hearts and Fists.” She is under contract to Cecil B. De Mille. Neil Hamilton’s pictures include “The Girl” and “Dames.” The former is a French Girl, “The Street of Forgotten Men,” “The Golden Princess,” “New Brooms,” “Desert Gold,” and “Beau Geste.” Mae Murray’s latest picture preceding “The Masked Bride” was “The Merry Widow,” but that can’t be the one you mean. Perhaps you are thinking of “Cicero the Enchantress,” which came just before that. Paula Novelli in “The Bunting Bird” was “Shadows of Paris.” The Girl from Montmartre” was Barbara La Marr’s last film, shown after her death. Betty Blythe and Paul Rich played together in a picture called “The Ship of Souls.” The mining picture in which he appeared I am unable to identify by the description.

MARY.—I’m sorry; you were too late for the November issue. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1882; he is married to Adele Rowland. I think that is his real name. Conway has dark-brown hair and eyes; he has played in pictures about ten years. As to his salary—that’s one of those matters stars do not usually make public.

G. A. B.—Thank you very much for writing me the information; it is very thoughtful of readers to take the trouble to write just to tell me something.

IRA.—I’m sure Bill Hart would be delighted to look at you. Take a trip from the old oracle and tell him what you told me—about seeing him when you were a kid and liking him better to-day than any of the new Westerns, the studio is very much in need of that. His address is at the end of this department. His last film was “Tumbleweeds,” and he is now with United Artists. Perhaps Mr. Mann will care for the other film. Shirley Swanson is also with United Artists now. Her first for them will probably be called “Personality.” Well, she has it.

CHARLES A. STRUTTER.—Sorty you had to wait so long, but every one must wait his turn. Robert Dean Agnew is no longer engaged to May McAvoy—anyway, that’s the latest dope. Lois Moran is only sixteen; but recently made “Paddington” for Famous Players, and is living with her mother in New York again. Betty Bronson has brown hair, and it’s naturally curly—let the studio buy these admiring eyes. William Haines hasn’t married.

CONSTANCE RISKER.—I assure you I am well aware of the existence of the Norma Talmadge Fan Club, of which you are president; and if I have any other impression, it was inadvertently. You say the club’s second birthday found you with a fan membership well on the way to one thousand. I am always at your service, believe me.

HELEN FERGUSON FAN.—I’ll do your best to make sure you that she is in the real, and wish we could see more of Helen—meaning more often. “Casey of the Coast Guards,” her serial for Pathé, in which she was featured with George O’Hara, was released some time ago.

HAY.—Thanks for yours. Your information that Dorothy Dalton was born on September 26th will doubtless be thankfully received by Herbert Jurgens. I saw Dorothy on Fifth Avenue not long ago, and she looks younger and smarter than ever. She’s married to Arthur Hammerstein, the musical-comedy producer. By the way, Rene Adoree is slated to be Rose Marie in the movies. Richard Talmadge is with Universal now. Cullen Landis and Antrim Short are free dancing. George Hackman, the Englishman who went to Germany; his latest is “Wandering Fires.” Your letters are always interesting and very welcome.

HERBERT JURGENS.—Note the communication to Hay above. It contains the information about Dorothy Dalton that you wanted.

DOROTHY SOJAR.—You want to know if it’s “just luck” that makes stars. Shames on you, at your age! Doug’s latest is “The Black Hawk,” which has contributed “Sparrors” to the cause of screen art. The Fairbankses have come back from Europe. Clive Brook is married, and is a father. His Players, and hails from England. He appeared in “The Home Maker” and “When Love Grows Cold,” the latter with Natasha Rambova, and in “You Never Know Women.”
M. T. H.—Barbara La Marr was very ill while she was making "The Girl from Montmartre," but her work in the picture was finished before her death. So far as I know, no double was used. One of the last pictures starring Miss La Marr was John Galsworthy’s "The White Monkey." Perhaps that is the film to which you refer.

Anna.—Huntly Gordon does not divulge his age, but his birthplace was, and still is, Montreal, Canada. His height is six feet, weight, one hundred and seventy-five pounds; he has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. He was in "Silken Shackles" with Irene Rich. He has left Warner Brothers, so I do not know what his address is now.

Vivian Rich Fans.—John E. Thayer has offered the information that Vivian Rich has appeared lately in "The Lone Wagon," "Ragged Robin," and "The End of the Rope," and also in the serial, "Ida." Her address is at the end of this department. Thank you, John Thayer.

Harry.—The address of the Paramount Picture School is the Paramount Studio, Astoria, Long Island, New York. Thinking of joining up? The Universal Studio is at Universal City, California.

Lors.—Pauline Frederick has been playing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so address her care of Universal. Alec B. Francis and Kate Price have been working with First National. Francis played in "Harry Langdon’s comedy, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." He is married. George Fawcett may be addressed care of The Lambs Club, 1 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Fawcett is married, too. Edward Martindel appeared in Warner Brothers' "Lady Windermere’s Fan," and in Constance Talmadge’s "The Duchess of Bufalo." He was once a well-known actor on the legitimate stage.

Miss Fitte.—Clever you! That was Geoffrey Kerr, young actor of the legitimate stage who played with Dick Barthelmess in "Just Supposes." He does not make pictures regularly, and I haven't his home address. Louise Brooks is with Paramount; also Clara Bow. Go on—send me that red bathing suit. I dare you to it.

Agnes.—You don’t have to try any longer to get information about Marie Prevost. I should think you might call Kenneth Harlan a close relative of hers, since he is her husband. She also has a sister named Marjorie; I don’t know anything about the rest of her family.

Miss E. Casey.—I’m surprised that you should write me from England to ask about Ivor Novello, since his reason for not playing in more pictures is that he is busily engaged in his and your own country, appearing on the stage. He did make a film within the past year or two—a picturization of "The Rat," in which he starred for some time at the French Theater, London, and which he wrote himself. I believe he is in another play now, with Constance Collier, but I don’t know the title. I’m sorry, I have no description of him—he made such a brief visit over here, really. He made four or five pictures in America, but I don’t think Laura La Plante played in any of them. Yes, Laura’s hair is shingled.

A Dolores Costello Fan Club wishes to be announced. All fans who would like to join may write to Francis C. Wilson, Blountstown, Florida.

A William Haines Club wishes to be announced. Any one interested may write to its president, Nancy Lilly, 225 Boone Street, Bluefield, West Virginia, or to the club secretary, Ruth Winner, Box 11, Knox, Pennsylvania.

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Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Helene Costello, Dorothy Mackauley, Jeanette MacDonald, and Dorothy Varley, the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon, Marguerite, Mary Astor, Ben Lyon, at the Biograph Studio, 807 East Fifty-ninth Street, Hollywood, California.

Lois Moran, Pat O'Malley, 1832 Tenth Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926.

State of New York, County of New York (ss).

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared PRESS STREET, subscriber, whose name and residence are written above my signature, and being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that the Publishers and Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and complete statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, as shown in the above caption required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and the Act of Congress of January 30, 1925, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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H. L. Wood, a clerk, made more than $700 "on the side" before he had completed his course and also won $125 in prizes. Harry William Littleton, he has more than doubled his salary as a result of studying this I. C. S. course in spare time.

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Newest Style with Mandell Fur Trimming

Here’s a bargain price and easy terms besides! The rich elegance of this coat will appeal to every well-dressed woman. The material is of fine quality wool Bolivia while the collar and cuffs are of richly colored Mandell fur. The sides are made in novel panel effect of self material attractively trimmed with rows of neat buttons. Entire garment is warmly interlined and fully lined with silk satin de chine. Black or French blue. Sizes 34 to 44. Length 47 inches.

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Have this stylish fall coat and never miss the money. With our liberal easy payment plan you send only a small amount each month, so little you can easily save it out of the nickels and dimes you would otherwise fritter away. Try it and see. Send only $1.00 deposit. We’ll send you the coat on approval. Judge it for yourself. You take no risk. Your deposit instantly returned if you say so. If perfectly satisfied take 6 months to pay. But act now while this offer lasts.

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1759 West 35th Street, Chicago
I enclose $1 deposit. Send Bolivia Coat No. C-12F. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay $4.85 a month until I have paid $29.95 in all.

(If color wanted) Black □ Blue □ Size________________________

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P.O.___________________________________________ State________
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She had charm and beauty and good taste and soon had society at her feet.

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Find out for yourself what happened. Go to your dealer to-day and ask for the story of this adventuring girl. It is

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When it’s Thanksgiving, And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth—have a Camel!

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So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone—send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
WEDDING BELLS IN HOLLYWOOD
FAMOUS MATCHES OLD AND NEW
Throwing the Light
of Scientific Frankness on Woman’s Oldest Problem

This new way, by supplanting the uncertainty of old hygienic methods with certain and positive protection, provides charm, immaculacy, exquisiteness under all circumstances ... and adds the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

Because one woman told another, because doctors advised and authorities urged, and because the frankness of scientific fact was used in dealing with a trying subject, the hygienic habits of the world have been changed.

Almost 80% of American women in the better walks of life employ this new way. A way that banishes the doubtful efficiency of old-time methods with a protection that is absolute.

If you are one of the 20% who cling to old ways, ask your doctor, please, about Kotex. What he tells you will make a great difference in your life.

No uncertainty, no doubts. You live every day unhandicapped. You wear the sheerest and gayest of frocks without a moment’s thought. The most exacting social demands hold no terror, no matter how ill-timed.

These new advantages
Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—*and in your health.* Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex
See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere
You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

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Kotex Regular
6¢ per dozen
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About the Tremendous Money-Making Opportunities in the World’s BIGGEST BUSINESS!

Find out how you can get into this gigantic Auto Business! Think of it—7 Thousand Million Dollars paid to Auto men every year for upkeep alone! See why there are so many Tremendous Opportunities for the trained Auto Man to get Big Raises in Pay QUICK!—opportunities waiting for YOU! My Free Book shows why. My Free Lessons show how you can take advantage of these wonderful Opportunities.

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If you want to boost your pay quick, Mail this Coupon now. Be an Auto Expert. It’s the one Business for the red-blooded, ambitious man who wants to make real money! I help you do it. Get all the particulars about my lifetime Employment Service and my lifetime Consultation Service—both of which I include Free of Extra Charge.

Find out how I train you AT HOME! Don’t sell your time for low pay! You don’t need to! Get all the Facts! Find out how you can become a Big Pay Man in amazingly quick time! These 3 FREE Lessons show you why you can stay home; keep your present job; they prove that you don’t have to leave your doorstep— that you can Master every branch of Auto Work right in your own home. Send Coupon while I can still offer you these 3 Lessons absolutely FREE.

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DIRECTING ENGINEER

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SEND COUPON AT ONCE!

Learn how men without a day’s previous auto experience, and only common schooling become Garage Owners, Superintendents, Managers and can earn up to $150 a Week and more! See why hundreds of men have found “JOB-WAY” to be such interesting, practical Training! I stand ready to give you absolute proof. Clip COUPON NOW and I’ll rush your Lessons to you Absolutely Free!

See How You Can Earn up to $150 a Week

Business of your own. Remember—these lessons and jobs come to you absolutely FREE of charge and without any obligation on your part whatever.

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DIRECTING ENGINEER

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1916 Sunnyside Ave. Dept. 145 Chicago
What the Fans Think

An open forum of discussion by our readers.

The Glory of Mother Love

Photographic study of Belle Bennett and Philippe de Lacy in a scene from "Mother Mackree."

What Makes a Perfect Marriage?

Eliza Schallert

Seeking the answer to this question in some of the happy homes of Hollywood.

Sing a Song of Christmas

Elizabeth Petersen

Stars from seven different countries tell how it is celebrated at home.

The Stroller

Carroll Graham

Asiatic observations of a casual rambler in the film colony.

Corinne Goes Cruising

Camera glimpses of Corinne Griffith and her husband on their new yacht.

He Takes His Comedy Straight

Alma Talley

Andre Beranger's unconscious appeal to our risibilities.

Over the Teacups

The Bystander

Fanny the Fan reels off the latest gossip gleaned from the stars.

Exposing Raymond Griffith

William H. McKegg

A peep into the comedian's well-guarded private life.

A Fig for Glamour!

Malcolm H. Oettinger

That's just how much it's worth after a frank interview with Evelyn Brent.

Favorite Picture Players

A series of rotogravure photos of persons prominent before the camera.

The Definition of a Lady

Herbert Howe

In other words, Corinne Griffith—a lady, too, with brains.

A Shy Celebrity

Bradley King

The well-known scenarist writes of her conferences with the bashful author of "One Increasing Purpose."

Oh, You "Big Boy!"

The bashful comedian as seen in informal moments.

Hollywood High Lights

Edwin and Eliza Schallert

The pick of the news from the Coast.

Colleen Gives a Fan Party

Helen Louise Walker

If you weren't there, you missed it!

Even the Athletes Are Lured

Barbara Miller

Gene Tunney, "Red" Grange, and Charley Paddock head the influx of sportsmen into the movies.

Numa Earns a Fortune

A. L. Wooldridge

Showing that it pays to be the lion of the screen.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Old Ironsides

A 'James Cagney
Production From the
Story by
Lawrence
Stallings

Immortalizing the romance and drama of the glorious
fighting career of "Old Ironsides." With Wallace Beery,
Esther Ralston, George Bancroft and Charles Farrell.

Sorrows of Satan

Produced by
D. W.
Griffith
with
Adolphe
Menjou
as Satan

RICARDO CORTEZ, Carol Dempster and Lya de
Pitti in a drama of love, temptation and regeneration.
From the novel by Marie Corelli.

Beau Geste

Romance and
Adventure in the
French Foreign
Legion. New York
Critics say "The
Year's Greatest
Melodrama"

Produced by HERBERT
Brenon, from the novel by Percival C. Wren.

A BOVE are three of many big Paramount produc-
tions of the coming season. The two below and
those in the chart you can see now or very soon.

The Eagle of the Sea

Wherein a Pirate
Wons a Lady

Ricardo Cortez as the chivalrous, dar-
ing pirate who wows a
beautiful girl, Florence Vidor, and
braves fire, mutiny and the com-
bined British and Spanish
Navies to win her!

A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION from the novel
"Captain Sazarac" by Charles Tenney Jackson.

We're in the
Navy Now

Wallace Beery and
Raymond Hatton

All hands on deck for this
one! Beery and Hatton,
the daffy doughboys of
"Behind the Front," are
in the navy now! With
Chester Conklin and Tom
Kennedy. An Edward Sutherland Production.
HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIETY QUEENS

HOLLYWOOD has always had its professional coteries—groups of persons bound together by business interests—and now that the colony has increased in numbers and importance, it has developed a society set, too. This is divided into smaller sets or cliques which in turn have developed competition and rivalry. It is even whispered that a social leader has sprung up to wield the scepter of an autocrat of the drawing-room! So that in Hollywood nowadays it isn’t so important that you get the rôle you crave as it is to get an invitation to bask within the inner circle of the—shall we say “400?”

In Picture-Play for February will be found a highly informative article by Margaret Reid on the subject of social cliques in Hollywood, which will point out to you exactly who is who in the cinematic realms, and why it is sometimes awfully important to be invited somewhere to tea—if you want to get along.

ANNA Q. NILSSON'S LIFE STORY

FROM the humblest beginning—as an immigrant from Sweden—the popular actress has risen to heights of recognition and affluence undreamed of during her early days in this country. The story of her life is dramatically and sympathetically told by Edwin Schallert in next month’s issue, and you will admire Anna Q. the more when you have read it.

An intimate glimpse of Charlie Chaplin, a vivid description of "The King of Kings" in the making, a gay account of the hi-jinks and games the stars play—these are high lights of Picture-Play's unusual contents for February.
A riotous, rampant, hilarious farce-comedy thriller that will keep you in spasms of laughter from the first flicker to the fadeout.

It's a Sure Cure for What Ails You!
It's a Worry-Chaser De Luxe!
See It and Forget Your Troubles!
Give De Mille His Due.

WHY do all the critics take such great delight in panning De Mille’s films? No matter what the merits of the film may be, if it’s De Mille’s they invariably pan it. All they can seem to say is, “It’s the same old thing, one lavish, luxurious De Mille set after another.” Never a word about the splendid work of the members of the cast nor the excellent development of the theme of the film. Can some one explain this enigma to me?

“The Volga Boatman” had a four-day run at one of our local theaters and the place was jammed for every performance and no one had any criticism to make, strange to say! They were unanimous in saying it was a magnificent film with a well-chosen cast.

William Boyd’s work as Fedor, the Volga boatman, was a finely done characterization and I am sure it has won him many admirers. Julia Faye’s Mariasha was remarkable because it was so entirely different from any of her previous portrayals and still was so true to the character of the reckless, dirty little Tatar maid.

How the critics can find anything to pan in “The Volga Boatman” is beyond my powers of comprehension, and I’m sure there must be others that agree with me, n’est-ce pas?”

OLIVE HINGLE.

Box 155, Freeport, New York.

Give the Younger Actors a Chance.

The other day I went to see “Fine Manners,” and Eugene O’Brien was billed as “the most romantic lover on the screen.” So are Milton Sills, James Kirkwood, and John Barrymore. I think that Sills and Kirkwood should take more suitable parts and let the younger actors supply the romance. John Barrymore goes through too much agony when he makes love. Any one would think his No. 10s pinched his feet. I have often wondered if girls in real life would fall as hard for them as they seem to in reel life?

Now to stop my panning and get down to business. There are two young actors on the screen now who show great promise. They are Victor Varconi and Einar Hansen. Varconi has the most fascinating smile on the screen, outside of the famous Richard Dix. He is handsome and a fine artist. But Mr. Hansen! Oh, gee! Oh, gosh! I saw him opposite Corinne Griffith in “Into Her Kingdom” and should have thought the fair lady would have done anything in the world for him when he gazed into her eyes with those piercing optics of his. He may not speak very plain English as yet, but no girl could help but say “Yes!” even if he asked her in Greek. I am very glad Miss Griffith chose him for another of her pictures.

Now that we have lost our beloved Valentino, we miss him very much.” Rady was a fine actor and it was a great loss to us, because we know he was going to make a great come-back.

So I say, “Ring out the old and ring in the new!”

Los Angeles, California.

YVONNE.

Not Enough Praise.

This marks the first time that I have written to your magazine, although I have long read and enjoyed it. But it seems to me that there is one adorable actress who doesn’t get enough praise to suit me. When “Peter Pan” was released, all moviogers united in the chorus of praise for the new star—Betty Bronson. But Betty’s meteoric success has been diminishing ever since her second picture, “Are Parents People?” Recently I saw her in “The Cat’s Pajamas.” Without a doubt, the whole thing would have been mediocre had it not been for the cheery presence of the delightful Betty.

Last week I saw “Don Juan” with the inimitable John Barrymore. Although an interesting picture, it didn’t come up to my expectations. But if the picture fell shy of my hopes, the Vitaphone surpassed my wildest dreams. Here’s hoping that the Vitaphone Corporation will install these marvels throughout the country.

Just a few brickbats—I think Nita Naldi is not so good, and certainly the late Barbara La Marr put her in a back seat as far as beauty and ability were concerned. It was not the fault of the ill-fated beauty that she was given such ridiculous vehicles. I, for one, hope Picture-Play never forgets Barbara.

2909 Valentine Avenue, New York City, New York.

LILIAN RANE.

Is This Fan Too Severe?

I am convinced that only through the lovely Norma did Sister Constance ever get on the screen! How else could she? Certainly not because of any talent of her own. Certainly not because of beauty.

It makes my blood boil to see Constance on the screen—in delightful plays so well suited to Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy has the beauty, the talent, the appeal which Constance has never had. Constance should be dethroned and Madge Kennedy ensconced in the enviable position Miss Talmadge holds.

It makes me laugh with derision to read that Constance might be featured in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” Fancy! Constance in preference to all our exquisite blondes! Impossible! Why not Laura La Plante—as Fanny the Fan suggested—or Katherine MacDonald. Alice Terry (with a blond wig), May Allison. Miss Dupont? Or—most exquisite of all, Marion Davies?

Continued on page 10
You, Too, Can Realize Your Dreams
By Developing a
Strong Rich Voice

More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

Read the letters on this page from men and women who have made their dreams come true by this wonderful, scientific method of voice culture. You can continue your present occupation and mode of life while you study in your own home—and the cost is nominal—only a very small amount each month as you study.

100% Improvement
Guaranteed

It makes no difference whether you wish to improve your voice for your own pleasure or for professional singing. The man or woman singing in the home—the opera or concert singer—the choir singer—all can improve their voices 100%, at the very least, by Physical Voice Culture. We absolutely guarantee 100% improvement on your tuition will be gladly refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Inspirating Book Now FREE

Send Coupon!

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1281
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Fochtinger's book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

[ ] Singing
[ ] Speaking

Name: ___________________________
Address: _______________________
City: ___________________________
State: __________________________

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

Perfect Voice Institute, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Harry Lompiere Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your plan.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" with Blue. Now I can sing high "F" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone.—Harry Lompiere.

Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

As I said before, I believe it was through Norman Constance has become a screen star; there are numerous others, however, who puzzle me as to how they got on the screen. I could say as much as I have about Constance, but I lack the space; so, I shall content myself with naming them:


Knockers, Please Note.

Having been a reader of Picture-Play Magazine for some time past, in course I've watched with interest the letters in this department, and believe it is time for another county to be heard from—so here I come, in hot pursuit after those who are ever and eternally knocking John Barrymore—as well as other stars.

It seems a pity to me that the fans must continue to be told that there should be critical criticism at least! And I, for one, cannot agree with those who think John Barrymore is "always thinking of himself. Aboh, seriously, is in the intimate actor, in every sense of the word! John Gilbert admirers are too anxious to compare Barrymore with Gilbert. I believe that bridge between the two types is very wide. I ask, could John Gilbert have given us Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde! Could John Gilbert have given us The Little Foxes and Beau Brummel as did Barrymore? And last but not least, what do the public want, if they were not satisfied with "The Sea Beast."

I am not prejudiced at all. I like Gilbert and I like Barrymore. But I must come to the defense of Barrymore, after all the prejudice and unjustly "anti," is immorlal "Sea Beast!" It may be true, toward the end of the picture he looked much too old for Dolores Costello. However, when one takes into consideration the experiences that the man has gone through in the loss of a leg in such a manner, then the loss of his sweetheart through the cunning of someone, the hard life and the sea at that period—surely a marked change would result. To my mind, the fault was with the make-up box—in that Dolores was not made to change a day! As for Barrymore's overacting in that picture, I don't believe anyone will find George O'Hara or Dolores Costello cracking about not having had an opportunity to "show their stuff." Mr. O'Hara and Miss Costello were given all the opportunity in the world by Barrymore, in this picture, and they both made the best of that opportunity.

Now for a word about Lois Moran. I do not see many comments about this little actress, and it is said she is comparatively new. However, I would like to give a warning to the fans, that Lois Moran deserves a little consideration. The way she has scored with this gifle refreshing, and it is my belief that Miss Moran is destined to shine brightly in the very near future. Lois' beauty is of a very different kind from the "stage" beauty. She is not a beauty on the screen, and it my sincere hope that she will have all the opportunity in the world, under her new contract, to display her wonderful talent but.

GENEVIEVE LOURANCE.

P. O. Box 272, Wilmington, Calif.

No One Like Him.

May I challenge Miss Caroline Novak's statement that John Barrymore is an elderly gentleman, old enough to retire? John Barrymore old enough to retire? Does Mr. Barrymore's age prejudice him against? How narrow-minded! Why, with such a record, America's greatest actor of either stage or film. None of his plays or pictures are even mediocre.

Miss Novak simply can't see why people don't rate Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Well, I'll tell her why. No one could have played the difficult rôle of "Ahob as well as he did. Only John Barrymore could have portrayed the sorrow and pain in that part one feel its nearness as poignantly as we did in "The Sea Beast." Only John Barrymore could change from the handsome, happy hero to the embittered "Ahob, whose whole being cried out for vengeance on Moby Dick.

That is why all true movie fans admire and praise John Barrymore. America's greatest actor! CLARA B. FOCHEL.

53 Villa Avenue. Sherwood Park. Yonkers. N. Y.

What England Thinks of Barrymore.

Surely all this praise lavished upon John Gilbert is a little exaggerated! No doubt he is a very fine actor; but the enormous money he makes one can expect too much. And now, in your magazine, he is even compared with John Barrymore—which is rather ridiculous! The Englishman don't see the meaning! I can never lose sight of the fact that he is an artist giving a performance, whereas Gilbert seems to live in his portrayals—and words to that effect.

No actor could be called such if he did not convince his audiences; if they didn't forget that he was merely a player portraying. But Barrymore has the faculty of living in his character is to deny that he is an actor at all.

Again, in the criticism of "The Sea Beast," it was said, among other uncompromising things, that Barrymore seemed "a good deal of a poseur and just a little old-fashioned." I think the man has a great deal of night people—the thought that although he has been almost become an institution, yet institutions may become tiresome.

This gives the impression that simply because Barrymore has been a great actor, he will always be a good one. As such he has not been seen with any enthusiasm, and should step down. I think it is all the more to his credit that his fame has lasted so long and shows no sign of abating—rather is increasing—in this country, at any rate!

Personally, I have never seen any artist on stage or screen whose acting could hold a candle to Barrymore's. He is very much admired over here, both on screen and stage, as the following extracts from an article which appeared some time ago in one of our film magazines will show.

"Although his efforts and ambitions have been directed mostly to the speaking stage, yet his screen work is pure genius. He simply cannot be cut out as an actor any more than a sculptor, who has the thinker's knack of getting right into the skin of a character, until he and it become one. He knows where comes the line between the stage and the very real action of the theater, and that of the silent stage. His work is the work of a scholar and a student, missing nothing by the breath of his character's inheritance, and missing coldness by his human understanding. Ordinary type limits do not control Barrymore. He has no type. He is the very picture of youth as of age, and make that camera man's dream of a profile into a nightmare, a comedian, too, with a quick wit, and the highest order of touch. He is independent of his directors. They do not color his work nor change his quality by one hairbreadth. Weak stories, weak production, weak support, have him still the Barrymore. He works according to his own good plan. But he is not an artist of temperament. His acting is never uneven, for it springs from a cool brain, and is carried out with a rare blend of humor and unostentatious, and the most polished acting, the most scholarly considered act, of any player on the screen."—Y. Z. L., London, England.

In Memory of Valentino.

You came to us like a sudden shaft of all that is beautiful—wonderful! We were lifted from our drab, commonplace lives by your wonderful beauty and inspired by your supreme artistry. You worked for our favor, you considered our preferences. With an amazing serenity you would, for those to whom you were loved by you with a devotion—a faith that was undying, eternal!

To us, you were all that is great—and much, much more. You added to the beauty and purity of a clear sky, but your body was tethered to a skeptical, mundane world! You, alone, urged on our highest hopes. You have definitely gone beyond mere earth elds." Your heart was as tender as your spirit was indomitable. In your work there was a flash of genius in the world—is gone. Our homage you received humbly—always thinking yourself unworthy of it. You felt the greatest responsibility of holding ten million adoring eyes. It was your earnest wish to be what all those hearts expected of you. And we never realized you were finer, better than you were. You were a different, happier, for having known you. We were your ideal, our inspiration, and our most human friend.

Then, suddenly, as you came, you left us—and all our dreams, all the beauty and romance, died away. The day was incredibly bright of sunlight and the darkness of our grief was intolerable. But into this light our way—to console us as only it might.

Now, through our tears, we feel you are shining—smiling down from a better world—where you know best how to be living! So—our tears—our spirit is still with us, we will carry on, bravely. Our lives will be better, nobler, for, when they think of you, they will think of us. You will rise as a new way—in the immortal, golden screen, far greater than the silver ones of this world!

THIX MACKENZIE.

Orange Villa. Daytona Beach, Fla.

From ashes to ashes and dust to dust—

from Italy to America, from America to Italy. So goes Rudolph Valentino, the greatest and highest reason of the picture. Why then did you, men be jealous of him. From across the waters of the Atlantic comes a sigh of millions of voices, "Valentino is no more. Pauline Lord."

Yes, poor Rudy! The world seems dull already. The world needed him to supply the need. He was deficient in love and romance. When you come to think of it, he had a very magnetic personality to have stirred the universe as he did. His slightest doing was news; people fought for a "handprint" of him; John Barrymore had touched his coat sleeve. Mostly young girls, but even matrons, fought madly for an glimpse of Rudy in the Marble Arch Press.

About "The Eagle" was shown. Good looking, superb figure, wonderful dancer, fine actor. He was the screen's best box-office draw, and he will live on in our memory forever.

Continued on page 12
Never Lonely Now!

Since I Found This Quick Easy Way to Play The Piano—Without a Teacher!

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened!

Somehow I never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault, though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—nothing! Anything to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb and the four blank walls of my bedroom seemed to crush me like a prison. I could stand it no longer. Anything was better than that lonely room. I wandered out into the deserted streets—unconscious of the drizzling rain.

Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. For an instant my spirits rose, and then fell as I realized that the fun was not for me. Through the open window I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had friends—popularity—happiness—all the things I longed for—but didn't have! I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

All the way home I kept thinking of that scene through the window. It depressed me. The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. I greeted him cordially:

"Hello, Dick, glad to see you.

"Feeling pretty blue, Tom, so I thought I'd call. Lucky to find you in, though. It doesn't happen very often," I answered.

"Well, you came to the right place. Music will soon make you forget your troubles," Tom sat down at his piano and began to play. Never had I been so moved by music. The happy hours sped past as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz hits, sonatas poured from his expert fingers. When he had finished, I sighed—sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Tom, it was wonderful. I wouldn't give to play like that! But it's too late now. I should have had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and added: "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact, not so long ago, I couldn't play a note.

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

The New Way to Learn Music

Then he told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales and tiresome hours of practice. You play real music from the start. When I left Tom, it was with new hope. If he could learn to play this way, so could I! That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

Three days later they arrived. I was amazed! I never dreamed that playing the piano could be so simple—even easier than Tom had pictured it. Then and there I knew I could master it! The course was as much fun as a game. No more dreary nights for me. And as the lessons continued, they got easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it. Nothing stopped me. I soon could play jazz, ballads, classical numbers, all with equal ease.

Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party, and this time I had something to offer. And I never dreamed that things would happen as they did.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here. What will we do without someone to play the piano?"

Amazed at my confidence, I spoke up:

"I'll try to fill Tom's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised, "Why, I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

"Quickly, I sat down and ran my fingers over the keys. As I struck the first rippling chords of Natah's lovely 'Narcissus,' a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spellbound!

Then as I played, I forgot the people and lost myself in my own music. The room became a field of flowers and roses dotted with nodding white flowers and filled with rich, fragrant perfume.

When I finished, you should have heard them applause! Everyone insisted I play more! Only too glad, I played piece after piece. My heart was filled with joy—for I had been an outsider—now was the life of the party.

Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. Now I never have a lonesome moment. At last I am popular. And to think this was all so easy!

* * * * *

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Quickly sent, D 11
I have, for six years, seen him on the screen. I've seen him in 'person—and now he is gone.' I feel as if I have lost a lifetime friend. No one else in the world can take his place. We will never forget you, Rudy.

Perhaps his fans will remember the symbolical meaning of "Beyond the Rocks," one of his pictures. Well, Rudy has passed through the turbulent waters and is now in the calm waters "beyond the rocks." GEORGE H. LAWSON.

7 Marmadale Road, S. E. 18, Kent, England.

My heart is so full I feel I must write, through Picture-Play, to all my fan friends. Valentino dead! Fans, can you realize it? I just simply can't. Never again to see that "Prince of Lovers," that great, magnetic personality never to strike to around of deepest emotion!

Just let us draw upon our memories for a moment and see before us, as through a kaleidoscope, those glamorous, colorful roles of Rudy, and his own inimitable touch he imbued with romance, and made live on the screen. First came the youthful, dashing Julio Desnoyers, who established him for all time in our hearts. Then full of fire and primitive passion came the Sheik, who raised him to world-wide fame. As the tragic bullfighter in "Blood and Sand," he showed acting ability before unsuspected, and his performance must rank with the highest.

After a short absence, his return as Mon- steur Beauregard but served to show us what we would have lost had he not come back again. Can we ever forget those gorgeous scenes in moonlit gardens with Doris Ken- yon and Bebe Daniels? Of late the dare- devil hero in "The Eagle," and the blase man of the world in "Cobra" have displayed an individuality which remains unsurpassed.

And now, in the heyday of his youth and fame, he has been taken from us! It has left us desolate and griefstricken, but, fans, remain loyal to him always, even as you did through his adversity. Let us gather forget him, but, always as the world's finest actor and greatest lover.

Rudy's True Fan.

Birmingham, England.

Too Late.

Rudolph Valentino has passed on; and in his death the public proved that all the stories of his waning popularity were but myths. People the world over were grief stricken at the news of his passing. Thousands wept—as they would for a close friend or relative. Yet while he lived they let him believe he was losing his great public. And now we know the whole world grieves the loss of a truly great artist. If it had only made him certain of that friendship while he lived!

I think it is time we learned our lesson. All this reminds me of certain audiences I have seen. They give the performer every little applause while he amuses them, then when off the stage and does not come back, they are indignant because he does not respond to their tardy applause.

The world's applause cannot bring Rudy back. Nor could it have kept him. But it could have made him happier while he was here. So his great audience have, with their grief, applauded Valentino—too late.

LA. B. GOWAN.

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YOUTH IN FOX PICTURES

Not content with having secured great successes of the stage and the most popular novels and short stories of the world's leading writers, the makers of Fox Pictures have gathered the greatest array of talent ever assembled by one company to portray the roles in these notable photoplays.

Established favorites of the screen, of course! But more! Youth—golden, glorious youth—moves through every photoplay that bears the name of Fox. Youth—incarnation of the spirit of the screen—in Fox Pictures has come into its own.

Janet Gaynor, Madge Bellamy, Olive Borden, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Florence Gilbert—beautiful, young Fox stars, whose names are known to you all; Sally Phipps and Nancy Nash, whom you soon will be admiring.

And among the men: Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien, Charles Farrell, Leslie Fenton, Richard Walling, Allan Forrest, Earle Foxe, and Barry Norton, a squadron of brilliant young players, all bearing the banner of youth through Fox Pictures.

Stars of today and stars of tomorrow, guided by the greatest directors and presented in the leading successes in fiction and drama—of such material have Fox Pictures been fashioned.

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES
Mother love will never cease to throb and sacrifice so long as the screen holds out. And, to prove it, Belle Bennett and Philippe de Lacy are here seen as mother and son in "Mother Machree," a film which glorifies an Irish mother who brings her boy to America. When he grows up and becomes Neil Hamilton, she is a servant in the household of his wealthy bride-to-be. But Mother Machree wins happiness for them all.
The J. Farrell MacDonalds were both professionals when they were married, fifteen years ago. Their only daughter, Lorna, is eleven.

ABOUT a year ago one of filmdom's most charming and distinctive ingenues—a refined, sensitive type of girl, with mystical, Oriental eyes that magnetized all of the young eligibles in Hollywood—one day, without any warning, she surprised everyone, but most of all the devoted young eligibles, by marrying a burly young prize fighter.

And to-day—after less than a year of marital bliss—she announces that her marriage has been a failure. She and her young prize-fighter husband are going to separate. The reason—well—incompatibility.

Which probably means that shortly after marriage she found herself in a strange world of boxing gloves. These possibly threw up a barrier between herself and husband. You see, she was very young, and the environment from which she had been transported was entirely foreign to the world she moved in after marriage.

There is a touching side to this broken romance. But it is not for discussion here. The case, however, does once again raise the question: What makes marriage successful?

What Makes a

That puzzling question can never be adequately answered among film folk would seem to indicate...

By Elza

Would this young daughter of the films have been more happy had she married, instead of the young prize fighter, an actor, say, or a director—one of her own profession? There are many successful marriages in Hollywood to gloriously bear out this supposition. Just as there are and have been marriages between people of the profession to contradict it.

However, the union of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks is undoubt- edly the shining example in support of the argument that it is possible for one household to hold more than one actor. There have been, at various times, rumors that the course of wedded bliss was not running smoothly at Pickfair. But, as John Barrymore once said to me, "There are RumorsDoug and Mary are the most shining example of a happy marriage between two stars.
Perfect Marriage?

answered but a comprehensive survey of the happy cate that it's usually best for like to seek like. Schallert

in the Air" might well be the national anthem of Hollywood. And I believe that the marriage of Douglas and Mary is a perfect success and that they are really happy. As happy as two artists with as much energy, initiative, and individuality as they respectively possess ever could be.

Douglas is a dynamo of nervous, creative energy. He is a veritable symbol of America, with its skyscrapers, adding machines, and motor-cycle cops. From the moment he rises, starting his day with a fast hike or a lightning game of badminton, until nighttime, which may be devoted, as the mood strikes him, to vociferous reading, blistering argument, or the ruthless absorbing of interesting personalities, he is a man fired with the creative spark. And he never allows his sword to rust in the sheath. Consequently, he is always electrically alive with ideas. And it takes a woman of rare mental equipment to keep in step with him.

Mary is that woman. I am sure. In direct contrast to Douglas, she is calm and reposed. But beneath her gentle, unassuming exterior, there works a penetrating and analytical brain. She doesn't rush at you with her intelligence but no one can know her for any length of time without becoming very much aware of an amazing mental vitality.

Douglas and Mary are very rich people. But their money doesn't separate them, as so often happens in the case of couples with enormous wealth. Their money simply enables them to take their time in making pictures, and thus to do the sort of stories they want in the way they want. But they never stop working, nor do they allow their wealth to make them smug and self-satisfied. They have always remained very close to the big industry of making pictures and when they

The romance between Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, that started on the screen, has so far been a complete success—and Gloria Mildred rules the family.
Mr. Schenck is, as you know, a leading official of the United Artists Corporation, and for years he has been the manager of Norma’s pictures, Constance’s and Buster Keaton’s. He has always been considered to have one of the keenest business minds in the film industry, and not only that, he is a director in one of the large Los Angeles banks, is a member of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, and always takes an active part in every important civic enterprise. He is looked upon by “big business men” of Los Angeles as a most valuable asset to the community, and I can add that he is personally a very charming and kindly man.

Norma adores a good time, loves to travel, and delights in having her lovely homes, at the beach and in town, full of friends. Laughter and gayety are vital to her. Therefore, laughter and gayety are given the warmest approval by Mr. Schenck. Whatever Norma does is right! It is really a joy to hear him extol her wonders. She is the most beautiful, most radiant, most intelligent, most marvelous woman in the universe!

And Norma feels the same way about him. “Joe is a darling,” she says. “I love him because he is so good—so understanding. He is a fine family man, one who really knows the meaning of home.

“I often look at some of my married friends whose lives seem to follow an aimless pattern and I can’t help feeling very sorry for them. There doesn’t seem to be any stability to their lives. And their husbands, though nice fellows, appear to be governed by a certain irresponsibility that is typical of thoroughly modern husbands. They kid the word ‘home,’ and sort of glory in the fact that they don’t belong to the Babbitt class of ‘good providers.’

“I am happy that Joe has the same old-fashioned idea of marriage that I have and, for that matter, that all of our family have. You know, we’re a clannish lot. If there ever was a family to stick together, it certainly is the Talmadge crowd. Peg and Connie and Natalie and I all knock each other—to our faces. But just let any outsider say one little word derogatory to any member of the family in the presence of another member, and then see what happens! Or just let any one insinuate that Natalie hasn’t the greatest youngsters in the world!”

I assure you, dear readers, that a Russian revolution would be as mild as a Sunday-school picnic compared with the results, if what Norma describes should ever take place.

In considering the marriages in Hollywood, it is surprising to note what a large percentage of them are between persons of the picture or theatrical profession. Nearly every actor is married to a former actress or a woman who in some way at some time was, identified with

Mrs. Noah Beery is another of those few Hollywood wives who were not once in the profession. The Beerys’ one son is Noah, Jr.

Reginald Denny and Mrs. Denny were both acting in India when they were married. Their daughter Barbara is now nine.

produce one, it is never creaky with ancient methods or technique. Nearly always, in fact, it is just a step ahead of the game in some respect.

Douglas in private life is very much of a play boy and Mary is his companion. A play boy, not in the sense of rushing the night clubs, but rather as an adventurous spirit seeking the interesting spots of the world, and the interesting people.

Even as the marriage of Douglas and Mary, owing to the prominence of both stars, has established a standard of successful union between two film players, so has the marriage of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck established a precedent for marriage between an actress and a producer. Norma and Mr. Schenck have been wedded for nearly ten years, and their deep devotion and tender affection for one another have ever been topics of comment in Hollywood.
What Makes a Perfect Marriage?

things theatrical—in the writing, executive, producing, or artistic end. And nearly every prominent actress who is wed has made the alliance with a film producer, an actor, a director, a scenario writer, or a business executive.

Even Gloria Swanson, who had twice been married to men of the profession—first many years ago to Wallace Beery, and second to Herbert Somborn, who was in the distributing end of pictures and is the father of her little girl—remained faithful to filmmaid in her marriage to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. For the marquis, then as now, was interested in the business side of pictures.

The ratio of marriages between professionals to those between professionals and non-professionals is 3-1, in favor of the professionals. And the number of divorces in Hollywood is not greater than the number of divorces in any other city of the same population. Which sounds very conservative in view of the general impression that exists that marriages are made one night in the colony and separate-maintenance suits entered the next day.

Several of the outstanding marriages between actors and women not of the profession are the Jack Holts, the Conrad Nagels, the Noah Beerys.

Ruth Nagel and Conrad have been wedded seven years and have one daughter, named Ruth Margaret, aged five. The Nagels are delightful people who, like the Jack Holts, the Ernest Torrences, the Percy Marmonts, the Conway Tearles, and others in that particular social circle, have brought a fine tone of dignity to the colony. Mrs. Nagel is a very attractive girl, with musical talent, which, of course, finds immediate response in Conrad, as he was brought up in a musical atmosphere. His father, Doctor Frank Nagel, has long been active in the musical life of Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The Jack Holts are family people through and through, with their three splendid children—Imogene, aged eight; Betty, six; and Jack, Jr., nicknamed "Tim," of the important age of four. They have a lovely home, with generous grounds and lots of beautiful old trees, just across the way from the Ernest Torrences, with whom they are very good friends.

An evening with Mr. and Mrs. Torrence and their son, Ian, a perfect-mannered chap of nineteen, in their hospitable English home, with its bright, happy atmosphere, is an experience that lingers in the memory. Mrs. Torrence was in light opera, until not many years ago. Her professional name was Elsie Riemer, and she sang in Kitty Gordon’s companies. Her last engagement was with Donald Brian in “The Marriage Market.” She is a capable hostess. Her appointments are in each simple good taste. And after a cordial and black coffee, it is pleasant to sink into one of her comfortable chairs and hear her gracefully toss off a song after song, with her husband at the piano.

Ernest Torrence is a fine musician. This may surprise readers, who, from his various screen portrayals, might find it easier to visualize him in a buckskin suit with a shotgun under his arm and a huge wad of tobacco in his mouth. He plays beautifully, and reflects in every measure his fine musical education. Not only that, he composes some ravishing things that have the tempo and flavor of George Gershwin. In fact, it wouldn’t surprise me at all if, one of these days, he wrote a musical comedy.

The Percy Marmonts, with their two pretty little girls—Pamela and Patricia, aged three and five—make you think of a quiet, secluded garden in England at April time. There is such a fresh, wholesome air about them, and such grace and charm. They have been married thirteen years.

Continued on page 92
Sing a Song

Studios have become so cosmopolitan within the past year that Holly Stars, new and old, represent almost every country in the world.

By Elizabeth

Greta Nissen, the fair Norwegian, waxes eloquent on the subject of Christmas cakes that make your mouth water.

PEACE on earth, good will toward men!

Bells peal and carols are sung in every corner of the earth. It is Christmas again. A thousand Santa Clauses suddenly appear on the streets to bewilder and delight the children. Christmas trees and holly and mistletoe take their colorful part in the gay scene. Happy crowds jostle each other as they hurry along.

In Hollywood roses are blooming and the grass is green. Christmas greetings are called across studio floors. Wreaths of evergreen and laurel and holly appear at the windows. For all movieland is preparing to usher in the happy holiday season.

And yet, how strange it will be to the group of newcomers who are spending Christmas away from home and family! Christmas without snow or ice! It doesn’t seem real, somehow. There is Greta Nissen, whose Christmases in the past have been spent in Norway.

“Christmas in Norway,” her voice blurred a little with homesickness, “the snow-covered hills and the evergreens and the red roofs of the houses, the cozy sitting rooms lighted with the glow from tall stoves, the tantalizing smells from the kitchen, where cooking and roasting and baking have been going on for weeks!”

“How I loved those weeks of Christmas preparation, especially when I was a child. All the women in the household were in the kitchen from morning until night. The Christmas cakes that were baked and put away in tins for safe keeping! Delicious, sugary Berliner Krantz, which were shaped into tiny wreaths, Fattig Man—which literally translated means poor men—but there was nothing poor about those cakes made of eggs and butter and cream. Then there were the star-shaped almond cookies, and all the other varieties so delicately spiced and flavored that no Christmas celebration would be complete without them.

“No one is forgotten at Christmas in my country. Sheaves of wheat are hung from city windows and country barns for the birds. A bowl of rich cream and rice pudding is left for the cat, and the dog has a marrowbone. Out in the country, the cows and sheep and horses get special rations.

“Then there is Yule-nisse, the little gnomelike man with long, white beard and red-tasseled hat, who takes the place of your American Santa Claus. A man to be feared as well as loved, the Yule-nisse, for if the children have not been good he pulls the little girls’ braids and pinches the boys, and never a thing does he leave them. But for the good little boys and girls there are skees and sleds and dolls and skates, all left under the Christmas tree in the living room.

“A bowl of rice pudding and cream must be left for the Yule-nisse, for if he is forgotten he displays a fearful temper and all sorts of ill things happen to the family in the coming year.

“Three Christmas days are celebrated, but the most important one is Christmas Eve. On that day the children are sent off skating or sledding, while the grown-ups take possession of the house. The Christmas tree is decorated and everything made ready by dark. Then the children return and an early supper of rice pudding and delicious sandwiches is served, which the children barely touch in their excitement. Their ears and eyes are intent upon the door of
of Christmas

wood looks for holiday celebrations such as it has never seen before. In this story seven of them describe the Yuletide of their native lands.

Petersen

the living room from which at last comes the strain of a Christmas song the mother is playing upon the piano, and the children form a line and march in to the tree.

"How lovely it looks, with its candles lit and the lovely golden star at the top twinkling so kindly! The children stop and clap hands, and their eager eyes stray to the packages beneath the tree. Then they dance around the tree, singing, until all the songs are sung and the father at last delivers the gifts that the Yule-nisse has left.

"After everybody has quieted down and the new dolls have been put to sleep and the new skates tried on, they gather around the table again and eat nuts and raisins and the little Christmas cakes that have been so carefully guarded but are now theirs to eat as many of as they possibly can. And then off to bed to dream of everything that has happened.

"This year, mother and brother and I are going to try to have one of our old-time Christmases. Maybe we shall spend it in New York. I hope we do. Somehow it doesn't seem like Christmas unless snow is on the ground and windows are painted with frost."

Renee Adoree told of the French Christmas.

"In France, Christmas Day or Noel is for children," she explained. "New Year's Day is for the grown-ups. Noel is a family day. The children put out their shoes instead of hanging up their stockings, and their gifts are stuffed into them. Then, of course, there is a large dinner, but it too is for the children.

"On New Year's Day the grown-ups celebrate the holiday by making calls and exchanging gifts. It is the custom to remember with a small gift each person who has entertained you during the year.

"As a child I was with my family in my father's circus, but we always celebrated Christmas Day. I enjoyed it most when we were in the provinces, for the country people made more of Christmas than the city ones. And of course I always put out my shoes and found them filled with gifts and goodies when I woke in the morning."

From Ronald Colman we learned something of Christmas in England.

"The thing I miss most is the holly and mistletoe that grow along our country lanes at home. It is the custom for the boys to go out and gather some for Christmas decorations.

"Then there is the celebrated Yule log. At home, the most impressive part of our Christmas is the moment when the huge log is dragged into the fireplace and lighted with a splinter from last year's log.

"How I used to look forward to the mummers who went from house to house on Christmas Eve! Where anything beyond dancing was attempted, it usually took the form of burlesque with plenty of fighting. There was Bob Slasher, the bully, who was killed. Doctor Brown who came to his aid. St. George, The Dragon, Alexander, King of Egypt, and Father Christmas. My favorite, however, was Bob Slasher with his:

A good old English Christmas will be enjoyed by Ronald Colman, with open house, Yule log, and

"Here come I, Bob Slasher,
Bob Slasher is my name,
A sword and pistol by my side,
I'm sure to win the game."
Rambling along Hollywood Boulevard, the shrewd observer makes amusing notes of what he sees happening in the movie capital—and what some of its denizens are thinking.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

NEW YORK'S bright young literary men who visit Hollywood scoff boisterously at the optimistic hope of the natives that some day the movie capital may become a literary center as well.

As a matter of fact, the numerous writers who come to Hollywood from time to time to sop up some of the movie gravy have been more noted for their social success than their screen triumphs. They arrive with a moderate fanfare of trumpets, grant an interview, are tendered a dinner at the Writers' Club at which Rupert Hughes is toastmaster, dash off a movie, quarrel with the producer who has contracted for it, and flee Eastward breathing sardonic cracks about Hollywood as they go.

Laurence Stallings came out to write "The Big Parade" and had a lot to say about Hollywood when he got back, none of which was calculated to please the permanent residents. Marc Connelly wrote a hurried movie—to which nothing has happened thus far—denounced the place as a "Babbitt's paradise," and went back to compose more stage hits.

Donald Ogden Stewart, during the months he spent in Hollywood, was very popular socially but did little for the screen. His visit, however, did result in his marriage to one of the natives. Friends have not yet learned how this will affect his attitude toward the town.

Edwin Justus Mayer and John Colton, both of whom lived in Hollywood before they became celebrities, have been in town for some time, but have sold no movies. Colton, the man who made Nebraska's mountains famous, is said to be working on a stage piece about an evangelist, probably based on the exploits of Aimee Semple McPherson, who has no equal, even in Hollywood, at getting and keeping in the public prints.

John V. A. Weaver, Robert Benchley, Herman Mankiewicz (pronounced La Jolla) and Ted Shane have also been out. Benchley titled a Raymond Griffith picture, and Shane and Mankiewicz were on the Lasky scenario staff. Weaver complained that "No one has ever heard of me out here," which may not be a blit on the town after all, if one has read his "Margie Wins the Game."

Irvin S. Cobb and Aldous Huxley, who, however, can scarcely be classed either together or with the others, paid brief visits. Cobb wrote a movie for DeMille and one for Metro-Goldwyn and fled, it is averred, quite out of sorts. Shortly before his departure he said in an after-dinner speech: "I have met that strange phenomenon, the film supervisor, who, like the goldfish, can swim round and round for hours, its eyes wide open, fast asleep."

The author of "Chrome Yellow" paid a call on Charlie Chaplin and Robert Nichols, left quietly, and later solaced himself for whatever pain the trip may have caused him by kidding the town in a magazine article.

Barbara Kent, a pretty young newcomer who plays her first part with John Gilbert in "The Flesh and the Devil," has taken umbrage at newspaper statements that she was a former shopgirl. It was reported on her discovery that the casting director had first seen her in a Hollywood store and a romantic-minded newspaper man took it to mean she worked there.

Miss Kent, in a high state of indignation, and evidently working under the theory that some stigma attaches itself to working in stores, asserts in rage that she never did.

"I won a beauty contest," she says.
Some of Hollywood's best waitresses have started as beauty-contest winners.

There seems to be some doubt in the minds of those who wrote the billboards for the Hollywood Art Theater's production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" as to just how the old Roman spelled his name. It was first emblazoned on the boards as "Julius Caesar." This didn't look quite right, but those responsible evidently weren't positive. Later, about half the billboards were changed, thus insuring a certain percentage of correctness either way.

However the public may have received the Ufa picture, "Variety," it had a tremendous effect on Hollywood.

Directors, scenario writers, producers, and actors have seen the picture as many as half a dozen
times and one may expect to see many varieties of "Variety" on the screen shortly.

Less than a month after the first showing of the picture in the West I witnessed a preview of a Western in which the murder scene from "Variety" had been lifted bodily.

Prepare yourself for "Flaming Acrobats" or "Trapeze Passion."

Some time before William Wrigley offered $25,000 to any one who swam from the southern California mainland to Catalina Island, Reginald Denny had thought of doing it.

He once announced his intention of attempting the long swim and started to train for it. Officials of Universal, however, with visions of sharks and whales and rum runners and other man-killers of the deep waylaying their precious star, vetoed the idea.

But Denny is persistent. During the making of "The Cheerful Fraud" he called the studio one morning and announced airily that he was too ill to work. Later in the day he called again, got the general manager on the phone and said he was going to swim to Catalina next day.

"I thought you were ill," the boss cried.

"I was, but the swim will do me good." Denny chirped.

"No doubt, no doubt," the boss replied. "But if you're well enough to swim twenty-seven miles you're well enough to work. On the set at nine o'clock tomorrow."

A recent news dispatch says that German has been chosen as the official language of the International Film Congress to be held in Europe, which should be a great help to producers from Hollywood who attend.

There are as many fanciful beliefs in Hollywood as there are artificial blondes. One of the most popular of them—not the blondes—is astrology, or numerology. I believe the terms are synonymous.

One astrologer spends all his time casting horoscopes for the movie folk, many of whom will make no more decisive move than calling their bootlegger without first asking his advice. He also has a number of students learning the art of casting horoscopes. As far as I know, his curriculum does not include methods of casting horoscopes as well, which would probably be more generally popular.

As I understand it, a horoscope is cast by the process of adding your automobile license, street address, age, telephone number and yearly income, dividing by the number of your wife's relations and multiplying by the number of times you have said, "That would make a good plot for a movie!" This done, one takes into consideration the position of the sun, moon and stars, and draws amazing conclusions from the result.

Robert Vignola, the director, is an ardent follower of astrology and has a horoscope thrown for every movie he makes. Another student, in telling me of its marvels, pointed out that Mr. Vignola, when he directed "Fifth Avenue," started the picture by filming a certain numbered scene on a day and hour fixed by his astrologer.

"He didn't have a bit of trouble making the picture," she said, "and that proves there's something to it."

Emil Jannings declared in a recent interview that he was reluctant to come to Hollywood because of the reported scarcity of beer. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is preparing a pamphlet against this foul slander.

Having babies is Hollywood's latest fad. And newspapers now days chronicle more births than divorces in the movies. Like all fads, this may be only temporary, and if so, it will be somewhat of an inconvenience to those couples who have gone in for it, like a girl who has dyed her hair and can't change it back when the style changes.

Samuel Goldwyn and his young wife, late of the New York stage, have been blessed with Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., born bald to match his papa. Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Mr. and Mrs. House Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, and a great many others have helped give the fad social standing.

Charles Chaplin never does anything by halves, and has had two.

A personable young actor who views himself not too extravagantly is Glenn Tryon, former Hal Roach comedy star, but now free-lancing as a dramatic leading man.

"What do you do about answering your fan mail?" a fellow actor asked him.

"I don't bother to answer it," said Glenn. "I just go around and make personal calls on every one who writes. It takes about one evening a year."

If you think the war is over, come to Hollywood. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cleaned up on "The Big Parade" and started the conflict all over again, more horrible than ever. Famous Players-Lasky got aboard with "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now." Reneau Hoffman filmed "The Unknown Soldier." Metro-Goldwyn then followed up the Vidor-Stalings triumph with "Tin Hats" and "Tell It to the Marines." Universal's contribution is "Let's Go Home" and I shudder to think of all the war "quickies" being made on Poverty Row.

It is estimated that the American Legion can organize an army in three months in case the studios in Berlin send a few war pictures over here.

The world's greatest long-distance engagement, in which Bobby Agnew and May McAvoy are the principals, is as uncertain as ever. A reporter tried to track down rumors of an impending marriage recently. Bobby said, "Maybe!" Mrs. McAvoy said, "No!" May said nothing.

Bobby and May have been engaged for eight years, ever since they first met in New York, when she was an ob-
The Stroller

Secure but ambitious ingenue and he was a fresh kid from Texas who had become an actor by playing a French boy in a vaudeville sketch. He played with a Texas drawl, too.

In the many years of their engagement he has given her three rings, and during the making of "Ben-Hur" he shamed Leander by making a flying trip from Hollywood to Rome to keep a Christmas dinner date with her.

"I'm either going to get married or buy a new car," he told friends some time ago. They attached no particular importance to the statement until he blossomed out with an expensive new roadster recently.

In all this pother about filming "An American Tragedy," has no one considered what Erich von Stroheim might do with it? He took Frank Norris' medium-length novel, "McTeague," and made a forty-five reel picture of it. He shot it in less than a year, so it was virtually a "quickie" for him.

Handed the two thick volumes which comprise Dreiser's novel, the possibilities are unlimited. Providing the film held out, Famous Players could cut the picture into sections of ten reels each and use it for the entire 1927 program.

The California Bureau of Statistics has announced that 12,000,000 squirrels were killed in the State last year, which should make many residents of Hollywood feel a great deal safer.

Women, after invading such masculine strongholds as the barber shop, the Turkish bath, and the smoking car, have taken another step in their usurpation of male rights.

The first comedy gag woman has arrived in the person of Frances Hyland, a former newspaper writer, who is now devising funny situations for Bluebird Comedies.

When she was engaged by Scott Darling—the comedy chief, who gives the lie to tradition by being both funny and a Scotsman—she asked the best means of creating a favorable impression.

"Be highbrow," he advised. "It went over great for me when I started."

So far, it has worked splendidly. She carries a Russian novel, a copy of the American Mercury and the Story of Philosophy" to scenario conferences.

In a few months Miss Hyland plans to take the "Critique of Pure Reason" to the studio and become a director.

That nothing in all the vales and meadows of this world will abash a movie star has been apparent to me for some time but it was proven again when a young lady who has no connection with the movies described a Hollywood wedding.

The groom was a scenario writer, and a number of celebrities, including Tom Mix, were present. Mix was acting as an usher, and during the stately procession down the aisle toward the chancel the bridesmaid accompanying the genial star halted the march with a terrified whisper:

"What'll I do! I've lost my escort!"

A search disclosed the fact that the Western hero had discovered a friend in a pew and had stopped for a moment to chat with him.

The conversation, happily, was not long, the march to the altar continued and the aggrieved couple eventually were married.

A group of movie press agents gathered for dinner in Henry's were discussing various sensational publicity. Women, after invading such masculine strongholds as the barber shop, the Turkish bath, and the smoking car, have taken another step in their usurpation of male rights.

The first comedy gag woman has arrived in the person of Frances Hyland, a former newspaper writer, who is now devising funny situations for Bluebird Comedies. The second suggested: "Have your star do an Aimee Semple McPherson disappearance act and bob up in Mexico claiming to have been kidnapped by a rival star."

"Both amateurish," the third argued. "Turn a lot of spotslights on Mulholland Dam and have your star appear in a bathing suit carrying an arm-load of dynamite. He will shout, "See me next week at the Forum Theater," and set off the dynamite. The dam will be wrecked, millions of gallons of water will seep down the hills and Hollywood will be destroyed."

"But what would happen to your star?"

"He'd be killed, of course," the radiant publicist answered. "But think of the publicity."

Hollywood's a crazy town and here's more proof of it. Lois Weber, the screen's only feminine director, recently married Captan Harry Gantz, a rich California rancher. Shortly after the marriage, she directed "The Sensation Seekers" and picked Phillips Smalley, her first husband, to play the heavy. All parties concerned are quite good friends and dine together frequently in a threesome.

Gloria Swanson could assemble quite a production unit by this method, with Wallace Beery playing the heavy, Herbert Somborn financing the picture, and the marquis directing.

And think of "Kid" McCoy. He could produce a musical comedy with his ex-wives as the chorus, if it weren't for the annoying fact that he has been sent to make a life study of prison conditions at San Quentin.

The contest to discover the most unusual means of making a living, which was started by the man who discovered an island where the natives live by taking in

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It’s “Aye, aye, skipper!” when Corinne Griffith comes aboard her new yacht, The Wanderlust, and you should see the crew fly to do her bidding! The boat used to belong to the late Thomas H. Ince, but Corinne and her husband, Walter Morosco, recently bought it and set sail down the coast of Mexico.

The yacht was built in 1909, and has seen considerable sailing since then, having come all the way round Cape Horn on its trip from New York to California. It was called The Edris when it belonged to Mr. Ince.

Their first cruise had to be cut short on account of the well-known demands of picture work, but they are planning to embark on a much longer one as soon as Corinne’s present schedule of films is completed. Down there in Southern waters, you know, cruising is pleasant all year round.
He Takes His Com

After years and years of "emoting," Andre Beranger most "polite" comedian, whose secret of being funny

By Alma

George Beranger back in the old D. W. Griffith days of "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation," but now he is Andre Beranger, with or without the "de." Andre is shortened from Alexandre—it must be convenient to pick oneself out a new name every now and then just by reaching into a grab bag supplied at one's christening.

You remember Mr. Beranger, of course? As George he was an emotional actor, who struggled along for years with little recognition. As Andre he is the marvelous farceur who played in "Are Parents People?" "So This Is Paris" and, recently, in "The Popular Sin.

He was helping to make sin popular when I saw him, at the Famous Players Long Island studio. And he greeted me with twenty-one photos of himself under his arm. We sat down midst all the lumber and pipes and electric wires that one tries not to fall over in a motion-picture studio.

"This," he said, taking out the first picture, "is I as Malvolio. When I was sixteen I played Shakespearean roles on the stage in Australia. You see, I naturally have a tenor voice," he explained, "but when I was sixteen my voice was changing and it was bass—so I played Shakespeare juveniles."

With this explanation he carefully wrote on the back of the photo, "Andre Beranger as Malvolio in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night."

He was about to do as well by the portrait of himself as Romeo, but I assured him earnestly, after an alarmed glance at that pile of twenty-one pictures, that I would try to remember what play Romeo appeared in, and who wrote it.

He only wanted to make things easier for me, he explained, by writing down what plays all the photos came from.

"But," I pointed out, "we can't use all those pictures. Why don't you let me pick out three or four, and you keep the rest?"

Mr. Beranger is generous. He wanted Picture-Play to have them all—those we didn't use now might come in handy later. And we'd want to know, wouldn't we, what all those characterizations were? So he went on, with pencil in hand, and I settled down to one of those quaint afternoons among the photograph albums. Mr. Beranger had the familiar explanatory manner that goes with such a session—"This is the time when Margaret and Dick and I got stuck in the mud; it was just a scream"—that sort of thing, you know.

Well, in the same way, I learned all about the plays Andre, or George, had played in—and the
edy Straight

has turned out to be a comedian—a
is that he doesn't realize that he is.

Talley

films. The films dated back to 1912, and the plays came even earlier. All the time, he was beaming at the interviewer, with a smile that turns up into a right angle at each corner. His black hair is thick and curly; his big brown eyes, were, at the moment, intent on his job of labeling photos. He wore a black dressing gown edged with red, on top of his checked trousers—to go with a morning coat—and pink shirt. He explained that this camera man preferred pink shirts to blue ones, for photographic purposes. He had asked him, and that's what the camera man had said—pink.

"This isn't going to be much of an interview," I complained finally, growing restless when there were still ten pictures to go. "Just a list of the pictures you've played in since 1912, and the plays before that. I came out to interview a farceur, not a photograph album."

"That's right!" He lit a cigarette. "You know, the other day, a woman passed me on the street and she said to her friend, 'Oh, there goes that actor with all the birdlike gestures.' You can't imagine how pleased I was at being recognized."

In fact, you might describe Georges Augustus and-all-the-rest-of-it Beranger as being very, very much pleased these prosperous days. Pleased at being recognized on the street, pleased at being interviewed, and nothing short of delighted at his recent onset of prominence in the films.

"Look at this," he said. The pictures were now exhausted, so he produced a newspaper clipping referring anonymously to "an actor" who, he assured me, was himself. The clipping was from an interview with a certain well-known leading lady.

"This actor," the girl was quoted as saying, "was absolutely the dumbest man I've ever met. In the picture in which we played together, he was cast as a comedian and didn't know it. He performed his role so dramatically that it turned out even funnier than the director expected. Once I protested to the director. 'You just see,' was his answer, 'when the picture's done, he'll be the best in the cast.' And he was—just because he was so dumb!"

I looked up in amazement at Mr. Beranger's eagerness to show me such a clipping about himself.

Another Beranger pose from "So This Is Paris."

He was indignant when offered his first comic rôle. Now it pleases him to be recognized on the street as "that actor with the birdlike gestures."

"The funny part of it is," he explained, "the joke is on the little leading lady. She's the dumb one. She doesn't know the least thing about playing comedy. It was just the fact that I wasn't being consciously funny that made the rôle a success. You know yourself that nothing is less humorous than a man who gets up and says, 'Now I'm being funny.' The very moment a comedian knows he is funny—and shows it—he ceases to be amusing."

There is no denying that statement. And Mr. Beranger lives up to it—he is never consciously funny.

He lit another cigarette and reached into his pocket again. I waited anxiously to see what would come out—we had had photographs, a clipping, there was just a chance that this time

Continued on page 98
For days Fanny had been missing from her accustomed haunts. She hadn't even been at the train to see Marion Davies off for New York, so I knew that something of tremendous importance must be occupying all her time and mind, if any. Eventually, I found her wandering up Hollywood Boulevard and rushed her off to Montmartre to have luncheon with me and give me an account of herself.

"If you think it doesn't take time to buy a present for a girl like Mabel Normand, I wish you would just try it once," she announced grimly. "If people weren't so crazy about her, it wouldn't be so hard, but the treasures of India don't boast anything really good enough to give Mabel. And of course, it makes shopping for her a little more difficult when you recall that she has exquisite taste, and money enough to buy everything for herself. Oh, well, it's over with, anyway, and Mabel seemed pleased. She is such a kid at heart, though, she probably would have been thrilled over the thought even if she had had no use for the gift."

I wanted all the details about the occasion, but it looked for a while as though I'd have to get one of those old-fashioned photographer's vises to keep Fanny from twisting her head around and getting more interested in who was coming in the door than in what she was telling me.

"Well," she began, "even if Mabel did elope and cheat us out of the fun of going to her wedding, her friends thought she shouldn't be cheated out of the festivities due a bride. So Mrs. Abraham Lehr got up a shower for her and it was one of the loveliest parties I've ever gone to. Mabel sat in the middle of the floor completely surrounded by boxes, while Priscilla Dean helped her open them and Anita Stewart loudly announced the name of each donor. Mabel squealed with delight over each gift. There was exquisite lace underwear, bottles of rare perfume, wonderful little vanity cases, and all sorts of lovely things. She wanted to linger so long rhapsodizing over each present that we got terribly impatient and felt like falling on the mountain of unopened gifts and tearing them open ourselves. It would have been a great night's haul for a female bandit.

"'My idea of a really extravagant woman,' some one remonstrated with Anita, 'is one who crumples up tissue-paper wrappings when Christmas is coming.' Anita took the hint and folded up the paper and ribbons carefully after that. Mrs. Earle Williams insisted that she always got the ribbons off everybody's presents because her child likes new hair ribbons every day.

Kathleen Key blew into a club meeting carrying a stray cat
Teacups
and privileges of being a pop-
small talk of the film colony.

Bystander

"The presents were gorgeous. There was a framed Dan Sayre Groesbeck etching from Frances Marion, a rare old book from Daisy Moreno, a beautiful enamel box from Hedda Hopper, a purse such as you have never dreamed of—fine embroidery on rose point lace—from Ann May Sullivan, and the most beguiling lounging robe you ever saw from Sophie Wachner. It had trousers of soft satin that buttoned in closely around the ankles, and a blouse coat of multicolored metal cloth. Miss Wachner used to design all the costumes for Goldwyn pictures, you know, when Mabel was their leading star.

"The big surprise came when Mabel opened some boxes and found that her secretary and her maid had both sent presents down for her. Her maid sent her a pair of perfume bottles mounted on an old-gold holder and her secretary sent her a pair of lace-trimmed crêpe-de-Chine sheets with pillow cases to match.

"After the excitement of opening the packages was over, the rest of us played bridge, but Mabel was still so excited she couldn't settle down. She could hardly wait to show all her treasures to Lew. He came to call for her quite early—and if it isn't a shock to see Lew Cody devotedly calling for a wife, your mind just hasn't been properly molded by the movies!

"It's really almost as hard to get up a good bridge game nowadays as it is to get actors to settle down to work in the studios. Players are all so busy discussing the Aimee McPherson case that they don't seem to take any interest in anything else. It's harder to get tickets to the courtroom where the McPherson hearings are taking place than it is to get in at a Sam Goldwyn premiere. The rest of us admit to just plain curiosity about the woman, but girls in pictures insist that they must study her reactions for the good of their art.

"May McAvoy has been an interested spectator at the proceedings. She would have influential friends who would get her in! And speaking of May, you must hear of her latest good luck. Since she played the lead in 'The Fire Brigade' she has been made an honorary something or other of the fire department. She has a large gold badge set with diamonds, can have red headlights on her car, and can speed through traffic just like a city official. She says she is going to take several days off and just ride past her friends, with the siren on her car shrieking, while she gloats over them.

"She won't have a chance to do it right away, though, because she has gone to New Orleans to the convention of fire chiefs. Incidentally, it

Fanny thanks the most interesting role of the season has fallen to Norma Shearer—that of Jenny Lind in the film about her life.
have proper respect for the dignity of the club meeting so they decided to teach her a lesson.

"The next week the club was to meet at Kathleen's and she was planning to take them down to the Gables Club at Santa Monica for dinner. Seven fifteen came and no one but myself had arrived at Kay's house; seven thirty and finally seven forty-five, and still no guests. Kathleen frantically phoning their homes and found that every one had left early. Then suddenly there was a terrific din outside the house and the whole club marched in wearing riding habits and squeaking toy cats that they had in their arms—all in perfect imitation of Kathleen's arrival the week before.

"Their coming so late wasn't a very good joke, though. For it was too late to go to the Gables for dinner, and Kay took them up to Montmartre—riding habits and all! It was bad enough being so conspicuous, but it was heartbreaking not to be able to dance to that gorgeous music, with partners available at all the near-by tables.

"After dinner they all went back to Kay's house and Ruth Roland attempted to teach them the black bottom. Trust Ruth to be the first to learn it. May and Laura and Julanne Johnston stuck at it, but Lillian Rich and Virginia Fox and I just sat back after a few feeble efforts and watched.

"It does seem too bad to introduce a new dance just as every one has become proficient in Charleston. Elsie Janis was the one who really popularized the black bottom in Hollywood. She was at the Orpheum for three weeks and Marion Davies learned it just from watching her. But Marion is an unusually adept dancer. The rest of us got our first lesson at a cat party given by Mrs. Tom Mix.

"Cat parties are really the most successful social events in Hollywood. Mrs. Mix must have had about fifty girls at her house for dinner. She had Caroline Snowden—she played the colored maid in 'The First Year,' you may remember—come up to sing for us and give us a dancing lesson. Ruth Roland was the first to get the steps right, but May Allison wasn't far behind. Fortunately Bessie Love wasn't there or we would all have been shown up.

"As soon as I was invited to the party I phoned Jobyna Priscilla Bonner, the sad-eyed girl, had some misgivings about playing in her first comedy, "The Strong Man," but it only added to her popularity.

looks as though Metro-Goldwyn would have two of the biggest pictures of the year in 'The Fire Brigade' and 'Tell It to the Marines.' Every one who has seen them at previews raves about them.

"May McAvoy and Laura La Plante ought always to work in pictures in which they can wear riding habits. They look adorable in them. You should have seen them in riding clothes trying to learn to dance the black bottom—but that's a long story."

"Tell it," I urged. "Anybody learning to dance the black bottom should make a long story if they are as stupid about getting the rhythm of it as I am."

"Well," she began, "the black bottom doesn't come into the story until late. It's all about riding habits. It was this way: when the Girls' Club met at May McAvoy's house a few weeks ago, Kathleen Key blew in about an hour late, wearing a riding habit and carrying a stray cat in her arms. The girls felt that she didn't
Ralston and insisted on going up with her in her grand new yellow roadster. Any ideas of economy that that girl may ever have had have vanished—she has a new car, a new house on Whitley Heights and simply loads of new clothes. Her contract with Harold Lloyd runs out, you know, with the completion of 'The Mountain Man,' and Jobyna is sure to sign one of those fixed-for-life contracts with one of the big companies.

"Speaking of contracts, Bebe Daniels had a contract with Famous Players-Lasky that no one would have been ashamed of, but the company was so pleased with her work in 'The Campus Flirt' that they tore up her old contract and gave her a new one for five years at an advanced salary.

"Jobyna has been spending most of her evenings quietly at home talking over the long-distance phone to her fiancé, Richard Arlen. He has been down in Texas on location. Love's young dream can't be held down by expenses apparently. Mary Astor has been down there, too, but in her case absence did not make the heart grow fonder, for when she got back she announced that she had broken her engagement to Irving Asher, said that the separation had shown them that they weren't as much in love with each other as they had thought they were. I think it's such a pity, don't you?

"Speaking of parties," Fanny rambled on—and my interjection of "Who was?" didn't slow her up at all—"you should have seen the the hard-times party down at Casa del Mar. Every motion-picture fan should have seen it. Such a parade of ragged old clothes hasn't been seen in a long time. Most of us, showing an utter lack of imagination, wore old overalls—except Carmelita Geraghty, whose blue jeans were spotless and new. 

"But Mrs. von Stroheim and Zasu Pitts won prizes for being the most cleverly costumed girls there, and they should have. It wasn't so much their costumes as their acting that was effective. They had that jaunty, proud air that makes poverty really pathetic. Zasu looked just like some poor, forlorn creature who wanted to look stylish and had only a rag bag to assemble her clothes from. Mrs. von Stroheim wore hand-me-downs dating from about the year 1900.

"I shouldn't have expected Erich von Stroheim to be a good sport about a party like that, he always takes such pride in being meticulously well groomed, but he was. He looked just like fallen grandeur in his shabby white cotton gloves and spats and an old suit that was too small for him.

"Zasu's husband was out of town at the time of the party so she went in the grand march with her cousin, Dorothy McGowan, and her husband. You've probably seen Dorothy in pictures. She has played only small parts so far, but she is such a pretty girl and so ambitious that I am sure she will go far.

"There's a newcomer out at the Fox studio playing the ingénue lead in 'The City.' Her name was Betty Miller but somebody unfortunately changed it to Nancy Nash. The inevitable comment on that is, 'Just another Nash,' even if she is a spectacularly pretty girl.

"Didn't I tell you to watch Janet Gaynor? And wasn't I right? She not only got the lead in the Murnau picture, 'Sunrise,' but she is also to play the lead in 'Seventh Heaven.'

Continued on page 96
Exposing Raymond Griffith

This evasive gentleman wouldn't tell you about himself for the world, but the little man with the whispering voice has seen more of life than you'd think. Some interesting things are here revealed—both past and present.

By William H. McKegg

Every morning while the production was under way he used to walk about in rather an agitated manner; his top hat tilted to one side, slightly resting on his left ear, his opera cloak nearly slipping off his shoulders. Nervous, iritated, he used suddenly to spin round on his heels, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets, then pull one hand out again and start biting his nails or his lips, or tugging at his toothbrush mustache. Still walking up and down, he used to keep up these agitated gyrations in the center of the huge bicycle track which had been constructed for the production until Paul Bern and the rest of the company came from the projection room to start another day's work, after having viewed the early-morning "rushes."

This was the first impression I had of Raymond Griffith—a short, agitated, solitary figure in the center of the huge track that was used in "Open All Night." Ray's antics, however, always amused me. His refusal to see any "rushes" of the previous day's work, and his obvious timidity while the rest of the company did, used to amuse Jetta Goudal too. "Ray, why did you not come?" her throbbing voice would inquire. "On the whole your scenes were splendid."

Goudal's candid praise seemed to relieve Griffith as well as surprise him, which only amused Jetta the more, especially as her favorable verdict would bring to his face one of those radiant Griffith smiles. He used to make no comment, being a man of few words, but his eyes would open wide, as much as to say, "Really?" and then, with a toss of his head, he would snap his fingers vigorously, to show his delight at hearing such news, as though it were quite unexpected.

"Ray, why won't you ever come?" Jetta used to insist.

Ray refused to say. Instead, he used, with comic, exaggerated gallantry, to kiss one of Goudal's slender hands and skip away. But never could any one cajole him to enter the dreaded projection room and see the "rushes"—nor can any one do it to this day.

There are many intimate facts about Ray Griffith's past life that are unknown to the great majority of movie fans. So while he is nervously waiting for the rest of the company to come from the projection room, let us glance at some of the earlier chapters of his life.

We see Ray a young actor and singer. To-day his passionate love for the theater has become but a sad remembrance of a thwarted desire. For while on the stage, Griffith in some strange way hurt his voice. How he lost its power is not exactly known. He now always speaks as though he had a severe cold. Whether he strained his voice, as one legend goes, while screaming in "The Witching Hour," or ruined the vocal chords in an attempt to scale a high C in a musical comedy, remains a mystery. He is ever an evasive fellow on all intimate topics relating to himself. This accident to his voice, however, whatever it was, forced Griffith to leave the stage—the one thing that his whole heart and soul were wrapped up in. Irony played a high hand and won.

Let us turn a few pages to another chapter. We now come across Griffith in Europe, a member of a troupe of French pantomimists. Strolling players—pagliacci—wandering all over the Continent. In pantomime voices are not needed. It has always struck me that there is ever an ineffable note of tragedy about all pantomimists—the bitter irony of being laughed at when you want to be serious! Maybe in that tragi-comic atmosphere Ray got over his sorrow. He came back to America and became a dancer in vaudeville, touring to California.

In another chapter let us follow Griffith to the Sennett lot. Being intellectual and a proficient writer, he got a job as gag man on Sennett's staff. Mack Sennett, being Irish, was a hard taskmaster. Whenever he was called into the gag men's conference room it took the greatest persuasion to prove to him that any gag offered by them was any good at all. Ray was made official demonstrator by his confreres, for no matter how trivial or ordinary a gag might be, if Griffith went through it in pantomime, it always seemed better than it really was. Whether the gag necessitated a fall down—
stairs, or a custard pie thrown in the face, Ray acted it to perfection and Sennett never failed to O.K. its acceptance.

Later, Griffith directed a comedy which those who saw it declare to have been the most perfect example of screen comedy ever filmed. In brief, Ray was allowed to do everything but act—the one thing he longed to do. Finally, however, his chance came, and he acted in comedies he himself wrote and directed.

While reviewing this same period we might glance at another chapter, the action of which takes place in Hoffmann's—a famous café in Los Angeles—ten or twelve years ago. It was at Hoffmann's, so we read, that many players used to gather in the evening at what they called the Round Table. Such celebrities, to mention a few, as Bill Hart, Mickey Neilan, Connie Talmadge, her sister Natalie, sometimes Norma, and others used to while away many an evening there before salaries and Hollywood increased in size. Ray was also a prominent figure at the Round Table. At that time he had very large ideas on everything. Whatever he spoke of doing held his listeners spellbound by its prodigious nature; yet there was nothing of the braggadocio about him. He was always equal to his aspirations.

Ray let the war terminate his acting career at Sennett's by joining the navy. He has sailor blood in his veins and has a love for the sea second only to his love for acting.

Let us skip over the war chapters and look at events that occurred only seven years ago. Ray was then back at the studios, doing extra work for the very company in which to-day he is a star. But just then, no one saw any acting ability in him. He was forced to go back to writing. He wrote several stories for Douglas MacLean and injected hilarious, novel gags in many a dull script. Things went on in this humdrum manner until the great day came when Marshall Neilan gave Griffith a prominent rôle in "Fools First."

What happened to him from that time on is common history to every fan. In leaps and bounds he reached Lasky's menage, making a hit there in comedy. He shot to stardom on the crest of the comedy wave that rose to such tidal heights a couple of years ago.

But Ray's desire was, and still is, to play in drama. He longed to enact the rôle of Conrad's "Lord Jim." In fact, the Lasky officials went so far as to purchase the screen rights to the book, but decided that Griffith, after having achieved such phenomenal success with the public in comedy, was not the right type for such a tragic part. It was given, as you know, to Percy Marmont.

Yet I am not at all sure that Griffith could not have done brilliant work in Conrad's story. He is, in many respects, a typical Conrad character. He could, for example, be the hero in "Victory" or in "The Arrow of Gold." Conrad seemed always to favor short, intellectual, middle-aged heroes. And Griffith is all of these, even to age. He is the kind of person who can fool you as to his right age and is older than he looks. Guessing, I should say he is about forty-one or two. Yet he looks to be in his early thirties.

None of his attributes, however, have succeeded in winning for Griffith his wish to play drama. "In comedy he must remain," say the high priests of

"He may try to tell you that he's interested only in the latest trash in reading matter, but don't believe it—he knows classical literature backwards."
A Fig for Glamour!

Evelyn Brent, queen of the lady crooks, abruptly upsets the interviewer’s preconceived glamorous notions about her.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

CYNICAL New Yorkers of my acquaintance maintain that glamour, in connection with the celebrities of the studios, is another name for bunk. It is a mirage, they hold, leading the guileless on and stimulating business at the box office. In fact, they aver stoutly, glamour does not exist beneath the blazing Kleigs.

This would all be discouraging to the pilgrim picking his way among sets, peering tirelessly ahead, looking, searching, hoping always for a touch of the bizarre. This would be disheartening, indeed, if it were true. But it happens to be a cynic’s myth. Some of the ladies and gentlemen behind the screen serve glamour in large slices. Particularly the ladies.

After devoting as little as an hour or two a day to the Circles of cinemaland for a period of, let us say, five years, you would find that they fall gracefully into two classes: picturesque and average. The former are touched by glamour, arresting, colorful, unusual, even though it occasionally be at the cost of sincerity. Off-hand you list in the group Nazimova, Jette Goudal, Nita Naldi, Renee Adoree, Greta Nissen, Gilda Gray, Aileen Pringle, and similar striking examples, just as in the second or garden-variety group would be Claire Windsor, May McAvoy, Virginia Valli, Lois Wilson, Irene Rich, and Laura La Plante.

The more unusual women impress with personality or atmosphere, intellect or affectation, background or pose—but they impress. The average women, on the other hand, are likely to be charming but commonplace, sweet but simple, sensible but conventional: they serve as an argument against glamour.

Evelyn Brent is not easily classified. She falls somewhere between the two classes. She is too matter-of-fact to be termed picturesque, too frank to be rated commonplace.

First of all, there is her appearance to fool you. On the screen she is a darkling beauty, comedian of feature, proud, handsome. On the set she retains a brunette, regal appeal, but it is harder, colder, than the camera reveals. She is attractive in a professional way, yet decorative enough, to be sure, for all film purposes.

Then you meet her, and sit facing her at luncheon. You wonder whether she will talk of loveless marriage or princes incognito, of European travels or castles in Spain. You tell her that you have seen her as a lady Raffles. Finally, she talks.

"I made six crook pictures last year. None of them cost over twenty-five thousand. We took three weeks to make most of them. Some were reeled in twelve days. Some cost only nineteen thousand. They weren't super-super features, but I'll tell the world they made money!"

Your hazy notions of glamour collapse abruptly. This is Evelyn Brent talking, not Jesse Lasky nor Richard Rowland. This is the heroine of thrill opera, idol of the neighborhood movie, queen of the lady crooks. Give ear to her words. But don't get mixed up on this matter of glamour.

Miss Brent, be it understood, is better known in Tulsa and Lima and Sandusky and Youngers than in New York, Chicago, and Boston. In the latter metropolis centers her appearances are confined to outland.

There are many intimate facts to an ordinary and than the "first-run" theaters. Miss Brent has been allied with a more or less independent circuit known as P. O. Under this label are issued pictures that represent, generally, the tastes of five years ago. You will find a radio now and again, a modern touch, but for the most part you will recognize such hard-riding, quick-shooting, stereotyped melodramas as were made famous by Carlyle Blackwell, Broncho Billy, and J. Warren Kerrigan.

Miss Brent has finished a contract that called for no less than fourteen crook melodramas. She wore different costumes in each picture, but the plots varied little. And, as she pointed out, expense was spared.

"When I went into pictures," she said, "I wanted some day to be a star. Then I found out that starring and starring were two different things. If you are a star with money behind you—with heavy backing—that's one thing. If you are a star with salary, but nothing else, that's something else again. That was me.

"I started doing extra bits at the old Fort Lee studio where Kitty Gordon used to be chased around by Robert Warwick and Lowell Sherman. Priscilla Dean was a playmate of mine in those days. Then I went to Hollywood and played in Metro pictures for a year.

But nothing happened to Evelyn Brent until she went to London, on pleasure, and found herself signed to do British films.

"I had been doing pictures only off and on. Now I did them seriously. I worked for Stoll and Ideal and Samuelson and other London producers. Then one day I met John Robertson, who signed me to do a lead in 'Spanish Jade,' a Famous Players picture. That brought me to the attention of Douglas Fairbanks, who put me under contract for a pirate picture he was planning, and the resultant publicity set me.

In connection with Fairbanks, Miss Brent scooted a libel that has been sneaking about for years. After signing to play in the pirate picture, she was at leisure for six or eight months, for Mr. Fairbanks was unable to find just the story he wanted. Then he decided upon "The Thief of Baghdad" instead, and released Miss Brent in favor of Julianne Johnston, a slimmer, more ethereal type for the Princess. Tongues wagged.

Gossip inferred that the flashing Brent had been deposited at the request of Mr. Fairbanks' wife.

"Reporters came round to check up on this lie," Miss Brent told me, "and one afternoon I threw two of them off the porch, I was so angry. It was just one of those nasty Hollywood rumors, but it annoyed my husband and me tremendously."

Thus was the matter disposed of, calmly but positively. It was easy to believe her.

"Now that I'm free again, I'm free-lancing. No more program routine, hurried shooting, night work, rush, eternal rush!"

Her idea of a star performer, it developed, was Pauline Frederick.

"In addition to being a wonderful actress," Miss Brent pointed out, "she has the right idea regarding pictures. She works for the company that offers her the most money. She has no illusions about art. A sardonic smile hurried across her face. "Neither have I," she said sharply.

It was an off day for glamour!
It's plain to be seen that Virginia Lee Corbin is up to some mischief—just look at the deviltry in those eyes! She has lately been playing a flapper rôle in Ben Lyon's "Not Herbert." She would!
THAT sad, sad look on Greta Garbo's face is deceiving. She's really very happy over here in America, and they say that she loved working with John Gilbert in 'The Flesh and the Devil.'
LEATRICE JOY took a vacation and practiced swinging a golf club a little while ago. Now she’s back before the camera making “Nobody’s Widow,” another of those domestic farces, we suppose.
COMBINED with her languorous, softly feminine appeal, Corinne Griffith has a hard business sense that astonishes even the most astute financiers. Herbert Howe draws an unusual picture of her on the opposite page.
Celebrity

English novelist, whose reticence equals that of Sir James
ney King

it to him!” I gulped, and opened the gate. A garden filled with
roses, wide beds of old-fashioned flowers, and a white house.
Before I could catch my breath at the beauty of it all, a young
and very pretty girl was saying, “Miss King? I am Mrs.
Hutchinson.”

I smiled, or tried to, and looked beyond her to the man,
whom I knew to be Mr. Hutchinson, coming through a quaint
doorway. In my mind’s eye I had pictured a rather old and
certainly dyspeptic person, apt to be very rude. I found a
slender, attractive, and very charming man who seemed to be
laughing at my bewilderment.

Over cocktails, which he informed me he had a frightful
time purloining, as neither he nor his wife care for them, I
reproached him for not being more shy.

“I am shy,” he answered, laughing. “I hate being talked to
about my books. I hate people getting them wrong. The char-
acters in my novels are very close to me. I don’t like them
tampered with, but I suppose you have to do so in pictures.”

“Didn’t you like the adaptation of ‘If Winter Comes?’” I
asked hesitatingly, remembering to “let
him talk.”

“Never saw it—couldn’t get myself to
see it. I never see any of the films of
my books. I was wrong there, though.
Every one who saw it tells me how beau-
tifully it was done. I feel I owe Mr.
Fox a debt of gratitude, for he kept the
spirit of the book, they tell me, and Mark Sabre was the
man as I drew him.”

I told him we hoped to make an equally faithful por-
trayal of “One Increasing Purpose,” then merged into
the subject of pictures in general. My impression is
that he doesn’t think much of them, because he rarely
sees them. He’s not interested.

Not so his wife, a vivacious blonde. They have been
married nearly a year, and Una Hutchinson takes a great
interest in her husband’s work. A rare type of English
beauty with an exquisite pink-and-white complexion, she
confided to me that before her marriage her one am-
bition had been to go on the
screen. But that is all past
now.

Mrs. Hutchinson also writes
and composes songs and is the
author of a book of poems
published in India when she
was twenty-two.

Her sister, Gwen Wilcox,
has a small role in “One In-
creasing Purpose.” It was she
who told me that the Hutchin-
sons met at Harrowgate, an
English resort, and she added
that while her sister knew
from the beginning that the
author was going to propose,
Hutchinson seemed never able
to get to the point. He went about it all in the most
involved fashion—as involved as his literary style, one
might say—but once he had made his meaning clear, he
was in a terrible hurry for the marriage to take place.

Mrs. Hutchinson said, as I left, “Be sure to come
ever to see us whenever you feel you want to talk things
over. I adore my husband and his books and am always
ready to spend hours with any one who is interested,
even if he does squirm under his blushes.”

Far from finding Hutchinson difficult when it came
to discussing some necessary changes in his story, I
found him most understanding and helpful. Indeed,
it was gentle little Mrs. Hutchin-
son who was inclined to
stand pat when it came to
monkeying with her husband’s
handiwork. However, one
afternoon when we actually
got down to business, two
visitors arrived on bicycles, and
spirited Mrs. Hutchinson
away. Eager to glean a better
idea of Hutchinson’s approach
to characterization, I asked him
to tell me something about his
method of writing.

“Well,” he replied, “I find
that my ideas come to me more
readily in the English country-
side. In planning a story, I
frequently arrange a long
walking tour, covering many
miles along the quiet lanes
with which Wiltshire abounds.

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Oh, You
“Big Boy,” the kid you’ve comedies, says “Merry

“Big Boy” is the only name by which you know him, and also the only one that we know. But it’s plenty. They say he made his first appearance on the screen as a babe in arms in Elinor Glyn’s “Three Weeks”—he being only “three weeks” old. When he had grown up and learned how to crawl, Educational discovered him and put him into their juvenile comedies. Now he’s their prize child actor.

“Big Boy!”
been seeing in Educational Christmas,” to all his fans.

Big Boy’s big black derby, big shoes and baby underwear are as inseparable from him as are a cane and mustache from Charlie Chaplin. The youngster’s first film this year was a comedy called “My Kid,” and from that he progressed to “Open Spaces.” The picture below shows that, like all good comedians, he can look very soulful, but his customary expression is more cheerful.

Big Boy started the season off with a bang when he captured a Thanksgiving turkey with his little blunderbuss.

He’s quite a blade for his age, is Big Boy, and dashes about in this sporting racer, which looks as though it had certainly stood some punishment.
Hollywood High Lights

Reviewing the rapid procession of events in the studio center.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania can go back to her golden throne in Bucharest serene in the knowledge that at least one movie producer had the temerity to offer her a contract to play in pictures.

If her royal majesty has as great a sense of humor as she is reputedly gracious and charitable, the proposal must have struck her as funny. Nevertheless it was rather deftly put with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars accompanying it, this to be donated to the benevolent undertakings for which the noted monarch is sponsor. In Hollywood, of course, it was duly suspected that the producer who made the offer was seeking a little extra publicity in connection with the picture he was planning.

Nevertheless, the offer sets quite a precedent. Who knows what the effect may be in days to come? Europe may soon be rocked by telegrams such as the following:

**PREMIER MUSSOLINI, Rome, Italy.**

Dear Premier: Would you consider a little fifty “thou” to play in the greatest epical super-special of the century, triumphantly reproducing a marvelous historical epoch, which we are calling in your honor, “Napoleon Bonaparte?”

**ATHENS, GREECE.**

To whom it may concern.

Gentlemen: Can you let us have a figure on supplying for our new superpicture, “The Stormy Gladiators,” re-visualizing the glories of ancient Sparta, a featured cast composed of the various and assorted leaders of present rival Greek factions?

Dear Wales: We have a new and wonderful series of Western films in which we should like to interest you, with lots of bucking bronchos—

But why go further?

**Other Celebrities in the Movies.**

Whether or not Hollywood can succeed in interesting princes and potentates in screen careers, there is no doubt that the age of newcomers in the studios is at its height. Nearly anybody who gains a place in the public eye nowadays, in any line whatever, can count on a few coy advances from the movie producers. Exceptions might be made only in the case of gangsters, kidnappers, and mayhem artists, who naturally would not meet with the approval of the Will H. Hays office.

At any rate, the colony is looking forward to another onslaught by various sport champions. Foremost among these is Suzanne Lenglen, who, quite appropriately, will do a tennis feature, if all plans work out right.

The success of “Red” Grange in his football picture and of Gene Tunney in his prize-fight film seems to have started quite a fad for all sport experts to demonstrate their skill in screen drama. Grange will probably make further pictures, and Gene ought surely to be brought back since his victory over Jack Dempsey.

Raquel Meller, the Spanish chanteuse, who made such a hit in Hollywood on her first visit some months ago, is expected to return and settle on the Coast following her new American tour. Whether or not she will do anything in the movies remains to be seen.

We may chronicle also the arrival of Pat Rooney, long of vaudeville, who is playing in some Hal Roach comedies; Jean de Neville, a French dancer, who has been signed by Paramount; and Nathalie Kovanko, who has a dazzling Russian personality.

**Larry Kent's Progress.**

That clever juvenile, Larry Kent, who made an impression as the lead in the “Majorie” series of comedies, is on the high-road to new success. Larry had only the slimmest sort of chance to display his talent in the F. B. O. short reeles, in which he played opposite Alberta Vaughn, but he did exceptionally well.

Now he has a contract with First National and is going to play in features, the first one of which will be “McFadden's Flats.” In this he has the leading juvenile rôle.

**Lucky Youngsters.**

And while we are speaking of new gains for the younger set, we mustn't forget to tell you that little Janet Gaynor, whom you have undoubtedly been watching, has won one of the biggest of recent plums. She will be seen as the little outcast Parisian girl in the Fox picturization of “Seventh Heaven.” This is recognized as one of the biggest parts of the season.

Tests were made of dozens of other girls before Janet was selected. Frank Borzage, who is directing the picture, had regarded her with favor from the time that she had first commenced working at the Fox studio. However, it was felt that possibly a star with a big reputation would be better for such a pretentious picture. Finally, though, Janet's very sympathetic acting in “The Return of Peter Grimm” won such praise for her that it was decided to give her a chance at the more difficult emotional rôle in “Seventh Heaven.”

George Bancroft shows what a Texas bad man can look like when he comes under the thumb of a woman. Daisy DeVoe, official hairdresser for "The Rough Riders" company, quells him with her little comb.
Charles Farrell will play the leading male rôle of Chico, the underworld denizen, whose unconquerable youthful spirit is such a force in the drama.

The picture will virtually mean stardom for the pair.

Filmdom at the Opera.

The Los Angeles grand opera during the fall months drew a fairly radiant stellar assemblage. As the auditorium is a very large one, however, individual celebrities were somewhat lost in the audience of five or six thousand persons that gathered nightly to hear such celebrated songbirds as Tito Schipa, Rosa Raisa, Claudia Muzio, Georges Baklanoff, Louise Homer, Charles Marshall and others.

We spied Antonio Moreno, Anna Q. Nilsson, Virginia Valli, Raymond Griffith, Julia Faye, Joseph Schildkraut, Joan Crawford and Carmelita Geraghty among the more frequent attendants from filmdom, but we particularly missed Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, who had been present at nearly every performance during previous seasons. Eddie and Lilyan were in England and undoubtedly attended the opera over there instead, as they are both great musical devotees.

Paul Bern, director and scenario writer, who is still regarded as the Beau of Hollywood, escorted Joan Crawford to the opening opera, and was with Miss Valli on a subsequent evening. Anna Q. was accompanied by a chap whom we had never seen before, and whose name we failed to catch. However, we suspected that he might be the member of a prominent St. Louis family who is said to have been very attentive to Anna lately.

Joseph Schildkraut’s wife looked very attractive with her distinctive and close-cut bob. She resembles Norma Shearer—when Norma’s hair is pulled back tightly—and is soon to be seen in pictures.

Wally, the Triumphant.

Everything has been amicably settled as regards Wallace Beery.

For a time there were rumors that he might leave the Paramount organization, but the company “wrote a new ticket” for him, as they say in studio circles, and it is reported to be remarkably amply. Something like four thousand dollars a week, we hear, is being paid to him under his new contract.

Since filming “Behind the Front” Wally has been more popular than ever. He shared honors in that picture with Raymond Hatton, and both are together again in “We’re in the Navy Now.”

This costarring arrangement will exist for one more production, “Casey at the Bat,” and then Walle will do that epic of circus life, “The Greatest Show on Earth,” impersonating P. T. Barnum. This should be his greatest film opportunity, so watch for it.

Picking the Winner.

The question of which company will top the list with stars and directors this season seems to be an absorbing one at the present time.

Undeniably, last season belonged to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rather exclusively. In addition to “The Big Parade” and “Ben-Hur,” they produced half a dozen other big successes, such as “The Merry Widow,” “The Unholy Three,” and “His Secretary.” This year M.-G.-M. hasn’t been faring quite so brilliantly, although they have had many popular pictures.

Famous appears to have the two outstanding big productions of the season thus far in “Beau Geste” and “Old Ironsides.” We assume, of course, that “Old Ironsides” will live up to expectations, though we haven’t yet seen it. But “Beau Geste” is undoubtedly one of the finest achievements of cinema history.

Continued Adventures of Insanea.

My greatest dream is still unrealized. For I have not yet met Ronald Colman. He was busy shooting his next film and I have become quite excited lately about going to previews. I find it quite a bit more thrilling seeing big films in advance this way than waiting until everybody else can look at them, for my friends then think that I am quite a critic.

At a preview, not long ago, I went to see John Barrymore’s picture that he made with Dolores Costello, and I thought it was perfectly lovely. I mean I thought it was just wonderful how terribly those two had to suffer when they fell in love with each other and were separated—just a little like the way they were in “The Sea Beast.”

The story of the picture, which is adapted from the opera, “Manon Lescaut,” is an enchanting one, and Miss Costello looked more lovely than I have ever seen her when she wore a white wig in some of the scenes. And Mr. Barrymore was just perfect in the fine satin suits and old-fashioned wigs that he wore.

The only fault that I had to find with it was that there was almost as much sword fighting as in “Don Juan,” and I do get tired of too much sword fighting. The finish was, however, very thrilling, if brutal, when Mr. Barrymore escaped with a lot of other convicts from a prison on board a ship, and he and Miss Costello got away in a rowboat bound for America. I need not tell you, therefore, that it was a beautiful and happy ending, although a writer friend of mine told me that it was only partly like the story that he had seen originally in grand opera.

Just lately I have seen “The Fire Brigade,” which is all about the way the fire department saves children from an orphanage, and very fine. I thought Charlie Ray was exceptionally good in this, and May McAvoy seemed to me quite pretty, although I do tire of prettiness occasionally.

Corinne Griffith has done a very funny comedy in her picture about a jazz piano player, and of course Ronald Colman was wonderful in “The Winning of Barbara Worth,” which I thought was a very fair film of the novel, although I read it such a long time ago. Vilma Banky grows more beautiful from picture to picture.

The première of “Bardeley’s Magnificent” at the lovely Carhay Circle Theater was quite an event, with so many of the stars present, and I met Lew Cody and Mabel Normand. They both looked terribly embarrassed when everybody stood up and congratulated them, but they had the biggest applause of anybody from the crowd who stood around the entrance of the theater as they always do at premieres.
Dorothy Gish Visits.

So brief was Dorothy Gish's visit to the Coast this fall that nobody had a chance to congratulated her on her success in "Nell Gwyn," which was shown only a short time before her arrival. Dorothy came all the way over from London to be with her mother, who has been in ill health. Mrs. Gish, you will remember, was taken sick in London some months ago, and her recovery has been slow since her return.

Lillian had to spend so much time with her mother for a while that work was held up on "Annie Laurie," and all the approval that was lavished on the star's performance in "The Scarlet Letter" could hardly compensate for the worry that she went through during the making of it.

It is possible that if her mother has not fully recovered, Dorothy may come back to California to stay after she finishes "Madame Pompadour" in London. Her contract with the British film company will be completed with that picture.

Herbert Wilcox, the director of her English films, also visited the Coast, to confer with Frances Marion regarding the story of "Madame Pompadour." He told us that Dorothy had become a tremendous idol with the British public.

Carol Dempster also made a flying visit to Hollywood to visit her relatives. She stated that "D. W." may soon be coming to the Coast, but we long ago decided to believe this oft-quoted rumor only when it sees actual fulfillment.

Rod Makes a Hit.

Nearly every producer in Hollywood would like to borrow Rod La Roque from Cecil B. De Mille, now that he has achieved such success in "Gigolo." Edwin Carewe, the director, wanted him particularly for Tolstoy's "Resurrection," but found it impossible to get him.

We have always felt that Rod was one of the screen's most capable performers, and we are glad indeed that he has had a chance to show it in "Gigolo," a picture that is reckoned one of the best of the season so far.

Carewe, by the way, is the director who made the offer to the Queen of Roumania. He wanted her to play for one day in "Resurrection" as a Russian czarina.

Filmy Palaces.

Figures recently assembled show in an interesting way the extent of the home colony of the film stars in Beverly Hills. The investments of the players in this suburb now total more than ten million dollars.

The most expensive estate is owned by Harold and Mildred Lloyd, which will be valued at nearly $2,000,000 when all the improvements on the property are completed. Second on the list is the estate of the late Thomas H. Ince. The hilltop home of Fred Thomson and Frances Marion is valued only a little less than this, while the residences of Doug and Mary, Tom Mix, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, and Pola Negri are among the more pretentious. Yet none of these are gaudy in their splendors.

From this survey may be gauged the extent of the accumulated riches of the leading film players. Only a small percentage of them live outside of Beverly.

Bert Lytell Is Feted.

If there ever was a seemingly devoted couple in film-land, it is Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor. This has been said so often, though, that it has almost become a platitude. Nevertheless, one must concede that it receives new proof on every occasion.

Bert and Claire have been enduring their first real separation since their marriage some two years ago—and "enduring" appears to be about the only word that describes how they feel about it.

Bert had such bad luck in pictures that he decided to go into vaudeville for a change. He had a very favorable offer to appear in an interesting playlet called "The Valiant," so he accepted it. He has been touring for several months.

One of his stopping places on tour was Los Angeles and, on the night that he opened there, Claire invited a number of her most personal friends to bid him welcome, and Bert won a thrilling ovation. It wasn't the only ovation for him either, because the audiences all through the engagement liked the sketch so well that they insisted on a speech from him at every performance. And Bert knows how to make one, too, without frills and with the most friendly sort of sincerity.

After the opening performance, Claire and Bert entertained their guests at a supper party at the Ambassador. Ruth Roland, who herself has played several successful vaudeville engagements, Dolores del Rio, Conrad Nagel, George K. Arthur, Earle Williams, Carmelita Geraghty and Kathleen Clifford were among those present.

During the time that Bert was away, he and Claire gave up their house, and Claire went to live with her mother. She incidentally kept the railroad offices busy supplying her with information relative to trains, so that she could join Bert en route every time there was a prospect of a rest for her between pictures.

Clever Carmelita.

We have always been somewhat uncertain about Carmelita Geraghty's screen future, but personally she is decidedly a rare type of beauty, with her dark deep eyes and her wealth of dark hair. As you perhaps know, she is partly Spanish in descent and partly Irish, and her Spanish ancestry is quite evident in her personal appearance. From the Irish of the family she inherits bright conversational gifts.
Hollywood High Lights

Carmelita yearns for Europe, as she enjoyed the trip that she took over there last year to work in a foreign film with Virginia Valli. At present, though, she is being decidedly Western, playing the feminine lead in a yipping Tom Mix thriller.

A Tempestuous Undertaking.

"The Mysterious Island" seems to be another of Hollywood's famous ill-fated productions. The company making the submarine scenes in the Bahamas were lucky to get off with their lives during the recent hurricane that lashed the southeastern corner of the United States, and its vicinity. Part of the company were saved from death by a very narrow margin, according to reports, through seeking refuge in a rocky cavern. There they had to stand in several feet of water for eighteen hours until the tempest was over. When they finally could come out again, they found that virtually the entire film camp had been battered to bits, and that some of the buildings had been swept away completely.

During the early days of its production, also, "The Mysterious Island" encountered difficulties, owing to changes in cast and director. Maurice Tournerio started the picture, but the reins were later taken over by the Danish director, Benjamin Christianson, who made "The Devil's Circus." The cast now includes Lionel Barrymore, Conrad Nagel, and Sally O'Neil. The picture is an adaptation of the Jules Verne novel.

Highbrow Doings.

There is no doubt that the Film Guild has done well in selecting as its president Milton Sills, who has always represented intellectualism in the colony.

The Film Guild, as you might well suspect from the name, is an organization aiming toward the artistic uplift of the cinema. It happens also to be a very potent one, as a number of the more prominent producers, writers, and actors are members.

One of its specialties is revivals. It recently showed in Los Angeles "The Jack Knife Man," which King Vidor produced four or five years ago. The picture got a fine reception from the audience, who found only the titles somewhat old-fashioned and laughable. This would indicate that styles change more quickly in screen language than in screen action.

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, by the way, were married not long ago in the Adirondacks in New York. They are, however, going to come out to Hollywood to dwell for the time being.

More Phantasmagoria.

The settings for John Barrymore's new picture, "François Villon"—the title of which has been changed to "The Beloved Rogue"—are quite nightmarish and dizzying. Towers, buildings, and even the chimneys on houses, of which there seem to be a multitude, project at all sorts of strange angles.

The production is supposed to reproduce Paris in the time of Louis XI, and that must have been a wild, weird period, for we are told that the sets are absolutely authentic. Which is always an interesting-sounding word, at any rate.

For all the world, the film reminds us of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." And the resemblance will be made perhaps even more startling by the fact that Barrymore has prevailed upon Conrad Veidt, who portrayed the spectral human skeleton in the famous German expressionistic film, to appear in the picture. Veidt just recently came to the colony.

The Monthly Chimes.

Every month brings a few more marriages or prospective marriages.

The latest in prospect is that of Clara Kimball Young and William Perlberg, a St. Louis furrier.

Gardner James, Inspiration's star, who played with Dick Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman," is soon to be a groom, with Marion Constance Blackton as the bride.

Gilbert Rowland, erstwhile fiancé of Clara Bow, is now reported very much interested in Jocelyn Lee, who is under contract to Paramount.

Jack Conway, the director, was married not long ago to Virginia Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman.

Also, we expect almost at any time to hear of the engagement of Irving Thalberg, the producing executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to lovely Norma Shearer, as they appear to be very devoted to each other.

Good-by, Charleston.

Everybody in Hollywood has been picking up steps of the new dance, black bottom, lately, and some time soon we hope to report on a competition demonstrating who is the most proficient.

Elsie Janis paid a visit to the Coast on a vaudeville tour, and was kept quite busy during her leisure hours teaching the girls of the colony some of the newest contortions. Two of her most apt pupils were Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love, although both of them were quite adept before they acquired from her a postgraduate course in the dance's convolutions.

Teammates Again—But in Comedy

Who would have guessed it? But it's a fact—that Priscilla Dean and Herbert Rawlinson have both been playing in a Hal Roach comedy. Just a few years ago both of them were stars in features at Universal.

Miss Dean signed up for several short-reelers at the Roach studio, and is now reckoned as a coming comedienne.

Changes in the "Gang."

Two members of "Our Gang" have graduated, with considerable honors, into vaudeville—namely, Mickey Daniels, the freckle-faced former leader of the Gang.
After cake and ice cream and general fun inside Colleen’s bungalow, the guests all came out and had their picture taken with their hostess.

Colleen Gives a Fan Party

Colleen Moore’s fans—those who lived near enough to come—had a real thrill when she asked them to come to the studio to have tea with her and watch the movies being made.

By Helen Louise Walker]

COLLEEN MOORE was looking through her fan mail. Piles and piles of letters from all over the world. Letters from Spain, from Australia, from New York, Canada, and Keokuk, Iowa. Letters written daintily on tinted, scented stationery—letters typewritten on business paper—letters scrawled in pencil on cheap tablets— Letters, letters, letters!

Dearest Colleen Moore: I adore you more than any other actress—

Darling little Colleen: You can never know what your pictures have meant to me. You look so much like my little daughter who died—

My dear Miss Moore: I hope you do not mind my writing to you in this way. For two years my heart has throbbed at the sight of you on the screen. I have worshiped you from afar. I feel that I cannot longer control my feelings. Colleen—will you make me the happiest man in the world? I have a ranch—

Dear Colleen: I seen you in “Ella Cinders,” and you done fine. You are sure one swell actress. Would you send me your picture?

Dear Miss Moore: You are my ideal! I never miss one of your pictures—

Dearest Colleen Moore: I just had to write and tell you! My mind is made up. When I grow up, I am coming to Hollywood to work in pictures! Maybe I will see you there! If I could really meet you and talk to you, face to face, I could die happy!

Adorable Colleen: You are my favorite screen actress. Somehow you are so human. You seem just like any other girl. I feel as if I knew you. If I could only see you and talk to you—

“There it is!” I cried, reading this last one. “That is the secret of your charm. You are superbly real and warm and human and normal!”

“Mm-hmm!” returned Colleen, absent, her mouth pursed and her brows wrinkled with thought. “I wish I could meet some of them,” she mused. “It would be such fun! I know—”

She beamed suddenly. “Let’s have a party and invite some of the ones who live near here! I get lots of letters every day from people who live right around Los Angeles. I’ll pick out some of them and write them little notes and we’ll have a party for them here in my bungalow.”

Colleen has a delightful bungalow on the First National lot.

“Oh, won’t it be fun? We’ll have ice cream and cake and presents and—Do you suppose they’ll come?”

“Will they!”

“I have to work, of course, but I think perhaps they would like to visit me for a while on the set, don’t you? And then I can run away for a while and we can have the real party part in the bungalow.”

So the notes were written and the time set for three o’clock on a Saturday afternoon. About one o’clock on that Saturday, I

Colleen was looking quite different from her natural self in a blond wig for “Twinkletoes,” but to her young idolizers she was Colleen just the same.
Colleen Gives a Fan Party

had a hurry call from the studio. "Miss Moore wants to know if you can come over right away. They have all arrived—"

I snatched a hat and dashed to Burbank. Mrs. Morrison, Colleen’s mother, met me at the door of the bungalow.

"They are all here and they are being shown through the studio," she said. "Colleen is working at the moment. Shall we go and join the guests?"

They were trilling about the big stages in the wake of a perspiring member of the publicity staff, who was explaining the inner workings of the picture industry.

"When are we going to meet Colleen?" was the question on every tongue. It was for that that they had come, and the sight of expensive outdoor sets and elaborate interiors meant nothing at all.

"This is the happiest day of my life!" declared one freckle-faced girl, breathlessly. "When I got that note from Miss Moore, I couldn’t believe it! I pinched myself—hard—to see if I was really awake and then I fell up the stairs, hurrying to tell my mother about it. And then I was afraid I might die or something before the day really came. And now it’s here!" Words failed her and she drew a great sigh.

A small boy resisted grudgingly the efforts of Miss Moore’s secretary to persuade him to let her take charge of the bouquet of flowers, almost as big as he was, which he had brought for his hostess.

"I brought ‘em for Colleen," he declared with determination, "and I ain’t going to let ‘em out of my hands till I give ‘em to her, myself!"

There was one disappointed lady who said she never could like pictures so well again now that she had found out that there were no backs to the buildings.

We came at last to the set where Colleen was working in her new picture, "Twinkletoes." The scene was the interior of a stage dressing room, and rows of chorus girls in brief, fluffy, pink ballet skirts were powdering and primping at the mirrors. Colleen, in a blond wig and a rakish black velvet tam, and wearing a boy’s fancy black velvet suit, trimmed with myriads of white pearl buttons, was before the camera.

"There she is!" "That’s Colleen!" "Isn’t she sweet?" "Oh, my! She’s so little!"

"Bless her heart!" cried a rosy, expansive daughter of Erin and mother of three. "She’s Irish all through, and I’m just going to kiss her!"

The director surrendered his star to her public and Colleen held a reception on the set.

A four-year-old, golden-haired cherub, when he was introduced, struck an attitude and recited in a lisping treble, "My queen ith an Irith Colleen!"

The lad with the flowers presented them but was so overcome by the proximity of his ideal that he could not articulate his speech. He gulped and stuttered and Miss Moore was as pleased, apparently, as if the carefully rehearsed oration had been forthcoming.

A twelve-year-old girl burst into tears. "I’m just so happy," she explained to solicitous inquirers.

Other members of the "Twinkletoes" company received attention, too. A very pretty girl rushed up to Tully Marshall, who, made up as an amazingly sardonic-looking old man, was an amused spectator of all this excitement. "I want to touch the hand of my hero!" she told him, breathlessly. I missed my rejoinder in the hubbub but it must have been gallant, for the girl came away beaming.

Colleen led the way to her bungalow, where the party filled the living room and overflowed into the dainty rose-colored bedroom. Ice cream—two colors—and little fancy frosted cakes and tea and candy appeared and the hostess slipped away for a moment to change into a ballet costume. She emerged presently, looking like a French doll, and bustled about for a word with every one.

Two little boys sat gingerly on the edge of the taffeta-covered bed, wearing painted expressions.

"Aren’t you having a nice time?" queried their hostess, anxiously.

"Oh, yes’m! But we’re so sunburned—it isn’t much fun to move around."

Their mother explained that they had blistered their backs, legs and arms during a trip to the beach.

"But they were so distressed at the possibility of missing the party that I had to wrap them with sunburn remedy and let them come."

There was the languid girl with her hair dressed surprisingly in Spanish style who thought the movies were "just too intriguing!" There was the tall young man who had brought a scenario written by himself which

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Even the Athletes are Lured

In this day when absolutely every one is flocking into the movies—society belles, stage stars, royalty and circus performers—even the manly athletes, though much averse to powder puffs and grease paint, have succumbed to the lure of the screen. Witness Gene Tunney, Charley Paddock and "Red" Grange.

By Barbara Miller

VERILY, what an invasion of athletes into the movies! Charley Paddock, "Red" Grange, sometimes known as Harold, and Gene Tunney have led the way. Armed with glittering athletic records, these three stalwart youths swept down on the film fold to make their débuts before the fans of the nation in films characteristic of their varied professions.

Red in his gridiron thriller, "One Minute to Play;" Gene in "The Fighting Marine" (Tunney was a member of the Marines during the World War, before he became a pugilist); and Charley in "The Campus Flirt"—in which, we hasten to add, he appeared as one "Charley Paddock, the world's fastest human," and left all amorous diversions to Bebe Daniels.

Now, in all seriousness, what chance has a mere Latin lover against such lusty competition? For even the most picturesque toreador is decidedly at a disadvantage in the spring, when who won the "880" is the really vital topic of conversation; in the fall, when Red's, or his successor's, latest sensational dash down the football field is discussed from Maine to California; and practically every night in the week, when the "fights" are of major importance.

To add variety to the onslaught, the three invaders are totally different from each other, with only their interest in athletics in common. For, obviously, it was their athletic fame that made them fit candidates for film glory.

What drew them to Hollywood? Grange came for the money, frankly. "It pays well," he naively remarked, anent his new avocation.

Tunney is a chap who never overlooks a bet. Here was another chance at both gold and glory. So he took it. There was a vacant space in his schedule, between a Florida jaunt and the time when he should begin training for the famous fracas with Jack Dempsey. So Tunney the fighter became Tunney the moving-picture star pro tem.

Charley is a restless, energetic soul. He has made money and has made his name known across two hemispheres. The film game appealed to him as absorbingly interesting, as well as lucrative, the sort of thing in which a fellow who worked, and used his head, could go far.

And Charley intends to keep on going. He displays no tendencies to settle down just yet.

"It's a great game!" he says, with characteristic enthusiasm. "There are so many things to learn—I didn't realize how many until I got started on 'The Campus Flirt.' Maybe I'll get along. Maybe I..."
Even the Athletes are Lured

 won't. But I'm going to work darned hard. Because I like it.

Charley Paddock is one of the most interesting chaps I have ever met. For some miraculous reason he is quite unspoiled, though for years he has heard that indisputable proof of fame, the awed whisper, "There goes Charley Paddock."

A scholar, too, this boy who made good in his studies at the University of Southern California as well as shining on the athletic field, where he managed to acquire practically every dash record available. And now Charley is the kind of movie actor who taps out stories for a newspaper service between shots, who lugs his trusty portable along on location and improves the not-so-shining hours.

Though he received several offers to star in one picture, to be produced in the belief that his brilliant athletic record would draw the requisite shekels to the box office, he declined, not relishing the idea of being a star for just one short picture and then having to revert to being just a member of supporting casts. For he knows that actors—like sprinters—are not manufactured in a minute. Then came the chance to play in "The Campus Flirt" as the so-called second lead. And he took it to "learn the business."

In college, Charley was a boy who was not afraid to stand out alone against his whole fraternity if he wanted a certain fellow to wear his pin. He's like that now. Has decided ideas, some of which are distinctly out of the ordinary—for Hollywood.

For instance, he heartily approved of Miss Dan-
Numa Earns a Fortune

The huge lion so often seen in pictures is declared to be the most remarkable jungle cat ever held in captivity; he has already earned $40,000 for his owner and is still going strong.

By A. L. Wooldridge

You have seen Numa some time, if you go to motion pictures. Numa is dumb—dumb enough to have earned $40,000 for Charles Gay, in the past four years. He is about the most intelligent piece of dumbness that ever walked around in a lion’s skin. And the most blasé and taciturn. Until he gets a chunk of horse meat. Then, ladies and gentlemen, on your way! And don’t stop for the crossings. Beat the train if you can. Beat everything possible. Numa was raised on a bottle but he now eats meat.

Millions of persons have seen this African lion on the screen and because of his apparent docility believed him old and toothless and tired of life. Which is as far from the truth as anything could be. Numa is thirteen, has at least that many more years to live, possesses teeth which can tear the toughest meat as though it were gelatin and has claws that look like dirks. And on a lion farm where there are eighty-eight specimens of this “king of beasts,” he is monarch of them all. Not that he has fought it out with the lot, but they have come to know that when their owner enters an inclosure and calls “Numa” this long, tawny beast is the one expected to step forward. And he does it slowly, confidently, unannoyed, and unafraid.

I journeyed out to the Gay lion farm at El Monte not long ago to meet Numa and find out if possible how his owner ever trained him to be so friendly with motion-picture stars, how he succeeded in getting him to chase negroes and comedians without hurting them and to assume all manner of poses before the camera. Ordinarily, lions don’t do such things. I had seen Numa work with Jackie Coogan in “Peck’s Bad Boy,” with Norma Shearer in “The Devil’s Circus,” with Bebe Daniels in “Miss Brewster’s Millions,” with Douglas MacLean in “Hold That Lion” and had seen him play a featured rôle in Charlie Chaplin’s latest picture, “The Circus.” I had watched him go romping along with Mabel Normand in “The Extra Girl,” a small rope about his neck, and had seen him settle down upon the prostrate body of Madeline Hurlock and again upon Neal Burns, careful that his 550 pounds of weight would not rest upon them.

When you come to analyzing these things, they are remarkable.

“Numa has appeared in more than one hundred pictures,” Mr. Gay said, as he stroked the mane of the great beast, “and is the most extraordinary lion I have ever known. He never has scratched a screen player, never threatened to go bad, never refused to do anything I asked him to do and never tires from work. There is just one thing he demands—exclusion at his feeding time. That means two hours off. When he gets his fifteen pounds of fresh horse meat he absolutely demands that he be left alone. That’s his siesta. And we leave him alone, too. Outside of that time, he will work either day or night without protest.

“The principal trouble in making pictures with Numa is to get the screen players not to be afraid of him; he isn’t afraid of them. I wouldn’t dare tell you the number of ‘heroes’ of stories who have refused to get close to this fellow. A lion is a lion to them notwithstanding all you may orate about his being docile. In ‘Peck’s Bad Boy’ Jackie Coogan exhibited absolutely no fear of him and yet one of the ‘rough men of the West’ a little later balked at coming near and I had to double for him in the act. Madeline Hurlock, in Mack Sennett comedies, pays no more attention to Numa than Numa pays to her. He is uninterested in women. Miss Hurlock does not hesitate to stroke his mane a bit once in a while and he accepts it without even the trace of an ‘I thank you!’ Fact of the matter is, Numa would be a wall flower at a petting party. He doesn’t care for such things. He’d rather go back to the farm and cuff his African companion, Slats, about than be caressed by the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

“Slats, by the way, is the lion whose head was photo-
Charlie Chaplin makes a fearless personal appearance with Numa in "The Circus," while Charles Gay, the beast's owner, looks on.

graphed for the trade-mark used by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You see it at the beginning of all that company's pictures.

"Norma Shearer is not afraid of Numa. She was close to him many times while making 'The Devil's Circus' and wanted to do that scene with him where she falls into the lion's den when her trapeze is cut. But the company would not permit it and a double exposure was necessary. After all, I wonder how many girls there are in the country who would unhesitatingly work around a strange lion? It isn't to be wondered that most would refuse. But I cannot excuse the men.

"When we were making 'The Extra Girl,' Mabel Normand took hold of a short rope and led Numa all round the set. She did not even ask if there was danger. That's nerve! Mabel is one of the gamest girls in pictures. And when we were filming Miss Brewster's Millions,' Bebe Daniels patted Numa's head, although he then was in his cage. If you saw that picture, you will remem-

ber that while riding a bicycle she endeavored to grasp the tail of the lion when it protruded from a cage on a motor truck. She really missed it, and fell, and it was feared for a while she had fractured her skull. That 'tail' she tried to catch was made of rope. If it really had been Numa's tail and she had swung onto it—well, the roar possibly would have been heard round the world. I never let any of my lions be given startling surprises and never place them in positions where they might be hurt.

"Who do you suppose made the most brazen personal appearance in a cage with Numa and even made as it to kick him in the face? You probably couldn't guess in a week. It was Charlie Chaplin! Can you imagine that? Charlie Chaplin kicking a lion in the face—one of those back kicks like he made at the dog which followed him around in 'The Gold Rush!' He did not let his shoe strike, but I'd like to ask if there is any one present who would be willing to attempt it? He even let Numa chase him in 'The Circus' and I don't suppose there are many people in the world who would want to act with a lion bounding along immediately in the rear."

Picture fans will see a remarkable example of costarring when Chaplin's picture with Numa is released. The great comedian with the big shoes and the derby is seen in one sequence fleeing from an angry mule. He leaps into the first open door he can reach and slams it only to find he is with a lion, which is asleep. A dog starts barking at him and Charlie shushes, pleads, begs. implores it to quit. He manages to open another door and step out, only to find he has entered a cage of tigers. He hastily returns just as Numa is waking.

Then his excruciating moments begin. Numa rises, stretches his great body, espies the intruder, and creeps toward him. Poor old Charlie is backed up against the iron bars, just as far away as he can get. He doesn't go farther because he can't. You understand, of course, that this is for picture purposes only.

I happened to be on the set the day they were filming the scene and a peculiar incident happened. They wanted Numa to lie down and appear to be sleeping. But Numa didn't want to sleep. It wasn't his sleeping time. Mr. Gay could make him stretch out on the floor of the cage, but he wouldn't stay stretched. After he felt that he had humiliated himself long enough, he would get up.

"Wait a minute!" Chaplin said. "I have an idea. Now all you fellows be still."

He sat down at the organ which constituted a piece of the little

Continued on page 108
Slide, Billy, Slide!

William Haines is a bit nonplused by all the admiration heaped upon him since "Brown of Harvard," and insists he is no different from thousands of unknown young men. This same viewpoint is the keynote of his character, as you will learn from the infectious story that follows.

By Frances Rule

BILL HAINES may not be known in his own hometown, but he's the berries when he comes to New York now.

Perhaps you've heard the story of how the Metro-Goldwyn publicity people suggested to him that he ought to have a triumphal homecoming when he went back last Christmas to the small Virginia village that he had left several years ago with something like a nickel in his pocket—well, it may have been more than that, but anyway, he had been just an ordinary, good-for-nothing boy when he left and now, now he was coming home a famous movie actor!! And you've heard, perhaps, how his father fixed it up for him to make a personal appearance at the local movie theater, and how Bill made feverish preparations for the great event and wondered how on earth you were supposed to act at a personal appearance, and how it was Sunday and he couldn't find any one to press his suit for him and at the last minute had to press it himself and finally dashed off to the theater all nervous and excited and then when he got there thought it was kind of funny—there was no one around and discovered—that the theater was closed!

"They hadn't even heard of me down there," says Bill, with a grin. "Nobody knew anything about me."

But that was a year ago. Lots of film can be unreeled in three hundred and sixty-five days, for one thing. "Brown of Harvard" has been born since then, numerous other attractive Haines films have been joyously received throughout the country, and several William Haines fan clubs have sprung into existence.

And so—when Mr. William Haines came to New York in the fall to make some scenes for his baseball picture, "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" he was startled to discover that he had turned into a celebrity. As he stepped from the hotel elevator into the lobby on his first morning in town, he heard a burst of applause, and when he turned to see what famous person was going by, beheld a bevy of young ladies, who had gathered there to greet him, frantically waving their handkerchiefs at him.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, clapping his middle. "It's me they're clapping for!" And he got hot all over from the thrill of it. At least he said he did, and knowing the sort of young man he is, I know it must be so.

He's getting his first taste of real fame, and it's still enough of a novelty to him to delight him. Take what happened out at the Yankee Stadium, for instance. For the New York scenes of "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" he went out there and played ball with the Yanks themselves while they were practicing for the World Series. Something like a hundred soda-pop boys and program boys and the like were standing around watching the practice. You can imagine how much excitement there was over the Yanks during that week. They had the limelight of New York—they and the Cardinals man, there wasn't much left for any one else. But when Bill Haines followed Babe Ruth to the bat, or when he took his place in the pitcher's box—feeling very nervous with all those professionals around him—and the cameras began to grind, he was the hero of the occasion to the soda-pop boys.

He was a little awkward with the bat, and it couldn't be said that he was much of a pitcher, either—it was plain to be seen that he was just a movie actor playing at playing ball—but you should have heard the audience of small boys! "Mr. Brown" he was to them—of Harvard. "Yea, Brown!" "Sock it, Mr. Brown! Sock it!" and then, "Never mind—youse is no Babe Ruth at baseball, but yuh sure can play football!" And do you think William Haines wasn't pleased? Well, ask him!

Pleased, yes, but not unbalanced. That he has made a success of what he started out to do fills him with natural pride, as success in any line of business gratifies any young man, but he takes himself and his career about as lightly as any movie actor there is. The very fact that a little public adulation surprises and pleases him is proof of how little importance he attaches to himself.

When a very earnest young interviewer cornered him in New York and solemnly asked him, "What is it about you that makes you different from any one else?" William Haines was speechless. Then—

"Different!" he exclaimed. "I'm not different from any one else! How do you get that way? I'm just like any of thousands of other people that you see walking along the streets every day. Only it just happens that my job brings me before the public eye, while other men just like me are buried away in offices.

That little speech is a pretty good key to Bill Haines' character. He represents normaley—the normal, good-natured, level-headed happy young American man, very fond of his mother and sisters and generally interested in girls. A young man just out of college, perhaps, well-dressed and good-looking. 

[Continued on page 112]
The Screen

The parade of new pictures is inspected by a critic whose "de Chatellerault" say that one Roxalanne de Lavédon is a cold and unapproachable girl, Bardelys wagers his entire estates that he will win her, and sets out to do so. Beset by many adventures, he finally enters the presence of Roxalanne and it is love at first sight for both. But there is a hitch, this being romantic melodrama. Because of papers which he holds, Bardelys is mistaken for another man, an enemy of the king who is known to have a promised bride. Roxalanne, believing she has been duped, nevertheless watches his arrest with a breaking heart. And while he is on the scaffold, waiting to be hanged, she marries Chatellerault in order to save him.

It is the escape of Bardelys from imminent death that brings the picture to a climax, places it in the category of fantasy and stars John Gilbert as a stout man. This episode is too utterly utter, and spoils whatever illusion, slight at most, has been created by the picture up to that point. In a series of leaps, slides, and catapults that might put Douglas Fairbanks on his mettle, Gilbert snatches up a great square of dry goods and, leaping from a parapet as

his pursuers close upon him, sails through the air hanging onto a providential parachute!

However, don't take it from me that "Bardelys the Magnificent" is one of those pictures you can miss and still be happy. Because that isn't what is meant at all. Gilbert is very Gilbertian in the more reasonable sequences, and Eleanor Boardman is finely tender and impassioned, an exquisite embodiment of aristocratic womanhood. Her rare gift of never looking like an actress, nor acting like one, has never been more apparent.

All manner of interesting players assume the other roles—George K. Arthur, Karl Dane, John T. Murray, Emily Fitzroy, Lionel Belmore, Theodor von Eltz and, if it must be, Roy d'Arcy whose teeth—how did you guess it?—do a great deal of acting as the villainous Chatellerault.

The production is superb and true to the period, and King Vidor's direction yields not so much as a speck of criticism. It is perfect.

In short, you should surely see this film.

Vim, Vigor, and Lace Pants.

"Bardelys the Magnificent" is just another way of saying "John Gilbert the Magnificent." At least admirers of the actor will think so, because he is presented in an ardent rôle—not to say an acrobatic one. But of that more, as they say, anon.

It is a violent costume affair, laid in the time of Louis XIII. of France, when gentlemen wore lace panties and ostrich plumes, but were models of virility and villainy for all of that. So much for the historical data.

Gilbert is the Marquis de Bardelys—gay, reckless, a daredevil if ever there was one. On hearing the Comte
in Review

notes are offered for your information and guidance.
Lusk

The Swedish Flag Flies High.

Look back and think—if you can—of any actress who has made a more profound impression than Greta Garbo in but one picture. You can’t. Neither can I. That is why it gives me a deal of satisfaction to record her great improvement in “The Temptress.” She is a far finer artist in this, and the picture is much more satisfactory than “The Torrent,” though I still think her true métier will be found in more restrained stories than come from the pen of that literary hash slinger, Blasco Ibáñez.

“The Temptress” might have been terrible, but thanks to a fine scenario by Dorothy Farnum, excellent direction by Fred Niblo, and the support of Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore, Greta comes out with flying colors. And these elements of good fortune do not lessen her own dazzling gifts, but only emphasize them.

The story is all about Elena, a trouble maker who finds the means to dress gorgeously, and who goes through life inflaming gentlemen, though the sub-titles would have us believe she is innocent of the devastating effect she creates. There is one, however, who remains unyielding to her wiles, and when he does break down Elena steals away rather than bring to him the ruin all the others have suffered. Years later they meet in Paris, and in this sequence Greta Garbo’s acting is a poignant revelation.

“The Temptress” is exciting, colorful, and if you like “refined” vampires Greta Garbo will give you one you won’t forget. Antonio Moreno is her equal in every scene.

Don’t Miss This.

If you think Syd Chaplin was at his best as a female impersonator in “Charley’s Aunt” and its successors, by all means see him in “The Better ’Ole” and get the shock of your life. Also, I may add, the laugf of your life. For he comes across with such glorious humor in this picturization of the war comedy that one is inclined to dare all other comedians to equal him. Certainly Syd surpasses his own record, and one trembles for fear his later pictures may not live up to his present one. Incidentally, this is one of the rare instances when a film is better than the play from which it was taken.

Ask me for the plot of “The Better ’Ole” and you find me dumb. The story is slight indeed, yet it is there; and so packed with incident that it reflects great credit upon the skill of every one concerned in it. Syd is Private William Busby who has served thirty years in the British army, and is known as Old Bill, from which you will gather that he does not take the war too seriously. Accidentally, he frustrates a spy within his own regiment and ultimately checks the advance of the Germans. Offered by his general anything in the world, Old Bill modestly requests a sergeantcy, and remarks to his buddy, Alf, “Bl’ me, this ain’t a bad war after all.”

There is neither love nor heroics in “The Better ’Ole.” Instead, we have humanness and wholesome laughter. Don’t pass this up; it’s great.

The Bridge Sags.

Thomas Meighan, obviously with the hope of scoring in meaty drama, appears in “Tin Gods” and plays a builder of bridges. If you are wise to the ways of the screen and the stage, you know what that means. Bridge builders are usually silent sufferers without a sense of humor. Roger Drake is just that.

He has a wife with political aspirations who urges him to forget his own career while she pushes her own, and Roger lets her have her own way until their little son falls out of the window and is killed. The moment Mrs. Drake is speaking over the radio on the duty of woman to the home.

Roger then goes to South America to build a bridge, but neglects his work through drink until Carita, of the café, redeems him by becoming his housekeeper—and observing all the proprieties. When Mrs. Drake eventually looks Roger up, Carita decides upon an unhappy ending for the picture by jumping from the bridge Roger has built, and he erects a mountain church as a memorial to her.

Though heavy and humorless, “Tin Gods” is not uninteresting, and the character of the wife seemed rather a novelty to me; but on the whole it is not an important picture, although admirers of Mr. Meighan may get a kick out of seeing him in a rôle unlike any of his recent ones. Aileen Pringle is the political wife with a flair for striking gowns, and Renee Adorée as Carita holds the eye because of her performance in “The Big Parade.”

A Wilting Flower.

The title of “The Lily” is simple, but the picture is not. It is fearfully complicated and methinks old-fashioned. Taken from a French play that was a big success years and years ago, it deals with characters and
motives hardly credible to-day. For it is all about a lovely young woman of aristocratic family who allows her father—think of it!—to separate her from the man she loves, and who therefore becomes a slave to duty. It isn’t quite clear why it is Odette’s duty never to look at a man during the years that follow, but such is the case in the film. It agrees with her, too, for instead of the brooding, watchful, and tremendously impressive spinster of the play, Belle Bennett’s Odette is a charming, rounded young woman who spends much time arranging the roses in the many rooms of the chateau. When the climax of the long picture comes and Odette, unable to bear the sacrifice longer, tells the family what she thinks of her wasted years, you get no idea that she hasn’t flourished all the time. The significance of the character as written by the authors is completely lost in the direction and acting, both of which are of the stage stagy.

John St. Polis, Ian Keith, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Reata Hoyt, Gertrude Short and Barry Norton have important rôles, but Barry Norton alone escapes routine.

Fair to Middling.

Reginald Denny’s “Take It From Me” is probably looked upon by some as a step toward placing him in bigger and better pictures because it contains a tricky and expensive costume show. But, in spite of this, it is one of his least funny films. Which is too bad, because he is one of our best comedians. However, no one can maintain a uniform pace in so uncertain a medium as the movies, so let’s not condole. In a nutshell the plot tells us of a reckless and light-hearted young man who assumes the management of his uncle’s department store, which will pass out of his hands within a certain time and go to a villainous old employee, if Denny doesn’t make it pay. And so, when the boy finds he isn’t making a go of it, he proceeds to bankrupt the business in order to make it harder for the villain. All this is quite original, and Denny as a sort of glorified floor-walker offers a new rôle, but honestly it amuses less than many of his former pictures. Blanche Mehaffey is the girl.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind.

Like almost every picture inspired by a stage play, “Forever After” is something quite different. And the difference is not in favor of the fans. The story is tepid, though valiant efforts are made to make it seem otherwise, with a big football match and some awfully expensive war scenes. But nothing is accomplished by the football except a lot of cheering by the crowd, and Lloyd Hughes’ defeat. Likewise, the sequence in the trenches brings about nothing but wounding Hughes and sending him to the hospital where he is found by Mary Astor, his sweethearts back home. They parted, you see, because he was poor and she rich—and because Eulalie Jensen, her mother, persuaded him to give her up. It’s that kind of a story. Mary Astor calls herself princess, too. “Princess will live happily forever after,” she says with a sad, sad smile. She is sad—and refined. Lloyd Hughes is wholesome. And there you have it. Except that Hallam Cooley is good as a callow youth. There are times when I want to forget my manners and bite my nails.

Another False Step.

“Paradise” makes you think of the other extreme when you view the picture of that name because it is all a mistake, and so painful. You feel that those to blame are too numerous to mention, beginning with the scenario writer and not forgetting the master mind who thought it good business to pair off Milton Sills and Betty Bronson—the former as an irresponsible youth and the latter a chorus girl. They just don’t belong together as sweethearts. The action shifts from Broadway to an island in the South Seas where Milton Sills goes to find buried treasure, or something, and thus make—or acquire—enough money to support Betty. The entire cast troops after him and Noah Beery appears as the boss of Paradise Island. A really terrific fight occurs between Sills and Beery, and if you think a gory battle sufficient for your evening’s entertainment, I’m the last one to keep you from it.

But don’t blame me if you don’t like it.
For Pastime Only.

An interesting thought lurks in "For Alimony Only." It is to be regretted there are not more of them. The film purports to show the evils of alimony, or rather why a marriage may almost go upon the rocks because the husband must needs support his first wife at the expense of his more deserving second one. It is singularly unreal, and in the end bears a resemblance to a puppet show where the characters are moved by strings. In the case of this picture, the characters are obviously controlled by the scenario writer and never seem to act from within themselves.

Clive Brook begins as the husband of Lilyan Tashman but she divorces him so that she may collect an income, free to spend it as she chooses. Then he meets Leatrice Joy and marries her—as who wouldn’t? Various complications, including those brought about by misunderstandings, prolong the story until Leatrice turns the tables on Lilyan, forcing her to marry to avoid a scandal, and thus Clive Brook is freed of the alimony bugbear. The picture is mildly diverting, of far more interest than "Eve’s Leaves" or "The Clinging Vine," but still too trivial for Leatrice.

She is a dream of loveliness as Mary Martin, and is by turns beguiling, tender, and resolute. Clive Brook contributes an admirable performance, and Lilyan Tashman flaunts her way through a disagreeable rôle.

Hearts, Flowers, and Hokum.

Honestly, "Kosher Kitty Kelly" is really entertaining in spite of being exactly the sort of picture the title implies, even though Kate Price and Charlie Murray aren’t in it to make it typical. But Vera Gordon is, and Nat Carr, the Irish element being represented by Viola Dana, Tom Forman, Aggie Herring, and Carroll Nye.

It’s all about Kitty Kelly’s love for Pat Sullivan, a policeman who in the performance of his duty runs afoul of Kitty’s brother, who is no better than he should be. So Kitty throws down Pat, and the officer in a spirit of pique pays court to Rosie Feinbaum. He is about to marry her when suddenly the complications are smoothed out and Kitty gets him after all.

Surely not a Lubitsch plot, but it is made vigorously amusing by good, standard direction and adequate acting on the part of pleasant people. Not in a long time has Viola Dana looked so cute, and Tom Forman’s return to the screen as Pat, after several years’ absence as a director, should please old-timers as it does me.

The Pure in Heart!

If you care—and many do—which group of actors seems to win the football game, or whose fraternity pin reposes on the bosom of the luscious coed, you will find that Richard Dix in "The Quarterback" quite fills your life during the time it takes the picture to run its course. Brightly and intelligently done, it is sure to please the family trade because it is as pure as if the players were adolescents. Mr. Dix, for instance, is a freshman. So does David Butler stand on the brink of maturity. I am convinced that Esther Ralston is the most beautiful girl that ever went to school. "The Quarterback" is a nice picture.

One Wonderful Gag.

Though I cannot for the life of me tell you what "Kid Boots" is about—that is, connectedly—it has several hilarious moments and a climax as thrilling as ever was found in a serial. Also, it has Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Lawrence Gray, and Eddie Cantor, the star, who is making his début in the hushed drama. He has moments of inspired funmaking, and others when he seems not funny at all.

In musical comedy, where Cantor has reigned these many years, he employs blackface to emphasize his individuality, but in the picture he dispenses with it and appears au naturel—a nervous, strutting little figure of a man who contributes, among other episodes, a scene on an osteopath’s table the like of which you never saw, and an ingenious gag whereby he makes Clara Bow, supposedly jealous, think he is having tea with another girl. This Cantor does by means of a door near which he is seated. One of

Continued on page 111
In and Out of the Studios

The many and varied sights seen by the camera on a tour through movieland.

"Now, wouldn't that get your goat!" said Doris Kenyon, when an old nanny came along and struck up an acquaintance with her on the beach where she was making scenes for "The Blond Saint."

"Now, wouldn't that get your goat!" said Doris Kenyon, when an old nanny came along and struck up an acquaintance with her on the beach where she was making scenes for "The Blond Saint."

Thank goodness, the Vitaphone wasn't present when the above picture was taken of Norman Kerry and Creighton Hale! Or the most terrible discord would now be issuing from this page. Just imagine the bagpipes and a saxophone both in action at once! The Scottish disguise that Norman and Creighton are wearing is for their rôles in "Annie Laurie."

Puzzle—Somewhere on the Christmas tree above, Alberta Vaughn is hidden. See if you can find her. Hint—Whose dolly are you?

It doesn't take three guesses to discover who the trio at the left are, and it's even money that the scene is taken from "We're in the Navy Now." If any one should ask you, the naval officer is Chester Conklin, and the two lowly deck swabbers are Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.
Will wonders never cease? Now we can sit as close to the screen as we want and there won't be a single flicker to hurt our eyes. Norma Talmadge, above, gets introduced to the new kind of projection machine that achieves this. Major Bowes is showing her the one he has in the Capitol Theater in New York.

When Natalie Kingston, left, takes a drink of coffee, she doesn't do it by halves! We don't know where she got that man-size cup, but it looks like the kind that a starving tramp might dream of on a cold and stormy night.

We thought gold teeth had gone out of style, but Pauline Starke, above, had a whole set of them painted in for her rôle in "War Paint"—war paint is right! Lillian Rosine, make-up artist, is doing the gilding.

A sure way of letting the world know who your sweetie is, is to wear a picture of him on your stocking—like Estelle Clark, right. In days gone by, that would have been a good place to hide him, but not any more!

So that's how Patsy Ruth Miller gets her good-looking footwear! She just has an artist design a shoe or slipper for every one of her costumes, and then she sends the sketches—those that she likes—to a manufacturer, and after a while she gets the shoes. Oh, to be a movie star!—if all we hear is true.
As you may have suspected, Ben Burbridge, left, is a big-game hunter. After two years in the jungle, he has recently brought back a thrilling, true-to-life film called "The Gorilla Hunt," showing his experiences with the gigantic ape men down in the tropics.

The miniature Tom Mix who's doin' all the shootin', above, is young Billy Butts, smallest cowboy in Thomas Meighan's "The Canadian." The man whose eardrums look so shocked is William Beaudine, director of the film.

Above, two playmates in "Tell It to the Marines"—Carmel Myers, as an Hawaiian maid, and Blanco as himself, a puppy.

Right, those gay, daring '90s are once more recalled—Mary Astor and Charles Emmett Mack, in a scene from "The Rough Riders," show how courting was done back in 1898.
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. Colman, Newman, 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 sympathy. Kenneth Van Vactor, in title role, gives earnest and spirited performance; Francis X. Bushman excellent as Messala; May McAvoy, Anna Q. Nilsson, Kathleenvdin, and Carmel Myers all handle their roles well.

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

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Don Pedro's life is briefly filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warner. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skillful performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes into a mission work, with amusing results.

"Kiki"—First National. Norma Talmadge very entertaining in the highly comic role of the little gamin girl of Paris who tries to break into the chorus and falls in love with the manager.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignantly appealing as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Mare Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of Ibsen's tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disastrous spell of the Germans through his love for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading roles.


"Sea Beast, The"—Warner. John Barrymore gives one of his typical portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale he has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of the girl he was to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title role of mother, does one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much-heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Janings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"Battling Butler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good picture, with Buster Keaton really funny as a rich and timid young man who tries to masquerade as a prize fighter. Sally O'Neill is the mountain- maid heroine.

"Beverly of Graustark"—Metro-Goldwyn. Amusing complications arise when Marion Davies disguises herself as a boy and pretends to be a certain prince. Antonio Moreno opposite her.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter. George O'Hara, Viola Dana, and Ralph Lewis.

"Black Paradise"—Fox. Good old melodrama crammed full of action and suspense, and ranging from a department store to the South Seas. Fine performances by Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe.

"Born to the West"—Paramount. Another Zane Grey film, more interesting and plausible than usual. Excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Margaret Morris.


"Brown of Harvard"—Metro-Goldwyn. Quite an improvement over the usual college film. William Haines, as swaggering undergraduate, carries off the honors, with Mary Brian as his girl and Jack Pickford his satellite.

"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romantic interest is fine, and a tenor, Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Duchess of Buffalo, The"—First National. Constance Talmadge in another gay comedy of the Continent. An American dancing girl poses as a Russian grand duchess, with entertaining results.


"Fine Manners"—Paramount. Made interesting by Gloria Swanson's expert performance as a hoydenish chorus girl who tries to become a lady. Eugene O'Brien is the necessary rich man.

"Flaming Frontier, The"—Universal. An accurate historic picture of American frontier days, with Hoot Gibson in the role of a pony-express rider, and Dolores Faith as General Custer.

"Footloose With a Flavor"—General. Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda make genuinely amusing this film of two fashion models who dash to Florida and masquerade as wealthy widows.

"Good and Naughty"—Paramount. Pola Negri, excellent in a gay comedy of a dashing office girl who blossoms into a woman of the world and saves her employer, Tom Moore, from the machinations of a married woman.

"Hell Bent for Heaven"—Warner. Adapted from the prize story plaid in a tale of mountain folk and religious fanaticism, reaching a climax when the dam bursts. John Harron and Patsy Ruth Miller featured.


"Hold That Lion"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in a diverting comedy of a young man who pursues a girl around the world, and is unwittingly inveigled into a lion hunt.


"Lover Mary"—Metro-Goldwyn. Delightful human-interest tale, sequel to the "Cabbage Patch." Bessie Love, in character role, proves herself a gifted player. Second honors to William Haines.

"Mantrap"—Paramount. Entertaining and unusual. Clara Bow, a flirtatious manicurist, and Ernest Torrence, from the wilds of Canada, become man and wife. Then along comes Percy Marmont.


"Men of Steel"—First National. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a melodramatic "epic" of the steel industry. Inclined to be showy, but has moments of grim and beautiful reality.

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He gradually came to know a great deal about the motion-picture business and, almost before he knew it, he was at the top. You probably didn’t hear about him until the success of “The Four Horsemen,” but you’ve heard about him often since. His name is Rex Ingram, but there’s a “Reilly” tucked away somewhere which accounts for that Irish brogue and the merry twinkle in those dreamy gray-blue eyes.

Ingram now makes his pictures far from the clamor of Hollywood. He has fitted up a studio at Nice, where he makes his films, does some sculpturing, takes his daily swim at the noon hour, and basks in the sunshine of southern France. He hates the mad, wild bustle of studio life as we know it in America. He prefers to take life at a more leisurely and romantic pace, and it is this very leisurely and romantic spirit which you find in his pictures and which accounts for their peculiar persuasive charm.

Ingram never hesitates to give a scene its full dramatic value. He carries a story to its logical conclusion, and he takes sufficient time in each sequence to establish a definite and appealing atmosphere. In “Mare Nostrum” there lurked the spirit of the Mediterranean. In “Where the Pavement Ends” you found the cloying, destroying influence of the tropics, and in “The Four Horsemen” that gay, extravagant recklessness which was Paris before the war.

The artist in Ingram craves to create, and once a story captures his imagination, he never rests until he has put it on the screen exactly as he visualizes it.

“And when they ask me in the cutting room,” he says, “‘Can’t you snap it up here—eliminate this—or hurry up that?’ I say, ‘Of course, I can—I just simply don’t care to.’ So it stays the way I want it.”

Ingram made a trip to New York this fall before starting work on “The Garden of Allah.” This...
Medley

ever-changing little film world in New York.

John Brenon

was once the property of Norma Talmadge, but has always been coveted by Ingram, whose familiarity with and love of the desert, as evidenced in "The Arab," make him peculiarly fitted to direct the Robert Hichens story. And those who have read it will agree that Alice Terry is an excellent choice for the high-minded heroine.

"Few people realize even yet," says Ingram, "the great emotional depths of my wife's acting."

Connie's Good-bye to Matrimony

Miss Terry and Mr. Ingram may feel that a woman's career can go hand in hand with marriage, but not so Constance Talmadge, who waved her hand to her handsome British husband one afternoon and said, "Good-by, old top. Henceforth you must take your afternoon tea alone."

Constance explains that her husband interferes with her art, and she simply cannot bear it. Naturally, it is one of those amicable partings, for Constance never goes in for mudslinging when it comes to showing her husbands the ever-ready and justly famous gate. Of course, Norma's husband, Joe Schenck, has just about kept the Talmadge family on the map. But that, too, is quite a different matter. And after all, as Norma says, "Why doesn't Connie marry America first?"

The whole Talmadge family wept bitter tears when, some years ago, Connie took unto herself a Greek for a husband, and then, when Captain Alastair Mackintosh came along and spirited her off to England every one just sat back and waited for what would happen, especially as Constance had been reported engaged to Buster Collier just before the sudden marriage. Well, they didn't have to wait long. For Connie soon decided that she hadn't given her nuptials enough previous consideration. A movie contract is attended by conferences but a marriage contract—well, what's a contract among friends? Anyway, Connie, after a few months of marriage, decided she and Mackintosh could never be more than friends. Whereupon she boarded a train for California and said good-by to matrimony.

"Indeed," say Connie's friends, "Constance isn't the least bit upset. She's just an impulsive young girl, that's all. She's just as happy as can be, and is returning to the screen as happy as a lark." Captain Mackintosh, being a British gentleman, says nothing.

Colleen, the Perfect Hostess

All Manhattan agreed that Colleen Moore is a good little sport, which is just another proof of all the nice things that her staff, the stage hands, and the home office have to say about her.

Colleen celebrated her visit to New York by getting a bad attack of the grippe, captured while making exteriors for "Orchids and Ermine" in
Griffith is angry because G. B. S. criticized the movies for their extravagant exaggerations, so he quotes at length an interview that he says he had with Shaw some years ago in which he says Shaw played the part of a rejected-scenario writer. Griffith claims that Shaw offered to write a scenario for him, placing him in the embarrassing position of having to tell England’s literary genius to go back to his ink pots and leave celluloid alone. Shaw on the other hand merely laughs at Griffith’s tale, while film producers flock about him and offer him big prices for his ideas and, like Oliver Twist, he dares to ask for “more!”

**Disappointment.**

Apropos of “The Sorrows of Satan,” it proved very much of a disappointment when shown before the customary screen luminaries at its New York première. As a matter of fact, the audience was far more interesting than the picture.

Ricardo Cortez, who enacted the hero in the film, entered the theater long before the curtain parted. He was very nervous. He needn’t have been, however, for every one agreed that he gave the best performance of his career. Certainly his sincerity made itself felt and, though critics are most critical, even Alma Rubens, his wife, admitted, “I’ll have to say Ricardo’s good.”

Carol Dempster sat and shivered in the back of the house, though she, too, received her portion of praise for the emotional quality in her work, which, though somewhat too prolonged, was arresting.

Lya de Putti just sat back and wept, and she had reason to. For coming after her splendid work in “Variety,” her vamp rôle in “The Sorrows of Satan” was an example of miscasting if ever there was one. Too bad!

Gloria Swanson and her amiable husband, who are ardent first nighters, were also present. Long hours at the studio don’t prove too arduous for enthusiastic Gloria, whose engagement as an independent producer causes her to keep a wary eye on all products from other studios.

While on the subject of Gloria, we mustn’t forget to mention that she has added Raymond Hackett to her cast. You know Raymond Hackett if you are familiar with your film Baedeker for, way back in the old Reliance, Imp and Lubin days, he used to play child parts. Then he deserted the screen for the stage. He made a real hit last season in the play “The Cradle Snatchers,” and in her search for personable young men, Gloria picked him out for a rôle in “Sunya”—

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that is the latest title given to her first independent film.

**What, Alas! has Happened to Lois?**

Lois Wilson bounded into the restaurant where we were having tea with Patsy Ruth Miller. Miss Miller, who had come East with her parents for a short visit, is an old friend of Lois', and of course there were all sorts of Hollywood and New York gossip to be exchanged between the two.

But what astounded me was the change that had come over Miss Wilson. They say that her bob and that trip to Europe account for her complete metamorphosis from the home girl to the sophisticated prattler. There are those who extol her in this change. "What New York has done for Lois!" they exclaim. But I wonder?

Lois told me herself that she objects to being known only as "that nice girl," and is trying to live it down. I wonder why? Isn't she really just playing a new part, a part that doesn't suit her very well? For, way down in her heart, Lois is *not* sophisticated, and never will be. And she will never be entirely successful in sophisticated rôles. Light comedy, perhaps, yes, with a touch of the home girl always coming out.

But those who know Lois best, those who like her best, don't echo, "What New York has done for Lois!" They say, "New York has changed Lois. She's not quite the same girl she used to be—not quite as fine a girl, perhaps. But she will be again. It's just a little silly phase she's going through, trying to be sophisticated, but nothing can really kill that nice girl who is the real Lois."

**Familiar Faces.**

Speaking of old—well, not so very old—but familiar faces coming back to the screen, if you watch your neighborhood houses carefully, you will find Wyndham Standing and Louise Dupré in forthcoming productions. Standing has given some really fine performances to the screen, as in "Earthbound," for example. But for some time he deserted films to play on the stage in England.

Louise Dupré has been engaged by Pathé for some feature productions, having been more or less inactive.

*Carol Dempster received much applause at the premiere of "The Sorrows of Satan."* Photo by H. J. Bratton

since she used to double for Mary Pickford and play ingénue parts some seasons ago.

**Farewell, New York.**

It is with regret that Manhattan says farewell to the Rockett brothers and the First National players who have been making pictures up at the old Biograph studio in the Bronx. The Rocketts, Al and Ray, are two of the most popular young men in the film business, having first gained for themselves an enviable reputation for honesty, square dealing, and geniality at the time of their production of "Abraham Lincoln."

When the lights went out on "Not Herbert," First National's New York studio closed and Howard Higgin, Virginia Lee Corbin, Pauline Starke, Jack Mulhall, Sam Hardy, and numerous camera men and stage hands dashed down to the Twentieth Century, bound for Chicago and Hollywood.

Ben Lyon and Dorothy Mackaill, Continued on page 108

Rex Ingram left his peaceful studio at Nice to make his first trip to noisy New York in a long, long time.
ARK, slim, pretty, and eighteen—picked as potential star material by the man who gave Clara Bow, Alyce Mills, and others their first chance. That’s Gloria Gordon, who is being primed for featured roles by J. G. Bachmann, producer of Preferred pictures. Her first appearance for him was in “Dancing Days.”

No spectacular coup of fortune has marked Gloria’s grasp on recognition. Rather her climb has been typical of the hard, slow process—of disappointments and setbacks. Two years ago, she played hookey from high school in Florida and joined a movie troupe for a day’s work. Disappointment No. 1—the company proved to be a fraudulent organization to bait the screenstruck. It even attempted to exact pay from its casts instead of giving it! When Gloria discovered that there wasn’t even any negative in the camera’s magazine, she threatened to call in the police and thus rescued her deluded coworkers.

On a visit to her sister in Cleveland a few months later, she was in the elevator of an office building when an artist who was drawing a series of illustrations for the novel, “The Flapper Wife,” spoke to her and asked her to pose for him. The story was eventually sold for the screen and little Miss Gordon found a contract in her hand to make a series of personal appearances with the showing of the film in vaudeville houses.

Hoping that this would prove a wedge toward her own entry into pictures, she came to New York, where she found continuous extra work, but nothing more. Although casting directors liked her, the big plums were for the better known. Successive visits to Mr. Bachmann’s office brought always the same response, that he was either “out” or “in conference.” Finally, one day, Gloria decided to wait until he came either “in” or “out of conference.” After a few hours, the producer stepped off the elevator and Gloria introduced herself. That was Friday, and Saturday she was signed, not as an extra, but as leading lady in “The Romance of a Million Dollars,” with Glenn Hunter.

But the jinx wasn’t broken yet. On her third day of work, a mischanced leap from a moving automobile resulted in a sprained ankle, and Alyce Mills stepped into the lead.

But Mr. Bachmann comforted the disconsolate Gloria with promises of another chance as soon as she recovered. And he was as good as his word, for the billing on “Dancing Days” featured Gloria Gordon in large type.

Not Von Stroheim?

There’s a certain young man who has been acting out at the First National studio in New York who caused something of a stir when he first appeared there. His name is Lucien Prival, but you turn and look twice before you are sure that it isn’t Erich von Stroheim. He has the same closely clipped Teutonic head, the same worried look about the forehead and eyes, the same curl of the lips. And he has a leaning toward the same unpleasant type of roles.

You may have seen him in “Puppets,” or as the sneering German officer in “The Great Deception.” If not, look for him in “Just Another Blonde.”

He has crowded much into the short span of his twenty-five years. The child of a French father and a German mother, he was brought up in Germany, but broke away from home at an early age to go onto the stage. Aiming from the outset at morbid roles, he played in support of some of Germany’s best-known actors, until the war put a temporary halt to his promising career and, because of his father’s nationality, he was held as an enemy in Germany. It was after the armistice that he came to America.

A strange young man he is—“Abnormal or subnormal parts” is the way he describes the only roles in which he is interested.
Those Present

interesting persons in the movies about whom you will probably hear more.

He Has Seen Life.

If the story of J. Farrell MacDonald were told in book form, it would make several very large volumes. This may not be a new thought, but it applies exactly to the man who made such a hit as the big Irishman in "The Iron Horse," and more recently in "Three Bad Men." MacDonald's career has been, not like the career of one man, but of several.

His success has been reached by the long way round, rather than by short cuts. He has been in the movies since their very earliest toddlings. First and chiefly as a director. Acting is a much more recent digression for him—that is, acting that has brought him any sort of notice.

In the very beginning, he set out to be a civil engineer, and went to Yale. After a year or two there, he grew tired of the steady grind of study, and set out to look the world over. In New York, Baltimore, Denver, and San Francisco he worked as a newspaper reporter, but eventually that, too, began to pall. Then his life took a strange turn, and he studied for the priesthood. Before he had taken his final vows, however, he realized that that vocation would be a serious mistake for him. Wanderlust had again overcome him.

This time it led to the stage. He had a good voice, which had been trained during his year or so of study, and so he secured opera engagements both in this country and abroad. Again, after this, he went through a period of restlessness—trying reporting, engineering, and stage acting in quick succession. It was about this time that he heard about the movies. He landed as a movie actor when there were few of them, and consequently made good almost immediately. He got a chance as a director very shortly afterward.

If there is anything lacking in any of MacDonald's screen interpretations, it is not because of any want of experience. He knows virtually all phases of life, and the vigor of the portrayals that he has given goes to prove this. He has, however, such a definite place as a type, that nearly all his roles border on rough-and-ready comedy, or a very robust and somewhat amusing dignity.

This Movie Actress is an Architect.

She comes of a famous family, she designs and builds homes, and she now aims to further the cause of the new and younger mother type in pictures.

These are the interesting facts about Aileen Manning, whom you may recall from her work in "Main Street," "The Snob" and, more recently, in "The Whole Town's Talking."

Before coming to Hollywood she had little thought of acting. In Denver, Colorado, she had tried out her talent for home building. Hearing that California offered greater possibilities, she left the Colorado metropolis. When she arrived on the Coast, though, California happened to be experiencing a slump instead of a boom.

This was just about a decade ago, and when prospects didn't look good for her as a bungalow architect, Miss Manning applied for a chance in films and got it.

Grand dames have been her forte, but what she really likes best are small-town and spinster characterizations, such as she played in "Main Street" and "The Snob." Her desire now is to play mothers, if she can convince the producers that she is the type. The recent arrival on the screen of the less mature mother has given her more hope of realizing this ambition.

Miss Manning hasn't given up her home building. She does it on the side.

A "Perfect" Child.

The latest "perfect child" to come to the front in the land of films is little Nancy Kelley, four and a half years old, of Long Island, who recently played an important role in "Mismates," with Doris Kenyon and Warner Baxter.
Among Those Present

rôle of the press agent in “Bluebeard’s Seven Wives.” This picture brought Hardy great success and immediately he was signed up for “The Savage.” Then Kane sent for him to appear in “The Great Deception.” Immediately following that came “The Prince of Tempters,” “Not Herbert,” and “The Butter and Egg Man.”

Now Sam has about decided that he will stick to the screen and wonders why he did not stay there in the first place.

From Stenography to Stardom.

“Why don’t you have a screen test made?”

Friends of Patricia Avery, who was employed as secretary at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, kept asking her this question for nearly a year, but somehow it didn’t seem to have any effect until recently.

And now, Miss Avery is the lucky young lady, still barely twenty, who has made stenographic work a stepping stone to a film career. She is appearing now in “Annie Laurie” with Lillian Gish. She has the only feminine rôle of importance outside that of the star, and she is hailed as one of the most important of recent discoveries in official circles of the M-G-M organization.

Until a few months ago, Miss Avery had entertained no particular hopes of an acting career. She was quite happy apparently in attending to the clerical duties of her position as assistant to the art director of the big studio in Culver City. She had charm, refinement, poise, and personality—those things which invariably go to make a screen actress—but for some reason or other nobody seemed to notice this—at least, nobody who counted.

John Stahl, the director, is the one actually credited with her “discovery.” He took a test of her some months ago, and gave her a chance to do atmosphere in one of his pictures. She continued with her secretarial work, meanwhile. However, she showed such promise in that picture, that she was put under contract for acting only.

Miss Avery is a third or fourth cousin to John D. Rockefeller. She was born in Boston, and has lived in Hollywood for some time.

Youth in Disguise.

You know Jack Duffy in whickers and spectacles rather than in straight make-up. He has become a permanent fixture in short-reel comedies owing to his ability to burlesque rural characters, especially those who have a flash of would-be devilment. If
you saw “Classified,” you may have noted, too, his first venture into features. He played the old man in the horse-drawn rig who helped Corinne Griffith get home after she had had her fill of night life.

The remarkable thing about Duffy is the fact that one who looks so young can appear so old on the screen. His stage experience in musical comedy and vaudeville, though, is what taught him his tricks of disguising himself.

Thus far he has played in any number of short reels for Christie and Educational. He has been with them for three years. “Reckless Romance,” “Stop Flirting” and “Madam Behave” are among the more important longer comedies in which he has done service. In “Dancing Daddy,” he was featured.

Duffy, by the way, has quite a novel sideline. He owns three horses at the track at Tijuana which net him considerable profit, it is said.

So if you ever want a tip on the races, write to him!

Out of the West.

There is a breath of her native Colorado mountains about Ruby Blaine. For, just like young Lochinvar, Miss Blaine has come out of the West to steal the hearts of the movie fans. She is a hard-working player, with serious and sincere intentions, determined to get ahead in her chosen field.

Miss Blaine’s start has been auspicious. She was selected by David Wark Griffith for a small rôle in “The Sorrows of Satan” and demonstrated enough histrionic talent in that film to cause other Paramount directors in the East to use her for increasingly larger parts in “Fine Manners,” “The Great Gatsby,” “The Ace of Cads,” and “The Quarterback.”

Previous to entering Paramount pictures, she had been getting valuable experience in the independent field, and played in “The Midnight Girl” for Chadwick, and “Headlines” for St. Regis Pictures. Since “The Sorrows of Satan,” however, she has appeared only in Paramount productions and hopes to continue under that banner indefinitely.

Miss Blaine has never appeared on the speaking stage. She spent her earliest days on horseback, roaming around Colorado as much as her parents would allow. This vagabond spirit was forcibly quelled when, at the age of sixteen, she was discovered by her father in the midst of bustin’ a broncho at a local rodeo. He dashed in among the yelling and cheering cowboys, yanked her from the saddle, and forthwith proceeded to inflict upon her more damage than the broncho had.

At the age of twenty, Miss Blaine accepted an invitation to visit friends in the East and, except for a short visit to Hollywood last fall, has never returned West. Her three years in the East have been filled with achievements which forecast greater ones to come.

in the fact that he has been a wanderer on the face of the earth during recent years. Independently wealthy, possessor of a beautiful villa in Denmark filled with works of art and a wonderful library, he withdrew himself from the world at the very height of his dramatic career. Just why, he never has told. And he grew a beard!

Then, a few years ago, the wanderlust struck him. He packed his portmanteau and started away. He roamed through the art galleries and the ruins of Athens. He went to Constantinople, Smyrna, Damascus, Cairo, Jerusalem.

Chrisander arrived in Hollywood recently and was greeted by Miss Negri, Ernst Lubitsch, and other old European friends. He may produce pictures of his own in movieland.

But he has shaved off that beard!
“Jackie” Startles Hollywood

The choice of Jacqueline Logan to play Mary Magdalene in “The King of Kings” astonished the film colony, but the complete change in her personality amid scenes of biblical magnificence has caused even greater wonderment.

By Katherine Lipke

With red hair redolent of perfume, her costume a thing of magnificence and sumptuous enticement, her manner haughty and imperious, Mary Magdalene rides up in her chariot drawn by zebras to the House of Miracles situated on a street in Capernaum. She has come to see for herself the carpenter-teacher who has succeeded in luring Judas, her favorite, from her.

This brazen, picturesque beauty with the cold, cruel eyes and the voluptuous mouth is Jacqueline Logan, chosen by Cecil De Mille and a group of judges for her apparent ability to portray the depths and the heights—the lustrous wickedness and the radiant humility—required of Mary Magdalene in “The King of Kings,” De Mille’s picturization of the life of Christ.

The making of the picture is now well under way and, commencing as it does with Mary Magdalene and her spectacular life of wickedness before she meets the Christ, it affords a glimpse of Jacqueline Logan utterly surprising.

She isn’t the least a new actress nor an unknown one. For years her name has been seen in electric lights over motion-picture theaters throughout the country—to no particular purpose. The fact that “Jackie” has been featured in every picture of her career means little or nothing, for she has appeared only in program pictures, in uninteresting roles.

We have come to take her for granted, to think of her as one of the many girls capable of appearing in leading roles in small films, but evidently not of great emotional heights or depths.

In an age of film discoveries, of new qualities found in well-known players by directors, Jackie has heretofore been passed by.

Now comes “The King of Kings.” From near and far troupes some thirty girls and women to try for the rôle of Mary Magdalene. Not only is this character one of the most dramatic in all history and tradition, but she is to be the main feminine character of the De Mille production. The characters of Christ, Judas, and Mary are seen throughout the picture, while the others come into smaller sequences.

Many of the actresses to be tested had beautiful robes made especially for the try-out. Great care was spent on preparations. The list of these thirty in-

Continued on page 100
When Cecil De Mille chose sweet Jacqueline Logan for the vain, proud role of Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings," it was a big surprise. "Jackie" had for so long been the victim of negative, uninteresting parts, that no one had thought her capable of a highly dramatic characterization.

Now she's showing them.
Janet Gaynor is looking very happy these days. It wasn't so very long ago that she was just a minor player in Fox comedies. Now she's getting a lot of big parts, among them the leading rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven," the film adapted from the popular stage play.
Florence Vidor, in this luxuriant scene from "The Popular Sin," sits pondering in her boudoir on the fickleness of men, for two husbands in succession have strayed from the hearthside. Miss Vidor lends her usual dignity and charm to the rôle of a sophisticated lady of Paris.
On the
A group of new faces that you may

Floabelle Fairbanks is Doug's niece, though she tried to keep it dark for a while by changing her name to "Florence Faire." She has her first important rôle in Gloria Swanson's "Sunja."

Constance Howard, who is Frances Howard's sister, was the girl in "Hold That Lion" whom Douglas MacLean pursued round the world.

Nancy Nash, left, hails from the Lone Star State and has the ingénue lead in "The City."

Nathalie Kovanko is the Russian actress who has come to this country to play in Metro-Goldwyn films. She had the feminine lead in the French film, "Michael Strogoff."
Horizon

already have espied on the screen.

Ann Rork, daughter of Sam Rork, the producer, had an ingénue rôle in “Old Loves and New,” and now is playing a Sicilian girl in “The Blonde Saint,” with Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone.

Greta von Rue attracted such attention in Pauline Frederick’s “Her Honor the Governor” that she has been signed up by M. G. M.

Sally Phipps, right, one of the latest Fox recruits, appears in “Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl.”

You can see Barbara Kent in “The Flesh and the Devil.” A beauty contest in Hollywood started Barbara on her way, and now she has a contract with Universal.
The Heart of a Man to the Heart of a Maid

It's good to see Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry together again. These two, who made such a popular pair of lovers in earlier films, are reunited in "The Great Galeoto," the picture for which Miss Terry came home from abroad.
As Gaby Deslys was very popular with American audiences and made many tours through this country, the film in her name should attract many fans.

The strong individuality that typified the French dancer gives Virginia Valli an opportunity, such as she has rarely had, for a distinctive characterization.

The Glorious Gaby

Virginia Valli portrays the vivid personality of Gaby Deslys in "Gaby," the film dealing with the crowded and colorful life of that famous French dancer.
Who is the young actor who gave such a good account of himself as the dying German soldier in "The Big Parade?" Thus have many fans inquired. Here you see him as himself—Erik Arnold, of Norway, who has his next opportunity in "Sunrise," with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.
Some of the women who have played an important part in making the Studio Club the homelike place that it is. Left to right, Inez Gay, Eleanor Jones, Mrs. Charles S. Richmond, Lois Weber, Nell Newman, Shannon Day, Mae Parker and Mäjorie Williams, directress of the club.

The Studio Club Grows Up

This famous little club, which has been a haven of refuge for so many struggling girls in Hollywood, has risen in ten years from a small gym class to the glory of a luxuriously furnished new building.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Ten years ago, half a dozen girls in a Hollywood gym class, all of whom were away from home seeking careers, decided to form a club with no other particular aim than companionship.

Five years later, some thirty girls, I among them, romped through a big old white house on sleepy Carlos Street. Outsiders called it the Studio Club. We inside it, we strangers within the gates of Hollywood, had a better name for it—Home.

And last spring the organization celebrated its tenth birthday and, with a tea, formally opened its magnificent new building, to which the members point with pride, impressing upon visitors that it cost two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

There is no friend like an old one. Who has shared our morning days.

Beneath these words of Oliver Wendell Holmes on the first page of our Friendship Book, we began signing our names, thus christening the new clubhouse and making sure that it was actual and not still that nebulous dream which we used to mull over.

There, in a corner, was a familiar scarred bookcase of oak. A certain lopsided wicker chair was pounced upon with squeals by many girls who had often lounged in it.

What moods that rickety old chair has enfolded! What laughter has been flung up from it, what tears have coursed down its back when a huddled form has turned her face into its receptive embrace, to share her heartache with it alone!

A sample of the wall paper from the dining room of the old clubhouse has been preserved, though the girls pretend not to be at all sentimental! And the "No Parking" sign that stood out front has also been saved as a memento—as if any of us had ever had cars in those lean days!

Standing in the doorway, greeting those who came to inspect the club's new building and to welcome home those old friends of its "morning days," was Miss Marjorie Williams, directress. Capable and businesslike, but with tenderness as an undercurrent to her calm executive manner, she handles expertly the reins of the club's management. Her face, framed in its crisply bobbed, graying hair, was beaming, and in her eyes smiles and tears overlapped, that day. A tactful, charming hostess, she ushered her guests through the spacious rooms.

Fastidiously groomed stars, and wives of picture executives, exclaimed over the loveliness of the new building, viewed its appointments, and chattered over their teacups of the club's humble birth.
I felt entitled to my own flush of pride and inscribed my name in the Friendship Book with a rightous sense of belonging. Five years ago, when I came to Hollywood, with no experience whatever, and only a determination to write for or about the movies to spur me on, the club proved my friend. There was no room for me—the big white house under the weeping peppers and the fronded palms was bulging with girls like a hen over her chicks. So I roomed near by, but arranged to take my meals at the club. There were weeks when—well, I'm not the only girl to whom the club director has said, kindly, "Never mind about the bill, dear. You can pay up some day."

A number of the other "old" club girls who are no longer under its immediate protection, drifted in, and "Do you remember?" became the keynote of our excited reminiscences.

"Do you remember Ann May's extravagant plunge, that time she received a check from home and spent it decorating her room in exotic black and gold?" Julanne Johnston smiled, in her slow, languid way.

"And remember the Italian beat of one of the girls who became dramatic because she wouldn't go out with him and heaved a brick through the window?"

"Huh, do I remember?" Zasu Pitts laughed. "He picked the wrong window. And the brick broke my only bottle of French per-

fume, that Tom, who hadn't an awful lot of money during his courting days, had given me."

Marjorie Daw, Grace Gordon, Helen Jerome Eddy, and numerous others who have attained varied degrees of fame in the movies were once residents of the club.

And the times when presents came unexpectedly! Pillows from Douglas Fairbanks, and books from Mary Pickford, and a hen from somebody! And that big box of lovely clothes, worn only a time or two, from Nazimova. The girls bridled.

Accept charity? Weren't we earning our livings—excepting during those dull weeks when the club took us under its wing and cared for us? But an arrangement was effected. Diplomatic Nazimova soothed our ruffled pride. She would sell the garments to the girls. Ah, that gave it a different air. A gorgeous sequin evening gown that had cost several hundred dollars was bought for ten or fifteen, or whatever a hastily dumped-out purse would yield. Exquisite lingerie was exchanged for trifling coins. Nazimova, smiling over the girls' fierce young pride, solemnly collected the money—and gave it to a local charity.

In ten years the club has grown from that small gym class into this beautiful big home. Several philanthropic Hollywood women, interested in that first little group, spoke to their husbands.

Continued on page 105
Fads and Fancies

The girls must have their little pastimes, so what is more natural than dressing up—or down?

Gladys McConnell, upper left, likes to resemble a charming boy by means of the simplest sports attire, while Marian Nixon, below, creates a sensation when she promenades with a young leopard to match her chic coat. Olive Borden, upper right, has a large collection of dolls, one of which is a favorite beach companion. Louise Fazenda, below, occasionally enjoys the costume of a very mannish girl, because it appeals to her sense of the ridiculous. Gwen Lee, lower left, has a beach hat almost big enough to protect her toes from sunburn, and Helene Costello, opposite, wears knickers in a way all her own.
"Shadows" of the Stars

These humble persons are even more lowly than "doubles," but many a girl gets her start in the movies by playing "shadow" to a star—that is, substituting for her on the set during the adjusting of cameras and lights.

By A. L. Wooldridge

They were shooting scenes for "Sunny Side Up" at the De Mille studio when I wandered out upon the set. I wanted to see little Vera Reynolds working in her first starring vehicle. I expected to find her in a Little Bo-peep costume, with white wig and satin slippers, doing a turn in the Broadway musical revue which formed a part of the film.

But something was wrong—Vera wasn't there. I found all the other members of the company standing around while electricians adjusted lights and reflectors and the camera men tinkered with and settled their machines. But the star was absent. In her place was a girl I had never seen before—a bright-faced, clear-eyed, alert girl, on whom the cameras were being trained.

"Vera Reynolds must have got the gate or the air or the little blue envelope!" I quickly surmised. "But who's the kid that got her place? Must be one of those Swedish importations!"

I moved over to where Director Donald Crisp sat—thought I'd ask him about the sad details. As I neared his chair he called, "All right, Miss Reynolds. Let's go!"

And from a near-by dressing room, Vera Reynolds emerged, gorgeous in a costume of silks and lace. She moved swiftly to the center of the stage and took the place of the strange girl, who stepped out of the picture.

I understood. This sort of change happens on dozens of sets in Hollywood almost every day in the year. "Shadow girls" posing for the stars! They are not "doubles," who look like the stars and actually act before the camera, but simply girls who take the places of the stars during the waits, when the cameras are not grinding. You have never heard of them? No, one never does.

In the making of every film there are long waits while lights are being arranged to give the best effect. Cameras must be focused to a definite point of

Vera Reynolds, who herself started her screen career by being a shadow, now has one of her own

—Eleanor Mehnert.
perfection. Reflectors must be precisely and accurately placed so that when the "shooting" begins the very ultimate in photography will result. To make all this adjusting accurate, it is necessary that some one stand at the spot where the action is to take place. Were the stars to remain continuously in the glare of the Kleigs and Cooper-Hewitts, their strength would be taxed to the uttermost and the dreaded ore of "Kleig eyes" would threaten. So, to avoid this, a "shadow" is employed—a person who sits or stands upon the set in the pose which the star is to take when action begins. Then, when all is ready, he or she steps out and the star, fresh from a period of rest and relaxation, comes in and the picture proceeds.

Eleanor Mehnert is the girl who does shadow work for Vera Reynolds. She doesn't look much like Vera, but she is of the same weight and the same height, and the contour of her face is virtually the same as that of the star. She wears the same-sized shoe, has the same-shaped head and shoulders, and her body measurements are identical. Furthermore, she is what the camera men call "chemically" the same—that is, the pictures of her show the same texture as the pictures of Miss Reynolds. So, when the cameras have been properly trained on Eleanor Mehnert, the shadow, the camera men know they will be properly trained on Miss Reynolds, the star, when she takes her place on the stage.

Nearly all the stars have these shadows. Phyllis Faber is shadow for Bebe Daniels. She was found after a long search among the aspiring girls of Hollywood. Here is what she had to measure:

Height—5 ft., 3½ in.; waist—26½ in.; bust—36½ in.; hips—39½ in.; sleeve—18½ in.; waist to floor—43½ in.; shoulder to floor—59½ in.; shoe—3 A.

Lois de Lisle, shadow for Marian Nixon, had the most arduous task of her screen career when "Spangles," Marian's circus picture, was being made. On the set with the animals, in the sawdust ring, and during all the action beneath the "big top," she put in hours relieving Miss Nixon. The two are great friends on the set.

Work as shadows for the stars has opened the door of opportunity to many girls, and the chance to obtain such work is eagerly sought. Vera Reynolds once acted as a shadow herself, and declared it gave her a valuable schooling. Leatrice Joy was shadow for Mary Pickford at one time and, in the casting of players for Priscilla Dean's "The Dice Woman," Edna May Cooper was given a rather important rôle largely because she had at one time been shadow for Priscilla. The story required a second young woman whose clothing would fit Miss Dean when she sought to make an escape. Miss Cooper was immediately thought of and chosen for the part. Now she does not do shadow work any more, but is making a name for herself on the strength of her own personality and ability. But she got her start as a shadow.

Marion Davies has a shadow. Colleen Moore has a shadow. There are many other players who employ them. However, there are a lot of stars who insist upon doing all their work themselves. Lillian Gish has a tall chair in which she sits while cameras
Do These Smiles

They say that four out of five lose, but it looks

It's unusual to see such a broad grin on Conrad Nagel's serious face, but when he does smile, he doesn't do it by halves.

Any time you fail to find a smile on William Boyd's countenance, below, it's high time to worry. Bill is one of those optimistic fellas who always see the silver lining.

Our silk-hat comedian, Ray Griffith, invariably comes up grinning, no matter what he has been through, and Glenn Tryon's college-boy grin, left, is also unbeatable.

Tony Moreno's smile is positively dazzling, but you know how these Latins are—no wonder the ladies fall for 'em!
Make You Happy?

as though all ten of these actors had won.

Now we know why they call it “Merric Old England.” Take one look at her native son, George K. Arthur, above, nothing long-faced about him, is there?

Norman Kerry, below, doesn't look exactly down in the mouth, either—that surely must have been a good one!

George O'Brien, above, has one of the most winning smiles on the screen—ask the fans. And Douglas MacLean's grin, left, is famous.

For laughing out loud, Syd Chaplin can't be beat, only it's usually the audience that is doing the laughing.
Why Stay Single?

Peace and contentment beam from the smiles of Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor.

Married nearly two years, Mrs. Lytell just can't get a photograph large enough of her husband.

Not Eve preparing to tempt Adam with an apple, but Mrs. Lytell hoping Bert would like a peach.

Above we see the fair Claire waiting for Bert to come home. Her smile tells us he will be prompt. And after dinner, with the evening paper, left, they show the nicest way to read the news. And just for fun they stage a serenade, on the right.
When the tree is trimmed for the great day—when the peace and good cheer of Christmas are almost here—have a Camel!

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—have a Camel!

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness—have then the mellowest—

Have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Which Eyes Are the Keenest?

Blue—brown—hazel—or gray?

Test them now and win these rare prizes

What color eyes really see motion pictures and what color merely look at them? I wonder! Here is a chance to test your own. For the best answers to my six questions, I have chosen these rewards.

To the member of the fair sex with the keenest eyes, I shall give the beautiful Dutch cap I wear in the "Red Mill."

You men aren't forgotteneither. Owen Moore, who plays opposite me in the "Red Mill", promises to give the most observing man the ice-skates he uses in this picture.

To the next 50 best, I will send my favorite picture specially autographed.

Begin now—blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray...and good luck to you all.

Marion Davies' Marion's Six Questions

Who are the wives of the following directors (they are all prominent screen actresses): Rex Ingram, King Vidor, Fred Niblo and Robert Z. Leonard?

What recent Elinor Glyn story has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Name and describe in not more than 50 words the popular comic strip character which Marion Davies is portraying in a Cosmopolitan production.

Who is M.G.M's new Western star and what unusual language does he use?

What famous Latin quotation appears on every M.G.M film and what does it mean?

What great star appears in "The Temptress" and what is her native land?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by January 15th. Winner's name will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note.—If you do not attend the picture yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In the event of tie, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Norma Shearer Contest of October

LUCIE M. WILTSHIRE
1530 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Autographed pictures of Miss Shearer have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

MAGNIFICENT!

EACH tense moment holds you dream-bound.

THE crushing kisses of John Gilbert

STOLEN between duels...

FROM languid lips of fair ladies...

NONE fairer than Eleanor Boardman, heroine,

KING Vidor has painted a flaming romance FROM the vivid pages of Sabatini...

THE director of "The Big Parade"

TOGETHER they have given the screen ANOTHER immortal entertainment.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"
Presto—Zeeto! Fat or Thin!

The stars all flock to Chris Schnurrer, Bavarian physical trainer, whenever they want either to knock the pounds off or put them on. By thoroughly scientific methods, he puts you in perfect condition.

By Elizabeth Van Horn

you know that he is writing now? Yes, a fiction story from him will shortly appear in a well-known weekly. It is a short, frothy tale, about love, madame and Paris.

"Tom, Meighan is one of my oldest clients. And Anita Loos and John Emerson. I have gone to them for seven years. You will recall, perhaps, the story about the bootlegger and the dictionary in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?' That was my idea. It happened to some friends of mine. So Miss Loos, she sends me a copy of the book, and on the title page she writes, 'To Chris, the hero of page 53!'"

Because the happy days are past when an artist can tip the scales heavily without detriment to his earning power—those days when an opera singer could baptise a starchy dessert, containing goodness knows how many calories, with some such name as "Crème de la Melba"—an important part of Mr. Schnurrer's work necessarily consists of weight reduction. Of this he has made a scientific study.

Mr. Schnurrer maintains that the sort of reduction exercises and diet for any given person depends on the kind of work he is doing, and on his physical condition.

"Every case is different and should be checked up," he says, "and advice given accordingly. But speaking generally, for quick reduc-

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Gloria Swanson's marquis-husband—as well as Gloria herself—is under the care of Mr. Schnurrer.
Mrs. Marmont was an actress before marriage. She and Mr. Marmont met abroad while playing in the same company. Conway Tearle and his wife, Adela Rowland, are staunch friends of the Torrances and Marmonts. Miss Rowland doubts, however, if any man of youth will her vaudeville tours across the country. She has a very engaging personality and is an interesting singer, striking that twilight zone between the concert stage and vaudeville. Conway would indeed make his fans' hearts palpitate if they could see and hear him play his wife's accompaniments at parties and in their home.

Colleen Moore's marriage to John McCormick, a production supervisor for First National, Harold Lloyd's to Mildred Davis, and Corinne Griffith's to Walter Morosco, a recent entrant into the field of directing, are three more instances of successful professional alliances.

The marriage of Colleen and John was the result of a real romance. It started five years ago, before Colleen became famous, and before John had achieved big things as an entrance. I happened to be with them at the theater the night John impulsively begged Colleen to announce their engagement to the press. The picture of John, fine looking, strapping fellow, towering at least two heads above Colleen, urging her to answer his endless, "Why won't you?" and of Colleen meekly and then desperately answering, "Oh, John, I don't know what to say," is not easily forgotten. Theirs has been a happy union, also a very successful one.

The romance between Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis always suggests the story of what happened after the final fade-out on one of those comedies they used to make in which Harold embraced Mildred and a title was flashed on the screen reading, "And they lived happily ever afterward." They are a naive pair, and their small daughter, Gloria Mildred, aged three, in her filmy, lacy frocks seems just the sort of dainty little girl who should never ride in a chauffeured automobile but jump aboard a fleecy cloud and float across the sky.

Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco have been married nearly three years. Once before Miss Griffith had entered the bonds of matrimony—with Webster Campbell, a director. Morosco is a clean-cut, sensible, conservative chap. He and the beauteous Corinne, with her enchanting sophistication and pervading mood of detachment from conventional things, appear to be ideal companions.

Two of our actors will before long celebrate their silver weddings, and two others, who for years have thrilled fans respectively with romance and comedy are—I almost hesitate to say it—grandfathers. I respectfully refer to Francis X. Bushman and Charlie Murray.

It scarcely seems possible that the dashing Mr. Bushman is the father of a son twenty-two years old, who last year himself became a daddy. He still could, I am sure, quicken feminine pulses by playing a romantic lead again on the screen.

Charlie Murray laughed when I once asked him if he minded if some day I told on him and revealed to fans that he was a grandpapa. "Mind!" he blustered. "Well, don't forget it. I am proud of my two-year-old grandson." And then, with one of his priceless "asides," accompanied by the look we all have seen on the screen, he whispered behind his hand, "I don't have to worry about my sex appeal any more, so just go as far as you like with that grandfather stuff!"

Lon Chaney has been married for over twenty years. He has a boy of twenty, named Creighton, a tall, athletic chap, much taller than Lon. Mrs. Chaney was once a vaudeville actress. The Chaney's lead a very secluded life. They have their circle of friends, to be sure, but it is one of Lon's principles not to appear in public often. He believes in keeping the illusion of his screen personality intact.

The J. Farrell MacDonals are well up in the honor list for length of marriage, having lasted fifteen years. Mrs. MacDonald was an actress formerly. They have one daughter, Lorna, eleven years old.

Raymond Hatton is another actor with fifteen years of matrimony to his credit. Mrs. Hatton was playing in the same stock company when he met her.

Ralph and Vera Lewis, both well known for their character work—Tully Marshall and his wife, Marion Fairfax, scenario writer—Lewis Stone and Mrs. Stone, who was formerly Florence Oakley, stage actress—Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, for years headliners in vaudeville with a delightful and artistic musical act—Charles Conklin, the comedian, and Mrs. Conklin—the Jean Hersholt, the Bryant Washburns, Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum, Mr. and Mrs. Anders Randolf, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Oland—all come in the category of couples who have weathered the seas of matrimony for nearly a dozen years.

Norman Kerry wears thirteen notches in his belt and boasts a ten-year-old daughter. The Reginald Denny's record is the same, and they also have a daughter, of nine, named Barbara. Reginald and Mrs. Denny, who is a clever actress, were married in Calcutta, India.

Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring, sister of Blanche, and also a stage actress, have been always married, it seems, and this might also be said of Kathlyn Williams and Charles Eytone, vice president of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, and of Douglas MacLean and his wife.

Players who have been wedded for a period of five to ten years are numerous. Tom Mix and Victoria Ford have counted off eight years. Their daughter Thomasina is five. And the eight years have been full of accomplishments of all sorts, not the least of which is that Tom has made himself one of the most unique figures in the film world.

"Victoria Mix, or "Vicky," as she is better known to her friends, started her stage career playing child parts in the companies of John Drew and Olga Nethersole. In the movies, before her marriage, she played in Christie comedies and later opposite Tom. She is more than a silent partner and mother in the Mix home. Her household is a very pretentious one and entails many obligations of a social character. She fulfills these ably and diplomatically and has proven a graceful asset to Tom on many occasions that might have proven irksome to a man of his type, who likes to disregard too rigid social conventions.

Evelyn Bennett and Fred Niblo, with their two little girls, are pointed to with pride by Hollywood as one of its most representative families. The Charles Rays, after eleven years of marriage, have also built up a certain social prestige. Likewise, the Earle Williamses, and Fred Thomson and Frances Marion are among the leading families of the colony.

Recently that distinguished actor, H. B. Warner, and his wife, Rita Standwood, stage actress, with their three children, Harry, Lorraine and Jean, have become part of Hollvwood—a most worthy addition.

Clive Brook, the English actor, and Mrs. Brook, who was a stage actress, and little Faith Evelyn form another delightful addition to the colony. There is a new baby boy, too, whom Faith is already teasing with the nickname of "Humpty-Dumpty."

Editor's Note—Some more of the marriages of Hollywood will be considered by Mrs. Schallert in the February issue.
Jean Hersholt at Home

The popular character actor proves he is a cosmopolitan by building an English home in California, while he, of course, is a Dane.

At top of page, Jean Hersholt and his son play handball on the lawn. Just above, one of the things that makes the Hersholt home so beautiful is the attention paid to detail. The iron grilling of the doorway is in perfect accord with the English style of architecture. Right, the Hersholt family enjoy the delightful view from the patio. Above that, the library with its valuable first editions is Mr. Hersholt’s especial joy.
Sing a Song of Christmas

Quite different from the mummers were the waits, who also went from house to house, singing carols. How beautiful their fresh young voices sounded in the stillness of the night.

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay. Remember Christ our Savior Was born on Christmas Day.

"But even though there are certain things about an English Christmas which cannot be duplicated, there are others that can. There is the plum pudding that is going to adorn my Hollywood table this year, and the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and a Yule log with a splinter sent from England to light it in the old way."

Emil Jannings told of Christmas in Germany, the land that gave us our Christmas tree.

"It is Martin Luther who is supposed to have introduced the Christmas tree," he said. "On a lone walk through the woods, he is thought to have imagined the fir trees adorned with stars, and the Christmas tree is his dream come true.

"In Germany the Yuletide festival is opened on the eve of St. Nicholas Day, December sixth. Every home in Germany has a Christmas tree, and hospitals and prisons are supplied as well. Even the dead are not forgotten, and tiny candle-lit trees mark the graves.

"Christmas Eve, or Weihnacht as it is called there, is observed all through Germany. In most parts of the country it is celebrated as a feast day, when the children receive their presents and dance around the trees, but in other parts it is a day of fasting, for animals as well as humans. At midnight the people attend Mass and the superstitious believe that animals kneel at this holy hour. There are places in the German Alps where the peasants believe the animals are blessed with the gift of speech for a while on Christmas Eve, but as it is counted a great sin to listen, no one has investigated the matter.

"There are all sorts of good things for the Christmas celebration—roast pig and goose, pfeffer kuchen which is the popular Christmas cake, and there is marzipan shaped as fruit, flowers, and animals, and there are home-made wines.

"Most of the world's toys are made in Germany and some of those old toy makers look like St. Nicholas himself as they sit on their work benches, shaping toys for the little ones.

"This will be my first Christmas away from home and naturally I will be a little homesick. But I know my first American Christmas will be as happy as any other, for Christmas is not something that is confined to a place; it is an emotion you carry in your heart."

From Ramon Novarro came an account of Christmas just across the border. "In Mexico, Christmas Eve is a day of prayer," he said. "No meat is eaten until after midnight. The grown-ups always attend Mass, and after that a great feast is held which lasts until two or three o'clock in the morning.

"There is no Santa Claus in Mexico. The Christ Child is supposed to deliver the gifts and a candle is left in the window to guide His feet. When I was a child, my brothers and sisters and I were all tucked into bed early on Christmas Eve and the next morning we woke to find our gifts scattered on the table beside the bed. We arose early to go to Mass, spent the morning in church and returned home to a huge Christmas dinner that was always shared with friends and relatives.

"Perhaps this year I shall spend Christmas at home with my people. It is the one day in all the year that I find myself homesick and longing for the scenes and customs of my boyhood.

A look of yearning came into Lya de Putti's dark eyes as she spoke of her far-away Hungary.

"I come from a small village near Budapest and always there was a big celebration on Christmas Eve or Weihnacht, as we call it. The oldest member is master of ceremonies in every family. In my home it was my great-grandfather who took charge of the festivities, and what times we did have!

"The Weihnachtman is like your Santa Claus, and comes to every house with presents for the children. It is usually the schoolmaster or some other dignitary of the town who masquerades as this important personage, and the children are speechless when their call comes to appear before him. They must each recite a little verse before they receive their gifts and then they usually join the Weihnachtman's entourage.

"A great many of the village children dress like dwarfs and, led by the Weihnachtman and a jester in motley, they go from house to house, led by the jester laying down on the ground while the dwarfs dance and jump over him. Then they are all invited inside for cake and wine and nuts.

"All the poor are given baskets and their children toys. No one is allowed to be hungry or sad at Christmas.

"Christmas Day is as quiet as the night before has been joyous. Churches are open all day and the people attend religiously. All theaters and public dance halls are closed, and the day is devoted to prayers and the singing of hymns."

"When I was making pictures in Germany it was impossible to return home for Christmas, so I made my own celebration there. I always had a party for the poor children on Christmas Eve and tried to teach them the dances and the customs of my own childhood.

"This year I shall have a party for the children over here and as we dance around our Christmas tree we will sing a song of far-away Hungary.

In Spain Christmas is greeted with dance and song, according to Antonio Moreno.

"On Christmas Eve the young gai-lants knot their gayest handkerchiefs about their throats and guitars in hand, seek the joy that waits them. The girls are ready in their best mantillas and with brilliant flowers in their hair. The very air is alive with happiness. Castanets click joyously, tambourines jingle and guitars and mandolins throb their joyful strains.

"At twelve the bells peal for midnight Mass and every one hastens to church, their hearts happy in the thought they have done at least one good deed that day. Tiny oil lamps are lighted in all the windows and in devout homes the image of the Virgin is illuminated by a candle.

"Spanish children do not have Christmas trees. Instead, they have the Nacimiento, made of plaster to represent the manger, the animals, the Christ Child, and the Virgin. It is lighted with candles and the children dance around it while singing Christmas anthems.

"In our home we celebrate Christmas with something borrowed from all the countries in the world to make the day festive and happy."

All Hollywood will be watching its foreign stars this Christmas and something of their celebrations will creep into its own. From Germany will come the Christmas tree, Santa Claus will arrive by way of Kriss Kringle and Holland, England will supply the plum pudding and the Yule log, Norway will yield its recipes for luscious Christmas cakes, Hungary will supply the mummers, and the whole world its cheer and goodwill.

And in return America will contribute her share in the form of roast turkey and pumpkin pie, and the happy good fellowship of the studios.
Lya de Putti's greatest regret in leaving Germany was the amusement parks she has adored ever since making "Variety," but in New York she got her biggest thrill of all at Coney Island.

Above, Lya de Putti on a spirited mount learns the dangers Western stars must face. Below, she prances on her gayly attired charger to the tune of Tin Pan Alley's latest hit.

Above, we do hope Lya doesn't intend to become a shooting star. Left, she tries to win one of those captivating Kewpie dolls. Below, she indulges in the great American summer sport—hot dogs and pop.
“The Murnau picture is going to show us some great acting. Just watch Bodil Rosing in that one. Of course, though, you don’t have to wait for the Murnau picture to discover that she is one of the most appealing, sympathetic human beings you have ever seen. She was in Colleen Moore’s picture ‘It Must Be Love’; is in ‘The Return of Peter Grimm’ and in ‘The City.’

‘You’d love her if you knew her. Aside from being a charming person—one of those thoroughly likable individuals who are always interested in going on any sort of expedition from ten-cent-store shopping to a highbrow play—she has had a fascinating career that one never tires of hearing about. She used to be the belle of Copenhagen when she was leading woman of the repertory theater there. She played everything from French farce to Ibsen with equal skill and came out of that hard schooling with a twinking sense of humor.

“She came to America and lived in Seattle when she married, and for a while she retired to bring up a family. Her daughter is now Mrs. Monte Blue and she has a handsome young son who played extra in ‘What Price Glory’ during his summer vacation from school. Bodil is also a grandmother now, but you would never believe it to look at her.

“She speaks several languages, German included, so she is in great demand among the members of the Murnau troupe who want to know what the assistant directors are saying about them. It is a great test for a young player like Janet Gaynor to be pitied against such a trooper as Bodil.

“I think the most interesting role of the season has fallen to Norma Shearer. She is going to portray Jenny Lind in a story written around the songbird’s life. Of course, there will be another Jenny Lind in the Barnum picture that Monta Bell is going to make for Famous Players. I hope he will pick Lois Wilson for the part, though I’ll admit that Esther Ralston would look dazzlingly lovely.

“Another part that offers marvelous possibilities is that of Madame Pompadour. Dorothy Gish will play her in England. She has been over here on a hurried trip to see Lillian and her mother. She was supposed to rush back in a week or ten days, but her mother was very ill and, until she showed improvement, Dorothy wouldn’t leave her, regardless of contracts. I’ve never known anything more beautiful than the devotion of those girls to their mother.”

For a moment I was afraid that Fanny was going to get into a balladlike, sentimental mood about mothers, but she broke into a broad grin and I knew that danger had been averted.

“I must start making up a list of guests,” she began, clutching a pencil from a passing waiter’s pocket and commandeering all the menus from near-by tables. “If you think wonderful showers were given for Mabel Normand and Frances Goldwyn, you just haven’t learned anything yet. Bebe Daniels has decided to outdo all affairs of the past with a party for Aileen Percy. Aileen is going to have a baby, and if Bebe has anything to say about it, the mother and child are going to get such a deluge of presents as no one ever saw before. Bebe’s going away on location, though, so she asked me to make a list of the select many of Aileen’s friends to invite to the party.

“I don’t see how any one has time to make pictures, there are so many interesting parties going on in the film colony now. Otto Kahn, the New York banker who has done so much to promote opera and worthwhile plays, has been visiting out here with a party of friends and there has been an almost continuous round of parties for them.

“One of the nicest ones was a Sunday luncheon given at the Gables Club by Kathleen Key. She asked the most attractive crowd of girls to meet the visitors—Billie Dove, Helene Chadwick, Alice and Marjorie Day,rtle, Bebe Daniels, Carmelita Geraghty, Julianne Johnston, and a few nonprofessionals. After the luncheon—which lasted until late afternoon—the guests went down to Mrs. B. Mayer’s beach house for tea and then on to Jack Pickford’s to dinner.

“The same night Bert Lytell opened at the Orpheum in a dramatic sketch and Claire Windsor took a crowd down to welcome him. Somehow, though, parties don’t seem the same with Marion Davis away.

“Marion is always interesting because her personality is made up of such strange contradictions. She is the sort of girl who carries an onyx-and-diamond cigarette case with a rubber band around it. She went into a parking station with me not long ago while I was getting my car. I lost my temper because all the attendants were busy and there were dozens of cars lined up in front of mine. As casually as could be, Marion went to work and drove the cars out of the way. That’s service for you!

“Marion gets terribly annoyed when shops try to charge her a lot for clothes, so lately she has been making her own. She is really a skillful dressmaker. She told me about a store where, for a dollar, they will cut and baste a dress together for you—provided, of course, you buy the materials there. She gave me a long lecture on extravagance, and said she would elect herself forelady of a dressmaking shop at my house, stand over me and drive me to making my own clothes. She and Bebe Daniels have made an agreement to make each other two dresses each season.

“Bebe is going to have two new homes next year—one at the beach and one in town. Won’t that be marvelous? There’s ample excuse for two big housewarming parties. She is going to have Wallace Neff build them. Ever since he designed Frances Marion’s lovely hilltop he has been in great demand.

“Leatrice Joy is going to build a little English cottage in Beverly Hills, something on the order of Virginia Valli’s. And that reminds me—I must get Virginia a tree. Her house is exquisitely furnished and she doesn’t want another thing in it, but any one with the housewarming impulse delights Virginia by giving her a tree or shrub.

“Belle Bennett has a new house and she is going to have a friendship garden down the hillside behind it. At her housewarming party each guest is going to bring a plant for the garden. Then in later years she will have evidence all around her of her friends’ love.

“I saw Belle out at the Fox studio the other day and, if it hadn’t been for her voice, I should never have recognized her. She wears a gray wig in the last episodes of ‘Mother Machree,’ and it completely changes her appearance. If you don’t believe it, I’ll take you out to the set where she is working and give you three guesses as to which woman in the crowd is Belle.

“Oh, well, any excuse is good enough for running out there to see John Ford. He is my favorite director—both professionally and personally. He makes marvelous pictures, he’s a delightful bridge partner, and when he acts glad to see you, you feel that he really means it and is not just being polite. As though that weren’t enough for one man, he has a wife whom every one simply adores. Why do we waste time? Let’s go out and watch him work.”

“I needed no urging. And even if I hadn’t wanted to go, it would have been a good idea to distract Fanny from shopping tours for a little while. With Marion not here to lecture her on the subject of extravagance, there is no telling what she might do.
The Urge of the Sea

Everything seems all at sea in Hollywood—almost all the stars are seagoing and not one of them is manning "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." No, indeed! Nothing like that for nautical Hollywood—the only ships that need apply are clippers and galleons and men-of-war.

Ricardo Cortez has a swashbuckling rôle as Jean Lafitte, a pirate who sailed the Spanish Main, in "The Eagle of the Sea." At right, Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery in "We're in the Navy Now."

Upper Right—George Bancroft and Esther Ralston in James Cruze's "Old Ironsides," bring back memories of the frigate Constitution and the days when America was young. Above, William Boyd in "The Yankee Clipper," a story of old sailing days.
He Takes His Comedy Straight

Continued from page 27

it would be a Belgian hare or a grand piano.

"I was wondering what I should say to you," he remarked, drawing little slips of paper out of his pocket, "so I jotted some things down." 

Sure enough, there were half a dozen pink slips of paper, all covered with writing—the things that Andre Beranger had planned to tell the interviewer.

"Hard knocks and vicissitudes in this life teach one to be neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but philosophical," the first one read. I didn't read any further. I looked at him again to make sure that I was really talking to Andre Beranger, farceur, and not—say—Doctor Frank Crane.

"I've certainly had my share of hard knocks," he continued, "As I said, I played all sorts of Shakespearean roles when I was sixteen. Then in 1912, I left America headed for Broadway. In California, on my way to New York, I met Mr. Griffith and he engaged me to work with him. I was with him for seven or eight years, doing all sorts of things—acting, directing, prop boy, everything, waiting for my big chance. Sometimes he'd say to me, 'George, if any one doesn't behave around here, fire him!' But of course, I wouldn't fire anybody. The other day, I saw Mr. Griffith again, here at the studio, and he said, 'Well, I always knew that some day you'd get over big. Some players make successes overnight and others struggle for it for years. I always felt that yours would be a long pull, but that some day you would get over.'"

Mr. Beranger has at last "got over." He has found his niche. After years and years of emotion, he turned out to be a comedian. It was the advent of the recently popular "polite comedy" type of picture which gave him a conspicuous place on the screen. Almost, one might say, against his will.

It started with "Are Parents People?"—Andre's success, that is. Mr. Lubitsch probably started the vogue for that type of picture. Anyway, Beranger was offered a role in "Are Parents People?" Mal St. Clair told him to look over the script, and Beranger passed it back in disgust. He announced that there weren't any picture possibilities in that. He wasn't going to play such a role—at that time, you see, George Beranger was still an emotional actor, a little insulted, I take it, that he had been offered light comedy!

So his refusal was flat, and all settled apparently—and then one day Andre got a call from Famous Players to report to Mr. St. Clair.

"What are you here for?" asked the director, in surprise, when he turned up. The situation was equally puzzling to them both, until Mr. St. Clair got in touch with the casting department. It seems that some one in that office had been looking through picture files and, seeing Andre's photographs, had decided he was just the man for the role which, it happened, he had already refused.

The upshot of it was, Andre took the part. Despite his initial contempt for the script, the picture proved to be delightful; he is still a little bewildered at its success. And, to his even greater surprise, he had found his niche—as a comedian. His ability to play unconscious comedy has made him sought after ever since, for those delightful, sophisticated comedies popularized by Lubitsch, St. Clair, and Monta Bell.

Now he is working constantly, making money—a success after all these years. He told me of two offers he had had from large film companies for contracts; but he is in the enviable position of being able to free-lance successfully, always assured of work.

"The thing that worries me most, financially," he said, "is my wardrobe. You can't wear the same suit in two successive pictures. You can wear a suit, say, in this picture, but not again until about three pictures from now. So you have to have many of them, and they must be expensively tailored or they won't look well in this type of film. And around the studios they get ruined.

"For instance, one suit which cost me one hundred and seventy-five dollars was ruined in one picture. I had to take the coat off, drape it across the back of a chair, and then the chair was slung across the room.

"'Hey,' I said, when I found that out, 'can't you substitute some old coat for that in the throwing scene?' 'No,' the director said, 'we haven't got any stray coats around here for substitutes.' By the time that scene was rehearsed over and over the coat was ruined.

"Another time, I was wearing a dress suit, and a girl was supposed to hang on to my coat tails. You can imagine what a few rehearsals did to that one!"

At this point in our discussion, Clive Brook strolled over—he is also appearing in "The Popular Sin."

"Are those all the pictures he gave you?" said Clive, flipping through those twenty-one photos. "He usually treats interviewers better than that."

Greta Nissen, also in the picture, was sitting near by reading a book, in Norwegian.

"Look," said Mr. Beranger, being, at last, a farceur who meant to be funny, "all the words are spelled wrong."

But Mr. Georges Augustus Alexandre Roger de l'Ile de Beranger seldom intends to be funny. He has saved all the costumes that he ever wore in his characterizations and, so they say at the studio, he likes best to put on the Hamlet one. It may or may not be a source of chagrin to him that he has made his success as a farceur. At least he can be consoled by the offers that now pour in on all sides for his services.

All good comedians have a quality of pathos in their make-up; perhaps the discerning may find this quality in Andre Beranger—the actor who plays his comedy straight.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 50

and little Mary Kornman, who generally played the heroine.

The leading stars of the Gang now are Joe Cobb and Farina.

Farina's little sister, Mango, whose real name is Jeanie, is now also in the comedies. Of the old Gang, Jackie Condon still remains. The others are "Scooter" Lowry, who is only three and a half years old, but manages to wear a very hard-boiled expression; Johnnie Downs, the senior member in age; J. Smith; and Mildred Jean.

There seems little doubt in the minds of the producers that, as the members of the Gang grow up, their places can be filled by others. In fact, the popularity of the Gang seems partly based on the fact that it's just like watching a youngster's school progress.

Harold Loses his Leading Lady.

Harold Lloyd will have to secure a new leading lady for his next production, for it is pretty certain that he will not have Jobyna Ralston with his organization any longer. Like all the comedy heroines, Jobyna was bound to go into features permanently some day.

However, she has hinted at retirement, because of her approaching marriage to Richard Arlen. We can't imagine Jobyna, though, actually resisting the many alluring offers that she has received.
Those Swagger Girls

You see them everywhere—in the studios, on the Boulevard, at the cafés, those dashing, smart little girls with their swagger sticks that are almost like fairy wands, bringing poise and charm to their every gesture.

Left, Gwen Lee shows a dignified use of a walking stick. Right, to Jocelyn Lee a stick is clearly an important part of her wardrobe.

Left, Charlot Bird finds a stick as good a companion as Queen Mary does an umbrella. Above, Helene Costello sounds the right note in a sports costume with her stick, though her shoes look a little more ornamental than comfortable for hiking. Right, Irma Kornelia shows how coquettish a well-chosen stick may be, with an afternoon dress.
cluded many of the foremost names of filmdom.

At the end of the thirty, came Jacqueline. One morning she was notified to appear at the studio.

The studio costume was wrinkled and torn. The studio wig had been used many times before. The studio sandals were much too big. The costume was badly draped on her, and she shuffled when she walked. However, Jacqueline was so confident of herself that her mood overstepped the annoyances of the test.

She saw in Mary Magdalenenot an essentially wicked woman. Instead, she visioned her a woman who had never known the difference between good and bad. She was courted by princes and wealthy men, her home was magnificent, she was proud of her station in life—in every sense she was the glorious courtesan!

When she met the Christ and was converted, Jackie felt that she wouldn’t become a meek, penitent creature. Mary was a woman of radiant vitality, of unquenchable magnetism. This vitality and magnetism she would put to the use of the Christ and the development of His work.

So, on the day of the test, Jacqueline Logan visioned this woman as a creature of dazzling, glorious wickedness and later of radiant, happy resolution.

When the tests were shown before a group of judges she was virtually their unanimous choice, because she was able to portray both sides of Mary’s character.

This, to my mind, is one of the most amazing things about the choice of Miss Logan for the rôle. During years in pictures of little or no dramatic purport, she had not been able to awaken producers, directors, critics, nor fans to a realization of her emotional possibilities, yet she was abruptly chosen for one of the most dramatic roles in history because of her sweep of emotional ability.

One year married, Jackie has been rather inclined to be more Mrs. Gillespie, housewife, than Miss Logan, film player. Her thoughts have been filled with budgets and bank accounts, with the ordering of meals and the making of a home for her husband.

The awarding of the De Mille rôle to her probably change all that—in fact, already she is emerging primarily as Jacqueline Logan, the girl who has been given the best opportunity of the year. And Mr. Gillespie, if he is a good scout, will probably attend to the budget matters himself.

The arrival of Jacqueline as Mary Magdalenenot at the House of Miracles, is one of the most spectacular moments in “The King of Kings.” She has been twittered at her banquet because her lover, Judas, is absent. The guests laughingly tell her that he is neglecting her for a carpenter from Nazareth who is said to heal the sick and curing the dead back to life.

In a magnificent tower of rage she calls for her chariot drawn by four zebras and drives to the house where the miracles are said to take place. She intends to see for herself, and also to win back her lover.

For this scene De Mille has built a street in Capurnia out among the hills back of his studio in Culver City. It is intensely real. The crude, low buildings with the drowsing merchants carry one back to the days of long ago. Outside the closed door of the House of Miracles at a turn in the street a crowd of cripples wait, hedged in by curious crowds.

The buzzing flies, the smell of the dust, the crude paving stones, all suggest the biblical time. It is into this scene that Mary comes with her tempestuous zebras and her Nubian slaves. A velvet and down for her, and she enters the house.

Mary Magdalenenot—played by a girl whose name is well known, but who has never established anything remarkable to go with her name. Jacqueline Logan—chosen because she was thought capable of revealing the heights and the depths of a woman’s character, because she could dazzle with her wickedness, and later warm with her illumined understanding! De Mille has given another player a chance to make for herself an important place in filmdom. Will she make it an enduring one as well?

Even the Athletes are Lured

“When he plays football he is entirely undisturbed by the fact that thousands of eyes are fixed on him—that it would be a tragedy if he fumbled the ball! It’s the same way on the set. He isn’t the least bothered by the fact that he has never acted before. Just goes ahead and follows directions.”

Of course, hundreds of small boys followed the company on location trips. And Red liked having the kids around, and had an engaging habit of dispensing small change to his young admirers.

Though Grange remarked that of course it was the money that had brought him to Hollywood, he calmly turned down a big vaudeville offer at the end of his picture engagement. His father wanted him to come home to Wheaton and go fishing! And he went!

Grange has never enrolled in the high-hat brigade. Singularly unaffected and casual about his fame, he is the kind other men describe as a “regular fellow.”

But he harbors one decided prejudice. He simply refused to do his own making up. He would stand docilely while some one else smeared black around his eyes and powdered his nose, but he drew the line at handling a powder puff himself.

Speaking of his fellow adventurer, Gene Tunney, Grange said, “Tell Gene hello for me and that he played a dirty trick on me over at the fights the other night. They introduced him first and he got up and said that his friend Grange would make the speech for both.”

When I conversed with Gene Tunney in regard to his movie venture, he said, in decisive tones, “Of course, fighting is my business, but perhaps I shall make another picture some time. I really cannot say as to that.

“But I have done my best and ‘The Fighting Marine’ is a sincere piece of work. I wanted to make a worthwhile picture.”

Apparently Tunney had some difficulties in Hollywood, too. For one thing, overzealous admirers annoyed him. One youth in the cast, for example, presented him with an affectionately inscribed photograph when work on the Pathé serial was finished. And when Tunney destroyed the picture instead of preserving it as a souvenir of his picture experience, his fellow worker was greatly chagrined.

“But my office would be completely filled with such things, if I kept them all,” was Tunney’s reasonable explanation.

Gene Tunney, as the world knows, has been publicized as an “intellectual pupilist.” He is trying hard to live up to that reputation.

While in southern California he sojourned decorously at the Hollywood Athletic Club where, his friends declared, “every one loves the boy.” despite previous objections there to members of his profession.

Quite an achievement for Mr. Tunney!
It Was Mary’s First Dance at a Fashionable Restaurant

She was distinctly ill at ease. She didn’t know just what to do. For one thing, she wasn’t certain whether she should have kept her hat on. Other women were dancing without hats, and Mary wondered whether she was making a “bad break” by wearing hers. All the time, little doubts as to the correctness of her behavior kept cropping up in her mind, so that, on the whole, she spent a most uncomfortable evening.

Now if Mary had only been one of the “wise virgins” and secured a copy of The Book of ETIQUETTE by Laura Alston Brown before going out that night, and had read up the section devoted to “Restaurant Dancing,” she would have enjoyed herself every moment of the time, instead of being harassed by a series of annoying perplexities. She would have known just how to proceed, what to do regarding her hat, wrap, gloves, and other belongings, what to order at table—everything, in fact, that would tend to make the evening pass smoothly and pleasantly.

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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

**BUNNY RABBITSKY:**—What can you do with a name like that? I should never know whether to keep Easter or Yom Kippur. Yes, Willy Fritsch was pretty slick in "The Waltz Dream," but all I know about it is that he's just another German. I suppose you know—or don't you?—that "The Waltz Dream" is an imported picture, made at the Ufa studios, Neubabelsburg, Berlin. That's the only address I can suggest for Mr. Fritsch. It seems probable that he will play in other Ufa films in the future, but I am not in the confidence of the picture producers way off in Germany. Most of their players, with the exception of a few stars like Emil Jannings, are unfamiliar to us over here. The cute blonde in "Footloose Widows" was Louise Fazenda wearing a blond wig. Yes, by all means call again; don't bother to knock.

E. A. FOUCH.—Tell you what I think of you? Gosh, right out in public like this? And me so shy, too! You sound like a very nice girl, and I do hope you are! Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894; yes, he probably appreciated the drawing you sent him, and many other stars would be equally pleased with it. Richard is an American. Leatrice Joy doesn't give her age—I think she is about twenty-five. Claire Windsor is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn—address at end of this department. Ethel Shannon works at various studios; at present writing she is at work in a Hoot Gibson picture at the Universal studios. **Phyllis** of Baltimore has not written me again to tell me the address of the Richard Dix club she wished to form. However, there is a Dix-Eagle Motion Picture Club, care of J. Donald Atkins, Box 175, Huntington Park, California. And a Richard Dix Club in Canada; write to Harold Revine, 179 Arthur St., Ottawa, Ontario.

**MARCHETTA:**—See above.

**ONE OF RAMON NOVARRO'S ADMIRERS.**—I can't say that you're in a class by yourself! Ramon has never made public his hometown, but I hear that he is five feet ten inches, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" he played the part of Rupert of Hentzau.

**SILVER.**—Of course you may call again. With another load of questions like this perhaps you had better call in a truck. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago—she doesn't say when—and is Mrs. Marshall Neilan. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1902. She was married last December to George Frey. No, she is not related to Jobjna Ralston. Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morosco; she was born in Texarkana, Texas, about 1898; Corinne has brown hair and blue eyes. Patsy Ruth Miller is a St. Louis girl; she is about twenty and is unmarried. Patsy has brown hair and eyes. Eva Novak is also from St. Louis; she is Mrs. Richard Reed. She and Jane, her sister, are both blondes; neither gives her age. Laura La Plante is another St. Louis girl, born November 1, 1904. She is not married, but her engagement has been announced to William A. Seiter, a Universal director. Marion Nixon was born in 1904 in Superior, Wisconsin. Mary Brian was born in Texas in 1908, and Betty Bronson in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1907. Neither of them has been married. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona, about 1909. All the addresses you ask for are already given in the list at the foot of this department.

M. E. H.—My mother always said I was just too obliging, but she didn't know any one would ask me to publish an answer in the "Picture Play" which is already in print and being packed for distribution all over the country at the time you are reading this month's. Also, I have a waiting list of letters which I answer in the order of their arrival. Yes, Richard Walling sometimes plays the lead in pictures. He is under contract to Fox, his new film being "Marriage License" and "The Return of Peter Grimm."

**LILLIAN ELIZABETH P.—What do I look like?** Well, I have brown eyes, usually—I had the pink eye once. You know what a trained seal looks like? I'm not in the least like that. Don't feel sorry for the treatment Dick Barthelmess gets in the selection of his leading woman—he chooses them himself. Dick was born in New York City in 1895. I don't know exactly how he first broke into movies; he probably played on the stage first. Anyhow, it was not so hard to get a start in films ten or twelve years ago when Dick began his career. Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr., is four years old now; she is one of the cutest children I have ever seen. Yes, it is true that Dick and his wife, Mary Hay, have a friendly separation agreement; that means merely that they couldn't live together successfully and decided to separate without animosity or any court ac-

**TION.** A 'to whose fault it was—that is a question no outsider could ever answer about any couple. Usually there are faults on both sides. If either of them ever wants to remarry, I suppose the other would consent to a divorce. Yes, Richard has a delightful sense of humor and is not in the least stuck up. Ronald Colman is English, in his early thirties, and divorced. John Gilbert was born in 1905; he is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Louise Brooks was married recently to Eddie Sutherland, Marjorie Daw's ex-husband.

**A PRECILLA DEAN CLUB announces its formation;** any one interested may write to Miss Nan Lulick, 220 Mount Hope Place, Bronx, New York City.

**WILLIAM HAINES CLUB.**—This is one of those embarrassing moments in my life—but no one is paying me a dollar for telling about it!—when I am obliged to acknowledge a mistake. The error, however, is not altogether mine. The October issue announced a William Haines club with Miss Doris Rondeau as organizer. I am instructed to correct that, and announce that the club president is Miss Nancy Lilly, 225 Boone Street, Bluefield, West Virginia. Miss Rondeau is vice president.

**CURLER.**—So you want to congratulate Lloyd Hughes on having been married six years? Why not congratulate somebody with a real record, like Elyde Chapman and JamesNeill, who have been married nearly thirty? "The Birth of a Nation" is constantly being revived, and there's no reason why it shouldn't come to Cleveland again. I don't know that "Hungry Hearts" is being considered as a revival. Perhaps it is still being shown for the first time in smaller communities. Rod La Rocque is in his early thirties; he was born in Chicago, and is therefore an American—of French descent, I suppose. His real name is Rodrigue La Rocque. As to whether he will ever be as popular as John Gilbert, even film producers can't always predict popularity. But Rod has been playing in pictures long enough to have found his niche already.

**TROUBLE.**—But trouble doesn't trouble me, anywhere. Questions are the butter on my bread. Yes, Marie Prevost came from Sarnia, Canada. Other Canadian actresses are Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Pauline Garon, and Claire Adams. Mary Astor is about twenty or so, and is not, at this writing, married, but she is engaged

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A Shy Celebrity

Continued from page 45
During these rambles, far removed from the noise and hurry of the towns, my theme gradually takes shape, the characters evolve, and the general outline of the story is at length sufficiently clear for me to return home and begin actual work.

"I write all my stories in long hand. This is a slow method, but in my opinion it has a decided advantage over more modern methods. The author is working in closer touch with his medium, and thus expresses his thoughts more intimately than when dictating his story to a secretary whose efficiently poised pencil is apt to prove an embarrassment during those moments when the author's invention temporarily halts.

"I live with my characters. Their thoughts and actions become as real to me as those of living persons, and I am naturally anxious to have them appear and behave on the screen just as I have always known them in my mind."

I felt it was rather a bad moment to suggest some changes for the scenario. Nevertheless, I plunged right in, but I must admit it was in fear and trembling, especially as what I had to suggest was really radical. To my surprise, Hutchinson hastily agreed as if anxious to end the discussion as quickly as possible—and before his wife returned!

"So we got the ordeal over without any mishap.

"Mr. Hutchinson is shy about people but is simply mad about horses," Mrs. Hutchinson told me one day. "He is devoted to horses, so much so that I really would not mind if a fairy, or rather a witch, turned me into a horse. Ever since he was eight years old he can remember his delight when dragging an old wooden horse around with a yard of black tape, and his redoubled joy when his mother took him downstairs on his eighth birthday and revealed another wooden horse exactly the same as the old one, waiting for him. He is extraordinary with horses now. They scent in him a perfect master. If he goes where they are grazing they run across the field and nose him."

Having been so successful with the matter of changes in the script, and seeing how quickly he grasped the demands made by pictures, I suggested to Mr. Hutchinson that being familiar with these demands he might bear them in mind while writing his next book. I won't even try to attempt to tell you the look I got. It was altogether too withering.

I took occasion one day to call upon Arnold Bennett in London.

Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 69
however, remain in the East for the time being as the leading lights in Bob Kane's Players, where Gloria Swanson now holds sway.

The Old, Old Story.

Charles Spencer Chaplin was by no means unique when he announced he wanted to play Hamlet. Every comedian has harbored that wish since Shakespeare immortalized the gloomy Dane. Every clown wants to be a Romeo and all tragedians believe in their heart of hearts they would be imitable Falstaffs.

Actors will tell you that this type business cramps their artistic style, so I wasn't a bit surprised when Carmel Myers confided to me over the tea cups that she wants to eschew vaudeville forever.

"Carmel," said her mother some months ago, "you are going through life with a handicap. You've played bad girls so long that all the boys will believe you are that kind of girl. They'll think you're not nice to know, if you keep on playing sirens. This has got to stop."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Carmel, "all the boys know I'm not a siren. That's the trouble—I'm just a false alarm, and the boys soon find it out. If they didn't, I'd have a line of swans from Hollywood to Timbuktu. They make me play sirens when all I want is to be a Lubitsch girl."

A Lubitsch girl knows her world, her men and their distance, and she makes them keep it—I believe it is called arm's length—something a siren never does, at least not in pictures.

"But I started in life," bewailed Carmel, "not with a cross eye and a glassesy stare, but with a sofa and a tiger skin, and they've never let me get rid of them, though I know I should be a Lubitsch girl."

Which just goes to prove our point about actors and Shakespeare.

Lois Moran and Alma Rubens.

Lois Moran, in that winsome, girlish way of hers, romps into one good part after another. She was no sooner finished with "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," under Herbert Brenon's direction at the Famous Players Long Island studio, than Allan Dwan corralled her for "The Music Master," scheduled to be one of the most ambitious productions emanating from the Fox Eastern plant.

Alma Rubens describes Lois as "a breath of fresh air." Says Alma, "She's just the most charming thing in pictures. I don't wonder she's in demand."

All of which reminds me that beneath those clear, dark eyes of Alma's there lurks a burning desire, a fierce determination and a very real girl. The desire is to play in "Romance," the determination is to refuse to play second-rate parts, and the very real girl is indicated by a whole flock of freckles that she doesn't attempt to disguise.

You'd like Alma if you met her, and while, indeed, exteriors are often misleading, those freckles on her nose do give a key to the frank, open nature that is Alma's. So when she tells you that she's darned unhappy about the parts she plays, you don't feel that she is figuring out how the sentiment will appear in print. For Alma's not that sort. She will give you confidences first and regret them afterward. She's not a bit concerned about the kind of impression she is making. You can take her or leave her, and you certainly don't leave her.
he hoped Miss Moore would "consider for her next starring vehicle." There was the grandmotherly, gray-haired woman in gold-rimmed spectacles and a black taffeta gown who "loved Colleen's sweet young winsomeness." There was the broad-shouldered young man who was thunderstruck when he learned that Colleen was married. There was the impressive lady with the lorgnette who discussed "art, my dear!" and there was the long-haired gentleman who had written a poem in his hostess' honor.

And there were the girls, the twelve- to fifteen-year-olds—who gazed at her breathlessly and fingered reverently the things on her dressing table. And there were the wide-eyed, idolizing youths, whose dream princess had come to life and was talking to them in the flesh.

When the last crumb had disappeared and the offer of more ice cream had been vetoed by protesting mothers, who declared that tummy aches were already assured, Colleen produced a gorgeous Jack Horner pie with colored streamers rising from its depths.

"Blue ones for little girls—red ones for little boys—pink ones for big girls—yellow ones for big boys!" she cried. "Every one take a ribbon. Now—pull!"

· Tearing of tissue paper—shouts of joy—untangling of streamers—
   Bubble pipes, toys, tiny dolls, cap pistols, bottles of Colleen Moore perfume, compacts, silver pencils, toy engines, handkerchiefs—

There was a scream and a scuffle in one corner. Two little girls had come to blows over their presents. Peace, however, was restored.

"Now we'll go outdoors and let them take movies of us. Then you can go downtown next week and see yourselves on the screen."

· The party filed outside and there was much patting of hair and powdering of noses.

The pictures were made with a real camera man and a regular director. They even took "stills," exactly as they do for regular films. And Colleen smiled and dimpled and chatted, and showed how she could stand way up on her toes in her wee pink satin ballet slippers.

Then the cars drove up to take the guests home.

"I got three presents!" proclaimed one youngster, whose first name turned out to be Abie.

"I'm going in the movies, too, and I hope I'll be just as nice as Miss Moore!" It was the freckle-faced girl who had been afraid she would die before the party happened.

"It was a sweet, gracious thing for you to do, my dear," said the grandmotherly woman.

"It was a swell party, Miss Moore. But I wish you weren't married!" quoth the broad-shouldered youth.

"My queen ith an Irish Colleen!" chirped the cherub, feeling, doubtless, that a good line is worth repeating.

"I am charmed to have met you, Miss Moore!" It was the lorgnette lady.

"You are a lovely lady and your heart is pure gold!" The poet was kissing her hand.

A chorus of good-bys and thank yous. Colleen stood on tiptoes, like a butterfly in her brief pink tulle skirt and waved until the last car was out of sight.

"And now," she said, busily touching up her make-up, "I must rush back to the set. I have to work until four o'clock to-morrow morning!"

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"Shadows" of the Stars

Continued from page 87

and lights are being arranged. The chair brings the top of her head to the exact point above the floor that it would be if she were standing.

Then there's Peggy Marie Minnie Helen. You have never seen Peggy Marie. You never will. Not if Corinne Griffith can help it. Peggy Marie is Corinne's shadow—the most a b u s e d mistreated, manhandled shadow in Hollywood. Peggy Marie sometimes is kicked under the table. Sometimes she is grabbed by the scruff of her neck and dragged bodily from the set. She has had her one lone dress almost torn from her figure, and her face is scratched and scarred from rough treatment. She has never appeared in a picture, has no hope of ever appearing in a picture, and has given up all idea of ever drawing a salary.

Yet Peggy Marie sticks! She goes uncomplainingly miles and miles to location. She waits patiently behind scenes or in dark corners till she can be of use while lights are being arranged. She worked in "Classified," "Infatuation," "Mile, Modiste," and "Into Her Kingdom," and is signed up for Miss Griffith's next picture. She will do her part, too, unless somebody chucks her into the ash can and forgets she is there.

Peggy Marie Minnie Helen is a dummy. She has the same height as Miss Griffith, the same measurements from the waist up—but she has no legs. Peggy's basis of understanding is an iron rod fastened to a pedestal.

And Nellie! You'll never meet Nellie, because she was murdered. Nellie worked as shadow for Mae Murray until that star completed "The Merry Widow." Then she was destroyed, at Miss Murray's orders. Nellie was a dummy, too. Likewise, she was a mistreated dummy. Instead of being gently led or carried off the set, she usually was kicked off, unceremoniously. By the time "The Merry Widow" was completed, Nellie was a wreck. But as she departed for the happy hunting grounds where faithful dummies eventually go, she might have had the satisfaction of knowing that she had never once batted an eye when facing the hottest Kleig.

Mary Philbin had a dummy shadow during the making of the Margarette sequences in "The Phantom of the Opera." But when that production was completed, the prop man decided that the dummy looked so lifelike that he would appropriate it for work in comedies.

When Rudolph Schildkraut was playing in "His People," a dummy was made for his shadow work and he became highly indignant.

"I do not need any such creature to help me!" he said, icily. "Please take it away."

It was a fearfully hot day and the heat from the Kleigs made the atmosphere fairly sizzle. Schildkraut fainted on the set. But he still refused to use the dummy.

"Selecting a shadow is a rather intricate task," one director said to me. "Primarily, the height must be identical the same as that of the star. There must be the same poise to the head, the same droop to the shoulders, the same general measurements. Employment of a shadow affords the star opportunity to refresh herself and be ready to give her best.

"On the other hand it gives the shadow, who is usually a girl trying to get into the movies, an opportunity to get acquainted with directors, to make other friendships which are valuable, and to study actual picture-making on the sets. It is a little bit of technical work that is well worth the while."

He was not, however, referring to Peggy Marie Minnie Helen or Nellie.
The Studio Club Grows Up
Continued from page 84
They were concerned—so many girls were coming to Hollywood to break into the movies—so few were succeeding—there was such loneliness, such homesickness and heartbreak. There should be some place where they could all live for a moderate sum. The men dug into their pockets, and fifteen hundred dollars paid the first year's rent on the old home in Carlos Street which later the club bought. The Y. W. C. A. then took an interest. Now the Studio Club is about seventy per cent self-supporting, and is governed by a local committee under the guidance of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

When the club's needs outgrew its space, a vigorous campaign was engineered to raise funds for the new building which has now actually come true. Pretty girls visited the studios and smilingly beguiled checks from busy executives. Stars, remembering their own early struggles, contributed.

A plan was then effected whereby players could volunteer to pay for the building and furnishing of one room each—the cost being pro-rated so that each room's expense varied between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. Rooms were donated by Mary Pickford, by Douglas Fairbanks in memory of his mother, by Cecil De Mille, Jackie Coogan, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Alec Francis, and many others.

Over two thousand players contributed to the furnishing fund. At random I noted the names of Louise Dresser, Kathleen Clifford, Jetta Goudal, Douglas MacLean, Ruth Roland, and Florence Vidor. Individual gifts add to the charm of the place. On a teakwood cabinet there is a costly vase from one actress. A wicker chaise longue was sent by another, a painting by still another.

Mrs. Pickford, Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, and other women prominent in, or associated with, the motion-picture business through marriage or relationship to its executives, constitute the club committee. Meetings are held monthly, at which problems of finance and administration are considered.

The new clubhouse has accommodations for eighty girls, who must be in or affiliated with the picture industry. There are actresses, secretaries, studio telephone operators, scenario writers, script girls, and designers. The rates are ten and fifty.

Pathfinders
An advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Christopher Columbus discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nationwide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration.

Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nationwide service that sets the standard for the world.

Want Some Money?
Here's a wonderful way to get it
Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is FREE as we with the instructions and many have made $5 the first week. Some society women have taken us work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

Fireside Industries
DEPT. 32-A
ADRIAN, MICH.
The Stroller
Continued from page 24

by Will Hays and the women’s clubs for moral reasons.
Flaming, Passion, Love, Deception,
Wives, Frontier, Youth, Flapper,
Desire, and the other standbys have
been used so often that no new
combinations are possible. The one-
word titles ending in “ion” once so
popular, such as Passion, Deception,
Fascination and so on have about
been used up, although Onion and
Bunion are still available.
Fothergill, however, is no cold
statistician who reveals depressing
figures and offers no remedy for the
evil exposed. His solution, like all
great ideas, is simplicity itself.
It consists of a system of dividing
and indexing all the standard plots
and indicating them by letters. Thus
the domestic plot will be known as A;
farce comedies as B; the plot in
which the hero confesses to a crime
he did not commit to shield Ange-
line’s brother as C, carrying it down
to X, which will mark the spot where
Eliza Glyn buries her dead.
A central bureau will be established
in Hollywood to tabulate and num-
ber every picture. The sixty-seventh
mystery-melodrama of the year will
thus be known as “J-67,” and the
public will know what to expect.
This plan, Fothergill admits,
presents some difficulties. Producers
may be somewhat reluctant to con-
fess the contents of their pictures so
freely, and such a frankly descriptive
title as “J-67” will hardly permit of
exaggeration and deception in adver-
sising. A theater, for instance, could
not advertise “V-107” as an epic
ranking with “The Big Parade” when
the public will know immediately that
it is only another Lubitsch plot done
ever for the twelfth time by Hobart
Henley.

Exposing Raymond Griffith
Continued from page 38

Paramount, with a religious eye on
the box-office.
Many, many times after I first saw
him on the “Open All Night” set, I
used to come face to face with Griffi-
th in the office passageways of the
old Lasky studio on Vine Street. We
used, invariably, to be walking in
opposite directions. Ray, with an
exaggerated display of servility,
always jumped to one side to allow
me the right of way. I used to smile.
He smiled. Neither spoke. No need
—I being ever careful of wasting un-
necessary words, he being likewise.
In fact, though we knew each other
well by sight, I never spoke a word
to Griffith until a few months ago—
two years after I had first seen him.
You never get quite to know the
real Ray Griffith behind the barrier
of comic satire that he constantly
keeps around himself, unless your
acquaintance with him spreads over
several years.
Casually meeting him in the stu-
dio, you feel he is very glad to see
you; he makes you think this with-
out any gush on his part. The next
moment, if he happens to move to
another part of the set, you feel that
you are thousands of miles from his mind. This gives you the impression that he is not sincere—that he regards his meeting you as just one more troublesome event in a movie actor's bore existence. Yet when he comes to speak to you again, you are convinced that your momentary decision was entirely unfounded.

Though he has a constant joviality Griffith seems inwardly to be apart from every one else. He is humorous because humor appeals to him. It is as he wants you to take him. In this way, I think, he hides a deep sensi-
tiveness. He is a man who would hate to be laughed at when in a ser-
ious mood.

Even though he is short in stature, you notice Ray Griffith in a crowd. Maybe Griffith's height accounts for his genuine admiration for Bonaparte. That is Chaplin's hero, too, by the way. Two short men with the same mental hero! Two short men with the same mental brilliance! There is, indeed, a great similarity between these two comedians—though Griffith has more mental stability than Chaplin. Charlie is a genius, but knows it and lets every one else know it. Ray is as much of a genius, but is reserved about it and never lets on how much he knows. Take him unawares and he will reveal things that are astounding by com-

parison with the average person's knowledge.

Griffith has a passionate love for great music. Such extremes as Erik Satie's superb "Gymnopédies" and Moussorgsky's tragic "Khovantchina" are familiar to him; yet if you call attention to this, he is liable to start talking of Berlin and Gershwin.

Were you to surprise him in his book-lined rooms, you would prob-
ably discover him reading something like the "Ephesians" by "Socrates of Ephesus, or Antonius Diogenes. "Marvelous Things Beyond Thule," or Achilles Tatius' "Citophon and Leucippe." Perhaps, also, Apuleius would be on view. Works by Æs-
chylos, Aristophanes, and Sophocles are known backward by Griffith. Yet on the set you might see him being intensely interested in something like Opperheim's "The Blind Beast." And he would humorously insist to you that that was the only kind of literature he ever read.

Considering how evasive he is, per-
haps you will wonder, as you read this story, how I have come to know as much as I do about Raymond Griffith. Well—it has taken a long time for me to find it all out.

The Definition of a Lady

Continued from page 48

a drawled monotone, the same tone she uses in requesting a powder puff from her maid.

And as she calmly powders over her make-up before a little mirror she directs the selling of that property and the buying of this, issues instructions for landscaping, indicates the decorations for a new yacht, orders that specifications for an office building be submitted to three con-
tactors for bids.

The business manager vanishes and the production manager appears like a jinni out of a cloud of smoke, while she assists her maid in ar-

ranging the court train of ostrich she listens to his schedule for the day and murmurs decisions about long shots, close-ups, and dissolves.

Once you've observed Corinne waft through a strenuous day like a rose petal on a gentle breeze you wonder why in heaven's name a busi-
ness man needs a mahogany desk with sixteen kinds of buzzers.

Just as you conclude that Corinne is a beautiful deception, one of those "master minds of finance" with the face of Botticelli's Minerva, you be-
hold her in a garden hat with a rib-
bon streamer wandering through her flowers, and you know you were all wrong.
Nuna Earns a Fortune

continued from page 56

orchestra and began playing a crooning song, a weird, low piece of music suggestive of India or the jungle. And Nuna quieted. A dreamy, faraway look came into his eyes. His ears were half-folded as though listening to something that brought memories or suggested something away yonder which he vainly tried to recall. It might have been his life in another incarnation. It might have been the primal note he organized before jungle beasts were taken into captivity. Whatever it was, the music stilled the animal and presently he lay down on the floor and closed his eyes. Then quickly, quietly, Chaplin entered his cage and finished his act.

"No cat will work with a wire about its jaws or wearing a muzzle of any sort," Mr. Gay said. "In all motion pictures with lions, the animals are unfettered. They must be handled gently, firmly, by the trainer. If Nuna suddenly had gone bad, there was nothing to have prevented him leaping upon Mabel Normand or Madeline Hurlock or Charlie Chaplin when they were appearing with him. When Nuna crawled over the prostrate body of Neal Burris or Miss Hurlock he could as easily as not have chewed the southern corner out of their necks or have scalped them with one stroke of his paw. But he gently, carefully, eased only a part of his weight against them. "You see, Nuna doesn't care. He doesn't know what it is all about. He knows only that he must mind orders and be good. He is just a great big, docile cat who was born in captivity, reared in the atmosphere of pictures and is unspoiled by the taste of human blood. Yet persons beside him have the constant fear that he will revert to the instincts of his jungle ancestors and tear things up."

I carry no weapon when I am working, other than a little switch or a buggy whip and these are more for directing movements than anything. I never struck Nuna in all my life. And I never will. I have his utmost confidence. But some one likely did so at some time because one of his tushes and a couple of teeth have been knocked out. I bought Nuna from the old National Film Company, about eight years ago, and that tush and the teeth were gone when he arrived at my farm. I put in years getting acquainted with him. He has been taught that no one is going to hurt him, that human beings are his friends, that they will give him food and drink and provide a place for him to live. He has been made to believe that he need not run from man but must live peaceably with the world."

Nevertheless, Mr. Gay takes precautions to thwart unforeseen dangers which might arise and every set in which Nuna works is walled in by a strong wire netting, so he cannot get away. And hidden somewhere beyond the eye of the camera is the blue cage to which he may run if he becomes frightened or excited.

"What was the hardest thing you ever had to do with lions?" I asked Mr. Gay.

"Have them leap upon the back of a horse after a negro," he said, "and hurt neither. We were making a Century comedy. The script called for a chase through a jungle, the lions to leap from a ledge after the black man just as he grasped a hanging vine and shinnied up it from the back of the horse. I puzzled for days how to accomplish such a feat. Ordinarily, when a jungle cat leaps onto the back of another animal it unseathes its claws and attacks. And as my lions live on horse meat, I feared that when they struck this animal they would kill it. But here is what I did:"

"I rigged up two barrels to resemble a horse as much as possible and threw a horse's skin over the top. Then I placed the lions' cages just beyond the point where they would land in their leap. Time after time I rehearsed them jumping over the dummy horse and rushing to their cages. Then I announced I was ready. They put blenders on the horse so it could not see the lions as they sprang and then covered everything with creosote so the cats could not smell the horse. Of course, the shot of the negro shining up the grapevines was made subsequently and cut in."

"It worked out beautifully. The lions sprang over the horse just as they had sprung over the dummy and rushed to their cages. A crack of the whip sent the horse dashing away while the negro was seen in a mad scramble up that grapevine."

Fan letters come to Nuna from all over the world and Mr. Gay is asked countless questions by tourists who journey to the lion farm just to see this beautiful beast which seems to have an uncanny intelligence.

The next time you see Nuna in pictures, just understand that he is real, that he is strong, happy, enjoying life and is the friendliest, most lovable jungle cat in the world.
The Studio Club Grows Up

Continued from page 105

teen dollars a week, including two meals a day. The ten-dollar rooms are occupied by three girls each, the fifteen-dollar ones by two.

The drawing-room is more simply termed the “studio.” It is a long, high-ceilinged room, with wide French windows, and with a stage at one end for the projection of pictures and for amateur theatricals. The furniture is charmingly unconformed to any period or style—big lounges, comfy chairs into which a girl can snuggle herself with a book.

The spacious corridors are hung with soft silk curtains of a golden weave. Tapestries and paintings are being hung as they are donated. There is a library where an old log fire burns in the evening. Turns in the hallways bring you into nooks and small rooms where friends may be entertained with a degree of privacy.

There was some discussion as to whether or not the names of the rooms’ donors should be inscribed on doorplates. At first, the girls resented the implication of a “charity institution” atmosphere, but finally they decided it would be quite smart.

So now in bronze we see Mary Pickford’s name on 305, and peek in. Twin beds and dressing tables, a writing desk and chairs, all of ivory—a big closet, cedar-lined.

Harold Lloyd’s donation, 207, looks like a room shared by two college girls, with its gray and wicker furniture, its gay cretonne hangings, the deskability with books—a curling iron among them—the pennants and snapshots and uke.

In the basement are washing machines and ironing boards, so that the girls can do their own laundry during times when pocketbooks suffer from anemia.

In the late afternoon the club, so quiet during the day, comes to life, and gay laughter echoes down the long corridors. Miss Kidder, who does stunt horseback riding, vies with boyish Billie Wilding in evolving new Charlotte steps. Irene Tabin, a tall brunette from the “Follies,” strolls over to admire the sketch taking shape beneath the swift pencil wielded by Betty Wells, landscape architect, who designs sets for one of the studios. Clusters of girls mill around, or settle for chummy confabs, and a crowd is gathered around the piano.

Dinner time. A long, cheerful room with green tables and orange candlesticks.

Everywhere there is that desire to make you feel quite at home, an air of good-fellowship that puts you at ease. The girls insist now, more than ever, that the club shall be known as a community center. Non-residents make at three dollars a year and up—when they are financially able to afford the “up”—drop in to chat or read, to play tennis or for dinner.

It is hoped that the Studio Club will become more and more of a gathering place for the young women of Hollywood, where they may meet at home to entertain their friends, and where they may receive new inspiration and courage from the wholesome atmosphere that pervades the place.

And to think that this grand building, this splendid enterprise, could have grown out of that little group of hometown girls who met for gym exercise ten years ago!

What the Players Read

Myrtle Stedman.

It is singular, and a situation that just now strikes me, that my career is reflected in my choice of reading matter, rather than the imaginative contrasts which motivate most people’s selection of books. My first public appearances were in light operas and during that time I read in grooves paralleling that course. By the hour I studied librettos—“Monna Vanna,” and “Madame Butterfly,” and several of Wagner’s.

Of recent years my taste has run to the modern. I love “So Big,” for in it Miss Ferber portrays the heart of the Middle West which I know so well, for I was born in Chicago.

Edgar Norton.

Though I admit that the Times, giving me news of my dear old London, is my favorite “book,” I find time for Kipling and Mark Twain, and derive much pleasure from an hour now and then with Conrad.

Adolphe Menjou.

Ah, give me a book of French memoirs, a cigarette, a comfortable armchair, and I am content.

I am enthusiastic also about European history. Of the novelists, I find Somerset Maugham and Hugh Walpole most diverting.
Presto—Zeeto! Fat or Thin!

Continued from page 91

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It binds the separated ends firmly, eliminates strangulation
and your rupture heals. It gives absolute freedom in loco-
motion and physical
activity.

Write for free trial offer, sent in plain sealed
envelope.

Adverting Section

"Your Fat
Will go as mine did"
The Screen in Review
Continued from page 61

his arms, bared and whitened and adorned with a bracelet improvised from a watch chain, projects from behind the door. He does all manner of things to that arm with the ease that must have meant long practice. This stunt alone is worth the price of admission.

Painstaking Farce.
"The Nervous Wreck" finds its way from the stage to the screen with the friendly and farcical aid of a troupe of notables—Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Hobart Bosworth, and some others. The result is laughable enough, though not side-splitting as might have been expected. The story of Henry Williams, the melancholy young man beset by half a dozen imaginary ills, is sure fire. And his adventures in Arizona, during the process of taking his mind off his health and placing it in blood-curdling situations, is one of the funniest flights of imagination in modern story-telling.

Harrison Ford, now firmly established as a comedian, plays Henry with solemnly droll effect, while Chester Conklin has but to finger his cowboy's rope to create laughter. Phyllis Haver might well rest upon her reputation as the sauciest blonde in pictures, but she can't help being a delectable artist, too. "The Nervous Wreck" is worth seeing, if you like farce, but it won't leave you a wreck from laughing too much.

When Coroners Are Comic.
"You'd Be Surprised," Raymond Griffith's latest, is more intelligent, more subtle, than any of his other films. It is also less funny. So much less funny, indeed, that at times one wonders what it is all about, but never because there seems to be a lack of intelligence behind it.

Griffith's role is that of a coroner—a dapper, ingratiating coroner, who on being summoned to an inquest on board a house boat, takes out his watch and declares that he can give just so much time to the proceedings because he is due at the opera. Also, he sees no particular reason why any one should be worked up over the murder because, as he says, they can read all about it in next morning's papers. That is the spirit of this airy trifle—so airy at times, and so trifling, that you marvel it can hold the screen for the length of a feature film.

It is by way of being a mystery story, involving the murder of the host at a smart little gathering, and the disappearance of a diamond necklace. Dorothy Sebastian is the heroine. This, too, is a mystery.

When the Star Truly Shines.
The best acting of Rod La Rocque's career is found in "Gigolo." The character is thought by the squireish to be unpleasant, but he seems to me that should be overlooked in view of the high order of talent La Rocque gives to it. A gigolo is a Continental manifestation, though from what I have observed there are gigolos on Broadway too, only we have not given them a name. They are men who dance for a fee with women in cafés.

The gigolo in question begins as Gideon Gory, of Pleasanton, Wisconsin, where he has a sweetheart in the person of Jobyna Ralston, the baggage-master's daughter. Gideon's wealthy mother, after years abroad, marries a caddish fortune-hunter who spends all her money and deserts her. Gideon, after honorable service in the war, returns to Paris to find her dead. Wounded, his face scarred, and penniless, he gradually drifts into the life of a dancing man, as the only means of sustaining himself. There Jobyna Ralston finds him. He gives it all up to work his way home as a stoker, and toil as a laborer in the iron foundry which built the fortune his mother threw away. Louise Dresser, as Mrs. Gory, plays with fine restraint.

Despicable as the calling of a gigolo may be, La Rocque casts a glamour over it by his magnificent tangoing. Not a girl but will wish she could ask him to be her partner.

Beautiful and Baffling.
The choice of "Sparrows" was a singular one for Mary Pickford to make, but no one can deny that she has done the picture surpassingly well. The subject is gloomy, and some of the horrors recall Dickens, yet the darkness is shot through with many laughs. Indeed, so heavily does the hand of melodrama smite "Sparrows" that the picture passes beyond the bounds of credibility. Thus the spectator relaxes, content to give way to his amazement at Mary's skill.

She is Mena Mollie, a lovely waif in whom the maternal instinct is—well, there aren't words to tell how strong it is, for she mothers eleven waybegone, poverty-stricken children at a baby farm kept by the villainous Grimes in the midst of a Louisiana swamp. A kidnapped baby is thrust by Grimes into the group and the plot

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gets under way, Mollie’s heroic efforts to keep the baby against the will of Grimes leading—er—and the entire brood into the deadly swamp. “Sparrows” is well worth seeing.

Chowchow and Liverwurst.

“It Must Be Love” isn’t so sparkling as the best of Colleen Moore’s pictures, because there seemed to be less than usual to work upon in the way of story material. This makes for stretches of dullness, with nothing for Colleen to do because of a plot that could be tossed aside and taken up at will. It had to be forgotten, I suppose, in order to make the picture the length of an important one. Colleen is a delicatessen man’s daughter who hates her father’s business and is banished from home because she fancies a young man her parents do not know. She thinks him a swell, but finds him working in the department store where she finds employment. Malcolm McGregor is the Prince Charming.

Slide, Billy, Slide!

Continued from page 67

No, he is not different from the world in general, but in his own profession, in the movie world, William Haines is different. He says of himself, in a belittling way, “Oh, I’m only a movie actor, that’s all,” but he’s really not the least bit like one. The average screen player, however attractive, however likable, has his little affectations or some little something about him that plainly identifies him with things theatrical. William Haines has none of this—he’s just himself, perfectly natural and very engaging.

He has nice, merry dark eyes that can look very serious when he grows earnest about something he’s saying to you. He loves to laugh and can entertain you by the hour with anecdotes of amusing things that happen in the studio, but the next minute, his face will straighten and you will find him deeply engrossed in discussing some such subject as audience reactions or the effect that New York has on people.

As for girls, he is interested in many but has been conquered by none. One of the most eligible men in Hollywood, he is one of the least susceptible. They say that even the great Pola tried to annex him as one of her playthings—he played, to be sure, but he won the game!

While in New York, he was more interested in his family than in any other thing else. They had come up from Virginia to see him, and all his spare hours were devoted to them.

That William Haines has distinctly progressed since a year ago is evident in his own personal change of outlook. It was still uncertain at this time last year whether or not he was to play “Brown of Harvard” and you could tell from his conversation that all his hopes were centered on that one film. He got the role and it put him across. Now he’s aiming higher. He’s well enough pleased with “Slide, Kelly, Slide!” but it’s of much the same caliber as “Brown of Harvard” and, having done the athletic hero once, Bill wants something different now, something with more depth.

He may, in his carefree way, disclaim any very serious purpose in life, but down underneath he’s much in earnest about his work. He has his eye on an unusual film that King Vidor may produce, and it’s said that King Vidor has his eye on Bill. If the two get together, the result should be great.

But whatever happens, there’s no doubt about it that William Haines’ batting average just now is up near 1,000 and that he’s pretty sure to make a hit every time up.

He may go home again this Christmas. Let’s hope that sleepy-hollow town of his will have waked up by then!

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

made the knowing ones rave about him so after seeing that picture as I raved after seeing the real man? I believe that is the solution to the problem of why his fans were more enthusiastic about him in that poor film than in many better ones. After all, it was the man, not merely the dream of him, that won our admiration.

I must add my one vote for my future pleasure. Please, producers, let us see his good pictures again this season. I’ve seen three since August, and find his the only personality not decreased by knowledge of his death. It glows as vital as ever. It is loss enough to know that he will never make more films for us without having those he has made put away forever.

Burlan Barker.

3039 Walnut Street, Chicago, Ill.

Disputing Mr. Oettinger.

In the discussion “Which Make Better Actors, Men or Women?” in the August number of Picture-Play, Malcolm H. Oettinger put up a better argument in favor of men than did Miss Klumph in favor of women.

Continued on page 114
Have You Ever Read Sea Stories Magazine? Good and Exciting

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Farm Lands

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MADAME WILLIAMS, D.K. 44, Buffalo, N. Y.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

But in some instances Mr. Oettinger has strange ideas of acting ability. His meat was sliced by the sisters of the silver sheet” is: Richard Barthes, John Barrymore, Charles Chaplin, Raymond Griffith, Adolph Menjou, Charles Ralston, Lewis Stone, John Gilbert, Tully Marshall, Hobart Bosworth, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, Hare, Walthall, William Powell, Marc McDermott, and Ernest Torrence.

It has not been my pleasure to see Raymond Griffith, Charles Ralston, or William Powell on the screen, so I cannot discuss them.

Of those others, four seem to have got in through their plain acting ability. The four are Charles Chaplin, Conway Tearle, Ronald Colman, and John Gilbert.

It seems, and around Hollywood, to be the right thing to consider Mr. Chaplin the high priest of acting and a genius to boot. Not being a highbrow, nor yet a ’yes man,’ but merely one of the millions who have seen and loved Mr. Chaplin with the money which now enables him to pose as anything he wishes, I venture to say that he is a personality, the same force that actuates a character.\n
Why Mr. Oettinger included Conway Tearle and left out Milton Sills is hard to fathom. If Mr. Sills is a ’wooden Booth’ as Mr. Oettinger claims, then so is Mr. Tearle, for there is very little difference between these two gentlemen, as far as acting is concerned.

Ronald Colman is delightfully Ronald Colman, nothing less, nothing more.

I do not say John Gilbert is not a good actor. He is, but no better than Ramon Novarro, whom Mr. Oettinger left out because he couldn’t see his personality and, therefore, considered him no actor, which goes to prove that Mr. Gilbert’s personality is stronger than his acting ability.

One other thing before I finish—Mr. Oettinger says Mary Pickford is an actress in the same class as Mae Murray and Constance Talmadge—and that is a long way down.

Miss Pickford is one of the two great actresses of the screen. For a woman over thirty, who has twice been married, to play, and play it with such vigor and power, is something worth thinking about. It is all very well to argue that Miss Pickford has the figure and legs of a very young girl, and that she is a type actress, but she doesn’t merely look young, she acts young. And the mere fact that her role is usually that of a child, no more makes her a type than Norma Talmadge is a type because she usually plays the part of a young woman.

Anyway, can Mr. Oettinger point out one actor who has been twice married and is more than thirty, and yet portrays little boys on the screen? 

Estelle J. Thompson, 397 George Street, Brisbane, Australia.

Something Radically Wrong

Malcolm Oettinger’s criticism of Ramon Novarro in the August Picture-Play is disgraceful. It is a malicious thing to attack a young artist through the medium of a popular magazine.

E. for, once tired of reading these un-called-for attacks on the stars. There is something radically wrong with people who write with such intoleration.

Are all Americans intolerant? Have they no sense of fair play? It would be extremely boring if the actors were all John Gilbarts and Adolphe Menjous, much as I admire those two stars.

As for Ramon Novarro, he is above reproach. I have never missed any of his films, and I can truthfully say that he gets better and better with each one. He also has a fine personality, and one can tell at a glance that he would be incapable of any mean or petty action.

I admit these two stars have ceased to value your opinion, since in your list of great actors you have placed Conway Tearle.

ANN VERONICA

Melbourne, Australia.

More About the Foreigners.

Since I jumped to the defense of the foreign players here in America I have received good letters and also many cowardly letters from cowardly writers.

A letter from ’Jack’—no other signature or address—advises me to stick up for my own, and not say they can’t, and several other things, which only proves that misunderstandings in this world are due to the fact that most people don’t half read what they can’t understand.

The story of the foreigner is a simple one.

NORMA DICKSON

Hollywood, Calif.

With Compliments to Vilma Banky.

Some four or five years ago I used to write to ’What the Fans Think,’ and now, after this lapse of time, I would like to do it again to praise my favorite actress and all that I admire about her. I have known her to be a lady, a gentleman, a business-like woman, and an American; I hear he is English or Scotch. But that fact does not diminish the wild joy I experienced in watching him in ’The Dark Angel’ of Hollywood. I admire much about her and what she is. If they give good performances, that should be sufficient.

ELISIE LARSEN.

1938 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Welcome to Victor Varconi.

Welcome.

Thrice welcome to Victor Varconi. A face and figure of grace and beauty. A poise and dignity that is exquisite.

An atmosphere that stamps true manhood, eyes of the radiance of the spirit.
Hand Across the Sea.

I am one of the readers of Picture-Play who takes a little way away from its place of publication. I live in London. The British cinemas, of course, show mostly American films, but a movement is now on foot to revive the British film industry. Some really good films have been and are being produced here. It is an interesting fact to note that British films are being released in America. They are "Tiptoes," "London," and "Nell Gwyn." Through the medium of the cinema, Britshers have come to know and understand America. It is hoped that soon, through the same medium, Americans will come to know and understand Great Britain. An understanding between these two great nations, which have so much in common, is essential to world progress, in politics, in literature, in the stage, and in America.

London is often represented in American films. Sometimes it is represented well, sometimes very badly indeed.

One of my pet papers—I had just seen Fred and Adele Astaire in "Lady, Be Good," which is enjoying a successful run in London—when I saw a little girl sitting in the audience with a remarkably good beard. I asked her why she was there and she said, "I am going to be a film star, and I thought if I didn't get up to see the film, I might learn something from the film actresses." I thought this was a very odd remark, and I said, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" She answered, "I am going to be a film star!"

Again, for their London settings, American producers invariably use houses that went out of date with the last century. Supermarkets are always "the" store, and "tappers" and "coppers," and they strut leisurely about the background. One would think some producers had never visited London. Great favorites among them are Rube Jantzen and Betty Bronson. Betty won huge affection over here by her performance in "Peter Pan." She possesses such youthful charm and grace that the idea of the beautiful Greta Nissen caused quite a sensation. Marie Prevost's comedy is always appreciated.

Since the passing of Valenito, the male favorites are, I think, Ivor Novello and Ronald Colman. The handsome young Englishman, Reginald Denny, always keeps an audience spellbound.

Andrew C. A. Cameron.

Character Actors are the Greatest.

Always I read this department in your excellent magazine, and always I read of the stars—stars—stars! Why do the fans ignore the character actors? Are they not the greatest factors in screen successes? I would like to say that the character actors are the only true artists of the screen, with a few exceptions—Gloria, Norma, Lillian, Mary, Pola, Irene Rich, Florence Vidor, James Cagney, Harrison Ford, Ronald Colman, and Richard Barthelmess. That is all, save for that trinity of genius, Nazimova, Arliss, and Chaplin.

Why are Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman, Nita Naldi, and Aileen Pringle considered artists? Have they great ability? Have they even dominant personalities? They are merely a set of rather good-looking nineties who have had the good luck to appear in excellent pictures, and sufficient brains to take advantage of that luck? I am sure that is so.

The exceptions I have named are the only sincere artists among the stars; they are not great—oh, not so great as some character artists. They are sincere;

It is strange that the screen, with its great opportunities should waste its time starring schoolgirls and barbers' assistants, when there are the stars who have really great ability. We have true artists and compelling personalities. We have Josef Swickard, Rose Dionne, Nigel de Brulier, Dale Fullk, and Rosa Rosano—all brilliant and magnetic artists. There are Cesare Gravina, with some unforgettable portrayals to his credit, Vera Gordon, and, of a lesser degree of merit, Marcia Mano and Pierre Cendron. If we cannot limit ourselves to experienced and slightly mature players, there are Gaston Glass and Alma Rubens, certainly not in the same plane as the other artists mentioned. If we go to personally unknown artists, there is an artist whom I cannot forget, Marie Harland. She is representative of modern talents in the stage, and of films.

One of my favorite movies is "The Great Ziegfeld." I have seen it many times, and have always been charmed by the performances of the artists. I have always thought that Rosano, who played the part of Betty Grable, was the greatest artist of all. She was so natural and convincing that one could not help but feel that she was really Betty Grable.

In conclusion, I think Picture-Play for "Among Those Present." I always read that first. Don't forget to include Rose Dionne though, for she one day will prove herself the star of the films.

Melbourne, Australia.

To Helen Ferguson.

Dainty little Helen,
With her eyes of brown,
Smiling through the livelong day,
Banishing each frown.

Little sweetheart, Helen,
Like the dark-red rose,
Carries love and beauty,
Everywhere she goes.

Don't forget us, Helen,
In the far mid-West.
For we know and love you,
Love you, long and well.

Marry Rose Stewart.
Washington Avenue, Detroit, Minn.

Friendly Advice.

Eleanor Boardman seems to be a very charming lady. But Eleanor, why, oh, why, wear dresses that touch the floor, part your hair in the middle, and bring it straight back in a severe knot? I doubt if a combination of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Lilian Russell, and Corinne Griffith would be beautiful if dressed in such a fashion.
The biggest and fastest selling line of cloth-covered books. Ask your druggist—your bookseller to show you any of these latest titles.

There's something doing all the while in a "CH" book. These books which have never before been published were written for men who love the sweep of the great West, the mysteries of big cities, the conquest of man over his environment.

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MARCIA
Anne O'Hagan
ODYGIRLS—PLUS
George Gilbert
THE INCA'S BANISH
Gordon MacCreagh
THE CRIMSON BLADE
Madeleine Sharp Buchanan

THE AMATEUR DETECTIVES
Christopher B. Booth
THE GLACIER GATE
Frank Littie Peatnick
WILD BILL
Joseph Menbabe
RIM O'THE RANGE
Effie Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance
BLUE JEAN BILLY
Charles W. Tyler
RONICKY DOONE
David Manning
THE FRONTIER WADES
John H. Hamlin
QUICKSANDS
Victor Thorne
RED MOUNTAIN, LIMITED
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Effie Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance
GOOD HATTERS
George Gilbert
WANDA OF THE WHITE SAGE
Roy Ulrich
MR. CHANG OF SCOTLAND YARD
A. E. Apple
BACK OF BEYOND
Effie Smith Dorrance and James French Dorrance
THE WAGON ROSS
D. L. Kinburn
MR. CLACKWORTHY
Christopher B. Booth

And the dresses, *la belle* Eleanor—surely they do not taste like legs or piano legs? Perish the thought! Never shall we think such wicked thoughts. Rather let us pray for the return of long skirts to fashion, so Eleanor Boardman Vidor may not seem—shall we say, *gently!* 
Marie Price
San Pedro, Calif.

Some Private Discoveries.
For a long time I have mentally cherished several discoveries, and wished to see them given a good chance on the screen. Recently something caused me to break my modest silence: one of my spiritual prototypes was the handsome actor and unmistakable John Boles, who appeared in "Mercenary Mary"—on the stage, of course—and I've just read that a certain John Boles had been tested to play opposite Muriel Thompson in a picture. Here's another stage discovery are these: Kenneth Thompson, an excellent actor, with good books and marvelous legs, who was with the last all-star revival of "The Rivals" (with clever Mae Collins—why doesn't she return to the screen?), and J. Harold Murray, of the current "Casts in the Air."

And the third of sudden three movie extras ought to have an even break: the girl who was poor Willard Louis' dinner partner in "The Love Hour"—she has personal character; the girl who was head doorman at the houseboat party in "The Far Cry"—a good romantic type; and the youth who consoled Beery, behind the barn, after the latter had been mused by Jack Holt—juvenile type.

I wonder if any other fans have noticed my proteges.
Linus Maloney.
421 West Luverne Street, Luvener, Minn.

Write for Photos? Yes!
The argument still goes on as to whether we should write to film stars for their photos. I say, from the star himself is far dearer than those cut from magazines. It also helps stars for fans to write to them, pointing out certain things—good points and bad.

Why has Jack McKenzie disappeared to all of a sudden? I enjoy her letters the most of all, for she is so jolly and never hurts at all. Please come forth again, Trix. And Copal S. Vandervel should hide her light under a bushel.
E. M. Rusbridge.

Full of Good Wishes.
Oh, where, oh, where, are George K. Arthur's fans hiding? Do they not realize the tremendous acting he puts into each and every story he is cast in? Not another actor could have done better in "Irene," "The Waning Sex."

Why has Jonah? 

My one wish is that Norma Talmadge will make another picture like "The Lady," in which she planted herself in my heart forever.

Wishing success to all who give us their best, including Renee Adoree, Norma Shearer, Malcolm MacGregor, Reginald Denny, and William Boyd.
J. C. C.
San Francisco, Calif.

A Request.
I would like to ask if there is any fan who has a photograph of Constance Bennett that they would like to exchange for one of either Pola Negri or Marion Davies? I would gladly trade both for one of Miss Bennett.

Evangeline Elpers.
215 Thirteenth Street, Logansport, Ind.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs." Charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Walling is the boy who aspires to be a veterinarian, and Janet Gaynor his girl. 

"Midnight Sun, The"—Universal. An elaborate film picturing prewar Russian tyranny. Laura La Plante, as a ballet girl, captures the attention of a grand duke. Patrick O'Keeffe, but gives her heart to his aide-de-camp.

"Money Talks"—Metro-Goldwyn. Broad farce, with Owen Moore emerging as a female impersonator. Claire Windsor, as the pretty wife, increases the tangles in the already-confused plot.

"Nell Gwyn"—Paramount. Pleasing entertainment. Dorothy Gish, in the historical role of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, displays her well-known talents as a madcap comedienne.

"One Minute to Play"—F. B. O. "Red" Grange makes his screen début in a highly agreeable football picture, with an exciting climax.

"Palm Beach Girl, The"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in a fast and furious comedy, laid in Florida and crowded with complications and thrills. Lawrence Gray plays leading man.

"Puppets"—First National. Love and treachery in New York's Bowery. Milton Sills, as the Italian master of a puppet show, foils all enemies and wins the girl, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Raggedy Rose"—Pathé. Successful return of Mabel Normand in a corking good slapstick comedy, dealing with the adventures of a waif who breaks into high society.

"Rainsmaker, The"—Paramount. Interesting chiefly for the sympathetic performance of William Collier, Jr., who has actually gone bald, as a jockey. Georgia Hale effective as the girl.

"Ranson's Folly"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as an exciting-loving young army lieutenant of the 80s, who gets himself into real trouble as the result of an idle prank. Dorothy Mackaill the girl.

"Rolling Home"—Universal. One of Reginald Denny's best. Rapid, amusing comedy of two young men who return home pretending to be millionaires and actually become such. Marian Nixon is the girl.

"Runaway, The"—Paramount. Showing the successful transformation of a city girl into a country lass. Good cast, including Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.

"Say It Again"—Paramount. Richard Dix in another genuinely pleasant comedy. Satire on the mythical-king-
dom type of film. Chester Conklin amusing in regal roles, and Alice Mills makes Edna Varconi a grotesque.

"Señor Daredevil"—First National. A Western with Mexican trappings. Ken Maynard, in silks and sashes, does all that is expected of a Western daredevil. Dorothy Devore is the girl in gingham.

"Show Off, The"—Paramount. Not as funny as the play, but quite amusing. Ford Sterling somewhat too mature for the famous rôle of the show off. Lois Wilson is the girl.

"Silence"—Producers Distributing. Striking moving performance by H. B. Warner in interesting film version of this well-known crook melodrama. Vera Reynolds is the girl—both mother and daughter.

"Silken Shackles"—Warner. Well directed. The flirtatious wife of an American in Budapest pursues a café violinist, but eventually comes to her senses. Irene Rich, Hunter Gordon, and Victor Varconi are corne.


"So This Is Paris"—Warner. Lubitsch offers another masterpiece of light marital comedy. Monte Blue and Pauline Lord, Lilyan Tashman and Andre Beranger, are the two involved couples.

"Speeding Venus, The"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean, in a newly invented gearless automobile, races a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

"Strong Man, The"—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the role of the brainless hero who doesn't know. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambling assistant of a professional strong man.

"Subway Sadie"—First National. Unusual and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

"Up in Mabel's Room"—Producers Distributing. Vigorous domestic farce, good for many laughs. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harrison Ford are the entangled trio.

"Volcano"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in the emotional rôle of a girl in the tropics, who doesn't know whether she is white or not. Lovely settings and picturesque costumes. Also Ricardo Cortez.

"Volga Boatman, The"—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, concerning the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elenore Fair are very good.


"Wet Paint"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith turns into a slapstick comedian in a film which you enjoy in spite of yourself. Helene Costello is the heroine.

"Why Girls Go Back Home"—Warner. Patsy Ruth Miller and Clive Brook in a film of a small-town girl who becomes a Broadway star and brings her husband home to meet the folks.

"Wilderness Woman, The"—First National. Aileen Pringle bursts into comedy, with highly entertaining results. Chester Conklin adds to the fun, and Lowell Sherman makes the film complete.


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"Amateur Gentleman, The"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a dull, spiritless picture adapted from Jef- fery Horn's novel and laid in the time of the regency. Tale of a pug-tutist's son who aspires to be a gentleman.

"Clinging Vine, The"—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Beatrice Joy. Silly film, that might have been amusing, of manishness, and manish business girl blossoms into cooing dove. Tom Moore also wasted.

"Devil's Island"—Chadwick. Pauline Frederick an amusing, but not unpleasant, Turgid melodrama involving the prisoners on the small penal island off the coast of South America, whither certain French criminals are sent for life.

"Diplomacy"—Paramount. Only mildly interesting. Adapted from the well-known play dealing with international intrigue. Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton.

"Ella Cinders"—First National. Adapted from the newspaper comic strip. Barbara Stanwyck is the heroine. Colleen Moore amusing in rôle of domestic drudge who rises to movie fame. Lloyd Hughes wins her.

"Fig Leaves"—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with modern sequencers, of what happens to a wife who cares too much for clothes. George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"Great Deception, The"—First National. A feeble melodrama of the late war, with Ben Lyon as a supposed spy and Aileen Pringle as the girl. Of no particular interest.

"Her Big Night"—Universal. Laura La Plante in a long-drawn-out film of a shopgirl whose resemblance to a movie star puts her in the way of a thousand dollars.

"Her Honor the Governor"—F. B. O. again Pauline Frederick ably plays a tense, emotional mother rôle. A melo-drama of political intrigue, somewhat too theatrical for the screen. And Aileen Pringle is the girl.

"Into Her Kingdom"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a far-fetched film based on the theory that a daughter of the late czar of Russia marries a Bolshevist and comes to America to keep shop. The gorgeous Einar Hansen is the bolshevist.

"It's the Old Army Game"—Paramount. Starring W. C. Fields. Amusing only up to a point. Louise Brooks makes this way safe and simple.

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is the pert and provocative girl in the case.

"Last Frontier, The"—Producers Distributing. The pioneer days again. William Boyd, as a stalwart young scout, and Marguerite de la Motte, as a flowerlike Southern woman, are the lover of the case.

"Marriage Clause, The"—Universal. A melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but outlined to be slow and a little dull.

"Miss Nobody"—Paramount. Far-fetched, poorly acted film in which Anna Q. Nilsson, a runaway disguised as a boy, accidentally becomes one of a gang of hobos, there meeting Walter Pidgeon.

"Mlle. Modiste"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a showy adaptation of the old-time operetta. Not much more than a succession of beautiful clothes, as worn by the hero.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is the tippler, George Lewis and June Marlone the youngsters.

"Packed"—Paramount. Absurdly improbable tale of a stern, bigoted father whose self-righteousness is the death of his wife and the ruin of his daughter. Lois Moran, Nancy Beery, and Louise Dresser.

"Pals First"—First National. A sentimental, complicated film featuring one of those Southern plantations with a missing heir, the latter being at last discovered in a gang of crooks. Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

"Paris"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silly story made entertaining by the performances of Charles Ray and Harry D tablet. A rich American becomes enamored of an apache girl and fights it out with her apache lover, Douglas Gilmore.

"Prince of Pilsen, The"—Producers Distributing. German-American and daughter go to Germany and become involved with princes and politics. Anita Stewart, Allan Forrest, and George Sidney.

"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the role of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.


"Sap, The"—Warner. Good idea badly handled. Mother's boy goes to war and accidentally becomes hero, only to be bullheaded and return home. Kenneth Harlan in the lead.

"Social Highwayman, The"—Warner. A hodge-podge film, dealing with the exploits of a cub reporter, played by John Patrick. Dorrats is a go-getting young lady writer.

"Sleepy Side Up"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds' first starring picture. A pert wait in a pickle factory rises to wealth and fame as a prima donna.

"Three Bad Men"—Fox. Fine picturization of the West of the '70s, though the plot is thin and slow. Besides the "three bad men," there are George O'Brien and Olive Borden.


"Under Western Skies"—Universal. Unconvincing film of rich young idler who goes West and proves himself a "man." Norman Kerry and Anne Cornwall.

"Unknown Soldier, The"—Producers Distributing. Another war picture, inclined to become tiresome, in spite of many poignant as well as amusing moments. Charlie Litchfield, Mack and Marguerite de la Motte.


"Wise Guy, The"—First National. A film with no end of plot, but little else, showing how a medical man and his accomplishments cheers the public. James Kehoe and Betty Compson.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Josep, form the royal family, and Bessie Love is the American girl.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

to Irving Asher. Neither is Norma Shearer married. Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morosco; she was formerly the wife of Webster Campbell, a director. Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico, and Betty Bronson in Trenton, New Jersey. William Collier—I suppose you mean William, Jr.—is not married. Norma's son in "Secrets" were played by George Cowl and Frank Elliott—the son grown up, that is.

A HARRISON FORD CLUB wishes to make its bow to the Ford fans. For further particulars, write the club president, Miss Lilian Louisa Noria, 612 West Wentworth Avenue, Chicago.

MARY LEE.—I'll just have to do something about this hobbed-hair business. I never can remember whether or not an actress' hair is bobbed. As for Mrs. Jack Holt and Mrs. Tom Mix, there is no question. I should know, since they both live in California, and I have never met either of them—they do not appear on the screen. Jack Holt is six feet tall; Tom Mix is five feet eight inches.

ROSEMARY.—You must be patient, Rosemary: I can't answer questions in the "next issue." Colleen Moore is the "one blue eye. Her picture "Dilettantes" was changed in title to "It Must Be Love." Following that will be "Twinkletoes." Mae Murray's new plays are "Altars of Desire," and "Valencia." Sally O'Neill has been work-
THE MOVIE FANS' FRIENDSHIP CLUB seems to have an unlimited number of "Honorary Presidents"—Olive Borden, George O'Brien, Patsy Ruth Miller, Alberta Vaughn, Ben Lyon—oh, that's not all! And it has a very interesting little club magazine. For further particulars, write Charles Mank, Jr., 226 East Mill Street, Stauton, Illinois, inclosing a two-cent stamp.

JANET YELLE CUTLER.—So you go to see Norma's films at two o'clock and stay until six! She began playing in pictures when she was about fourteen. She lived in Brooklyn, where the Vitagraph studio was located, and just hung around every day until she got a job; it was not so difficult in those days to obtain picture work, when fewer girls and boys were trying. That, of course, is not the reason Norma rose to fame. I don't know whether she takes exercises every day to keep fit, or not.

R. E. F.—How can I find time and space to answer all this mail? Well, I'm paid for my time and I'm given the space! Diana in "The Sheik" was played by Agnes Ayres. Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie away from the screen. In "Chickie", Jake was played by Paul Nicholson. The leading man was John Bowes, and Jonathan was played by Hobart Bosworth. Those are the only three men listed in the cast. Clara Bow is included in the address list at the end of this department. Clara is twenty-one and is five feet three inches tall. Why don't you write Joseph Schildkraut for a picture?

A LLOYD HUGHES ADMIRER.—A hurricane has come and gone in your neighborhood, and you haven't seen one in Florida. Lloyd Hughes is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. As far as I know, that is his real name; I think his wife's real name is Gloria Hope Haas. No, I don't know either of them personally, as they live in California.

JEAN MAE.—No, your first quiz wasn't overdone—neither was it raw, if you don't mind a little punning. Valentino was born in Italy, of Italian parents. Richard Talmadge is American born, of Italian parents; he is real, also you see he isn't related to the Talmadge sisters. Yes, Marie Dressler used to play in film comedies, also on the stage. She is back. When she was a young girl she was a stage-travelogue all over Europe. I haven't asked Pola Negri statistics about her current weight, but she looks fatter to me than she used to. Gail Hurny, like many of the other former favorites, has disappeared from the screen; she is married to Bruno Becker, and I suppose she has given up publicity for domesticity. Anna Q. Nilsson was featured in "Half a Dollar Bill," Eva Novak did not appear in that picture.

MABEL YOUNG.—Thank you, Miss Young, I now have the cast of "Racing Hearts," and it was Richard Dix who played opposite Agnes Ayres. Mahlon Dyer was the second choice. If you are lonesome and want to correspond with someone, why don't you write in to some of the fan correspondence clubs constantly being announced in this department?

ALONZO.—So you think I am "the berries"? That's all right with me, so long as it isn't the razzberry. Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, April 1, 1883. When he was a youngster, he and his brother used to produce amateur plays. Lon is five feet ten inches, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. His wife is the...

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Joe N. }
The Better Pictures Club would like to hear from all those fans who are interested in joining the club president, Miss Blanche Renicker, 29 Fernwood Avenue, Rochester, New York, who thinks the fans would be interested in a wager the club has with one of the leading producers of the film companies. The film producer feels that those of the public who shout loudest for wholesome, worthwhile films are the very fans who patronize the cheap movies. The club insists that film fans will back the producers in support of a "better pictures movement." Miss Renicker would like to get the club's reactions to the producer's picture "Adventure." The club members vote on the stars who have contributed toward better pictures, and the six stars so far selected are: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Laura La Plante, and Reginald Denny. Carl Laemmle is the club's honorary president.

Virginia Ann—Now don't you speak about "bothering me," when you ask questions. How could a window cleaner make a living, for instance, if no one had any windows? William Boyd doesn't give his age. He is very private, I think. Yes, he played in "Forty Winks." Donald O'Connor is in his early twenties. No, he did not play in "Secrets." Norma's son in that picture was played by Francis Feeney and Winston Miller. Since then, both have been impersonated by George Cowl and Frank Elliott.

Matt Duka.—If you think you can worry me, I'll just fool ye! I can't afford to have questions keep me from sleeping or how would I have my eight hours? Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899 and grew up in Texas. He is five feet eight and a half inches tall, and weighs 165 pounds. Some of his most recent pictures include "Up and Down," "The Great Love," "Wild Oats Lane," and "The Taxi Mystery." Yes, Johnnie Walker plays Stephen Deaver in "Old Ironsides." In the film version of "Merton of the Movies," Elliott Roth played the movie star, Harold Parnalee.

The Tom Mix Admirees' Club asks to be addressed. Admirees may write to Waldorf P. Libby, Box 1017, Fort Benning, Georgia.

Addresses of Players.


Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ramon Novarro, Barney Balch, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Banton, and John Barrymore, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.


Gila Grey, Rob Dan, Thomas Meighan, Carol Dempster, Lois Moran, Louise Brooks, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky, 6912 Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Leslie Fenton, Lou Tellegen, Margaret Living- ston, Bob Clancy, and Bellamy, George O'Brien, Alna Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Earle Fox, Harvey, Olive Herr- den, and Virginia Valli, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Dolores Costello, Helene Costel- llo, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Travers, the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Marie Prevost, John Bowers, Jack Horie, Harrison Ford, at Producers Distributing Corpora- tion, Culver City, California.

Alberta Vaughn, Adamas Vaughn, Viola Dana, George O'Hara, Short Gertrude, Grant Withers, at the P. O. Studio, 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. George Hackathorne, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-Fourth Street, New York City.


Robert Agnew, 6557 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Robert Agnew, 6557 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Berier, 1307 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Franceso, 1174 West Gower Street, Holly- wood, California.

Julianne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm Seastrom, 6045 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7927 Emmelia Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Thoby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, 763 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Mabel Julienne Scott, Yucca Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray, 3151 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boule- vard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figuera Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Rittman, 150 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Buddie Jones, 1151 N. Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Nasimova, 8580 Sunset Boulevard, Holly- wood, California.

Charles Anthony, 10424 Klamath Avenue, Westwood, Los Angeles, California.


Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Holly- wood, California.

Henry Waithall, 618 Beverly Drive, Bever- ly Hills, California.


George M. Cohan, 2044 Forty-Fourth Street, West Forty-Fourth Street, New York City.

Betty Blythe, 1361 Laurel Avenue, Holly- wood, California.

Estelle Taylor, Barbara Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1332 Taft Avenue, Los Ange- les, California.

Sally Long, 261 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Garrett Griffith, 1528 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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Picture-Play Magazine

Volume XXV

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FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

The Wedding March
Directed by Erich von Stroheim

THE thrilling story of a fascinating Prince who loved lightly and not for long, and of a peasant girl who dared to love him, told against the glamorous background of Vienna before the war, as only the amazing genius of Erich von Stroheim can picture it.

The Rough Riders

The Story of a Boy, a Regiment and a Nation


Metropolis

A Glimpse into the Future

SKYSCRAPERS pierce the sky and dungeons reach the bowels of the earth in this drama of mythical metropolis a hundred years from now. Pictured with such amazing realism and with such startling photographic effects that it will leave you breathless. An UFA Production. Directed by Fritz Lang.

ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Harold Lloyd

In a New Comedy

HAROLD took his Father's place as sheriff—just in fun—but Dad made him go through with it—and that wasn't fun, what with a feud on his hands! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. Directed by Lewis Milestone and Ted Wilde.

The Popular Sin

A Comedy of Love, Marriage and Divorce

With Florence Vidor and Three Fascinating Sinners

IN an atmosphere of Parisian society and back stage life, Malcolm St. Clair weaves a gay tale of love, marriage and divorce. Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen and Philip Strange are the sinners. Story by Monte Bell.
A SPARKLING "FILM STRUCK" Begins in Next Month's SERIAL & PICTURE-PLAY

NEEDLESS to say it is all about the movies—not as they might be, but as they are. Roland Ashmore Phillips is the author, and his skill in describing the hopes and fears of Oscar Whiffle, the small-town hero of this absorbing story, will make the reader forget his own identity and become Oscar instead. Beginning as the genius behind a lunch counter in a delicatessen, Mr. Whiffle unknowingly stumbles into the movies and hardly knows what it's all about until he finds himself launched on a career. From then on surprises and thrills, laughter and tears, fade in and out of the pages until Oscar remains an intimate friend you will never forget.

All this means—don't miss Picture-Play for March!

And there are still other reasons. How May McAvoy has boosted her salary will make you wonder that so small a girl should have such an excess of business ability—until you learn something about her ancestry. What Richard Dix's sister thinks of him will make Richard's fans wonder not at all, but will please them vastly.

An intimate glimpse of Mae Murray and her husband, Prince David Divani, will explain why Mae tells everybody these days that she never knew happiness before her present marriage.

Sojin, the Japanese actor whose villainy in pictures is always interesting, reveals secrets of his make-up.

In short, Picture-Play's contents next month will explain to you why it is the best magazine of the screen.
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Formulas for the baby’s food that are easily understood, simple in their adjustment and containing all the elements of nutrition required for full nourishment of every part of the body may be readily prepared from just three constituents—Mellin’s Food, cow’s milk and water.

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Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

A Retort from a Girl Who Smokes.

The letter from Doris Burns of Dallas, Texas, "inspired by the article by Mr. Oettinger about Louise Brooks," is the most delightful thing I've ever read. It is quite encouraging that any one can feel so strongly about the subject of girls smoking. I regard my jaundiced forefinger pensively. Yes, smoking is certainly delicate. I recall an article I read about a lady engaged in the anti-tobacco movement. She went around stamping on cigarette butts. As I remember it, she said she had stamped on one thousand butts in a single day. She added modestly that it was one of her best days. I meditated that I stamped on only about twenty a day—but they were all my own. In future, I resolved, I would leave a few about in noticeable places, hoping she might come on them and add a few to her number. Such a noble soul should be encouraged in her work.

I quite agree with Miss Burns in her anger about the suggestion of Miss Brooks "getting ahead by hard work." There is the notorious case of the bees. I know of nobody who works as they do and gets ahead so little. Although I have often gone to the ants and considered their ways, I have come back no wiser. They seem to work so that their descendants may be brought forth only to work just as hard.

As for the reticence of Miss Brooks, we must not be too hard on her. Maybe as a sensitive child of seven she was beaten by her mother for brightly babbling that mother had burned the soup. Also one must not condemn the poor girl's haughty conceit. As for hissing! Come, come, Miss Burns, you must control these childish passions. Perhaps you say you like to hiss—that hissing has become a habit with you. Resolve that you will give up hissing each day till after breakfast.

Astrid Peters.

37 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York.

Why Shouldn't She Smoke?

This letter is inspired by the unjust criticism written by Doris Burns about Louise Brooks. Why give Miss Brooks the cold shoulder just because she smokes? She is frank about her cigarettes. She doesn't wait until she is in her boudoir, as many others do.

Miss Burns should also take into consideration that some people are naturally more reserved than others. Perhaps this is the way with Miss Brooks. Worse than conceit is deceit. If Miss Brooks did not feel agreeable, why assume that manner? Only people that are prejudiced could ever say, "Three hisses for her!" I would rather say, "Three cheers for them all—Brooksy, Mr. Oettinger, and Picture-Play!"

Here's wishing Miss Brooks all the success in the world in her moving-picture career.

North Baltimore, Ohio.

Letha Kelsey.

Hurrah for the Modern Woman!

After reading all the criticisms handed in by the fans from Egypt in the November issue of Picture-Play, I find myself wondering who this mortal thinks he is. He has done nothing but criticize our actresses. It may be quite the thing in Egypt to have loads of hair crowding away a woman's brains, but here where freedom is a divine right, and where women in every walk of life have done away with burdensome and unwholesome masses of hair and have acquired the shingle and various styles of bobbed hair, I see nothing but an advanced beauty appearing.

Women look like women, now as well as at any time previous. And women can dress as they see fit, and not all veiled and tanged in cumbersome, entangling drapes. It seems to me our friend from Egypt, Manoli A. Benachi, has more than an ordinary amount of nerve to say the abominable things he does of our American movie actresses.

To me, and to all I know, both my friends and my husband's, our present-day women have never had an equal. Our actresses are intelligent, gifted, beautiful beyond the wildest dreams, generous and open-minded. Our women on the whole are far more frank and gracious, far deeper, more truthful, more wholesome, more keen-witted than they have ever been in bygone ages. And this includes our movie actresses!

I think the criticisms of Greta Nissen, Florence Vidor, and Carmel Myers are hatefulely contrived pieces of Mr. Benachi's mind to let us know what he personally thinks of us, as removed from his idea of what women should be—an ancient idea that women should be forever kowtowing to men.

The table of impressions of Gerald C. Hamm is indeed an excellent one. I am heartily glad some one voices the thought that such old men as House Peters and Conway Tearle, and I shall add Milton Sills, should be confined to play old men and not young heroes. They are admirable figures, but they have a better place than that of lovers and heroic young gallants.

1305 Rock Street, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Mrs. G. Lawrence.

A Word for the Old-fashioned Type.

This is the first time I've written to Picture-Play, but I just had to write and let Manoli A. Benachi know Continued on page 10.
We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100%  

Read how to do it in “PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE”, the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

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Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

there are some American girls who, though not in any way connected with the movies, still have their opinions as to what they admire in the opposite sex.

In an interview with him that the screen actresses who wrote for the article, “What I Admire Most in a Man,” gave altogether foolish and unimportant answers. Unfortunately most of young American women are not interested enough today to make these minor details all important. But let me state that not entirely all of younger America is of the same caliber. Some girls still admire a man by the strength of his character and moral principles. They are the things that really count, and I sincerely hope there are still some young men left who can possess them.

I believe I am not alone, however, when you view the version that features the unhappy ending. Critics should write glowing accounts of the acting of Marguerite de la Motte if they wish to resist the tendency of the present time to absolutely obliterate all moral standards. There are still some girls who admire men.

State Teachers College, Farmville, Virginia.

Misrepresented.

Upon witnessing the picture, “Men of Steel,” I must say I was very much engrossed by the quick proceedings that continually occurred.

I have absolutely nothing against the act-
ing, because it was good, but I really was amazed at the presentation of the Mesaba range. I just wish the director had taken a little trip up here and looked around for himself. Mesaba is large. None of our mines is as small as the one pictured in the film. Here in Hibbing we have the largest open-pit mine in the world and, besides, we can’t host it.

It seemed rather ridiculous the way Doris Kenyon dressed as a range girl. You could never at any time in the past have found an American girl dressed in that way before. Nevertheless her acting was good, as it always is.

I feel highly indignant at the way we were represented, and I speak not only for myself but for my many friends who have dwelt here and have watched the range grow from timber country to ore mines.

V. Hagadorn.

Kelly Lake, Minnesota.

Disappointed in Lillian Gish.

Since reading Madeline Glass’ interview with Lillian Gish in the November issue of The Motion Picture Magazine, I have been an admiral of the demure star who so naïvely questions, “Do they criticize me?” Frankly, I don’t believe Lillian is as dumb as that question would brand her, but why, oh, why, does she feel it necessary to adopt such a pose of ignorance and feel that it is no more than her due to be labeled the “Bernhardt of the screen.” Such fickleness is not pleasing and, in this instance, I would prefer being deceived, I believe, by a bit of well-chosen diplomacy. Personally, I believe the public is better off in general with a screen or on a stage, better off, or at least, with a current screen star and an “admirable technic”-ian. Lillian cannot interpret a part successfully unless the rôle in question is that of a forlorn character buffeted by fate.

Louise Blakeley.

Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans, Louisiana.

If—

If I were Cecil B. De Mille or any of his associates, I certainly should spend untiring efforts in search of material for Jetta Goudal. Miss-Goudal is one of the most fascinating and colorful actresses on the screen.

If I were Richard Barthelmess, I should climb the rickety attic stairs. From the musty trunk I should gather all my ragged country-boy clothes. I should whistle to my dog, sleeping in the shadows. I should make another picture similar to “To’able Davyd."

If I were Christie Brothers, I shouldn’t film any more stage farces such as the current “Up in Mabel’s Room.” Conversation is a weakness of mine, and when it is, the results are headaches and aspirin.

If you feel that the movies are going to the dogs, I advise you to see ‘The Unknown Soldier’—this picture is my idea of an art picture minus, however, when you view the version that features the unhappy ending. Critics should write glowing accounts of the acting of Marguerite de la Motte if they wish to resist the tendency of the present time to absolutely obliterate all moral standards. There are still some girls who admire men.

401 Spruce Street, San Francisco, California.

Ever since I discovered PICTURE-PLAY, I have found it a delightful magazine, but my indignation was incited by the opinions of Mr. Oettinger and Miss Clump regarding actors and actresses.

After the conviction of space, I shall speak only of one criticism that seemed to me absurd. Mr. Oettinger, speaking of Ramon Novarro, used these words, "actor be decidedly is not." He admitted that Novarro had a place on the screen, but only because of his personality. I gathered that the box-office attraction of this star is due to a "shapely nose.

Novarro is handsome and has personality, but his career is founded on histrionic ability. He has no rival in romance and pathos, and as a star he commands attention. He is never Novarro. While he is more readily adapted to certain types, I can imagine no part that he could not play convincingly, and in "Babbitt" he played the part of a character which I do not believe another actor could have portrayed.

Novarro has suffered from length of time between features, from some mediocre material, from excessive publicity prior to releases, but his acting makes even an inadequate story worth waiting for.

Mr. Oettinger says that Novarro’s popularity will not be lasting. I anticipate that his popularity will endure and increase. Although he has appeared in few pictures, he has a large and enthusiastic audience, but I hope this audience will increase and to increase its numbers, he needs a better deal from M.-G.-M.

I am glad to read that Novarro is to be the prince in “Old Heidelberg.” In this picture, Novarro should convert Mr. Oettinger.

All this despite the fact that Mr. Novarro failed to answer my letter which, I believe, that grievous disappointment does not alter my conviction that he possesses and displays remarkable acting ability.


Her Idol Has Fallen.

Recently I read an article in regard to the separation of a famous movie star from her second husband. As this particular...
From a dinner pail Job
To Superintendent

Cooke" Training did it

MAN!—If you could only realize one-tenth of the possibilities there are for you in Electricity, your voice would ring with determination as you say, "I'm going to get into it!"

KLEMZ DID—and in 18 months was making $100 a week. PENCE DID TOO—and rose from a $28-a-week job to an income better than $750 a month. Both small-pay men once—but TODAY Cooke-Trained, Big-Pay Electrical Experts!

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Thousands of others have risen just as surely and rapidly, and still other thousands will rise just as surely and rapidly. For now, as never before, Electricity offers golden opportunities to trained men. The need is far greater than the supply—Big-Pay positions MUST be filled. Is it surprising then that thousands of Cooke-trained men earn $75 to $200 a week—$3,500 to $10,000 a year!

What about YOU? Are you to remain chained to a poor-pay job and an uncertain future—or will you, too, become an Electric Expert and step into a real-pay job—a man-sized executive position?

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The Work-Sheet Job-Ticket Method of Chief Engineer Cooke offers you thorough, simplified, quick instruction. It is interesting—easy to understand—absolutely practical—tried and proven—COMPLETE. It requires no high school or college training—demands ONLY a part of your spare time at home.

Even while learning you are shown how to make real money. Many Cooke-trained men earn $75 to $35 a week in spare time alone! The tools, equipment and accessories needed for this work are included in the course—Five Complete Working Outfits. Surely you will not pass up such an opportunity. It spells BIG-PAY—SUCCESS for any red-blooded, up-and-doing man!

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When Audiences Weep

Instances of the upsetting effect of emotional films on both men and women, young and old, rich and poor.

By Harold Seton

The familiar quotation declares, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you! Weep, and you weep alone!" But, like so many other familiar quotations, this one is not precisely accurate. It is contradicted every day at motion-picture theaters, and when audiences weep, they pay a sincere tribute to the art of the actor.

Film fans have been enlightened concerning ways and means of producing tears during the filming of emotional scenes. They have been informed how glycerine is sometimes squirted on the eyes and cheeks, and how sliced onions are concealed in handkerchiefs. So, when a cinema player weeps and the world weeps in sympathy, the world is proved to be more tender-hearted than is generally supposed!

Women are asserted to be more sentimental than men. At any rate, they are more straightforward in admitting the fact. They talk frankly of having "enjoyed" a sad picture, and confess having had "a good cry." I have never known a man to express it that way. But I have observed the stronger vessels following the example of the weaker, and blinking their lids and blowing their noses. When discovered in the act, however, the "lords of creation" generally attempt to conceal their sensibility, and with a clearing of the throat and an assumption of indifference, they put on a wan sort of smile and even snicker derisively.

But it is too late. They have already betrayed themselves. And a good thing too! There is nothing "unmanly" in being moved by pathos, whether in real life or reel life. There is nothing "mawkish" in being affected by mother love, or father love, or any decent love, for that matter.

During a showing of "Stella Dallas" in New York, the playhouse where this wonderful production was exhibited was filled with weeping men and women, and as successive audiences filed out at the conclusion of the spectacle, there was much sniffing indulged in. I did my full share when I saw the film.

At a movie once, when a scene was revealed in which a wayward son was being cast off by an irate father while a loving mother was begging in vain for her boy, I was amused to hear much gasping and gulping from the male occupants of two seats behind me. I finally ventured to peer around my shoulder, and saw two big, strapping young fellows mopping their eyes. Apparently resenting my glance, and feeling ashamed of their emotion, one said to the other, "Aw, shucks! I don't like this sort of picture! Let's beat it!" The other agreed, and so they "beat it."

On another occasion, the young invalid wife of a poor workingman was seen dying from lack of care and attention, and an old white-haired and white-bearded man in the audience set up such a sobbing that the spell under which most of us had been held was broken and a laugh echoed through the theater.

Once at Newport, Rhode Island, where the picture theaters are well patronized by the sailors from the naval training station and from the warships anchored in the harbor, I made my exit at the same time as a couple of young bluejackets. The movie had been a sad one, and the two lads had evidently been affected by it. Looking at each other rather shamefacedly, they began punching and pummelling in an attempt to prove that they were not as sentimental as the normal human being is meant to be, but were as "salty and sea-going" as "sailors" are supposed to be. The most inappropriate tears I remember at a movie theater were those shed once by a young woman sitting in front of me with a young man, evidently her husband. The picture was a farce comedy, and everybody else in the audience was laughing. These two were arguing when they came in, and continued arguing while viewing the feature. I overheard some of their remarks, and after the man urged the girl to "stop nagging," she declared that "he always spoiled her pleasure." It was then that she began to weep. Thus, there are tears and tears!

Once, on my way out of a theater, after the showing of a pathetic picture that had caused much weeping, I observed that a young woman usher had evidently been crying also.

"It was very sad, wasn't it?" I remarked.

"What was sad?" she inquired.

"The picture they showed," I persisted.

"I don't know—I didn't look at it," she avowed. "I have a toothache!"
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

star has been one of my favorites for many years. This is with a great deal of sorrow that I drop her from the list of favorites.

When she divorced her first husband a short time after her marriage, I was disappointed, of course. I do not condemn her; perhaps, for not knowing any of the facts of the separation, I felt that I should be doing her injustice by blaming her, so I gave her the benefit of the doubt. However, when I read of her separation from her second husband, after being married only eight months, well, that was the straw that broke the camel's back. Of course I do not know any of the facts of her second separation any more than I knew of the first, but it does show what little respect this particular young lady has for marriage.

She says that her career means more to her than marriage, which was also what she said at the time of her separation from her first husband. If her career means so much to her, she doesn't have a "catch your step" or she may wake up some fine day to find herself minus a career.

The public cannot respect and admire a star who does not conduct herself with any respect and all at once, and it will certainly break any star who does not show the proper respect for marriage. They might "get by" for a while, but eventually they will pay.

I hope that my former favorite's conduct in the future will be such that I will be able to regain my lost love and respect for her. Nola Berew.

St. Louis, Missouri.

A Glorious Past Gone Wrong.

Why doesn't some able and kindly person do filmland the infinite service of stopping D. W. Griffith on his erratic course, and convincing him of the error of his ways before he does any further damage?

He has been a very great director. His brain was once the keystone in the business, and his pictures were masterpieces. Very well. We remember that. These facts are properly in our memories, and that is probably why he has been tolerated so long in his new path to perdition. For that is what it will turn out to be for him if he doesn't change now.

"Sally of the Sawdust," with its vulgarity, or "That Royle Girl," with its immorality, then will "Nemesis most surely overtake him."

We would rather remember a glorious past than be disillusioned by an atrocious present or an unthinkable future. Either retrieve gracefully and retain your past laurels, Mr. Griffith, or make worthy pictures, and gather fresh ones. BETTIE EDWARDS.


Take That!

In a recent number of Picture-Play, one of the fans correspondents took a catty dig at Jetta Goudal, demanding "I'd like to know the opinion of others about her." All right, since the Cheshire cat asks for it, I, for one, will give her mine.

While I have more or less of a yearning for quite a number of the screen actresses and actors, there are three or so whose films I am willing to put myself to real inconvenience. Miss Goudal happens to be on this exclusive list. The others, if mentioned, will receive an umbrella with two hoops to any body, are Zasu Pitts and Joseph Schildkrout.

Paris, France. DOWRIGH.

Continued on page 112
Suppose It Were Against the Law to Laugh!

Suppose you didn’t dare to laugh! Suppose that a good, hearty laugh would land you in jail! Absurd, you say, to have a law against laughing? Of course. You can’t stop people from laughing—and no one wants to.

Which leads us to inquire—How much do you laugh? Do you laugh as you used to when you were a child? Do you get at least one good laugh every day? If not, you’re missing the greatest tonic in the world. The one thing which, more than anything else, would keep you young.

So, if you’ve got the blues—or the cook has left without notice—or there’s another installment due on the radio—or your fiancé has lost his job—forget about it—and laugh!

It’s easy. All you have to do is to grab your hat—and see one of Educational’s Comedies. You’ll enjoy a whole flock of laughs, and your troubles will melt away like mist in the morning sun.

Educational’s Comedies lead the field. You’ll find them in the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. Millions of people in this country alone see them—and laugh over them—every day.

Neither time, talent nor money has ever been spared in making Educational’s Comedies the best that could be produced. For clean, wholesome fun they are unrivaled.

Educational’s supremacy in the Short Feature field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which Educational is famous—newsreels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. You will enjoy them all.

January has been designated by the motion picture industry as “Laugh Month.” In consequence, theatres everywhere are cooperating by featuring comedies of unusual merit. Join in the fun. Treat yourself to a good hearty laugh. And because laughs are meant to be shared, take along the whole family!

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc. E. W. Hammons, President Executive Office 370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier des Grieux, those ill-starred lovers of the 18th century, immortalized in the Abbé Prevost's novel, are brought to the screen to-day by Dolores Costello and John Barrymore in the film entitled "Manon." The tale has necessarily been changed to meet the exigencies of censorship, but the glamour and splendor of old Paris, and the thrill of a deathless love, remain.
The Americanization of Anna Q. Nilsson

Arriving in this country from Sweden at the early age of fourteen, she has risen from the rank of lady's maid to her present eminence in the movies, and has become so much a part of America that she looks upon it as her own and will probably soon become a citizen.

By Edwin Schallert

They call her "a daughter of the vikings" and the pluperfect "movie Cinderella," but I am not going to be cajoled by Hollywood's trite verbal flourishes in telling this story of Anna Q. Nilsson.

To be sure, both descriptions of her are somewhat justified by the facts of her life history. But the Anna that I know is different. She is too cosmopolitan in nature to be more than dimly associated with the dream sagas of Scandinavia, and too distinguished to be spoken of in the same breath with the legendary little waif who pirouetted into a prince's palace.

Anna Q. Nilsson—the "Q." stands for Querentia—has had one of the most steadily gleaming careers in cinema history. It is now sixteen years since she and Alice Joyce played together in their first two-reeler for Kalem. Though Anna has never achieved actual stardom, she has remained always one of the screen's most consistent leading women. She has survived also from a series of vampire roles—and very few rise above this—to which she was consigned in some of her earlier features. She has done so great a variety of parts, ranging from the most ultrafeminine of heroines in "The Greater Glory" to the boyish heroine of "Pomjola," that the label, "versatile," applied undeservedly to so many, really suits Anna.

The strange set of circumstances by which she entered pictures may have been related before, but they will stand repeating, for her life has been one of the most unique in filmdom, and has of late completed a perfect cycle.

Only a few months ago Anna Q. returned for a visit to her native Sweden. It was the second visit that she had made to her birthplace since she had come to America. Her father, mother, and brother still reside in their homeland.

Needless to say, Anna was the center of attention during her sojourn in the small town where they live. Newspaper reporters came from all over Sweden to interview her during the brief two weeks that she was there. That she was not feted publicly, as she had been on the occasion of her previous visit, was due only to the fact that she had not let it be known beforehand that she was coming. The time was so short that she wanted to spend it all with her parents.

And what a home-coming! Imagination might well revel in it! A girl grown rich and celebrated coming back to a family to whom she is sincerely and deeply devoted—even though, in the stoical fashion of the Nordic races, she can bear to be away from them for so long. There were tears of joy at the meeting, and tears of sorrow at the parting—albeit both were hidden. A festal board was spread as a welcome, and just before her departure a touching fireside colloquy was held with her mother and father.

"This second visit meant more to me than the first did," said Anna, on her return to Hollywood. "My parents and I found we were on a more sympathetic and understanding basis than we had been before. The first time I went home, four years ago, there seemed to be a vague sort of estrangement between us. So many years had elapsed, and so much had happened during the separation. My mother wanted to take things up..."
just where we had left off before my departure. She wanted to comb my hair for me and dress me. She could not realize that I had grown up.

"During the four years that passed between that first visit and this second one, my parents had a chance to become adjusted. I found I could tell them things about my life here that would previously have seemed fabulous and perplexing. On my first visit I did not dare even to let them know what sort of salaries motion-picture people are paid in this country. They probably would have thought that I was out of my mind, or else given to extravagant story-telling.

"This time, though, I told my mother all about my experiences. And I found, to my surprise, that she wasn't unaware of conditions in the American movies. She had been reading up on the matter in the meantime. She asked me whether it was true that a good many motion-picture players received two thousand dollars to five thousand dollars per week for their services and when I told her that they did, she looked at me questioningly for a moment, and then asked, 'Do you get that much?'

"For the sake of the family pride I had to tell her that I did get a very high salary. I think she was dazzled, for she didn't say very much except, 'Oh, that's nice!' And of course I had to translate the dollars into crowns for her. I could see that this made

This photo of Anna with her parents was taken on her recent triumphal return to her native Sweden.

her meditate considerably, and smile rather proudly to herself."

The remuneration that Anna received for the first work that she did in America would have seemed much less dazzling. Indeed, during her first efforts at making her own way, she was lucky to earn enough to pay for her room and board, and it was in the modest vocation of household service that she embarked. She was a maid in the home of a rich New England family. She couldn't obtain anything else to do because she knew no English.

This goes back to the time when she was in her early teens—fourteen, to be exact. She had worked in the beet fields of her native land, partly for a lark in the summer, and partly because she thought that every girl ought to do something to be independent. Later on she contracted to carry her job through the entire year, in order to earn passage to America. She was determined to come to this country, because she believed that here everybody sooner
The model millionaire, how a emergence different mind profile is ing do inevitably be 18 first or Beckwith, Though for hers later movies. At to-day and a beauty, and exquisite thread figures. Those who knew her when she first became associated with films declare that she was one of the most exquisite types that had ever come into the movies. Her hair was radiantly golden. She was slender and fine-featured, with much of the height that is hers to-day and with the same rare profile. Anna's profile is something that has inspired artists and is inevitably remembered.

For all her beauty, however, her chance of success hung by a thread during the first year of her stay in this country. The people with whom she had come over had promised to return her to her parents after a brief visit. At the end of six months, she had made up her mind that she wanted to remain longer, but in order to do so she had to make a declaration of independence. And she did—fortunately for the American movies.

It was as an artist’s model that Anna first attracted attention. A chance meeting with the portrait painter, Beckwith, provided the opportunity. She had been looking for a certain address, and had stopped to ask direc-

tions of a girl on the street, when Beckwith happened to emerge from a near-by building in which he had his studio. He spoke to the other girl, who was a model, and thinking Anna a model, too, asked her if she would pose for him some time. She didn’t quite understand what “pose” meant, but knew enough to realize that it signified a job. Beckwith was a man well up in years, and looked safe and dependable, so she said she would.

The Swedish colony in which she was living viewed the matter in a different light, however. They were immediately up in arms against her engaging in so precarious a venture. It was against all their precedents for a girl to do anything so entirely frivolous and unnecessary as standing still for long hours while an artist painted pictures of her. They tried to prevail on Anna to forgo her plan, but she finally convinced them that it wouldn’t do any harm to give the experiment at least a trial.

Beckwith was a man of dignified character. He advised her never to pose for anybody until he personally had given his approval. He early discovered Anna’s deception in having allowed him to believe that she was a model, but he forgave her for it.

There is no need to reiterate the story of how she subsequently acted as a model in turn for Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, Clarence Underwood, and James Montgomery Flagg, and how she eventually became the original Penrhyn Stanlaws girl.

It was during this period as a model that she formed the friendship with Alice Joyce that has endured up to the present time. The two constantly visit each other on their respective sets when they both happen to be in the West, or both in the East. And they always read the same books and study the same subjects.

There hasn’t been anything spectacular about Miss Nilsson’s success, and she has never been in one of the so-called big million-dollar pictures such as bring so many stars into the spotlight. “The Greater Glory,” in which she recently appeared, was destined to be just such a big production, but after fully three quarters of a million had been spent on it, it failed to reach this fulfillment. It was literally hacked to pieces before it was shown.

Still, Anna has had two very notable roles within recent years—Desmond in Cynthia Stockley’s “Ponjola,” and Cherry Malotte in the second version of Rex Beach’s “The Spoilers.” These, with the parts that she has played opposite Lewis Stone, have brought her the greatest popularity. So much popularity, in fact, that, a season or two ago, she was rated among exhibitors as one of the six foremost leading women.

The Anna Q. of to-day is, of course, a vastly different person from the girl with a slender knowledge of American ways and customs, and an even slighter ac-

Though often called a “daughter of the vikings,” Anna Q. has grown so far away from her early surroundings that the epithet is no longer very applicable.

or later became a millionaire, and she too wanted to amass a fortune in seven figures.

How beautiful Anna was at this time of her life may be only conjectured. Her hair was radiantly golden. She was slender and fine-featured, with much of the height that is hers to-day and with the same rare profile. Anna's profile is something that has inspired artists and is inevitably remembered.

For all her beauty, however, her chance of success hung by a thread during the first year of her stay in this country. The people with whom she had come over had promised to return her to her parents after a brief visit. At the end of six months, she had made up her mind that she wanted to remain longer, but in order to do so she had to make a declaration of independence. And she did—fortunately for the American movies.

It was as an artist's model that Anna first attracted attention. A chance meeting with the portrait painter, Beckwith, provided the opportunity. She had been looking for a certain address, and had stopped to ask dir
quaintance with the English language, who came to this country in her early teens with the hope of earning a fortune. Her poise is rare and outstanding. She has a presence that captures the eye immediately, whether it be in the theater or any other public gathering. She is known also for her bonhomaine. She loves life and gaiety, and has one of the largest circles of friends of any one in the film colony.

If there is even a slight trace of accent in Anna's speech now, it is well-nigh imperceptible. She speaks in quick, crisp syllables—rapidly and not unmusically. She could, no doubt, if she wanted to, go on the stage, or register spoken lines for some such contrivance as the Vitaphone—and without any special training. At the Vitaphone première, however, she laughingly remarked that every film star, including herself, would probably have to take up voice culture if they wanted to stay on the screen in the future.

Anna's attitude toward life is practical—so practical that she is sometimes baffling. She likes to consider herself easy-going, and in a way perhaps she is. She has never fought for the bigger artistic opportunities that might have been hers. She has been willing to accept a remunerative contract, with the possibility of not always having good films, rather than to undertake the free-lance game, in which she would undoubtedly have won more brilliant roles, but would not have been sure of a regular salary.

She has had two experiences in marriage, both of which proved unfortunate. But they haven't altered her optimistic outlook. I think she would marry again tomorrow if she happened to fall in love, although she swears emphatically that she is going to be more careful. Even now there are rumors of a romance between Anna and the scion of a prominent St. Louis family who now resides in Beverly and is in the real-estate business.

"My friends," she says, "rave against the fate that seems to send me husbands with whom I cannot be happy. 'Anna Q. is a fine girl,' they say. 'We don't see why she isn't luckier.' Quite frankly, I think that is foolish. I am no more entitled to happiness than anybody else is—perhaps not as much. I always say to my friends that it is quite natural that I should run the risk of being unhappy, because possibly I am just paying for some past fault that I hadn't known I was guilty of, for at times," she concluded with a smile, "I must admit that I have flirted outrageously, and perhaps broken other people's hearts without even realizing it.

Anna has decided to become an American citizen. That is evidence of how thoroughly she has been converted to the ways and the life of this country. She has pretty definitely made up her mind that she will never go back to Sweden to live, much as she loves it.

"It is beautiful and romantic, but I am afraid that I have grown away from it," she continued. "My life seems to lie here for the present. When I get ready to retire from the screen—though probably I shall never retire unless I get kicked off—I may perhaps live somewhere in Europe.

"But just now I am thinking only of the immediate future, and I can't stand being in this country any longer without the privilege of voting. Beverly Hills politics particularly interest me, and I think every film star should vote, especially on the water problem. Only a few weeks ago I took a bath and came out of the tub looking like a speckled trout because there was so much sulphur in the water and I had not had a chance to install a purifier."

Anna's folks will probably not join her in this country, though her niece may later. She does not favor transplanting them from their native land. Her parents are so advanced in years that it would be difficult for them, she says, to adapt themselves to the new surroundings, and to form new friendships.

She has long assisted in taking care of them, sending them money at regular intervals. Her father, though, a staunch advocate of personal independence like his daughter, has refused to use anything but the interest. The principal remains in the bank to be turned back to his daughter in the event of the death of himself and her mother. He even refused to let Anna's mother, who is a devoted movie fan, spend any of the money on picture shows, except those that feature their daughter. Knowing of her mother's love for the theater, Anna on her last trip arranged to send her an allowance especially for this purpose.

Her mother, too, has definite ideas of independence, for she refused to let the house which Anna gave her

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FREAK hillside homes are becoming the style in Hollywood. A house one can find without the aid of a Swiss guide is considered quite old-fashioned among the cinema nobility just now.

King Vidor helped start the fad by building a house of Mexican design and decoration, perched precariously on one of the highest peaks in Beverly Hills. It took him almost a year to get a telephone, so he established communication with his cook by the wig wag system. The cook fixed his gaze, by means of a telescope, on the roof of Vidor’s office at Metro-Goldwyn every afternoon, and the director signaled the number of guests expected for dinner.

Lew Cody, another hill dweller, has a feature which he believes will save him thousands. It is an outside entrance to his dining room, or “rathskeller” as he prefers to call it. This gives the departing guests opportunity to exit without blazing a trail through the rest of the house, with a consequent saving on breakable articles in the other rooms. Lew’s guests are quite apt to depart not only late but somewhat haphazardly, and the star expects to save quite a tidy sum on this feature alone.

Clarence Brown and Melville Brown, who are directors but not relatives, William Seiter, Jack Daugherty, John Gilbert, Fritz Tidden, the press agent, Ted Cook, Los Angeles’ favorite wisecracker, and dozens of others have gone in for hillside homes.

Because of the shape of the lots all the houses are rather fantastic in floor plan. One is likely to enter through the chimney, park one’s car in what would ordinarily be the dining room, and go downstairs to bed instead of up. The latter will be a great help to those who are wont to retire somewhat sketchily, anyway.

The state into which Hollywood has been cast by Jim Tully’s latest book, “Jarnegan,” affords me excellent opportunity to use my favorite word, which is “agog.” “Jarnegan” is the first attempt I know of to apply the realistic style of writing to Hollywood. The central character, who starts life as a circus billposter, serves a prison term and ends as a $5,000-a-week director, is a combination of the personalities of a prominent director, a famous star, a comedy producer, and the author himself, and it is likely to cause none of that quartet any great happiness except the last mentioned.

Lew Cody is proud of the specially built door which permits hilarious guests to leave his dining room without going through the rest of the house.
The Stroller

I do not quite agree with Hollywood's general opinion that the book is in somewhat dubious taste. Hollywood never made much fuss over Jim while he was here and he is under no bond I know of to withhold whatever opinions he may hold of the place now. He does, however, deal rather too harshly with one prominent personage who employed him for a considerable period while "Jarnegan" was being written, and for this he might justly be reproached.

That is neither here nor there, however. The book entertained me and I thought it presented some excellent pictures of the town. Moreover, inasmuch as I didn't write it, I will not be obliged to duck the flying dorns which probably will be hurled at Jim's head on his next public appearance in the film colony.

If reports which have circulated about Hollywood for some time to the effect that Rupert Julian was formerly a barber are true, there is a fine propriety in his having been chosen to direct "The Yankee Clipper."

Years and years ago when Hollywood was an artless country village, seven stalwart Warner brothers marched proudly abreast to a conspicuous vacant lot on the Boulevard and, with their own hands, posted a fine, bright sign, reading:

"Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater To Be Erected On This Site Immediately."

Hollywood has grown into a metropolis since then, and stately office buildings have replaced the barns and silos which formerly graced the main artery. Jimson weed and creepers have spread over that vacant lot by now. But, burrowing through the cobwebs and the thick dust of years, one may still read that proud message:

"Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater To Be Erected On This Site Immediately."

The last word still stands out as prominently as of yore.

Cyril Chadwick was to me the hero of "Gigolo" despite the fact that Rod La Rocque starred in the picture, and all because of one scene. In the first reel there came a scene in which Cyril was interrupted in his afternoon tea when Rod's collie came bounding into the room and stood uncomfortably close to the actor, regarding his food enviously. The look which Chadwick bestowed on that dog could only have come from the soul of a man who detests animals in the dining room as much as I do, and I was silently cheering for him to succeed in all his villainies during the rest of the picture.

A significant commentary on Hollywood: the largest haberdashery on the Boulevard devotes its most conspicuous show case to a permanent display of luridly colored silk pajamas.

The Hollywood Athletic Club is the barometer of the film city's marital difficulties. Girls used to go home to mother. Now the boys go to live at the club, where women can't venture beyond the first floor. "Henry's" café is another place where indications of marriage wrecks are evident. Disgruntled husbands invariably may be found eating solitary meals there when the crockery begins to fly at home.

This suggests the Hollywood phenomenon of how Charlie Chaplin manages to dine out and alone every evening when he has a wife and a rapidly multiplying family. This is a feat for which he is envied by many husbands, who point out that it is only another instance of his oft-proclaimed genius.

The career of Richard Wallace, the clever young man who directed Corinne Griffith's "Syncopating Sue" presents a fine bit of irony. There are hundreds of young men in Hollywood who would do anything for a chance to direct. Wallace, who became one of First National's ace directors in a few months, never particularly cared about it, wanting to be a writer instead.

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The Sorrows of Ricardo

Have been many and various, starting seven years ago, when Ricardo Cortez told his parents he wanted to be an actor, and reaching a climax when he was believed by his studio associates and the public to be an imitator of Valentino.

By Alma Talley

THE SORROWS OF SATAN" were nothing compared to the sorrows of the box office when that picture was released in New York. But there's one person at least to whom the film was a real joy, and that's Ricardo Cortez, one of its principal players. It gave him his big chance to show the public what he could do with a real rôle—a chance for which he has been waiting and struggling for years.

It wasn't Ricardo's fault that he got started in movies all wrong, just because he has black hair and what some one called "bedroom eyes," and happened along just as Valentino had broken his film contract.

"Ah," every one said, "another Valentino." And so it was decided that since the public liked one Latin lover, the movies were all ready for an epidemic of Latin love. No one seemed to think it worth while to be loved by a blond!

So Ricardo was hailed as "Valentino's successor," and every one declared that he had a nerve, and who did he think he was anyway? As a matter of fact, he merely thought he was Ricardo Cortez trying to get along in the movies, and he didn't want to be any one else. He wanted to act on the screen, but it wasn't his desire to do imitations.

"Why," he said, "I even changed the way I combed my hair in order to get away from that Valentino tag. I'd been wearing it parted on the side for years, but when they called me another Valentino I combed it straight back because his was parted on the side, too."

Ricardo was not a success doing imitations; it wasn't his line. Oh, yes, he rose to the rank of featured player—true enough—but there he stayed, and there was always a certain amount of resentment because he was thought to be just an imitator. No one likes the man who copies some one else. Cortez, through no fault of his own, was not liked.

He'd had a hard time of it, too. It was about seven years ago when he announced to his protesting parents in New York that he wanted to be an actor. He played any extra part he could get, sometimes on the stage, sometimes on the screen at two dollars a day, while his family sat back and said, "I told you so." They considered him a possibly good business man gone wrong and turned into a probably bad actor.

Incidentally, he was almost discovered by Griffith years ago, but nothing came of it except a new dress suit. Ricardo was playing an extra rôle in "Way Down East" when Mr. Griffith spotted him. "Take a screen test of that extra," he told a camera man, and Cortez thought his big chance had come, and made hasty and excited preparations.

The test was taken and when it was over Ricardo returned to the dressing room. His evening clothes, which he had left there on a chair, had been stolen in his absence. To an extra, at two dollars a day, that was real tragedy.

He complained to the general manager. The manager agreed that it was too bad, but the studio was scarcely responsible. The poor young man was desperate. An extra without dress clothes is as handicapped as a plumber without any pipes. Ricardo decided to go to the great D. W. himself. So all the next day he stood in front of the studio waiting for Mr. Griffith to come out. Finally about six o'clock the director started home and Cortez cornered him, and told him his tale of woe.

"How much was the suit worth?" asked Griffith, touched by the boy's distress. Ricardo timidly suggested a hundred and twenty-five dollars. "Where do you live?" inquired the director. "I'll send you a check to-morrow," and he did. Considering that D. W. was none too well off himself at the time, that's rather a sympathetic side light on his character.

But to return to Ricardo's struggles. He got his first rôle because he happened to resemble Johnny Walker. He and his friend Johnny were walking through a hotel lobby one evening when Robert Ellis, then directing, came up. He was about to start a film with Johnny for Vitagraph. As he addressed his star he suddenly glanced at Ricardo.

"Let me see your profile," he said. Under the circumstances, Cortez was only too eager to let a director see his profile.
"Fine," said Ellis. "I need a man who looks something like Johnny to play his cousin. You'll do. Sixty a week."

That of course was a godsend to the struggling actor. After that, he got a rôle in Elsie Janis' picture, "The Imp"—and fell down the studio steps and cracked his head open the very first day at work.

"Ah," said his family, "you would be an actor."

Yes, he would! He was in bed for weeks, and of course he lost out on that rôle. And so it went. There were occasional bits of good luck, more frequent stretches of bad. Eventually he got to Hollywood where he met Herbert Somborn, Gloria's second husband. Somborn had confidence in Ricardos screen possibilities and introduced him to Mr. Lasky, who was impressed but had nothing for him; to a Warner brother—heaven knows which one!—who was not even impressed, and finally to an executive at Universal.

Cortez is an excellent horseman; that is sometimes all one needs for a Western picture. Universal gave him—guess what!—the rôle of heavy in a Hoot Gibson picture!

"How much salary do you want?" they asked Ricardo.

"Yes," said Cortez.

"Will one hundred and fifty do?"

"Would it do? It was a fortune to him then.

"Oh, well," said the executive, astonished at the strange sight of an actor who refused to name his own salary and then held out for more, "we'll make it one seventy-five."

So now and then there were rôles; Cortez never lost his confidence. "I knew that some day I'd have the chance to show them what I could do," he explained. "I was willing to bide my time, sure that eventually producers would want me."

And eventually Mr. Lasky did. He sent for Ricardo to sign a contract.

"I have an offer from Goldwyn also"—the old Goldwyn company—Ricardo explained. "Do you mind if I see, before signing with you, what they will give me?" So he went to the Goldwyn company where several officials were called in to conduct negotiations.

"They staged a one-act play for my benefit," said Cortez, laughing. "'What!' said one man to another. 'Are you drunk, offering this boy a salary like that?'"

A discussion thereupon ensued; Ricardo's cue, of course, was to enter into the argument and bargain as to how much salary he would work for. But Cortez said nothing. The argument went on; finally he got up.

"I'll come back to-morrow perhaps," he suggested, "when you've got this thing settled."

The officials stopped talking long enough to gasp.

"You'll leave without signing?"

Continued on page 108
Hollywood Society Knows Its Onions

The passing of the nouveau-riche element with its extravagant parties has given way to cliques and clans limited to those who "belong," with social leaders whose watchword is intimate rather than indiscriminate gatherings.

By Margaret Reid

The motion-picture industry has now ceased to be content as an industry. It is feeling the urge to become an aristocracy as well. The pictures it makes share interest now with the current culture. It has become, at home, a sophisticate. A rather naive sophisticate in spots, but sophisticated none the less.

The colony has always been rich, but it is content to be nouveau riche no longer. With its left thumb at its heavily insured nose, its right hand picks up the correct salad fork that all its critics may retire in confusion. Bewigged butlers and yellow-green-blue limousines have given way to servants and motor cars of a nice reserve. The dinner parties have progressed from extravaganzas patterned after the Big Society Scene in the host's new picture, to less ostentatious forms of entertaining. And it has developed not only class, but class distinctions, with cliques and circles as involved as a royal court.

On the surface, the movements of Hollywood society are very much like those of any other wealthy town in America. There may be found the same younger married set, the aloof conservative element, the arty groups—both authentic and pseudo—the racy subdeh stratum, the prodigal plutocrats, and the average souls who go quietly from country club to bridge and to beach club. A social routine that makes the film colony sister to all modern America. Except for skyrockets of temperament that explode and disrupt the genteel placidity for the moment.

The recognized social leader of one element in Hollywood—perhaps the most extensive portion—is Mrs. Clarence Brown, attractive wife of the director. Ona Brown is a personality in Hollywood, figuring as promi-
We've had the world as a stage, and it's the stars who play their parts, while we who are not the stars, we have to stand by and watch. The stars are the ones who get the applause, and we are the ones who have to bear the brunt of the criticism. We are the ones who have to work hard, while the stars are the ones who get to relax. But we have to remember that we are not the stars, and we have to keep working hard, even if it means getting out of a rut. Instead of having no interest but their work, they now attach a certain amount of importance to their social life and pleasures.

They like parties and entertainment even more than other people, I think. And they are the easiest people in the world to entertain. All you have to do is welcome them at the door, and then let them alone.”

The magic and inaccessible inner circle of Hollywood is drawn around Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. They entertain seldom and almost never attend functions given by others. Occasionally they appear at one of Marion Davies' gala fêtes. Sometimes they go quietly to the theater. But as a rule they are buried in seclusion. Emerging only to entertain visiting nobility or even royalty.

A very definite form of Hollywood social life revolves around “Henry's,” an unassuming little rotisserie on the Boulevard. Its proprietor is Henry Bergman, the rotund gentleman who has been associated with Charlie Chaplin for ten years. A little over a year ago Henry opened

A social leader without a husband to share her triumphs just couldn't be, so here we have Clarence Brown, otherwise the director, and his parents, who are as proud of their daughter-in-law as of their son.
this diminutive café and immediately it became a vogue. It is the present cinema equivalent of the old London chop houses that savored pungently of wit and good cooking. An unpretentious, narrow place, with red-leather seats lining the walls, and pastries and hams and loaves displayed on the long counter in the center.

It is the informal, unofficial meeting place of the Hollywood intelligentsia. Charlie Chaplin is a regular patron, and an emperor the moment he steps inside the door. For him, the dignified Henry himself goes into the mysteries of the kitchen for the specially prepared caviar Chaplin orders. Through dinner and long past it, Charlie, Henry, and Harry Crocker sit in deep discussion. Now and then Sam Goldwyn joins them.

Here is a master pianist and composer, his eyes convex behind great lenses. There a young major poet inscribing free verse between lines of the menu. Josef von Sternberg seen through the thick blue cigarette smoke. High-priced scenario writers and poverty-stricken artists. Newspaper reporters replete with the details of the newest murder. Satirical press agents discussing in full the weaknesses of their star clients. Endless, perpetual, insistent conversation. Books propped against sugar bowls-paper-covered Voltaire and leather-bound Fannie Hurst. Fog of cigarette smoke and fumes of sturdy, carefully prepared German food.

From the after-theater hour till four in the morning Henry’s is packed to the doors. There the current plays and pictures are torn to pathetic shreds. Dinner coats and Paquin models wedge themselves happily behind the little tables. Along with every mode down to the chaps of some Western star in from late location. No place in Hollywood has more color than Henry’s.

Then there is Marion Davies’ particular circle. By some mysterious chemistry this kidding, freckled little blonde is the magnet for many of the choicest visiting blue bloods. Hardly a party she gives that doesn’t list among its guests some title, or the magic name of the author or painter of the moment. Elinor Glyn is one of Marion’s best friends, the reputedly icy Elinor usually in gales of laughter at Marion’s current nonsense. Charlie Chaplin and his dark, smiling wife attend Marion’s parties as do King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman.

These latter two, in fact, were married at Marion’s Beverly Hills home. And Marion never enjoyed herself more thoroughly. She had the house exquisitely decorated with flowers and she herself planned all the details. She was almost as thrilled and nervous as Eleanor herself. Marion had wanted to give Eleanor away but the minister suggested that this office should be filled by a man. “And h-b-b-besides,” Marion added, stammering as she does when excited, “I s-s-suppose when he a-asked who g-g-gave you away I’d n-never get the ‘I d-d-d-d-o’ out.”

Hollywood never saw a more beautiful bride than the quiet, glowing Eleanor. And no ten-year-old girl ever had so much fun at a wedding as Marion, managing the whole thing skillfully, despite her intense excitement. Probably the secret of the success of all Marion’s parties is that she herself is having sic’ch a marvelously good time.

[Continued on page 94]
Mother's Little Darling

That little imp, Snookums, spit-curl and all, crawls from the "funny paper" onto the screen in the person of Sunny McKeen.

For getting into mischief, Snookums never could be beat, and since the Newlyweds have been on the screen, he has done everything but wreck the camera. If you have been seeing the "Newlywed" comedies, you have probably wondered where in the world the producers found the baby who does such precocious and impossible things in the rôle of Snookums. His name is "Sunny" McKeen.

Sunny is Scotch-Irish. He says he has been on the screen since he was a mere child, and attributes the success that has at last come to him to long years of hard work and patient waiting. Last September he celebrated his second birthday in the usual grand style of a movie star. Snookums is the first important rôle he has had, but there is much in store for him in the future.
Like the Charleston, the Black Bottom is of Southern origin, and is said to have sprung from among the darkies on the levees along the lower Mississippi. Only it's made much more lively than the original easy-going movements of the coons.

The first step, right, is just a halting shuffle. Then, below, you ease into a rapid swaying movement without taking the feet from the ground, meantime going through the gesture of "rolling the bones" with the hands.

In the fourth step, below, the shuffle is resumed, becoming more animated than at first, and leading up to the intensely lively fifth movement shown in the corner of the opposite page.

The third posture, above, is labeled "High Yaller"—reason unknown. It's the transition from the swaying motion of the second step to the shuffle of the fourth.

Hey—Skinnay! It’s
Hurry up and gather round, everybody! Blanche

Photos by Donald Biddle Keyes
the Black Bottom
Sweet is going to give a lesson in the Black Bottom.

In the fifth step, in the corner, you reach a climax and put all the energy you have into rising and sinking, swaying and swinging, in a dizzy whirl of motion.

Sixth, above, you pull yourself together and regain your equilibrium.

Upright once more, you pass into a variation of the shimmy, left, agitating feet, hands, and hips in perfect rhythm.

At last, with your hand over your heart and a snap of the fingers, you come, with a flourish, to the end of the final movement, right.
Two Dreams

Charlie Chaplin at last films his long-cherished the production an envoy from home, an English her idol. She tells in the story below her impres

By Margaret

that Charlie had struck a snag in "The Circus" and was not working—until I was in despair and feared that my hopes were to be blasted and that I should have to go back to England, after all, without having seen him.

But at last the snag had been passed, "The Circus" was under way again, an appointment for me had been fixed, and here I was actually talking to the little man at the edge of his circus ring. He himself was not working that day, but was directing Myrna Kennedy in some scenes.

Almost the first thing he did was to apologize for having put off our interview for such a long time. Crinkling his nose, in a movement I discovered to be extremely characteristic when he smiles, he told me that he had been "stuck"—absolutely stuck, after over seven months of work on his new picture.

"I've lived in what we call 'the worrying room,"' he said. "It's a harmless-looking building, the other side of this tent, but I hate the sight of it! It's the room where we sit with clasped hands and stony faces, and say, 'What do we do now?' You'd be surprised if you knew how many times we use that room during the course of a picture. Mind you, though, I think this circus story is going to be good. Like to hear about it?"

Sitting there in his startling blazer—donned, he said, because he felt depressed and needed cheering up—with his white sport shirt open at the throat and his hair considerably tousled, Charlie told me briefly, graphically, the story of his new film. As he talked he acted—acted every character, every scene, using his small, expressive hands to emphasize a point, or complete a sentence. Always he is acting, this comic genius with the soul of a poet. And he acts because he feels. Which is the reason he is a great man.

"I'm a down-and-out sort of property man with a traveling circus," he said. "I love the girl, the proprietor's daughter, who does an act in the show, but I am nothing to her. I get pitchforked into the ring one day, when some one is ill, and accidentally make a hit, without knowing what I'm doing. With that as a beginning, I in time become great, but don't realize it."

He broke off to give some directions to the camera men, as they lined up for shots of Myrna Kennedy swinging on rings over the sawdust. Miss Kennedy, as I suppose you already know, is his leading lady in the film—Charlie's latest "discovery."

"Later on, the girl is injured during the show, and I am sent for a doctor, in all my clown's clothes. Blindly, I rush from the tent, knowing I can't hope to find a doctor, stumble across the road and into a church. I've never been in a church before. A woman is kneeling by a pillar, so I kneel, too. When she rises I follow, and go on blindly till I end up on the steps to the altar—a poor, broken clown, with his garish face and clothes, kneeling in desperate prayer for the girl he loves. D'you think I'll get away with that? They tell me I can't do it, but I'm going to try.

Charlie was eager to hear all the first-hand news of London that Miss Chute brought him.

It was the blazer that attracted my attention first of all. Within the circus tent, on the orderly studio lot nestling between Sunset Boulevard and La Brae Avenue, all was dim, cool, and shady, and from the surrounding neutral tones that blazer sprang to my sight like a burst of fireworks.

He who was wearing it, a slender little man with a shock of curly hair, stood with his back to me, talking to an electrician. So for several minutes I enjoyed the full radiance of that orange-and-royal-blue-striped blazer. Then his wearer turned, and I met Charlie Chaplin for the first time.

At the sound of his voice, low and crisp, with an unmistakable note of London in it, I wanted to hug him; he represented "home" to me—six thousand miles away. Simultaneously, like a couple of vaudeville patter performers, we exclaimed, "It's good to hear a London voice!" Whereat we both laughed, Charlie throwing back his head as his full firm lips parted over those famous dazzling teeth. Then he pulled two of the usual canvas-backed chairs toward the circus ring, and we sat down to talk.

It had been a big thrill to drive through the gateway of the Chaplin studio that afternoon, for I had hoped all the way over from England that I might get a chance, when I reached Hollywood, of meeting and talking to my famous fellow countryman. And it had been no easy thing to get that chance, either. For weeks I had been waiting, put off day after day by the same excuse—
Come True

tale of a circus clown, and in the course of journalist, visits the studio and at last meets sions of her famous fellow countryman at work.

Chute

"And at the end, when the girl has gone off with the wire walker, I am standing alone in the scarred, empty space where the ring has been. It's all desolate, forlorn—a lot of discarded rubbish. Suddenly at my feet I see a paper star—the star that had fallen from the paper hoop through which the girl had jumped at the beginning of the show. Picking it up, I look at it for a long time. Then I shrug my shoulders, roll it into a tight lump, throw it in the air, and kick it with my heel, backward, before I turn and shuffle off alone, along the highroad."

He wasn't trying to be emotional, he wasn't talking for effect, but his description actually brought the tears to my eyes and his own blue eyes were somewhat blurred. Breaking off, he gave a funny, abrupt laugh, wrinkled his nose, and said, "I'd like you to come along when I'm working with the lions later on. There will be some good scenes, and the wire-walking scenes are funny, too."

It transpired that during the film Charlie has to deputize for a wire walker.

"To get these scenes I really learned to walk a wire," he said. "No sense in faking things like that. It took me eight weeks. At one time I nearly gave it up in desperation, thinking I should never do it. But the knack came, suddenly, just like swimming. So now I've always the consoling thought that, if all else fails, I can earn my living as a tight-rope artist!"

We spoke of London, and the changes over there, and Charlie asked me to tell him about the recent general strike, when every kind of transport in that vast city, and throughout the country, was paralyzed. He listened attentively—he is one of those heaven-sent, all-too-rare, real listeners—while I told him of the walking crowds, the bicycles brought from storage, the old carts dragged into service, the splendid fleet of private-owner-driven motor cars that carried shopgirls, stenographers, workers of all kinds, to and from their daily jobs. Clasping and unclasping his hands, he punctuated my story with exclamations and, when I stopped, he ejaculated, "If only I had been there!"

Which gave me a mental picture of Charlie at the wheel of his car, picking up all the most down-and-out, weary travelers on the road, loading his car till the springs cracked, and still waving his hand cheerily as he shouted, "Room for one more!"

Between that day and the afternoon when I saw him at work with the lions, I found out one or two special characteristics of this strange, emotional man. For instance, Charlie loves to spring surprises on his studio staff. He has three dressing rooms—one at home, two at the studio. Sometimes, when he is not expected to work, he arrives early in the morning, fully made up, and chuckles like a child because he has fooled the staff! To them all he is known as "He" or "Charlie." Each morning the staff await his arrival. As the car drives in, his camera man, Roland Totheroh, always called "Rollie," lets out a yell—"He's here!" Then every one charges into the projection room, along with Charlie, to see the "rushes" of the previous day's work. Sometimes he is elated at what he sees; sometimes he gets mad, and may change whole sequences. Often, he decides overnight what people he will want, both players and extras. They are called at a minute's notice and yet, after they arrive, they may have to wait a week before they do any work. [Continued on page 108]
Gloria’s Fate Hangs

She stakes her future on the outcome of
If successful, she will take her place
ning henceforth as her own pilot. But if

By Kenneth

of “Sunya” was filmed, men whose technical ingenuity is exceeded only by their unquenchable faith in the possibility of making of moving pictures a mode of artistic expression, piloted the personality of Gloria through one of the most complex characterization stories ever attempted on the screen. The film will show that they dared much.

They set about with scientific care to show the transition of the astral body of Sunya, the heroine, through centuries of reincarnation and vision. Filming astral bodies is new enough even in a film world where fourth-dimensional tricks are as common to-day as were the canvas ice cakes in the “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” of other times.

Sunya is a Sanskrit word meaning “illusion.” The basic theme of the story is taken from Max Marcin’s stage play, “The Eyes of Youth.” The changes have been so many, however, that the present version bears little resemblance to the play which served Marjorie Rambeau as one of her first great stage vehicles and later gave Clara Kimball Young scope for her emotions in a film version bearing the same name as the play.

The story of the present version is briefly this:
A young Indian chela, or religious novice, learns from his religious superiors that he cannot become a full-fledged Yogi until he has expiated a wrong which he did to a beautiful young Egyptian woman centuries before in a previous incarnation. His masters give him a crystal ball such as they use to see visions of the past and future and tell him to search the Western world until he finds the woman in her present incarnation and rights the wrong.

After many wanderings he finds her in a small city near New York. She is a daughter of a factory owner who has

Sunya, with four paths in life open to her, is offered a crystal with which to look into the future. Hugh Miller plays the rôle of the Indian chela who thus comes to her aid.

Gloria Swanson, whose screen personality has touched off almost every human emotion in the hearts of millions, slips nebulously, but with a clear purposefulness, through as difficult and ambitious a moving picture as has ever been attempted by a film actress.

In “Sunya,” her first independent production, the illimitable Gloria presents no fewer than four interpretations of the same character. Her plastic film self, mercurial in its transitions from mood to mood, is finely chiseled in each phase. Gloria hopes that this film will be the means of showing her as an actress to a world which, she fears, knows her only as a woman who wears clothes well.

Up in the vast recesses of the Cosmopolitan studio in New York, where most
in the Balance

"Sunya," her first independent production, among the leaders of the profession, act- the film fails—well, who can prophesy? Campbell

been wealthy but finds himself faced by financial ruin. When the young chela finds the girl she stands at the cross- ways of her life. Four courses are open to her. She may face poverty and drudgery with her impoverished family, she may marry a wealthy banker who offers her father financial aid in exchange for her hand, she may follow an operatic career offered her by an impresario, or she may marry a young civil engineer with whom she is in love.

Seeing his chance to right the wrong done to the girl centuries before in Egypt, the chela takes his crystal and shows her what her fate would be in each case—if she followed the path of drudgery, of wealth at the price of her freedom, of fame on the operatic stage, or of love with the young engineer. Each of the first three paths ends disastrously for her.

Having seen her possible fates with "the eyes of youth," she rejects the wealthy suitor, refuses the offers of the impresario, and accepts the young engineer. Thus she chooses the path of "love with wisdom, which is the secret of life."

Seated in a folding chair near one of the sets on which she had been working, Gloria talked about the picture, her company and herself. She wore a simple pink evening gown. A single bangle of simple but cunning design encircled her neck. The glare of the mercury-vapor lights beat down on her, neutralizing her heavy make-up and throwing into striking relief the delicate lines of her features.

From time to time as she talked, her eyes, narrowed and made keen by dexterous use of cosmetics, shot a rapid, incisive glance at her interrogator. It is this glance, with a sudden upward tilt of the head, that has endeared her to thousands of moving-picture fans. It is as natural to her as her beautiful, even teeth or her slim ankles.

"I like every living, moving bit of the girl Sunya," said Gloria, "but naturally I like some phases of her better than others. Her adventures give me the kind of story that I have always wanted to interpret.

"The phase that I have just been playing—the phase of the real Sunya—is the hardest of the lot to play, and I like it the least. For the Sunya of the small American city of to-day is so restrained. Her face is smooth and girlish and it isn't easy to do things with that type of face. It is like a baby's face, and any sculptor will tell you how hard it is to put expression and character in the unlined face of a baby.

"I believe that I like the school-teacher phase the best. Sunya, you
Gloria's Fate Hangs in the Balance

know, is forced to teach school in the crystal episode where she sees herself fighting a hopeless life battle for her impoverished family. There are lines in that face. One can do something with it—can put over definite emotions with a face that is marked with lines of suffering.

But all of Sunya's phases are interesting. There are four Sunya's, you know, and that isn't an easy undertaking. I have often taken a character through two very different phases in one picture. In fact, you may know that I like dual rôles best. But this rôle—four totally different characterizations—doesn't sound so easy, does it?

"How do I like having my own company? I think it is splendid. I have enjoyed the filming of this picture more than I have ever enjoyed making any other production. I have surrounded myself with men whose intelligence I respect and I let them attend to all the details. All I have to do is act."

One gathered, nevertheless, that there was a definite mainstring somewhere back of all the seeming confusion that surrounded her first independent production, and that that mainstring was Gloria herself.

"Albert Parker—that is he standing over there talking to the electrician—is just the kind of man that I like to have for a director. He directed 'The Black Pirate,' you know. There! I think he wants me to take that scene again. Don't run away—I'll be right back."

Gloria lifted her dainty heels over coils of electrical wiring, dodged a couple of be-sweated mechanics who were struggling with a mammoth portable light as if it were an escaped bear, and disappeared behind an artificial hedge. Her progress about her studio is unnoticed. There is a pleasant lack of bowing and scraping, but there is always the feeling that Gloria "runs the show," without really seeming to.

When she is asked if she intends to do any directing herself, she parries the question. It is understood on good authority, however, that she will try her hand at it later on.

Gloria's oft-expressed desire to surround herself with new faces in her pictures is quite evidently realized in "Sunya." Of the seven principal characters in her supporting cast, five are practically unknown to movegoers.

John Boles, who plays the part of the young engineer, and is most ridiculously handsome, makes his film début in "Sunya." He is well known, however, on the musical-comedy stage, having played an important part in "Kitty's Kisses" and in other musical productions. He is from Texas, but seems to have left his Texas drawl, if he ever had one, in the more or less cloistered halls of the University of Texas, where he was a student before he went to Europe to study singing. He also did things with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, but if you depend on him to tell you what you'll never know.

"Oh, yes, yes," he says, "I was up where most of the excitement was going on. What do you think of 'Sunya?'"

While "Sunya" was being filmed, his chief diversion was to hang over the end of the piano and hum accompaniments to the mournful songs played by the orchestra between scenes in order to drown out the hammering of the carpenters.

Hugh Miller, a young English actor, plays the part of the chela. Though he is known to stage and moving-picture audiences in England and on the Continent, "Sunya" is the first American picture in which he has appeared. A curious contradiction rests behind the serious, brooding face of this young Englishman. In spite of the fact that he was educated in pure science at the University of Durham and was trusted with important metallurgical research by the Allies during the war, he turned later to the movies and the stage for his career. He firmly believes in the screen as a mode of artistic expression, and winces when he hears moving pictures casually referred to in this country as "the industry."

A keen interest in Oriental mysticism, which he learned from Cyril Scott, the English composer, who was his friend, has led him to play several parts similar to the one he now has in "Sunya." He has appeared in films produced in Germany and has played Shakespearean rôles with the British Empire Shakespeare Society.

The part of the impresario who offers Sunya the operatic career is played by Andres de Segurola, formerly a member of the Metropolitan Opera and a friend of Caruso, about whom he tells many interesting anecdotes. He has been an impresario in real life but has never before been in moving pictures.

To see the Continental Segurola sauntering about, humming a selection of Italian opera under the white flare of the studio lights, is to see one of the last of a vanishing race. He is the boulevardier perfect and complete. No sticky spirit gum is required to rivet his monocle in place, and he carries his malacca stick as it should be carried—"not," as he puts it, "like a cavalry saber or a cudgel, after the manner of the English."

Floabelle Fairbanks, a niece of Douglas Fairbanks, who for a while took the name of "Florence Faire," plays the part of Sunya's sister. This marks her début in a major rôle, but she has been "atmospheric" in several productions made out in Hollywood.

Four years in a convent have given a subdued decorum to her blond attractiveness but have not taken the edge off a keen Fairbanks sense of humor. When her mother isn't looking, Floabelle regales her friends with burlesques of "Uncle Douglas" in his varied and lusty moods both on the screen and off. Her feminine version of the famous Fairbanks smile is perfect.

[Continued on page 106]
In contrast to the poverty-stricken, drudging Sunya shown on the opposite page is the Sunya of another phase—the Sunya who has become the wife of a wealthy banker and is lavished with luxuries.
WHY Colleen Moore was not called Cinderella is really unaccountable. For the cocky little comedienne nearly always rises from rags to riches in her films. She starts as a telephone girl in "Orchids and Ermine."
NOW we ask you, can you imagine Carmel Myers as a stepmother? Believe it or not, that's just what she is in "The Dummy Bride"—Norma Shearer's stepmother. But watch out for that come-hither look in stepmother's eyes!
YOU never hear of Marian Nixon doing sensational nor startling nor shocking things. But her delicate charm has added so much to numerous Universal films that Fox has eagerly borrowed her for "The Auctioneer."
BEBE DANIELS upsets all theories. Usually after a number of years, a star's popularity gradually begins to wane. But Bebe's box-office appeal has lately been mounting so high that Paramount has boosted her salary.
EVER since "The American Venus" brought Louise Brooks' decided personality into the limelight, she has been creating an effect on the screen. It goes without saying that she will be in "Glorifying the American Girl."
IT was too bad Eleanor Boardman couldn't have been in New York to hear the acclaim that greeted her performance in "Bardelys the Magnificent" at its initial showing in the East. She and King Vidor came to town too late.
RONALD COLMAN has had to stand some pretty hard knocks in his life. Perhaps, says William H. McKegg, in the story opposite, this may partly explain the wall of reserve that now surrounds him.
Why Is Ronald Colman So Aloof?

He has often been criticized by those who do not understand him for his apparently cold and distant manner, but if we look back over his none-too-happy past, we find there bitter, disillusioning experiences that changed a happy, boyish dreamer into the silent, reserved man that Ronald Colman is to-day.

By William H. McKegg

LIKE a vision of gold, in what she had told me was her "wedding gown," Vilma Banky was clasped half fainting in one of Ronald Colman's steellike arms. In the other he wielded a flashing blade at the faces of oncoming foes.

Briefly, in a thrilling scene in "The Night of Love,"* a bold bandit was abducting a fair duchess from a vile baron's castle in Spain of the seventeenth century. "All hold your positions while the cameras are moved," loudly intoned an assistant's voice. While the cameras were being accordingly set, Vilma, still holding onto the bandit's shoulder, twirled the fingers of her free hand at me. Ronnie, who had been fiercely looking at no place in particular, felt the movement. Glancing down at the vision he held, he smiled and gave her a gentle squeeze. But the gesture was such as could have been enacted before a jealous husband without arousing his ire. It was the sort of one-armed squeeze you'd give a pal.

The scene finished, Colman's work for the day was done. Passing near me, he hurriedly said, "I shan't be a sec changing." Just a short while before, during a rest, some visitors had been introduced to him by an affable press agent. The customary greetings had been exchanged and then Colman had resumed his work, without looking at them again. I could see the puzzled looks the visitors now gave him as he marched off to his dressing room. They were, I knew, probably saying, "A bit high-hat—even conceited."

Every word of which is entirely untrue. Ronald Colman is not effusive to strangers simply because he is too sincere to express more than he naturally feels. But with people he knows he is the friendliest person in the world. And class distinctions do not exist for him. Once while lunching with him I noticed how pleasantly he talked with our young waitress, who had smilingly greeted him.

Colman likes sincerity. He doesn't tell visitors to the studio that he is perfectly delighted to meet them and hopes he will have the pleasure of seeing them again, simply because he doesn't know them well enough to really feel that. Yet so many expect to be told it just the same.

"It would appear," Colman once said to me, "that if you don't go about slapping comparative strangers on the back and speaking as though you had known them all your life, you are branded as high-hat."

He possesses the traditional reserve of both the English and Scotch. He admits this. Yet, when you do get to know any one belonging to either of these nationalities, a more lasting or truer friendship could not be found. All the same, the film circles of Hollywood brand Colman as an enigma.

Let's look back into his past—perhaps there have been events in his life that have tended to increase the reserve that he already had by inheritance.

On a green hillside near Richmond, during the latter part of an English summer, two boys of seventeen, a dark one and a fair one, had been discussing ideals. One was lying full length, chin propped in his hands; the other, sitting up, hugged his legs, resting his chin on his knees. From where they were their glances could wander over the sloping meadows down to the silver windings of the River Thames.

"It's a jolly shame, Ronnie, that you can't come up to Cambridge,"

remarked the very fair one, whose chin rested on his knees.

"Oh, what's the diff? We'll see each other in the holidays," replied dark-browed Ronald nonchalantly. He tried to appear cool and unconcerned but, inwardly, he was the more disappointed of the two.

For several months his father had been meeting with various financial reverses. It meant that he could not go with his chum to Cambridge. Both boys had long been building castles in the air, which now were shattered. They had been away to boarding school together; they had planned to go to college together; they had intended later to travel the Orient together. Their imaginations had pictured all sorts of wonderful things. And now Ronald saw all these visions fading away.

The next morning his chum, who had spent the summer with him, was to leave for his own home to prepare for college. Ronnie was also to leave, but it was to go to work in his father's business in London. He hated the idea. If only he could, without hurting his parents' feelings, he would rather have gone on a tramp over Europe.

*First called "One Night of Love."
Loss of money did not worry him, but loss of adventure did.

While at school, Ronald had been imbuing himself with dramatics; his chum had aspired to poetry. Before returning home that day, they vowed that they would permit no vicissitudes to break the ideals that they had formed for themselves. Arm in arm they went for a last look at the romantic spots they knew and loved so well.

They stood to admire the large gateway at Richmond Green, a relic of what had once been the entrance to a Tudor palace. They entered Richmond Park, with its sylvan glades and herds of deer, its lakes and the Pen Ponds, on which they had skated in the winter. They passed Pembroke House, where Lord John Russell had lived; then the Ranger's House, so called after the nickname of a Duke of Cambridge who had owned it. Among these fair surroundings Ronald Colman had passed his boyhood; but now he was to leave them for the city.

Just before sundown they stopped at the Star and Garter and ate some "maids of honor," the lemon cheese cakes for which Richmond hostelerie are so famous. The two chums, though they inwardly knew reality had smashed their romantic castles, laughed and joked to hide their real feelings.

This, then, was the first big disappointment and disillusion in Ronald Colman's life. He became a little reserved, silently accepting, but detesting, the work assigned him. When alone, his mind with tales of Oriental splendor and with dramas of all countries; but never once dared he mention what he wanted most of all to do.

Seven years passed. Ronald's chum was now in Italy. He wrote, begging Ronnie to join him there. With all his heart Ronald wanted to go. He longed to break away from what he was doing. Yet still another seven years were to pass before he ever went to Italy. Fame came to him when he at last did go, as you no doubt know, for that was the trip that resulted in "The White Sister."

Behold him, then, in 1914, filled with a faint Byronic gloom, lying, chin propped in his hands, on top of the white cliffs on the south coast of Kent. He was filled with a strange, ineffable longing. Before him, dashing against the foot of the white rocks, were the sparkling blue waters of the Channel. In the far distance, plainly visible in the sunlight, stretched the coast line of France. Ronald stood up and advanced as near the edge of the cliff as he dared and, at that moment, swore to himself that he would defy every one and strike out for the stage.

A profound peace, such as often precedes a storm, rested over the entire scene. But for the second time in his life, Ronald Colman's dreams were to be shattered by destiny. Within a few weeks, the serenity of the scene before him was to be broken by the constant dull booming of big guns, and for the next four years, there was to be a continual and terrible slaughter of men.

Already a member of the London Scottish, Colman was among the first to go to France. His last letter from his chum, filled with the joyous prophecies of youth, had informed Ronald that he had enlisted. The next news he received was that his friend had been killed in action. In the midst of the bloodshed, their boyhood ideals seemed to him now to be mockery. He acquired the habit of pressing his lips tightly against his teeth.

Badly wounded, Colman was sent back to England. But with his youthful dreams gone, everything and every place he had once loved became unbearable. Invalided out of the army, he went on the stage and secured parts in various London productions. But everything seemed wrong. The stage offered little encouragement just then, and there were many things he wanted to forget, so he came to America. He was urged, maybe, by a long-cherished desire to see California.

The night before sailing he felt more lonely than ever. He had to go somewhere, so he went to the Palace Theater, a handsome red-brick structure originally intended for opera, but used to-day for revues and vaudeville. He heard blaring music, crashing cymbals, and laughter. Every one but he seemed delightfully happy. Didn't any of them care that this was his last night in England? His nerves jarred, he got up and left.

Outside, Colman glanced back at the play of spotlights on the theater roof, like silver pillars fantastically set in all directions. He walked along Shaftesbury Avenue, past Covent Garden and Drury Lane, down to the Victoria Embankment. Here he stopped, leaning against the parapet. The lapping of the Thames as it glided under Waterloo Bridge had a fascinating rhythm. In the distance, spired Cleopatra's Needle. A little beyond, the Houses of Parliament. Big Ben in the tower struck midnight. The light shining on the top indicated that the House was "sitting." Colman accepted the light gleaming through the night as symbolic of his own future.
And now to come back to the present.

Certain Hollywood film circles regard Colman as a recluse, because he is never seen at any of the "latest-craze" cabarets. But while these cliques are expressing sweet nothings over tea at the Montmartre, Colman may be seen taking a sail with Dick Barthelness, who is one of his most intimate friends. The only lady permitted to accompany them is Dick's small child, Mary Hay. This three-year-old siren can make both stars jump to her every whim; she does it with more guile than a vamp ten times her age could employ.

Last summer you might have seen Mary Hay with her two cavaliers on a secluded part of the beach. You might also have heard her joyous shrieks as Colman swooped down on her from behind and swung her high above his head. He is—need I say it?—extremely fond of children.

Though still possessing faint traces of that Byronic gloom, Colman sees the comical side of nearly everything; but only his friends see this humorous streak that is in him. He once told me that he thought he rather preferred to play in comedies, such as he has made with the Talmadge girls, than in the romantic things that he usually makes.

At times, Colman seems quite boyish in his talk. He abbreviates many of his words. With him it is, "I won't be a sec" or "Wait half a mo."

I can possibly explain one reason why Colman thoroughly despises insincerity. Those who have been through the same thing can understand the heartrending.

Slow to make friends, he's the stanchest fellow in the world to those he does make. He and Vlma Banky are frequent companions.

Though Ronald would rather read than go to cabarets, he's far from being the formidable person that some would brand him, and has quite a cheery sense of humor.

discouraging time he had in New York a few years ago when he was looking for work and no one would pay any attention to him. Then suddenly he shot to the top. When he had won fame, men who had seen nothing in him worth five dollars a day when he had asked for it fell over each other to get to him first. People who had perhaps looked the other way when he had come to them before now were ready to lick his boots. Only such bitter struggles with adversity can show one the difference between genuineness and insincerity. Colman has learned this difference, and that is why he can so easily discern it.

Ronald Colman is admired by all. "We can often like some one not good for us to like; but we can admire only a person really worth while," a cynical young actress once remarked to me. Colman is a man whom one can admire, for he possesses all those qualities that attract admiration—even from those who profess not to like him.

Charles Lane, who has been Colman's friend for several years, shares a house with him, just outside the picture colony. "Away here," Ronald once told me, "you are just out of reach."

So when not out with any of his few intimates,

Continued on page 111
Over the
Fanny the Fan chats of the return of
Hollywood social season, the helpful exam
By The

“A crowd at the shower had been talking about how many bring-a-present parties had been given recently in the film colony. ‘They’re even celebrating wedding anniversaries now,’ some one wailed, and Peg Talmadge sagely remarked, ‘Well, that’s one thing that Constance will never have. Always a bride, with never an anniversary.’ “

‘Of course, every one was so thrilled over Eileen Percy’s baby that they quite outdid themselves in buying presents for her. I know two girls who went to every baby shop in town and bought a whole lot of things before they found anything they thought good enough for her. Lila Lee had an advantage over the rest of us, of course, because she had done her shopping in Paris.

‘Lilyan Tashman and Lila really shouldn’t have been allowed to come to the party. They had just returned from abroad, and their clothes made every one else’s look like home talent and loving hands. Well, I am glad I got a thrill out of the fashion shows staged by Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller and Colleen Moore on their return from New York, while I could. Lilian and Lila’s arrival from abroad with a fleet of trunks forever dispelled the idea in my mind that New York couturières can rival Paris. In addition to her Paris frocks, Lila got some lovely sports clothes in London. The only way to be happy around her now is to keep her in a bathing suit.

‘I am so fond of Lila that I shed bitter tears when a writer criticized her manners. It seems that the girl was offended because Lila received her in the lobby of her hotel, while a lot of guests made merry up in her apartment. What the girl failed to explain was that she had a business appointment with Lila at four thirty for which she arrived at six. Naturally, since Lila had only one day in New York, her time was valuable and she had counted on having some old friends over after her business appointments were out of

Fanny met Gwen Lee for the first time and is crazy about her now.

Marion Davies came back from New York in time to attend Bebe Daniels’ shower for Eileen Percy’s baby.

At last I have discovered how to be a social success in Hollywood,” Fanny announced with gusto as she slid into a chair and cast an appraising eye over the people at near-by tables.

“The only real difficulty is that every one else has discovered it, too.

“When you arrive at a party you find Peg Talmadge, get as near her as possible, which is only about eighteen people away if you’re early, and then just listen. Then you leave the party and rush somewhere else to quote her before any one else has beaten you to it.

“I was out of luck because I got in a bridge game that lasted late at Bebe Daniels’ shower for Eileen Percy, and at noon next day, when I burst into a luncheon and started to quote Peg, every one had already heard the witticism of the season.
Teacups

the voyagers, the official opening of the ple set by Queen Marie, and this and that.

Bystander

the way. She didn't like to bring an utter stranger in, and I think it was particularly gracious of her to see any one who was so unbusinesslike as to be an hour and a half late."

"I don't care who's offended who," I objected, a little weary of the way Fanny always gets much more upset over slight to her friends than they do themselves, "I want to know all about Eileen's party."

"Well, there were mobs there—fifty at least—including a lot of girls I hadn't seen in ages. Norma and Constance Talmadge, of course, because they are such very close friends of Eileen's. Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson, Marion Davies—just back from New York—Colleen Moore, Kathryn Perry, May McAvoy. Mildred Lloyd, Helen Ferguson, Seena Owen, Adele Rowland Tearle, Ann May Sullivan, Mrs. Bill Howard, Mrs. George Archainbaud, Lottie Pickford, Mabel Normand, and—oh! I can't remember the rest.

"We begged Bebe to let Eileen open the presents as they came, but Bebe would stage the show properly. We had to wait until after a long buffet supper. Then every one gathered in the living room, the portières leading into the hall were drawn, and the presents were all piled up there. When the curtains were flung aside Norma and Bebe appeared, wheeling baby carriages heaped high with gifts. I didn't know there were so many lovely things a baby could have. There were lots of big things—carriages and bassinets—and then dozens of little dresses and sweaters, carriage robes, diminutive toilet sets, and Bebe had thoughtfully provided a tiny bathing suit.

"Eileen had to send for a truck to take the presents home.

"So far as I know, Anna Q. Nilsson was the only person who went to the trouble of making her present for Eileen, and I'm just sentimental enough to get an awful thrill out of presents that represent a lot of handwork on the part of the donor. And I'm just sane enough not to try to make things for people, because even a loving nature like Eileen's couldn't overlook the flaws in my sewing.

"After we had all exclaimed over the presents, Bebe ran Gloria Swanson's last picture, but some of us had seen it—can you imagine not seeing one of Gloria's pictures when it first comes out?—so the bridge fiends gathered in the dining room and played. Lila Lee, Kathryn Perry, Ann May Sullivan, and I played together, and Lottie Pickford cut in a couple of times and rescued the losing team from further ignominy. She plays a marvelous game. The girls who had to work early the next morning drifted away about eleven but some of them stayed until four a. m. I needn't mention that the party was a grand success, and every one had a great time.
Over the Teacups

"Mildred Lloyd and May McAvoy signed a solemn pact to go on a diet of hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes for a week, and if either yields to the temptation to eat anything else she will have to pay the other one hundred dollars. So, in preparation for it, they enjoyed all the delicacies at Bebe's as their last fling. May is so tiny now I don't see why she tries to reduce.

"It must be hard for Mildred to stay on a diet, because she and Harold have barbecue picnics out at their Beverly Hills estate on Sundays. With rare forethought for the tourists, they have built the golf course and the barbecue pergola near the road, and on Sundays the cars are parked deep out there. I tried to get through last Sunday to drive up to a friend's house, but the audience of tourists saw no reason why they should make room for me to pass while they were enthralled at the sight of Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty eating.

"The very same day as Bebe's party, Helen Ferguson gave a luncheon shower for Laura La Plante. All the girls who weren't working were there, and Patsy Ruth Miller dashed out from the Warner Brothers studio for about five minutes. She was a striking sight as she whizzed down the Boulevard in her French-gray roadster. She is wearing a close-cropped blond wig in 'Wolf's Clothing,' and that day she had on a very brief, heavily beaded evening dress. Any one seeing her arrive would probably have said that it was a social custom in Hollywood to wear elaborate evening gowns to luncheons!

"Helen Ferguson may make a picture for Warner Brothers and, of course, Pat hopes she will because it would give her company for luncheon. She has a grand new dressing room—two rooms, in fact—with black curtains in the reception room. Need I tell more?"

"You needn't, but you probably will," I admitted, and a trace of resignation may have crept into my tone.

"Oh, well, the place is what I would call very chaise-longuey. And somehow our simple luncheons of malted milk and ham-and-cheese on rye, transported from the soda fountain across the street by Pat's maid, don't seem quite in keeping with that setting.

"The Warner studio is filled with the most gruesome shrieks you ever heard. Lloyd Bacon is making a mystery melodrama called 'Fingerprints,' and several times I've been fooled into thinking that Louise Fazenda had been hurt when I heard her scream. From what I've seen of this picture in the making I wouldn't miss it on the screen for anything. There is a new comedian in it—Franklin Pangborn—and even now I feel my allegiance to Harry Langdon slipping. Pangborn is quite funny enough to play opposite Louise, and if that isn't the highest praise, write your own.

"Louise's new tennis court out at her house is almost finished, and evidently I haven't any brains because I can't think of anything appropriate to give her for its opening. I might give her a ball and chain to handicap her so that I could beat her occasionally, but that wouldn't be exactly gracious. A hostess should think of those things herself."

Evidently, the whole town has gone tennis mad. Ask Fanny about almost any one in pictures and she acts as though his or her real career were hitting balls about on a court.

"Oh, there are less strenuous forms of sport. Out at Patsy Ruth's house on Sunday there are always such mobs of people that you're lucky to get in more than one set of tennis. Last week Perci Marmont, Charles Ray, Gardner James and Marian Blackton, Jason Robards, and a lot of others were there. While Charlie Ray played there was an attentive audience.
He plays the most amazing game. He gets all wound up like a baseball pitcher, hits the ball into a corner just inside the line, and even if you do happen to rush for the right corner you haven't much chance of hitting the ball back. When Charlie wasn't playing, it really wasn't worth watching, so Pat brought out two foolish games—one a mechanical baseball game and the other football. Next she is going to introduce ping-pong to her Sunday guests.

"Even if Charlie Ray is the sensation that every one says he is in 'The Fire Brigade' I am glad that he has gone into farce. He really has a delightful sense of humor. He's just made 'Nobody's Widow' with Leatrice Joy, you know, and he is now playing opposite Marie Prevost in 'Getting Gertie's Garter.' I don't see why anybody should be serious on the screen when he can be funny.

"Speaking of serious matters, I've heard that Universal is going to let Mary Philbin play the lead in Edna Ferber's 'Show Boat.' I can hardly believe it, because she is utterly unsuited to the rôle, if the picture is to be anything like the book. And I should think they would intend making it something like the book, else why should they pay sixty-five thousand dollars for the screen rights?"

I was mildly curious to know if Fanny really had read the book. She is always most explosive in her opinions, you know, about things of which she knows nothing.

"I really read it," Fanny insisted, "every word. I was ill for several days and there wasn't anything else to do, with all the girls I know at the studios, working. Pat, and Carmelita Geraghty, used to come over to see me every day when they had finished work, and we'd get into wild arguments about who ought to play Magnolia in 'Show Boat.' There really isn't any one on the screen who lives up to the description in the book, but Dolores Costello is my choice and I'd stick to it through anything. Madeline Hurlock came to see me, and the very next day succumbed to illness herself and was rushed off to the hospital. She had a mild sort of breakdown—she is so thin and not very strong. Madeline promptly shared with me all the books people sent her—the kind of books that movies aren't made of—Cabell's, May Sinclair's, Zona Gale's, and Willa Cather's.

"The very first day I was up I ran into little Olive Hasbrouck, and she warned me that it was almost time I took her on the ten-mile hike through the hills that we have long threatened. She is a picture of health if there ever was one. She is so pretty and cute and thoroughly alive I don't see why she doesn't get further in pictures. When she was playing opposite Fred Thomson in his last picture, she was the idol of the company because she had nerve enough to try any stunts. She is one of those untiring people who is always bright-eyed and enthusiastic. Properly photographed, she is perfectly beautiful."

"Speaking of Westerns," I edged in—

"I know you're going to ask me how Carmelita is getting on. Outside the fact that she has to get up at the crack of dawn to be out on location where the Tom Mix company is working, she is having a gorgeous time. She is taking her riding so seriously—and the girls in the Mix pictures always have to do some wild riding—but Virginia Valli says that whenever Carmelita gets on a horse she has the steadfast, determined look of

Continued on page 110
Of course, you may not believe this story. It's one of those tales of a fairy godmother who makes your wish come true overnight. Really, you know, such things don't happen!

This is one of those stories, the only difference being that it is true; it did happen, and because of it an unknown girl named Helen Mundy is on her way to stardom in the movies.

Helen is a little Southern girl of seventeen, five foot two, with eyes of brown. Until last April she was placidly going to high school in Knoxville, Tennessee, and living alone with her widowed mother who taught school for a livelihood. Helen was hard at work studying for examinations, and her graduation in June. She was vaguely movie-struck, of course-almost all girls are—but what of it? It's impossible to get into the movies these days, with all the thousands of extras you read about who flock around the studios.

So little Miss Mundy discouraged her ambitions and went on studying. Until the big day, the red-letter day in her life. It started out just like any other day—school, and then after school a stroll with a group of boys and girls, and into a Knoxville drug store for sundaes.

Then is when it happened. For no sooner had Helen walked into the store when a man came up to her and said, "How would you like to play the leading rôle in a movie?" Just like that.

She wore a dull-orange coat with a brown fur collar. "Well," she said, in her naive way, "I'd never heard of Paul Wing, and I'd never had anything to do with business—sixteen, just going to school every day. What business could he have with me? But of course I was curious, so I said all right, I would see him."

And isn't it lucky for her that she did? For Paul Wing proved to be the man in the drug store, the assistant director of the Famous Players picture, "Stark Love."

"When he first spoke to me," Helen continued, "I thought he probably worked for some dinky little company, perhaps one of those fake picture companies you read about. When he said, 'Famous Players,' I just couldn't believe it. I couldn't imagine such a thing happening to me. Mother and I were quite suspicious at first."

"'How do we know,' asked my mother, 'that you really do represent Famous Players?' So Mr. Wing told her to call up the chamber of commerce and they would vouch for him."

Well, it was all true. It really was Mr. Wing of Famous Players and he had been looking for a girl to play in his picture. And then the whys and wherefores all came out.

Famous Players had sent a company of two directors, camera men, script workers and all that, down into the

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By Alma

"Ha-ha!" said Helen, just as you would do if a perfectly strange man asked you that. "Don't be silly!"—and ordered a chocolate nut sundae.

"And then I started home, not thinking much about it," explains Miss Mundy, in her soft Southern voice, "or at least, it just struck me as rather a crazy thing to happen to me. It was one of those days when everything goes wrong—the kind of day when things keep annoying you.

"They kept on annoying me. I reached home and began taking a bath, and the phone rang. Mother was out. So I had to get out of the tub to answer it. Then it rang again, and I had to dash out, dripping wet, a second time. Hardly had I got back to finish my bath when the doorbell rang. By this time I was getting crosser and crosser. But I grabbed a dressing gown, and there at the front door was a chauffeur, with a beautiful car out in front of the house.

"He handed me a card, with the name Paul Wing on it, and a note scribbled in pencil. 'May I see you tonight at eight—on business?'"

Miss Mundy's eyes grew wide and bright as she told her story, over the lunch table. She has eyes like Clara Bow's, with unbelievably long lashes, and they looked very brown and sparkling under her tiny brown hat. 
Letter Day

dae after school, and got a five-year too! How this extraordinary good for-estering stories of the movies ever told.

Talley

mountains of North Carolina to make a “native picture,” with scenes of the “poor whites” just as they really are. There were to be no stars, just a real-life film of the illiterate mountaineer people, on the order of “Nanook of the North” with its Eskimo life, and “Moana.”

So Carl Brown, the director, and his assistant, Paul Wing, were sent down to take charge of the proceedings. There turned out to be only one difficulty. They did want a pretty heroine—one mustn’t forget the box office—and among the slatternly, un-couth women of the mountains there was not a pretty girl to be found. The company had been down in the district for two months, and the picture was not even started. The New York executives of Famous Players were getting annoyed. Two months—all those men down in the mountains on expense accounts, and not doing anything! The New York office kept sending wires: “Get to work; the picture must be started.” Mr. Brown and Mr. Wing became quite des-perate.

They gave up trying to find a suitable mountaineer girl, and crossed over the State line into Tennessee. Mr. Wing wandered into the drug store. “Don’t you know of any screen-struck girls here in town?” he asked the cashier, half in fun, half in desperation. The cashier thought a moment.

“Why, there’s Helen Mundy,” she suggested finally, “she’s a cute little thing, and she’s kinda movie struck.”

Just then—this, as I said, being one of those stories you won’t believe—Helen walked in, with her group. “There she is now,” said the cashier, and Mr. Wing briefly studied her screen possibilities.

Big brown eyes like Clara Bow’s, set far apart, and a mouth like Renee Adoree’s. Long brown hair—which she has since bobbed—yes, she looked as if she might do. Not a beauty, certainly, but she would photograph like a million. So the film expert decided hastily, and then went over and asked her that perfectly incredible question, “How would you like to play the leading rôle in a movie?”

So that is how it came about. Mrs. Mundy was not very pleased at first; her two other daughters are married and live in distant cities; Helen was the only com-panion she had.

She listened dubiously while Mr. Wing told her the plans. Nothing, of course, was definite, he explained, until Miss Mundy passed a screen test. The camera men were in North Carolina, a few miles away, and it would be necessary for Helen to go there to be photographed. It would take about a week to make the screen tests and get them to New York to be O. K’d.

“Oh, well,” decided Mrs. Mundy, “perhaps the tests won’t be O. K’d anyhow. And, Helen, I think the week’s rest and change will do you good. You’ve been studying so hard and you’re all tired out.”

That, explained Miss Mundy, was really the reason her mother let her go. Neither of them really expected that she would be gone more than a week. She got the few days off from the school authorities, and confidently told every one she would return in about seven days.

But she didn’t, of course. When the Knoxville High School held its commencement exercises, there was no Helen Mundy in the class. She was having a commence-ment all her own—the beginning of her screen career.

“We went up into the mountains on location,” Helen said, “and lived in tents. I was the only player in the cast who wasn’t a real mountaineer. Most of the others couldn’t even read and write; they had to sign their agreements with the company by marking an X, because they couldn’t write their own names.

“I was the only girl among all those people living on location. Oh, yes, there were other women in the cast, but they lived in the hills near by and came to work by the day. So there I was, with all those men; they pitched my tent between Mr. Brown’s and Mr. Wing’s, the two directors, for protection. One night a feud started among the mountaineers—a man had stolen his brother’s

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Manhattan

A sympathetic searchlight finds of the stars while they tarry in
By Aileen

your customers in this slipshod fashion. And let me tell you this: you've just got to get that dress to me in half an hour, or—"

"Oh, I will, I will, if you'll forgive me just this once."

"I will, if I get that dress. You know I'm desperate, I haven't a thing, and—"

"I'll have it to you in an hour—honest I will. I was going out to tea"—apologetically.

"To tea? Well, of all the nerve! You'd think you were a débutante, the way you talk, instead of a hard-working—"

"Say, Norma, I'll have that dress done in time for dinner, or I'll bust in the attempt, and it'll be a dream."

"Don't 'Norma' me, but get to work, and I'll expect it in sixty minutes to the dot. As a dressmaker I'll tell the world you're a good actress."

"You'll forgive me when you see that dress." "Well; it had better be good," says Norma, and puts down the phone, while the little dressmaker with the big blue eyes and flaxen hair dashes madly for a pair of shears and cuts long slits in a piece of shimmering golden satin.

"I got the fringe this afternoon, and I'll have it ready in half an hour—see if I don't."

"Well, I wouldn't break my neck," says Sister Ethel who suddenly emerges from the next room. "You can't tell me Norma Talmadge hasn't a thing to wear. I wouldn't sew a stitch at this late hour, and why should you with all—"

"But I promised!"

"Don't be making me laugh! Here you are wearing yourself out over Norma Talmadge's dinner party, and leaving your own tea date flat. Oh, I know you can make a Paris model look like Second Avenue, and you can run it up in no time, and I admit that Alma Rubens and Bebe Daniels and the rest never look better than when you trick them out in your homemade dresses, but honest to goodness, sis, I

Richard Barthelmess agrees that his recent pictures have been below the mark, and promises to return to form in his next.
Medley

out many of the intimate thoughts
New York for work or pleasure.
St. John-Brenor.

never hoped to see the day when Marion Da-
vies would go off her bean and turn dress-
maker just for fun, and be hected by her cus-
tomers!"

"Ethel, you know I love it."
Marion Davies it is who has neglected her
rouge pots and make-up boxes in favor of the
justly famous needle and thread. For the
girls in the film set have the sewing bee in
their bonnets. You should see them struggling
with hemstitching, learning to turn a seam,
carving up yards of precious brocade, and
turning out all manner of dainties for fem-
inine attire. Many of them are adepts, too,
though they will tell you that Marion Davies
has them all lashed to the mast when it comes
to turning out beautiful gowns. Alma Rubens
has completely refurbished her wardrobe with
accessories such as one views in shop windows,
and Marion has also made her a dress that is
the envy of all eyes every time Alma appears
in public. Marion is a first-rate modiste with
that French chic, and the knitted laurel leaf
goes to her deft needle and its subtle, though
hasty, creations.

No Inferiority Complex Here
Roy d’Arcy will tell you how to be a villain.
"First be a business man," he says, "and
then gain experience. It
is invaluable training."
Convincing screen vil-
lains are rare. That is
why D’Arcy decided to
be one, and it is his
business career, he will
tell you, that has made
him a success at it. That
does not necessarily
mean that a business
man is a villain, but ac-
cording to Mr. d’Arcy’s
philosophy screen acting
is the product merely of
experience, not of art.
"Art—that is the bunk," says D’Arcy:
"Screen acting is merely
a case of dog eat dog.
That’s my policy. No
matter how small the
part, I decide what I
can do to run away with
the picture. I rack my
brain for experiences—
the experiences I had
as a business man in

Dorothy Gish set sail for
England, resolved to be her
old, sprightly self in her
next picture.

Madge Evans, who used to be a child
actress, is now a full-blown ingénue in
"Daisy Mayme," the stage play.

South America, in Germany,
France, New York, and if I think
hard enough I usually hit upon
something that enhances my rôle,
and directors love the little
improvements that I insert.
"For example, in ‘The Tem-
press,’ do you remember the whip
gag?"

By many that was thought to
be the punch of the picture—the
scene where villain and hero fight
with long whips to see which will
be master of the girl’s fate.
"I suggested that scene," says
D’Arcy. "The director wanted
an effective gag, as the picture
needed a punch. I racked my
brain, and I suddenly recalled a
dramatic episode that took place
on a ranch in the Argentine,
where I was posted during my
business career. Two men who
hated each other said it with
whips, just as you saw in the
picture. It was effective for me,
of course, and it was helpful to
the whole picture.
"When I say my policy is dog
villains I should like to portray. My business experience has taught me never to waste a minute. The best villain wins, and even to be a villain at all you have to be finely equipped."

The Team of Meighan and Moran

Just after the recent holidays Thomas Meighan took Lois Moran by the hand, and said, "Lois, let's go to Pittsburgh."

"May I, mother?" asked Lois of her pretty mother.

"Why, of course you may," answered Mrs. Moran to her equally pretty daughter, "and we shall all go."

Pittsburgh is Lois' and Tommy Meighan's home town, and the occasion of their visit was a determination to give the nuns at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers a good time—or rather a good home.

All the O'Flahertys and the MacMahons and the Kellys and Lynches, turned out to welcome them as they arrived at the bazaar being held in Pittsburgh to raise funds for the Sisters of Charity.

Though they discovered it only recently, Tommy Meighan and Lois Moran's father, now dead, were members of the same fraternity at the same high school, and Meighan's people and Lois Moran's relatives are in the same set—covered with the same type of Pittsburgh soot, so to speak. The occasion of their arrival was celebrated by great rejoicing within convent walls, where both Meighan and Moran have aunts who are nuns.

Studying "An American Tragedy"

Whenever conversation lags some one asks, "Oh, can you tell me who really is going to direct 'An American Tragedy'?"

Those who have seen the play and those who have read the book differ on their choice of a director, and there is a strong opinion in many quarters that Theodore Dreiser's tragic story of Clyde Griffith should never be filmed at all.

The Longacre Theater, where the stage version is playing, is the scene of a long list of film visitors, all of whom view the play with an eye to its screen possibilities.

We've always felt that Jack Pickford is the most fitting choice for the weak boy who, misguided by his passions, ends in the electric chair.

And as for directors—well, some time or other you'll find most of them have sat in the front row studying the dramatization. We've caught Malcolm St. Clair, Monta Bell, Herbert Brenon, and Robert Vignola. And who

Andres de Segurola, a popular and picturesque figure in New York's musical life, plays himself in "Sunja."
should have conspicuous seats at the opening but Evelyn Brent and Pauline Garon, who, red-eyed and saddened, occupied a box.

A Dreadful Faux Pas

It was a big day for Manhattan when Mr. and Mrs. Emil Jannings walked down the gangplank for their initial visit to America. They hadn't been here more than two days when Jesse L. Lasky, plenipotentiary extraordinary for Famous Players, obtained Jannings' signature to a three-year contract calling for the actor's services in Hollywood.

A luncheon at the Ritz occurred in honor of the event, and was attended by all the stars, film executives, and critics in town—each feminine starring with the others to look her prettiest, only to be outshone by Jannings' wife, a stately and vivacious blonde modishly attired in black sequins, who, speaking English perfectly, made her husband's speech to an appreciative gathering.

As for Jannings himself, he is a swarthy, genial fellow, who speaks not a word of English, despite his Brooklyn birth, but whose rotund and smiling countenance needed no words to show his pleasure at America's welcome.

Virtually every one at the luncheon was a stranger to him, with the exception of Lya de Putti, who worked with him so successfully in Berlin, and across the Crystal Room these two smiled and waved to each other the cordial greetings of old friends, while Lois Wilson, in becoming maroon velvet suddenly decorated by a plate of soup a waiter had deposited down her back instead of on the table, smiled a shy, uncertain greeting to the great actor.

The presence of Horace Liveright at the festivities augured that Dreiser's novels may form part of Jannings' film endeavors, for Liveright, who is Dreiser's publisher, and a stage producer as well, is not usually found at film parties.

She Scores on the Stage

Perhaps you remember her—a pretty little girl, young in years but rich in screen experience—one of those charming anomalies whose life as a child actress failed to mar an inherent sweetness and naturalness in her. Some years ago she was in demand wherever the younger generation was called upon to play juvenile rôles. We saw her last in Spyri's "Heide," a two-reeler in which her golden curls and pink-and-white complexion were preserved in all their native freshness through colored photography. And then she disappeared. Her name is Madge Evans.

As a little girl Madge was a popular child actress, and just as she was about to become gawky she was whisked away from the screen to appear again recently on Broadway,

not in a motion picture, but as a charming and full-blown ingenue in George Kelly's new play, "Daisy Mayme."

Perhaps you have been wondering what Madge Evans has been doing since she disappeared from the screen. To be sure, she has made cursory appearances, as in "On the Banks of the Wabash" and "Classmates," but these rôles were played during the summer holidays while she went to school in New York.

Her mother wanted her to have an education, so she abducted her from public life and put her in the classroom where the only form of excitement was the mastery of French verbs, the treble clef, and the intricacies of classical dancing.

When I played in the picture with Dick Barthelmess, the girls at school nearly went crazy with envy. They had a crush on him, and when they discovered that in 'Classmates' I was to play Dick's sweetheart, I became the heroine of the school.

"But apart from those two pictures, the last five years have been devoted entirely to my studies. My mother insisted on it. She didn't want me to grow up without a found-
Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, whose marriage is comparatively young, are still most decidedly in love, and inordinately proud of little Barbara Ann.

In a community where marriages between extremely temperamental persons flourish and where the responsibility of the promises spoken at the altar is supposed to be treated more lightly than any place else in the country, it is surprising, as I pointed out before, how many really happy unions are to be found.

Contrary to the general impression, as said before, the number of divorces in Hollywood is no greater than the number of divorces in any other city of the same population, and those that do occur are not celebrated, as one might be led to suppose, with champagne dinners and general hilarity. Most of the shouting about Hollywood divorces has come from outside the colony. In fact, the mere word, "divorce," is shunned in the community, and two players who have ended their marriage via the divorce court are quietly spoken of as having "separated."

There is, to be true, a long list of such ill-fated couples. Among the feminine players, for instance, whose marriages have ended in divorce are Leatrice Joy, May Allison, What Makes a

The answer is sought in the homes of Hollywood. unhappy marriages among the film folk, begun

By Elza

Hedda Hopper, Anna Q. Nilsson, Renee Adoree, Diana Miller, Irene Rich, Seena Owen, Priscilla Dean, Ruth Roland, Virginia Valli, Louise Fazenda, Helene Chadwick, Carmel Myers, and Pauline Frederick. Miss Frederick has been three times unsuccessfully married—first, a number of years ago, to a rich New York business man, next to Willard Mack, actor and playwright, and lastly to Doctor Rutherford of Seattle. Alice Calhoun's marriage six or seven months ago to a young attorney has also proved to be a failure, and divorce proceedings are under way.

Among the prominent men of the colony who have had experience with divorce are Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, and, recently, Adolphe Menjou.

So perfect is the union between Douglas MacLean and his wife that they seem to have been always married.
Perfect Marriage?

This interesting survey of both the happy and in an earlier issue, is here brought to a close.

Schallert

Dick Barthelmess may possibly have been added to these by the time this is read. Mary Hay Barthelmess is reported to be getting a divorce in Paris as this goes to press. Lew Cody and Dorothy Dalton were divorced many years ago, and now Lew is married to Mabel Normand, and Dorothy to Arthur Hammerstein.

But imposing as these lists of the less fortunate may seem, there's an even longer one of those whose marriages have happily withstood the wear and tear of many years. We have already peeped into the tranquil homes of a great many of these, and tried to discover just what it was that had made their marriages so successful, but there are still many, many more whom we haven't even mentioned.

Every one knows how Elinor Fair and William Boyd were brought together—"The Volga Boatman" did it.

To begin with, there are Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley, who head one of the sturdiest families of Hollywood. They have three gorgeous red-haired lassies—Sheila, Eileen, and Mary. Mrs. O'Malley was not a professional before her marriage. She is very young and attractive, and is gifted with a lovely Irish wit.

Harry Carey and his wife, formerly Olive Fuller Golden, and the two youngsters, a little girl of three and a boy of five, the latter called "Dobe" by his dad, have also helped to build up family life in the colony. One can scarcely speak of the Careys without wanting to mention the whole tribe of Navajos that they have on their extensive ranch in Saugus. It is a wonderful place and the Navajos, under the guidance of Harry and his resourceful wife, have made it one of the most interesting ranches in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. And if the Navajos on the place keep on multiplying as fast as they have been, there is no doubt about it that the last big Indian reservation in the world will be right at the Carey rancho.

Henry Walthall and Mary Charleston, formerly an actress of both stage
and screen, have been married ten years. Buck Jones and his wife have been married eleven years. Mrs. Jones was a rider in the same wild-West show as Buck. Their daughter Maxine, who is eight, has inherited her mother's and father's prowess as riders, for she already can stick to a saddle like a jockey.

Russell Simpson has a daughter of eight. Mrs. Simpson is a talented singer who still keeps up her music. Theodor von Eltz is another family man, boasting two children, a boy of eighteen months and a girl of three years. Malcolm McGregor has a daughter of six. Bill Desmond and his wife, who was known on the stage as Mary MacIvor, have one child. The Hallam Cooleys have a boy of six.

Two splendid character actors to whom marriage came late in life are Alec Francis, whose wife is a most distinctive woman, and Frank Keenan, who a few years ago married a young musician many years his junior. Hobart Bosworth also married a woman much younger than himself. She had been connected with the research department of one of the studios. They have one boy. The present Mrs. Robert Edeson is also considerably younger than her husband. The first Mrs. Edeson was that talented stage actress, Mary Newcomb.

The marriage of Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, the director, is one of long standing. Others who have long been married are Huntly Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, Mabel and Hugo Ballin, the Eric Maynes, the Theodore Kosloffs, T. Roy Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, Taylor Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mitchell Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, Stuart Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, the Dave Butlers, the Syd Chaplins, Anne Cornwall and her writer husband, Charles Maigne, Lillian Rich and her merchant-man husband, Eileen Percy and Ulric Busch, who by the time this article is published will have had an addition to their family, the Roy Stewarts, George Siegmann and his wife, May Lucy, who was a well-known light-opera singer a number of years ago, Mack Swain and Mrs. Swain, who is an authoress, Frank Elliott and Dorothy Cumming, and the Walter Longs.

The handsome Victor Varconi, who made such a deep impression in "The Volga Boatman," has been married about eight years. The event occurred abroad, of course, in Vienna. Mrs. Varconi is a typical Viennese, with an esprit such as one rarely encounters any more. She is like a Strauss waltz. And she's a goodly hostess. She was formerly a light-opera singer on the Continent and scored success in "Sari" and other operettas of that genre. When the Varconis or Vilma Banky, who is also a Hungarian, ask friends in, it always means Hungarian food and much music—fascinating folk tunes.

Bob Frazer is the husband of the former Milly Bright, who played on both the stage and screen. The Frazers have been married nearly a dozen years. Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson have celebrated their sixth anniversary. Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, their fifth; Neil Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, who before marriage was interested in the producing of plays, have celebrated their fifth; Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry, their fourth; Jack Mulhall and Mrs. Mulhall, formerly an actress, their fourth. Jack has a son by a previous marriage. George K. Arthur and his wife, Milba Lloyd, a sculptress, have passed their fourth anniversary. The Arthurs have an adorable little girl.

Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick, formerly a stage actress, have been married four years. Delightful people! John Barrymore has been married for possibly six or seven years, and has a charming little daughter. Mrs. Barrymore is of a prominent New York family. She also writes, using the pen name, Michael Strange. Alice Terry and Rex Ingram have been married about five years. Rex spends so much time abroad he is almost becoming a European. The same may be said of the incomparable Betty Blythe, whose husband is Paul Scardon, the director. They have been married for all of five years. Betty has virtually forsaken Hollywood, but Hollywood has not forgotten her. To know Betty is never to forget her.

Dolores del Rio, a comparative newcomer in the colony, has been married for four years. Her husband is a most agreeable gentleman from Mexico, and very wealthy. Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery

George K. Arthur and his wife have celebrated their fourth anniversary, with a baby daughter among those present.
have enjoyed domestic life for about the same number of years. They have a little girl of their own, named after Zasu, and recently adopted Barbara La Marr's boy of four—an exceptional youngster, incidentally. Elliott Dexter and Mrs. Dexter recently celebrated their fourth anniversary.

Miriam Cooper and her husband, Raoul Walsh, the director, belong to the group of long-wedded couples. They recently adopted two children.

Two directors who are also actors, Erich von Stroheim and Alan Hale, are men with families. The Von Stroheim son is about four. Mrs. von Stroheim was not of the profession. Mrs. Hale, however, was. Her name many readers will recall from pictures made years ago—Gretchen Hartmann. The Hales have two children, a boy of five and a girl of two and a half.

Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge have found their five years of matrimony a very brief period and are reminded of its length only when they gaze upon their two sturdy sons. Buster, Jr., is four. His Aunt Norma and Aunt Constance lovingly refer to him as "the old man." Joe, the baby, is two.

Hank Mann, the comedian with the melancholy eyes and forlorn bang, has been a married man for three years. Lige Conley, the same. Both are fathers of young babies. Neither Mrs. Mann nor Mrs. Conley belonged to the profession. Walter Hiers, he of the rotund contour, has done service about the same length of time. Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan have been married about two years. Also Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, Betty Compson and James Cruze, Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan, Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, Claire Adams and B. B. Hampton, a former producer, Viola Dana and Maurice ("Lefty") Flynn, Virginia Fox and Darryl Francis Zanuck, scenario writer, Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston, Belle Bennett and Fred Windemere, director, Wallace Beery and Rita Gilman, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, director, Barbara Bedford and Al Roscoe, Sylvia Breamer and Dr. Harry W. Martin, Evelyn Brent and B. P. Fineman, Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reachi, an attaché of the Mexican government, and the Herbert Rawlinsons were all married between two and three and a half years ago. The Kirkwoods, the Rawlinsons, the Dustin Farnums, the Al Roscoes and the Reachis have all had additions to their families.

Which brings us to the marriages during the past year. Among the most recent was that of Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor, an event Hollywood had expected for some time. The separation of Florence and King Vidor three years ago gave the colony one of the severest shocks it had ever felt, or has felt since. Every one had been sentimental over the apparently perfect marriage of the two. Miss Vidor has had the custody of their lovely young daughter, aged now about nine. It is expected that Florence too may soon remarry. The man is George Fitzmaurice.

Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, together with Mary Akin and Edwin Carewe, celebrated their first anniversary about six months ago. The two couples were married at the same time in Mexico City. Charming people, all of them, and the Carewees have a dear baby with the cute name of Sally Ann.

Monte Blue and Tove Jansen are another couple whose marriage is comparatively young. They have a bright little daughter, Barbara Ann, five months old. Monte and Tove are very real and substantial people, and decidedly in love.

Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are still ardent honeymooners and, to Continued on page 100
Drifting—Just Drifting
With books and music the stars let their studio-weary minds drift into the land of fancy.

There come times in every man's life when he wants to do nothing else in the world but flop down and read—lazily, listlessly, without a single care. Lawrence Gray was caught in just such a mood in the picture above.

When the hours at the studio have been particularly long and nerve-racking, Pauline Starke, below, finds nothing more soothing than to allow her imagination to wander for an hour or so through the pages of a favorite book.

John Gilbert turns for relaxation to his piano, and idly picks out gay or pensive tunes, according to his state of mind.

Left, Mary Astor curls up in a comfortable corner and dreams over a volume of poems.
Jane Winton, right, loves a book with lots of humor in it, and judging from her gently amused expression, we suspect she has found what she wants.

We know perfectly well that that's a lively melody that Leatrice Joy, below, is strumming on her guitar, for it's rare that Leatrice does anything that is not lively.

Nancy Nash, above, grows wistful and wan as she lures soft airs from her mandolin. Nancy, you know, is the ingénue from Texas whom Fox recently signed up.

Give Rod La Rocque an interesting book and he's lost to the world. His cares and worries—if he has any such things—simply evaporate under the spell of a good story.
F.A.U.S.T., as brought to the screen by F. W. Murnau, makes every other version of Goethe's poetic drama look like a parody of the immortal legend of the old doctor who bartered his soul with the devil for youth.

The story in its essentials is familiar to every one, but Murnau's visualization of it will prove a revelation to those who follow pictures closely as well as those who are skeptical of what the screen offers and therefore avoid it.

And this "Faust" has Emil Jannings, too! His Mephisto beggars description. He towers magnificently through the sheer robustness of his portrayal, and at the same time wins exclamations on the score of the minute detail, the rich byplay, of his Satan. He is no symbolic figure of evil, but a living incarnation of diabolism, touched with sardonic humor, his inner fires kept alive through love of depravity. Jannings is superbly convincing.

The same can be said of all the characters—less commanding, of course, by reason of their place in the story, but chosen with unerring instinct and directed by an inspired mind. Gusta Ekman is Faust, Camilla Horn Marguerite, Valentine is Wilhelm Dieterle, and Yvette Guilbert Martha. Happily, not one of them follows operatic tradition. Marguerite is a simple girl of the middle classes who delights in a gold chain, rather than a prima donna who trills over a coffer of rhinestones in a velvet gown.

Yet, apart from the acting, the production itself holds first place, with lighting, grouping and settings such as have never been seen before. When Mephisto transports Faust on his cloak to Parma their flight through the air places the magic carpet of "The Thief of Bagdad" in the category of a stunt in a Sennett comedy.

"Faust" is a great picture, and I don't mean relatively.

The Truth About Vaudeville.

Dost remember Monta Bell's "Pretty Ladies?" You should, for it was the best picture of stage life ever filmed. Well, he's done another, in its way even better because it is more substantial and has a grand punch. "Upstage" is the name of it, and if you pass it up it will be because you are upstage yourself, as Norma Shearer is in the beginning of this story of vaudeville.

She is Dolly Haven, an obscure and pretty performer whose head is turned by the good notices she gets after hand hurds knives at her. Just then her baby is discovered, dead, by the others. She rushes from the stage after the first part of her stunt, and clasps the child in dumb agony.

But the act must go on, and Norma Shearer bravely takes her place for the hatchet-throwing which follows. Thus she qualifies as a "real trouper" and her upstaging is magnificently atoned for in a manner typical of the theater.

The picture is deft, humorous, true to life, and the original story by Walter De Leon, himself of vaudeville, is no less responsible for it than Bell's direction and the acting of Miss Shearer, Oscar Shaw, Gwen Lee, Ward Crane, and Dorothy Phillips, of whom, by the way, one sees too little these days.

A Good Day's Work.

"Everybody's Acting" may not mean much as a title, but it really fits the picture very well indeed, for with Betty Bronson, Lawrence Gray, Louise Dresser, Ford Sterling, Henry B. Walthall, Raymond Hitchcock, Stuart Holmes, Edward Martindel, Philo McCullough, Judd Prouty, and Jocelyn Lee all at it at once, everybody may be said to be acting—or doing their best to live up to the name.

The story which engages them is a bit old-fashioned, but it makes a pleasant picture. Betty Bronson, left motherless while a barnstorming company is on tour, is "adopted" by five old cronies who educate her up to the point of her début as a leading lady. The young man who eventually comes into her life is presumably a chauffeur but in reality is a millionaire novelist in search of local color. His mother, a captain of industry, objects to Betty because she is an actress, and objects all the more when she discovers the stain on Betty's past, due to her mother's murder by her father. Needless to say it all comes out beautifully—and cleverly.

Miss Bronson is exquisitely charming as Doris, and all the men offer excellent support. Louise Dresser is earnest and convincing as the boy's mother, and the rôle doesn't even suggest "The Goose Woman" or a courtroom scene. "Everybody's Acting" has many quaint and surprising touches of humor characteristic of Marshall Neilan, who wrote as well as directed the picture.

We advise you to see this one.
Can the Dead Come Back?
A serious and beautiful story is unfolded in "The Return of Peter Grimm," as true to the spirit and intent of the play from which it was taken as I have ever seen on the screen. It is a feather in the cap of all responsible for it, including William Fox, Bradley King, the adapter, Victor Schertzinger, Alec B. Francis as Peter, and the remainder of the cast down to the dog programmed as Hank.

The "return" which gives the picture its title is the spiritual reappearance of old Peter after his death, and his efforts to communicate with the living. The affairs of those he has left behind have reached such a state of poignant drama that he must speak in order to save his loved ones from a lifetime of sorrow. He finally does so through a child who conveys his message with no knowledge of its significance, and, dying, is carried by Peter into joyous invisibility.

It is a gripping story replete with moments of charm and quaintness and emotional appeal, all so skilfully blended that you lose sight of the characters individually and find yourself asking if the dead can really return to commune with the living?

This is due not only to the fine picture and the sympathy behind it, but to sincere acting on the part of the entire cast. Alec B. Francis is far more than a character actor playing a congenial rôle: he brings a quality of spiritual exaltation to old Peter Grimm found by me in no other screen artist, while Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling, as the youngsters he wishes to unite when it is almost too late, bring to life the dreams and despair of adolescence to a degree equaled by no other couple on the screen to-day. But for that matter, the whole cast is capital, yet their efforts are so beautifully coordinated that you must declare, in this instance at least, that the play's the thing.

Dangers of a Big City.
"The Prince of Tempters" is the first picture of a German director new to this country—Lothar Mendes. Without being revolutionary, it is interesting and more—offers Ben Lyon his best rôle to date, which Ben plays as he has never played before. Who, then, shall say that Mr. Mendes is less than a benefactor?

It is heavy drama, moving at a rather slow pace, but interesting for all that. Ben Lyon is Francis, who is about to take the final vows of priesthood in an Italian monastery, when he is discovered to be none other than the Duke of Chatsfield, with a fortune awaiting him and a commonplace position in British society. His priestly advisers convince him that his place is in the world outside the church, and he goes to find it in London. There he meets Mario, his friend who had denounced the church because he loved the fleshpots more, and the young and innocent duke becomes Mario's prey.

He is ensnared by Dolores, working in collusion with Mario to get his fortune, but she falls genuinely in love with him and repudiates Mario. Meanwhile, the lovely Monica has come into the life of Francis, and thus we have another version, neither old nor new, of sacred and profane love, and the conflict in the soul of a young man.

Ben Lyon plays with skill and convincing emotion, and Ian Keith, too, as Mario, is excellent. Lyo de Putti is the siren whose heart rules her, and Lois Moran is the unsullied Monica. Sam Hardy creates a comic character sketch of a greasy Italian, and the cast is generally good. "The Prince of Tempters" is worth seeing, but one wonders why the director lapsed in two instances—one when Francis comes to the home of Monica and her parents, and no one rises to greet him, and the other when we are shown a check signed "Francis, Duke of Chatsfield." Titles aren't used as signatures in England, and it will get a laugh there.

The Magic of Ingram.
Rex Ingram's pictures have the quality of Balzac's prose, it seems to me, with pictorial beauty of a kind found in no other films. He does not try to capture the springtime light of life, but its autumnal shadows. To him love is not the blazing trail to flower-strewn happiness, but a terrible force which may draw the unsuspecting into its vortex. All of which, if true, is why some spectators call his pictures morbid.

"The Magician," his latest, will probably be so termed. It isn't pretty and it isn't pleasant. It's beautiful instead, and just a bit trite as far as the story goes, but so well worth seeing that he makes us overlook this mistake. The triteness is only apparent when you think of the story after the picture has ended, and never while it is in progress. Rex Ingram would see to that?

Margaret Daumy, though engaged to Dr. Arthur Burdou, falls under the spell of Oliver Haddo, fakir, hypnotist, sorcerer, and mad as well. An ancient formula in his possession inspires him to seek the blood of a maiden's heart for a mysterious potion. Margaret is doomed to supply it. Still under his horrid influence she marries Haddo with no thought of the man she really loves. But Oliver saves her at the moment Haddo's dagger is raised to plunge into her breast, and Margaret is brought out of the magician's spell.

All this is developed with resourcefulness, brilliant direction, and real inspiration in groupings and lighting. European locales are glorified by an American camera man.
Paul Wegener wins the acting honors as Haddo. It is a rôle that Jannings himself would have found worthy of his talents, and his German compatriot is superb in it. Alice Terry has little to do, but is always significant. Ivan Petrovich, the Serbian Oliver, is handsome, authoritative and sincere, but it is Wegener who is given the biggest opportunities.

When a Lady Chews Gum.
Credit Corinne Griffith with a sprightly characterization in “Syn-copating Sue,” and give her all the praise due a beauty who submerges that gift in a rôle alien to her. The picture itself is a diverting and lively comedy, and in my opinion is better than “Classified” because it does not trifle with a well-known story, but is something that can be judged on its own merits.

*Susan Adams* is a gum-chewing, lounging girl who pounds out songs in a music shop. She aspires to the stage and goes so far as to be given a try-out by Arthur Bennett, a theatrical producer, but fails miserably. Whoever heard of a heroine who falls down on such a task, and makes you laugh at her feeble attempts to emote? This scene is the keynote of the picture, and the rest of it is made up of many such departures from conventionality, with chuckles and laughs galore.

The entire cast is beyond criticism. Tom Moore in especial achieving richly as Eddie Murphy, the trap drummer who adores Susan, and it is nice to see little Joyce Compton sparkle as Marge, Susan’s flapper sister.

These Gobs Have Fun.
“We’re in the Navy Now” is uproarious comedy—low, vigorous comedy, minus subtility but put over with skill, plus. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, that inimitable pair, are a couple of gobs who get into all manner of scrapes while serving as rookies on a battleship. That’s enough to tell of the story, because it doesn’t matter at all. What is important is found in the fact that Beery and Hatton are in almost every scene, and even when they are not the fun never lags because Chester Conklin, Tom Kennedy, and a lot of others are good for a laugh, aided and abetted by Edward Sutherland’s adroit direction, and as inspired a set of titles as ever gave point to a picture. Donald Keith and Lorraine Eason contribute the “love” interest, but again I say that the comedians are the stars, and justly so.

Perfectly Proper After All.
Don’t let the title, “Midnight Lovers,” keep you away from the picture unless you wish to punish the producers for their breach of taste. Really, it’s quite good, and a comedy, too, verging upon hilarity at times, and when I tell you that the lovers—husband and wife—are Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson you will gather that the picture is respectable, for all the implication of sub rosa amours in the title.

Boiled down, the story has to do with an impulsive girl who marries a flying ace during a lull in the war, and her willingness to believe he isn’t true to her when he returns to France. She amuses herself with an interior decorator, and when eventually taken to task by her husband she protests her innocence and says he was more like a “sister” to her.

This is the keynote of the picture, in tempo, titles, and action. All concerned give an excellent account of themselves, including John Roche who achieves a funny characterization as the decorator.

A Limehouse Cutie.
“London” presents Dorothy Gish as Mavis Hogan, a soubrette of the slums who does all the things that such characters did ten years ago in similar films, and who further conforms to pattern by being “adopted” by a rich and lonely old lady because Mavis reminds her of her dead Eleanor. It is hardly necessary to say that Mavis marries the juvenile.

“London” was written especially for the screen by Thomas Burke, whose story was responsible for D. W. Griffith’s “Broken Blossoms,” but the responsibility for the new picture is something every one concerned in it should make every possible effort to avoid.
Genteel Heroics.

Adolphe Menjou is a hero—every inch of him—in “The Ace of Cads,” instead of a gentleman of doubtful motives as used to be the case. The change is agreeable enough but hardly exciting or convincing, as must always be true of an attempt to crystallize the spirit and style of a Michael Arlen story on the screen.

But the characters have Arlen names—high-sounding, Victorian appellations such as Capel Matwin, Sir Guy de Gramercy, and—note the spelling—Eleanour. All move in the rich and rarefied atmosphere of Arlen society where Capel and Basil, the son of Sir Guy, are brother officers in a crack regiment. Basil cheats our hero out of Eleanour and marries her, while Capel does the gentlemanly thing, resigns from his regiment, and lives abroad. Years later he meets Joan, the daughter of the Gramercys, who is a very modern flapper, and flirts with her. But there is no danger, for Joan reunites her beau with her mother and the death of Basil makes their marriage possible. Alice Joyce plays Eleanour.

An airy trifle.

Drugs, Drama, and Dreariness.

What was thrilling on the stage twenty years ago may be dully commonplace on the screen to-day. In fact, it more often is than isn’t. This is especially true of “The City,” Clyde Fitch’s play which was looked upon as daring when “Florodora” held the boards, but which is only a bore now in the picture of that name.

It’s all about a blackmailing dope fiend. Time was when drug addicts were known to exist by a limited few, but thanks to the screen we are quite willing nowadays to suspect our grandmother if she dabs her nose with a bit of lavender-scented lace.

This particular dopester blackmails the head of a rich family living in a small town, and when the father dies and the family moves to the city the blackmailer follows and mixes himself up in the son’s political aspirations. Finally he marries the innocent young daughter of the house, but dies in a frenzy of epileptic acting before that catastrophe goes further.

Walter McGrail, Robert Frazer, May Allison, Richard Waring, and Nancy Nash are some of those seen in the picture.

Izzy’s Irish Rose.

You may guess from the title that “Private Izzy Murphy” is one of those delectable novelties mixing Irish and Jewish characters. Right you are. But why, I ask you, did Anne Nichols ever write “Abie’s Irish Rose” unless she wished to do the motion-picture producers a good turn and add to their wealth? “Private Izzy Murphy” will no doubt make some one a millionaire—unless the public should suddenly tire of this sort of thing. I’ll say they won’t.

In the first place, a young man named Isadore Patrick Murphy keeps two delicatessens, one in the Jewish quarter and the other in the Irish, thereby serving two publics wholeheartedly. He is in love with Eileen, the daughter of a “meat king.” He enters the war, and finally confesses in a letter to her that he isn’t Irish at all. The rôle is played by George Jessel, a Jewish comedian whose race would be apparent to any girl with a thousandth part of Patsy Ruth Miller’s discernment.

Everything is drawn out to the breaking point in order that Vera Gordon as Izzy’s mother may weep, wail, and faint when he goes to war, and that all the other characters may have heaps of footage. Gustav von Seyffertitz is cast as the Irish meat king. That should tell you a lot, but probably won’t, if you like the title.

What a Princess Will Do.

There’s more of a story, and a better one, in “So’s Your Old Man” than was in W. C. Fields’ first starring film. For that reason his gags have more excuse for being, and the picture is more substantial, though it’s entertainment of the lightest sort.

Fields is Samuel Bisbee, a small-town goof who has invented an unbreakable windshield. He is scorned by the townspeople, and his wife and daughter have no standing at all. Yet his quaintness and awkwardness appeal to the bored and troubled Princess Lesca- boura on a long railway journey, and she sets the town by the cars when she sops off for the purpose of visiting her “old friend

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The Stars Start the
And all make noble

Above, Myrna Loy looks pensively at the first day of the year and resolves to turn over a whole volume of new leaves. But we hope she doesn’t become too reformed—it would be so dull.

Ena Gregory resolves to step high during the year, and we’re sure she will, even without the aid of stilts

Jackie Coogan, right, resolves to grow up and have his hair cut. His shorn head makes its first appearance in “Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut.”
New Year Right
resolutions for 1927.

Reginald Denny, above at the right, and Kerry Clarke, one of his gag men, resolve to do all their work hereafter in their sleep—it takes less effort. They are shown trying out the experiment.

Johnny Hines resolves to have a Vitaphone accompaniment to his next comedy, so he takes a parrot to California with him to do the talking.

Lois Moran, left, resolves to go in for character work, and makes a good beginning in "God Gave Me Twenty Cents."
Mae Murray and Dimitri Buchowetzky, who directed her in "Valencia," resolve that there is nothing like a pet pig for a mascot. This one officiated in the filming of "Valencia," and brought them such good luck that they didn't have a single squabble.

Right, it looks as though Farina and his kid sister Aroma—that's actually the number that applied for the rôle in a single morning—have started the year off all wrong. Aroma recently joined "The Gang," and maybe Farina doesn't like the competition—at any rate, he certainly seems to be treating his sister rough.

Sally Rand resolves that there isn't any such animal! But there must be, for there he is, right before her eyes—an eight-and-a-half-foot Chinese giant.

Below, sixty Little Evas—that's actually some day just the same.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


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

"Better 'Ole, Thé"—Warnor. Don't miss it. Syd Chaplin gives you the laugh of your life in the famous rôle of Old Bill, veteran Tommy who doesn't take the war too seriously.

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

"Black Pirate, The"—United Artists. Doug Fairbanks' latest exquisitely filmed entirely in color. Bloodcurdling pirate tale, with Mr. Fairbanks as active as usual. Billie Dove the heroine.

"Don Juan"—Warnor. Beauty, action, and excitement are combined to make a splendid film version of this old tale. John Barrymore gives skilled performance. Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, and entire cast well chosen.

"For Heaven's Sake"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd unwittingly goes in for mission impossible amusing results.

"La Bohème"—Metro-Goldwyn. A classic skillfully screened. Lillian Gish poignant as the little seamstress of the Paris Latin Quarter who sacrifices all for her playwright lover, spiritedly played by John Gilbert.

"Les Misérables"—Universal. A clear and graphic film presentation of this great novel, with moments of beautiful acting by its very good cast of French players.

"Marc Nostrum"—Metro-Goldwyn. Beautifully photographed version of D'Annens' tale of a Spanish sea captain who, during World War, comes under the disaster spell of the Germans, through his wife for a beautiful Austrian spy. Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry admirable in leading rôle.


"Sea Beast, The"—Warnor. John Barrymore known as one of his film portrayals as a young harpooner who grows old and bitter seeking vengeance on a whale that has bitten off his leg and thereby indirectly deprived him of his wife to marry. Dolores Costello appealing as the girl.

"Stella Dallas"—United Artists. A picture in a thousand, telling with many pathetically humorous touches the heartrending story of a mother and daughter. Belle Bennett, in title rôle, is one of finest bits of acting ever seen on screen. Lois Moran, charming as young daughter; Ronald Colman, satisfactory as father.

"Variety"—Paramount. The much heralded German picture dealing with the triangular relations between three trapeze performers—a girl and two men. Terrifically gripping. Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti and Warwick Ward give inspired performances.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"—Metro-Goldwyn. John Gilbert in the ardent, aeronautic, and adventurous rôle of a dare-devil French cavalier. Eleanor Boardman is the girl he wagers he'll win.

"Battling Butler"—Metro-Goldwyn. Good picture, with Buster Keaton really funny as a rich and streetwise young man who tries to masquerade as a prize fighter. Sally O'Neil is the mountain maid heroine.

"Bigger Than Barnum's"—F. B. O. An excellent circus picture, full of suspense and pathos as well as laughter. George O'Hara, Viola Dana, and Ronald Lewis.

"Black Paradise"—Fox. Good old melodrama crammed full of action and suspense, and ranging from a department store to the South Sea Islands. Fine performances by Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe.

"Born to the West"—Paramount. Another Zane Grey film, more interesting and plausible than usual. Excellent cast, including Jack Holt and Margaret Moorer.


"Cat's Pajamas, The"—Paramount. A slight but very pleasant picture, sparkling with satire and humor. The romance of a little seamstress and a tenor, Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez.

"Duchess of Buffalo, The"—First National. Constance Talmadge in another gay comedy of the Continent. An American dancing girl poses as a Russian grand duchess, with entertaining results.

"Fine Manners"—Paramount. Made interesting by Gloria Swanson's expert performance as a hoydenish chorus girl who tries to become a lady. Eugene Clegg and May McAvoy in the main rôle.

"Footloose Widows"—Warnor. Jacqueline Logan and Louise Fazenda make genuinely amusing this film of two fashion models who dash to Florida and masquerade as wealthy widows.

"Gigolo"—Producers Distributing. Best acting of Rod La Rocque's career. Touching experiences of a young man who, after being battered up in the war, becomes a scorned gigolo in a Paris café. Jofyana Ralston and Louise Fazenda.

"Good and Naughty"—Paramount. Pola Negri, excellent in a gay comedy of a dowdy office girl who blossoms into a woman of the world and saves her employer, Tom Moore, from the machinations of a married woman.


"Hold That Lion"—Paramount. Douglas MacLean in a diverting comedy of a young man who pursues a girl around the world, and unwittingly inveigled into a lion hunt.


"Mantrap"—Paramount. Entertaining and unusual. Clara Bow, a flirtatious manicurist, and Ernest Torrence, from the wilds of Canada, become man and wife. Then along comes Percy Marmont.

"Meet the Prince"—Producers Distributing. Gay, inconsequential film of a Russian prince who flees to America and masquerades as a butler. Joseph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte.

"Men of Steel"—First National. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in a melodramatic "epic" of the steel industry, well done, but has moments of grim and beautiful reality.

"Midnight Kiss, The"—Fox. Adapted from the play "Pigs" charming and amusing study of small-town folk. Richard Waring is the boy who aspires to be a veterinary, and Janet Gaynor his girl.

"Midnight Sun, The"—Universal. An elaborate film picturesque prewar Russian. Raymond Massey, as a ballet girl, captures the attention of a grand duke, Pat O'Malley, but gives her heart to his aid-de-camp.

Continued on page 116.
I'M as happy as can be, and I want as many of my friends as possible to share in my joy with me." That is the way Laura La Plante expressed herself regarding her marriage to William Alfred Seiter, the director, and she proved she meant it by doing the unprecedented thing in Hollywood of sending out formal invitations to the wedding to almost everybody. Furthermore, she and Mr. Seiter set the wedding for a Sunday afternoon when everybody could attend. The ceremony was followed immediately by a formal reception at the La Plante residence in Beverly Hills, after which the bride and groom left on a short honeymoon trip. Their real one will be taken later—to the Hawaiian Islands.

Throng of film people, and many outside the profession were present at the church and also at the reception, for Laura has always been very popular, because of her rare personal charm and sweetness. Also, any number of her fans sent her flowers, with notes conveying their felicitations, and quite a few were on hand actually to see her married, while many others stood outside the church to watch the entrance and exit of the bridal party.

Norma's Gay Party.

In nearly every way the fall and winter social season has been one of gay and flourishing brightness. The colony, in fact, took up its festive round of parties and premières and dances with a new and merrier zest than ever. The Sixty Club dances have been specially popular.

One of the very largest parties of the season was the one given on Armistice Day by Norma Talmadge to celebrate her home-coming. Several hundred guests were present, and it lasted from four in the afternoon until ten in the evening. On account of the earliness of the hour, the formality of evening dress was dispensed with and everybody had a more enjoyable and thrilling time than usual.

Every one in the very comprehensive Talmadge social circle was invited, and we caught glimpses, among others, of Bebe Daniels, Lilyan Tashman, Eddie Lowe, Raymond Griffith, Estelle Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Charlie Ray, Mabel Normand, Eileen Percy, Theda Bara, Jack Pickford, Conrad Veidt, the German actor who plays in "The Ragged Lover" with John Barrymore, Jack Dempsey, Marguerite Namara, Jack Gilbert, and many others, including various prominent picture producers, who are friends of Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck.

A buffet supper was served, and there was dancing, but for the most part, the afternoon and evening were devoted to tête-à-têtes and group conversations among the various guests, who found the atmosphere one of rare congeniality. Both Norma and her husband create a warmth in their home which is bound to make all who attend their parties enjoy themselves immensely.

Enter Emil Jannings.

Less pretentious in a social way, but professionally quite an event, was the welcome given to Emil Jannings on his arrival upon the Coast to begin work with

This is the happy gathering that showered Mabel Normand with everything a bride could possibly use. Mabel, in a white hat, is buried under the boxes, with Vilma Banky standing beside her. Mrs. Abraham Lehr, kneeling at the left, was hostess, and Priscilla Dean, center, helped undo the gifts.

Hollywood High Lights

Bright bits of news picked up along the highways and byways of the film colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert
Paramount. Jannings is undoubtedly the most important of the throng of players who have come from abroad, because he has long been the outstanding star in Germany by virtue of his performances in “Passion,” “Deception,” “The Loves of Pharaoh,” and “The Last Laugh.”

Several hundred persons were present at the railroad station to meet him and Mrs. Jannings, who was formerly a noted singer and dramatic interpreter in her native land. Paramount’s part in the reception was conducted with theatrical éclat, for the company had brought down a number of girl ushers, carrying garlands of flowers, to form a line through which the arriving celebrity might pass as he walked from the train to the waiting automobile.

Jannings was quite overwhelmed by the welcome, particularly as he does not speak any English. Mrs. Jannings encouraged him to say a few words by reminding him, “Remember what I told you to tell them.” She herself speaks English quite fluently, and Jannings, prompted by her, said in a very thick and guttural voice, “I lof to be viz you very much.”

After the greeting at the train, there was a reception at the Ambassador Hotel. A number of stars called, but Pola Negri was quite exclusive. She sent a large floral piece with the word “Wilkommen” on it, and a note to Jannings saying that she would pay him a visit after the other guests had left. This exclusiveness can be understood, however, since Miss Negri played with him in a number of the biggest pictures that she made under Ernst Lubitsch’s direction in Europe, and it was quite natural that she should want to have a quiet little visit with the Janningses.

With Great Gemütlichkeit.

Quite a decided interest was shown in the colony in the fact that Jannings and Wallace Beery came across the country on the same train. There had been a hint of rivalry between them, because of the circumstance that both have achieved such success in the interpretation of monarchs of the past—Jannings as Louis XV., and Henry VIII., and Beery as Richard III., in “Robin Hood.”

The colony found, however, that Beery and Jannings had shaken hands enthusiastically, patted each other on the back, tried to pay compliments to each other in pantomime—for neither speaks the other’s language—and given other striking evidences of friendly feelings. Indeed, they promise to be great pals, and may later appear in a picture together.

Wally was more than courteous to the visiting artist for, whenever newspaper reporters entered the train to interview him, he directed them over to Jannings with the words, “There is the man you should meet, for he’s the big star on this trip.”

Which is just like Wally. He may steal scenes with a vengeance before the camera, but off screen he is the most amiable of souls.

Partners No More.

The costarring partnership of Beery and Raymond Hatton has broken up. It went on the rocks when Famous Players decided that Hatton wasn’t playing ball just right in “Casey at the Bat,” and so, with a slight verbal sparring, they took him out of the cast and put in a New York stage comedian by the name of Sterling Holloway.

We saw Holloway at Norma’s party, and he has the most original hair cut in Hollywood. It has all the effect of the drooping leaves of a coconut tree, except for the color, which is a slightly reddish blond.

Holloway was in the Garrick “Gaieties” in New York, and is said to be very funny. We hope he is, because we hate to see anybody but Hatton playing with Wallie in one of those uproarious comedies on the order of “Behind the Front” and “We’re in the Navy Now.”

Aileen Entertains.

Aileen Pringle gave a most recherché party recently in honor of H. L. Mencken and Joseph Hergesheimer. Aileen has a lovely villa overlooking Santa Monica Canyon, and she is known and recognized as a hostess of rare attainments. The guests at this affair included Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Ray Griffith, Marshall Neilan, Anita Loos, the author of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” and her husband John Emerson, the lovely Hedda Hopper, Elinor Glyn, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, and a few others.

It was one of those delightful evenings of talk, which are so typical of Hollywood, and with Mencken telling a lot of smart anecdotes about his experiences since his arrival in studio land, the evening was particularly sparkling. He mentioned the fact that at the Ambassador he lived between a monkey fancier on one side and a parrot connoisseur on the other. It developed that he was speaking of John Barrymore, who keeps a pet monkey, and of Emil Jannings, who has a pet magpie.

Other high lights of the evening were some jazz selections by Marshall Neilan, who has a keen and marked sentiment for music, and some more dignified pieces by Miss Pringle, who also has decided musical talent.

Strangely enough, it was the first party in five years at which she had had more than six guests present, and the number on this occasion did not much exceed a dozen. It was one of the few social functions that Lillian Gish has attended since she has been residing in California, and doubtless her presence was due in part to her friendship with George Jean Nathan, who is
associated with Mencken. Mr. Nathan and Miss Gish have at various times been reported engaged.

A Cure for Crickets.

One of the Los Angeles newspapers tells the prize nut story of the month and Creighton Hale appears to be its hero. It suggests a good way of disposing of crickets in case you happen to be disturbed by their noise. Anyway, here it is:

Oil soothes crickets as well as troubled waters, Creighton Hale discovered last night.

Hale moved into a new home on a lonely road of Dark Cañon recently. Last night a creaking cricket kept him awake. He found it in the hornlike arrangement which was built over the kitchen range to carry off cooking fumes, but which was at the moment serving as a perfect loud speaker for the cricket.

By hanging around with a newspaper Hale silenced the beast, but only for a short while. He then sprayed the flue with insect powder, without any effect on the cricket.

Then suddenly he recalled something he had read in the newspaper the night before: "A cricket creaks only when it has a crack in the knee. Its cheerful chirp is produced by the friction between the ailing knee and the body."

Whereupon Creighton filled the spraying can with thin oil and shot the oil up the flue. It eddied around the cricket and got on his knees and his abdomen and, rub as he would, his aided knees wouldn't creak.

Hale then went back to bed and slept peacefully until morning.

So—try that on your Vitaphone!

What Will They Say Next?

Publicity men must be growing more and more imaginative, and also inventive. An item that they sent out anent the recent visit of Marcus Loew to Hollywood indicated that this worthy head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization failed to recognize Jackie Coogan, reason therefor being that Jacke had had a hair cut.

Just the same, Loew has given Jackie a nice new shining contract as a star with the M.-G.-M. company. So even if the boy is growing up, you will see him in many more pictures.

The Newest Sin.

A visiting theater-owner's wife was on the set at the De Mille studio, watching some scenes being filmed for "The King of Kings." It was the day for the casting out of the devils, and all of the seven deadly sins were represented.

"Oh," the theater owner's wife ingenuously murmured, "is there such a thing, Mr. De Mille, as an eighth deadly sin?"

"That," blandly replied Hollywood's highly esteemed picture-maker, "that is the director!"

Spooks!

A haunted house in the film colony! A haunted house where people see ghosts and everything! Sh-h-h-h! Somebody must have been taking Halloween too seriously.

Anyway, it's a fact that there is supposed to be such a domicile for specters on one of the hills away up back of the Boulevard. Sigrid Holmquist used to reside there, and also, at one time, Max Linder, the comedian, who died a tragic death by his own hand in Europe a year ago. Miss Holmquist was shot at one night while she was bidding some guests good night on her front porch, and that started things. Then Ralph Forbes, who played in "Beau Geste," and Ruth Chatterton, his wife, well known as a stage actress, occupied the place for a time, and one night Miss Chatterton had the fright of her life because she thought she heard steps along the side of the house, and somebody rattling around in the ice box. She made a wild dive out of the living room into—Forbes' arms!

Now the Duncan sisters are occupying the residence, but so far they haven't been troubled, if they saw a ghost they would write a song about it, maybe.

These Speaking Movies.

Warner Brothers are going to take quite a step if they carry out their projected plan of building a Vitaphone studio. They have been talking about it quite seriously and have already planned a sound-proof stage on the old Vitagraph lot. Everything has to be very quiet when Vitaphone pictures are made, and the process of recording voices and action together is long and tedious.

The film people are beginning to wonder whether they will soon have to make room for an oncoming throng of songbirds ambitious to make a hit in the new Vitaphone medium. Hollywood hasn't been glorified by many operatic stars since Geraldine Farrar left the screen, and their presence would be quite a novelty.

Grand opera in pictures seems, anyway, to be a strong possibility.

Charlie Ray Needn't Worry.

What will Charlie Ray do?

That was what everybody was asking when he and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer mutually agreed to disagree, and the contract between them was terminated.

The answer is that Charlie appears to have plenty to do. A short time ago, he finished the lead in Leatrice Joy's picture, "Nobody's Widow," and lately he has been playing with Marie Prevost in "Getting Gertrude's Garter." It is understood that offers of other roles have come to him from various producers. Anyway, he needn't worry—there's a big demand for him among moviegoers throughout the country.

The separation between Charlie and M.-G.-M. really came at a time when he was making great popular headway in such pictures as "Paris" and "The Fire Brigade." He retains his place as one of the best-loved favorites of the cinema.

So This Is a "Western?"

Westerns aren't what they used to be. They, too, are suffering from a highbrow infection, and Colonel Tim McCoy appears to be among those responsible.
His latest picture is laid in the time of Washington and the French and Indian wars.

"That's as far west as the world had moved up to that time," the producer of the picture says, "and consequently we felt justified in calling it a Western." Which sounds reasonable.

Anyway, instead of the conventional cowboy outfit, McCoy, who plays a major general in the picture, wears fine silk breeches, a doublet and laces, and a powdered wig.

But when he viewed himself in the mirror after he had been fully accoutered, he made a gesture of disgust and said, "For the love of Mike, give me a sombrero!"

A Reward for Bebe.

All that glitters may not be gold, but a lot of nice bright greenbacks are going to be just as good as gold to Bebe Daniels from now on.

Bebe has just signed a new contract with Paramount, and it's whispered that her new salary is very close to $5,000 per week. This shows that her clever talents as a comedienne are being recognized.

Also, like most movie contracts, this one stipulates a gradual increase in the amount to be paid to the star.

A Financial Triumph for Rod.

The price paid for Rod La Rocque's services in the film production of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has been quoted at a sensationaly high figure. Edwin Carewe, who is making the film, had to pay the Cecil B. De Mille company, with whom Rod is under contract, a flat sum of $50,000 to get Rod, and will have to pay more, too, if he happens to keep him longer than expected.

The reason for this unusually high amount was partly that the engagement disarranged the schedule of films that De Mille had planned for Rod. Then, besides, Rod's value has gone up since his success in "Gigolo."

His rôle in "Resurrection," that of a young Russian prince, is one of the most picturesque he has ever played, and he wears a series of dazzling Slavic costumes. Dolores del Rio, as the heroine, Kapusha Mastlova, promises a dazzling appearance.

Insanea Turns Plaintive.

Insanea is still with us. This girl's adventures in Hollywood will probably make a book some day, or at least a pamphlet, if she keeps up her ambition for writing down all her sentiments regarding what happens in the film colony.

Oh, dear, the more I think of it, the more I wish that I had become an actress! I do feel so far removed sometimes from my film friends and favorites. It would be so much more intimate, anyway, to be working with them on the set, and when I think of playing in love scenes, maybe with such people as Jack Gilbert, but most of all with my idol, Ronald Colman, and, oh, any number of others, it does make me dizzy.

Well, I don't care! I'm going to try to be happy, and recollections of what I have seen in the colony, and the fact that I can express myself in words, does help somewhat.

I went to the opening of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the stage play, and, of course, I think that was my most ideal evening, for I am in love with Lorelei. I met Miss Pringle there and she introduced me to a very smart gentleman by the name of Mr. Mencken, who was so funny and frisky. He wanted to run out in front of the theater so that the people would think he was a movie star and applaud him.

And Aileen laughed at this and so did I, because it sounded so grotesque and exaggerated. Because the movie stars don't run when they come into a theater in front of a big crowd, but just bow and take off their hats until they are about doubled up in a knot. They wouldn't do anything undignified for anything, not even Charlie Chaplin, and he can be funny almost any time and get away with it.

I am terribly curious to know who is going to play Lorelei in the movies, because they have been talking about Constance Tal-
Marking Time

Pauline Starke, pining for subtle rôles in sophisticated comedy, makes one feel that in spite of her present assignments she will step high, wide and handsome when the time comes.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Looking at Pauline Starke demands a return engagement. She is not just another pretty wren fluttering about the Kleig lights. She is not a bisque beauty with two expressions. She is not a sweet ingenue with a kind word for every one.

Her beauty is not to be dissected nor analyzed, but it classifies as vital. You see Pauline, and the memory lingers. Her cheek bones are high and her nose pointed and her eyes gray, but this unconventional combination is almost startling in its happy effect. One glance is not enough.

Success has been founded on less.

Pauline should be farther along the celluloid road. She has an insistent charm, a compelling vitality, youth, and enough confidence. She photographs better than a dozen stellas whose names are on the chassis of my typewriter this very moment. Yet what is she doing? Foiling Ben Lyon. I could think of more enviable tasks.

When the industry of spoiling drama and distributing it in cans was even younger than it is now, Pauline Starke was a child artiste, along with Mildred Harris. Mildred achieved fame, if you like to call it that, by contracting matrimony with Charlie Chaplin; Pauline grew up to look like Gloria Swanson. The moral probably is that there are more ways than one.

Pauline does look like Gloria. Her eyes have the same defiant slant, her head is similarly shaped, her mouth the same carnation red, pointing the sophistication of her face.

For years Pauline played in perilous affairs, now being rescued from wild boars by Tom Mix, now dodging runaway engines unleased by Stuart Holmes or Bill Powell, now holding "renenueers" at bay while Conrad Nagel escaped with the still, now downing fiends in human form who attempted to kill her aged mother. The magnates were determined that she lead a harassed and harried existence. It was exciting, but tedious. Her hair was always flowing prettily down her back, her eyes ever alight with innocent wonder, her hands invariably clutching a bouquet of jasmine or geraniums.

And through it all Pauline was nursing a secret passion that fairly gnawed at her young heart. Heroics were not enough. She was longing for the day when she would be a gilded débutante in Queen Elinor's court, with tiaras and butlers and bell ropes and ermine strewn lavishly all over the set, with orchids at her waist, diamonds at her throat, lavalieres resting happily on her bosom. Under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, home of Madame Glyn at the time, Pauline felt that it was an ideal opportunity to step in society — cinematically, to be sure — but step nevertheless.

"I was tired of romances and last-reel clinches," she told me, "and I was fed up on innocent heroines. I wanted to branch out a bit."

She was resting in her bijou dressing room, listening to the back-yard noises just below her window, in the Bronx.

She had been performing strenuously that day, she said, in a picture not to be called "Not Herbert."

"Working in New York is a terrific strain. There are so many outside attractions. Theaters, night clubs, galleries, shops — She gestured helplessly.

It developed that she had done well the three weeks she had been in town. She had been about considerably, looking in on the gaudier hippodromes of the dance as well as discovering the smart, cozy places.

New York, she told me, was giving her a thrill, what with the play, "Broadway," the Pennington Black Bottom and Marie Saxon's dancing in "The Ramblers" and Raquel Meller and the new Frances Williams night club. Then there were the Lido and Mirador, her favorite resorts when on party behavior. "Dover is amusing," she added, "after two. Jimmy Durante is my idea of a real comedian."

Then, our consciences pricking us, we returned to the discussion of things cinematic. Most pictures, we agreed, were not too hot.

"I wish," Pauline wished, "that they'd put me in pictures like 'The King on Main Street' and 'The Marriage Circle' instead of 'Riding Wild' and 'Fighting Mad.' "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" was a lovely thing. Sophisticated comedy is the most delightful stuff in the world, I think."

"I liked 'Variety' and 'Stella Dallas' and that Russian picture Florence Vidor did so beautifully. I can't begin to tell you how tired I am of being rescued by hasty heroes. It isn't cricket to complain of one's assignments, I suppose, but this is a plea from the heart. I want to do subtle things."

She looked quite serious and very beautiful. I felt that something should be done about getting her a part right away. She was playing a lead opposite Ben Lyon. She had just completed a picture with Colonel Tim McCoy, yet another hard-riding, quick-shooting Western fellow. Surely Pauline deserved a better fate.

Some day the gods in the projection room will feel in high spirits, and a new Starke will be unreelable to a watching world.

She has done a Glyn, but her ambitions were hardly realized. She is looking for subtlety, one of the few virtues Madame Elinor does not possess. For the most part Pauline has been a horse-opera prima donna, and she isn't satisfied with her lot. Shar— [Cont'd on page 106]

*The title has since been changed to "The Perfect Sap."
Pauline Starke is far too arresting and individual, says Malcolm Oettinger in the story opposite, to have been wasted since childhood on innocent-heroine rôles in hair-raising thrillers.
Let's Visit

For his home is one in a hundred. Even taken as a matter of course, it stands

First we come to his gate, above—entrance to his motor court. It is a mammoth thing fashioned of cedar wood and mounted with Mexican wrought-metal work in brilliant colorings.

From the balcony window in his living window, we get a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Or we may spend a pleasant hour on the porch, right, that extends the length of the house.
Jack Gilbert

in Hollywood, where distinctive homes are out as being most striking and unusual.

If we drop in on Jack in the evening, we'll probably find him comfortably ensconced in the above corner of his living room. He has many beautiful Spanish and Mexican antiques.

Jack's dining room is very intriguing. Overlooking the stolid leather chairs of Mexican design there perches a quaint Dutch cupboard. Left, from his patio, is seen an attractive angle of the house.

Photos by Merritt Siebald
Neil Hamilton who, besides playing in "The Music Master," plays also as a master of magic in his own home. He can make the egg disappear before your very eyes, and the cards change from red to black while his audience is thinking how charmingly he does it all. Elsa, his wife, is Neil's partner in these mystifications, and keeps his secrets well.
In Demand

No sooner had May Allison made it known that she was going to free lance than there was an immediate rush for her services. Fox secured her first and gave her two important rôles—the frivolous Linda in “One Increasing Purpose” and the ambitious wife in “The City.”
To the Tune

Mae Murray's colorful new film

The impetuous, temperamental Spanish circus girl, *Valencia*, is wooed by a sailor lad—Lloyd Hughes.
An entire floor of the Western Costume Company is devoted to art and period properties.

What Do We Have Here? Everything!

A tour of the great costume companies, property companies and other auxiliaries that have grown up with the movies leaves you bewildered by the immense variety of the things that they can supply to a film director at a moment's notice.

By Caroline Bell

THAT rascally playfellow, Puck, must surely have prompted me to sally forth one day, all breaking out with question marks, into strange places. When I find my carefully cultivated blasé air toward the movies, which is à la mode in Hollywood, punctured by a consuming curiosity, I claim that an invisible Puck is tagging me, and blame upon him my fall from the rarefied air inhabited by cynics into the realm of normally interested and inquisitive mortals. But I admit I am fascinated by the many things which Puck and I see on our tours, and I was held spellbound by the sights I saw on this particular day.

First, there was the salon, peopled with history. The long room was lighted with a subdued glow from old lanterns. My feet sank into the welcoming softness of a Persian rug. A lackey led me to a tapestried chair, where I sat and watched a strange procession pass by.

A broad-shouldered Henry VIII. paraded before us, bleating his pride in damask and rich velvet, stiffly sewn with jewels, swanking in a jerkin with enormous puffed sleeves, sporting hose and shoes of vivid scarlet. Next, a Puritan, in a wide-brimmed, high-crowned hat and staidly simple garment, and with him a cavalier, in lacy frills and fringed breeches of pale-rose silk. From a Van Dyck, I'd wager—a gallant blade. None the less strangely mated were the pair that followed—a Lincolnshire peasant in smock and leathern gaiters and a hoop-skirted Colonial lady. A turbanned Mussulman prince, a Breton peasant, and the kilted laird of the clan Gregarach, in tartan of red-and-black checks, next filed by me. Each stopped to look himself over in the mirrors paneling the walls and, satisfied or grumbling, passed on.

An uncompromising, brocaded Tudor dame lingered before a long silver-backed Venetian mirror. To her came a tight-bodiced, stiffly beskirted and beruffed lady of Elizabeth's court, and said, sighing, "This stomacher may have felt O. K. on the lean Lizzie, but it's darned uncomfortable on an athletic Hollywood figure like mine. Oh, for a Western thriller next!"

"I won't kick," chuckled a Roman senator who was striding about. "When I learn to flip the end of this purple toga over my shoulder with a properly nonchalant air. You can have your cloth of gold. Gimme the little paper which tells me I'm cast for the simple Roman life for six weeks."

"But pity poor me, with six fittings!" gasped a beautiful brunette, whom I recognized as Alma Rubens, dropping wearily at a fragile Marie Antoinette escritorio to dash off a note while waiting for her old-fashioned clothes.

These comments, on that scene of recreated history, rang strangely. How odd, that mixture of ages and nations and dress! Was a dream, or a fairy tale come true?
No, we were in the show rooms of the Western Costume Company, which designs and rents uniforms and costumes for every conceivable type of film. Organized twelve years ago on scarcely five hundred dollars, it has grown coincidentally with the development of the motion picture. It now occupies a building of twelve floors, to any one of which you and your car can be lifted in an automobile elevator—a convenience that the stars highly approve of.

"When a director has selected his story," an official explained, "he heads first for our library, where he can secure authentic and detailed information on the dress, manners, and customs of the period and nation with which his play deals. We have a complete costume bibliography. If we haven't the needed garments in stock, we design and make new ones. We have over a million garments ready for call.

"We costumed 'Rosita,' 'The Ten Commandments,' 'Beau Brummel,' 'The Thief of Bagdad,' 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'The Covered Wagon,' 'Dorothy Vernon,' Tom Mix's 'Dick Turpin,' 'The Hunchback,' and 'The Merry Widow,' to name only a few. These, with the list of modern dramas for which we have designed clothing, suggest the range of our work. We recently outfitted the new Chaplin and Talmadge films."

From cellar to roof, the big building proved a treasure house. In addition to costumes, there were antiques and gorgeous tapestries, and a collection of medals and insignia that is said to be the finest in America. In the gun room the stock is sufficient to equip an army of ten thousand. Over two hundred employees operate the various departments—tailors, seamstresses, designers, cobblers, saddlers, artists, librarians, armorers, and so forth.

In the wardrobes is displayed fine raiment of every variety—a colorful pageantry. Some garments are authentic originals, others merely clever imitations. A uniform which is said to be the very one that was worn by Napoleon at Waterloo hangs near the coronation robe of Louis XIV. There are peasant costumes from the Balkans, gay with reds and yellows—beads and grass skirts from the South Sea Islands—fur trappings from the land of the Eskimos.

As I emerged from that fairland into the prosaic traffic of Los Angeles' Broadway, I mused upon the magnitude of an industry which can support as offshoots such businesses. A statistical report lists many enterprises auxiliary to film production, including costuming, the renting of props, wig-making, bead-making, and others. The capital invested in these enterprises totals over two million dollars. They sprang up like mushrooms as energetic fellows saw the demand for them, and their profits have grown as the motion picture has expanded.

My imaginary 'Puck' spurred me next to the Cinema Mercantile Corporation, which furnishes all kinds of properties for the movies.

"What do we have here?" an official chuckled. "Everything but the Man in the Moon. And I shouldn't be a bit surprised to get an S O S for him! We never know what we may get a call for—a submarine, a piece of antique furniture, an Egyptian mummy, or a head-dress worn by the flappers of 215 B. C."

I gazed from a Bérain armoire of ebony, paneled in tortoise shell, with an ornolu mounting to a commode with panels of Japanese lacquer and mother-of-pearl marquetry. I looked from the group of three thousand stuffed birds and animals to the collection of Sèvres china.

I learned that the Cinema Mercantile, which is now the largest movie prop house, had been built up by studio demand from a shoestring beginning. Six years ago Harry Arnold conceived the idea of saving producers' time and worry by obtaining for them props that they needed. With his savings he bought a few pieces of odd furniture. His first shop measured twenty-five by forty feet.

And the big Cinema Mercantile has grown out of that humble little shop. We wandered, the official and I, through the costume department of nine thousand garments; we saw women sewing, and were told that the company's modistes design and deliver modern gowns on a one-day service. We saw furniture of every period, much of which had been bought from once wealthy families. Some of the complete sets are rented to producers for as much as twenty-five hundred dollars a week.

Through the stove department and the library and the hardware shop we went—through the drug department, with its many colored bottles, and the drapery section and the fixture department and the wig shop. In the music room, we found an exquisite gilt piano, over two hundred years old, and every kind of instrument anybody ever got a tune out of. And there was a grocery store! Stocked with canned goods, household articles and the like.

"Gimme an ornolu clock," wailed an assistant direc-
tor, rushing in, and we tagged along while he found what he wanted sitting in a row beside an old Colonial and a gilt-and-inlaid-ivory timepiece. "And a rack of time-tables for a railroad-station scene. We'll need a new-fangled bath-tub next week."

He was taken into a room where were displayed all kinds of baths, from the sunken, mosaic affairs to the old tin tub of a rural past. A spinning wheel, a sleigh, and a hand organ were next demanded. Some one else wanted an out-of-date firearm, a Gobelin tapestry, and a certain type of early printing.

We saw, between times, twenty-five hundred paintings, including portraits of every president of the United States and of many foreigners of note; a stock of furs and rugs and bolts of cloth; shelves of bric-a-brac ranging from impudent Kewpies to a Sung vase of mysterious purples; Lancashire spindle-backed chairs; and one quaint old hotel furniture set which was the pride of the Palmer House in Chicago in 1865. One of the most valued props is a saddle bag once owned by the pony express.

"One of the oddest requests we ever received," my guide remarked, "was for a cotton field. It was ordered by Christie at eight one evening. It must be in full bloom and cover a stage two hundred feet square. Our scouts found a field at El Centro, picked the boles and stalks separately, planted the stalks in a dirt foundation, pinned on the boles—and turned the field over to the Christie people at seven the following evening."

"Our designers had a peck of fun making three hundred futuristic costumes for a Fox film, the story of which was that only one man in the world survived some great catastrophe, and that the world came under the control of Amazonian women. Nobody could question the costumes we produced, because who could authoritatively say what would be worn under such conditions?"

The most pathetic-looking props were the Bibles, which had been sold under the pinch of poverty for a few dollars. There they were, in rows, frayed and worn, with their precious records of family joys and tragedies.

Much ingenuity goes into the fashioning of odd bits that are tUCK away in corners of sets. The man who revamps second-hand furniture into "periods" is a genius. Various objects are converted into "antiques" by rubbing them with stone; doorknobs are "aged" by being scoured with a rust-dust preparation. An old-fire-screen, that had cost fifty cents, emerged from the renovation process a lovely thing and now rents for five dollars a day.

There are numerous other interesting auxiliaries to the movie industry. After camera and photo supply houses and film-developing laboratories, we found that the next most important auxiliary field. The craftsmanship of Charles Meyer, who carves tiny model ships, ranging from Spanish galleons, three-masted clippers and battleships, to yachts, is in much demand.

Numerous apparel shops cater to the studios along various lines of costuming. One makes a specialty of furnishing footwear of every period in history; another designs odd jewelry and other novel accessories.

The cosmetic manufacturers coin money. The beauty parlors are legion, and there are many gymnasia and several "rub shops" where the players have their avoirdupois pounded off them by hard-muscled masseurs.

Research agencies render valuable aid in furnishing information on the customs of various periods. They compile data on every conceivable subject. When did knives and forks become commonly used? How do the natives of Afghanistan dress? How was Nero garbed on the night of the big Roman fireworks? Did Caesar manicure his nails, and what did he eat for breakfast? What are the pet habits of sheiks, Egyptian sirens, cannibals, Thibetan priests, Eskimos, and kangaroos? Thousands of such questions are answered.

This system, which accumulates packets of information daily from every corner of human habitation, is a vast network of constant effort, for these research agencies have correspondents in every quarter of the

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Twentieth Cen

Whether or not their riding habits amuse

Believe it or not, Maggie Harold's antique habit at the left and Edna Wallace Hopper's 1906 version at the right were just as chic in their day as Gwen Lee's more up-to-date costume below. It's all a matter of time.

Photos from Harold Seton

Pauline Hall, left, a musical-comedy star of yore, was quite proud of that comical habit of hers at the time this picture was taken. And what could be smarter than Elizabeth Tyrce's jaunty little suit at the right, worn by her in "The Amazons" way back in 1894? Cut the bumps off the shoulders and take some of the curves out of the coat, and her costume would be quite modern.
tury Horsewomen

you depends on how long ago they wore them

The very elaborate riding outfit, with plummed hat and flowing train, at the left, is worn by Greta Garbo in one of her current films—it is not typical of the styles of to-day. To-day's vogue in ladies' habits is much more virile—see Priscilla Dean at the right and Helene Chadwick below.

It's a mystery how women ever managed to ride in those long, voluminous skirts of old. Annie Pixley's many folds, right, are an example of what women once had to endure. How much simpler to take your daily canter in something like what Mae Murray is wearing at the left—just straight, tight-fitting trousers, held snug by straps under the boots. Mae wears this costume in "Altars of Desire."

Photos from Harold Seton
The world lost a lot of doctors, lawyers, engineers, bankers, and the like when some of the men who are now our motion-picture idols decided to be actors. The universe does not seem to have grieved much and somehow or other has managed to drag along without great inconvenience, yet there is no telling just how much farther it might have advanced if Lew Cody, Adolphe Menjou, Rod La Rocque, Ricardo Cortez, Ramon Novarro, and others had followed their careers their fathers and mothers had carefully planned for them.

Instead of being charming foils for beautiful cinema actresses, Edmund Lowe and Clive Brook might be delivering orations beginning with, "May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury." Ramon Novarro might be all dolled up in a dentist's white coat, and Huntly Gordon might be a bank president. Karl Dane might be "hammering the tar" out of rivets on the top of steel skyscrapers, and William Boyd might be looking for something to eat.

When Adolphe Menjou was just a skinny kid, his parents said, "We want you to become a big engineer—to span rivers, to tunnel mountains, to irrigate deserts and drain swamps." Menjou agreed.

They sent him to the Culver Military Academy and then to Cornell. Menjou weathered the preparatory school all right but when he entered Cornell the going got worse. Lightning started playing around his tail lights and one day a professor told him that as an engineer he would make a good actor. Adolphe got mad and decided to let the rattlesnakes and Gila monsters keep their residences in the deserts and the alligators remain in the swamps. He traded his textbooks for a railroad ticket and told his parents that he was going on the stage. That is the reason that, to-day, it is not "Adolphe Menjou, M.E."

Menjou's experience is not vastly different from that of many others. Lew Cody was to have been a doctor. His parents sent him to McGill University in Montreal. Then along came a day when the annual class play was announced and Lew was named in the cast.

"If it hadn't been for my playing the leading rôle in that class production," says Cody, "I probably wouldn't have deserted the pill box for the make-up box. The world no doubt lost a very fine doctor while the screen got a most mediocre actor."

Rod La Rocque might have been a doctor, too, if it hadn't been for his Uncle Bill. Uncle was connected with the stage and loved it, and Rod was strong for uncle. So he disregarded the wishes of his parents and burned his medical planks.

Richard Arlen also studied to be a physician. Then war broke out and he joined the Royal Flying Corps. That killed his ambition for a medical career and, when he was discharged from the service, he went to South America to take a flyer in oil. More for a lark than anything else, he played a small part with a picture company on location in the southern continent and that settled it. He headed for Hollywood.

There is scarcely a trade or profession that isn't represented in the list of "What Might Have Been." There is Raymond Hatton, who almost became an Iowa farmer. Says Raymond:

"My parents wanted me to be anything else but what I determined to be—an actor. I had an uncle who was in the show business and for that reason I was rated as the black sheep of an otherwise estimable family. When I issued my ultimatum that I was going to be an actor, the family went into secret conference and boiled the issue down to three careers. They debated between a military-school training, a college course, or farming, and eventually decided on the farm. Inasmuch as I had no say in the matter, I was straightway farmed out. I accepted the edict with good grace and decided to get experience for my chosen profession by acting as a farmer for one year. At the twenty-fourth hour of the final day of that year I packed up, ran away, joined a traveling show and—that's that."

When Huntly Gordon was a little shaver, just big enough to reach the doughnuts on the kitchen shelf, his mother decided that she wanted her son to be a banker. Simultaneously, his father decided that he wanted his boy to go into the army.

Raymond Hatton started out as farmer in Iowa.

Huntly Gordon tried both law and banking before he became an actor.

Edmund Lowe was scheduled to be a statesman.
They Quit

have been if the movies hadn't got them.

Wooldridge

So Huntly studied law.
He tried into the secrets of Blackstone for one year, after which he went into a bank, after all. Then followed a series of occupations, but Huntly finally landed on the stage. And then came the movies.

When Walter Pidgeon was in his cradle days, his parents wanted him to become President of the United States. At the age of six, Walter decided he wanted to be the driver of a fire engine. At ten, he had made up his mind to become a gym instructor. At fifteen, he planned to be a big-league baseball star, and at eighteen, a professional golf player. After he reached his majority, he actually became a broker, and Wall Street sheared him closer than a Utah lamb in Maytime. After he had lost nearly everything but his topcoat and had learned that a plate of beans may be humiliating but wholesome, he turned to the stage and hit his stride. Now he eats every day and has a bank account.

As in the case of Lew Cody, college dramas started both John Bowers and Edmund Lowe on stage careers when they were assiduously working to be lawyers.

When Bowers was a mere urchin, he read books incessantly. So his mother said, "He'll be a writer—you'll see!"
His father said, "He'll be a lawyer—you'll see!"

Dad was almost right. John studied law one year, then along came the college play which demanded him for the lead. Exit John Bowers, lawyer! The coach of the play got him a job with a road show. He made good. William A. Brady later "discovered" him and his success was assured.

Edmund Lowe was cast by his parents to be a statesman. He is a grandson of former Senator Lowe of California, and a political career was calculated by his parents to be just about big enough to accommodate his attainments. Both of them agreed on this. They sent him to Santa Clara College. But when he made a great hit in college dramas, the political aspirations were dumped into a convenient ash can and Edmund applied for a job at the old Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. Thereafter he got money each Saturday night, but he doesn't say how much. It makes a hole in some one's bank account, however, when he is paid for his services now.

Clive Brook's mother, who had been an opera singer, and a most successful one, decided that her boy should be a barrister. This profession was greatly esteemed by her because all the male members of her family had followed the law. Accordingly, young Clive in due time entered Dulwich College. He soon, however, had to forgo his education, for family reverses sent him out into the world to make his own fortune. When he decided to be an actor, his mother did not oppose him.

The shoulder straps of army officers, their splendid uniforms, their military bearing, the fact that buck privates and top sergeants and rookies had to salute them when they passed, made a mighty big hit with Jack Holt when he was a lad. So, with his parents' approval, he entered the Virginia Military Academy. But he eventually turned his attention to civil engineering and on completing his training moved West to work for a railway company. Later he became a rancher, then gave that up and went to Alaska to mine copper and gold. During this time the stage fever had hit him and was growing on him. When he finally came back from the trail which was trod in '98, he went into vaudeville, then played in stock until his screen chance came. Now he is one of the leading exponents of "the great open spaces" in the movies.

Papa and Mamma Beery wanted Noah to be a grand-opera singer and he studied vocal music ambitiously in New York. But no one paid him money for singing, and they did offer it to him for acting. So he gave up his operatic career. Even now, however, he will burst into song on the least provocation.

Ernest Torrence was sent to Germany to study music, but he kicked over the traces there and made his theatrical bow. Ernest still plays the piano beautifully.

The rancid smell of crude oil, the vast expanse of prairies

Continued on page 107
But the futuristic suits are even gayer, particularly if you have a parasol to match—and Margaret Livingston, right, has.

The “crazy quilt” bathing suit is a popular style in Hollywood. Josephine Norman’s, above, is an example of how sporty they are.

Lucky Girls!

They can swim all year round, for Hollywood has no winter.

Marie Prevost’s blazer, above, keeps her warm between swims, but those knees must be chilly. Patsy Ruth Miller, left, has a wrap, cap, and kit that all match.

Leatrice Joy goes into the water in the Little Lord Fauntleroy costume at the right. The big umbrella is just for fun.
YOU will be amazed, thrilled
AT this magnificent, epoch making production—
AT the gripping, heart-stirring humanity of
LILLIAN GISH as Hester Prynne
THE heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's
IMMORTAL masterpiece
THE greatest love story ever filmed
FOR months it has been one of
BROADWAY'S main attractions.
AT $2.00 admission
SEE it now at popular prices.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

“More stars than there are in Heaven”

Win
John Gilbert's
Valuable Prize

YOU are my most critical audience. You often attend motion pictures. You have an intelligent interest in what is shown. Where others merely look at the pictures, you actually see them. You are really observing. I want you to have this valuable prize.

So, I am submitting six questions. For the man who sends the best answers I have chosen the cigarette lighter I use in "The Flesh and the Devil" as my reward.

If it is a lady, Greta Garbo has promised the stunning umbrella she carries in the same picture.

And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the next fifty best contestants.

Someone will receive this prize. Why can't it be you? I hope it is.

Good Luck To You.

John Gilbert

John Gilbert's Six Questions

1. What is the first authentic picture of our admirals in the making? Who is the star?
2. Who are the heroes of peace time? In what picture are they starred?
3. Which is your favorite M-G-M picture and why? (Not more than fifty words)
4. What was the wager in Bar- delys the Magnificent? Who won?
5. In what M-G-M picture was the star imprisoned in a windmill? How did she escape?
6. Have you seen "Tell It To The Marines"? If so, at what theatre and what did you think of the presentation?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Question Contest, 3rd Floor, 1580 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by February 15th. Winners' names will be published in the later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend the pictures yourself, you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of tie, each tying competitor will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of the Renee Adoree Contest of November

MADGE HARNEY
7427 Colfax Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Autographed pictures of Miss Adoree have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.
Girls, Plunging
Horses and Rolling Gunfire

Prima Jensen could throw a rope, brand a bawling calf, and break horses with the best of them. When she saw an advertisement asking for a manager of the YO Ranch, she took the job and found adventures galore awaiting her.

The story of Prima and the other girls on the YO Ranch is as different a Western story as has come down the trail these many moons. Ask your dealer to-day for

Cowgirls—Plus

By

GEORGE GILBERT

This fast-moving novel has on its jacket the brand of Chelsea House and that's the brand that means good reading everywhere.

Chelsea House, one of the oldest and best-established publishing concerns in the country, offers a line of popularly priced novels that is unexcelled. Lovers of clean fiction with a kick in it have learned to look for the Chelsea House trademark on all their novels.

75 Cents 75 Cents
One Up for Romance

Out of the crowds of good-looking but matter-of-fact young men now swarming over the screen in intensely realistic films, there rises a youth named Mervin Williams who flies the banner of romance, and aspires to poetic rôles.

By Margaret Reid

The newest romantic hero to appear on the screen horizon is Mervin Williams. Coming at a time when the public is being plied with wise-cracking college heroes and the dramatic experiences of hundred-percent business men, this youthful player's flair for more picturesque drama will be either a great obstacle to him or an equally great asset—according to the vagrant fancy of the public.

Mervin, until a few months ago, was the featured player of the Pasadena Community Theater, which is the home of a particularly admirable little-theater group. For six years Mervin studied with them, growing up with the theater itself.

Pictures he has found difficult. The studios overawe him, the efficiency is terrifying.

With three other young crusaders he recently made a picture on a shoe string. With five thousand dollars they produced a romantic comedy with interesting camera angles and novel treatment, tempered sufficiently with what is known as sure fire to make it salable, since a picture made for five thousand dollars must be sold. Despite its distinctly jazzy title, "Razz-Berried Treasure," the production is an experiment in which Hollywood is evincing interest.

Right, Mervin offers a travesty of Doug Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" and, below, of John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast."

Mervin Williams, though only twenty-one, has already, with three other young idealists, produced a romantic comedy, himself playing the leading rôle.

Featured in it are some bits of travesty offered by Mervin, who plays the leading rôle. This is the first travesty seen on the screen in some time. In one brief sequence he appears as John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," in another as Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." These burlesques are so neatly done that the victims themselves could only approve.

Mervin Williams would like to do the poetic on the screen as he thinks it should be done. "It should always," he believes, "have virility. Why do people confuse poetic with anaemic? The expression of the spiritual, on the screen or stage, should be fundamentally virile to have any meaning."

In moments of dreaming, he conjures up an Elysian day when he may do "Peleas and Melisande" with Lillian Gish.

He is very young, this Mervin Williams—just twenty-one, with the eager enthusiasm of that age but with the poise of thirty. With, also, keen intelligence and wit. To say nothing of chiseled features designed for the camera's benefit. Hollywood doesn't often commit itself to the extent of rash prophecies. But in the case of this boy the sages stroke their beards and predict "a future."

Hollywood as a whole is keeping an expectant eye on him. You might do the same, and see what happens.
A Joan of Arc from Russia

Valentina Zimini, a Russian girl who fought during the war in the famous Battalion of Death and was later captured by the Bolshevists and subjected to untold hardships, is now seeking forgetfulness in the American movies.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THERE were the Amazons.
There was Joan of Arc.
There was the valiant Maid of Saragossa.
And there is Valentina Zimini. In her is the same spirit that those warrior women of yore had.
Cannons boomed! The rat-tat-tat! of machine-gun fire echoed from the dense woods. Closer, the whir of hand grenades stirred the air and, hitting the ground, raised spurs of soft, black mud, with now and then a helpless form shot upward. On the Russian front, men were fighting, savagely or monotonously, according to their natures.
Her boots splashing and squashing through the mire, a young girl struggled through the lanelike ditches. Two men came, carrying a third on a stretcher. She gasped, and then, whitely still, followed as they carried him back—back through the hail of fire and shot that rained from hidden nests of guns, back to the first-aid station, still farther back, via an ambulance that rocked over a shell-torn remnant of a road, to the hospital. There the girl remained, to join the Red Cross, to ease the pain of suffering men, to sing for the convalescents.
Later, with other valiant ones of her own sex, her uniform coated with mud, her face aflame with the zeal of a Joan, she wielded sword and gun, and fought on the battlefields. For she became a member of the famous Russian Battalion of Death, that strange assortment of girls from both cultured environments and peasant families.
Valentina Zimini now lives in a state of luxury undreamed of during those awful days of war. The American movies have offered her a comfortable livelihood. Her most recent work was in support of Shirley Mason in "Rose of the Tenements," for F. B. O.
But in her dark eyes lurk shadows—memories which prosperity cannot quite drive away. Her mother—where is she? There drifted to her not long ago a vague clew—she heard of an old woman in Siberia, living in a stable. Friends thought perhaps—but they hadn't time to remain and find out. So she does not know.
At the outbreak of the war she was a star in light opera, with all of St. Petersburg cupped in the palm of her hand. Officers and nobles sought her favor. Life was gay and sparkling.
Then came war. Her fiancé, an officer in the ambulance service, was summoned to the front. Soon word came that he was wounded.
Brushing aside interference, she managed somehow to make her way to the front. There she was permitted to nurse him. Seeing the need for her there, and contrasting the pain all about her with the frivolities of her former life, she remained with the Red Cross.
When the Russian morale broke and the famous Death Battalion was organized, Valentina joined. At first, because of her youth, she was forced to serve in the third-line trenches, her main duty being to go forward and bring in the wounded. Being young and quick, she often was allowed to carry food and messages back and forth. Eventually, she got into the first-line trenches and was seriously wounded.
When the revolution flung its red banners across Russia, she was thrown into jail, where she suffered and starved along with the men. Chivalry was not often thought of in those days! Women who had fought

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By an ironical twist of fate, she who once bitterly fought the Bolshevists plays a Bolshevist leader in her latest film.
Mother Knows Best

Hollywood has a bumper crop of mothers. No star seems complete without one. They say some producers even put a mother clause in contracts, because mothers are such good publicity. But rarely are they the gray-haired, feeble mothers immortalized in song and poetry; usually they are found to be the driving power behind the star.

Right, there's Dorothy Dwan's mother, for example—Nancy Smith, a newspaper woman who manages her daughter's business affairs.

Above, Helene and Dolores Costello are fortunate in having a mother who knows the movie world inside out, for she is the wife of the first popular movie star, Maurice Costello.

Below, Sally Rand introduces her mother to all her fan friends.

Mrs. Talmadge, familiarly known as "Peg," isn't just the mother of Norma, Natalie, and Constance — she's a movie institution. Her wit and repartee are the delight of interviewers, and the famous Talmadge parties wouldn't be the gay things they are if it weren't for Peg.

Below, Louise Fazenda's mother is one of the rare exceptions to the flapper mothers of Hollywood. She is the old-fashioned kind.
Hollywood Society Knows Its Onions

Continued from page 26

It has become the fashion, lately, for the sweet young things of the town to form themselves into clubs. There are the Thalians, the Regulars, Our Girls, to mention only a few. Some are for girls exclusively. Others admit the beaux as well. These clubs have set a rather nice standard for themselves, and will permit as members only young players whose codes and conduct are quite free of any whispering gossip. Jobyna Ralston, Marian Nixon, Joan Crawford, Alice Day, Esther Ralston, Priscilla and Marjorie Bonner, Dorothy Manners, Virginia Brown Faire, Duane Thompson, Rita Carewe—girls like these—very regular young people. Earnest and serious—but not too serious to play as happily as the débutantes of any other town.

The madcap Constance Talmadge has a court all her own. From Biltmore, to beach, to Cocoanut Grove, to theater, to Montmartre—they dash tirelessly. The best orchestras in town for even informal parties, fresh, fragile gowns for every occasion. The air for several feet around the yellow-haired Connie always black with immaculate dinner coats and sleek, devoted male heads. Breaths held at the flicker of her long eyelashes. The heart-busting belle of the town, Connie—or "Dutch," as she is more appropriately known among her coterie.

Members of the recent Scandinavian inundation have so far hesitated to stir from their own colony, Victor Seastrom, Lars Hanson, Greta Garbo, and Mauritz Stiller—all these and their countrymen live in what has become a Swedish community at Santa Monica. They are quiet people with clear, calm blue eyes. Trying very earnestly to habituate themselves to the rush and flurry of the studios. And not quite equal, yet, to the strain of combining six or seven hours of play with nine hours of work in one day.

In their magnificent house on a hill above Silver Lake, between Hollywood and Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno are at home to their friends. And, like the location of their home, their acquaintance list is a compromise between Hollywood film folk and the élite of Los Angeles society. The charming Mrs. Tony is a member of one of the first families of California. Tony is one of the best-liked men in pictures. They entertain delightfully—delightful people.

Last summer saw for the beach clubs a vogue that almost became a frenzy until there was no room left to erect another. The Casa del Mar, the Edgewater, the Gables, the Santa Monica—every expense of beach available between the luxurious seaside homes of vacationing stars converted into elaborate playgrounds with gold-plated memberships.

Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Ward Crane, Norma Talmadge, Edmund Goulding, Harold Lloyd, Matt Moore, Helen Ferguson, and Bill Russell—all have big, comfortable houses by the ocean. With urbanity, informal, week-end parties formed themselves here. Dropping in Saturday afternoon, hot and tired from the studio. Too lazy to leave, spending Sunday acquiring a fashionable tan on the sand. Nice, friendly parties these, with the hosts doing just as they pleased, and expecting the guests to do the same.

Open house on Sundays is a very popular Hollywood custom. One of the most pleasant to visit is King Vidor’s colorful Mexican home on top of a high Beverly hill. Donald Ogden Stewart, Irving Thalberg, Johnny Weaver, Norma Shearer, Harry and Alice Behn, Charles and Mrs. Ray, Jack Gilbert, Marion Davies, and Eleanor Boardman and King. In the swimming pool, on the tennis court, in the garden, at the piano or radio, in a corner reading, all friends—observing no unnecessary formality. Eleanor pouring tea, raids on the cakes and sandwiches, King—if persuaded—performing absurd tricks, of which he is very proud, with matches and cards, or singing negro spirituals in a soft, melting tenor. It is perhaps the most sane and charming household in Hollywood, that of King and his wife. Its atmosphere one of dignity without hauteur, of good taste, of comfort. And of peace—a rare, rare thing in this town of struggling poor and unhappy rich.

Parties and theaters, bridge and tennis, clubs and cliques. The same world over; the same in sentiment if not in form. It might be Des Moines, or Memphis, or Seattle, or Baltimore. The only difference is that it’s Hollywood.

Ballade of a Movie Plot

By Harold Seton.

When I asked Professor Logic
About a new screen play,
He elucidated
Upon it in this way:

It was a domestic problem, and very complicated indeed. In the beginning A and B’s happiness is on a very high plane until a new equation booms up in the figure of C, and then affairs take on a new curve in this hitherto tranquil sphere. It’s now the eternal triangle. Then, after a while, A vows B is no longer on the square, and B contends that C is base, and soon A and B’s relationship terminates, and the final solution seemed to me quite inadequate for affairs ever to have reached right angles again!

But when I quizzed the Flapper,
She wisely shook her head,
And in terms emphatic
This is what she said:

Why, it was a modern love drama, and grand, simply grand. Dorothy De Vere was the wife. She was the sweetest thing, and wore the darlingest clothes I ever saw. She looked ravishing. And Harold Hill was the husband. He was wonderful, simply wonderful. He has such soulful eyes, and all that, and makes love divinely. Gloria Gay was the vamp. She was grand in the part—so alluring and mysterious—like and wore such daring gowns. I’m crazy about her. I really don’t remember the plot, but it was thrilling. Oh, the play was grand!

But when I questioned Tommy—
Who views love dramas coldly—
He gave a scornful sniff,
And this is what he told me:

Ah, gee, it was punk! It made me tired. You just bet you couldn’t pay me to see it again. It was another of them plays where all the married folks are tryin’ to get single—an’ all the single ones tryin’ to get married! Just a lot of guys weepin’ and moonin’ from the start to the end. Huh! there wasn’t a cowboy or an Indian in it. It was punk!
Love Without Frills

The stars seem to be going native and deserting their former brand of sophisticated drawing-room love for the lure of the primitive.

Above, look what love and the tropics have done to our own debonair Monte Blue in “Across the Pacific.” Myrna Loy plays the seductive South Seas lady. Below, Walter Pidgeon yields to the native lure of Dolores del Rio in “Upstream.”

It is easy to believe that Eve did the tempting when Olive Borden plays that much-to-answer-for young woman to George O’Brien’s Adam in “Fig Leaves.” Below, what chance has a marine when an island vamp sets her hibiscus blossom for him? William Haines and Carmel Myers in “Tell It to the Marines.”
Manhattan Medley

Continued from page 55

dation, and as I had outgrown the little-girl stage, she wanted me to get the benefit of association with girls of my own age, in a wholesome atmosphere. You see," added Madge modestly, "mother is determined to make something out of me, and if she doesn't it won't be her fault."

When Maria Gambarelli, the dancer, discovered we were going to talk to Madge Evans between the acts of "Daisy Mayme," she said, "Oh, do give her my love. She was with us at one time at the Capitol Theater. We shared a dressing room. She was one of the nicest, most unspoiled girls I'd ever met, and I'd like to know if she has remained that way. She has such a sensible mother, so I'm sure she has."

And she has, Madge is just like any schoolgirl you might meet during the school days. Merry, unaffected, and full of life, except that she has a little more ambition than most.

"I am going to play on the stage for a time. It's such marvelous training, and then I may go back into pictures. Who knows?"

"At present, however, I am just betwixt and between. I can't play flapper parts because I've never cut my hair off, and as I'm still only seventeen I'm not fit for anything else. And even now mother won't let me stop studying. Every day, except on matinee afternoons, I go to school and work terribly hard, too.

"My schoolmates think I'm in luck, and the most fortunate girl in the world because I can go to the theater every night, and while I love it and wouldn't do anything else, it's a terrible lot of hard work, though try and convince those schoolgirls of that!"

"You'll be glad some day," says Mamma Evans sagely.

"I'm glad now, mother," says Madge brightly.

"Curtain!" calls a voice downstairs, and Madge trips gayly onto the stage.

"Seggie" Plays Himself

A monologue is about to make its screen debut in an eye other than Von Stroheim's. It is the proud possession of Andres de Segurola— Beau Brummel, opera singer, actor par excellence, impresario, and now, through the acumen of Gloria Swanson, motion-picture player in "Sunya."

Segurola has long been a familiar figure in Manhattan. For many years one of the most polished singers at the Metropolitan, his suavity and charm captured the fancy of New York hostesses, and Segurola's impeccable morning coat, the crisp flower in his buttonhole, white spots and silver-headed cane are as widely known in New York drawing-rooms as in the corridors of the opera house.

An actor of genuine parts, with a definite sense of characterization, he was famous in opera for the finesse which he brought to his delineations.

After many years at the Metropolitan, he resigned to become an impresario on his own behalf, and recently at a dinner party he met Gloria Swanson, who, impressed by his unusual and distinguished appearance, made up her mind he should play an operatic role in her big film.

And when Gloria definitely makes up her mind, we all know she is irresistible. Within a few days "Seggie," as he is popularly known, was partaking of sandwiches at the Cosmopolitan studio in a hastily improvised office-dressing room where he could attend to his manifold duties between scenes. All Seggie needed for his latest role was a stick of grease paint, for he is being transferred to the screen "as is"—that is to say, with monocle, spats, silk hat, and the inevitable fresh flower in his buttonhole.

Barthelmess Hopes to Do Better

If you have thought the worst about Richard Barthelmess' pictures of late months, you will have the satisfaction of knowing he agrees with you.

If you saw "Ranson's Folly," and that dull costume affair which followed it, you'll rejoice that your fulminations are in accord with the opinion of the youthful perpetrator of those celluloid crimes.

"I only ask one more chance," said Dick, just before he sailed for Europe. "My new pictures are going to be good. I know they are. I shouldn't be surprised, though, if all my old friends had left me because of the boredom I've been inflicting upon them for many months past."

We assured him that the error was not irretrievable, and after a short holiday in Europe he is coming home with renewed energy to tackle a fresh production which he promises will not only be lively but will offer him one of those character portrayals such as he has so magnificently given us in the past.

Mary in Quest of a Thrill

Mary Alden has been having some sidelights on human nature which her engagement for Ma Potter in the screen version of "The Potters," with W. C. Fields, brought to an untimely end.

Tired of being in town with little to do, Miss Alden put an advertisement in a newspaper that ran something like this: "Successful actress, temporarily bored, would be interested in receiving communications with regard to work which must be congenial and stimulating."

She received fifty answers, all couched in mysterious terms, with no clue to the character of the work. Very much flattered, she started out on a peregrination which took her to loft buildings, skyscrapers, peculiar little hole-in-the-wall offices in side streets, where she was invariably greeted by the inquirer who talked generalities for fifteen minutes before divulging the fact that he wanted her to sell life insurance.

There was one exception to this rule—a publisher who wished her to take his new book from door to door. He talked to her till she was well-nigh dizzy with fatigue, so she bought a copy of the book and went home, her venture in job hunting having cost her five dollars plus advertising expenses and carfare.

Betty Blythe, at whose tea Miss Alden related her adventures, said if only she had realized her friend's desire for a job, she would have used her influence to help her get along in the bead business.

New Honors for Sessue

While Mary Alden is filling her idle hours interviewing prospective employers, and the girls of the film set are making their own dresses lest Satan add to his sorrows and find work for idle hands to do, Sessue Hayakawa, whose brilliant performances on the screen are all too far apart, is collecting favorable notices on his recently published novel, "The Bandit Prince."

She Wants to Wear Pretty Clothes

"Only a few years ago," says Carol Dempster, "I was one of the world's worst actresses—one of the world's very worst." And now that every one admits that she is delightful, the delicate, fragile Carol confesses to two great desires. One is to wear pretty clothes on the screen, and the other is to direct a picture.

Off the screen Carol Dempster is one of the prettiest and best-dressed of the younger set. Her soft pastel-shaded costumes, topped by her sparkling eyes and eager young face, are a real treat on a wintry day.

"But on the screen," laments Carl, "I seem always to be sporting hand-me-downs and left-overs. I just play what they tell me, and I know I have been too fortunate for words, but sometimes, alas! my real emotional scenes are played off the screen when I realize again that Little Orphant Annie has nothing on me."

Continued on page 106
Secret Aspirations

Actors, alas! must play to the scenarists’ tune—their screen lives are not theirs to live as they would. But in each man’s heart is the desire to play, just once, the rôle he loves best.

Left, Raymond Hatton adores mother rôles. “There is nothing like a laughing baby to make one give and give and give of the emotions,” he has said. Mr. Hatton is not a Scotsman. Right, “art” is not just a word to George K. Arthur. No, it is more than that. One might almost say it is an idea.

Above, a faun dancing through a moonlit garden, a nymph, captured, held, but not against her will—a midsummer idyll posed by Ben Turpin, filmland’s most striking possessor of the elusive “It,” and Lois Boyd. Left, Karl Dane loves playing the little home girl best of all. Here he is pictured as a beauty-contest winner from Peoria—or was it Oshkosh? Right, Lew Cody loves spiritual rôles most, and is here seen in his own conception of celestial life.
Continued from page 21.

Another touch of humor may be found in the fact that Wallace, one of the screen's best at directing comedy, was formerly an undertaker.

What whimsical imp of the heavens is it who bestows on the most beautiful girls the most unromantic of names? June Marlowe and Claire Windsor are, in my opinion, two of the screen's loveliest actresses. Miss Windsor, as is generally known, started life with the tremendous handicap of "Ola Cronk," while Miss Marlowe was known in St. Paul, her home town, as "Gazella Gotz."

That imposing edifice now in course of construction along Movie Star's Row on the Santa Monica Palisades is not a new public bathhouse, as is generally supposed. It is the summer cottage of Marion Davies. It promises to be quite a cozy little spot, being only slightly larger than the Hollywood High School. When completed, I am told it is to contain forty-seven rooms, a private wharf, a swimming pool and similar little features.

The Palisades at Santa Monica promise to be the "toniest" drive in America soon, so far as the wealth and prominence of the residents are concerned. Norma Talmadge, Matt Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Bradley King, Edmund Goulding, and a score of other celebrities own large and gaudy beach houses along the drive, with more being started constantly.

A good party crasher—of which there are many in Hollywood—will soon be able to spend the entire summer at the beach, and if thrown out of one movie party will land in the driveway leading to another.

One gifted party cruiser estimates he can average four days at each house before being ejected. At this rate he can spend the whole season without repeating hosts, being tossed out of the last week-end party just as it is time to go back to work and his single apartment in Hollywood.

Friday night is "lodge night" in Hollywood. All the husbands get out Friday night, ostensibly to attend the fights. Some of them really do, too.

A great many wives probably believe these boxing bouts last far into the night and it is only a matter of public service for me to tell them that the shows never last beyond eleven o'clock.

This situation benefits the newsboys on the Boulevard. At midnight, when the poker games begin to break up, one can see rows of husbands standing on the street waiting for the first edition of the morning paper to come out, so they can go home and tell the wife who won.

Churchill Ross is an actor of whom you probably never have heard, but you may in the future. He played in F. B. O.'s Alberta Vaughn series and has appeared in "The Greater Glory" and several other productions.

A long, lean spell between parts occurred some time ago, which was broken when Wesley Ruggles, who had directed Ross at F. B. O., was signed to make Universal's "Collegian" series. He sent for Ross, talked about signing him for the series, and asked:

"How's your wardrobe now?"

"Just the same as it was when I worked for you two years ago," Churchill replied. "I haven't thrown away a thing."

Bill Seiter, the director, recently permitted me to see his latest Reginald Denny picture, "The Cheerful Fraud," in the projection room. It was a good farce, I thought, and I was enjoying it except for the presence of three large, red-faced gentlemen sitting behind me. Never have I heard such laughter as came from this trio. They soared from high soprano to booming bass, slapped each other on the knee, giggled until they became hysterical, then gasped for breath.

After the picture was over, I asked who the merrymakers were, and learned they were gag men trying to get a job on Seiter's next picture.

A merry quip is credited to Lew Cody, who recently married Mabel Normand, much to the surprise of the associates of both, and probably themselves.

Lew had scheduled a stag party at his house for the night following the wedding, and inasmuch as the marriage was decided upon and executed rather suddenly, it was agreed that he should go on with his party despite his entrance into matrimony.

It was getting rather late the night after the wedding, and the party was going full blast when Mabel called up her new husband and reproached him for staying up so late.

"Aw, let me alone," Lew argued. "This is the first night out I've had since we were married."

More confirmation of the aphorism that Hollywood is just a small town after all may be found in the social activities of the place.

Just now there is something of a social feud on, with Mrs. Clarence Brown headling one faction and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch championing the opposition.

A Los Angeles newspaper woman, who evidently has her money on Mrs. Lubitsch, recently wrote an article which made Mrs. Brown and her cohorts quite furious, as, no doubt, was its purpose. The article has occasioned bitterness from the aggrieved faction, ribald laughter from the opposition and amused smiles from non-combatants.

The whole affair is strikingly reminiscent of the small town in which I spent the early years of my life, where the wives of the two leading bankers struggled for social supremacy and were constantly at swords' points for the upper hand in the politics of the Methodist church.

There are a number of ways of saying that you are looking for a job in Hollywood. "Between pictures," "Now free-lancing," "Available at present," are three standard phrases, all meaning just one thing.

"What are you doing now?" asks one ingénue, meeting another on "Poverty Row."

"Between pictures," is the answer.

"Which ones?"

"The Birth of a Nation' and 'Ben-Hur'."

George Marion wins the prize for the funniest subtitle in months. Since I heard it I have been told it's an old vaudeville gag, but it is good, nevertheless. It occurs in "We're in the Navy Now." The scene is a street at the start of the war. Raymond Hatton is standing next to a recruiting sergeant.

SERGEANT: "Why don't you enlist in the navy?"

HATTON: "What? With this war going on?"

When Tom Reed, the dashing blade who does publicity for Universal in general and Carl Laemmle in particular, returned to his studio after a six-month tour of Europe with his employer, the welcome given him by his press staff was, to say the least, startling. When he arrived for work the first morning, the whole staff were grouped about one desk where a checker game was in progress. On the wall was a large chart indicating the progress of a lengthy checker tournament dating from the day of his departure. Typewriters, files, and even the electric fan were festooned with luxuriant cobwebs. And, unkindest cut of all, on the wall behind his desk was a large "Welcome" sign—only it bore the name of one of Tom's most cherished enemies.
When Conrad Comes Marching Home

It's a very nice home to have, too, and we don't blame Conrad Nagel for making a dash for it as soon as he leaves the studio.

The rustic scene above is laid in the garden. The man in spotless white who is handling the spade is Mr. Nagel himself, engaging in a little practical horticulture.

Below is a front view of the house, which, as you can see, is a very charming place, lacking only a few shade trees to make it ideal.

Above, Conrad pauses on his Colonial doorstep to let the camera man take a shot at him.
express their elation over their union, they periodically entertain on a large and handsome scale. Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman recently completed a honeymoon in England, which had been delayed a whole year, because of the picture contracts of both. Theirs is another case of two people deeply in love.

And while on the subject of devotion, surely the union of Mae Murray and Prince David Divani, her youthful husband, whom Mae democratically introduces to everybody as ‘Mister’ Divani, must be cited as one of the most amorous that has ever been consummated in Hollywood.

Robert Leonard, Miss Murray’s former husband, and Gertrude Olmsted solemnized their nuptials just a few weeks previous to the Divani-Murray wedding. Gertrude is a very attractive girl, as you all know, and Bob has always referred to her as a “peach of a fellow.”

“The Volga Boatman” formed the setting for the romance of Elton Fair and William Boyd. It was during the making of that picture that the two met, and immediately after its completion they were married.

Mae Busch’s marriage to John E. Cassell was another recent one. Mr. Cassell is in the oil business. Miss Busch had been married once before—to Francis McDonald.

Louise Brooks, recently of the “Follies,” met Eddie Sutherland, young director for Famous Players-Lasky, while she was making a picture at the Long Island studio, and they promptly fell in love and married—three months ago.

Esther Ralston, who will ever be remembered for her exquisite portrayal of Mrs. Darling in “Peter Pan,” has been the wife of George Webb, a booking agent, for nearly a year.

The marriage of Frances Howard and Sam Goldwyn seems so far to have turned out ideally. A young heir was recently born to them.

Earle Fox and Gladys Tennyson have burned the first candle on their anniversary cake. Mrs. Fox was formerly the wife of Chester Bennett, a director, who has many times been rumored engaged to Jane Novak. Roy d’Arcy and Mrs. Dora Rhinock, a nonprofessional; Ruth Clifford and James Cornelius, a banker; Kathleen Clifford and Mio P. Illitch, also a banker; Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman; Jacqueline Logan and Ralph Gillespie; Ben Turpin and Babette Dietz, the nurse who attended him during a recent illness; Bert Roach, the comedian, and Gladys Johnstone; John Patrick and Mildred La Rue, a dancer, have all embarked on matrimony during the past year. And Joseph Schildkraut and Elise Bartlett, who had separated, have been reconciled during the year.

The union of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez seems destined for a long life, even as that of Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell. Helen always says that if, by any wild chance, she and Bill do not celebrate at least a golden wedding, then she forever denounces long engagements. If I am not mistaken, she and Bill hold the record for having had the longest engagement of any couple in the colony; except, perhaps, John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte.

A marriage that has stoutly stood for a year the vicissitudes of professional separations and a barrage of personal attacks from those not of the Jack Dempsey camp of rooters, is that of Estelle Taylor and the noted fighter. Jack is crazy over Estelle—and with good reason. She has a scintillating wit, besides being very beautiful. Their household, what with a garrulous, hard-spoken parrot, six or seven varieties of dogs, and servants always on the verge of leaving, is one of the most unique and interesting to be found anywhere.

In view of the deluge of publicity that attended the marriage of Charlie Chaplin and Lita Gray, it is easy to remember the date of that event—November, 1924. There are two boys in the family now, and doubtless another heir may be expected—some time. Chaplin was formerly married to Mildred Harris. Miss Harris, about two years ago, married Terry McGovern, and now has a son by this union.

Four of our feminine players, Dorothy Reid, Dorothy Phillips, Shirley Mason, and Ethel Clayton, have lost their husbands through death and have not remarried. Mrs. Reid, until recently, remained a very sad woman. The loss of Wallie affected her deeply. She has her own boy, Bill, and an adorable little girl whom she adopted. Her friends are happy to see her veil of sad pensiveness gradually lifting.

Dorothy Phillips is the mother of a daughter somewhere near twelve or thirteen years old, but that fact is difficult to accept until one is reminded of dates, for Dorothy looks so young herself.

Miss Clayton, except to the very few people who knew her well, has remained an aloof personality in the colony. It is said that she has never been able completely to reconcile herself to the loss of her husband.

Shirley Mason has been a pathetic little figure since the death of her husband, Bernard Durning, actor and director, about two years ago.

A marriage that has just taken place as this article goes to press is that of Doris Kenyon to Milton Sills. Mr. Sills and the first Mrs. Sills were divorced a few months ago. The first Mrs. Sills was an actress of the spoken drama. She and Milton have one daughter of about sixteen years.

Also, Dorothy Mackaill has only just married the German director, Lothar Mendes, Laura La Plante has married William A. Seiter, and May Allison has married James Quirk.

Engagements that should soon mean wedding bells are those of Jodyna Ralston to Richard Arlen, Ena Gregory to Al Rogell, and Bebe Daniels to Charlie Paddock. And now—unless she has changed her mind—Clara Bow is engaged to Victor Fleming.

The girl in Hollywood who has been reported engaged most often, perhaps, is Patsy Ruth Miller. Some one is always developing a wild crush on Pat and rushing her madly. And May McAvoy remains consistently engaged, through rumor, to Bobby Agnew.

Norma Shearer, Dolores and Helene Costello, Jane Winton, Alice and Marceline Day, Vilma Banky, Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, Lois Moran, Fay Wray, Gladys McCon nell, Joan Crawford, Blanche Mehaffey, June Marlowe, Dorothy Sebastian, Sally O’Neil, Kathleen Key, Myrna Loy, Alyce Mills, Mary Philbin, Margaret Livingston, Bessie Love, Pauline Starke, Sally Rand, and Virginia Lee Corbin are just a few of our charming young eligibles. Greta Garbo is also unmarried.

Our bachelors are Ramon Novarro, George O’Brien, Bill Haines, Eddie Burns, Ben Lyon, Ralph Graves, Arthur Lubin, John Roche, Rod La Rocque, William Collier, Jr., Richard Dix, Eugene O’Brien, and Jimmie Morrison. Walter Pidgeon is a widower.

Also there are those two delightful beauties of the colony, Paul Bern, whose ladies always wear orchids, and that other rare soul, “Bull” Montana, whose ladies may wear only carnations, but whose gallantry in saving them from porch climbers, pickpockets, and mashers surely deserves the reward of a good wife and many children.
10 Great Successes have paved the way to his HIT of HITS!

His ten comedy hits of former seasons have given just a taste of what's in store for you in Johnny Hines' latest and best!

Never, even in a Hines picture, have thrills and laughs tumbled onto the screen with such rapid-fire speed as in "Stepping Along."

Johnny steps into a ton of trouble when he steps out as a New York East Side politician. You'll never forget the political outing at Coney Island—the shriekingly funny scene backstage at a musical comedy—and the fight with his political rival that develops into ten rounds of mirth!

Watch for your theatre's announcement of "Stepping Along," and also—if you haven't already seen them—for his latest previous successes, "The Brown Derby," "Rainbow Riley," and "The Live Wire."

Johnny Hines' pictures are ideal shows to take the whole family to, because every one is packed with good, clean fun.

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"
THE RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN.

—Whaddye mean, the fan? You sure-
ly weren’t all those people who caused a
riot in New York—over Rudy recently?
I don’t know whether it would still be
possible to get a photo of Valentino or
not; you might write your request to
United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New
York City. EstherRalston is M. s. George
W. Frey, All the players whose addresses
you asked for are included in the list
at the end of this department.

BETTY R. ANDREWS.—Does Ramon No-
varro’s wife, Mary, for whom you ask,
DOES she! There are eight young
Novarros. Three of his sisters are nuns.
One of his brothers, Mariano, has played
small parts on Broadway; I don’t remember
which ones. Ramon was born in Durango,
Mexico, February 6, 1899. His real name
is Jose Ramon Sameniegos. His latest pic-
ture completed is “The Great Galeotto.”* No,
he has never married.

MOVIE LOVER.—As to how one obtains
admittance to the Paramount training
school, that’s a hard one, all right. One
doesn’t! The school was discontinued after
the first class which was graduated last
year. “Buddy” Rogers is twenty-two and
is not married. He was born in Kansas
and attended the State University there for
three years. I suppose no one will take
Valentino’s place on the screen—he was
unique.

MARY BRIAN’S GREATEST ADMIRER.—I’m
sure there are a lot of her admirers who
won’t let that statement go unchallenged!
Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas,
in 1908, and grew up in Dallas. When
she was seventeen Mary’s family moved to
Los Angeles, where she was “discovered”
for the screen via a beauty contest. She
is five feet tall and has brown hair and eyes.
She lives in California or New York—ac-
cording to where she is making pictures—
and is not married. You may get her pho-
tograph by writing to the Famous Pic-
ters studio—see list at the end. There was
an interview with her in the issue of Pic-
ture-Play for August, 1925.

WALTER JONES.—There was mention of
Anielka Elter in a story called “Princes
and Rapunzel” in issue of Picture-
Play, with a photo of her. Also, in
the August number, on page 97, there was
a picture of her and a bit of information.
She is a Czech-Slovakian girl who has
had a very interesting past. Whether or
not she is getting ahead in pictures now
I do not know. Blanche Sweet works for
First National—address at the end of this
department. Mae Busch had the femi-
nine lead in “The Unholy Three.”

M. E. N.—Girls, just look at those ini-
tials. Read ’em and run, but don’t crowd
around. Jack Dempsey has played in only
three films—“Daredevil Jack,” “Fighting
to Win”—both serials—and a feature pic-
ture, “Manhole.” He is six feet tall and
is no longer playing on the screen, he may
not have any arrangements for sending out
pictures. However, he may be reached at
the Barbara Hotel, which he owns, in Los
Angeles.

RAMON NOVARRO’S ADMIRER.—To think
of your wasting your thanks on me for
publishing your answers in the “next is-
 sue.” It can’t be done, you know. Ramon
was born in Mexico, June 6, 1909. See answer
to BETTY ANDREWS. Ramon gives his height
as five feet ten inches, and weighs one hun-
dred and sixty pounds. I don’t know
whether both his parents are living or not.

MERRY KERR—Seems you think I am
funny? You make me feel just like a comic
strip. As to how Irene Rich impressed me
when I met her socially, she said “How
do you do?” very nicely. I met her at
a large party, and our acquaintance pro-
gressed no further than the introduction.
I’m sorry to risk your club’s ingratitude
by failing to get your answer in the “next issue.” That is never possible, you know,
as I explain every month in this depart-
ment. As to whether Irene Rich smokes,
I don’t remember having noticed. The
time is past, in New York at least, when
a woman causes comment by smoking. All
the players you ask about will probably
send their photos on request. Write to
them in care of their companies, the ad-
dresses of which are listed at the end of
this department.

E. A. N.—I’m sure you would know Neil
Hamilton if you met him on the street.
He looks exactly as he does on the screen.
Neil was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, Sep-
tember 9, 1896. He has black-brown hair
and eyes, and is five feet eleven inches tall.
His wife’s name is Elza.

SHELMERDENE.—Just one of these charm-
ing people, I can see that! William Haines
is certainly stepping along these days, but
I shouldn’t compare him with John Gilbert
or Ronald Colman. He is not the “lover”
type, do you think? He is more the whole-
some-young-boy sort of actor. William
was born in Staunton, Virginia, January 1,
1900. He is six feet tall, weighs one hun-
dred and seventy-two pounds, and has black
hair and brown eyes. He began playing in
pictures about four years ago, when the
old Goldwyn company made a country-wide
search for new faces. William and Elea-
nor Boardman were selected. No, he isn’t
married. His pictures include “Memory
Lane,” “Little Annie Rooney,” “Sally,
Irene, and Mary,” “Brown of Harvard,”
“The Little Journey,” and “Tell It to the
Marines.” His latest is “Slide, Kelly,
Slide!”

BABBY.—Yes, you had quite a few ques-
tions to ask, but at least you are not hard
ones. You’d be surprised at some of the
answers I have to dig up for fans who want
to know just everything. John Bar-
rymore was born in 1890. He is six feet
tall and has brown hair and gray eyes. He
is married to Michael Strange—her pro-
fessional name as a playwright—who was
formerly Mrs. Leonard Thomas, and they
have a little daughter, Joan. Barrymore
was formerly married to Katherine Har-
is. His pictures include “Raffles, the Am-
ateur Cracksman,” “Here Comes the Bride,”
“Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” “The Louis
Eaters,” “Sherlock Holmes,” “Beau Brum-
mel,” “The Sea Beast,” and “Don Juan.”
He is now making his first picture under
his United Artists contract. There will
undoubtedly be another picture of John
Barrymore in Picture-Play’s gallery when
a good one comes into the office. I
suppose you saw the one in the July
issue. Belle Bennett doesn’t give her age.

E. V. E.—Well, if you don’t see your
answers “before many months,” it’s be-
cause you’re not looking! Tom Mix is shy
about telling his age; he is in his forties.
I don’t know the name of his first wife;
his present one is his fifth. I hadn’t heard
anything about a new Tony; the re-
port of the death of the old one sounds to
me like one of those silly rumors. The
bandit in “The Border Legion” was played
by Rockcliffe Fellows.

FIFTEEN.—I’m sure that must be fifteen
years, and not, say, fifteen handsprings.
Yes, Ricardo Cortez was the leading man
in “In the Name of Love,” with Greta
Nissen. Mary Brian is five feet tall and
weighs about one hundred pounds. Alberta
Vaughn is five feet one inch and weighs
one hundred pounds. Your questions were
too late for either the November, Decem-
ber, or January issue of Picture-Play.
This present issue—for February—was al-
ready being prepared, so you see this is
the very earliest I could have answered
you.

(Continued on page 119)
A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods

Eight in ten better class women have adopted this NEW way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

Due to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets every day unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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Hollywood High Lights

Ruth was very much excited over the festivities, and threatened to go home and cry all night in evidence of her joyousness.

Gertrude's Birthday Party.
Robert Leonard recently gave a very large and elaborate party in honor of Gertrude Olmsted's birthday. There were many guests from various studios present. Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Carmel Myers, Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, Charles Ray, Lew Cody, Mabel Normand and Edna Murphy were among those who attended.

The affair was held at the Sixty Club, and toward midnight a big electrically lighted birthday cake was brought in for Gertrude, while the orchestra played "Darling, I Am Growing Old," all other lights except those on the cake being turned out.

At a table next to this big party, Charlie Chaplin, Clara Bow, Marion Davies and Elizor Glyn were gathered. Charlie's wife, by the way, and Charlie, Jr., his older child, have just spent several weeks on a trip to Hawaii.

Two Refuse Diamond Handcuffs.

Why don't girls like to wear diamond handcuffs?

This seems to be the all-perplexing question at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Two different actresses are said to have exhibited temper at the thought of such equivocal bangles.

"Diamond Handcuffs" was the name of a prospective M.-G.-M. film —its title is now changed to "Women Love Diamonds." Mae Murray was to have played the leading role in it, but she suddenly left on a trip for Europe. Then Greta Garbo was chosen to enjoy the distinction, but evidently she did not find the offer altogether alluring, for she reneged and stayed away from the studio a couple of days until the company threatened dire reprisals.

Now they have changed the title, and perhaps also the story, and have induced Pauline Starke to take the leading role.

Jack Gilbert Makes a Faux Pas.
Jack Gilbert committed a distinct faux pas when he excluded Marcus Loew, the chief-over-all of M.-G.-M., from his set one day.

Of course, it was just an accident. Gilbert had become somewhat perturbed over the difficulties of doing a certain scene, and had asked for temporary seclusion on the set until he had worked his way out of the complication. It happened, though, that Loew arrived at that very inopportune moment, and some assistant on the production, not recognizing him, because he spends so very little time in the West, refused him admission.

It was all smoothed out in a moment, however, and Loew had a good laugh over the fact that he didn't seem to have free access to his own film-making establishment.

New Babies and Their Forbears.
One grandfather—and two proud fathers.

The grandfather is Otis Harlan, who frequently supplies rotund comedy relief on the screen. His daughter, Marion Harlan, gave birth to a baby girl not long ago. The child is named Shirley, after Shirley Mason.

The fathers are Herbert Rawlinson and Lloyd Hughes, each of whom has been presented with a new son.

Dolores Gets a Raise.
If Dolores Costello exhibits an intensified enthusiasm in her screen work in the near future you can perhaps partly attribute it to the fact that she recently received a very substantial increase in her salary from Warner Brothers. It jumped, in fact, from two hundred dollars or three hundred dollars a week to one-thousand dollars.

We must say, though, that Dolores' screen work has already been so attractive, particularly in "The Sea Beast" and "Manon," that probably nothing so mercenary as money will cause any real difference in it.

The Screen in Review

soaring as the title sounds. The symbolic bird is more like a sparrow. But it flits through a spacious and beautiful production, with the scenes laid in New Orleans in 1815, making for picturesque costumes for all concerned and a brave show of romance.

The story is based on a plot to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena, but his fate is forgotten and the rescue of Florence Vidor becomes of greater moment, especially when Ricardo Cortez, as a gallant pirate with a flair for collars open at the neck, takes a hand in her protection from the villains.

Pleasing performances are given by the two principals. Miss Vidor is picturesquely maidenly, and Mr. Cortez sincere, but the droll André Be ranger, cast in a sentimental and sympathetic rôle, seems not in his element.
That Foreign Legion Again.

Admirers of Milton Sills will get quite wrought up over his excellent performance in "The Silent Lover," for it is his best in a long, long time. He begins as Count Tornai, chargé d'affaires of the Molavian embassy in Paris, with a weakness for wine and women and carelessness in disbursing the funds of his country. Because of an escapade, he seeks oblivion in the French Foreign Legion and very soon comes to grips with the predatory Ben Achmed, played by Montagu Love, and eventually clinches with Natalie Kingston.

"The Silent Lover" begins most interestingly and, in fact, sustains this quality throughout, except when Charlie Murray, Arthur Stone and Claude King, as an Irishman, a Jew and an Italian, are called upon to supply that doubtful commodity known as comic relief which seems to me to have no place amid the wastes of the desert. But the picture is well worth seeing, and Milton Sills' acting in the Paris episode will not soon be forgotten.

Naughty But Funny.

"Ladies at Play" expresses it all too mildly to suit me. The ladies play fast and loose, with emphasis on the last word, in the picture of that name. It is a riotous farce, and the cast glitters with talent—Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Fazenda, Virginia Lee Corbin, Ethel Wales, Philo McCullough, John Patrick, Hallam Cooley, and a lot of others.

The plot, of which there is enough, can best be summed up by saying that Miss Kenyon, in order to inherit a fortune, must be married within three days to a man approved by two old-minded relatives. And when Lloyd Hughes rejects her proposition to be his wife, she sets out to compromise him. In the midst of this adventure, two youths are hired to compromise the spinsters.

This adventure is skilfully played by every one in it, Louise Fazenda in especial covering herself with glory, and Miss Kenyon, though mixed up in wild proceedings, does so with no loss of her distinction and beauty.

Marking Time

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ing honors with Mr. Mix's Tony is not to her liking, and who will blame her?

"I've done so much Western romancing that I scream at the sight of a mustang," said Pauline, pouting. Hers is a somber disposition, from which the sparks are struck with rare effect. "It's fine to be in pictures if you taste the variety of pictures. But to be a saved heroine day in and day out—it's discouraging!"

To mask my troubled feelings I switched the conversation back to New York, and again Pauline's slender face lighted.

"It's the only city," she declared positively. "Although, strangely enough, people seem to have a hard
time amusing themselves here. In the West crowds are gayier with less effort. Perhaps the spaces are more open or the sea air invigorating. It's easier to have what is known as a good time out there." She caught herself up abruptly. "But I'm simply mad about New York. Last night I saw George M. Cohan as close as this!"

Youthful, yearning, prepossessing, Pauline is in the process of marking time. She is doing a long-time apprenticeship against the day when the real part comes. And when it does come, don't be surprised to see Pauline step high, wide, and handsome.

What Do We Have Here? Everything!

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globe. Their data on foreign lands is authentic and reliable.

Jack Allman, as has already been told in Picture-Play, captures and trains reptiles and insects for camera work. One café in Hollywood makes a specialty of location lunches. Quite a number of stenographic and photographic agencies contract to answer the players’ fan mail and to send out their photographs.

 Casting agencies supply the studios with talent additional to that under contract or available through managerial connections. Play brok- erages scout for stories. Photographers pose the actors for publicity pictures. And there are many press agent bureaus that broadcast news of the players.

And all of these interesting businesses depend directly or indirectly upon motion-picture production and contribute in varied degree to the screen's progress. What an industry the movies are getting to, to support so many lateral arms of endeavor!
Manhattan Medley

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when it comes to rags, tatters, and a dip in the back of my skirt.

And as for her desire to direct—well, Lillian Gish did it. Don't you remember those early pictures that Dorothy did for Famous, those comedies which marked the first stellar efforts of the younger Gish girl? The sorrowing, languishing Lillian directed them, and if you'd seen her at work you would realize that while Lillian may resemble a breaking reed on the screen, there is a backbone in that slender reed.

Says Carol:

"My directing will probably consist of a big show in the back yard, and some day I'm going to get a tiny motion-picture camera, collect all my family on the lawn, and make them act. I've always wanted to do that."

Dorothy Gish Makes a Promise

Apropos of Dorothy Gish, she's off to bally England again to make another picture. Her latest importation, penned by none other than Thomas Burke of Limehouse fame, proved such a disappointment to her fans that dauntless Dorothy, after a brief visit to America, packed her steamer trunk and headed for the British Isles. Dorothy's role in "London" was scarcely suited to her talents, and only in a few scenes did the old Dorothy sparkle. However, she promises that her next British film will contain such dash and spirit that thewhole of Great Britain will leave its mutton chops and half-and-half to join in the general chorus of praise.

Jack Dempsey Selects Picture Frames

Jack Dempsey was busy on Fifth Avenue buying picture frames for his new home when we talked to Estelle Taylor at the Paramount Studio. It was in the lunch room, where she had gone to snatch a sandwich between scenes of "New York." It was a few days after the fight, and Estelle had recently arrived from the Coast to join her husband after the fray, for of course by "the fight" we mean the Dempsey-Tunney bout over in Philadelphia.

"Is Jack unhappy?" we asked.

"Not a bit. Why should he be? He is just as busy as can be, making preparations to get into our new home, and while we are in New York Jack is haunting the shops."

Just then she was called to the telephone, and Luther Reed, the able young director who has been earning his first spurs with Famous, remarked:

"There's one of the nicest girls in the business. And who says she isn't clever? She's as keen as they make 'em, and an excellent little actress. I can't understand why it took people so long to find out, for Estelle has been in films for years."

We decided to ask Estelle about it when she got back from the phone.

"How is it you've suddenly become such a good actress?"

Estelle looked surprised.

"You know, I've never been so bad when I've had good roles. Really I haven't, but I haven't always been in a position to choose my parts. An actress' expenses continue just like any one else's, and there are times when she may feel a picture is pretty poor punkins, but has to accept the role for the sake of the bank roll.

"People don't always understand these things. They see a terrible picture with the star at her worst, and they say, 'Isn't she terrible? How can she be so dumb as to play a part like that?'"

"And first thing you know, they really think the actress is dumb. But an actress has to carry on like every one else, hoping for a good break, and a good part."

Gloria's Fate Ends in the Balance

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The rôle of a young bank cashier is taken by the apparently sinister but really mild and amiable Ian Keith. Though the screen has lured him from the stage temporarily, he plans an early return to the legitimate fold. Like every one associated with Gloria's first independent venture, he is keenly interested in its success.

Anders Randolf, one of the best-known character actors on the screen, plays the part of the millionaire who bargains with the father for Sunya's hand and who, in one of the visionary episodes, marries her.

John Militern, who has played in several films with Gloria, assumes the difficult rôle of Sunya's father.

Moving-picture fans may remember a blond, laughing youngster named Raymond Hackett who played child parts in Imp and Lubin comedies a number of years ago. Raymond has returned to the screen in "Sunya," with the reputation of having created favorable comment on the legitimate stage to which he returned when he grew up. While playing the part of Sunya's younger brother out at the Cosmopolitan
The Jobs They Quit

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dotted with derricks, the incessant blowing of winds, caused "William Boyd to give up his job in the oil fields at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and head for California. He was an orphan, alone, unfettered. When he became the motive power for a truck in an orange-packing plant, people often remarked, "You'd do well on the screen. Why don't you try it?" Thus, a perfectly good truck pusher started out to be an actor.

The parents of Ricardo Cortez wanted him to be an importer and exporter like his successful brother. How lucky for the screen that he didn't agree!

Ramon Novarro's father wanted him to be a dentist, and his mother wanted him to be a pianist.

"I didn't want to be a dentist," Ramon told me, "and I didn't have enough money to be a good pianist. But I did study music and I'm glad I did. My knowledge of it kept me from starving to death when I came to Hollywood to get into pictures.

I taught piano to keep the wolf from the door. Then Rex Ingram gave me my chance in films. I shouldn't have minded being a concert pianist, but I am sure I should never have been a good dentist."

When you saw Karl Dane handling rivets in "The Big Parade," you saw him in somewhat the rôle his parents forced him to play in real life. His father was a theater owner in Copenhagen, but he did not want Karl to follow in his footsteps. Constructional engineering was the profession his parents mapped out for him and he studied for it just to please them. But when, as a lad, he used to ring up the curtain in his father's theater, the stage had got into his blood. So he deserted rivets for a dramatic career.

To-day's screen idols have come from almost every walk of life. But not many of them have any desire to go back to their former professions or to those that were planned for them. Too much fun in the movies!
Two Dreams Come True

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Charlie wears himself out over his work, as I realized after only five minutes of watching him make a scene. His energy is immense. Often, when a scene really pleases him, he orders a retake, anyway—just for fun!

He never makes appointments for himself; he knows he is far too impulsive to keep them, so he relies on other people to do that for him. He has a Japanese valet who dresses him at the studio, and sees to things at home. But Charlie always shaves himself, cuts his own hair, and dresses himself for the street. He has a deep-rooted hatred for barber shops and never goes into one, as he declares it is a wicked waste of time!

It was a really hot day when I watched him making scenes in a lion's cage, with the assistance of the lion, a trained dog, the trainer of the lion, the man who trained the dog, his camera staff, his publicity manager, and others. Only Chaplin was in make-up; the others sat in canvas chairs under big umbrellas, or stood behind the cameras. Inside the lion's cage, with trainers shouting, cameramen grinding away and calling directions, the dog barking and the lion giving vent to healthy roars, Charlie played five or six difficult scenes, working like an express train.

He rehearses quietly, speaking the words that tell the story of the scene. But once the cameras start, he hardly speaks at all; instead he expresses through his face, his hands, his agile figure, all he has been saying before. He becomes a mass of nervous energy, like a human dynamo, and for two or three minutes he works with the force of a dozen men.

Then he relaxes and, as he sits in his chair, one of his staff will say, “That was fine, Charlie—great stuff!” While another, one of his closest friends, puts in quietly, “You were working too fast, Charlie, part of the time. And you missed the start you wanted to give when the lion flicks his ears.” “I did!” says Charlie. “Important, too—give me a warning, next time. All right! Let’s take it again!”

The Sorrows of Ricardo

Continued from page 23

“Yes,” said Ricardo. “I’ve got a cramp in my writing arm.”

So he went back to Lasky and signed a contract with Famous Players.

That is when the fans first heard of Ricardo Cortez, “a second Valentino.” Perhaps he was only the third, since Ramon Novarro also loomed up at that time as a candidate, no more pleased about it than Ricardo. It’s a common sorrow they frequently talk about together.

“A new Latin lover.” That was the sort of rôles they gave Cortez to play, and, as an imitation Valentino, he was cordially disliked by other actors, except his personal friends. It was also said that he was “high hat,” because he was shy and seldom had much to say.

All of which made him feel that the struggle was far from won; he wanted to be liked.

He is not “ritzy,” as the electricians and camera men at the studios will tell you. They call him “Ric.” As one of them said, “I’d almost kill for that guy.”

That was the electrician who wanted to go to a prize fight and complained to Ricardo that he couldn’t get tickets.

“I’ll get them for you,” said Cortez—but there were none to be had. Ricardo went to his friend Jack Dempsey and explained the situation.

“Sure,” said Dempsey, “I can let you have a couple.”

So the electrician’s big evening began when he left the studio and went home with Cortez to the Ambassador Hotel. They had dinner together and sat in a box at the fight. Ricardo’s day was made complete just by one look at the beaming face of his companion.

They say about Cortez at the studios that there is a distinct difference between his manner and that of most other stars toward the workmen. Other stars make a point of “being democratic”—but there is always a barrier. With Ricardo there is none; the workmen are his friends.

He and Alma Rubens, his wife, are always finding some forlorn soul among the extras whom they try to help, never forgetting the days of their own struggles.

Speaking of his wife, Ricardo was quite downcast the day I saw him. Because Alma had just left for the Coast. He was sitting in a corner of a set at the Long Island studio, all alone, while near by were dozens of players making a courtroom scene in the film, “New York.”
“Gosh, how I miss my wife!” Ricardo sighed. “She’s the greatest girl in the world.”

With a wife about whom he feels like that, and real success on the screen at last, Ricardo’s difficulties should be about over.

The upward boost to success began when he played in “The Pony Express,” a different kind of rôle from the lover parts with which he had been smothered. And then “The Sorrows of Satan” put him definitely to the forefront as a first-rate film actor. There was unanimous acclaim for him on the part of movie critics. But that was nothing to the thrill he got when some of the electricians approached him at the studio next day.

“Gee! Ric,” they said, “we sat up in the gallery at the opening last night, and you certainly were great.”

“That pleased me more than anything,” said Cortez, beaming, “because they’d be the first to tell me if they thought I was rotten.”

No, there’s nothing high hat about Ricardo. That reputation is quite undeserved. Recently, when he was introduced to R. H. Burnside, the theatrical producer, Mr. Burnside spoke up cordially, “Oh, yes, Mr. Cortez, I’ve heard of you.”

“I’ve heard of you, too, Mr. Burnside,” said Ricardo. “The first time, about seven years ago in one of your productions, I was the boy on the left who carried a spear.”

Her Red-Letter Day

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still. In the middle of the night, I was awakened by bullets whizzing through the tent—you can imagine how scared I was, and no woman within miles to run to. Finally, I got so frightened I dressed and ran into Mr. Wing’s tent and woke him up. I sat there for hours, waiting until they could quiet the rioters.”

Except for that bit of excitement, the picture was finished without any further difficulty. They found that Helen Mundy was a surprisingly good little actress; with the aid of music she could cry or do anything that was required of her. An orthophonic victrola was shipped all the way from New York to help her emot. And when the film was finally completed. Famous Players decided that Helen was a real “find” —though she doesn’t like herself on the screen at all.

“They made me wear a blond wig in the picture, for one thing,” she explained, “and I don’t think it was very becoming. For another, I was not allowed to use any make-up, because this was a sort of ‘nature film,’ with all those people just as they really are. Make-up makes such a difference on the screen. Without it every little flaw in your skin shows up, and my face looks all splotchy and dirty.”

But, splotches and everything, Miss Mundy photographs marvelously. The Famous Players executives held a conference after seeing “Stark Love,” and Helen was sent for to hear those magic words, “a five-year contract.”

Like most such contracts it has a renewal option every six months, with an increase in salary. So Helen has to make good constantly.

Undoubtedly she will. She had just been tested for a part in “Love’s Greatest Mistake” when I saw her, and hoped to start work on that picture. Was she all atreble at this sudden opportunity that would thrill and terrify—almost any girl? She was not. Helen Mundy, aged seventeen, who had never done anything in her life but just go to school, is as much at ease as if she had spent years behind the camera. This amazing bit of luck she accepts quite as calmly as you or I would take a piece of pie. No danger of its going to her head.

She hadn’t been around the studio long enough to have made many friends. One day she had a chat—she chatted at least—with Lya de Putti, which was rather amusing.

“I was just rattling on and on, as I always do,” said Helen, “and I thought Miss de Putti was rather rude and indifferent. And finally after I had been talking—it must have been half an hour—she looked up and said, I’m sorry, but I do not understand English!”

Miss Mundy perhaps does not know it, but I fancy that she had a certain stigma to live down among the other players at the studio. They knew that she had played the heroine in “Stark Love,” a picture with an “all-native cast,” and they naturally assumed that she was one of the mountaineer illiterates herself. Perhaps she couldn’t even write her name!

However, they will soon get over that notion. They have only to talk to Helen Mundy to realize that she is not only a person like themselves, but that she is particularly intelligent. She did not seek an opportunity for a career in the movies, but she knew how to make the most of it when it came; and some day she will be famous, this little girl who had a film career thrust upon her!
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

Joan of Arc going out to save France!

"Virginia, having been all rigged up to look like Gaby Deslys in her last picture, is now wearing a get-up that makes her resemble the Empress Eugénie. 'It's a long way from that to 'The Green Hat.'"

"And I hope she never makes it," I murmured fervently.

Fanny smiled at me indulgently, as though for once in my life I was right.

"Virginia's a darling," she insisted, "but she's not my choice for Iris March in 'The Green Hat.' That part should belong to Alma Rubens. Alma certainly deserves a good break if any one does. It is such a crime for talent like hers to be wasted. Oh, well, she is back from New York looking perfectly gorgeous, and I think she is going to play the lead in the screen version of H. G. Wells' Marriage."

"Alma's a lovely person to know well. She doesn't invite you over, but just says, 'You know I'm always at home for dinner and the rest of the evening. Just come over when you want to.'"

"Of course, you know the Sixty Club has opened the social season officially with their first dance. The dances are being held at the Ambassadors this year, and if they are all like the first one, they will be gorgeous. The only famous person in pictures not there that I can think of was Greta Garbo. And that is just as well because I would have dedicated the evening to staring at her."

"Aileen Pringle was there with about nine men, looking very gay and in high spirits. Perhaps she had just learned that after all she wouldn't have to play opposite Colonel Tim McCoy in a wild Western. When the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials doomed her to such a fate, evidently Cal Coolidge just couldn't bear it, because he ordered the marines out to guard the mails and the picture couldn't be made as it were to be an essential part of the cast."

"I went to the Sixty Club late, having been to the opera earlier in the evening. The sensation of the opera was not on the stage, but in the lobby between the acts. Sally Rand, the pretty little De Mille player, was there, looking delightfully quaint in a billing frock of tiny white net ruffles. Just as she was getting over big as Priscilla Alden reincarnate, she coolly whisked out a cigarette and took a deep and practiced puff. As one man, every one in the lobby stood up and stared."

"At the Sixty Club we crashed into a party given by Bob Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were there, as was Edna Murphy. Edna is so happy nowadays. Evidently, her jinx is put to rout as she has lots of offers. She is playing the lead in 'McFadden's Flats' for First National, and later is to play in two specials for F. B. O."

"Dorothy Dwan is playing the second lead in 'McFadden's Flats' and is so thrilled over it you can't keep her up after nine at night, even for a bridge game. That girl is my nomination for Lorelei Lee in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' She could do it beautifully. Let me rush to assure you, though, that it would be all acting."

"For no reason at all, that reminds me of a dumb, fat girl out on a set. Some one asked her if she had ever tried counting her calories. She said she always did until she had eaten the required amount every day, and then just went ahead and ate all she wanted."

"Languidly Fanny surveyed the room.

"'It just doesn't seem natural not to have Joan Crawford here showing up all the other dancers, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have put her to work and it doesn't occur to them to arrange their production schedule so that she can have three hours for luncheon. She is making 'The Taxi Dancer,' and a marvelous vehicle it should be for her. It seems to me that Joan has about taken the place in the hearts of girls all over the country that Irene Castle had years ago. They copy her manners, her clothes, and her walk, and go to bed with a prayer that they may wake up to look like her."

"There's another girl out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that I've just met and I'm awfully fond of her. Of course, I'd known her for months in pictures, for her work stands out even though she plays just small parts. That's Gwen Lee. She has been lent to First National to support Colleen Moore in 'Orchids and Ermine.'"

"There are so many people out here you just can't get around to see them all. And if you see them in person you don't have time to see their pictures, and that is a breach of etiquette. The only girl in pictures I know who can discuss them without ever an 'I' in the conversation is Eleanor Boardman."

Fanny looked distractedly at her watch.

"I must be going. But never mind, you can always get the daily paper.
and amuse yourself reading the outbursts of Queen Marie.

"She really has done a great deal for Hollywood and the film colony, and all fans who wish composite and happiness for their friends should be duly grateful. Queen Marie has helped to rout the inferiority complex. You know, girls in pictures have cold chills and fright every time a publication asks for a gushing interview on love, maternity, or bright thoughts of the day. They utter a lot of bromides, as who wouldn't? And then dread having their friends read them. But since Queen Marie has boldly discarded her reputation as a brilliant woman by the inanities she has been giving out, the film belles are quite encouraged and have decided they aren't so dumb after all.

"I don't suppose you are interested"—there was a warning note in her voice—"but I'm going out to see Pauline Starke's whippets race. There's sport for you!"

But I doubt if even Pauline's whippets could have made better time than I did in following Fanny out.

The Americanization of Anna Q. Nilsson

Continued from page 19

remain entirely idle. She insisted on taking in one or two roomers and, when Anna came home, she had a hard time finding a place to occupy in her own domicile.

Sharp of wit Anna is, and quick with an answer. She has been known to annihilate at times with a few good-humored and well-chosen words, and she plays no favorites. During a visit of the Swedish reporters on interviews bent, she threatened to throw one of them out bodily—she emphatically declared she was fully strong enough to do it. He had inferred in a story he had written about her that her marriages had been undertaken for publicity. He had returned a second time to obtain pictures of herself and her family.

"My Swedish may be bad," says Anna, "but I knew it wasn't so bad that he could get away with quoting me to that effect!"

There is no doubt that Anna has been fully transplanted. The world she lives in now is far removed from the one of her origin. She has departed from all her earlier traditions, and now lives a life that is quite definitely her own.

But though she has been thoroughly Americanized, she retains a lingering devotion to her "hem"—I believe that is the word for home in Sweden. She plans to return there for a vacation every summer from now on, in order to maintain her family ties. Later on—well, perhaps it may be Italy or France. She and Alice Joyce have been planning dream castles for over there for years, and have studied the languages of both countries.

If Anna is a Cinderella, there is comparatively little evidence of it now. Only the beginning of her career might be described as singularly fortuitous. The rest of her success has been gained very largely through her own steady and capable efforts.

Why Is Ronald Colman So Aloof?

Continued from page 45

Colman can be seen reading at his own fireside. He has delved through such books as "Astarte" and "Ariel," for he has a great worship for Byron and Shelley. At present he is devouring "The Glorious Apollo," E. Barrington's biographic romance.

There is no ostentation about Ronald Colman. Although he could occupy a palatial residence in Beverly Hills, and go with all the show that goes with that kind of dwelling, he doesn't. His home is a moderate-sized place. But then, of course, Colman still retains the frugality of the Scotsman.

Vilma Banky seems to have become Ronald's permanent leading lady. Besides "The Night of Love," he and she have made "The Dark Angel" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" together. George Fitzmaurice, who directed the former production, and who is now directing their present vehicle, should be kept exclusively for the Banky-Colman team. He knows how to make what we want.

As to what Colman himself wants, I believe he is not quite certain now, after all the trials and tribulations he has been through. He regards his film fame as something like an anticlimax. He took his youthful setbacks too seriously, and they left him sadly disillusioned. However, won't you fans clap your hands and let the poor fellow see that there are others who still believe in fairies, in spite of all reality?

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Advertising Section

A Joan of Arc from Russia

Continued from page 92

like many men must accept the penalties of defeat like men. The Reds gave Valentina no mercy.

By bribing a guard she escaped. Making her way to America with the help of friends, she found temporary aid in the Russian colony of Hollywood. Her first money in this country was earned by singing Russian songs in small-time vaudeville and doing eccentric dances while accompanying herself with a guitar.

Then came extra work in the movies, which led to more important roles. By an ironical quirk of fate, her latest role is the characterization of a Bolshevik leader!

She has known life as the average screen ingenue only reads of it with deliberate shudders.

No battle-scarred veteran, however, is Valentina. Instead, she is a very lovely and poised brunette, with brown, fiery eyes, and a skin of velvety softness. And her quick, decisive manner indicates that she is determined to make a name for herself in the movies.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

Shall the Foreigners Have Our Dollars?

Two Opposite Opinions

Where all this agitation against the foreign players in Hollywood?

Especially do I resent the recent article by "U. S. A." of Detroit, Michigan.

I strongly do the pleasing little offering from Miss Bldg. 114, Olympic City, for by T. I acclaim Greta Garbo the most extraordinary actress on the screen. She has more personal magnetism and acting ability than any of our American girls.

There are many other popular foreign stars who are far superior in expressive acting than any of our American stars who are boosted by publicity. But the foreigners are endowed with intuitions that permits unusual acting ability, must we be everlastingly knocking them? Are we jealous of their talent?

Which one of these men has ever protested against the famous Italian and German opera stars rendering so magnificently the great operas?

Do we饱满 the American dollars that go to foreign nations for better education in art, music, and science than can be learned in dear old U. S. A.?

I wonder if anyone can guess what Detroit, Michigan, would enjoy a nation-wide de-

nunciation of his ability, if he were in a foreign land, doing, to the best of his ability, the task assigned to him?

Of course, we have many talented native players who are splendid, and we all ap-
preciate our home talent, but that gives us no excuse to "razz" the European actors.

As a farewell to "U. S. A." of Michigan, I am strongly in favor of letting the lady from "Vulgarita" get "cargo" of good American dollars, just so long as she please us here. Our public and society is not satisfied with the sort of entertainment it demands. Now, "U. S. A."—you shot! B. M. P.

Baraboo, Wisconsin.

I am in entire agreement with "U. S. A." of Detroit in regard to the foreign inva-
sion.

Frequently, some one who comes across it is instantly installed in one of the studios, and within a short time his or her name is in the lights on Broadway and in all the big playhouses. The generous public takes a chance, visits the theater, and is disappointed, as very often the producers make a mistake in choosing their stars, many of whom never intend to become citizens of this good U. S. A.

One such case occurs to me as I am writing. Has Charlie Chaplin ever ap-
plied for citizenship? I have never heard of it. It has been in this country for a number of years, our people have paid their good money to see him—he is entertaining, to be sure—but why is it necessary to enrich people of this kind, when we have quite as good entertainers on the screen who think enough of the country to become citizens, if not born here?

Let us spend our money to see our citi-
zens rather than to see those who have come here, apparently, to get our dollars and return to their native shores, when they have enough, to spend them.

K. G. B. lance. "U. S. A."

1039 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, New Jersey.

The Joys of a Photo Collector.

Why all the fuss over collecting pho-
tos? Those of you who are against it, just don’t write, that’s all. And let the rest of us alone. I have had many hours of pleasure writing to the players, follow-

ing a comprehensive study of their work.

The joy of their photos give me when they arrive cannot be expressed. I have sev-

eral others too. And I have not felt the pride of possession these can afford should say nothing against it. They just don’t know.

All the criticism concerning the foreign players is unjust. They are good actors and actresses for the most part—no one denies it—but their work detracts from the attention our American players are entitled to receive. Let us ignore them, and seek out the true worth of our "home folks." My recent experience of listening to Clara Bow, Young and seeing her per-

dently makes me want to join with John T. Barr in calling her back to the screen. She is very wonderful.

K. E. KATHELYN L. YOUNG

Arcade Apartments, Mount Holly, New Jersey.

A Big Thrill.

Just a tiny note to tell about a big thrill I had the other day, and to thank Picture-
play, which brought it about. I’ve a lonely English girl friend of American birth who lives in London and meets all the famous stage and screen stars who go there. Through Picture-Play I obtained her address, and we have "known" each other for almost two years now.

In a recent letter from her was a won-
derful photo of Betty Blythe! And writ-

ten on it was the thrill! "Elnor—Greet-
Continued on page 114
Agents and Help Wanted

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Charles W. Tyler
RIM O'THE RANCE
Rim of the Range
Charles W. Tyler
SAGE ARDEN
Sage Arden
James French Darrance
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Blue Jean Billy
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Good Haters
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WANDA OF THE WHITE SAGE
Wanda of the White Sage
Ray Ulrich
MR. CHANG OF SCOTTLAND YARD
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A. E. Apple
BACK OF BEYOND
Back of Beyond
E. Smith Darrance and James French Darrance
THE WAGON WRECKS
The Wagon Wrecks
Mr. Clarkworthy

What the Fans Think
Continued from page 112

Advertising Section

Chelsea House
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ings—Betsy Blythe." How I love her for that! She sent it to me through my chum, and wanted to. It was surely a wonderful surprise.

Can't we see Betsy Blythe on the screen? Elixon Garrison
112 Union Avenue, West, Olympia, Washington.

Why is Leatrice Wasted?

Why doesn't some one give Leatrice Joy a chance to come to the top? She could if she would just be given half a chance.

Hers is the most radiant of all smiles; hers the most unique! And I say she is my ideal of glorious womanhood. I love her. And my sincerest wish is that she may find success and happiness soon.

237 Southwestern Parkway, Louisville, Kentucky.

Oh, Rapture! Oh, Bliss!

Since seeing Victor Varconi in William de Mille's "Triumph," I have been aware that the coming of this handsome young Hungarian actor to our screen was an event of great importance because it suddenly proved to us that a great genius, an artist of the greatest magnitude. His art is so ethereal that I speak of it with bated breath as a thing apart from ordinary experience. You feel that he could turn less precious metal into gold by the peculiar magic of his touch. I cannot stand it: the presence of such exquisite beauty and rare art as Victor Varconi brings to the screen a chance to pay him a lesser tribute of my humble appreciation than to acclaim him my favorite actor.

Victor Varconi is an immortal artist without a rival. He is a character actor. His polished technique, his charm, his sweet spirituality, his beauty, his depth of drama and color, his ardent pathos, his bewitching capriciousness, and those eloquent eyes of rarest beauty and brilliance—make him the outstanding artist of the screen to-day. His Prince Dimitri in "The Volga Boatman" carried me to supernatural heights of rapture; and then after seeing his Tade Adrian in "Silken Shackles" I felt as though I had touched the stars. He is destined to become a glowing career for my favorite actor, Victor Varconi. Mrs. Lorenzo Stevens
711 Superba Avenue, Venice, California.

Conrad Nagel's Just Deserts.

May I correct Mr. Abbate on one point? Conrad Nagel was offered Jack Gilbert's part in "The Snob," and did not brook the thought of giving Jack Gilbert the part. It resulted in stardom for him, while Mr. Nagel remains in his old rut. No man may have more than his just deserts.

However, the rôle of Henry Carton simply cries for Conrad play it, so I hope the story will be refilled, with Mr. Nagel taking that rôle. "I Wee King" should be Gilbert's, for is fit him perfectly.

Lillian Parrot
12 East Ninety-seventh Street, New York City.

Bebe Forever!

Other fans may have their Lillians, their Marys, and their Normas, but for me there is only one—Bebe. I adore her! She is wonderful!

It was only three or four years ago that I first saw Bebe in "Sick Abed" and "Ducks and Drakes," and a few other such silly pictures redeemed only by her exotic personality and pep. She was just as beautiful then as she is now, but less developed and interesting. In such pictures as "The Affairs of Anatol" and "The World's Applause" she gave promise of a talent and ability which were but partially fulfilled in "Monstre Benveniste" and "The Crowded Hour." All Bebe needs now is the right kind of pictures and she will become a marvelous actress.

I am sure you will agree with me when I say that she does wonders even with the mediocre pictures in which she is at present starring. So why couldn't she become a Norma Talmadge or a Gloria Swanson? If given the same opportunities they have had! Anyhow, no matter what Bebe does, whether she becomes a great actress or not, she holds a place in my heart which no other can ever fill. I've given her so much of my thoughts and my dreams that she is like some one very near and dear to me. And she is so very lovable, with her great dark eyes and the warm, sweet curves of her mouth. Who could help but love her, if for not her beauty and her personality, for the loveliness of her character, her good sportsmanship and her sincerity?

She's—well, she's just Bebe Daniels, and I think that's enough.

Bebe, forever! Lucile Wild
804 Race Street, Connellsville, Pennsylvania.

A Fan With Many Loves.

Here are a few of the people and things I love.

The big-hearted screen folk who are reasonably kind to the less fortunate, as we read of some who are.


That picture, "The Miracle Man." Just saw a revival of it, and it stirred the emotions just as it had at first. Of course, styles have changed in clothes, but the spirit of the picture drowns all that.

Lois Wilson, for her womanliness. Please, Lois, don't harbor the notion that you want to be too modern—you're a winner as you are.

Beautiful, subtle moments in pictures that stand out vitally; also, irresistible bits that tickle the ribs' and bring on a laugh unexpected.

That beautiful girl, Mary Brian. Talk of a beautiful life being reflected in a face, believe me, she has it! None of you hard-hearted Harpoons or hard-boiled Janes there!

Olive Borden—especially for her rôle in "Yellow Fingers."

Elinor Fair, and her exotic, sensuous beauty.

Helene Chadwick. She has been treated unfairly—but here's hoping her day of fame is near.

Ronald Colman. But please, Ronald dear, don't look too cynical—just a little is enough.

Monte Blue—just as he is.

Richard Dix—the man who is still a boy at heart.

Aileen Pringle, for her poise.

Charles Ray, for coming back. Keep up pluck, Charlie!

Greta Garbo and Vilma Banky. They are individually different, yet somewhat alike—is it wistful appeal?

And all the pictures and things that I have ever seen. Pictures that are burned into memory, that might become dim with time, but yet their quality and greatness can never be effaced. And there are not too, so very many of them. Mary Cockeran.

4 Woessner Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
A Loud Call for Dick Talmadge.

Why do we not hear more of Richard Talmadge, and less of Richard Dix, Ben Lyon, and Reginald Denny? Why is he not given better roles and better plots? We all know he is a wonderful actor, and our eyes tell us how good-looking he is. I do not say handsome, because he is not sophisticated, like some of the other players. He has an almost childlike grin, which could not help but win its way into everybody's heart. Fans! Why don't you yell and yell, until you get what you want? I know we all want it.

Wilmington, Del. Evt. J. Robinson.

What Picture-Play Did for Her.

People are always praising the stars in the "Fans Think" department, but I want to praise the magazine itself. Three years ago I was the leastlone girl in this city—had no friends at all. My mother bought a copy of PICTURE-PLAY in hopes of getting something in it about Mary Pickford, her favorite. I read in it a very interesting story by Myrtle Gehburt, and it touched me so much that I wrote the next letter to be S. A. about it; then, through the medium of "What the Fans Think," I've become a very happy person, with hundreds of friends, and it is with genuine Picture-Play I gave two dear friends—Helen Ferguson and Myrtle Gehburt.

That is my tribute to PICTURE-PLAY, the finest and best magazine on the newsstands. Long may it reign.

JULIA DAVID.

98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

High Praise for Conrad Nagel.

I am afraid that my letter will not correspond with the ideas and opinions of ninety per cent of the fans who write to PICTURE-PLAY. I have been reading every letter in PICTURE-PLAY for a long time, and I have hardly read one with praise for John Gilbert. My humble opinion of Mr. Gilbert is a little different. I think that any ordinary actor could have taken his place in any picture he has ever played in—and what's more, I think that Conrad Nagel could have acted the parts ninety per cent better. What I'd like to know is, why hasn't Conrad been given a big chance? He is better than ninety-five per cent of the men actors.

Mr. Gilbert is good, certainly, but no better than John Harron, John Patrick, or any of the others. Jack Mulhall has him beaten a mile.

Give us men like Conrad Nagel, Adolphe Menjou, and Lloyd Hughes; and women like Norma Shearer, June Marlowe, Alyce Mills, and Gertrude Olmsted. Miss Marlowe and Miss Olmsted would prove to be better than many others if only given a chance. Why not give them a big chance instead of Mr. Gilbert?

All the actors are good, but cast Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer together for the leads, and leave the comedy parts up to Mr. Gilbert. I think you'll walk fifteen miles to see them in a picture.

All of you who are Conrad's fans or friends give him your loyalty to him and write PICTURE-PLAY our opinion.

L. J. S.

123 South Main Street, Lafayette, La.

Rosemary Field Protests.

I am writing to ask of you that you bar such letters from your page as might be offensive. I mean those letters in which a star is bitterly denounced and trampled upon. I do not mean the letters that truly criticize, or setting ones that puncture and hurt.

Julia E. David.
Advertsing Section

Those who can see great possibilities in Dorothy Gish have better vision than I have. To me she is blah! Just that. Illian, of course, is anything and everything one could desire in an actress, and it is hardly believable that these two are sisters.

Dorothy Gish and Eleanor Boardman are two girls whom I just can’t see. But two who give once a newer, fresher outlook, and who will really amount to a great deal, are Dorothy Mackaill and Norma Shearer.

"The Volga Boatman" was a wonder! picture, but Elinor Fair was a poor choice for her part in it. Julia Faye can act all around her.

K. L. Young.

She Gives Calm Advice.

In a recent issue of Picture-Play there was a letter from June Whitehurst, in which she asked for various opinions of Jette Goudal. I would say to you, Miss Whitehurst, that yours was not a fair criticism, in that "The Coming of Amos" was no operator for Jette Goudal, because it was a silly, far-fetched story. Did you see "The Road to Yesterday" or "Three Faces East?" She was wonderful in both these pictures. Goudal is a good leading man for her, and so is Chive Brook. But as for Rod La Rocque—a thousand times no! He is all right to play opposite Vera Reynolds, or even Pola Negri, but for Jette’s splendid beauty he is too matter-of-fact looking. And, Miss Whitehurst, I think she was simply lovely in Spanish Love. Of course, everybody is welcome to his own opinion. But, really, I think if you would see either of the two films I mention you would change your mind. 

Eve J. Robinson.

1216 West Eighth Street, Wilmington, Del.

Why Glamour Appears.

This is the sort of girl I am. A college sophomore in the average sophomoric more intellectuality—at least I hope it’s average—a flag waver for personal freedom, for living your own life regardless of the next person’s opinion, liking for people with satirical points of view, see phistication, and a dash of pessimism.

When it comes to art in the movies, I have insisted upon realism and truthfulness of portrayal. Truthfulness, whether in the stark realism of a "Green" or a Boren fantasy like "A Kiss for Cinderella.

Wild night life of Paris, gorgeous fashion pages, and flashy films handed out by, say, Mae Murray and Cecil De Mille, do not always appeal. Note that I say "always." Even I have my frivolous moments. After all, I suspect I am human.

Nothing unusual in all this, you say. Well, anyway, here’s a funny thing that happened the other night. My young sister-sister, my clothes-end, passed on the family—and you know what that means. The amount of dishes that a family like ours, with a couple of guests, can accumulate, is nothing short of astounding—not to say hair raising! Well, my work was mopped up for me. Saturday was particularly trying. I scarcely stirred from the kitchen and the living room.

That night I went to a show, "The Home Maker." What a relief it was to be out! But what a show for a person who was beginning to blanch at the clink of dishes. Well, I have read that a picture was a disappointment, but I’m sure I don’t know. The only after-impression I have is that at the sight of Alice Joyce struggling away in that home, at the sight of all that realism of the average home running in that picture, something inside me flopped, and I felt sickened for the rest of the time.

Now, I understand why the tired housewife longs for a little color and Mae Murrayish glamour mixed in with the weekly routine.

To those who have always prated about realism, no matter how sordid and unpleasant it might be as long as it was sincere, and have scoffed at those longer after tinsel and romantic visions, say: May the movie producer give the tired housewife just as many glamorous pictures as she wants, for goodness knows her lot is not an easy one! And, after all, there are so few of the stars who seem to have the spiritual quality that Esther Ralston lost when I saw those photos.

I have other favorites of another sort. Miss Murray I love, and she never appears vulgar to me in anything she wears. In fact, she has the best reason for wearing scanty clothing in pictures. She is like a child or an elf in her appearance. While Esther Ralston and Pola Negri are bold in display. Then Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Constance Bennett, Patsy Ruth Miller, Constance and Norma Talmadge. Any of these girls could make a picture in scanty attire and I would not have been startled. They are all of a sophisticated type. Somehow, you just feel different about them. I like them all, but the special appeal for me is possessed by Mary Pickford first, May McAvoy to a certain extent, Jane Novak, Mary Astor, and Mary Philbin, who is a little girl in comedies, whom I would like to see more often, Lilian Hackett, and Mary Brian.

I cannot bear to see these girls assume any sort of sophistication. They all have a quality of soul that I have never envied and admired. They would attract me to a theater when the others could not.

Alice Clifton.

233 East River Street, Peru, Ind.

An Illusion Lost.

I must say a word of Esther Ralston. She had something of the appeal of Mary Pickford until I saw the startling photos of her not long ago, on which other persons have commented in your magazine. How I loved her in “Peter Pan!” For me she was the whole picture. I am not a prude, but there are so few of the stars who seem to have the spiritual quality that Esther Ralston lost when I saw those photos.

I have other favorites of another sort. Miss Murray I love, and she never appears vulgar to me in anything she wears. In fact, she has the best reason for wearing scanty clothing in pictures. She is like a child or an elf in her appearance. While Esther Ralston and Pola Negri are bold in display. Then Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Constance Bennett, Patsy Ruth Miller, Constance and Norma Talmadge. Any of these girls could make a picture in scanty attire and I would not have been startled. They are all of a sophisticated type. Somehow, you just feel different about them. I like them all, but the special appeal for me is possessed by Mary Pickford first, May McAvoy to a certain extent, Jane Novak, Mary Astor, and Mary Philbin, who is a little girl in comedies, whom I would like to see more often, Lilian Hackett, and Mary Brian.

I cannot bear to see these girls assume any sort of sophistication. They all have a quality of soul that I have never envied and admired. They would attract me to a theater when the others could not.

Alice Clifton.

233 East River Street, Peru, Ind.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Nell Gwyn"—Paramount. Pleasing entertainment. Dorothy Gish, in the historical rôle of the lowly orange girl who captivated a British monarch, displays her well-known talents as a mad-cap comedienne.


"One Minute to Play"—F. B. O. "Red" Grange makes his screen début in a highly agreeable football picture, with an exciting climax.
“Palm Beach Girl, The”—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in a fast and furious comedy, laid in Florida and crowded with complications. Lawrence Gray plays leading man.

“Puppets”—First National. Love and treachery in New York’s Bowery. Milton Sills, as the Italian master of a puppet show, foils all enemies and wins the girl, Gertrude Olmsted.


“Raggedy Rose”—Pathé. Successful return of Mabel Normand in a corking good slapstick comedy, dealing with the adventures of a waif who breaks into high society.


“Riding Home”—Universal. One of Reginald Denny’s best. Rapid, amusing comedy of two young men who return home pretending to be millionaires and are made a laughing stock. Marion Nixon is the girl.


“Señor Daredevil”—First National. A Western with Mexican trimmings. Ken Maynard, in silks and sashes, does it all that is expected of a Western daredevil. Dorothy Devore is the girl in gingham.

“Show Off, The”—Paramount. Not as funny as the play, but quite amusing. Ford Sterling somewhat too mature for the famous role of the show off. Lois Wilson is the girl.

“Silence”—Producers Distributing. Strong moving performance by H. B. Warner in interesting film version of this well-known crook melodrama. Vera Reynolds is the girl—both mother and daughter.


“So This Is Paris”—Warner. Lubitsch at his masterpiece of light marital comedy. Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, Lilyan Tashman and Andre Beranger, are the two involved couples.

“Sparrows”—United Artists. Mary Pickford is a waif again in a gloomy melodrama of cruelly treated orphans in the midst of a deadly swamp.

“Speeding Venus, The”—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean, in a newly designed automobile, races a train across the continent in order to foil the villain. Robert Frazer is the hero.

“Strong Man, The”—First National. Harry Langdon surpasses himself in the most hilarious comedy he has made. Both pathetic and amusing as the shambles assistant of a professional strong man.

“Subway Sadie”—First National. Unique and entertaining film of the romance between a New York working girl and a subway guard. Dorothy Mackaiil and Jack Mulhall.

“Temptress, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. A triumph for Greta Garbo. Ibáñez’s tale of a beautiful woman whose tragedy is that all men who love her come to ruin. Antonio Moreno and Lionel Barrymore.

“Up in Mabel’s Room”—Producers Distributing. Vigorous domestic farce, good for many laughs. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harrison Ford are the entangled trio.

“Volcano”—Paramount. Bebe Daniels in the emotional rôle of a girl in the West Indies who doesn’t know whether she is white or not. Lovely settings and picturesque costumes. Also Ricardo Cortez.

“Volga Boatman, The”—Producers Distributing. A slow-moving De Mille film, built around the early events of the Russian Revolution, and featuring the love affair between a boatman and a princess. William Boyd and Elinor Fair in the leads.


“Wet Paint”—Paramount. Raymond Griffith turns into a slapstick comedian in a film which you enjoy in spite of yourself. Helene Costello is the heroine.


RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

“Amateur Gentleman, The”—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a dull, spiritless picture adapted from Jeffery Farnol’s novel and laid in the time of the regency. Tale of a pagliacci’s son who aspires to be a gentleman.

“Clinging Vine, The”—Producers Distributing. Another poor story for Leatrice Joy. Silly film, that might have been amusing, of mannish business woman who goes to cooing dove. Tom Moore also wasted.

“Devil’s Island”—Chadwick. Pauline Frederick and a good idea wasted. Turgid melodrama involving the prisoners on the small penal island off the coast of South Africa. Certain French criminals are sent for life.

“Diplomacy”—Paramount. Only mildly interesting. Adapted from the well-known play dealing with international intrigue. Blanche Sweet and Neil Hamilton.

“Eagle Ginders”—First National. Adapted from the newspaper comic strip. Superbly but not unpleasant. Colleen Moore amusing in role of domineering drudge who rises to movie fame. Lloyd Hughes wins her.

“Fig Leaves”—Fox. Mildly amusing tale, with historical and modern se-
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ADVERTISING SECTIONS

Pals First"—First National. A sentimental, complicated film featuring one of those Southern plantations with a missing heir, the latter being at last discovered in a gang of crooks. Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

"Paradise"—First National. A mistake from the beginning. Milton Sills and Betty Bronson are miscast as sweetheartes in a story that shifts, from the Broadway footlights to the South Seas.


"Risky Business"—Producers Distributing. Lacks vitality, but has moments of good acting. Vera Reynolds in the role of a girl who wavers between a rich man and a poor one.


"Sap, The"—Warner. Good idea badly handled. Mother's boy goes to war and accidentally becomes hero, only to be disillusioned and return home. Kenneth Harlan in the lead.

"Sunny Side Up"—Producers Distributing. Vera Reynolds' first starring picture. A pert waif in a pickle fac- tory, acquires wealth and fame as a prima donna.

"Take It from Me"—Universal. Not up to Reginald Denny's usual standard. Escapades of a reckless young man who assumes charge of a department store. Blanche McIntyff is the girl.

"Three Bad Men"—Fox. Fine picturization of the West of the '70s, though the plot is thin and slow. Besides the "three bad men," there are George O'Brien and Olive Borden.

"Tim Gods"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan as a silently suffering builder of bridges in South America, who turns to drink, but is redeemed by Rene Adore. Aileen Pringle is the ambitious wife.

"Under Western Skies"—Universal. Unconvincing film of rich young idler who goes West and proves himself a "man." Norman Kerry and Anne Cornell.

"Unknown Soldier, The"—Producers Distributing. Another war picture, inclined to become tiresome, in spite of heavy poignant as well as amusing moments. Charles Emmett Hack and Marguerite de la Motte.


"Wise Guy, The"—First National. A film with no end of plot, but little else, showing how a medicine man and his complements cheat the public. James Kirkwood and Betty Compson.

"You'd Be Surprised"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith, in a subtle but rather tedious satire on mystery stories, is a bigger coroner called to the scene of a smart society murder.

"Young April"—Producers Distributing. Another mythical-kingdom yarn. The Schildkrauts, Rudolph and Joseph, form the royal family, and Bessee Love is the American girl.

"For Alimony Only"—Producers Distributing. Unrealistic attempt to show the evils of alimony. Leatrice Joy and Lilian Tashman are the successive wives of the alimony slave, Clive Brook.

"Forever After"—First National. Tepid tale of a poor boy and a rich girl—Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor—ranging from college football to the World War.

"Great Deception, The"—First National. A feeble melodrama of the late war, with Ben Lyon as a supposed spy and Aileen Pringle as the girl.

"Her Big Night"—Universal. Laura La Plante in a long-drawn-out film of a shopgirl whose resemblance to a movie star puts her in the way of a thousand dollars.

"Her Honor the Governor"—F. B. O. Again Pauline Frederick ably plays a tense, emotional part in the melodrama of political intrigue, somewhat too theatrical and heavy handed.

"Into Her Kingdom"—First National. Corinne Griffith in a far-fetched film based on the theory that a daughter of the late Lord Starkely is a Bolshevist and comes to America to keep shop. The Swedish Einar Hansen is the Bolshevist.

"It Must Be Love"—First National. Colleen Moore as a delinquent man's daughter who tries to rise above her hated surroundings. Not as sparkling as her best films. Malcolm McGregor is her hero.

"It's the Old Army Game"—Paramount. Starring W. C. Fields. Amusing only up to a point. Louise Brooks is the pert and provocative girl in the case.

"Last Frontier, The"—Producers Distributing. The pioneer days again. William Boyd, as a stalwart young scout, and Marguerite de la Motte, as a flowerlike Southern girl, are the pair of lovers.

"Lily, The"—Fox. Belle Bennett in a complicated, old-fashioned film of a young woman who sacrifices romance for the sake of her father, and grows old a slave to duty.

"Marriage Clause, The"—Universal. An unreal, unoriginal film of stage life, with Billie Dove in the role of a star who is torn between a career and marriage.

"Michael Strogoff"—Universal. An importation from France, being a melodramatic story of Russia. At times very dramatic, but inclined to be slow and a little dull.

"Miss Nobody"—Paramount. Far-fetched, poorly acted film in which Anna Q. Nilsson, a runaway disguised as a boy, accidentally becomes one of a gang of hobos, there meeting Walter Pidgeon.

"Old Soak, The"—Universal. Supposed to feature a humorously philosophical old tippler, but young romance is given first place. Jean Hersholt is the tippler. Rafe Lewis and June Marlowe the youngsters.

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She is not married. Pola Negri is about thirty. Edna Ferbrath is the third sister in the Viola Dana, Shirley Mason family. And, by the way, their real name is Ferbrath, not Mason. The “most common” way, as you put it, of getting into the movies is to struggle along for years as an extra. The first thing is to get a chance to shine.
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